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August 1993 - April 1994

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SCRAPBOOK MICROFILMING PROJECT

Funded in part by

THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE HUMANITIES

Grant No. PS-20709-93

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MICROFILMING PROJECT

A Cooperative Project Between the Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives and the Boston Public Library

(August 1993 - April 1994)

The Microfilming Project incorporates two collections of scrapbooks housed in two separate repositories. The first set of scrapbooks (80 volumes) resides within the Allen A. Brown Collection of the Boston Public Library (BPL) Music Department. Their call number is **M.125.5. **The second set of scrapbooks (132 volumes) resides within the Press Clippings collection of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Archives. They have the designation** Pres 56.

The BPL scrapbooks begin with the founding of the BSO in 1881 and continue, through 79 seasons, to 1960. Articles consist mainly of reviews and feature stories from Boston and New York newspapers. Occasionally, magazine articles and press releases are also included. The scrapbooks cover most aspects of the BSO.

The BSO scrapbooks run from 1889, the Orchestra's 9th season, to 1973. In addition to local reviews and features, the volumes contain articles culled from national and international publications. The scrapbooks document, in detail, all aspects of the BSO: The Symphony Orchestra (including subscription concerts, tours, and trips), the Boston Pops, the Tanglewood Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, and Symphony Hall.

The two sets of scrapbooks have been filmed as two separate entities. Researchers wanting to look at specific seasons or subjects must examine both sets of films to ensure full coverage.

The scrapbooks do not represent the complete holdings of either location on the subject of the BSO.

Requests for positive microfilm copies of individual rolls, or of film sets, should be directed to the respective repository:

Music Department
Boston Public Library
Post Office Box 286
Boston, MA 02117

Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives
Symphony Hall
Boston, MA 02115

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SCRAPBOOKS

1889 - 1973

132 VOLUMES

Source: Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives

FINDING AID

Boston Symphony Orchestra Scrapbooks (Series 56, Sub-Series 1)

Source: Press Office (Office of the Public Relations Director)

The BSO scrapbooks comprise part of one series in the BSO Archives. Series 56, Press Clippings, is divided by format into 3 sub-series: 1) Scrapbooks, 1889-1973 (132 volumes); 2) Loose Clippings, 1931-1991 (9 record cartons); and 3) Oversize Newspapers and Journals, 1919-1979 (1 oversize box). Each sub-series is arranged chronologically.

The scrapbooks contain concert notices and reviews, record reviews, and feature articles. Early scrapbooks may also contain programs, tickets, and subscription orders. Materials are organized by concert season into the following categories: BSO **(including tours);** Kneisel Quartet **(and later Boston Symphony Chamber Players); Boston** Pops **(referred to in early years as** Promenade **concerts); and** Tanglewood **(including the Tanglewood Music Center, the Tanglewood Festival, Tanglewood-on-Parade, and the Fromm Festival of Contemporary Music).**

Reviews and articles cover a wide range of subjects: Founder H.L. Higginson; BSO conductors, players, trustees, and other personnel; guest artists and composers; BSO and Pops performances and recordings; U.S. and overseas tours; BSO/Cecilia Society joint performances; open rehearsals; and special events connected to anniversary celebrations and fundraising.

Feature stories document changes in the size, composition, and location of the orchestra. Topics include the hiring of women and minorities; the unionization of players; controversies (such as the internment of conductor Karl Muck during World War II); the sale of the old Music Hall; and the construction of Symphony Hall and other structures (such as the Koussevitsky Music Shed at Tanglewood).

Reproductions of the materials in the collection may not be made without permission from the Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives.

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Series Name: **PRESS CLIPPINGS**
Series Number: **56**
Series Dates: **1889-1991**

Sub-series Name: **SCRAPBOOKS**
Sub-series Number: **1**
Sub-series Dates: **1889-1973**

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2	BSO Kneisel Quartet	1890-1891
3	BSO	1891-1892
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5	BSO Kneisel Quartet	1892-1893
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69	BSO	1940-1941
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72	BSO	1942-1943
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75	BSO	
	Pops	
	Tanglewood	1945-1946
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	Pops	
	Tanglewood	1946-1947
77	Tanglewood	1947-1948
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79	Tanglewood	1949-1950
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	Pops	1951-1952
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84	Tanglewood	1952-1953
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87	Tanglewood	1954-1955
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100	BSO	
	Pops	1959-1960
101	Tanglewood	1959-1960
102	Far Eastern Tour	1959-1960
103	BSO	
	Pops	1960-1961
104	Tanglewood	1961
105	BSO	
	Pops	1961-1962
106	Tanglewood	1962
107	BSO	
	Pops	1962-1963
108	Tanglewood	1963
109	BSO	
	Pops	1963-1964
110	Tanglewood	1963-1964
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	Pops	1964-1966
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113	BSO 85th Anniversary	1965
114	BSO	
	Pops	1965-1966
115	Tanglewood	1966
116	BSO	
	Pops	1966-1967
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118	BSO	
	Pops	1967-1968
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	Pops	1968-1969
121	Tanglewood	1969
122	BSO	
	Pops	1969-1970
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124	BSO	
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	Pops	1973-1974

MATERIALS NOT FILMED

SUB-SERIES NUMBER	SUB-SERIES NAME	SUB-SERIES DATES
2	Loose Clippings	1931-1991
3	Oversize Newspapers and Journals	1919-1979

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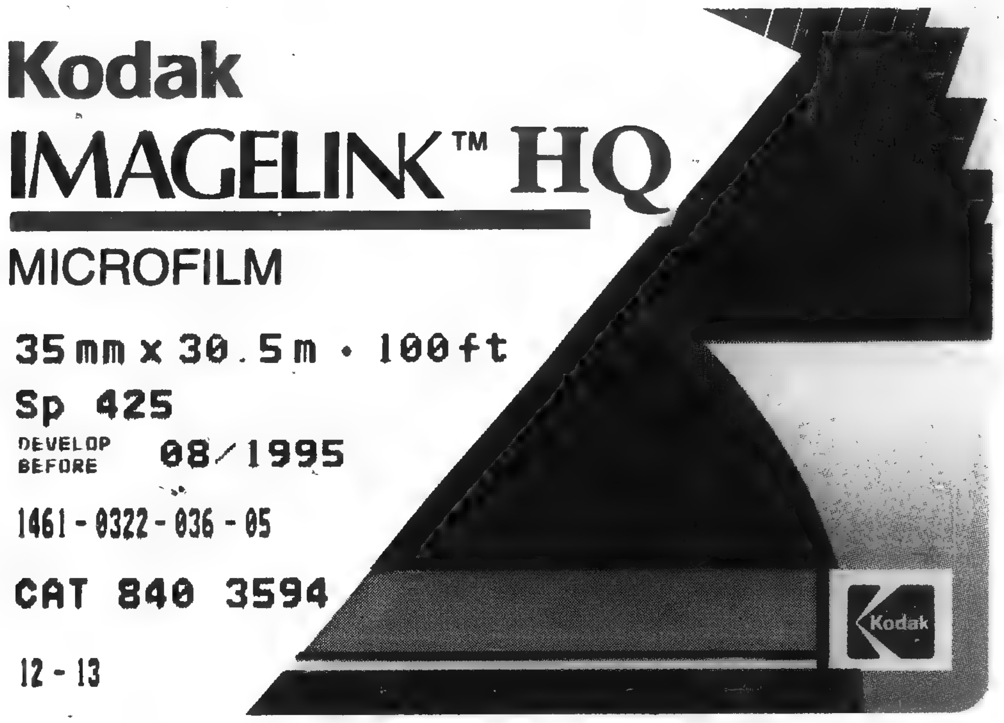

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REEL 16

Volume 33-34

BSO-POPS
1914-1915
to
BSO-POPS
1915-1916

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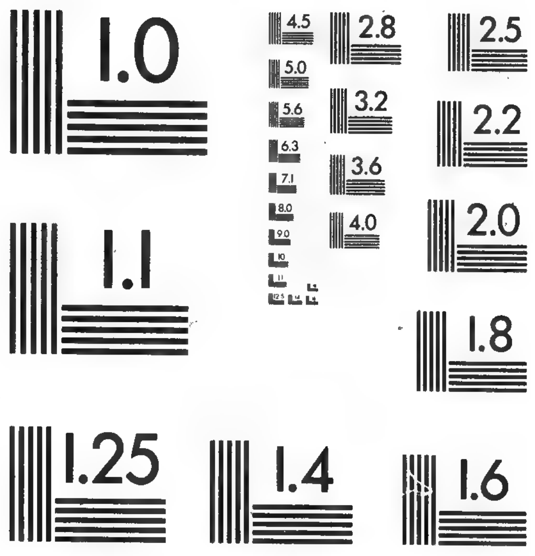

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PRECISION℠ RESOLUTION TARGETS

Century
A&P
1303 Geneva Avenue
St. Paul, MN 55119

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MULTIPLE EXPOSURES
DUE TO
COLOR VARIATIONS
AND OVERLAPPING
MATERIAL

VOLUME 33

BSO
Pops

1914 - 1915

Shipman's Scrap Book
FOR DUPLICATE ORDER NUMBER

ASA L. SHIPMAN'S SONS
NEW YORK

HILL SMITH & CO.
STATIONERS
8 MILK ST.
BOSTON.

BOSTON HERALD.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1913.

WAR WON'T STOP THE SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck to Sail for Boston Next Week—Most of the Players Coming.

The concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the coming season are now assured. Events have so shaped themselves that they will begin Oct. 16 and 17, according to a statement yesterday by Henry L. Higginson.

C. A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony orchestra, cabled yesterday from London that its scheduled concerts in Boston, New York and other cities will take place on the dates named; that there will be but few changes in the members of the orchestra, and that most of the "assisting artists," singers and virtuosi will be able to appear.

It is declared to be likely that Kreisler and Thibaud, who are believed to be enrolled in the Austrian and French armies, respectively, will be able to come. A full program of the schedule for the season will be announced within a week or ten days, concerts continuing from Oct. 16 to the beginning of May, 24 pairs in all. A few concerts in the West, scheduled for early in October, are the only ones to be abandoned.

M. Grisez, the first clarinet, is now in the hospital corps of the French army, and a new player must take his place for a few weeks, at least. Dr. Muck has engaged players in Berlin as substitutes for those who answered the call of the Kaiser. The coming of all these to Boston is now assured. Very little new music has been secured by Dr. Muck. He will leave from Rotterdam at the end of next week.

Mr. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, was motoring in Bavaria and the Tyrol when the war commenced. On Aug. 1, the first official day of German mobilization, he was in Bayreuth conferring with Dr. Muck about the symphony work for the coming season. He then returned to Munich, and with Dr. Muck, who worked from Bayreuth, sought out the members of the orchestra, their plans and possibility of playing in Boston this fall. Letters and telegrams, however, could not be sent into hostile countries from Munich, and Mr. Ellis had much difficulty in getting in touch with his men.

When the restraints against foreigners leaving the country were taken off, the manager went to Rotterdam and made better progress with his search. Later he met Dr. Muck, and they matured plans and engaged the necessary new players.

BOSTON GLOBE—

SEPTEMBER 17,

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Full Course Will Be Given Without Change in Announced Dates and With Few Changes in Personnel.

It was officially announced yesterday by Henry L. Higginson, founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, that Boston's famous Symphony concerts will begin Oct 16 and 17.

C. A. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, who is now in London, has cabled that the full forces of the orchestra with a few substitutes could be reassembled, and that nearly all the singers and virtuosi engaged as "assisting artists" would be able to appear. Even Mr Kreisler and Mr Thibaud, the violinists who were believed to be in the Austrian and the French Armies, are likely to be able to keep their engagements.

It is said that the war has necessitated relatively few changes in the personnel of the orchestra and none, except in the case of Mr Grisez, the first clarinet, among its principal virtuosi. Mr Grisez is for the time in the hospital corps of the French Army and for a few weeks at least another player will take his desk.

To replace the few men who were called to one or another army Dr Muck has recently been engaging new players in Berlin, and all the members of the orchestra who were in Europe for work or pleasure during the Summer have either returned or announced their coming beyond any reasonable doubt.

Dr Muck expects to sail for America from Rotterdam next week.

BOSTON POST,

SEPTEMBER 17,

SYMPHONY TO START OCT. 16

All Players Rounded Up—Dr. Muck to Conduct

The war will not affect the regular season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season, and already the announcement [illegible] made that the [illegible] on Oct. 16

[illegible] was as to whether concerts [illegible] be held this season at all. However, the management have worked night and day in locating the various members abroad, and one by one the musicians have been rounded up. Practically all of the men will be in Boston on Oct. 1.

It was feared at first that a majority of them had enlisted in the armies abroad, but investigation proved to the contrary.

Dr. Muck will be on hand for the first concert.

TRANSCRIPT,

SEPTEMBER 16,

SYMPHONY CONCERTS NOW ASSURED

A NOTE FROM MR. HIGGINSON—THE REGULAR BEGINNING AND THE FULL NUMBER—FEW CHANGES IN THE ORCHESTRA

Mr. H. L. Higginson has sent to the Transcript the following note about the Symphony Concerts for the new season:

Events have so shaped themselves that it is now possible to announce that the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the coming season will begin Oct. 16 and 17. HENRY L. HIGGINSON

Boston, Sept. 16, 1914.

Yesterday morning, Mr. C. A. Ellis, the manager of the Symphony Orchestra, who is now in London, cabled to its officers here that its concerts in Boston, New York and all the other cities that it annually visits were now assured; that the concerts would take place on the dates already announced; that the full forces of the orchestra with a few substitutes could be reassembled; and that nearly all the singers and virtuosi engaged as "assisting artists" would be able to appear. Even Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Thibaud, the violinist, who are believed to be in the Austrian and the French armies, were likely to be able to keep their engagements.

Accordingly full announcement of the schedule and the arrangements for the year will be made a week or ten days hence. The concerts will begin on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16 and 17, and continue as usual until the beginning of May—twenty-four pairs in all. The series in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and Cambridge, and the occasional visits to other cities will all be accomplished, "as announced." Only the concerts in the West in the first days of October have been abandoned.

The war has necessitated relatively few changes in the personnel of the orchestra and none, except in the case of Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, among its principal virtuosi. Mr. Grisez is for the time in the hospital corps of the French army and for a few weeks at least another player will take his desk. To replace the few men that were "called" to one or another army, Dr. Muck has recently been engaging new players in Berlin. Their journey to Boston has now been assured and all the members of the orchestra who were in Europe for work or pleasure during the summer have either returned or announced their coming beyond any reasonable doubt. Necessarily Dr. Muck has been able to secure the scores and parts of very little new music, but—this lack of novelties aside—the programmes will run as usual with him. He himself embarks from Rotterdam at the end of next week.

When the war began, Mr. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, was fortunate enough to be motoring in Bavaria and the Tyrol. On Aug. 1, the day that the German mobilization officially began, he was in Baireuth to confer with Dr. Muck about the arrangements for the new season. Both were eager to carry out the concerts as planned and announced. Mr. Ellis then returned to Munich and with Dr. Muck similarly working from Baireuth, sought to learn what members of the orchestra were in Europe and what assurance there was of their return in September to Boston. Little could be done in Munich, since it was impossible to send letters and telegrams into hostile countries, while into neutral territory they were long delayed. In the midst of the mobilization, Mr. Ellis made another risky automobile journey to Baireuth to confer with Dr. Muck.

When foreigners were at last permitted to leave Bavaria, the manager established himself at Rotterdam and, as far as he might by letters and telegrams, learned conditions of affairs in Boston, discovered the players who were in Europe, arranged for their return or ascertained the impossibility of it. Then he made the tedious and uncomfortable journey now thirty-six hours long, from Rotterdam to Berlin, and Dr. Muck made as long a one from Baireuth. In Berlin they matured their plans and the conductor engaged the necessary new players. Once in London again after another almost endless journey Mr. Ellis sent the message to Mr. Higginson that assures the concerts.

NEWS OF MUSIC

Dr. Muck and the Dresden Opera—A Plain Account of the Negotiations with Him and the Outcome—Kreisler Not at the Front—Miss Duncan Transfers Her Dancing School to America

WHEN Dr. Muck arrived in Germany from Boston last spring, he betook himself to the "Weisser Hirsch," a suburb of Dresden in the hills above the Elbe to undergo the recuperative process that the Germans call a "cure." There he was visited almost daily by Count Seebach, the able and persistent Intendant of the Court Theatres at Dresden. Count Seebach besought Dr. Muck to become the director and the chief conductor of the Court Opera House in succession to von Schuch, who had lately died, who had made its orchestra the foremost operatic orchestra in the world, and who had given the thea-

[illegible] composers preferred it [illegible] other for the first production of their work. Count Seebach offered to Dr. Muck an absolutely free and unquestioned hand in the control of the Opera House and a very large salary, as salaries go for such work anywhere. To it several rich and interested Dresdeners added an annual contribution until report in the city set the promised honorarium at $20,000 a year.

To these daily prayers and proffers Dr. Muck replied that he was under contract to the Boston Symphony Orchestra for three years more; that he was well satisfied with the conditions and the results of his work in America, and that he purposed to fulfil his obligations cheerfully and to the letter. Count Seebach then professed his willingness to wait three years for Dr. Muck, providing that he would then accept the proferred post. Dr. Muck replied that he could not make decisions that belonged to the spring of 1917 in the spring of 1914. On the other hand, he admitted that the opportunity thus opened at Dresden did appeal to him strongly. Finally, the upshot of almost daily conferences was an agreement upon Dr. Muck's part to prepare and to conduct a few "special performances" of "The Ring" and other of Wagner's operas at Dresden in this present September and again in May and June of next year. Needless to say, both sets of performances have now been abandoned, and the probabilities are that for some years to come neither the Saxon government nor the citizens of Dresden will be able to expend large sums for the upbuilding of their opera under Dr. Muck. In such position, when the haze of contradictory gossip is brushed away, the matter now rests.

ADVERTISER,

SEPTEMBER 17

SYMPHONY CONCERTS IN BOSTON ASSURED

REGULAR PROGRAMME BEGINS OCT. 16 AND 17

Visits to Other Cities as Planned Also Possible—But Few Changes in Personnel of Orchestra.

The regular programme of symphony concerts in Boston this fall is now assured. Henry L. Higginson announced yesterday the concerts would begin Oct. 16 and 17.

Mr. C. A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony Orchestra, cabled that concerts in Boston, New York and all the other cities annually visited were now assured; that the concerts would take place on the dates already announced; that the full forces of the orchestra with a few substitutes could be reassembled; and that nearly all the singers and virtuosi engaged as "assisting artists" would be able to appear.

Even Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Thibaud, the violinist, who are believed to be in the Austrian and French armies, were likely to be able to keep their engagements.

Accordingly full announcement of the schedule and the arrangements for the year will soon be made.

The concerts will begin on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16 and 17, and continue as usual until the beginning of May—24 pairs in all.

The series in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and Cambridge, and the occasional visits to other cities will all be accomplished, "as announced." Only the concerts in the West in the first days of October have been abandoned.

The war has necessitated relatively new changes in the personnel of the orchestra and none, except in the case of Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, among its principal virtuosi. Mr. Grisez is for the time in the hospital corps of the French army and for a few weeks at least another player will take his desk.

To replace the few men that were "called" to one or another army, Dr. Muck has recently been engaging new players in Berlin. The journey to Boston has now been assured and all the members of the orchestra who were in Europe for work or pleasure during the summer have either returned or announced their coming beyond any reasonable doubt.

Necessarily Dr. Muck has been able to secure the scores and parts of very little new music, but—this lack of novelties aside—the programmes will run as usual with him. He himself embarks from Rotterdam at the end of next week.

BOSTON POST,

SEPTEMBER 19,

SYMPHONY PLAYERS ON WAY HOME

But Few Caught by War's Demand in Europe

Final proof of the [illegible] season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is furnished by the official announcement from Symphony Hall of the first auction sales of seats for the coming season, which will take place on Monday morning, Oct. 5. Dr. Muck will sail from Europe on the 26th of this month. The possibility of the forthcoming Symphony season is principally due to the splendid labors of Manager Charles A. Ellis and Dr. Muck in Europe.

No one on this side could possibly tell how many members of the Boston Symphony had been forced into the fighting ranks, or whether those not in the ranks could return in time for the regular date of the opening of the season. But reassurance from Mr. Ellis has arrived, and it is now known that with a few and comparatively unimportant exceptions the Symphony Orchestra will be the same orchestra—certainly the same as regards the quality of the performances—as the orchestra of last season.

FIRST CONCERT OCT. 16

Preparations for the season are well advanced. As it was originally intended that the Symphony Orchestra should give a Western tour before opening in Boston, the dates of the auction sales of season tickets had been put forward a week in advance of the usual time.

Now, however, the sales will commence, as in the past, on the first Monday in October. The seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals will go on sale on Monday morning, Oct. 5, at 10 a. m., and on Tuesday morning at the same hour. The seats for the Saturday evening performances will be sold on Thursday and Friday mornings, Oct. 8 and 9. The first public rehearsal and concert will be given Friday afternoon, Oct. 16, and Saturday evening, Oct. 17. Boston will get its usual number of 24 public rehearsals and concerts. All of the soloists engaged last spring for the coming season are expected to appear, including Fritz Kreisler and Jacques Thibaud.

At the beginning of the war there were over 20 members of the orchestra in Europe and among them nearly all of the solo members. So far as it is possible to find out now, only four or five are actually serving in the armies of their various countries, and the rest will be here by the first of October.

Witek on the Way

Mr. Witek, the concertmaster, who was in Sweden at the outbreak of the war is now on his way back from Holland. With him is Mr. Holy, the harpist. There was much doubt about Mr. Holy's whereabouts, as his wife, who did not go abroad this summer, did not hear from him for several weeks, but news has come that he reached Rotterdam in safety.

Mr. Longy, Mr. Lenon and Mr. Meuller, of the oboes are here but Mr. Fosse, the third oboe, is in the French army. Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, is also in the French service, but his place has been filled. It is possible, also, that Mr. Agnesy and Mr. Stumpf, the bass clarinet, may be serving, but this is not at all certain. The same applies to Mr. Habenicht, the leader of the second violins, and Mr. Blumenau of the violas, and Mr. Steinke of the 'cellos.

All of these, however, except Mr. Agnesy were in Berlin a short time ago and the chances are very favorable that they have not been called to service. Of the first violins, probably Mr. Koessler is the only one now at the front, as he belonged to the first reserve of the Germany army. Mr. Roth when last heard of was in Munich and will probably be back within a fortnight.

JOURNAL—

SEPTEMBER 19,

SYMPHONY RANKS WILL BE FILLED

Substitutes for Those at the Front—Auction Sale of Seats.

Following The Journal's exclusive announcement, made just a week ago, that the Symphony season would not be canceled, as it was first feared it might have to be, comes the bulletin that the regular auction sale of subscription tickets will begin Monday, Oct. 5. The first concert will be given on Friday afternoon, Oct. 16.

The Friday afternoon seats will be auctioned off on Monday, Oct. 5, and Tuesday, Oct. 6. The Saturday night concert tickets will be disposed of on Thursday, Oct. 8, and Friday, Oct. 9.

It is officially announced that only a few members of the orchestra will be absent when the season begins, and their places will be filled at least temporarily by newcomers.

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Dr. Muck will probably sail for America a week from today. Mr. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, who spent most of the summer with Dr. Muck, is now on his way home.

There will be the customary series of twenty-four matinee and twenty-four evening concerts.

TRAVELER,

SEPTEMBER 19, 1914.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Season

Mr. Higginson's announcement made Wednesday last, that the Boston Symphony Orchestra would give its usual series of concerts in Boston and elsewhere, cleared up the doubt which has surrounded the future of the orchestra since the war began. There had been for several weeks a very real doubt whether the orchestra would not at least be compelled to postpone the opening of its season. It was impossible to find out how many of the members in Europe would be able to return, but fortunately, as it now stands, there will be only a few who cannot return this year, and their places will be filled.

Preparations for the season are well advanced. The auction sale of tickets for rehearsals will be held Monday, Oct. 5, and Tuesday, Oct. 6; and for the concerts, Thursday, Oct. 8, and Friday, Oct. 9. The first rehearsal will be given Friday afternoon. Oct. 16, and the first concert the following evening.

So far as it is possible to find out now, only four or five Symphony players are actually serving in the European war. Mr. Fosse, the third oboe, is in the French army. Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, is also in the French service. It is possible, also, that Mr. Agnesy and Mr. Stumpf, the bass clarinet, may be serving. The same applies to Mr. Habenicht, the leader of the second violins, and Mr. Blumenau of the violas and Mr. Steinke of the 'cellos. Of the first violins, probably Mr. Koessler is the only one now at the front.

ADVERTISER,

SEPTEMBER 19

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Higginson's announcement made Wednesday, that the Boston Symphony Orchestra would give its usual series of concerts in Boston and elsewhere, cleared up the doubt which has surrounded the future of the orchestra since the war began.

Preparations for the season are well advanced.

Dr. Muck, who is still in Berlin, is expected to sail Sept. 26. Passage has been secured for him and there seems to be no reason to doubt that he will get his steamer.

The full announcement of the plans of the orchestra will be made in a week.

BOSTON HERALD.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1914.

WAR WON'T STOP THE SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck to Sail for Boston Next Week—Most of the Players Coming.

The concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, for the coming season are now assured. Events have so shaped themselves that they will begin Oct. 16 and 17, according to a statement yesterday by Henry L. Higginson.

C. A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony orchestra, cabled yesterday from London that its scheduled concerts in Boston, New York and other cities will take place on the dates named; that there will be but few changes in the members of the orchestra, and that most of the "assisting artists," singers and virtuosi will be able to appear.

It is declared to be likely that Kreisler and Thibaud, who are believed to be enrolled in the Austrian and French armies, respectively, will be able to come. A full program of the schedule for the season will be announced within a week or ten days, concerts continuing from Oct. 16 to the beginning of May, 24 pairs in all. A few concerts in the West, scheduled for early in October, are the only ones to be abandoned.

M. Grisez, the first clarinet, is now in the hospital corps of the French army, and a new player must take his place for a few weeks, at least. Dr. Muck has engaged players in Berlin as substitutes for those who answered the call of the Kaiser. The coming of all these to Boston is now assured. Very little new music has been secured by Dr. Muck. He will leave from Rotterdam at the end of next week.

Mr. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, was motoring in Bavaria and the Tyrol when the war commenced. On Aug. 1, the first official day of German mobilization, he was in Bayreuth conferring with Dr. Muck about the symphony work for the coming season. He then returned to Munich, and with Dr. Muck, who worked from Bayreuth, sought out the members of the orchestra, their plans and possibility of playing in Boston this fall. Letters and telegrams, however, could not be sent into hostile countries from Munich, and Mr. Ellis had much difficulty in getting in touch with his men.

When the restraints against foreigners leaving the country were taken off, the manager went to Rotterdam and made better progress with his search. Later he met Dr. Muck, and they matured plans and engaged the necessary new players.

BOSTON GLOBE—

SEPTEMBER 17,

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Full Course Will Be Given Without Change in Announced Dates and With Few Changes in Personnel.

It was officially announced yesterday by Henry L. Higginson, founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, that Boston's famous Symphony concerts will begin Oct 16 and 17.

C. A. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, who is now in London, has cabled that the full forces of the orchestra with a few substitutes could be reassembled, and that nearly all the singers and virtuosi engaged as "assisting artists" would be able to appear. Even Mr Kreisler and Mr Thibaud, the violinists who were believed to be in the Austrian and the French Armies, are likely to be able to keep their engagements.

It is said that the war has necessitated relatively few changes in the personnel of the orchestra and none, except in the case of Mr Grisez, the first clarinet, among its principal virtuosi. Mr Grisez is for the time in the hospital corps of the French Army and for a few weeks at least another player will take his desk.

To replace the few men who were called to one or another army Dr Muck has recently been engaging new players in Berlin, and all the members of the orchestra who were in Europe for work or pleasure during the Summer have either returned or announced their coming beyond any reasonable doubt.

Dr Muck expects to sail for America from Rotterdam next week.

BOSTON POST,

SEPTEMBER 17,

SYMPHONY TO START OCT. 16

All Players Rounded Up—Dr. Muck to Conduct

The war will not affect the regular plans of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season and already the announcement [illegible] made that the [illegible] on Oct. 16

[illegible] concern was [illegible] lovers as to whether concerts could be held this season at all. However, the management have worked night and day in locating the various members abroad, and one by one the musicians have been rounded up. Practically all of the men will be in Boston on Oct. 1.

It was feared at first that a majority of them had enlisted in the armies abroad, but investigation proved to the contrary.

Dr. Muck will be on hand for the first concert.

TRANSCRIPT,

SEPTEMBER 16,

SYMPHONY CONCERTS NOW ASSURED

A NOTE FROM MR. HIGGINSON—THE REGULAR BEGINNING AND THE FULL NUMBER—FEW CHANGES IN THE ORCHESTRA

Mr. H. L. Higginson has sent to the Transcript the following note about the Symphony Concerts for the new season:

Events have so shaped themselves that it is now possible to announce that the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the coming season will begin Oct. 16 and 17. HENRY L. HIGGINSON

Boston, Sept. 16, 1914.

Yesterday morning, Mr. C. A. Ellis, the manager of the Symphony Orchestra, who is now in London, cabled to its officers here that its concerts in Boston, New York and all the other cities that it annually visits were now assured; that the concerts would take place on the dates already announced; that the full forces of the orchestra with a few substitutes could be reassembled; and that nearly all the singers and virtuosi engaged as "assisting artists" would be able to appear. Even Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Thibaud, the violinist, who are believed to be in the Austrian and the French armies, were likely to be able to keep their engagements.

Accordingly full announcement of the schedule and the arrangements for the year will be made a week or ten days hence. The concerts will begin on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16 and 17, and continue as usual until the beginning of May—twenty-four pairs in all. The series in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and Cambridge, and the occasional visits to other cities will all be accomplished, "as announced." Only the concerts in the West in the first days of October have been abandoned.

The war has necessitated relatively few changes in the personnel of the orchestra and none, except in the case of Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, among its principal virtuosi. Mr. Grisez is for the time in the hospital corps of the French army and for a few weeks at least another player will take his desk. To replace the few men that were "called" to one or another army, Dr. Muck has recently been engaging new players in Berlin. Their journey to Boston has now been assured and all the members of the orchestra who were in Europe for work or pleasure during the summer have either returned or announced their coming beyond any reasonable doubt. Necessarily Dr. Muck has been able to secure the scores and parts of very little new music, but—this lack of novelties aside—the programmes will run as usual with him. He himself embarks from Rotterdam at the end of next week.

When the war began, Mr. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, was fortunate enough to be motoring in Bavaria and the Tyrol. On Aug. 1, the day that the German mobilization officially began, he was in Baireuth to confer with Dr. Muck about the arrangements for the new season. Both were eager to carry out the concerts as planned and announced. Mr. El'lis then returned to Munich and with Dr. Muck similarly working from Baireuth, sought to learn what members of the orchestra were in Europe and what assurance there was of their return in September to Boston. Little could be done in Munich, since it was impossible to send letters and telegrams into hostile countries, while into neutral territory they were long delayed. In the midst of the mobilization, Mr. Ellis made another risky automobile journey to Baireuth to confer with Dr. Muck.

Wnen foreigners were at last permitted to leave Bavaria, the manager established himself at Rotterdam and, as far as he might by letters and telegrams, learned conditions of affairs in Boston, discovered the players who were in Europe, arranged for their return or ascertained the impossibility of it. Then he made the tedious and uncomfortable journey now thirty-six hours long, from Rotterdam to Berlin, and Dr. Muck made as long a one from Baireuth. In Berlin they matured their plans and the conductor engaged the necessary new players. Once in London again after another almost endless journey Mr. Ellis sent the message to Mr. Higginson that assures the concerts:

NEWS OF MUSIC

Dr. Muck and the Dresden Opera—A Plain Account of the Negotiations with Him and the Outcome—Kreisler Not at the Front—Miss Duncan Transfers Her Dancing School to America

WHEN Dr. Muck arrived in Germany from Boston last spring, he betook himself to the "Weisser Hirsch," a suburb of Dresden in the hills above the Elbe to undergo the recuperative process that the Germans call a "cure." There he was visited almost daily by Count Seebach, the able and persistent Intendant of the Court Theatres at Dresden. Count Seebach besought Dr. Muck to become the director and the chief conductor of the Court Opera House in succession to von Schuch, who had lately died, who had made its orchestra the foremost operatic orchestra in the world, and who had given the thea-

German [illegible] Italian composers preferred it to any other for the first production of their work. Count Seebach offered to Dr. Muck an absolutely free and unquestioned hand in the control of the Opera House and a very large salary, as salaries go for such work anywhere. To it several rich and interested Dresdeners added an annual contribution until report in the city set the promised honorarium at $20,000 a year.

To these daily prayers and proffers Dr. Muck replied that he was under contract to the Boston Symphony Orchestra for three years more; that he was well satisfied with the conditions and the results of his work in America, and that he purposed to fulfil his obligations cheerfully and to the letter. Count Seebach then professed his willingness to wait three years for Dr. Muck, providing that he would then accept the proferred post. Dr. Muck replied that he could not make decisions that belonged to the spring of 1917 in the spring of 1914. On the other hand, he admitted that the opportunity thus opened at Dresden did appeal to him strongly. Finally, the upshot of almost daily conferences was an agreement upon Dr. Muck's part to prepare and to conduct a few "special performances" of "The Ring" and other of Wagner's operas at Dresden in this present September and again in May and June of next year. Needless to say, both sets of performances have now been abandoned, and the probabilities are that for some years to come neither the Saxon government nor the citizens of Dresden will be able to expend large sums for the upbuilding of their opera under Dr. Muck. In such position, when the haze of contradictory gossip is brushed away, the matter now rests.

ADVERTISER,

SEPTEMBER 17

SYMPHONY CONCERTS IN BOSTON ASSURED

REGULAR PROGRAMME BEGINS OCT. 16 AND 17

Visits to Other Cities as Planned Also Possible—But Few Changes in Personnel of Orchestra.

The regular programme of symphony concerts in Boston this fall is now assured. Henry L. Higginson announced yesterday the concerts would begin Oct. 16 and 17.

Mr. C. A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony Orchestra, cabled that concerts in Boston, New York and all the other cities annually visited were now assured; that the concerts would take place on the dates already announced; that the full forces of the orchestra with a few substitutes could be reassembled; and that nearly all the singers and virtuosi engaged as "assisting artists" would be able to appear.

Even Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Thibaud, the violinist, who are believed to be in the Austrian and French armies, were likely to be able to keep their engagements.

Accordingly full announcement of the schedule and the arrangements for the year will soon be made.

The concerts will begin on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16 and 17, and continue as usual until the beginning of May—24 pairs in all.

The series in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and Cambridge, and the occasional visits to other cities will all be accomplished, "as announced." Only the concerts in the West in the first days of October have been abandoned.

The war has necessitated relatively new changes in the personnel of the orchestra and none, except in the case of Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, among its principal virtuosi. Mr. Grisez is for the time in the hospital corps of the French army and for a few weeks at least another player will take his desk.

To replace the few men that were "called" to one or another army, Dr. Muck has recently been engaging new players in Berlin. The journey to Boston has now been assured and all the members of the orchestra who were in Europe for work or pleasure during the summer have either returned or announced their coming beyond any reasonable doubt.

Necessarily Dr. Muck has been able to secure the scores and parts of very little new music, but—this lack of novelties aside—the programmes will run as usual with him. He himself embarks from Rotterdam at the end of next week.

BOSTON POST,

SEPTEMBER 19,

SYMPHONY PLAYERS ON WAY HOME

But Few Caught by War's Demand in Europe

Final proof of the [illegible] season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is furnished by the official announcement from Symphony Hall of the first auction sales of seats for the coming season, which will take place on Monday morning, Oct. 5. Dr. Muck will sail from Europe on the 26th of this month. The possibility of the forthcoming Symphony season is principally due to the splendid labors of Manager Charles A. Ellis and Dr. Muck in Europe.

No one on this side could possibly tell how many members of the Boston Symphony had been forced into the fighting ranks, or whether those not in the ranks could return in time for the regular date of the opening of the season. But reassurance from Mr. Ellis has arrived, and it is now known that with a few and comparatively unimportant exceptions the Symphony Orchestra will be the same orchestra—certainly the same as regards the quality of the performances—as the orchestra of last season.

FIRST CONCERT OCT. 16

Preparations for the season are well advanced. As it was originally intended that the Symphony Orchestra should give a Western tour before opening in Boston, the dates of the auction sales of season tickets had been put forward a week in advance of the usual time. Now, however, the sales will commence, as in the past, on the first Monday in October. The seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals will go on sale on Monday morning, Oct. 5, at 10 a. m., and on Tuesday morning at the same hour. The seats for the Saturday evening performances will be sold on Thursday and Friday mornings, Oct. 8 and 9. The first public rehearsal and concert will be given Friday afternoon, Oct. 16, and Saturday evening, Oct. 17. Boston will get its usual number of 24 public rehearsals and concerts. All of the soloists engaged last spring for the coming season are expected to appear, including Fritz Kreisler and Jacques Thibaud.

At the beginning of the war there were over 20 members of the orchestra in Europe and among them nearly all of the solo members. So far as it is possible to find out now, only four or five are actually serving in the armies of their various countries, and the rest will be here by the first of October.

Witek on the Way

Mr. Witek, the concertmaster, who was in Sweden at the outbreak of the war is now on his way back from Holland. With him is Mr. Holy, the harpist. There was much doubt about Mr. Holy's whereabouts, as his wife, who did not go abroad this summer, did not hear from him for several weeks, but news has come that he reached Rotterdam in safety.

Mr. Longy, Mr. Lenon and Mr. Meuller, of the oboes are here but Mr. Fosse, the third oboe, is in the French army. Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, is also in the French service, but his place has been filled. It is possible, also, that Mr. Agnesy and Mr. Stumpf, the bass clarinet, may be serving, but this is not at all certain. The same applies to Mr. Habenicht, the leader of the second violins, and Mr. Blumenau of the violas, and Mr. Steinke of the 'cellos.

All of these, however, except Mr. Agnesy were in Berlin a short time ago and the chances are very favorable that they have not been called to service. Of the first violins, probably Mr. Koessler is the only one now at the front, as he belonged to the first reserve of the Germany army. Mr. Roth when last heard of was in Munich and will probably be back within a fortnight.

JOURNAL—

SEPTEMBER 19,

SYMPHONY RANKS WILL BE FILLED

Substitutes for Those at the Front—Auction Sale of Seats.

Following The Journal's exclusive announcement, made just a week ago, that the Symphony season would not be canceled, as it was first feared it might have to be, comes the bulletin that the regular auction sale of subscription tickets will begin Monday, Oct. 5. The first concert will be given on Friday afternoon, Oct. 16.

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BOSTON POST,
SEPTEMBER 26,

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA IS INTACT

Manager Ellis, Back, Says but Few Men Are Missing

Back from a three-months' European search for soloists, Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, reached Boston last night from New York, and declared that the plans for the orchestra will not be changed, and that not more than four or five new faces will be seen in the 100 of its personnel.

Mr. Ellis was met at the Back Bay station by a group of friends. He arrived from New York on the 6 o'clock express after a pleasant trip across on the Mauretania, from Liverpool.

WITH DR. MUCK

His time abroad being his first "vacation" for years, was spent mostly with Dr. Muck, conductor of the orchestra. He divided his time between the cities of Baireuth, Munich, Nuremberg, Berlin and Rotterdam. Fears of absence of some of the orchestra's men forced Mr. Ellis to conduct a careful search for good men, and he has a large list of available artists. Only four or five will be required, however, and these will probably be secured here.

"I left Berlin on September the 8th," said Mr. Ellis. "That city showed no excitement—not half as much as London. The people have a deep confidence in the victory of Germany, although they realize the odds now against her.

Can Get Men Here

"There will be but four or five vacancies caused by absentees. I know of no casualties among symphony men, but from a few I have not heard, and these will be replaced in all probability. There are excellent artists in New York and in Boston, and, should they be unavailable, there are waiting good men in Holland whom we can secure.

"Mr. Kreisler and the rest of the assisting artists will be on hand, and I can think of no change or ommission that will be necessitated.

Muck's Auto Seized

"I left Boston about the middle of June with Dr. Muck. I spent my time in various cities, and was in Baireuth when the war began. During the mobilization period I was in Munich. On a trip from Munich to Nuremberg with Frau Muck, our automobile was taken from us, and was commandeered.

"Realizing that about 30 of our men were spending their vacations in Germany, France, Belgium and Austria, I looked about for available instrumentalists in case of emergency. However, there will be so few absentees—most of those who went abroad having returned by this time—that we shall find all we require in the east here.

Dr. Muck on Way

Mr. Holy, the harpist, and Mr. Witek, concertmeister, are already on their way here, as is Dr. Muck. As soon as Dr. Muck reaches Boston, rehearsals will commence and progress until the scheduled opening.

"Of those who are missing I am certain only of Georges Grisez, the first clarionet, who has joined the French troops. Of his non-appearance I am reasonably sure, and his loss is a keen one."

MONITOR, BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26,

FEW PLAYERS MISSING AND RANKS FILLED

Revocation of Early Western Tour Only Change Necessary in the Schedule of Concerts—Eleven Artists Are Engaged

FIRST CONCERT OCT. 16

Following the announcement made 10 days ago that the Boston Symphony orchestra would begin its season at the stated time and with full ranks, comes the prospectus of the season. The management announces that it is especially desirous of correcting the idea that owing to the war the orchestra will not be up to its usual mark. This impression is declared to be erroneous. For although a few of the members are held in Europe by military service, their places, in the judgment of the managers, have been satisfactorily filled.

Karl Muck, the conductor, and Charles A. Ellis, the business director, have been working to fill vacancies since the early part of August, and it is noted that there will be no more changes in the membership than have been made many times in the past at the beginning of a season. Mr. Ellis is just home from Europe and Dr. Muck is expected Oct. 5.

Auction Begins Oct. 5

The prospectus announces that the $18 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals will be sold at auction Monday, Oct. 5; the $10 seats, Tuesday, Oct. 6; the $18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts, Thursday, Oct. 8, and the $10 seats on Friday, Oct. 9. The sales will be held, as usual, in Symphony hall, and will open at 10 o'clock a. m.

The only part of the season that has been abandoned is the preliminary trip to the West which the orchestra was to take in the first 12 days in October. Owing to the uncertainty of assembling the players by Sept. 28, the day on which the first rehearsal was called, it was thought wise, last month, to postpone this trip until October, 1915. As things have turned out, it is said that the trip could have been undertaken, but when it was certain that the orchestra could be assembled, it was too late to revoke the postponement.

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH

Pianist whose readings are remarkable for their fervent emotion and for their technical smoothness. His phrasing in the Tschaikowsky B flat minor concerto has a suavity that responds to the Italian likings of the Russian composer. His reading of a Chopin sonata has a dignity and an earnestness that revive the mid-nineteenth century sentiment of the Polish composer.

(Photo by Champeau Studio, New York)

MME. JULIA CULP

Artist who ventures into the concert field with individual views of interpretation. She brings out the point of a song not so much by the elocutionary devices of the reader as by the tone coloring and tone shading effects of the singer. Her ideas have noteworthy appeal in songs of exalted melody, like those of Brahms.

In other respects the season will be carried through exactly as planned. In Boston there will be 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, extending from Oct. 16 to May 7, and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings, extending from Oct. 17 to May 8. Owing to the absence of the orchestra from town the following Fridays and Saturdays will be omitted: Nov. 7-8, Dec. 5-6, Jan. 9-10, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, Feb. 20-21, and March 20-21. The total number of concerts to be given will be 110. In Cambridge there will be eight, in New York 10, in Providence six, in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn five each, and in Hartford, New Bedford and Worcester three each. There will be single concerts in a number of cities in New England and the middle West.

The New York and Brooklyn series were sold out by subscription last May. It is expected that the Baltimore, Philadelphia and Washington series will be sold out by the time the season opens in those cities. In Boston the indications are said to be that there will be just as strong a demand for tickets as last year.

Eleven Soloists Engaged

The prospectus names 11 artists who will assist at the concerts as soloists. It is possible that this number may be increased before the season is over. The list comprises four singers, four pianists, and three violinists. The singers are Mmes. Julia Culp, Elena Gerhardt and Florence Hinkle, and Pasquale Amato. The pianists are Harold Bauer, Feruccio Busoni, Leonard Borwick and Ossip Gabrilowitsch. The violinists are Fritz Kreisler, Jacques Thibaud and Anton Witek.

Four of these soloists are making their first appearances in Boston with the Symphony orchestra. These are Miss Hinkle, Mr. Amato, Mr. Borwick and Mr. Thibaud.

Concluding, the announcement notes that it is impossible, under present conditions, to promise many novelties. The library of the orchestra contains some works which have not yet been played and may get a hearing, and it is more than possible that Dr. Muck will fetch some music to America with him. However, no lack of variety is expected, for not only is there the store of classics to draw from, but there are many works which have been heard but once or twice and are held to deserve repetition. As soon as Dr. Muck arrives his early programs will be announced.

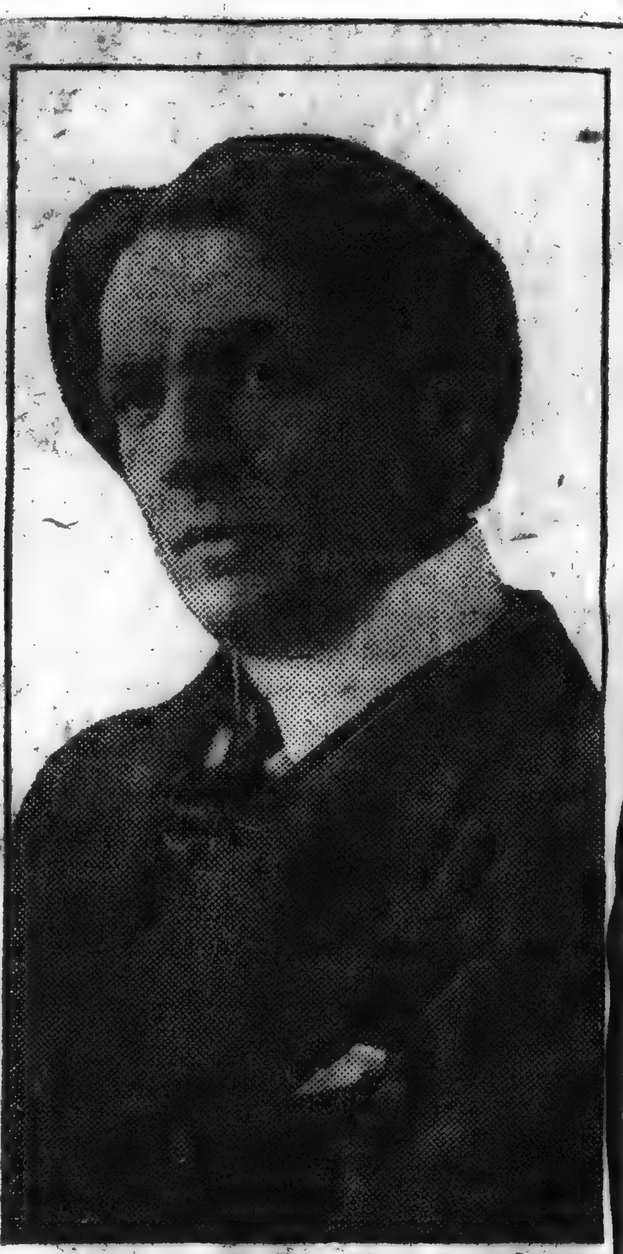
MISS FLORENCE HINKLE

Soprano who maintains the traditions of oratorio singing for which, in the best days of the choral society and the singing school, the United States had high acclaim. Her powers of interpretation, although developed wholly outside the theater, are strong both in delineating character and in narrating incident. Her vocal equipment is exceptional. She has beauty of tone, suppleness of execution and vigor of speech in song.

(Photo copyright by Mishkin, New York)

PASQUALE AMATO

Though little known in Boston as a concert artist, Mr. Amato is well known and highly approved as an interpreter of baritone roles in opera. His acclaim as an impersonator of characters like Kurwenal in Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," Iago in Verdi's "Otello" and Figaro in Rossini's "Barber of Seville" has almost eclipsed his reputation as a singer. His appearance in the severe surroundings of the Symphony Hall platform will test in a direct way his vocal method and his skill in phrasing. His round, brilliant voice and his distinct enunciation assure him a good measure of applause from both the critical Friday audience and the quickly appreciative Saturday audience.



JACQUES THIBAUD

Violinist who won distinguished applause at his appearances in recital in Boston last winter. He made at once such a success as artists usually have to work many years to attain. All his playing was with piano accompaniment. He will be tested this year as soloist in an orchestral concerto.

(Photo by Apeda Studio, New York)

MISS ELENA GERHARDT

Soprano who has taken first rank as an interpreter of the works of the German song repertory. She made sure of herself as a concert singer by gaining the approval of the public of leading European cities before she came to the United States. At her first appearances here she was applauded as the bringer of new recital standards. She both reads her words and sings her music. Her engagement as Symphony soloist is in line with the usual policy of the managers to present only artists who have proved their worth.

(Photo copyright by Tyler, New York)

FERRUCCIO BUSONI

Pianist whose ideas are too advanced to win the unqualified favor of the musical masses. His mastery of the keyboard is such that ordinary technical and critical terms do not provide classification for them. Some listeners have given up trying to account for him and have relegated him among the disturbers of the musical commonwealth. To them he is merely an extreme individualist. He seems to scorn the ways of playing Beethoven and Chopin that have become standard. He dissociates their works from the epoch in which they were written, and plays them as if they were the product of today. Whatever else he does, he leaves the conviction on his hearers that there is more to be said about the last sonatas of Beethoven and the preludes of Chopin than has yet been said.

LEONARD BORWICK

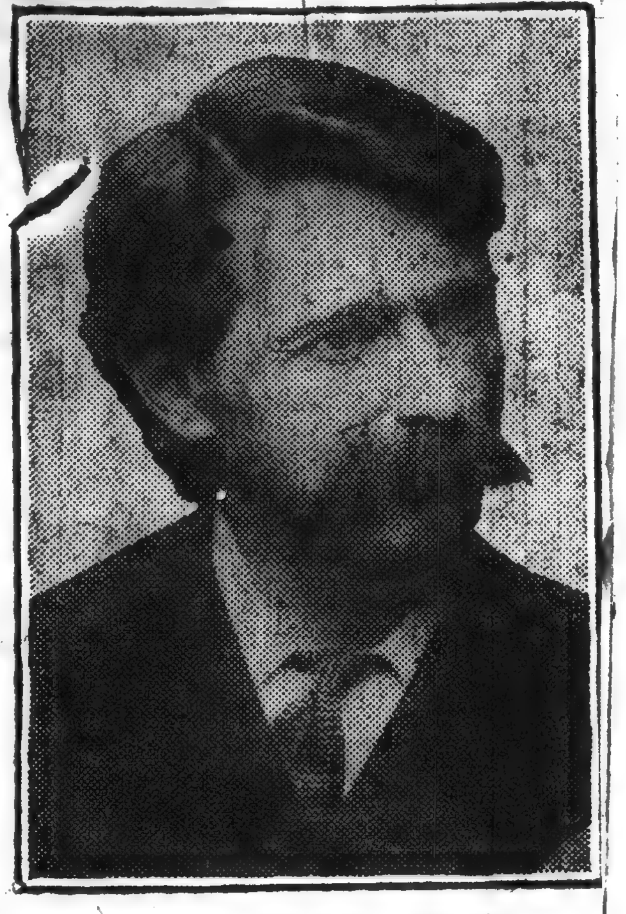
Mr. Borwick's name is the only one on the Symphony solo list that is not familiar to Boston listeners. That influential part of the public which attends piano recitals has learned something about his artistic leanings. Playing in Jordan hall two years ago, he gave the impression of a pianist of highly intellectual, if somehat matter-of-fact, approach to his composers. He read his selections in a style that indicated a musician of vigorous though not presumptuous thinking. He seemed to desire to give his audience a fresh impression of the repertory master works. He has a powerful tone, which should be serviceable in a piano concerto with orchestra.

LAST FESTIVAL CONCERTS GIVEN AT WORCESTER

WORCESTER, Mass.—Closing its annual festival, the Worcester County Musical Association presented three of its chief visiting artists Friday night in a program of operatic arias and songs before the largest audience of the week. They were Mme. Alma Gluck, soprano; Evan Williams, tenor; and Clarence Whitehill, baritone. The orchestra of Boston Symphony players which has been assisting at the festival, played under the direction of Gustav Strube. The chorus of the association sang Elgar's "The Challenge of Thor," with Arthur Mees conducting.

In the afternoon concert, Rudolph Ganz, the pianist, who arrived just in time from Europe, appeared, playing the Tschaikowsky B minor concerto. He won great applause from the matinee house. Another soloist was Miss Olive Kline, soprano. The orchestra played the Schumann symphony in D minor, Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite, and the "Finlandia" of Sibelius, with Mr. Strube conducting.

SUNDAY HERALD, BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 27,



Leonard Borwick, Pianist.

Miss Hinkle, Soprano.

Harold Bauer, Pianist.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its regular season in this city on Friday afternoon, Oct. 16. Practically the entire personnel of the orchestra will be present for the first rehearsal, which will be held Monday morning, Oct. 12. The places of the few members, who have been detailed in Europe on account of the military service, have been filled satisfactorily.

The names of the new members of the orchestra will be announced within a few days. Dr. Muck and Mrs. Muck are due in New York Oct. 5.

Fritz Kreisler, Violinist.

Miss Gerhardt, Soprano.

Jacques Thibaud, Violinist.

Preliminary to the opening of the season will come the regular auction sales of seats. These will be held in Symphony Hall on Monday, Oct. 5, Tuesday, Oct. 6, Thursday, Oct. 8, and Friday, Oct. 9, all of them beginning at 10 A. M. The $18 seats, for the 24 public rehearsals, will be sold Monday and the $10 seats Tuesday. The $18 seats for the concerts will be sold Thursday and the $10 seats Friday.

Miss Culp, Contralto.

Pasquale Amato, Baritone.

The season in general calls for the same schedule that has held in the past. Boston will get its usual 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings. Beginning Friday afternoon, Oct. 16, and Saturday evening, Oct. 17, they will run through to Friday afternoon, May 7, and Saturday evening, May 8. The usual five southern trips will be made in November, December, January, February and March, respectively, and the usual western trip will be made the last week of January. This will give six weeks without concerts, the dates being, Nov. 7-8, Dec. 5-6, Jan. 9-10, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, Feb. 20-21 and March 20-21.

The total number of concerts to be given in the season of 30 weeks will be 110. Cambridge will have eight, New York ten, Providence six, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn, five each; Hartford, Worcester and New Bedford, three each, with single concerts given in a number of cities of New England and the middle West. It is a disappointment that the orchestra is unable to make the western tour which had been scheduled for the first 12 days of October. All things being equal, these concerts will be given in October, 1915.

At present the management announces 11 soloists, who will appear in Boston during the winter. Four of these are singers, four of them pianists and three of them violinists. The singers are Julia Culp, Elena Gerhardt, Florence Hinkle and Pasquale Amato. The pianists are Harold Bauer, Leonard Borwick, Ferruccio Busoni and Ossip Gabrilowitsch. The violinists are Fritz Kreisler, Jacques Thibaud and Anton Witek. In addition to these, besides Mr. Witek, members of the orchestra will be heard, particularly Mr. Noack, second concert master, and Mr. Warnke, principal cellist.

Four of these soloists, although not unknown to Boston, will make their first appearances here as soloists with the orchestra. These are Florence Hinkle, Pasquale Amato, Leonard Borwick and Jacques Thibaud. Miss Hinkle has appeared here in choral concerts a number of times and has had several very successful appearances elsewhere with the orchestra. Pasquale Amato has established himself firmly in the favor of the American people as a concert singer. Leonard Borwick, the English pianist, is returning to America this year for an extended tour, and his appearance with the Symphony orchestra was a foregone conclusion.

The other newcomer, Jacques Thibaud, is one of the world's great violinists. He has appeared in Boston but twice, once ten years ago, once last season, and both times he created a profound impression. For a time it was taken for granted that he was compelled to serve in the French army. He has notified his manager in New York that he will fill all the engagements made for him.

The other soloists announced are all old friends. The singers are Mmes. Julia Culp and Elena Gerhardt. Messrs. Busoni and Bauer have been heard here recently, but Mr. Gabrilowitsch returns after an absence of several years.

Mr. Ellis, Mr. Kreisler's manager, heard directly from him, within the last three weeks, that not only would he be in America to fill his engagements, but that he will probably be here earlier than January, the time he originally intended to come.

The chances are that Dr. Muck will have few novelties to present during the season. However, there should be no lack of variety in the programs. The library of the orchestra is, comparatively speaking, inexhaustible. It contains a great number of works which having been heard here but once or twice are worthy of further hearings and may well count as novelties in themselves. There is always the great store of classics to draw on.

It is hoped that immediately after the arrival of Dr. Muck, it will be possible to announce the early programs.

BOSTON GLOBE—
SEPTEMBER 26,

NO DOUBT ABOUT OPENING OCT 16

Charles A. Ellis Tells of Symphony Situation.

Comes From Europe With Provision Made for All Contingencies.

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Mr Ellis sailed from Liverpool last Saturday on the Mauretania, landing in New York yesterday morning and taking the 1 o'clock train for Boston. William H. Brennan, assistant manager of the orchestra, met Mr Ellis at the dock in New York, accompanying him to Boston, and the two were met at the Back Bay station last evening by Louis H. Mudgett, manager of Symphony Hall, and W. E. Walters, its press representative.

"I think it is safe to say that we have provided for every possible contingency," said Mr Ellis as he stepped from the train, "and there is not the slightest doubt that the orchestra will begin its season on Friday, Oct 16."

"Fortunately," he continued, "those members whose places it would be most difficult to fill are already in Boston or else on their way across the ocean. The places of the three or four who may not get here can be filled without any serious difficulty by engaging men in either Boston or New York, or, if it shoul prove impossible to get just what w want on this side, there is plenty o available material to be had either i Holland or in London."

Dr Muck, the conductor, is already o his way across the Atlantic, Mr Elli explained, and six or eight members o the orchestra sailed from Rotterda last Saturday, among them being Anto Witek, the concert master, and Alfre Holy, harpist. Fritz Kreisler, the grea violinist, whose death has been severa times rumored, will surely appear her with the Symphony Orchestra durin the season.

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Later Mr Ellis spent some time in Rotterdam, where he arranged for Dr Muck's passage, and in Berlin, which he finally left on Sept 8. The German capital, he said, was by no means the city of gloom and depression which some accounts printed in this country have pictured it, nor was the number of women wearing widow's weeds at all noticeable. The Germans were grim and determined in their attitude toward the war, he explained, but absolutely confident of ultimate victory, although fully aware of the tremendous odds against which they are fighting.

Mr Ellis made his way from Berlin to London through Holland, sailing from Flushing for Folkstone and spending a week in the British capital, which, he insisted, bore more outward evidences of the war than did Berlin. Traveling in Germany, he declared, was not difficult in the least after the mobilization of the troops had been completed.

BOSTON HERALD.
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SYMPHONY LUCK SAVED BOSTON'S BIG ORCHESTRA

Manager Ellis, Back from Abroad, Says Most of Regular Players Are Coming.

"It is 'Symphony luck' that Boston may thank for the fact that we are able to go on this season with our orchestra practically unaffected by the war," declared Charles A. Ellis, its manager, on his return to Boston last night direct from the European war zone.

He was welcomed at the Back Bay station when the Knickerbocker Limited rolled in at 6 o'clock by the staff of the Boston Symphony orchestra and several friends. His first words were of assurance that nothing would be lacking when the concerts begin, Oct. 16, necessary for a continuance of their high character of performance.

While he was in Germany, more than a month after the beginning of the war, he suffered little inconvenience, and was able to travel about arranging for the return of Symphony artists and the engagement of new ones not liable for military service in time for the opening performance.

Several artists left Rotterdam, he said, for this country last Saturday and are expected soon, including Concert Master Witek and Alfred Holy, harpist. He was able to secure some talent in Holland which he thought was equally as excellent as that lost through the enforced service of performers in the armies.

"At the beginning of the war I was at Bayreuth with Dr. Muck, witnessing the last performances of 'Parsifal.' Immediately after the opera finished, the order for mobilization came. We had proceeded by motor as far as Nuremberg, when the order for mobilization went into effect, and our automobile was seized.

"I think we have provided for everything. The fact is, those of the orchestra who would be most difficult to replace are either already here or on their way. There are three or four members who possibly cannot come. Their places can be filled without difficulty.

"There are a great many men in Boston and New York we could have called on if necessary. There is an abundance of available material and conductors. Kreisler was not killed. He is not a member of the orchestra, but will participate in some of the performances as a soloist.

"I can say that there was little excitement. The people in Germany were earnest and sober. I saw no evidences of mourning or any procession of widows in Berlin or any of the cities. There was very little news of the progress of the war and no bulletins posted. Berlin was not plunged into gloom, as I found was reported outside of Germany. I don't remember seeing any widow's weeds.

"There were no signs painted or placarded on walls or buildings criticising the Kaiser and asking peace, and on the trains I rode through Germany no curtains were drawn to hide any signs. In London I should say there was a great deal more excitement and commotion than in Berlin. In London the calls for recruits placarded all the walls and there were a great many evidences of military movements.

"It is hard to get news of those now in service. Georges Grisey is with the French army. I saw more or less wounded, but aside from their suffering noticed no special instances of hardships among the people.

"The foreigners suffered such hardships as naturally come from trying to get transportation when there is none. When mobilization began there were no trains. Since then there have been a few trains and those were very crowded.

"Of the 30 members of the orchestra abroad, most of them will be ready for the opening concert. I regard it as proverbial "Symphony luck" that I happened to be on the spot to do what I was able to secure their attendance this season."

ADVERTISER,
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Quartet of Interesting Pianists and Trio of Violinists Announced—Programmes Sure to Be Good.

The announcement of the plans of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for their season this winter shows that although a few men will be away from their regular stands the season will be as brilliant as it has been in years past.

Mr. Ellis, manager of the Orchestra, is back in this country from his trip to Europe, and Dr. Muck, the conductor, will be here the week after next. They have filled the few missing places in the Orchestra satisfactorily.

What is of even greater importance is that they have engaged a notable list of singers. Three women singers only are on the Symphony list this year. There are Mesdames Julia Culp and Elena Gerhardt, easily the two most popular lieder singers, with the exception of Dr. Wuellner, whom Boston has heard in recent years. The third singer is Mrs. Florence Hinkle, who, it will be remembered, was not even dimmed by Tita Ruffo when she sang at his concert.

The admirable Pasquale Amato, whom Boston knows now only as an opera singer, will debut with the Symphony this winter. The piano soloists are Bauer, Borwick, Busoni and Gabrilowitsch. The violinists are Kreisler, Thibaud and Anton Witek, concert master.

Undoubtedly the advent of Dr. Muck will mean the announcement of the programs. On account of the troubles in Europe there will probably be few novelties, but the immense Symphony library can be drawn upon for an almost infinite variety of classics and popular works that have been played only a few times.

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to appear with the orchestra during the coming season.

"We open our season in Boston on the 16th of next month," he said, "and when we call the roll at the first rehearsal I do not think there will be more than one or two who will not answer. Dr. Muck, the conductor, will arrive in New York on Oct. 3, and his arrival will be the signal for the beginning of hard work. By the time he reaches Boston the orchestra will be assembled there ready to start rehearsals at once.

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KREISLER BILLE TO APPEAR AS A SYMPHONY STAR

Austrian Violinist Is Now Fighting in European War.

OTHER FOREIGN STARS SCHEDULED

Auction Sale of Seats Takes Place Week After Next.

Fritz Kreisler, the distinguished Austrian violinist, who was last reported as fighting with his compatriots in Galicia against the Russians, is billed as one of the stars for the forthcoming season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will open Oct. 16.

War is not to be allowed to interfere with the schedule of Boston's premier band, for among the other stars in the official announcement are Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist; Leonard Borwick, Britain's foremost exponent of the art of the pianoforte; Jacques Thibaud, the leading French violinist of the day; Ferruccio Busoni, the Italian pianist and composer, who makes his home in Germany; Anton Witek, the Bohemian violinist, who is popularly known as the concert master of the orchestra; Pasquale Amato, the brilliant Italian barytone from the Metropolitan Opera Company; Mme. Julia Culp, the Dutch mezzo-soprano, and others.

The auction sale of seats will take place the week after next. The $18 Friday matinee seats will be offered on Monday, Oct. 5, beginning at 10 A. M.; the $10 rehearsal seats the following day; the $18 Saturday night seats on Thursday and the other Saturday seats on Friday.

There will be the customary twenty-four concerts in both the Friday afternoon and the Saturday night series. The orchestra will make its usual monthly trips, so that it will be out of town on the following Fridays and Saturdays: Nov. 7 and 8, Dec. 5 and 6, Jan. 9 and 10, Jan. 30 and Feb. 1, Feb. 20 and 21, March 20 and 21.

Dr. Muck will make some announcements concerning programs when he arrives the week after next. Novelties will be scarcer than ever, of course, owing to unsettled conditions in Europe, but the library of the orchestra contains some compositions that have never been played here and others that have been performed only once or twice. These, with the great store of classic works, will furnish an abundance of variety.

Symphony Orchestra Season Certain, Says Ellis

"Dr. Karl Muck is on the way to the United States and will be in Bosotn Oct. 6. We have provided for every contingency. At the most not more than four players will be missing from their seats when the rehearsals begin, and they can be replaced without difficulty."

This statement was made by Charles A. Eillis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who reached Boston last night after spending the summer in Europe.

"The three or four places we may have to fill can easily be taken by Boston or New York musicians," Mr. Ellis added, "and even if we had difficulty finding men in these two cities there is an abundance of material in Holland and London."

Of the absent members of the orchestra, Mr. Erisez is known to be serving in the French army. He is the solo clarinetist. It is not known what has become of Walter Habernicht, leader of the second violins, but he may be on his way to America.

Excepting an adventure at Nuremburg, Bavaria, where the military authorities seized an automobile in which he was riding with Mrs. Karl Muck, the Symphony director's wife, and her niece, Manager Ellis had an uneventful two months in Europe. He personally experienced little difficulty in traveling at will through Germany.

During his stay at Berlin, which lasted three weeks, Mr. Ellis saw no signs of popular disaffection against the Kaiser. He saw no "widow's weeds" or sorrowing processions of the populace. The residents of the German capital, he thought, were thoroughly familiar with the gravity of the war and were facing the situation bravely.

RECORD. SATURDAY.
SEPTEMBER 26

Symphony to Have Fine Programmes and Excellent Soloists Despite the War

FAVORITE WOMEN LIEDER SINGERS TO APPEAR AT THE SYMPHONY.

ELENA GERHARDT.
Who returns to the Symphony audiences, who admire her greatly.

JULIA CULP.
The most popular concert singer Boston has heard in many years.

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Auction Sale of Seats Takes Place Week After Next.

Fritz Kreisler, the distinguished Austrian violinist, who was last reported as fighting with his compatriots in Galicia against the Russians, is billed as one of the stars for the forthcoming season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will open Oct. 16.

War is not to be allowed to interfere with the schedule of Boston's premier band, for among the other stars in the official announcement are Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist; Leonard Borwick, Britain's foremost exponent of the art of the pianoforte; Jacques Thibaud, the leading French violinist of the day; Ferruccio Busoni, the Italian pianist and composer, who makes his home in Germany; Anton Witek, the Bohemian violinist, who is popularly known as the concert master of the orchestra; Pasquale Amato, the brilliant Italian barytone from the Metropolitan Opera Company; Mme. Julia Culp, the Dutch mezzo-soprano, and others.

The auction sale of seats will take place the week after next. The $18 Friday matinee seats will be offered on Monday, Oct. 5, beginning at 10 A. M.; the $10 rehearsal seats the following day; the $18 Saturday night seats on Thursday and the other Saturday seats on Friday.

There will be the customary twenty-four concerts in both the Friday afternoon and the Saturday night series. The orchestra will make its usual monthly trips, so that it will be out of town on the following Fridays and Saturdays: Nov. 7 and 8, Dec. 5 and 6, Jan. 9 and 10, Jan. 30 and Feb. 1, Feb. 20 and 21, March 20 and 21.

Dr. Muck will make some announcements concerning programs when he arrives the week after next. Novelties will be scarcer than ever, of course, owing to unsettled conditions in Europe, but the library of the orchestra contains some compositions that have never been played here and others that have been performed only once or twice. These, with the great store of classic works, will furnish an abundance of variety.

Symphony Orchestra Season Certain, Says Ellis

"Dr. Karl Muck is on the way to the United States and will be in Bosotn Oct. 6. We have provided for every contingency. At the most not more than four players will be missing from their seats when the rehearsals begin, and they can be replaced without difficulty."

This statement was made by Charles A. Eillis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who reached Boston last night after spending the summer in Europe.

"The three or four places we may have to fill can easily be taken by Boston or New York musicians," Mr. Ellis added, "and even if we had difficulty finding men in these two cities there is an abundance of material in Holland and London."

Of the absent members of the orchestra, Mr. Erisez is known to be serving in the French army. He is the solo clarinetist. It is not known what has become of Walter Habernicht, leader of the second violins, but he may be on his way to America.

Excepting an adventure at Nuremburg, Bavaria, where the military authorities seized an automobile in which he was riding with Mrs. Karl Muck, the Symphony director's wife, and her niece, Manager Ellis had an uneventful two months in Europe. He personally experienced little difficulty in traveling at will through Germany.

During his stay at Berlin, which lasted three weeks, Mr. Ellis saw no signs of popular disaffection against the Kaiser. He saw no "widow's weeds" or sorrowing processions of the populace. The residents of the German capital, he thought, were thoroughly familiar with the gravity of the war and were facing the situation bravely.

RECORD. SATURDAY.
SEPTEMBER 26

phony to Have Fine Programmes and Excellent Soloists Despite the War

FAVORITE WOMEN LIEDER SINGERS TO APPEAR AT THE SYMPHONY.

ELENA GERHARDT.
Who returns to the Symphony audiences, who admire her greatly.

JULIA CULP.
The most popular concert singer Boston has heard in many years.

The announcement of the plans of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for their season this winter shows that although a few men will be away from their regular stands the season will be as brilliant as it has been in years past.

Mr. Ellis, manager of the Orchestra, is back in this country from his trip to Europe, and Dr. Muck, the conductor, will be here the week after next. They have filled the few missing places in the Orchestra satisfactorily.

What is of even greater importance is that they have engaged a notable list of singers. Three women singers only are on the Symphony list this year. There are Mesdames Julia Culp and Elena Gerhardt, easily the two most popular lieder singers, with the exception of Dr. Wuellner, whom Boston has heard in recent years. The third singer is Mrs. Florence Hinkle, who, it will be remembered, was not even dimmed by Tita Ruffo when she sang at his concert.

The admirable Pasquale Amato, whom Boston knows now only as an opera singer, will debut with the Symphony this winter. The piano soloists are Bauer, Borwick, Busoni and Gabrilowitsch. The violinists are Kreisler, Thibaud and Anton Witek, concert master.

Undoubtedly the advent of Dr. Muck will mean the announcement of the programs. On account of the troubles in Europe there will probably be few novelties, but the immense Symphony library can be drawn upon for an almost infinite variety of classics and popular works that have been played only a few times.

The prospectus announces that the four annual auction sales will be held week after next. The $18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold Monday, Oct. 5, beginning at 10; the $10 seats, Tuesday, Oct. 6, at the same hour; the $18 seats for the concerts, Thursday, Oct. 8, at 10, and the $10 seats on Friday, Oct. 9. The sales will be held, as usual,. in Symphony Hall.

UNDAY GLOBE

SEPTEMBER 27.

MPHONY ORCHESTRA'S SEASON WILL BE BRILLIANT IN SPITE OF THE WAR

JACQUES THIBAUD
Violinist.

PASQUALE AMATO.
Baritone.
©-mishkin

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH
Pianist.

JULIA CULP
Mezzo Soprano.

FLORENCE HEMPLE.
Soprano.

ELENA GERHARDT.
Mezzo Soprano.

Some of the Famous Soloists to be Heard With the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The 34th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open on the date originally set, Friday afternoon, Oct 16. Contrary to the impression held by some that the European war has wrought havoc with the membership of the orchestra, there will be no more changes in the personnel than are usual at the beginning of a season. The members detained in Europe are few in number and their places have been satisfactorily filled in Berlin by Dr Muck and Mr Ellis, who had sufficient warning to accomplish all they desired. The names of the new members will be announced directly after the arrival of Dr Muck, who should reach Boston not later than Tuesday, Oct 6.

The auction sales of the concerts will be held in Symphony Hall, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct 5, 6, 8 and 9, all of them beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning. It had been originally announced that the sales would take place beginning Sept 21, but at that time it was expected the Orchestra would spend the first fortnight of October giving a series of concerts in the West.

As in former years the $18 seats for the 24 public rehearsals will be sold Monday and the $10 seats Tuesday. The $18 seats for the concerts will be sold Thursday and the $10 seats Friday.

The Symphony season in Boston will extend from Friday, Oct 16, until Saturday, May 8. In that time the usual 24 public rehearsals will be given on Friday afternoons and the 24 concerts on Saturday evenings. The usual five Southern trips will be made in November, December, January, February and March respectively, and the usual Western trip in the last week in January. This will give six weeks without concerts, the dates being Nov 7-8, Dec 5-6, Jan 9-10, Jan 30-Feb 1, Feb 20-21 and March 20-21.

Dr Muck sailed with Mrs Muck from Rotterdam yesterday. They are coming on a slow ship, for Holland is the only practical means of exit from Europe for Germans. On their arrival here they will take possession of the house in the Fenway which they bought last Spring.

As to Dr Muck's plans for the season, it is impossible to say anything at this time. Under normal conditions, he talks little about what he intends to do and under present conditions he will probably talk less. One natural result of the war will be a shortage in the usual number of novelties to be played during the season. It is almost impossible to get music from Europe, and unless Dr Muck brings some pieces himself, the chances are that the number of new works played will be very small.

Insofar as the work of the orchestra is concerned it will give a total of 110 concerts, 48 of which will be in Boston. New York will have two series of 10, Providence a series of six, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington and Brooklyn each a series of five. Worcester, New Bedford and Hartford a series of three, while single concerts will be given in various cities in New England, in addition to the concerts of the January trip in the Middle West.

The management has used its usual care in its choice of soloists for the Boston season. Ten outside artists have been selected, comprising four singers, four pianists and two violinists, and to the number of violinists must be added, naturally, Mr Witek, the eminent concert master of the orchestra, and Mr Noack, the second concert master, while undoubtedly Mr Warnke, the solo 'cellist, will also appear.

The singers are Julia Culp, Elena Gerhardt, Florence Hinkle and Pasquale Amato. The pianists are Harold Bauer, Ferruccio Busoni, Leonard Borwick and Ossip Gabrilowitsch. The violinists are Fritz Kreisler and Jacques Thibaud.

Of these, four are newcomers to Symphony concerts, although all of them have appeared more or less in Boston. Florence Hinkle, who is unquestionably the foremost American soprano who gives her time exclusively to concert work, has been heard here often in choral concerts and her art is justly admired. Pasquale Amato, principal baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, has been heard here often, both with the Metropolitan and Boston Opera Companies. Mr Amato, moreover, in addition to his eminence as an operatic singer, has of late devoted much time to concert work.

Leonard Borwick, the English pianist who is to appear with the orchestra, will be a newcomer to the vast majority of Symphony patrons. Although his name was known to those who make it their business to follow music, so far as the great public was concerned, he was entirely an unknown quantity when, quite unheralded, he gave, two years ago, successful recitals in New York and one in Boston.

The other newcomer in the list of soloists is Jacques Thibaud, the great French violinist. Mr Thibaud has played in Boston but twice, once 10 years ago and last Winter, when he shared a program with Harold Bauer at one of the Sunday afternoon concerts in Symphony Hall.

The other soloists are too well known and have too large a following in Boston to need preliminary heralding. Miss Culp has been an honored visitor here several times in the past two years, Miss Gerhardt, who, with Miss Culp, upholds the highest ideals of German song, returns after a year's absence. Harold Bauer and Mr Busoni are always welcome visitors to Boston and the return of Mr Gabrilowitsch, after an absence of several years, will be warmly welcomed.

The management of the orchestra takes the responsibility of announcing Mr Kreisler as a soloist, in the firm belief that he will be here in January, the appointed time. None of the reports of his death or injuries in battle have been confirmed. On the other hand, word was received from him, since Sept 1, that he might come to America earlier than he planned.

DRAMATIC PAGE OF THE BOSTON SUNDAY POST, SEPTEMBER

SYMPHONY TO OPEN BRILLIA

The European War Has Not as Yet Caused Withdrawal of Any Men Who Last Spring Signed Co

Leonard Borwick.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, soloist.

Miss Elena Gerhardt, mezzo soprano.

Miss Julia Culp, mezzo seprano.

BY OLIN DOWNES

With the opening of the 34th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, only less than two weeks off. it is possible to say that this season will be at least as brilliant as any recent seasons of the orchestra, not only in the quality of the orchestral performances—for, contrary to previous report. the personnel of the Boston Symphony will be no more altered this season than has been the case in several former seasons, when necessary changes were made in its ranks—but also in regard to the soloists engaged.

As heretofore, these soloists are of the very highest rank; and, again, in spite of alarming war-talk, the European conflict has not up to the present time made necessary a single substitution in the list of those who last spring signed agreements to appear this season.

The list of soloists comprises four singers, four pianists and two violinists, exclusive of the customary appearances each season of Mr. Witek, the admirable concert-meister of the orchestra; Mr. Noack, the second concert-meister, and Mr. Warnke, the first 'cellist, who will undoubtedly appear. The singers are Julia Culp, Elena Gerhardt, Florence Hinkle and Pasquale Amato. The pianists are Harold Bauer, Ferrucio Busoni, Leonard Borwick and Ossip Gabrilowitsch. The violinists are Fritz Kreisler and Jacques Thibaud.

Of these soloists, four are new to Boston Symphony audiences, although all of them have made appearances in Boston. Florence Hinkle has grown more esteemed as a concert artist with the passing of each season.

Mr. Thibaud, although he has played ere this in Boston, has not yet appeared with the Boston Symphony. For this appearance the local public has waited long enough, since Mr. Thibaud, a violinist of the French school, unites with the artistic qualities of this school that thoughtfulness and solidity of style not often found in such association. Mr. Thibaud played in Boston with Harold Bauer at one of the Sunday afternoon concerts last season, and previous to that time had not played in Boston for 10 years. He has not been called to service in the French army, and will fulfil his American engagements.

Mr. Amato of the Metropolitan Opera Company is too well known, both in concert and on the operatic stage, to Bostonians to require any further introduction, and his art bears closer examination on the concert platform than that of most opera singers of the day. Both Miss Culp and Miss Gerhardt have enjoyed exceptional success in recent seasons in Boston.

The management of the orchestra takes the responsibility of announcing Mr. Kreisler as a soloist, in the firm belief that he will be here in Boston in January. None of the reports of his death or injuries have been confirmed. On the other hand, word was received from him, since the first of September, that he might come to America earlier than he had planned.

World-Famed Pianist Coming

The pianists offer in themselves a remarkable group. Leonard Borwick will visit Boston for the second time, and will appear for the first time with the orchestra. To those who make it their business to follow music, his name is well known, but with the exception of a recital he gave in Boston two years ago, when, being unheralded in the usual manner of managers, his audience was a small one, his name is not one which carries a definite impression with it to those who are not in the habit of keeping in touch with musical events.

Mr. Borwick was so successful with the press in both cities that he was immediately noted as one to be engaged, when the future should make it possible, to appear with the local orchestra.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, the Russian, one of the most poetic and distinguished of modern virtuosi, has not been heard here for several seasons. This is equally true of Mr. Busoni, composer, pianist, musical essayist—what is he not?

A technician who stands supreme even among the astonishing virtuosos of this century, a man of commanding individuality and of an intellectual equipment which would be uncommon, not only among musicians, but in any circles, he is in some respects one of the most interesting figures of the musical world. His singular conceptions as a composer are not more surprising than his mastery of the piano, and it is thought likely that Mr. Busoni will take part in the performance of one of his own works when the occasion arrives. Harold Bauer is now one of the most esteemed of contemporary pianists, a his eclecticism, his intelligence, endless resources of tone color at t key-board, have given him a large a persistent following.

TRANSCRIPT,
SEPTEMBER 26, 1914

FOR the first time in its thirty-four years of existence the Symphony Orchestra, from conductor and manager down to the least of its members, has striven with unexpected and untoward circumstance, imposed by no fault of its own or of its public, but by sheer implacable fate, and conquered it. The circumstance was the European war—the first general war that the world has known since the orchestra came into being. And if ever there was an international organization, it is the hundred-odd players that make the band. No one has yet computed the number of nationalities in the orchestra. At the least, it contains Prussians and Bavarians, Slavs, Czechs, French, Belgians and Hollanders and here and there a native-born or a naturalized American. Worse still under the untoward circumstance, it is the custom of members of the orchestra not a few, to pay summer visits to Europe, and to go where and when they will, leaving no word behind but a pledge to be at their desks on the appointed day for the first rehearsal of the autumn.

Foiling Fate

When the war began, it was certain that one and another player in the band would be called to service in the army of his country and dutifully answer the call. All such, however, could be traced, since they would certainly notify either Dr. Muck in Baireuth or Berlin or the offices of the orchestra in Boston. Far more difficult was it likely to be to discover who among the players were merely dwelling or travelling in Europe; where they were; and what the prospect of their timely return to Boston in the midst of disorganized railway traffic on land and steamship service on sea. When once the first surprise and confusion of the outbreak of the war had passed, and when once it had been agreed between Dr. Muck and Mr. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, that the concerts must proceed in the face of every obstacle, the two men set themselves to their two-fold task—to sort out the drafted and to find the scattered and assure their return in the first days of October. From Munich to Rotterdam and from Baireuth to Berlin, going in and out of Germany as need came, using the advantages of neutral countries, enduring the difficulties of belligerent lands, conductor and manager have pursued their work. Only within the last fortnight have they been sure that they had accomplished it. War or no war, the Symphony Concerts in Boston and in all cities that the orchestra regularly visits, have not to be abandoned, postponed or diminished. Like the other strong and illustrious institution of music in America—the Metropolitan Opera House—it has thrown off the fate that plucked at it.

Loyalties and Zeal

As inquiries proved and as information from the men gradually came, the number of the drafted within the orchestra was relatively few; while not all who were "called" or who offered themselves for service in their respective armies, were accepted. As it is, none of the "principals" (as the English say) in the several choirs will be missing, except Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, who is in the hospital service of France, and a new first trumpet of rare abilities, who is with his regiment holding back the Slavs from East Prussia. Among new men and old the other absentees by reason of military duty will be few—perhaps no more than four—and it has been relatively easy to find substitutes for them. Many opera houses on the Continent are closed; most series of concerts have been abandoned; for a year or more orchestras will exist as in suspended animation. When Dr. Muck proffered an idle player in any of these bands a substitutes job in Boston for the current season he was glad to accept.

Yet even so, the newcomers (who cannot be announced until the conductor brings their names and quality), will be surprisingly few. One by one the members of the orchestra who were merely detained in Europe by the exigencies of war-time, made known their whereabouts to Dr. Muck or Mr. Ellis, announced their arrangements for their return to Boston or asked for aid in the making of them. One and all were quietly but intently loyal to the orchestra and never have its members better proved their underlying esprit de corps. If they were "called," they went to the colors because their duty to their countries overrode their obligations to their profession. If they were free to return, there was no debate of wearisome journeys, of crowded "liners," of second cabins or "third class." There were only readiness and resolve to be at their posts at the appointed time. If Dr. Muck and Mr. Ellis outdid themselves in work to reassemble the orchestra, the men lagged not a whit behind in willing cooperation.

The Annual Schedule

Accordingly the long series of concerts—110 in all—in Boston and in the cities that the orchestra regularly or occasionally visits will proceed almost exactly according to the schedule arranged last spring. Only the one innovation in it—an expedition ten days long into the West before the concerts in Boston began—has been deferred to next autumn. According to the original scheme, the orchestra was to report for duty on Monday next and after a few rehearsals proceed into the West. Now, in order that every man may have all needful time for his return, the first meeting of the orchestra has been deferred to Monday, Oct. 12. The first concerts of the new season befall on Friday afternoon, Oct. 16, and Saturday evening, Oct. 17. Then in the usual succession will come the forty-six concerts in twenty-three pairs that make the series. Six times broken by the monthly visits to New York and other cities southward and by the midwinter journey into the nearer West, it will end on Friday and Saturday, May 7 and 8. Not even for Christmas Day is its course to be interrupted. This year the festival falls on a Friday; but the concert that the schedule assigns to that day will be set neither forward nor back. The presumption is that the audience will be more numerous and more interested than it would be on the afternoon before Christmas.

In the other cities that the orchestra regularly visits, the concerts will follow the schedule announced. In them for the most part every ticket is already taken by subscriptions continued from year to year. Here in Boston, where the outmoded and inconvenient system of annual sales and of bids and premiums still and mistakenly prevails, the auctions of the tickets will begin at Symphony Hall on Monday, Oct. 5 (for the higher-priced places at the afternoon concerts); continue on Tuesday, Oct. 6 (for the lower-priced seats at the afternoon concerts); be resumed on [illegible] Oct. [illegible]

places at the evening concerts) and en
Friday, Oct. 9 (for the less costly sitt
at the evening concerts). Neither p
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regular course and the usual fortune
the orchestra might have been gravely
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An Orchestra at Its Acme

Needless, almost, to say, the slight cha
in the personnel of the orchestra wil
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Vho, after all, but Mr. Nikisch and M
ingartner may sit beside him?

military service in time for the opening performance.

Cunard Line, after having spent his Summer abroad

EN BRILLIANT SEASON

Men Who Last Spring Signed Contracts to Play in Famous Orchestra

mezzo rano.

Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano.

Mis Julia Culp, mezzo soprano.

which wou be uncommon, not only among mus ans, but in any circles, he s in some repects one of the most interesting figues of the musical world. His singular conceptions as a composer are no nore surprising than his nastery of th piano, and it is thought kely that Mr Busoni will take part n the performnce of one of his own vorks when th occasion arrives. Har-

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Dr. Muck Sails for Hub

Dr. Muck sailed yesterday from Rotterdam with Mrs. Muck. They are coming on a slow ship, for Holland is the only practicable means of exit for Germans from Germany. When they arrive in Boston Dr. and Mrs. Muck will take possession of the house in the Fenway which they bought last spring.

The Bayreuth festival, where Dr. Muck was conducting the performances of "Parsifal," was brought to a sudden close Aug. 2, as a large part of the orchestra of the opera house there was subject to mobilization, with many of the solo singers. Dr. Muck stayed several more weeks in Bayreuth, while Mrs. Muck took a hurried trip to Graz with her niece, whose father, a colonel in the Austrian army, was about to leave for the front. For the past several weeks Dr. and Mrs. Muck have been in Berlin.

There was at no time any question of Dr. Muck's return to this country, and the fact that doubt was expressed regarding it was due to the absolute lack of communication overseas through August. As to Dr. Muck's plans for the season it is impossible to say anything at this time. Under normal conditions he talks very little about what he intends to do, and under present conditions he will probably talk less.

No Dearth in Novelties

Some fear that as a result of the war there will be a shortage in the number of novelties heard during the season. While this is a possibility, there is no need of such a lack in the programmes. The library of the Boston Symphony Orchestra contains a considerable number of works which have never been played here—among them several important scores by Jean Sibelius. Not only that, but it is also true too many works of real value are played once a season at the Boston Symphony concerts and then, having been commended, are shelved for seasons, before the public has an opportunity to become actually acquainted with them.

There are a large number of such works, and a rehearsing of them would be welcome. As Dr. Muck's programmes have of late become increasingly catholic in their character, it is more than likely that he will take the present opportunity of reviving some important compositions.

The first public rehearsal of present season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place on Friday afternoon, Oct. 16, and the first concert on the following Saturday evening. The annual auction sale will begin in Symphony Hall, Monday, Oct. 5, and continue Tuesday, Oct. 6, Thursday, Oct. 8, and Friday, Oct. 9.

On Monday the $18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold; on Tuesday the $10 seats; on Thursday the $18 seats for the concerts and on Friday the $10 seats. With the exception of the special tour of the West, which had been planned for the first fortnight of October, all the concerts arranged for will be given and on the dates set last Spring when the schedule was made. Boston will have its usual quota of 24 Friday afternoon public rehearsals and 24 Saturday evening concerts.

The rehearsals will run from Oct. 16 to May 7 and the concerts from Oct. 17 to May 8. As in recent years, there will be six weeks during the season when the orchestra will be away, five times on Southern trips and once on the regular trip to the Middle West.

The dates that the orchestra will be away are Nov. 7—8, Dec. 5—6, Jan. 9—10, Jan. 30—Feb. 1, Feb. 20—21 and March 20—21. The total number of concerts will be 110. Outside of Boston, the orchestra will give its usual duplicate series of five concerts each in New York, its series of eight in Cambridge, six in Providence, five each in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Brooklyn, and three each in Worcester, Hartford and New Bedford. Single concerts in addition to those in the West will be given in various cities in New England.

ADVERTISER,

SEPTEMBER 29

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Word was received by C. A. Ellis yesterday that Dr. Muck, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, sailed from Rotterdam on the Ryndam Sunday. The ship was scheduled to have sailed Saturday, but she evidently was delayed a day. This will bring Dr. Muck to Boston about Oct. 8.

Concert-master Witek and Harpist Alfred Holy were expected to arrive in New York by the Noordam yesterday, but it turns out that the ship scheduled to sail Sept. 19 did not get away from Rotterdam until Sept. 24. A letter has been received from Mr. Otto Roth, one of the first violinists, dated three weeks ago, when he was still in Ischl, Austria, where he spends his summers. It is hoped that he will be able to reach Boston before the opening of the Symphony season. Pierre Fosse, the third oboe of the orchestra, one of the few who are serving, is in the 14th Company of the 109th Regiment of French Territorials, and is stationed at Chatillon. This is near Lyons, so it seems that Mr. Fosse has not yet been sent to the fighting line.

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re were only be at their If Dr. Muck ves in work a, the men willing co-

of concerts— e cities that occasionally ctly according last spring. —an expedi- West before —has been rding to the was to re- t and after the West. may have n, the first een deferred concerts of iday after- ening, Oct. ession will n twenty- eries. Six sits to New rd and by he nearer Saturday, Christmas pted. This riday; but assigns to rward nor the audi- more in- the after-

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aces at the evening concerts) and end on riday, Oct. 9 (for the less costly sittings the evening concerts). Neither prospectus nor schedule now hints that the regular course and the usual fortunes of he orchestra might have been gravely disturbed by the war.

n Orchestra at Its Acme

Needless, almost, to say, the slight changes the personnel of the orchestra will in o respect lessen the quality of its performances. The few substitutes, being themselves worthy of the places that hey are to fill, will be readily absorbed into the several choirs. Not for long does a musician of mettle work with the Symphony Orchestra than he feels the stimulus of the association. For o longer need he work under Dr. Muck o give back the best that is in him. rom the virtual reorganization of the orchestra in the first days of Mr. Gericke's first conductorship, the men, so far as they may, have made the orchestra what it is by their technical skill, their musical sensibility, their reciprocating imagination, their esprit de corps and their "honneur d'artiste," as the fine French saying has it. The conductors in their turn, have made the orchestra a homogeneous, pliant, sensitive and manifold instrument, perfectly adjusted for the eloquence of their musical utterance, for the heights and the depths, the power or the fineness of their musical understanding, sympathy and intuition. The Symphony Orchestra stood at the acme of its powers at the end of last season. It played as never before it had played in every essential quality. Dr. Muck had wrought it into his own image—the image of a conductor whose understanding and self-discipline, divination and discrimination, ear and imagination, power of coördination and power of impartment, range of sympathy and elasticity of mastery make him of the two or three conductors of the rank that the world now holds. after all, but Mr. Nikisch and Mr. tner may sit beside him?

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Novel and Revived Pieces

Almost needless again to say, Dr. Muck has been too busy with the reassembling of his men to put together programmes, to announce novel pieces, or to scheme out the details of the concerts. The European publishers of music from Belaieff in Petrograd to Novello in London are likely to despatch him few new scores in the course of the winter to come. Such "first times" as he chooses to include in his programmes must be for pieces that he has already in his hands; that lie on the shelves of the library at Symphony Hall; or that American publishers of music can submit to him. The probability is that revivals of forgotten or neglected music will be more numerous than productions of new. In that same library lie at least a hundred, perhaps two hundred, scores of pieces that have been played once at the Symphony Concerts and, whatever their deserts, put aside and forgotten. Through last season and the season before, Dr. Muck rediscovered not a little of such music and his audiences heard it gladly. He is likely to restore still more to the "active" repertory in the six months to come. To all hearing intents and listening purposes these pieces are "novelties," a little softened and haloed by the lapse of the years.

Assisting Singers

Ten "assisting artists," beside Mr. Witek, Mr. Noack and Mr. Warnke of the orchestra itself, who are likely to have their annual concertos, are now announced for the concerts. Three "women singers" and one "man singer" have been engaged: Mmes. Culp, Gerhardt and Hinkle and Mr. Amato. Curiously, as the choice of singers has run in some preceding seasons, only one of the four—Mr. Amato—comes from the Metropolitan, or any other, opera house. Mme. Culp and Miss Gerhardt are concert-singers and nothing else, each in prime of voice and faculty, each of acknowledged rank, and each established with the public that is once more to take its pleasure in them. Miss Hinkle deserves the distinction that has fallen to her. On no other ground than the proved qualities of her voice, artistry and imagination, by no other title than her just rise and progress, she—an American singer and in the concert room only—has been called to the most

Pianists and Violinists

Four pianists and two violinists fill the list of the virtuosi out of the swarm that will descend upon America this season. The pianists are Mr. Bauer, as he proved last year in the glowing noon of all his powers; Mr. Busoni, now revisiting America as insistently as he refused to come to it—Busoni, the unusual and maybe the freakish, but the Busoni who alway interests by the play of an uncommon mind over music and technic; Mr. Gabrilowitsch, returning after long absence, with maturer insight and power added to his remembered felicity and charm, and Mr. Borwick—that rare being, an English pianist of genuine individuality and distinction, even though they express themselves through class poise—only once heard here in a passing and little heeded recital.

The violinists are the two masters in the middle generation of a finesse, a sensibility, a subtle feeling and a penetrating eloquence with their music and their instrument that neither the waning elders, like Mr. Ysaye, nor the rising youngsters like Mr. Zimbalist can match. For they hold the secrets of the manifold beauty and the manifold moods of the voice of the violin. Cedent artes patriæ and for the moment Mr. Kreisler has gone to the Austrian and Mr. Thibaud to the French colors. Each is in service that is not likely to imperil life or limb, and each has reason to believe that he will be released in time to keep his engagements. After all, violinists are but men, acting as men, when duty to their country calls them. Therefore is Mars ruefully kind to them. H. T. P.

orecasting the "Symphonies"

The Two New-Coming Pianists

Ossip Gabrilowitsch
Who Returns After Long Absence

Leonard Borwick
Who Is Virtually Unknown to Boston

BOSTON AMERICAN, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1914.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS ASSURED FOR BOSTON

DR. MUCK AND MR. ELLIS HAVE FOUND SONGBIRDS TO TAKE PLACES OF THOSE CALLED TO BATTLEFIELDS

JULIA CULP, MEZZO SOPRANO SOLOIST WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
© Champeau Studios, N. Y.
DR. KARL MUCK, CONDUCTOR BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
FLORENCE HINKLE, MEZZO SOPRANO SOLOIST WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
ELENA GERHARDT, SOLOIST WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Trio of soloists in this season's concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and famous conductor, Dr. Muck.

In less than two weeks the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra will begin. The first rehearsal is set for Friday afternoon, October 16, and the first concert for the following evening.

What the Boston Symphony Orchestra has come to mean to Boston in the thirty-three years it has been playing was brought home very keenly to its friends and patrons when, during August, there was doubt expressed whether it would be able to give its concerts during the coming Winter or at best could give only a part of them on account of the war in Europe. Such a result of the war was regarded as a truly great calamity, but fortunately the fears turned out to be unfounded.

Dr. Muck and a number of the more prominent members of the orchestra were in Europe and during the time when communications were interrupted, it was impossible to know what men and how many would be called out for military service in France, Austria, Germany and Belgium. As it has turned out, however, very few have so been called. Fortunately for the orchestra, Mr. Ellis, its manager, was in Europe and in Germany when the war began and he and Dr. Muck were able successfully to fill such places as were left vacant.

The annual auction sales will begin in Symphony Hall Monday, October 5, and continue Tuesday, October 6, Thursday, October 8, and Friday, October 9. On Monday the $18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold, on Tuesday the $10 seats, on Thursday the $18 seats for the concerts and on Friday the $10 seats.

With the exception of the special tour of the West, which had been planned for the first fortnight of October, all the concerts arranged for will be given and on the dates set last Spring when the schedule was made. Boston will have its usual quota of twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts. The rehearsals will run from October 16 to May 7 and the concerts from October 17 to May 8.

Dr. Muck sailed with Mrs. Muck from Rotterdam yesterday. They are coming on a slow ship, for Holland is the only practical means of exit from Europe for Germans.

The Bayreuth Festival, where Dr. Muck was conducting the performances of "Parsifal," was brought to a sudden close August 2, as a large part of the orchestra was subject to the call of mobilization and many of the men artists also. Dr. Muck stayed well into August, but Mrs. Muck took a hurried trip to Graz with her niece, whose father, a colonel in the Austrian army, was about to leave for the front. For the past several weeks both she and Dr. Muck have been in Berlin.

The following soloists have been engaged: Singers, Julia Culp, Elena Gerhardt, Florence Hinkle and Pasquale Amato; pianists, Harold Bauer, Ferruccio Busoni, Leonard Borwick and Ossip Gabrilowitsch; violinists, Fritz Kreisler and Jacques Thibaud.

Of these four are newcomers to Symphony concerts, although all of them have appeared more or less in Boston. Florence Hinkle, who is unquestionably the foremost American soprano who gives her time exclusively to concert work, has been heard here often in choral concerts and her art is justly admired. Pasquale Amato, principal baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, has been heard here often both with the Metropolitan and Boston Opera Company.

Mr. Leonard Borwick, the English pianist, who is to appear with the orchestra, will be a newcomer to the vast majority of Symphony patrons. The other newcomer in the list of soloists is Jacques Thibaud, the great French violinist. Mr. Thibaud has played in Boston but twice, once ten years ago and last Winter, when he shared a program with Harold Bauer at one of the Sunday afternoon concerts in Symphony Hall.

From POST
Address: New York City
Date SEP 19 1914

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BOSTON HERALD.

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TRANSCRIPT,

SEPTEMBER 28,

CONCERTS AND OPERA

SYMPHONY STANDARDS AND THE "SOLOISTS"

So Far This Year Theory and Practice Go Hand in Hand—Miss Garden's Wagnerian Ambition—New Pieces for New York—A Letter from Miss Hempel—The Discoverer of Mme. Melba—Items from the Opera Houses

IT is good to run through the list of "assisting artists" announced for the new series of Symphony Concerts and the pleasanter for the contrast it affords with one and another similar list in recent years. For once conductor and manager have consistently and resolutely adhered to the principles of choice that they are accustomed to profess. As theory goes, there should not be too many "soloists," since the essential interest of the concerts lies in conductor, orchestra and programmes, while they should all be singers, pianists or violinists of the first rank or at the least worthy to appear in such distinguished circumstance. The incidental contributors of concertos from the orchestra aside, only ten "assisting artists" have been engaged for the twenty-four pairs of concerts. For fully half of them, then, Dr. Muck, the orchestra and the composers, will have a clear field and they usually till it more fertilely than does any singer or virtuoso. Every one of the soloists, moreover, from the established Amato, Bauer and Kreisler through the rising or risen Thibaud, Borwick and Miss Hinkle deserves the call that he or she has received. For once excellent theory has become

If only these happy conditions continue through the six months of the actual concerts, then will the much-mooted standard for "soloists" seem clearer and firmer than it has for many a season. Yet in some autumns past, the announced list has been as encouraging as it is now, only to be amplified by this singer or that virtuoso as the concerts run their course. Often, these "added artists"—as the vaudeville theatres would call them—have scantily deserved the distinction that they receive. One or another circumstance not to be evaded; one or another influence not to be overcome; one or another obligation better left unfulfilled has thrust them into the concerts. Once heard, they have proved clearly unworthy of their distinction and even the powers that sought it for them have sometimes repented of their unwisdom. The audiences, however, have heard, judged—and also gossipped.

H. T. P.

ADVERTISER,

OCTOBER 1

MUSICIANS APPLY FOR SYMPHONY PLACES

Applications Being Received From All Over Europe in Greater Numbers Than Ever Before.

One of the interesting results of the war, in its effect on not only Europe, but this country, is the abnormal number of applications for places which the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has received from musicians from all parts of the world.

Under usual conditions, there are always, at the beginning of each season, many such applications, but this year the number far exceeds any records of the past. This was due partly to the various rumors that the Orchestra would be short of men at the opening of the season; but the chief cause is the cessation of practically all musical activity in Europe. Evidently there are plenty of musicians in Germany, Austria and France who have not been called to the colors, and are quite willing to leave their native countries to serve the cause of art in the United States.

If the applications received this year are any indication of what will happen at the end of the war, America will be fairly swamped with good orchestral musicians in another season.

Subscribers to last season's Symphony Concerts in Cambridge have until next Monday, October 5th, in which to renew their subscriptions and secure the seats they then occupied. The usual series of eight concerts will be given on Thursday evenings, and the soloists will be Florence Hinkle, Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer, Anton Witek, Edward Morris, Irma Seydel and Ruth Deyo.

BOSTON JOURNAL-

OCTOBER 3,

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Seats for All the Boston Concerts Will Be Auctioned Off.

Symphony Hall will be a scene of activity the coming week, when the season tickets for the Symphony concerts will be sold. So far as preliminary indications can count, there is every reason to believe that the sales will be very successful.

The sales will be held for four days. Monday, beginning at 10 o'clock, the $18 seats for the twenty-four rehearsals will be sold. Tuesday at the same hour the $10 seats for the rehearsals will be sold. As in the past, the $18 seats comprise the entire floor back as far as KK—in other words, the entire floor except the last nine rows and the entire first balcony except the last five rows. The last five rows of the first balcony and the last nine rows on the floor are the only seats for the rehearsals for which the upset price is $10. The entire second balcony for the rehearsals is withheld for the 25-cent rush admissions on the day of the rehearsals.

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As already announced, the first public rehearsal will be given Friday afternoon, Oct. 16, and the first concert on the following evening. The dates on which the orchestra will be away are: Nov. 7 and 8, Dec. 5 and 6, Jan. 9 and 10, Jan. 30 and Feb. 1, Feb. 20 and 21, and March 20 and 21. The soloists who have been engaged are Julia Culp, Elena Gerhardt, Florence Hinkle, Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer, Leonard Borwick, Ferruccio Busoni, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Fritz Kreisler, Jacques Thibaud and Anton Witek.

Dr. Muck is expected to arrive in Boston next Tuesday or Wednesday.

BOSTON POST,

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SYMPHONY SEAT SALE

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For guidance of those who are looking for special seats, it may be said that the sale up to the time of recess, approximately 1 o'clock, will cover the floor back to the broad aisle, or row W. The right balcony will be put on sale between 2:30 and 3; the left balcony one-half to three-quarters of an hour later, and finally the centre balcony will be sold last.

The rules governing the sale are the same as in past years. Each seat will be sold to the highest bidder, and the cost of the seat will be the premium bid per seat, added to the upset price of $18 per seat. No more than four seats can be bought on one bid.

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BOSTON POST,

OCTOBER 6,

HIGH BID $112 FOR SYMPHONY

Prices Rule Lower Than They Were Last Season

Sensational features of the auction sale of the $18 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, were the bidding of a premium of $108 for three seats, Nos. 15, 16 and 17 in row N on the right of the middle aisle, in the morning, and the bidding of premiums of $112 for seat No. 5 in row A on the left of the first balcony, and $100 for seat No. 6, just by it, in the afternoon. These bids, as those in the morning, resulted from the rivalry of agents who had evidently been instructed to buy certain seats at any cost.

PRICES BIT LOWER

The prices as a whole were about equal, or a little lower than last year. The second highest price bid in the morning was $72 for two seats on opposite sides of the middle aisle in row K. As usual, the bidding did not begin in real earnest until about four of the first rows of seats on the floor had been disposed of. The price bid for the first seat in row A was $10.50. In row D the price from $17.50 to $27; in row E there was paid as a premium from $18 to $24; in the next row, $17.50 to $36. The average price in row H was $35 to $40, one seat in this row bringing $42.50 and a seat in row I bringing $47.50.

This afternoon the $10 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals will be sold.

New Men Arriving

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the Symphony orchestra, is expected to reach New York today on the Ryndam. With him will come seven new members of the Symphony orchestra. Dr. Muck and Mr. Witek, the concert master, have spent much time since the outbreak of the war in securing these musicians.

There are two new first violins, a new viola, a new 'cello, a new clarinet, a new oboe and a second harp. The first violins are Ernst Schmidt, who has been concert master of the Darmstadt orchestra and conductor of the Oratorio Society of that city, and H. A. Sauvlet, who has been a first violin of the Residenz orchestra at The Hague. M. J. Van Veen, the new violist, comes from the same orchestra as Mr. Sauvlet. Josef Malkin, the new 'cellist, who takes the place of Mr. Urack, who does not return, is an artist of international reputation. He was for a number of years the first 'cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, a member of the Brussels quartet, and was formerly with the Witek trio in Berlin.

The new second harpist is V. Klicka; he is a well-known harp virtuoso and the orchestra is very lucky in securing his services. He had many engagements in Europe which, of course, have been cancelled by the war, and he was glad of the opportunity to come to Boston. The new clarinet, who takes the place of Mr. Grisez, is A. Sand, who has been the past season the first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera. The new oboe, who takes the place of Mr. Fosse, is H. H. Stanislaus, who for several years has been first oboe of Sir Henry Wood's Orchestra in London.

Messrs. Sauvlet and Van Veen are Dutch, Malkin and Sand are Russian, Klicka is Bohemian, Schmidt is German, and Stanislaus is English.

On the ship with Dr. Muck will also be Otto Roth, one of the first violins.

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OCTOBER 5.

AUCTION OF SYMPHONY TICKETS BEGINS TODAY

The annual auction sales of season tickets for the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open at Symphony Hall this morning, beginning at 10 o'clock, when the $18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold. These seats comprise the entire floor except the last nine rows under the first balcony and the entire first balcony except the last five rows under the second balcony.

The sale up to the time of recess, approximately 1 o'clock, will cover the floor back to the broad aisle, or row W. The right balcony will be put on sale between 2:30 and 3; the left balcony half to three-quarters of an hour later; and, finally, the centre balcony will be sold last.

BOSTON JOURNAL-

OCTOBER 5,

AUCTION OF SYMPHONY TICKETS THIS MORNING

The annual auction sales of season tickets for the Boston Symphony Orchestra season will open at Symphony Hall this morning, beginning at 10 o'clock, when the $18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold. These seats comprise the entire floor except the last nine rows under the first balcony, and the entire first balcony except the last five rows under the second balcony.

The rules governing the sale are the same as in past years. Each seat will be sold to the highest bidder and the cost of the seat will be the premium bid per seat added to the upset price of $18 per seat.

BOSTON POST,

OCTOBER 6,

HIGH BID $112 FOR SYMPHONY

Prices Rule Lower Than They Were Last Season

Sensational features of the auction sale of the $18 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, were the bidding of a premium of $108 for three seats, Nos. 15, 16 and 17 in row N on the right of the middle aisle, in the morning, and the bidding of premiums of $112 for seat No. 5 in row A on the left of the first balcony, and $100 for seat No. 6, just by it, in the afternoon. These bids, as those in the morning, resulted from the rivalry of agents who had evidently been instructed to buy certain seats at any cost.

PRICES BIT LOWER

The prices as a whole were about equal, or a little lower than last year. The second highest price bid in the morning was $72 for two seats on opposite sides of the middle aisle in row K. As usual, the bidding did not begin in real earnest until about four of the first rows of seats on the floor had been disposed of. The price bid for the first seat in row A was $10.50. In row D the price from $17.50 to $27; in row E there was paid as a premium from $18 to $34; in the next row, $17.50 to $36. The average price in row H was $35 to $40, one seat in this row bringing $42.50 and a seat in row I bringing $47.50.

This afternoon the $10 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals will be sold.

New Men Arriving

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the Symphony orchestra, is expected to reach New York today on the Ryndam. With him will come seven new members of the Symphony orchestra. Dr. Muck and Mr. Witek, the concert master, have spent much time since the outbreak of the war in securing these musicians.

There are two new first violins, a new viola, a new 'cello, a new clarinet, a new oboe and a second harp. The first violins are Ernst Schmidt, who has been concert master of the Darmstadt orchestra and conductor of the Oratorio Society of that city, and H. A. Sauvlet, who has been a first violin of the Residenz orchestra at The Hague. H. J. Van Veen, the new violist, comes from the same orchestra as Mr. Sauvlet. Josef Malkin, the new 'cellist, who takes the place of Mr. Urack, who does not return, is an artist of international reputation. He was for a number of years the first 'cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, a member of the Brussels quartet, and was formerly with the Witek trio in Berlin.

The new second harpist is V. Klicka; he is a well-known harp virtuoso and the orchestra is very lucky in securing his services. He had many engagements in Europe which, of course, have been cancelled by the war, and he was glad of the opportunity to come to Boston. The new clarinet, who takes the place of Mr. Grisez, is A. Sand, who has been the past season the first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera. The new oboe, who takes the place of Mr. Fosse, is H. H. Stanislaus, who for several years has been first oboe of Sir Henry Wood's Orchestra in London.

Messrs. Sauvlet and Van Veen are Dutch, Malkin and Sand are Russian, Klicka is Bohemian, Schmidt is German, and Stanislaus is English.

On the ship with Dr. Muck will also be Otto Roth, one of the first violins.

BOSTON GLOBE

OCTOBER 3.

DR MUCK DUE BY NEXT WEEK.

Symphony Musicians Reach New York.

Prof George G. Wilson Tells of The Hague Work.

Harvard Man Was Counsel to Dr van Dyke.

Anton Witek, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was also a passenger, and with him were 10 others of the orchestra. He said that only one man would be absent when the first concert was given. He is the first clarinetist, whose place will be taken by a Russian artist. Mr Witek also said that Dr Muck would arrive on board the Ryndam of the Holland America Line, which is expected some time next week.

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date

Boston Symphony Tickets.

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony, is due to arrive here next Tuesday. The first rehearsal has been called for October 12. Four days later the symphony officially begins its season.

Tickets to subscribers will be mailed this week. Subscribers who have not yet taken up their tickets should do so immediately, as the persons on the waiting list will be allotted their tickets from the number of unclaimed tickets.

Evening

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

BOSTON MUSICIANS FOUND

Soloists Marooned Abroad by War All Located by Management.

BOSTON, Oct. 2.—Since the outbreak of the European war local music lovers have feared that the marooning abroad of many members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra would prevent this season's concerts. This concern has been put to rest by the announcement that the symphony season will open October 16, the musicians having been rounded up one by one.

The management worked night and day in locating them and for a time it was feared that many had enlisted in the armies of their countries. Dr. Muck will be on hand for the first concert.

From TIMES
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its regular season of five concerts on the date originally planned, with its personnel practically intact. The only difficulty now is that the Academy of Music cannot hold all those who wish to attend the concerts. The late Professor Hooper spent much time attempting to induce the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to give a second series here each season, but the time could not be found for it.

Dr. Muck is due to arrive in New York from Europe the middle of next week.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
Date OCT 4 - 1914

OCT 4 - 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The tickets for the concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Carnegie Hall the coming season will be sent by registered mail to subscribers within a few days. The management wishes to give a final notice to such subscribers as have not taken up their tick-

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From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date OCT 4 - 1914

The Boston Symphony.

The tickets for the concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Carnegie Hall the coming season will be sent by registered mail to sub- [illegible] within a few days. The man- [illegible] wishes to give a final notice [illegible] such subscribers as have not taken up their tickets that failure to do so immediately will result in the allotment of such tickets to persons on the waiting list.

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the orchestra, is due to arrive here from Europe on Tuesday, and on his arrival it will be possible to announce his musical plans for the season. The first rehearsal of the orchestra has been called for October 12, and the season begins in Boston on October 16.

BROOKLYN EDIT

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date OCT 4 - 1914

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

It is a matter of congratulation with the musical public of Brooklyn that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is beginning its regular season on the date originally intended, with its personnel virtually intact.

The only difficulty now is that the Academy of Music cannot hold all those who wish to attend the five concerts. The late Professor Hooper spent much time attempting to induce the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to give a second series of concerts in Brooklyn each season, and while the management was more than willing to undertake such a series, unfortunately time could not be found for it. The subscription for this season is like that of a year ago—everything sold.

Dr. Muck is to arrive in New York from Europe this week, and with his arrival the ranks of the orchestra will be complete. The first rehearsal has been called for Monday, October 12, and the season of the orchestra begins in Boston the following Friday, October 16.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date

Regarding the personnel of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Ellis writes that "no more changes have been made than usually take place at the beginning of a season. Dr. Muck has been able to secure musicians of distinguished standing to take the place of the few men who are serving in various armies in Europe." He is due here next Tuesday.

From EVENING MAIL
Address: New York City.
Date OCT 3 1914

Boston Symphony Orchestra concert tickets for the Carnegie Hall season will be sent by registered mail to subscribers in a few days. Subscribers' tickets now unclaimed will soon be sold to those on the waiting list.

Established: London, 1881; New York, 1884

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date

The tickets for the concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Carnegie Hall the coming season will be sent by registered mail to subscribers within a few days. The management wishes to give a final notice to such subscribers as have not taken up their tickets that failure to do so immediately will result in the allotment of such tickets to persons on the waiting list. Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the orchestra, is due to arrive here from Europe next Tuesday, and on his arrival it will be possible to announce his musical plans for the season. The first rehearsal of the orchestra has been called for October 12 and the season begins in Boston October 16.

Arrangements have been completed whereby the artistic services of Felice Lyne, the coloratura soprano of the London, Boston and Champs Elysees operas, has been secured by the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, for a short tour of New England the latter part of November.

From CITIZEN OCT 4 1914
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Fine Programme Will Be Given in Brooklyn as Originally Planned.

It is a matter of congratulation with the musical public of Brooklyn that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is beginning its regular season on the date originally planned, with its personnel practically intact. The five concerts which the orchestra gives in Brooklyn each year have become the center about which revolves the musical life of this city. The only difficulty now is that the Academy of Music cannot hold all those who wish to attend the concerts.

The late Professor Hooper spent much time attempting to induce the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to give a second series of concerts in Brooklyn each season and while the management was more than willing to undertake such a series, unfortunately time could not be found for it. The subscription for the coming season is like that of a year ago—everything sold.

Dr. Muck is due to arrive in New York from Europe the middle of the week, and with his arrival the ranks of the orchestra will be complete. The first rehearsal has been called for Monday, Oct. 12, and the season of the orchestra begins in Boston the following Friday, Oct. 16.

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date OCT 4 - 1914

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is holding its regular auction sales of season tickets for its home concerts the coming week. All the tickets for the series of twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four concerts are sold by auction, and it takes four days to do the work. The indications are that the sale will be one of the largest in the history of the organization.

With the arrival of Dr. Muck from Europe the middle of the week, it will be possible to make final definite announcement regarding his plans. The success of the five concerts the orchestra will give in Philadelphia is already thoroughly assured. They will be given as usual on Monday evenings in the Academy of Music, the dates being November 2 and 30, January 4, February 15 and March 15. The preliminary subscription which, of course, includes the renewals of subscribers of a year ago, is the largest the orchestra has had in many years and at the end of the season's sale the prospects are that there will be very few seats left. The seats which have not already been subscribed will go on sale for the season at Miss Harris' ticket office, in the Heppe piano rooms, Monday morning, October 12.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date SEP 27 1914

There is every indication that the coming season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Providence will show an improvement even over last year, when the high-water mark of subscription and single sales was reached. Last year's subscribers have been renewing their subscriptions for the coming season since last spring and very few have given up their seats, while the number of new subscribers will be considerable. The orchestra will give its usual series of six concerts on Tuesday evenings in Infantry Hall, the dates being Oct. 20, Nov. 17, Dec. 29, Feb. 2, March 2 and April 13, and the general sale of tickets will open at Seddon's News Stand, Butler's Exchange, Oct. 12.

Despite all reports and rumors to the contrary, the Boston Symphony Orchestra begins its season with its personnel intact. Several changes have been made in the membership and of these two or three were unexpected, owing to so many of the younger members having been summoned to military service in their several countries. All of their places, however, have been filled satisfactorily by Dr. Muck, who has been in Berlin busily preparing for the season since the middle of August. Dr. Muck is on his way to America and should arrive in Boston, Oct. 5. On his arrival, it will be possible to make more definite announcements as to his plans for the winter.

The list of soloists for Providence is not yet complete. Up to the present those engaged are Madame Schumann-Heinck, Florence Hinkle, Harold Bauer and Anton Witek.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date SEP 20 1914

The management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra makes a preliminary announcement of the series of concerts which it will give in Providence during the coming season. The regular season of the orchestra in Boston will open on Friday afternoon, Oct. 16. The membership, despite the war, will be practically the same as last year, as nearly all of the musicians who were abroad have returned or are on their way to this country. Dr. Muck, who is now in Berlin, will sail for this country the end of this month.

As last season, the orchestra will give a series of six concerts. They will be given in Infantry Hall on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20, Nov. 17, Dec. 29, Feb. 2, March 2 and April 13.

Among the soloists already engaged are Madame Schumann-Heink, Florence Hinkle, Harold Bauer and Anton Witek.

There has been a large and gratifying subscription already made for these concerts, but the sale of season tickets will open Monday evening, Oct. 12, at Seddon's news stand, Butler Exchange, 123 Westminster street.

k, 1884

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date 1914

Die beiden erſten Konzerte des Boſtoner Orcheſters werden am 16. und 17. Oktober gegeben werden. Die Daten der New Yorker Konzerte ſind wie folgt vertheilt: 5. und 7. November, 3. und 5. Dezember, 7. und 9. Januar, 18. und 20. Februar und 18. und 20. März. Beide Serien der New Yorker Konzerte ſind bis auf den letzten Sitz ausverkauft.

ork, 1884

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date SEP 27 1914

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With the arrival of Doctor Muck from Europe, October 5, the roster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be complete. Of last year's members only four have been pressed into military service in Europe, and Doctor Muck and Mr. Ellis, who was with Doctor Muck in Berlin, have been able to fill these vacancies satisfactorily. The doubt which surrounded the future of the orchestra a few weeks ago was due entirely to lack of news from the other side.

As already announced, the subscription for the series of concerts to be given in Philadelphia is gratifyingly large. Subscribers will be notified shortly from the Philadelphia office regarding their tickets. The seats in the house not taken by subscription will be placed on sale at Heppe's music store, Monday, October 12. The soloists announced at present are Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer and Fritz Kreisler. There seems to be no question about Mr. Kreisler's coming to America this winter, despite the number of times he is reported to have been killed or mortally wounded in battle.

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ork, 1884

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

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The re-allotment of seats to former

Esta 884

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra announces that that institution will give during the current season its usual number of concerts in Boston and elsewhere. The war made it necessary to postpone for a year the preliminary trip to the West planned last spring, because it was impossible to get all the members of the orchestra back from [illegible]

Established

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personnel practically unchanged, and Dr. Karl Muck will be the conductor.

Dr. Muck sails for this country the end of this month and rehearsals will begin in Boston the second week of October. The first Boston concerts will be given as planned last year—Friday afternoon October 16, and Saturday evening, October 17.

From STANDARD UNION
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date SEP 27 1914

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is now on his way to America and is due to arrive Oct. 5. By that time the roster of the orchestra will be practically complete. The losses to the orchestra by the war have turned out to be very small, and such vacancies as have occurred have been satisfactorily filled by Dr. Muck and Mr. Ellis, who was with Dr. Muck in Berlin in the early part of September. The coming season in Brooklyn should be as successful as last year. It could not be more so, for the house was entirely sold out, and that is the condition that is the case to-day. As already announced, the soloists are Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer and Fritz Kreisler. There seems to be no doubt that Mr. Kreisler will come to America at the time he planned, in January. As a matter of fact, recent advices from Vienna intimate that he may be here earlier. The dispatches regarding his death or severe injuries in the campaign in Galicia are, to say the least, unconfirmed.

Est 1884

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date 1914

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E 1884

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date 25 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY WILL OPEN BRILLIANTLY

Orchestra Will Inaugurate a 34th Season as Complete as Predecessors—Kreisler Announced.

(Special Dispatch to The Morning Telegraph.)

BOSTON, Sept. 27.

The opening of the Symphony Orchestra's 34th season, now less than two weeks distant, promises to be at least as brilliant as any in its history, for contrary to previous reports, its personnel will be no more altered than has been the case in several former seasons. As heretofore the soloists engaged are of the very highest rank and in spite of alarming war talk, not a single agreement made last Spring has been cancelled.

Mr. Witek, the admirable concert-meister of the orchestra; Mr. Noack, the second concert-meister, and Mr. Warnke, the first cellist, will undoubtedly appear. The singers are Julia Culp, Elena Gerhardt, Florence Hinkle and Pasquale Amato. The pianists are Harold Bauer, Ferrucio Busoni, Leonard Borwick and Ossip Gabrielowitsch. The violinists are Fritz Kreisler and Jacques Thibaud. The management takes the responsibility of announcing Mr. Kreisler as a soloist. None of the reports of his death or injuries have been confirmed.

Estal 34

From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date SEP 27 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

With the arrival of Dr. Muck from Europe, October 5, the roster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be complete. Of last year's members, only four have been pressed into military service in Europe and Dr. Muck and Mr. Ellis, who was with Dr. Muck in Berlin, have been able to fill these vacancies satisfactorily. The soloists announced at present are Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer and Fritz Kreisler. There seems to be no question about Mr. Kreisler's coming to America this winter, de

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From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date SEP 27 1914

Boston Symphony Orchestra

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As already announced, the subscription for the series of concerts to be given in Philadelphia is gratifyingly large. Subscribers will be notified shortly from the Philadelphia office regarding their tickets. The seats in the house not taken by subscription will be placed on sale at Heppe's Music Store, Monday, October 12.

The soloists announced at present are Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer and Fritz Kreisler. There seems to be no question about Mr. Kreisler's coming to America this winter, despite the number of times he is reported to have been killed or mortally wounded in battle.

Es 1884

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

9 and 10.

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With the arrival of Dr. Karl Muck from Europe on October 5, the roster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be complete. Of last year's members only four have been pressed into military service in Europe, and Dr. Muck and Manager Ellis, who was with Dr. Muck in Berlin, have been able to fill these vacancies satisfactorily. The doubt which surrounded the future of the orchestra a few weeks ago was due entirely to lack of news from Europe. The subscription for the series of concerts to be given in Philadelphia is gratifyingly large. The seats in the house not taken by subscription will be placed on sale on Monday, October 12. The soloists announced at present are Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer and Fritz Kreisler. There seems to be no question about Kreisler's coming to America this winter, despite the number of times he is reported to have been killed or mortally wounded in battle.

Estal 84

From AMERICAN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

With the arrival of Dr. Muck from Europe October 5, the roster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be complete. Of last year's members only four have been pressed into military service in Europe, and Dr. Muck and Mr. Ellis, who was with Dr. Muck in Berlin, have been able to fill these vacancies satisfactorily. The doubt which surrounded the future of the orchestra a few weeks ago was due entirely to lack of news from the other side.

As already announced, the subscription for the series of concerts to be given in Baltimore is gratifyingly large. Subscribers will shortly be notified regarding their tickets by the Baltimore office. The soloists announced at present are Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer and Fritz Kreisler. There seems to be no question about Mr. Kreisler's coming to America this winter, despite the number of times he is reported to have been killed or mortally wounded in battle.

Est 1884

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date SEP 27 1914

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A history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is in preparation for publication this fall by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The book, which is written by Mark A. deWolf Howe of Boston, author of the "Charles Elliott Norton Letters," is being undertaken in a certain sense in honor of the 80th birthday of Henry L. Higginson, the founder and maintainer of the orchestra. Mr. Howe will deal largely with the inception of the idea of forming an orchestra which came to Mr. Higginson as long ago as the late 50s, when he was a student of music in Vienna.

* * *

The first rehearsal for the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been called for Oct. 12, and the regular season of concerts will begin with the first public rehearsal, on Friday, Oct. 16.

Dr. Carl Muck, the conductor of the orchestra, has sailed from Europe, and is due to arrive in this country on Oct. 5, while C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, has already returned from Europe, where he had been since June. He reported that the few vacancies in the ranks of the orchestra caused by the war have been filled quite to the satisfaction of the conductor, and that the total number of changes in the personnel this year is no greater than often takes place at the beginning of a season.

Dates of the six concerts to be given

E 1884

[12]

From NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date SEP 26 1914

Boston Orchestra

With the arrival of Dr. Muck from Europe on October 5 the roster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be complete. Of last year's members, only four have been pressed into military service in Europe, and Dr. Muck and Mr. Ellis, who was with Dr. Muck in Berlin, have been able to fill these vacancies satisfactorily. The doubt which surrounded the future of the orchestra a few weeks ago was due entirely to lack of news from the other side. The soloists announced at present are Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer and Fritz Kreisler.

Estal 384

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date SEP 27 1914

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A communication from Symphony Hall, Boston, enumerates the whereabouts of members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra who were in Europe at the outbreak of the war, some of whom have already returned to Boston. In the list is Anton Witek, the concert-meister, who with Mme. Witek, pianist, was in Sweden when hostilities began. They returned at once to Berlin, where they have since been detained. A letter from Mr. Witek to Herwegh von Ende of New York announces their intended sailing on a Holland-American liner on Oct. 10, but it is possible they may succeed in obtaining an earlier passage.

Alfred Holy, the harpist, succeeded in making his way to Rotterdam and is now with the Witeks. O. Roth, first violinist, after long delays in Ischl and Munich, is on his way back to Boston, and Messrs. Longy, Lenom and Muller of the wood-wind choir have already returned there. Mr. Fosse of the oboes was called to the French colors and Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, was drafted into the French hospital service.

Nothing definite is known of Mr. Koessler of the violins or Mr. Agnesy of the double-basses, and it is thought they may have been called to the colors. Messrs. Stumpf, the bass clarinet: Habenicht, leader of the second violins; Blumeneau of the violas, and Steinke of the celli were all in Berlin recently, and it is considered hardly likely that they will be called out so late in the day, with the Landwehr and Landsturn already in the field.

A new trumpeter of remarkable skill, who had been engaged for the orchestra by Dr. Muck, was ordered to his regiment and was obliged to defer the fulfillment of his contract.

* * *

1884

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date

MR. C. A. ELLIS BACK.

Boston Symphony Manager Says Nearly All Musicians Are Coming Back.

Mr. Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, returned yesterday on board the Mauretania, after having spent his summer abroad in quest of new solo artists to appear with the orchestra during the coming season. The outbreak of the war caused a change of activities for Mr. Ellis, who turned from his search for new talent to a relief expedition for the members of the orchestra. Many of the musicians were abroad and most of them were in Germany, according to Mr. Ellis, when war started.

"We open our season in Boston October 16," he said, "and I do not think there will be more than one or two absentees. Dr. Muck, the conductor, will arrive in New York October 8. Mr. Anton Witek, concert master, will return about the same time. Mr. Georg Drisie, first clarionettist, will not be here. He is fighting for France."

Mr. Ellis started for Boston at five o'clock.

1884

BOSTON AMERICAN,
OCTOBER 5, 1914.

Boston Symphony Rehearsal Seats Bring Big Premium

Prices ranged slightly higher than last year in the bidding today for the $18 seats for Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Boston Symphonoy Orchestra.

In the first row, the highest price was $20 premium for a seat on the left side. In Row B, $27.50 was bid for three seats on the left aisle. In Row C, the premiums ranged up to $32.50 for two seats in the centre. Four seats divided by the centre aisle brought $31.50 each.

MONITOR, BOSTON,
OCTOBER 5,

SYMPHONY LEADER DUE IN NEW YORK ON WAY TO BOSTON

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the Symphony orchestra, is expected to reach New York Tuesday on the Ryndam. With him will come seven new players. Dr. Muck and Mr. Witek, the concert master, have spent much time since the outbreak of hostilities in Europe in securing these musicians.

There are two new first violins, a new viola player, a new cellist, a new clarinetist, a new oboist and a second harpist. The first violins are Ernst Schmidt, who has been concert master of the Darmstadt orchestra and conductor of the Oratorio Society of that city, and H. A. Sauvlet, who has been a first violin of the Residenz orchestra at The Hague. H. J. van Veen, the new violist comes from the some orchestra as Mr. Sauvlet.

Josef Malkins, the new 'cellist, taking the place of Mr. Urack, who does not return, was for a number of years the first 'cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, a member of the Brussels quartet, and was formerly with the Witek trio in Berlin. The new second harpist is V. Klicka.

The new clarinet who takes the place of Mr. Grisez, is A. Sand, who has been the past season the first clarinet of the Charlottenburg opera. The new oboist, who takes the place of Mr. Fosse, is H. H. Stanislaus, who has been first oboe of Sir Henry Wood's orchestra in London.

Messrs. Sauvlet and Van Veen are Dutch, Messrs. Malkin and Sand are Russian, Mr. Klicka is Bohemian. Mr. Schmidt is German, and Mr. Stanislaus is English.

On the ship with Dr. Muck will also be Otto Roth, one of the first violins.

THREE SEATS FOR SYMPHONY BRING $108 PREMIUM

Bidding for Rehearsal Chairs Said by Official to Be Satisfactory and Ticket Agents Are Not Given Full Sway to Buy

CROWDS ATTEND SALE

Three main aisle seats, halfway down the main floor section of the house, brought a premium of $108 in the auction sale of Symphony orchestra rehearsal tickets this morning at Symphony hall. The locations are designated N 15, 16 and 17. The officials of the orchestra commented on this premium as unusual and they called the sale as a whole satisfactory.

Bidding for seats began at Symphony hall this morning with a large number of individual buyers present to purchase locations in the front of the house. Ticket agents were in evidence with their orders for places in the middle of the house, but the purchasing did not seem to be given into their hands by the patrons of the concerts so extensively as usual. Women especially came out in large numbers to take part in the auction.

The prices were quite as large as in former sales and the preference for center aisle seats took shape in offers of premiums running, as last year, up to $45 and a little over. Seats at the ends of the rows and in the three and four seats in from the aisles went for a premium of $15 and even lower.

The sale this morning was for the floor seats, which were put up at a starting price of $15. The first seats offered, the front row, right, A 1, went at a premium of $10.50. The middle of the row went for $22.50. Offers gradually rose as the auctioneer proceeded to the rows farther back, until he received $24 premium for I 1 and $47 for I 18, and in the center aisle. Each bidder was allowed four seats, but many single sales were made.

The seats on the floor at the back of the hall and the balcony seats which have a starting price of $10 are to be sold at auction on Tuesday morning.

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date SEP 20 1914

PROVIDENCE musical circles found cause for satisfaction in two announcements of the past week, both of which tend to relieve the anxiety that had been felt as to the European war's effect on the local concert season. They were of the Boston Symphony Orchestra series of six concerts, the first of which will be on Oct. 20, and of the Steinert series of four popular priced concerts beginning Nov. 10.

Thus it is indicated that earlier fears of a dearth of music were unfounded, and with these two fixtures supplemented by the appearance of the Providence Symphony Orchestra, whose rehearsals will soon begin, and other local events the season promises to be quite equal to former years.

Indeed, managers the country over are now predicting an unusually large number of European soloists for the American stage this winter, as those who have not been called on to serve in the armies are reported to be hastening westward to pick up American dollars. It may well be, therefore, that other announcements of concerts will add to the local programme.

* * *

Previous doubt as to the prospects of the Boston Symphony Orchestra were set at rest by the authoritative statement that, aside from the abandonment of the preliminary western tour, the season will be according to schedule. The six Providence concerts, in Infantry Hall, will be on Tuesday evenings, Oct. 20, Nov. 17, Dec. 29, Feb. 2, March 2 and April 13. Among the soloists already engaged are Mme. Schumann-Heink, Florence Hinkle, Harold Bauer and Anton Witek. The sale of season tickets will open Monday morning, Oct. 12, and a considerable subscription list is already reported.

Although Dr. Muck is now reported to be in Berlin, he expects to sail for Boston late in September. The Boston season will open Oct. 16, and 24 pairs of concerts will carry the orchestra's schedule into May.

There will be but few changes in the members of the orchestra, as it has been enrolled under Dr. Muck, who has engaged players in Berlin as substitutes for those who answered the call of the Kaiser. A new first clarionet must be found to fill the place of Mr. Grisez, who is now in the Hospital Corps of the French army.

* * *

, 1884

TRANSCRIPT,
OCTOBER 5, 1914

NEWS OF MUSIC

CHANGES AMONG THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

A Second Harp at Last, and a New First 'Cellist in Place of Mr. Urack—Other Newcomers — Kreisler's Wife Writes That He Is Relatively Unhurt—Warnings, Anecdotes and Items

A LETTER from Dr. Muck received at Symphony Hall this morning announces the new men whom he has been engaging through the last two months for the Symphony Orchestra. One of them is a second harpist of which the band has stood these many years in need; another is a new violoncellist for the first desk to take the place of Mr. Urack, whose connection with the orchestra is ended; and a third is the first clarinet in lieu of the absent Grisez, who is in service in the French army. The new harpist is a Bohemian, Mr. Klicka, of high reputation in Germany and Austria, whom the war has set free from his engagements at home. The new violoncellist is Mr. Malkan, a virtuoso of European standing in orchestral and chamber concerts and not so long ago first 'cellist of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin. The new first clarinet is Mr. Sand, a Russian from the Deutsche Opernhaus at Charlottenburg.

Furthermore, Dr. Muck has engaged two new players for the first violins—Mr. Schmidt, late the concert-master of the orchestra at Darmstadt upon which the Grand Duke of Hesse and Mr. Weingartner equally lavish their cares; and Mr. Sauvlet from The Hague. From The Hague also will come a new viola player, Mr. van Veen; and Mr. Stanislaus of Sir Henry Wood's orchestra in London will take Mr. Fossé's place among the oboes while the French virtuoso is in the field. Eight of the established members of the orchestra, some of whom seemed liable to military service, arrived in Boston on Saturday ready for their work and "militarfrei" for it, viz.: Mr. Witek, the concert master; Mr. Holy, the harpist; Mr. Koessler, Mr. Habenicht, Mr. Baraniecki and Mr. Suelzen of the violins; Mr. Blumeneau of the violas, and Mr. Stumpf, the bass clarinet. Needless to say to anyone but the makers of "war news" and those unaccustomed to the use of "papers," they had no trouble whatever in leaving Germany. Sundry other players, old, new and as little hampered, are expected in New York tomorrow with Dr. Muck.

A Letter About Kreisler

Mrs. Kreisler's family, who live in New York, received a letter from her on Saturday, written in Vienna on Sept. 16, which sets at rest the current reports that her husband, the violinist, has been killed or grievously wounded in his service in the Austrian army. Mrs. Kreisler says:

Fritz was called to the front almost immediately, and since the nineteenth of August has been actively engaged at the battle of Lemberg. He was very lusty until the night of the figth of September, and then, in a night attack of Cossacks, was ridden over and met with rather a serious and painful accident, tearing a sinew of a muscle in his leg and a bruise of his shoulder. The latter was slight, but the leg will keep him limping for six to eight weeks. He looks very worn, and for nearly three weeks he never got out of his clothes or shoes, nor had more than three or four hours of sleep, and always under the stars, sometimes without food for days at a stretch.

TRANSCRIPT,
OCTOBER 5. 1914

SYMPHONY SEATS AT $108

Stranger Takes Three at That Premium

Row N Choice of Man Who Is Unknown

Sum of $72 Was the Second Best Price

Average for Rehearsal Lower Than In 1913

Many familiar faces were to be seen in Symphony Hall this forenoon at the auction sale of the Symphony rehearsal seats. There also were many strangers, and it remained for one of the latter to pay a premium exceeding all others of recent years for rehearsal seats. The bidding ceased only when $108 was reached and the choice was row N, 15, 16 and 17, on the right of the middle aisle. The buyer remained but a short time after securing his seats; none of the attachés of the hall knew him, and he even refused to give his name when making his deposit at the desk.

An hour before this price was paid it was thought that the record figure for the day had been reached, when $72 premium was paid for two seats opposite each other on the middle aisle in K. This price was $1 less than the high price of last year at the same rehearsal sale, when $73 was paid for a centre aisle seat in M.

The first premium in row A was $10.50, and that continued to be the price, with little fluctuation for two or three rows. There was no spirited bidding until the seventh or eighth rows were reached, and, while premiums began to improve, they were lower, row by row, than the prices of last year.

Middle aisle sittings were in demand. In D, the lowest premium was $17.50, while the highest was $27; in E the prices ranged from $18 to $34; the range of prices here last year was from $22 to $43. The range in F was from $17.50 to $36, against $26.50 to $36 a year ago; in G the lowest price was 18, while the low price last year was $31; but, on the other hand, the high price in the row was $45 this year, against $43 last. The high price in H was $42, paid for a seat at the left of the centre aisle, and $47.50 was paid for the same seat in the row behind. Two sittings in J (opposite seats on the centre row) brought $45 each. The first place to be auctioned in the extreme right of K was taken for $31.50, and successively the prices were $26, $31, $32, $33. Then followed spirited bidding for seats exactly in the middle which went for the $72 premium, already noted.

The peculiarities of bidding, often due to the insistence of an old patron upon having the seats of former years, was illustrated by the prices in L, for relatively the same seats, which went for $40, and at this premium a patron took three. This was again noticed when the places back of the $108 seats were sold at a premium of $47. Then the prices gradually decreased. The sale tomorrow will be for the $10 rehearsal seats.

Tonight Manager Charles A. Ellis of the Symphony Orchestra will go to New York to meet Conductor Muck of the orchestra, who is expected on the Ryndam from Rotterdam. Dr. Muck is accompanied by his wife. Others of the Symphony band who are expected on the same boat are Mr. Saud, a new clarinet player, who belongs in Petrograd, but whom Dr. Muck found in Berlin; Mr. Seydel, a contra bass, who is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Irma Seydel, an accomplished violinist, and Otto Roth, for many years one of the first violins of the Symphony band. Mr. Roth was marooned in the Tyrol for some time.

From TIMES
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date SEP 20 1914

MUSIC NOTES.

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will arrive in America next month. The coming season in Brooklyn is expected to be as successful as last year. As already announced, the soloists are Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer and Fritz Kreisler. There seems to be no doubt that Mr. Kreisler will come to America at the time he planned, in January. Recent advices from Vienna intimate that he may be here earlier. The despatches regarding his death or severe injuries in the campaign in Galicia are unconfirmed.

Esta 884

BOSTON TRAVELER.

OCTOBER 5,

SYMPHONY SEATS BRINGING RECORD PRICES AT AUCTION

All records for several years for bids on Symphony rehearsal season tickets were broken at the opening of the auction in Symphony Hall today, when a keen competition between two bidders resulted in the sale of three aisle seats in row "N" for $126 each. The bid was $108, to be added to the $18 ticket price. There was also a large bid in row "X," where four seats sold for $90 each.

The bidding started off slightly below normal, and below that of last year, but as the more choice seats in the centre of the house were reached the figures jumped into slightly better than normal.

Today was devoted to the sale of seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals. The Saturday evening concert seats will be sold later. The auction sale will occupy four days of this week.

Dr. Karl Muck, thec onductor of the orchestra, is expected to reach New York tomorow on the Ryndam. With seven new members of the orchestra the two new first violins, a new viola, a new cello, a new clarinet, a new oboe and a second harp. The first violins are Ernest Schmidt, who has been concertmaster of the Darmstadt orchestra, and conductor of the Oratorio Society of that city; and H. A. Sauvlet, who has been a first violin of the Residenz orchestra at The Hague. H. J. van Veen, the new violist, comes from the same orchestra os Mr. Sauvlet. Josef Malkin, the ne wcellist, who takes the place of Mr. Urack who does not return, was for a number of years the first cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, a member of the Brussels quartet, and was formerly with the Wietk trio in Berlin. The new second harpist is V. Klicka, the new clarinet who takes the place of Mr. Grisez, is A. Sand, who has been the past season the first clarinet of the Charlottenburg opera. The new oboe, who takes the place of Mr. Fosse, is H. H. Stanislaus, who for several years has been first oboe of Sir Henry Wood's orchestra in London.

RECORD, MONDAY,

OCTOBER 5 1914

Average Prices Paid for Seats for Symphony

The opening of the auction sale of seats for the Symphony this morning brought out bidders, who paid about the same prices on premiums as on the opening sale of seats last year.

This morning the seats sold were the $18 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals. Bidding as usual was on the premiums to be added to the seat's face value of $18. The sharpest bidding was for aisle seats.

In the first row the highest price was $20 premium for a seat on the left aisle. In row B bids ranged from $12.50, in the center, to $27.50 for three seats on the left aisle.

In row C bids ranged from $20.50 up to $32.50, the latter being for two seats in the center, while four seats divided by the center aisle brought $31.50 each and two seats on the left aisle brought $31. In row D the highest price was $32.50 for a seat in the center, while a seat on the center aisle brought $31,50.

Up to the intermission for lunch all the seats up to row U, inclusive, had been sold, the highest price being $108 premium for three seats in row N, bordering on the right of the center aisle.

The next highest price was $72 for four seats in row K, divided by the center aisle. Last year $68 was the highest price paid in K, and a seat on the left center aisle last year went for $73.

In row G the highest price paid was $45 for two seats bordering th center aisle on the left.

Although the highest bid at the forenoon session was $108 premium against a high $73 last year, the average high price received for seats in other rows was slightly under the average high price received for the corresponding seats last year.

The management, based on today's bidding, estimates that total receipts will be within 5 p.c. of those last year.

RECORD, MONDAY,

OCTOBER 5 1914

NEW SYMPHONY MEN ARRIVE TOMORROW

Dr. Karl Muck, the Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, is expected to reach New York Tuesday on the Ryndam. With him will come seven new members of the Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck and Mr. WiteLk, the concert-master, have spent much time, since the outbreak of the war, in securing these musicians. There are two first violins, a new viola, a new cello, a new clarinet, a new oboe and a second harp.

On the ship with Dr. Muck will also be Otto Roth, one of the first violins.

BOSTON HERALD.

OCTOBER 6, 1914.

SYMPHONY SALE BEATS RECORDS

Premium of $112 Paid for A5 —Three Seats Bring $108 Each Over Price.

Records extending over several years were broken yesterday when the auction of $18 seats for the coming Symphony season was held at Symphony Hall. The premiums offered for choice seats have seldom, if ever, been greater.

The record premium was $112, which was paid for seat A5 in the left balcony, constituting a total purchase price of $130. The next highest was $108 each for three seats on the aisle in row N, orchestra. With the $18 added, the purchaser paid $126 for each seat. A6 in the left balcony brought a premium of an even $100, and four seats in X in the orchestra brought $90 cash without the $18.

The bidding started off slightly below normal, and below that of last year, but as the more choice seats in the centre of the house were reached the figures jumped into slightly better than normal.

The day was devoted to the sale of seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals. The Saturday evening concert seats will be sold later. The auction sale will occupy four days of this week.

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the orchestra, is expected to reach New York today on the Rhyndam, with seven new members of the orchestra. There are two new first violins, a new viola, a new cello, a new clarinet, a new oboe and a second harp. The first violins are Ernest Schmidt, who has been concertmaster of the Darmstadt orchestra, and conductor of the Oratorio Society of that city; and H. A. Sauvlet, who has been a first violin of the Residenz orchestra at The Hague. H. J. van Veen, the new violist, comes from the same orchestra as Mr. Souvlet. Josef Malkin, the new cellist, who takes the place of Mr. Urack, who does not return, was for a number of years the first cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, a member of the Brussels quartet, and was formerly with the Witek trio in Berlin. The new second harpist is V.

BOSTON GLOBE—

OCTOBER 6.

PREMIUM OF $112 FOR SYMPHONY SEAT

Record for Rehearsals of the Orchestra.

General Average Reached at the Auction Below Last Year's.

A premium of $112, which was $39 more than the highest premium paid last year, marked the climax of the opening yesterday of the auction sale of the $18 seats for the Boston Symphony Orchestra rehearsals. This price was brought by a seat in the front row of the balcony, on the left side of the hall, A5. The adjoining seat, A6, brought an even $100 premium, while the record high price paid last year was $73, by Clarence W. Barron.

Many regular Symphony patrons were on hand when the bidding opened in the morning, but in spite of the phenomenal prices quoted, the general average fell slightly below that of last Autumn. Premiums of $108 each were paid during the morning for three adjoining seats in row N on the floor, while one agent bought a block of seats in K center at a $72 premium.

Practically the lowest premium of the entire day came with the first sale of seats in row A, where $10.50, the opening premium, continued to be the average for the first row. No spirited bidding occurred until the seventh and eighth rows were reached, when premiums advanced to $26 or $27.

The [illegible] many cases to the desire of old patrons to retain their seats of former years, was clearly illustrated by the seats directly back of $108 ones in N, sold at a premium of only $40. The seats in the balcony, where the day's record of $112 was reached, went at an average premium of from $35 to $40.

Today the sale of the $10 rehearsal seats will take place, including the last nine rows on the floor and the last five in the balcony. Thursday morning is set for the auction of the $18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts.

Manager Charles A. Ellis left last night for New York to meet Conductor Carl Muck and several of the band, who are expected on the Ryndam from Rotterdam.

BOSTON JOURNAL—

OCTOBER 6.

PRICE RECORDS GO AT SALE OF SYMPHONY SEATS

Premiums of $112 and $100 Paid for Two Seats in Balcony.

PRICES BOOSTED BY THE BROKERS

Average of Prices Is Only Slightly Above That of Last Year.

Price records of years' standing went by the board yesterday at the annual auction sale of seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. With exceptions of remarkably high prices for several seats, however, the general average of the prices was only slightly in excess of that of last year.

The regular attendants of the auction were present in force. It was the spirited bidding of brokers and strangers that sent the price of some seats soaring. Premiums of $112 and $100 were paid for seats A5 and A6 in the front row of the left-hand balcony respectively. The bidders who paid the totals of $130 and $118, counting the regular charge of $18 for the locations, were brokers.

An unidentified purchaser, rumored to be a new arrival from the West, boosted the price of three seats, N 15, 16 and 17, on the right of the middle aisle, up to $108 each before he stifled competition. In both these actions, the bidding was fast and furious, jumping $1 a bid. Usually bids take only 50-cent jumps at a time.

Early in the sale a premium of $72 was reached for two seats opposite each other on the middle aisle in K. The highest bid last year exceeded this amount by only $1.

Muck Due in New York Today With New Players

Accompanied by seven newly-engaged artists to fill the places of musicians permanently marooned in Europe by the war, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of Symphony orchestra, is expected to reach New York today on the steamer Ryndam.

Since the outbreak of hostilities, Dr. Muck and Anton Witek, concert master of the organization, traveled through most of Europe to secure the services of these seven musicians.

There are two first violinis, a viola, a 'cello, a clarinet, an oboe and a second harp. The first violins are Ernst Schmidt, who has been concert master of the Darmstadt orchestra and conductor of the Oratorio Society of that city; and H. A. Sauvlet, who has been a first violin of the Residenz orchestra at The Hague. H. J. van Veen, the new violist, comes from the same orchestra as Mr. Sauvlet. Josef Malkin, the new 'cellist, who takes the place of Mr. Urack, is an artist of international reputation. He was for years the first 'cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, a member of the Brussells quartet, and was formerly with the Witek trio in Berlin.

The new second harpist is V. Klicka, a well known virtuoso. He had many engagements in Europe which, of course, were canceled by the war, and he was glad of an opportunity to come to Boston. The new clarinet, who takes the place of Mr. Grisez, is A. Sand, who the past season has been the first clarinet of the Charlottenburg opera. The new oboe, who takes the place of Mr. Fosse, is H. H. Stanislaus, who for several years has been the first oboe of Sir Henry Wood's Orchestra in London.

Messrs. Sauvelt and van Veen are Dutch, Malkin and Sand are Russians, Klicka is Bohemian, Schmidt is German and Stanislaus is English. On the ship with Dr. Muck will also be Otto Roth, one of the first violins.

BOSTON HERALD.

THURSDAY. OCTOBER 8.

DR. MUCK BACK FOR SYMPHON SEASON WOR

His Efforts Secured Releas Young Germans for Return to Orchestra.

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the S phony Orchestra, with Mrs. M reached Boston on the Knickerbo Limited last evening from New Y where he had landed in the morn Dr. and Mrs. Muck sailed from Ro dam on the steamer Ryndam Sun Sept. 27. With him on the trip several members of the Boston phony Orchestra, including Mr. S the new first clarinet, and Messrs. S let and Otto Roth of the first violi

Dr. Muck came directly from Be where he had spent the greater pa the time since he left Bayreuth in middle of August. Shortly before ing he went to his summer hom Doblebad, in southern Austria. W Germany ordered the mobilization o army Saturday, Aug. 1, Dr. Muck conducting the second performanc "Parsifal" in Bayreuth. Up to the beginning of the performance there much doubt whether it could be g but finally word came that none of members of the orchestra need l Bayreuth before the end of the formance. A good part of the orc tra was in the army within 24 hou

Dr. Muck expressed himself as b unwilling to discuss the war. An tense patriot and an absolute beli in his country, he naturally feels deeply on the subject. He is bitterly disappointed that he is unable to serve Germany in some capacity.

It was through Dr. Muck's efforts that nearly all of the younger Germans in the orchestra who were in Germany last summer were released from their military duty and were able to return to their work here in Boston. There were, however, several musicians whom he had engaged to fill vacancies in the orchestra who have been unable to come because of being in the army. These places have been filled satisfactorily and there will be no lessening of the artistic value of the orchestra. As no less than 14 different races are represented in the membership of the orchestra, the question has arisen whether the natural feeling aroused by the war might not cause some trouble, but Dr. Muck has no fear of this. The men for the most part have been in the orchestra a long time and they are personal friends, and it is already understood that the war will not be discussed among them.

Dr. Muck will make definite announcements regarding programs in a day or so. Mrs. Muck is looking forward with keen expectations of pleasure to settling in the house in the Fenway which they bought last spring. It will probably be a week or so before they get in. In the mean time they are at the Copley-Plaza.

TRANSCRIPT,

OCTOBER 8.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

SCHOENBERG AND STRAVINSKY TO BE HEARD

Dr. Muck Announces Pieces by Them for the Symphony Concerts—Other Novelties in Prospect—"Lucia" and Joy at the Boston Theatre—Saint-Saens Falls Victim to a Prevalent Malady—More Support for the Century Company—Items and Opinions

Though Dr. Muck was as politely reticent and smilingly evasive as it is his habit to be to reporters, when he arrived in Boston yesterday, he let fall to their brethren on the pier in New York a single sentence that means much for the interest of the Symphony Concerts. He had ordered, he said, the scores and the parts of novel pieces by Volbach, Reger, Schönberg, Stravinsky and Ropartz and he intended to put them on his programmes in the course of the season. A piece by Reger new to Boston (which may be either the "Romantic" or the "Ballet" suite) is almost an annual event; and Volbach has long been an interesting but by no means an outstanding figure in the middle generation of German composers. In a sense Reger and Volbach, pleasurable as their music may prove to be, are neither here nor there. The important, the stimulating point in Dr. Muck's saying is that at last the music of Schönberg and Stravinsky is to have a place in the Symphony Concerts.

However their pieces may sound, however they may offend the sensibilities of many a listener, they deserve to be heard because they are the work of men of original imagination, individual method and innovating spirit, who are altering the face of music in our immediate time and may be opening new and lasting paths for it. However distasteful either Schönberg or Stravinsky may be to Dr. Muck personally, he was bound as the conductor of the Symphony Concerts to let his audiences hear their music and judge of it for themselves. Now with his habitual loyalty and his intrinsic "honneur d'artiste," he is ready to fulfil his obligation. For two years the musically curious and the musically openminded in this town have been pressing for the performance of one or another of Schönberg's and Stravinsky's pieces. A little belatedly, but still in time for rejoicing, their reward has come, even as a second harp was vouchsafed the other day to those that have long believed it a cardinal need of the orchestra. The only regret is that to Schönberg and Stravinsky Dr. Muck did not add the third innovator of the day, Scriabine. The compensation is Ropartz —the French composer of the school of Franck, but with an individuality, imagination and a procedure of his own, who has written a remarkable opera and notable symphonic pieces and who has been much too long overlooked in American concertrooms. After all, our good world of music "do move"—and forward. H. T. P.

NEWS OF MUSIC

Dr. Muck's New Pieces

From Symphony Hall this afternoon come other and interesting particulars of the novel pieces that Dr. Muck purposes to include in the Symphony Concerts—if only the publishers of the music can succeed in sending to Boston the scores and the parts that he long since ordered of them. From Schönberg he has chosen the "Five Little Pieces," with which conductors usually make their beginnings with the composer; from Stravinsky one or more of the suites arranged from his ballets and by all odds his most representative work; from Ropartz and from Volbach respectively a symphony. Furthermore, Dr. Muck purposes to make known for the first time in Boston, the prodigious sinfonietta of the youth, Korngold, and a symphonic poem after Ibsen's drama, "Brand," by the Norwegian composer, Sverdrup. And it is not unlikely that the scores and the parts of some of these pieces lie on the shelves of American publishers of music and communication is still open, if slow, with Paris, Berlin and Leipsig.

"Lucia" with Spirit

BOSTON TRAVELER.

OCTOBER 5.

SYMPHONY SEATS BRINGING RECORD PRICES AT AUCTION

All records for several years for bids on Symphony rehearsal season tickets were broken at the opening of the auction in Symphony Hall today, when a keen competition between two bidders resulted in the sale of three aisle seats in row "N" for $126 each. The bid was $108, to be added to the $18 ticket price. There was also a large bid in row "X," where four seats sold for $90 each.

The bidding started off slightly below normal, and below that of last year, but as the more choice seats in the centre of the house were reached the figures jumped into slightly better than normal.

Today was devoted to the sale of seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals. The Saturday evening concert seats will be sold later. The auction sale will occupy four days of this week.

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RECORD, MONDAY.

OCTOBER 5 1914

Average Prices Paid for Seats for Symphony

The opening of the auction sale of seats for the Symphony this morning brought out bidders, who paid about the same prices on premiums as on the opening sale of seats last year.

This morning the seats sold were the $18 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals. Bidding as usual was on the premiums to be added to the seat's face value of $18. The sharpest bidding was for aisle seats.

In the first row the highest price was $20 premium for a seat on the left aisle. In row B bids ranged from $12.50, in the center, to $27.50 for three seats on the left aisle.

In row C bids ranged from $20.50 up to $32.50, the latter being for two seats in the center, while four seats divided by the center aisle brought $31.50 each and two seats on the left aisle brought $31. In row D the highest price was $32.50 for a seat in the center, while a seat on the center aisle brought $31.50.

Up to the intermission for lunch all the seats up to row U, inclusive, had been sold, the highest price being $108 premium for three seats in row N, bordering on the right of the center aisle.

The next highest price was $72 for four seats in row K, divided by the center aisle. Last year $68 was the highest price paid in K, and a seat on the left center aisle last year went for $73.

In row G the highest price paid was $45 for two seats bordering th center aisle on the left.

Although the highest bid at the forenoon session was $108 premium against a high $73 last year, the average high price received for seats in other rows was slightly under the average high price received for the corresponding seats last year.

The management, based on today's bidding, estimates that total receipts will be within 5 p.c. of those last year.

RECORD, MONDAY.

OCTOBER 5 1914

NEW SYMPHONY MEN ARRIVE TOMORROW

Dr. Karl Muck, the Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, is expected to reach New York Tuesday on the Ryndam. With him will come seven new members of the Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck and Mr. WiteLk, the concert-master, have spent much time, since the outbreak of the war, in securing these musicians. There are two first violins, a new viola, a new cello, a new clarinet, a new oboe and a second harp.

On the ship with Dr. Muck will also be Otto Roth, one of the first violins.

BOSTON HERALD.

OCTOBER 6. 1914.

SYMPHONY SALE BEATS RECORDS

Premium of $112 Paid for A5—Three Seats Bring $108 Each Over Price.

Records extending over several years were broken yesterday when the auction of $18 seats for the coming Symphony season was held at Symphony Hall. The premiums offered for choice seats have seldom, if ever, been greater.

The record premium was $112, which was paid for seat A5 in the left balcony, constituting a total purchase price of $130. The next highest was $108 each for three seats on the aisle in row N, orchestra. With the $18 added, the purchaser paid $126 for each seat. A6 in the left balcony brought a premium of an even $100, and four seats in X in the orchestra brought $90 cash without the $18.

The bidding started off slightly below normal, and below that of last year, but as the more choice seats in the centre of the house were reached the figures jumped into slightly better than normal.

The day was devoted to the sale of seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals. The Saturday evening concert seats will be sold later. The auction sale will occupy four days of this week.

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the orchestra, is expected to reach New York today on the Rhyndam, with seven new members of the orchestra. There are two new first violins, a new viola, a new cello, a new clarinet, a new oboe and a second harp. The first violins are Ernest Schmidt, who has been concertmaster of the Darmstadt orchestra, and conductor of the Oratorio Society of that city; and H. A. Sauvlet, who has been a first violin of the Residenz orchestra at The Hague. H. J. van Veen, the new violist, comes from the same orchestra as Mr. Souvlet. Josef Malkin, the new cellist, who takes the place of Mr. Urack, who does not return, was for a number of years the first cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, a member of the Brussels quartet, and was formerly with the Witek trio in Berlin. The new second harpist is V.

BOSTON GLOBE

OCTOBER 6.

PREMIUM OF $112 FOR SYMPHONY SEAT

Record for Rehearsals of the Orchestra.

General Average Reached at the Auction Below Last Year's.

A premium of $112, which was $39 more than the highest premium paid last year, marked the climax of the opening yesterday of the auction sale of the $18 seats for the Boston Symphony Orchestra rehearsals. This price was brought by a seat in the front row of the balcony, on the left side of the hall, A5. The adjoining seat, A6, brought an even $100 premium, while the record high price paid last year was $73, by Clarence W. Barron.

Many regular Symphony patrons were on hand when the bidding opened in the morning, but in spite of the phenomenal prices quoted, the general average fell slightly below that of last Autumn. Premiums of $108 each were paid during the morning for three adjoining seats in row N on the floor, while one agent bought a block of seats in K center at a $72 premium.

Practically the lowest premium of the entire day came with the first sale of seats in row A, where $10.50, the opening premium, continued to be the average for the first row. No spirited bidding occurred until the seventh and eighth rows were reached, when pre- [illegible] to $25 or $27.

The [illegible] in many cases to the desire of old patrons to retain their seats of former years, was clearly illustrated by the seats directly back of $108 ones in N, sold at a premium of only $40. The seats in the balcony, where the day's record of $112 was reached, went at an average premium of from $35 to $40.

Today the sale of the $10 rehearsal seats will take place, including the last nine rows on the floor and the last five in the balcony. Thursday morning is set for the auction of the $18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts.

Manager Charles A. Ellis left last night for New York to meet Conductor Carl Muck and several of the band, who are expected on the Ryndam from Rotterdam.

BOSTON JOURNAL

OCTOBER 6.

PRICE RECORDS GO AT SALE OF SYMPHONY SEATS

Premiums of $112 and $100 Paid for Two Seats in Balcony.

PRICES BOOSTED BY THE BROKERS

Average of Prices Is Only Slightly Above That of Last Year.

Price records of years' standing went by the board yesterday at the annual auction sale of seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. With exceptions of remarkably high prices for several seats, however, the general average of the prices was only slightly in excess of that of last year.

The regular attendants of the auction were present in force. It was the spirited bidding of brokers and strangers that sent the price of some seats soaring. Premiums of $112 and $100 were paid for seats A5 and A6 in the front row of the left-hand balcony respectively. The bidders who paid the totals of $130 and $118, counting the regular charge of $18 for the locations, were brokers.

An unidentified purchaser, rumored to be a new arrival from the West, boosted the price of three seats, N 15, 16 and 17, on the right of the middle aisle, up to $108 each before he stifled competition. In both these actions, the bidding was fast and furious, jumping $1 a bid. Usually bids take only 50-cent jumps at a time.

Early in the sale a premium of $72 was reached for two seats opposite each other on the middle aisle in K. The highest bid last year exceeded this amount by only $1.

Muck Due in New York Today With New Players

Accompanied by seven newly-engaged artists to fill the places of musicians permanently marooned in Europe by the war, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of Symphony orchestra, is expected to reach New York today on the steamer Ryndam.

Since the outbreak of hostilities, Dr Muck and Anton Witek, concert master of the organization, traveled through most of Europe to secure the services of these seven musicians.

There are two first violinis, a viola, a 'cello, a clarinet, an oboe and a second harp. The first violins are Ernst Schmidt, who has been concert master of the Darmstadt orchestra and conductor of the Oratorio Society of that city; and H. A. Sauvlet, who has been a first violin of the Residenz orchestra at The Hague. H. J. van Veen, the new violist, comes from the same orchestra as Mr. Sauvlet. Josef Malkin, the new 'cellist, who takes the place of Mr. Urack, is an artist of international reputation. He was for years the first 'cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, a member of the Brussells quartet, and was formerly with the Witek trio in Berlin.

The new second harpist is V. Klicka, a well known virtuoso. He had many engagements in Europe which, of course, were canceled by the war, and he was glad of an opportunity to come to Boston. The new clarinet, who takes the place of Mr. Grisez, is A. Sand, who the past season has been the first clarinet of the Charlottenburg opera. The new oboe, who takes the place of Mr. Fosse, is H. H. Stanislaus, who for several years has been the first oboe of Sir Henry Wood's Orchestra in London.

Messrs. Sauvelt and van Veen are Dutch, Malkin and Sand are Russians, Klicka is Bohemian, Schmidt is German and Stanislaus is English. On the ship with Dr. Muck will also be Otto Roth, one of the first violins.

BOSTON HERALD.

THURSDAY. OCTOBER 8.

DR. MUCK BACK FOR SYMPHON SEASON WOR

His Efforts Secured Releas Young Germans for Return to Orchestra.

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Sy phony Orchestra, with Mrs. Muc reached Boston on the Knickerbock Limited last evening from New Yor where he had landed in the mornin Dr. and Mrs. Muck sailed from Rotte dam on the steamer Ryndam Sunda Sept. 27. With him on the trip we several members of the Boston Sy phony Orchestra, including Mr. San the new first clarinet, and Messrs. Sau let and Otto Roth of the first violins

Dr. Muck came directly from Berl where he had spent the greater part the time since he left Bayreuth in t middle of August. Shortly before sai ing he went to his summer home i Doblebad, in southern Austria. Whe Germany ordered the mobilization of its army Saturday, Aug. 1, Dr. Muck was conducting the second performance of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth. Up to the very beginning of the performance there was much doubt whether it could be given, but finally word came that none of the members of the orchestra need leave Bayreuth before the end of the performance. A good part of the orchestra was in the army within 24 hours.

Dr. Muck expressed himself as being unwilling to discuss the war. An intense patriot and an absolute believer in his country, he naturally feels very deeply on the subject. He is bitterly disappointed that he is unable to serve Germany in some capacity.

It was through Dr. Muck's efforts that nearly all of the younger Germans in the orchestra who were in Germany last summer were released from their military duty and were able to return to their work here in Boston. There were, however, several musicians whom he had engaged to fill vacancies in the orchestra who have been unable to come because of being in the army. These places have been filled satisfactorily and there will be no lessening of the artistic value of the orchestra. As no less than 14 different races are represented in the membership of the orchestra, the question has arisen whether the natural feeling aroused by the war might not cause some trouble, but Dr. Muck has no fear of this. The men for the most part have been in the orchestra a long time and they are personal friends, and it is already understood that the war will not be discussed among them.

Dr. Muck will make definite announcements regarding programs in a day or so. Mrs. Muck is looking forward with keen expectations of pleasure to settling in the house in the Fenway which they bought last spring. It will probably be a week or so before they get in. In the mean time they are at the Copley-Plaza.

TRANSCRIPT,

OCTOBER 8.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

SCHOENBERG AND STRAVINSKY TO BE HEARD

Dr. Muck Announces Pieces by Them for the Symphony Concerts—Other Novelties in Prospect—"Lucia" and Joy at the Boston Theatre—Saint-Saens Falls Victim to a Prevalent Malady—More Support for the Century Company—Items and Opinions

THOUGH Dr. Muck was as politely reticent and smilingly evasive as it is his habit to be to reporters, when he arrived in Boston yesterday, he let fall to their brethren on the pier in New York a single sentence that means much for the interest of the Symphony Concerts. He had ordered, he said, the scores and the parts of novel pieces by Volbach, Reger, Schönberg, Stravinsky and Ropartz and he intended to put them on his programmes in the course of the season. A piece by Reger new to Boston (which may be either the "Romantic" or the "Ballet" suite) is almost an annual event; and Volbach has long been an interesting but by no means an outstanding figure in the middle generation of German composers. In a sense Reger and Volbach, pleasurable as their music may prove to be, are neither here nor there. The important, the stimulating point in Dr. Muck's saying is that at last the music of Schönberg and Stravinsky is to have a place in the Symphony Concerts.

However their pieces may sound, however they may offend the sensibilities of many a listener, they deserve to be heard because they are the work of men of original imagination, individual method and innovating spirit, who are altering the face of music in our immediate time and may be opening new and lasting paths for it. However distasteful either Schönberg or Stravinsky may be to Dr. Muck personally, he was bound as the conductor of the Symphony Concerts to let his audiences hear their music and judge of it for themselves. Now with his habitual loyalty and his intrinsic "honneur d'artiste," he is ready to fulfil his obligation. For two years the musically curious and the musically openminded in this town have been pressing for the performance of one or another of Schönberg's and Stravinsky's pieces. A little belatedly, but still in time for rejoicing, their reward has come, even as a second harp was vouchsafed the other day to those that have long believed it a cardinal need of the orchestra. The only regret is that to Schönberg and Stravinsky Dr. Muck did not add the third innovator of the day,
iabine. The compensation is Ropartz
he French composer of the school of
nck, but with an individuality, imagina-
and a procedure of his own, who has
ten a remarkable opera and notable
phonic pieces and who has been much
long overlooked in American concert-
s. After all, our good world of music
nove"—and forward. H. T. P.

NEWS OF MUSIC

Muck's New Pieces

ROM Symphony Hall this afternoon
come other and interesting particu-
lars of the novel pieces that Dr.
k purposes to include in the Sym-
y Concerts—if only the publishers
the music can succeed in sending
oston the scores and the parts that
ong since ordered of them. From
berg he has chosen the "Five Little
" with which conductors usually
their beginnings with the composer;
travinsky one or more of the
rranged from his ballets and by
his most representative work;
partz and from Volbach respect-
symphony. Furthermore, Dr.
poses to make known for the
in Boston, the prodigious sin-
the youth, Korngold, and a
poem after Ibsen's drama,
the Norwegian composer,
nd it is not unlikely that the
he parts of some of these
he shelves of American pub
isic and communication is
ow, with Paris, Berlin and

with Spirit

BOSTON JOURNAL

OCTOBER 10.

ANTON WITEK
SYMPHONY SOLOIST

STARS COMING TO SUNDAY CONCERTS

Notable Engagements Made For Matinees at Symphony Hall.

Following the precedent of the last two winters, a series of Sunday afternoon concerts will be given during the coming winter at Symphony Hall.

The first concert, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 1, will be given by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with Efrem Zimbalist as soloist. The concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra has become an annual fixture in Boston and always brings out a large audience.

On the following Sunday, Nov. 8, the concert will be given by Mme. Olive Fremstad, late of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Pasquale Amato, the distinguished Italian barytone of that institution. Mme. Fremstad is devoting herself this year entirely to concert work, while Mr. Amato is having a series of concert appearances before the opening of the Metropolitan season.

Sunday afternoon, Nov. 15, will bring a joint recital by Miss Julia Culp and Mme. Olga Samaroff.

The annual concert for the benefit of the pension fund of the orchestra will be given Sunday afternoon, Nov. 22. It is too far ahead to give any details regarding the program for this concert.

These Sunday concerts will continue well into the spring. Among the concerts which have been arranged are one by John McCormack, another by Harold Bauer, and Miss Maggie Teyte, the annual song recital of Mme. Schumann-Heink, one by Alma Gluck with an assisting artist, and a violin recital by Fritz Kreisler. Paderewski will appear on a Sunday afternoon, also Mme. Elisabeth Van Endert, Frieda Hempel, Jacques Thibaud, and Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Mme. Marie Matzenauer, the mezzo-soprano, and Carl Flesch, the Hungarian violinist, and Elena Gerhardt, while the Handel and Haydn Society will give its usual concerts.

This list will be added to as time goes on. It is hoped that arrangements can be made by which Mme. Sembrich, who is coming to America for a visit, may give one recital in Symphony Hall.

IRST SYMPHONY CONCERT FRIDAY

The thirty-fourth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open with concerts next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. The sale of seats, which has been in progress during the past week, is considered satisfactory in view of prevailing conditions. The orchestra is complete with the possible exception of one double-bass player, Mr. Agnesy, who has not arrived yet. The new members of the orchestra are here and the rehearsals begin Monday morning.

Dr. Muck, following the precedent established by him in past years, has not [illegible] afield for his first program. [illegible] symphony will be Beethoven's [illegible]. The other numbers will be [illegible] "Variations on a Theme by [illegible]," one of Richard Strauss' [illegible], "Don Juan," and Weber's [illegible]" overture.

ADVERTISER

OCTOBER 10

FINAL AUCTION SALE OF SYMPHONY TICKETS

The auction sale of Symphony tickets was brought to an end yesterday about half-past one, when the $10 seats were sold.

These included the last rows on the floor and in the first balcony, and the whole of the second balcony.

Prices ranged from a premium of $15 for the more desirable seats in the second balcony down to $3 and $4 for the less desirable seats under the balconies.

There are on hand at Symphony Hall a number of tickets both for the Friday rehearsals and the Saturday concerts, which were not taken. These are now on sale at the prices at which they were bid in.

Symphony Hall Concerts.

Following the precedent of the last two winters, a series of Sunday afternoon concerts will be given during the coming winter at Symphony Hall.

The first concert, Nov. 1, will be given by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with Efrem Zimbalist as soloist.

On Nov. 8, the concert will be given by Mme. Olive Fremstad and Pasquale Amato.

Nov. 15 will bring a joint recital by Miss Julia Culp and Mme. Olga Samaroff.

First Symphony Programme.

The 34th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open Friday afternoon with the first public rehearsal. The Symphony will be Beethoven's "Eroica." The other numbers will be Brahms' "Variations" on a Theme" by Haydn, Richard Strauss' "Don Juan" and Weber's overture, "Euryanthe."

The annual concert for the benefit of the Pension Fund of the orchestra will be given Nov. 22.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

OCTOBER 9,

First Symphony Program

At Symphony hall this morning the $10 seats for the Saturday evening concerts were offered at auction to a good-sized assemblage of bidders. The demands for the tickets were said to be about as strong as usual, though premiums were perhaps a little lower.

All arrangements are now complete for the opening of the season. On Monday morning the players of the orchestra will assemble to begin rehearsals of the first program, which, as formerly, will include Beethoven's third or "Eroica" symphony. The other numbers to be presented at the first pair of concerts, which come Oct. 16 and 17, are: Variations on a theme by Joseph Haydn, Brahms; tone poem, "Don Juan," Richard Strauss, and overture, "Euryanthe," Weber.

TRANSCRIPT,

OCTOBER 9,

NEWS OF MUSIC

Dr. Muck's First Programme—Mr. Ganz's Novel Pieces—"Il Trovatore" Lustily Sung—New Work for the People's Choral Union—Mating Mozart and Franck—Items and Opinions

HERE is the programme for the first pair of Symphony Concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of next week. As Dr. Muck did two years ago, he will begin the season with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony and for the first time since his return he will conduct in Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," that he led with masterful musical continuity, rhetorical force and delineative illusion at a concert for the Pension Fund last autumn. The list is:

Symphony, No. 3, "Eroica"	Beethoven
Variations on a Theme by Haydn ("Choral St. Antoni")	Brahms
Tone-Poem, "Don Juan"	Strauss
Overture to the Opera, "Euryanthe"	Weber

As Mr. Ganz's habit is, novel pieces—this time by the interesting Korngold, the imaginative Blanchet and the pianist himself—stand on the programme of his recital in Jordan Hall next Saturday afternoon. It goes:

Chaconne	Bach-Busoni
Sonata in D major	Haydn
Sonata in B minor	Chopin
In the Garden of the old Serail—Serenade in G flat	Blanchet
Etude-Caprice—The Pensive Spinner	Ganz
Elves' Dance	Korngold
Mignon's Song—Rakoczy March	Liszt

TRANSCRIPT,

OCTOBER 8,

HIGH SYMPHONY PREMIUM $50

Auction Sale of Saturday Night Concert Seats Tame as Compared to Last Year

A premium of $50 was the highest received this forenoon at the auction sale of the $18 seats at the Saturday evening concerts of the Symphony Orchestra. This is in startling contrast to the bid of $139 a year ago, when three seats in row P went at that premium. Sittings in the same row today ranged from $8 for end places at the right to $42 for four, two each on opposite sides of the central aisle.

Bidding for the front rows began as low as $3.50 and the increases were by fifty cents. The highest price received for the first few rows was $22 and $21.50, with scarcely any bids between these and the next ones of $13.50, $11 and $10. It was in row H that the $50 premium was obtained for a single seat at the left of the centre aisle. Neighboring seats sold for $30, while a bid of $3 secured a pair in the same row. In row I $38 was bid for a pair of seats; the highest price received in J was $22, in K $21, in L $22, in M $27.50 and in N $30, which was paid on two occasions. In O the highest figures were $38.50 for four seats and $33.50 for one. In Q the figures ranged between $8 and $22, while slightly higher prices were obtained in R, where $25 and $24.50 were paid for single seats. From these prices there was a gradual recession during the remainder of the morning.

Tomorrow the $10 seats for Saturday nights will be auctioned.

During the sale today Dr. Muck, the conductor, looked into the hall, and friends who spied him gave him a cordial welcome. Another of the band who received an equally cordial greeting was Alvin Schroeder, the 'cellist.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

OCTOBER 8, 1914

MUSIC NOTES

Karl Muck, the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, was at Symphony hall this morning arranging for his first rehearsal. Dr. Muck arrived in Boston Wednesday evening with Mrs. Muck and players in the orchestra who came from Europe to New York on the Ryndam.

Works new to the repertory of the orchestra which Dr. Muck said today he would put on the programs of the concerts this season are the following: Schoenberg, "Five Pieces for Orchestra"; Stravinsky, ballet music; Korngold, sinfonietta; Bollbach, symphony; Ropartz, symphony, and Schelderup, symphonic poem, "Brand." The time when certain of the scores and instrumental parts of these pieces reaches the Symphony librarian from the publishers is said to be uncertain. They will be produced one after another as they become available.

The sale of seats for the Saturday evening concerts of the Symphony orchestra opened this morning with brisk bidding. The $18 seats are auctioned today and the $10 seats tomorrow.

It was said that the premium bids figured out comparatively stronger than at the sale of public rehearsal tickets early in the week, although the rehearsal sale is always larger in totals as well as in special bids. Among the high offers today for floor seats near the middle and at the front of the house were the center aisle locations in row H, which brought $50 premium.

BOSTON GLOBE

OCTOBER 9, 1914

SYMPHONY NOVELTIES

New Pieces by Schoenberg, "Musical Anarchist."

Ballet Music by the Young Russian, Stravinsky, Included.

Dr Muck, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, remarked when he was seen in the library of Symphony Hall yesterday that it was a question of how many new works he could perform this season. There are plenty of works to be played, he said, but it remains to be seen whether the music, which he ordered in Germany last Summer, will be delivered. He announces, however, tentatively, a short list of very interesting novelties.

The first on the list is Five Pieces for Orchestra by Arnold Schoenberg. Schoenberg, the most talked about man in music today, is called the "anarchist of modern music." An early quartet of his was played here by the Flonzaley Quartet last Winter. These five pieces that Dr Muck announces are infinitely "more advanced" that the quartet and have stirred some audiences almost to riot.

Another, whose name will be seen on the program in Boston for the first time, is the Russian Stravinsky. He will be represented by some of the music he has written for the Russian Ballet. Eric Korngold, another name new to Boston Symphony programs, is the marvelous youth of Vienna still in his teens. An overture of his was played here last Winter by the Philadelphia Orchestra. Guy Ropartz, one of the younger school of French composers, has had music played here but during the Winter Dr Muck will play his Fourth Symphony. Another new work will be a symphony by Vollbach, who was one of the older and less known German composers.

Finally Dr Muck proposes to play the symphonic poem "Brand," by the Scandinavian composer, Schelderup. Schelderup has already been represented in Symphony programs with some small pieces, but this is the first work of large dimensions that will have been played here. The work is based on Ibsen's play of the same name.

SYMPHONY SEAT SALE.

Final Sale of Seats for Saturday Evening Concerts to Begin This Morning at 10 O'Clock.

Two-thirds of the house for the 24 concerts which will be given this year by the Symphony Orchestra were sold at auction in Symphony Hall yesterday. These comprise the higher class seats on which the upset price was $18, and included all but the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows of the first balcony, and the entire second balcony. As has been the case for the past 20 years, the prices for these seats range considerably lower than those secured for the seats for the rehearsals. Last year there was the startling price of $139 premium bid for two seats on the center aisle. This price, however, was entirely abnormal, as such prices must always be.

Yesterday the highest premium secured was $50 for two center-aisle seats in the middle of the house. The general range of prices was about the same as last year, some parts of the house going a little higher, some parts of the house going a little less. The choicest seats on the middle of the floor brought premiums from $25 to $40, but the general average was nearer the former figure. A great many bargains were secured, some of the seats three-fourths of the way back going for $2 or $3 over the upset price.

There was the usual desire on the part of the public to secure seats on the sides of the balcony. The prices here ranged about the same as in the middle of the floor, although no single premium got as high as $50. The first row of the balcony averaged premiums of $20 to $30, and the third row on the sides a little higher. The center balcony brought about the usual prices.

The final sales of seats for the concerts will begin at Symphony Hall this morning at 10 o'clock. Then the $10 seats will be sold. These comprise the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows in the first balcony, and the entire second balcony. The sale will be over probably about 1 o'clock.

EVENING RECORD

OCTOBER 8 1914

Symphony Novelties in Germany but Muck Thinks He Can Get Them

Dr. Karl Much of the Symphony announced today that in spite of the war he expected he would have some interesting orchestral novelties for the season. This announcement depends on the ability of Dr. Muck to get the music through from Europe, but he feels confident that he can.

The novelties include Five Pieces for Orchestra by the much discussed Schoenberg, some of whose ultra modern music "stunned" Boston last winter.

The youthful Korngold is represented by a Spinfonietta, Vollbach and Ropartz by symphonies, and Stravinsky, by some ballet music. A symphonic poem, "Brand," by Schelderup, is one of the interesting new works, and this Dr. Muck announced without qualification he will have. All the music is now in Germany.

BOSTON JOURNAL
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First Symphony Programme.

The 34th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open Friday afternoon with the first public rehearsal. The Symphony will be Beethoven's "Eroica." The other numbers will be Brahms' "Variations" on a Theme" by Haydn, Richard Strauss' "Don Juan" and Weber's overture, "Euryanthe."

The annual concert for the benefit of the Pension Fund of the orchestra will be given Nov. 22.

MONITOR, BOSTON,
OCTOBER 9,

First Symphony Program

At Symphony hall this morning the $10 seats for the Saturday evening concerts were offered at auction to a good-sized assemblage of bidders. The demands for the tickets were said to be about as strong as usual, though premiums were perhaps a little lower.

All arrangements are now complete foı the opening of the season. On Monday morning the players of the orchestra will assemble to begin rehearsals of the first program, which, as formerly, will include Beethoven's third or "Eroica" symphony. The other numbers to be presented at the first pair of concerts, which come Oct. 16 and 17, are: Variations on a theme by Joseph Haydn, Brahms; tone poem, "Don Juan," Richard Strauss, and overture, "Euryanthe," Weber.

TRANSCRIPT,
OCTOBER 9,

NEWS OF MUSIC

Dr. Muck's First Programme—Mr. Ganz's Novel Pieces—"Il Trovatore" Lustily Sung—New Work for the People's Choral Union—Mating Mozart and Franck—Items and Opinions

HERE is the programme for the first pair of Symphony Concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of next week. As Dr. Muck did two years ago, he will begin the season with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony and for the first time since his return he will conduct in Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," that he led with masterful musical continuity, rhetorical force and delineative illusion at a concert for the Pension Fund last autumn. The list is:

Symphony, No. 3, "Eroica"	Beethoven
Variations on a Theme by Haydn ("Choral St. Antoni")	Brahms
Tone-Poem, "Don Juan"	Strauss
Overture to the Opera, "Euryanthe"	Weber

As Mr. Ganz's habit is, novel pieces—this time by the interesting Korngold, the imaginative Blanchet and the pianist himself—stand on the programme of his recital in Jordan Hall next Saturday afternoon. It goes:

Chaconne	Bach-Busoni
Sonata in D major	Haydn
Sonata in B minor	Chopin
In the Garden of the old Serail—Serenade in G flat	Blanchet
Etude-Caprice—The Pensive Spinner	Ganz
Elves' Dance	Korngold
Mignon's Song—Rakoczy March	Liszt

TRANSCRIPT,
OCTOBER 8,

HIGH SYMPHONY PREMIUM $50

Auction Sale of Saturday Night Concert Seats Tame as Compared to Last Year

A premium of $50 was the highest received this forenoon at the auction sale of the $18 seats at the Saturday evening concerts of the Symphony Orchestra. This is in startling contrast to the bid of $139 a year ago, when three seats in row P went at that premium. Sittings in the same row today ranged from $8 for end places at the right to $42 for four, two each on opposite sides of the central aisle.

Bidding for the front rows began as low as $3.50 and the increases were by fifty cents. The highest price received for the first few rows was $22 and $21.50, with scarcely any bids between these and the next ones of $13.50, $11 and $10. It was in row H that the $50 premium was obtained for a single seat at the left of the centre aisle. Neighboring seats sold for $30, while a bid of $3 secured a pair in the same row. In row I $38 was bid for a pair of seats; the highest price received in J was $22, in K $21, in L $22, in M $27.50 and in N $30, which was paid on two occasions. In O the highest figures were $38.50 for four seats and $33.50 for one. In Q the figures ranged between $8 and $22, while slightly higher prices were obtained in R, where $25 and $24..50 were paid for single seats. From these prices there was a gradual recession during the remainder of the morning.

Tomorrow the $10 seats for Saturday nights will be auctioned.

During the sale today Dr. Muck, the conductor, looked into the hall, and friends who spied him gave him a cordial welcome. Another of the band who received an equally cordial greeting was Alvin Schroeder, the 'cellist.

MONITOR, BOSTON,
OCTOBER 8, 1914

MUSIC NOTES

Karl Muck, the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, was at Symphony hall this morning arranging for his first rehearsal. Dr. Muck arrived in Boston Wednesday evening with Mrs. Muck and players in the orchestra who came from Europe to New York on the Ryndam.

Works new to the repertory of the orchestra which Dr. Muck said today he would put on the programs of the concerts this season are the following: Schoenberg, "Five Pieces for Orchestra"; Stravinsky, ballet music; Korngold, sinfonietta; Bollbach, symphony; Ropartz, symphony, and Schelderup, symphonic poem, "Brand." The time when certain of the scores and instrumental parts of these pieces reaches the Symphony librarian from the publishers is said to be uncertain. They will be produced one after another as they become available.

The sale of seats for the Saturday evening concerts of the Symphony orchestra opened this morning with brisk bidding. The $18 seats are auctioned today and the $10 seats tomorrow.

It was said that the premium bids figured out comparatively stronger than at the sale of public rehearsal tickets early in the week, although the rehearsal sale is always larger in totals as well as in special bids. Among the high offers today for floor seats near the middle and at the front of the house were the center aisle locations in row H, which brought $40 premium.

BOSTON GLOBE
OCTOBER 9, 1914.

SYMPHONY NOVELTIES

New Pieces by Schoenberg, "Musical Anarchist."

Ballet Music by the Young Russian, Stravinsky, Included.

Dr Muck, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, remarked when he was seen in the library of Symphony Hall yesterday that it was a question of how many new works he could perform this season. There are plenty of works to be played, he said, but it remains to be seen whether the music, which he ordered in Germany last Summer, will be delivered. He announces, however, tentatively, a short list of very interesting novelties.

The first on the list is Five Pieces for Orchestra by Arnold Schoenberg. Schoenberg, the most talked about man in music today, is called the "anarchist of modern music." An early quartet of his was played here by the Flonzaley Quartet last Winter. These five pieces that Dr Muck announces are infinitely "more advanced" that the quartet and have stirred some audiences almost to riot.

Another, whose name will be seen on the program in Boston for the first time, is the Russian Stravinsky. He will be represented by some of the music he has written for the Russian Ballet. Eric Korngold, another name new to Boston Symphony programs, is the marvelous youth of Vienna still in his teens. An overture of his was played here last Winter by the Philadelphia Orchestra. Guy Ropartz, one of the younger school of French composers, has had music played here but during the Winter Dr Muck will play his Fourth Symphony. Another new work will be a symphony by Vollbach, who was one of the older and less known German composers.

Finally Dr Muck proposes to play the symphonic poem "Brand," by the Scandinavian composer, Schelderup. Schelderup has already been represented in Symphony programs with some small pieces, but this is the first work of large dimensions that will have been played here. The work is based on Ibsen's play of the same name.

SYMPHONY SEAT SALE.

Final Sale of Seats for Saturday Evening Concerts to Begin This Morning at 10 O'Clock.

Two-thirds of the house for the 24 concerts which will be given this year by the Symphony Orchestra were sold at auction in Symphony Hall yesterday. These comprise the higher class seats on which the upset price was $18, and included all but the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows of the first balcony, and the entire second balcony. As has been the case for the past 20 years, the prices for these seats range considerably lower than those secured for the seats for the rehearsals. Last year there was the startling price of $139 premium bid for two seats on the center aisle. This price, however, was entirely abnormal, as such prices must always be.

Yesterday the highest premium secured was $50 for two center-aisle seats in the middle of the house. The general range of prices was about the same as last year, some parts of the house going a little higher, some parts of the house going a little less. The choicest seats on the middle of the floor brought premiums from $25 to $40, but the general average was nearer the former figure. A great many bargains were secured, some of the seats three-fourths of the way back going for $2 or $3 over the upset price.

There was the usual desire on the part of the public to secure seats on the sides of the balcony. The prices here ranged about the same as in the middle of the floor, although no single premium got as high as $50. The first row of the balcony averaged premiums of $20 to $30, and the third row on the sides a little higher. The center balcony brought about the usual prices.

The final sales of seats for the concerts will begin at Symphony Hall this morning at 10 o'clock. Then the $10 seats will be sold. These comprise the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows in the first balcony, and the entire second balcony. The sale will be over probably about 1 o'clock.

EVENING RECORD
OCTOBER 8 1914

Symphony Novelties in Germany but Muck Thinks He Can Get Them

Dr. Karl Much of the Symphony announced today that in spite of the war he expected he would have some interesting orchestral novelties for the season. This announcement depends on the ability of Dr. Muck to get the music through from Europe, but he feels confident that he can.

The novelties include Five Pieces for Orchestra by the much discussed Schoenberg, some of whose ultra modern music "stunned" Boston last winter.

The youthful Korngold is represented by a Spinfonietta, Vollbach and Ropartz by symphonies, and Stravinsky, by some ballet music. A symphonic poem, "Brand," by Schelderup, is one of the interesting new works, and this Dr. Muck announced without qualification he will have. All the music is now in Germany.

[15]

JOURNAL

OCTOBER 9.

$50 PREMIUM FOR SYMPHONY SEATS

Is Highest at Auction Sale for Saturday Night Concerts.

Two-thirds of the house for the twenty-four Saturday night concerts which will be given this year by the Symphony Orchestra were sold at auction yesterday. The highest premium secured was $50 for two center aisle seats in the middle of the house. The general range of prices was about the same as last year. The choicest seats on the middle of the floor brought premiums of from $25 to $40, but the general average was nearer the former figure. A great many bargains were secured, some of the seats three-fourths of the way back going for $2 or $3 over the upset price.

The final sales of seats for the concerts will begin at Symphony Hall this morning at 10 o'clock. Then the $10 seats will be sold. These comprise the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows in the first balcony and the entire second balcony.

Dr. Muck has announced a short list of very interesting novelties. The first is "Five Pieces for the Orchestra," by Arnold Schoenberg, the "Anarchist of modern music." Another whose name will be seen on the program in Boston for the first time is the Russian composer, Stravinsky, who will be represented by some of the music he has written for the Russian ballet. Eric Korngold is another name new on Boston Symphony programs. Korngold is the marvelous youth of Vienna who, still in his teens, is writing remarkable music. Guy Ropartz, one of the younger school of French composers, will be repsented by his Fourth Symphony. Another new work will be a symphony by Vollbach, one of the older and less known German composers.

Finally, Dr. Muck proposes to play the symphonic poem, "Brand," by the Scandinavian composer, Schelderup. The work is based on Ibsen's play of the same name.

ADVERTISER,

OCTOBER 9

SYMPHONY TICKETS BRING $50 PREMIUM

Average Prices Obtained at Auction Sale for 24 Concerts to Be Given This Year.

Two-thirds of the house for the 24 concerts which will be given this year by the Symphony Orchestra, were sold at auction in Symphony Hall yesterday.

These comprise the higher class seats on which the upset price was $18, and included all but the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows of the first balcony, and the entire second balcony.

As has been the case for the past 20 years, the prices for these seats range considerably lower than those secured for the seats for the rehearsals. Last year there was the startling price of $139 premium bid for two seats on the centre aisle. This price, however, was entirely abnormal, as such prices must always be.

Yesterday the highest premium secured was $50 for two centre aisle seats in the middle of the house. The general range of prices was about the same as last year, some parts of the house going a little higher, some parts of the house going a little less.

The choicest seats on middle of the floor brought premiums from $25 to $40 but the general average was nearer the former figure. A great many bargains were obtained, some of the seats three-fourths of the way back going for two or three dollars over the upset price.

There was the usual desire on the part of the public to secure seats on the sides of the balcony. The prices here ranged about the same as in the middle of the floor, although no single premium got as high as $50. The first row of the balcony averaged premiums of $20 to $30, and the third row on the sides a little higher. The centre balcony brought about the usual prices.

The final sales of seats for the concerts will begin at Symphony Hall this morning at 10 o'clock. Then the $10 seats will be sold. These comprise the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows in the first balcony and the entire second balcony. The sale will be over probably about 1 o'clock.

BOSTON HERALD.

OCTOBER 9. 1914

$50 PREMIUM PAID FOR SYMPHONY SEATS

Yesterday's Maximum Below That of 1913—Average About Same.

The maximum premium paid for seats at yesterday's sale of $18 seats for the 24 Symphony Hall concerts that comprise the program for this season was $50, which was offered for each of two chairs in the centre of the floor on the aisle. This figure was far below last year's record-breaking price of $129.

Two thirds of the seats in the hall were auctioned off yesterday, at prices that averaged about the same as a year ago, and that, as usual, fell considerably

The aisle seats in the balcony, and those in the front row, were in great demand, and brought almost as much as those in the middle part of the floor. The first row in the balcony averaged, in premiums, from $20 to $30, and those behind about the usual price.

The final sale of seats for the concerts will begin at Symphony Hall at 10 o'clock this morning, when all but the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows in the balcony, and the entire second balcony will be disposed of.

BOSTON POST,

OCTOBER 9,

PRICES STRONG AT SYMPHONY

Auction of $18 Seats Shows Good Premiums

The $18 seats for the 24 concerts which will be given this year by the Symphony Orchestra were sold at auction in Symphony Hall yesterday. The highest premium secured was $50 for two centre aisle seats in the middle of the house. The general range of prices was about the same as last year, some parts of the house going a little higher, some parts a little less.

The prices in the balcony ranged about the same as in the middle of the floor. The first row there averaged premiums of $20 to $30 and the third row on the sides a little higher. The centre balcony brought about the usual prices.

The final sales of seats for the concerts will begin at Symphony Hall this morning at 10 o'clock. Then the $10 seats will be sold. These comprise the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows in the first balcony and the entire second balcony. The sale will be over probably about 1 o'clock.

ADVERTISER,

OCTOBER 8

SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR RETURNS TO BOSTON

DR. AND MRS. MUCK LAND IN NEW YORK FROM RYNDAM

Orchestra Leader Was in Bayreuth When Germany Ordered the Mobilization of Army in August.

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, with Mrs. Muck, reached Boston on the Knickerbocker Limited last evening from New York, where he had landed in the morning.

Dr. and Mrs. Muck sailed from Rotterdam in the str. Ryndam Sunday, Sept. 27. With him on the ship were several members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, including Mr. Sand, the new first clarinet of the orchestra, and Messrs. Sauvlet and Otto Roth of the first violins.

Dr. Muck came directly from Berlin, where he had spent the greater part of the time since he left Bayreuth in the middle of August. Shortly before sailing he went to his summer home in Doblebad, in Southern Austria.

Was in Bayreuth.

When Germany ordered the mobilization of its army, Saturday, Aug. 1, Dr. Muck was conducting the second performance of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth. Up to the very beginning of the performance there was much doubt whether it could be given, but finally word came that none of the members of the orchestra need leave Bayreuth before the end of the performance. A good part of the orchestra was in the army within 24 hours.

Dr. Muck expressed himself as being unwilling to discuss the war now raging in Europe. An intense patriot and an absolute believer in his country, he naturally feels very deeply on the subject. He is bitterly disappointed that he is unable to serve Germany in some capacity.

It was through Dr. Muck's efforts that nearly all of the younger Germans in the Orchestra who were in Germany last summer were released from their military duty and were able to return to their work here in Boston.

There were, however, several musicians whom he had engaged to fill vacancies in the orchestra who have been unable to come because of having been called to the army. These include, Dr. Muck said, a very remarkable trumpet player and an equally wonderful trombone player, as well as some violinists.

However, those places have been filled satisfactorily and there will be no lessening of the artistic value of the orchestra.

As no less than 14 different races are represented in the membership of the orchestra, the question has arisen whether the natural feelings aroused by the war might not cause some trouble, but Dr. Muck has no fear of this. The men for the most part have been in the orchestra a long time and they are personal friends and it is already understood that the war will not be discussed among them.

Dr. Muck is not yet quite ready to make definite announcements regarding his plans and the programmes. This will follow within a day or so.

Mrs. Muck is looking forward with keen expectations of pleasure to settling in the house in the Fenway which they bought last spring in a week or so. In the meantime they are stopping at the Copley-

Both Very Tired.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Muck were thoroughly tired out when they arrived in town last evening. The trip from Rotterdam was anything but restful. The ship was crowded to its utmost capacity, so that there were three sittings for every meal.

They did not, however, have the excitement of being held up by an English or French war ship in the Channel. The Ryndam had a wig-wagging conversation with an English ship the first day out from Rotterdam, but that was the only thing of the kind that happened.

On the same ship with them was Alfred Hertz, the German conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

BOSTON GLOBE—

OCTOBER 7,

DR KARL MUCK BACK FROM BERLIN

Alleged Atrocities by German Troops Denied.

Baroness Elsie von Blomberg of Boston Returns on Same Steamer.

NEW YORK, Oct 7—Dr Karl Muck, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, accompanied by Mrs Muck and four members of the orchastra, arrived today on the Ryndham of the Holland-American Line from Rotterdam, after having been detained for a month in Berlin where h was compelled to perform clerical work in the War Office.

Vigorous denial was made by Dr Muck of the atrocities reported to have been committed by German troops. He asserted that the Belgians allowed the reports to be circulated with the view of diverting the sympathy of Americans and largely to cover up their own barbaric cruelty to wounded German soldiers.

"I know it to be a fact that evidence is no won hand in the German office to substantiate the acts of cruelty in the part of Belgum and I personally saw three wounded German officers," said Dr Muck," whose eyes were gorged out by Belgians while they lay helpless on the battlefields. These officers are now in Berlin and their sworn statements, together with the living evidence of their condition, will be forthcoming when the hostilities end.

"Soldiers have returned to Germany with their hands cut off, others with their ears missing an dstill others bearing marks of cruelty which only the savages of Darkest Africa, it wouldseem to an enlightened mind, would be heartless enough to commit—andthese were not received in battle, but at the hands of Belgians, while they were helpless to defend themselves, because of injuries received during operations recognized in modern and humane warfare."

Dr Muck was also accompanied by Otto Roth, Albert Sand, Hubert Schwedler Sauvelt and Henrik Van Veen, whose arrival in Boston will make the personnel of the Symphony Orchestra complete.

A number of compositions were brought back by Dr Muck which he believes will attract much attention in this country, among them being those of Volbach, Storavinsky, Ropartz, Schoenberg and Reger. They are new to this country, but have been heard in Europe.

Another passenger on the Ryndam was Baroness Elsie Von Blomberg of 116 Charles st, Boston. Her brother, Baron Von Blomberg, is a surgeon in the Imperial German Medical Corps, and is now at the front with the troops operating in France. The Baroness left at once for Boston, where she expects to remain until the hend of the war.

(New York Herald Service.)

BOSTON JOURNAL—

OCTOBER 8,

DR. MUCK HERE FOR SYMPHONY SEASON

Conductor Is Accompanied From Germany by New Players.

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, with Mrs. Muck, reached Boston on the Knickerbocker Limited last evening from New York, where he landed in the morning. Dr. and Mrs. Muck sailed from Rotterdam on the steamer Ryndham Sunday, Sept. 27. With them on the ship were several members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, including Mr. Sand, the new first clarinet of the orchestra, and Messrs. Sauvlet and Otto Roth of the first violins.

When Germany ordered the mobilization of its army, Saturday, Aug. 1, Dr. Muck was conducting the second performance of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth. Up to the very beginning of the performance there was much doubt whether it could be given, but finally word came that none of the members of the orchestra need leave Bayreuth before the end of the performance. A large part of the orchestra was in the army within twenty-four hours.

Dr. Muck was unwilling to discuss the war. He is bitterly disappointed that he is unable to serve Germany in some capacity.

It was through Dr. Muck's efforts that nearly all of the younger Germans in the orchestra who were in Germany last summer were released from their military duty and were able to return to their work here in Boston. As no less than fourteen different [illegible] are repre-

chestra, the question has arisen whether the natural feelings aroused by the war might not cause some trouble, but Dr. Muck has no fear of this. The men for the most part have been in the orchestra a long time and are personal friends. It is already understood that the war will not be discussed among them.

Dr. Muck is not yet quite ready to make definite announcements regarding his plans and the programs. Mrs. Muck is looking forward with keen expectations of pleasure to settling in the house in the Fenway which they bought last spring. It will probably be a week or so before they get in. In the meantime they are at the Copley-Plaza.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Muck were thoroughly tired out when they arrived in town last evening. The trip from Rotterdam was anything but restful. On the same ship with them was Alfred Hertz, the German conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

OCTOBER 12,

URGES SYMPHONY PLAYERS TO BE STRICTLY NEUTRAL

Henry L. Higginson Talks to Men at Season's First Rehearsal.

The first rehearsal of the year of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was held in Symphony Hall this morning. The entire orchestra was present. After the orchestra had been assembled on the stage, Mr. Higginson spoke to them regarding the difficult conditions under which they must work this year, owing to so many of them belonging to the different countries that are at war, and urging them to ignore all things which might lead to friction in the ranks. He said in part:

"It is pleasant to see you all, and I offer to you my kind greeting and best wishes, and I welcome the newcomers to our orchestra.

"Nearly 60 years ago I dreamed of this orchestra for the sake of art and especially for the happiness and welfare of our people. For 34 years I have worked over it and, by the aid of many able and distinguished artists, the orchestra has been formed, and has reached its present point of excellence. I care very much for the orchestra.

Under Difficult Circumstances.

"We meet again under difficult circumstances; we are of many nationalities, including Americans, and we all are on American soil, which is neutral. Therefore, we must use every effort to avoid all unpleasant words or looks, for our task is to make harmony above all things—harmony even in the most modern music. I expect only harmony in your relations to one another.

"I had feared that we might not be able to give the concerts this year because the presence of Dr. Muck and of many members seemed unlikely. We have lost only a few men, and have filled their places well. The public has urgently asked me again and again for the concerts, and my only reply has been that it depended upon circumstances, and that, in case of a general war, the contracts allowed me to give up the concerts if I were not satisfied with the members to be had. It seemed clear that if one year passed without the concerts we should hardly ever have the orchestra again, for to bring together the old men, who might have sought positions elsewhere, and to get the new men needed would be a great task, to which neither Dr. Muck nor I were equal. It has taken many years to make the orchestra, and you can understand how many years it would take to rebuild it.

"I have thought of you all as needing the work; I have thought of the beautiful concerts already given, and have thought of the people who wanted them; and, considering all these points, I wish to go on with the concerts.

Must Avoid Friction.

"The conditions of this year were against us, and it was our part as men to overcome these conditions if we could. Dr. Muck has done his best. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Brennan have done their best, and I ask your agreement to do your best and, under no circumstances, however trying, to do or say anything which may cause friction. You have to sit together for rehearsals, for concerts, in the tuning room, in the railroad trains, in the hotels while on journeys. Mutual forbearance and respect toward each other is absolutely indispensable. Without it the orchestra cannot live.

"You all have at heart the reputation of our orchestra, which has achieved a fine name and which is known in Europe as well as here. It rests with you to keep that name bright, and to give to our public such concerts as we have had before."

At the end of his remarks he was warmly applauded by the musicians.

POST, THURSDAY,

OCTOB 1914

DR. MUCK OF SYMPHONY IN BOSTON

Conductor Denies Stories of Atrocities by Germans

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, with Mrs. Muck, reached Boston on the Knickerbocker limited last evening from New York, where he had landed in the morning. Dr. and Mrs. Muck sailed from Rotterdam in the steamer Ryndam on Sunday, Sept. 27.

With him on the ship were several members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, including Albert Sand, the new first clarinet of the orchestra, and Messrs. Sauvlet and Otto Roth of the first violins.

BAYREUTH MEN IN ARMY

Dr. Muck came directly from Berlin, where he had spent the greater part of the time since he left Bayreuth, in the middle of August. Shortly before sailing he went to his summer home in Doblebad, in southern Austria. When Germany ordered the mobilization of its army, Saturday, Aug. 1, Dr. Muck was conducting the second performance of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth.

Up to the very beginning of the performance there was much doubt whether it could be given, but finally word came that none of the members of the orchestra need leave Bayreuth before the end of the performance. A good part of the orchestra was in the army within 24 hours.

Denies Atrocities by Germans

Vigorous denial was made by Dr. Muck of the atrocities reported to have been committed by German troops. He asserted that the Belgians allowed the reports to be circulated with the view of diverting the sympathy of Americans and largely to cover up their own barbaric cruelty to wounded German soldiers.

"I know it to be a fact that evidence is now on hand in the German office to substantiate the acts of cruelty on the part of Belgium, and I personally saw three wounded German officers," said Dr. Muck, "whose eyes were gouged out by Belgians while they lay helpless on the battlefields. These officers are now in Berlin and their sworn statements, together with the living evidence of their condition, will be forthcoming when the hostilities end.

"Soldiers have returned to Germany with their hands cut off, others with their ears missing and still others bearing marks of cruelty, which only the savages of Darkest Africa, it would seem to an enlightened mind, would be heartless enough to commit—and these were not received in battle, but at the hands of Belgians, while they were helpless to defend themselves, because of injuries received during operations recognized in modern and humane warfare."

Vacancies All Filled

It was through Dr. Muck's efforts that nearly all of the younger Germans in the orchestra who were in Germany last summer were released from their military duty, and were able to return to their work here in Boston. There were, however, several musicians whom he had engaged to fill vacancies in the orchestra who have been unable to come because of having been called to the army. "These include," Dr. Muck said, "a very remarkable trumpet player and an equally wonderful trombone player, as well as some violinists. However, these places have been filled satisfactorily, and there will be no lessening of the artistic value of the orchestra." As no less than 14 different races are represented in the membership of the orchestra, the question has arisen whether the natural feelings aroused by the war might not cause some trouble, but Dr. Muck has no fear of this.

The men, for the most part, have been in the orchestra a long time, and they are personal friends, and it is already understood that the war will not be discussed among them.

At the Copley-Plaza

Dr. Muck is not yet quite ready to make definite announcements regarding his plans and the programmes. This will follow within a day or so. Mrs. Muck is looking forward with keen expectations of pleasure to settling in the house in the Fenway which they bought last spring. It will probably be a week or so before they get in. In the meantime they are stopping at the Copley-Plaza.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Muck were thoroughly tired out when they arrived in town last evening. The trip from Rotterdam was anything but restful. The ship was crowded to its utmost capacity so that there were three sittings for each meal. They did not, however, [illegible] the excitement of being held [illegible]

in the channel. The Ryndam [illegible] wig-wagging conversation with [illegible] lish ship the first day out from Rotterdam, but that was the only thing of the kind that happened. On the same ship with them was Alfred Hertz, the German conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Brings Back Novelties

A number of compositions were brought back by Dr. Muck which he believes will attract much attention in this country, among them being those of Volbach, Stravinsky, Ropartz, Schoenberg and Reger. They are new to this country, but have been heard in Europe.

Another passenger on the Ryndam was Baroness Elsie Von Blomberg of 116 Charles street. Her brother, Baron Von Bloomberg, is a surgeon in the Imperial German Medical Corps, and is now at the front with the troops operating in France. The baroness expects to remain in Boston until the end of the war.

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York
Date

Since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers there hasn't been just such a crowd of Indians, on the beach, or American natives, at least, as were waiting at the dock for to-day's latest European arrival. Due in New York by the liner Ryndam, on which he had somehow contrived to elude the vigilance of hostile navies sweeping his compatriots from the sea, the Kaiser's own conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, was returning on his annual leave of absence from Berlin for another winter with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. A rumor came across that he might "have something to say." Now, according to all critics, that is precisely what present day musicians have not. Only war makes this an exceptional year. Dr. Muck, moreover, is an ardent patriot, and he was reported to be "red hot."

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From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date OCT 3 - 1914

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From PUBLIC LEDGER
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Date OCT 4

News and Notes

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Address: Washington, D. C.
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Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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The five concerts here this year will be given Monday afternoons, the dates being November 3, December 1, January 5, February 16 and March 16.

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date

SEATS AT $108 PREMIUM FOR BOSTON SYMPHONY

Record Is Broken in Auction for Orchestra Rehearsals.

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Charles Ellis, manager of the orchestra, went to New York to meet Carl Muck, conductor, who is expected on the Ryndam from Rotterdam. Others expected on the same boat are Miss Irene Seyden, violinist, and Otto Roth, many years one of the first violinists of the Symphony Orchestra.

From NEWS
Address BALTIMORE, MD.
Date OCT 2 1914

Boston Symphony

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Date OCT 4 -

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* * *

From Daily Eagle, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Address
Date OCT 5 1914

MUSICAL OVERTURES TO A BUSY SEASON

Boston Symphony to Begin Season on Date Originally Planned.

PROGRAMMES ARE ANNOUNCED

For Young People's Concerts—Fremstad to Aid Adelphi Endowment Fund.

The musical public of Brooklyn is to be congratulated in that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is beginning its regular season on the date originally planned, and with its personnel practically intact. The five concerts which the orchestra gives in Brooklyn each year have become, in a sense, the center about which revolves the musical life of Brooklyn. The only difficulty now is that the Academy of Music cannot hold all those who wish to attend the concerts.

The late Professor Hooper tried to induce the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to give a second series of concerts in Brooklyn, each season, and, while the management was more than willing to undertake such a series, unfortunately it was unable to comply with the urgent request. The subscription for the coming season is like that of a year ago—everything sold.

Dr. Muck is due to arrive in New York from Europe this week, and with his arrival the ranks of the orchestra will be complete. The first rehearsal has been called for Monday, October 12, and the season of the orchestra is to begin in Boston on October 16

From INQUIRER
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Date OCT 4 - 19

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From TIMES
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BOSTON SYMPHONY IN FIVE CONCERTS

Personnel of the Famous Orchestra Intact—Dr. Muck to Lead Here.

The prospects of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Washington have never been brighter than they are this year. The five concerts this famous institution gives in the city has long since become not only an artistic but a social necessity of a Washington season. At Boston Symphony concerts one [illegible] "every one who is any one" in Washington's social, political, and artistic life.

Dr. Muck, the conductor of the orchestra, is reaching America this week and the work of the orchestra begins next week. It will carry out its complete schedule of the season excepting the preliminary Western trip which was to have taken in the first fortnight of October. Owing to the congestion of European travel, it was impossible for all the members of the orchestra who were abroad to get back in time for this, but with Dr. Muck

POST, THURSDAY,

OCTOB 1914

DR. MUCK OF SYMPHONY IN BOSTON

Conductor Denies Stories of Atrocities by Germans

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, with Mrs. Muck, reached Boston on the Knickerbocker limited last evening from New York, where he had landed in the morning. Dr. and Mrs. Muck sailed from Rotterdam in the steamer Ryndam on Sunday, Sept. 27.

With him on the ship were several members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, including Albert Sand, the new first clarinet of the orchestra, and Messrs. Sauvlet and Otto Roth of the first violins.

BAYREUTH MEN IN ARMY

Dr. Muck came directly from Berlin, where he had spent the greater part of the time since he left Bayreuth, in the middle of August. Shortly before sailing he went to his summer home in Doblebad, in southern Austria. When Germany ordered the mobilization of its army, Saturday, Aug. 1, Dr. Muck was conducting the second performance of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth.

Up to the very beginning of the performance there was much doubt whether it could be given, but finally word came that none of the members of the orchestra need leave Bayreuth before the end of the performance. A good part of the orchestra was in the army within 24 hours.

Denies Atrocities by Germans

Vigorous denial was made by Dr. Muck of the atrocities reported to have been committed by German troops. He asserted that the Belgians allowed the reports to be circulated with the view of diverting the sympathy of Americans and largely to cover up their own barbaric cruelty to wounded German soldiers.

"I know it to be a fact that evidence is now on hand in the German office to substantiate the acts of cruelty on the part of Belgium, and I personally saw three wounded German officers," said Dr. Muck, "whose eyes were gouged out by Belgians while they lay helpless on the battlefields. These officers are now in Berlin and their sworn statements, together with the living evidence of their condition, will be forthcoming when the hostilities end.

"Soldiers have returned to Germany with their hands cut off, others with their ears missing and still others bearing marks of cruelty, which only the savages of Darkest Africa, it would seem to an enlightened mind, would be heartless enough to commit—and these were not received in battle, but at the hands of Belgians, while they were helpless to defend themselves, because of injuries received during operations recognized in modern and humane warfare."

Vacancies All Filled

It was through Dr. Muck's efforts that nearly all of the younger Germans in the orchestra who were in Germany last summer were released from their military duty, and were able to return to their work here in Boston. There were, however, several musicians whom he had engaged to fill vacancies in the orchestra who have been unable to come because of having been called to the army. "These include," Dr. Muck said, "a very remarkable trumpet player and an equally wonderful trombone player, as well as some violinists. However, these places have been filled satisfactorily, and there will be no lessening of the artistic value of the orchestra." As no less than 14 different races are represented in the membership of the orchestra, the question has arisen whether the natural feelings aroused by the war might not cause some trouble, but Dr. Muck has no fear of this. The men, for the most part, have been in the orchestra a long time, and they are personal friends, and it is already understood that the war will not be discussed among them.

At the Copley-Plaza

Dr. Muck is not yet quite ready to make definite announcements regarding his plans and the programmes. This will follow within a day or so. Mrs. Muck is looking forward with keen expectations of pleasure to settling in the house in the Fenway which they bought last spring. It will probably be a week or so before they get in. In the meantime they are stopping at the Copley-Plaza.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Muck were thoroughly tired out when they arrived in town last evening. The trip from Rotterdam was anything but restful. The ship was crowded to its utmost capacity so that there were three sittings for every meal. They did not, however, have the excitement of being held [illegible] an English or French warship in the channel. The Ryndam [illegible] a wig-wagging conversation with an English ship the first day out from Rotterdam, but that was the only thing of the kind that happened. On the same ship with them was Alfred Hertz, the German conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Brings Back Novelties

A number of compositions were brought back by Dr. Muck which he believes will attract much attention in this country, among them being those of Volbach, Stravinsky, Ropartz, Schoenberg and Reger. They are new to this country, but have been heard in Europe.

Another passenger on the Ryndam was Baroness Elsie Von Blomberg of 116 Charles street. Her brother, Baron Von Bloomberg, is a surgeon in the Imperial German Medical Corps, and is now at the front with the troops operating in France. The baroness expects to remain in Boston until the end of the war.

From EVENING SUN

Address: New York

Date

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UIRER

Philadelphia, Pa.

OCT 4 - 19

Symphony Orchestra

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RECORD, MONDAY, OCTOBER 12

Higginson Urges Neutrality And Harmony in Little Talk With Symphony Men

Maj. Henry L. Higginson gave the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra a little neutrality talk when they assembled for their first rehearsal this morning.

Owing to the fact that the members belong to many countries it was thought wise to have a little heart-to-heart talk with the men and to ask them to do or say nothing that would put the orchestra, the pride and joy of musical Boston, in a false light.

"It is pleasant to see you all, and I offer to you my kind greeting and best wishes, and I welcome the newcomers to our orchestra," said Maj. Higginson.

"Nearly 60 years ago I dreamed of this orchestra for the sake of art, and especially for the happiness and welfare of our people. For 34 years I have worked over it, and, by the aid of many able and distinguished artists, the orchestra has been formed and has reached its present point of excellence. I care very much for the orchestra.

The Little Musical Joke.

"We meet again under difficult circumstances; we are of many nationalities, including Americans, and we all are on American soil, which is neutral. Therefore, we must use every effort to avoid all unpleasant words or looks, for our task is to make harmony above all things—harmony even in the most modern music. I expect only harmony in your relations to one another.

"I had feared that we might not be able to give the concerts this year because the presence of Dr. Muck and of many members seemed unlikely. We have lost only a few men, and have filled their places well. The public has urgently asked me again and again for the concerts, and my only reply has been that it depended upon circumstances, and that, in case of a general war, the contracts allowed me to give up the concerts if I were not satisfied with the members to be had. It seemed clear that if one year passed without the concerts, we should hardly ever have the orchestra again, for to bring together the old men, who might have sought positions elsewhere, and to get the new men needed would be a great task, to which neither Dr. Muck nor I were equal. It has taken many years to make the orchestra, and you can understand how many years it would take to rebuild it.

Need for the Concerts.

"I have thought of you all as needing the work; I have thought of the beautiful concerts already given, and have thought of the people who wanted them; and, considering all these points, I wish to go on with the concerts.

"The conditions of this year were against us, and it was our part as men to overcome these conditions if we could. Dr. Muck has done his best. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Brennan have done their best, and I ask your agreement to do your best and, under no circumstances, however trying, to do or say anything which may cause friction. You have to sit together for rehearsals, for concerts, in the tuning room, in the railroad trains, in the hotels while on journeys. Mutual forbearance and respect toward each other is absolutely indispensable. Without it the orchestra cannot live.

"You all have at heart the reputation of our orchestra, which has achieved a fine name and which is known in Europe as well as here. It rests with you to keep that name bright, and to give to our public such concerts as we have had before."

At the end of his remarks he was warmly applauded by the musicians.

TRANSCRIPT,

OCTOBER 12,

In a little speech to the members of the Symphony Orchestra, which reassembled this morning for the season, Mr. Higginson not only suited his counsels to the times, but addressed them also, as it seemed, to a larger audience that includes the public as well as the players of Symphony Hall. To the players, who are of fourteen nationalities, he gave homely counsels of forbearance and self-restraint in their intercourse one with another, whatever stress of feeling might prompt them to harsh words. There is no reason to doubt that the advice will be heeded. Temperament or no temperament, musicians who must work together seven months prefer a quiet life, and, again, like the rest of us, they have their livings to make at a time when opportunities in their profession are few. Mr. Higginson spoke to the men also of the long and great achievement and prestige of the orchestra, of the loyalties that it has kindled and maintained, and of the difficulties overcome that it might continue its work this year under conditions that are not likely to beset it again. Consciously or unconsciously in these sayings, he was speaking also to the public of the Symphony Concerts. Like the players, and for similar reasons and in similar ways, it also has its obligations to fulfil toward them.

BOSTON AMERICAN

OCTOBER 13, 1914.

ASK SYMPHONY MUSICIANS TO AVOID WAR TALK

Major Henry L. Higginson addressing the members of the Symphony Orchestra assembling for their first rehearsal of the season, made a striking plea for harmony among the musicians who are of many nationalities. He said he expected harmony in their relations with one another, and asked them not to say or do anything regarding the war which would result in friction. He said:

"It is pleasant to see you all, and I offer to you my kind greetings and best wishes, and I welcome the newcomers to our orchestra. Nearly sixty years ago I dreamed of this orchestra for the sake of art and especially for the happiness and welfare of our people. For thirty-four years I have worked over it and, by the aid of many able and distinguished artists, the orchestha has been formed, and has reached its present point of excellence, I care very much for the orchestra.

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BOSTON HERALD.

OCTOBER 13, 1914.

It was an excellent presentation of the duties of neutrality which Mr. Henry Lee Higginson made in his address to the members of the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday. He showed that the difficulties which surround that important musical undertaking this year will be greatly lessened if the public, or at least that part of it which is interested in the orchestra and has friends in it, will refrain from the sort of comment on the war which threatens to arouse the hostilities of the musicians.

BOSTON JOURNAL

OCTOBER 13,

URGES HARMONY ON SYMPHONY PLAYERS

Higginson Talks Neutrality at First Orchestra Rehearsal.

The first rehearsal of the year of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was held in Symphony Hall yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. The entire orchestra was present. After the orchestra had been assembled on the stage Mr. Higginson made a few remarks to them regarding the difficult conditions under which they must work this year, owing to so many of them belonging to the different countries that are at war, and urging them to ignore all things which might lead to friction in the ranks. He spoke as follows:

"Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra:

"Gentlemen—It is pleasant to see you all and I offer you my kind greeting and best wishes, and I welcome the newcomers to our orchestra.

"Nearly sixty years ago I dreamed of this orchestra for the sake of art, and especially for the happiness and welfare of our people. For thirty-four years I have worked over it and, by the aid of many able and distinguished artists, the orchestra has been formed and has reached its present point of excellence. I care very much for the orchestra.

Expects Only Harmony

"We meet again under difficult circumstances; we are of many nationalities, including Americans, and we all are on American soil, which is neutral. Therefore, we must use every effort to avoid all unpleasant words or looks, for our task is to make harmony, above all things—harmony even in the most modern music. I expect only harmony in your relations to one another.

"I had feared that we might not be able to give the concerts this year because the presence of Dr. Muck and of many members seemed unlikely. We have lost only a few men, and have filled their places well. The public has urgently asked me again and again for the concerts, and my only reply has been that it depended upon circumstances, and that, in case of a general war, the contracts allowed me to give up the concerts if I were not satisfied with the members to be had. It seemed clear that if one year passed without the concerts we should hardly ever have the orchestra again, for to bring together the old men, who might have sought positions elsewhere, and to get the new men needed would be a great task, to which neither Dr. Muck nor I were equal. It has taken many years to make the orchestra, and you can understand how many years it would take to rebuild it.

Wants Concerts to Go On

"I have thought of you all as needing the work; I have thought of the beautiful concerts already given, and have thought of the people who wanted them, and, considering all these points, I wish to go on with the concerts.

"The conditions of this year were against us, and it was our part as men to overcome these conditions if we could. Dr. Muck has done his best. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Brennan have done their best, and I ask your agreement to do your best and under no circumstances, however trying, to do or say anything which may cause friction. You have to sit together for rehearsals, for concerts, in the tuning room, in the railroad trains, in the hotels while on journeys. Mutual forbearance and respect toward each other is absolutely indispensable. Without it the orchestra cannot live.

"You all have at heart the reputation of our orchestra, which has achieved a fine name, and which is known in Europe as well as here. It rests with you to keep that name bright and to give to our public such concerts as we have had before."

At the end of his remarks he was warmly applauded by the musicians.

BOSTON POST,

OCTOBER 14, 1914

WISE ADVICE

The advice given in a heart-to-heart talk to the Symphony players by Major Higginson the other day as to the vital necessity of keeping racial controversies out of their work was characteristically shrewd, wise and kindly. If the men follow it, they will find that in the long run the benefits of a continuing orchestra will far overweigh the fleeting joys of heated war argument.

Major Higginson's nuggets of common-sense could be noted with advan-

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men here in this neutral country wherever are gathered those of differing national antecedents.

ADVERTISER,

OCTOBER 13 1914

HIGGINSON MAKES NEUTRALITY PLEA

SYMPHONY MUSICIANS IN FIRST REHEARSAL

Members From Many Different Countries Urged to Harmony in War Talk.

Maj. Henry L. Higginson gave the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra a little neutrality talk when they assembled for their first rehearsal yesterday.

Owing to the fact that the members belong to many countries it was thought wise to have a little heart-to-heart talk with the men and to ask them to do or say nothing that would put the orchestra, the pride and joy of musical Boston, in a false light.

"It is pleasant to see you all, and I offer to you my kind greeting and best wishes, and I welcome the newcomers to our orchestra," said Maj. Higginson.

"Nearly 60 years ago I dreamed of this orchestra for the sake of art, and especially for the happiness and welfare of our people. For 34 years I have worked over it, and, by the aid of many able and distinguished artists, the orchestra has been formed and has reached its present point of excellence. I care very much for the orchestra.

The Little Musical Joke.

"We meet again under difficult circumstances; we are of many nationalities, including Americans, and we all are on American soil, which is neutral. Therefore, we must use every effort to avoid all unpleasant words or looks, for our task is to make harmony above all things—harmony even in the most modern music. I expect only harmony in your relations to one another.

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Need for the Concerts.

"I have thought of you all as needing the work; I have thought of the beautiful concerts already given, and have thought of the people who wanted them; and, considering all these points, I wish to go on with the concerts.

"The conditions of this year were against us, and it was our part as men to overcome these conditions if we could. Dr. Muck has done his best. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Brennan have done their best, and I ask your agreement to do your best and, under no circumstances, however trying, to do or say anything which may cause friction. You have to sit together for rehearsals, for concerts, in the tuning room, in the railroad trains, in the hotels while on journeys. Mutual forbearance and respect toward each other is absolutely indispensable. Without it the orchestra cannot live.

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At the end of his remarks he was warmly applauded by the musicians.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date OCT 11 1914

* * *

Only two members of last year's personnel of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be absent this year because of the war when Dr. Carl Muck calls his forces together for their first rehearsal. The German conductor arrived from Europe last Wednesday, accompanied by several belated members of the orchestra, and he reported that the only artists of the ensemble who are detained abroad for military service are Mr. Grisez, first clarinet, and Mr. Fosse, third oboe player, both now serving in the French army. Dr. Muck has filled their places, engaging a Russian clarinetist named A. Sand, and an oboe player, H. H. Stanislaus, the latter from the London Queen's Hall Orchestra.

Some other changes in the make up of the orchestra include the engagement of a new 'cellist, Josef Malkin, who will take the place of Mr. Urack, the latter artist having decided not to return to this country. A new assistant conductor has been engaged, Ernst Schmidt, and a second harpist, V. Klicka, will also join the Symphony forces.

rk, 1884

SUNDAY POST, OCTOBER 11, 1914

st Symphony This Week

er Notes of Interest—The Conducting of Donizetti—Modern Music and the Younger Generation—Concerts to Come

Muck has brought with him from six important novelties. The of Stravinsky and Schonenberg luded in the list, which, in full, llows: Five pieces for orchestra, Schonenberg; ballet music, Igor sky; Sinfonietta, Erich Korn- symphony, Fritz Goldbach; Symphony, Guy Ropartz; sym- poem, "Brand," after Ibsen, Ar- heldrup. The two latter works the library of the Boston Sym- Orchestra. The other works or- from Germany last spring, and t whereabouts have yet to be as- ned.

th season of the Boston Sym- chestra will open next Friday with the first public rehearsal ing at 2:30, which will be fol- by the first concert on next day evening, Oct. 17, at 8 o'clock. ale of seats, which has been in ss at Symphony Hall during the week, must be considered satisfac- in view of prevailing conditions. rchestra is complete with the pos- exception of one double bass Mr. Agnesy, who has not yet, but it is hoped that he will this week. The new mem- f the orchestra are here and the rsals begin tomorrow (Monday) ng.

Muck, following the precedent ished by him in past years, has one far afield for his first pro- me. The Symphony will be oven's "Eroica." The other num- will be Brahms' "Variations of a s" by Josef Haydn, Richard s's Tone Poem "Don Juan," and 's Overture, "Euryantha."

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Mr. Max Zach, formerly of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, now conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, is in town about his old haunts, and his experiences as a conductor in the middle West and also in the South, which he has toured, are more than ordinarily illuminative of the attitude of the public toward new music and its adequate performance.

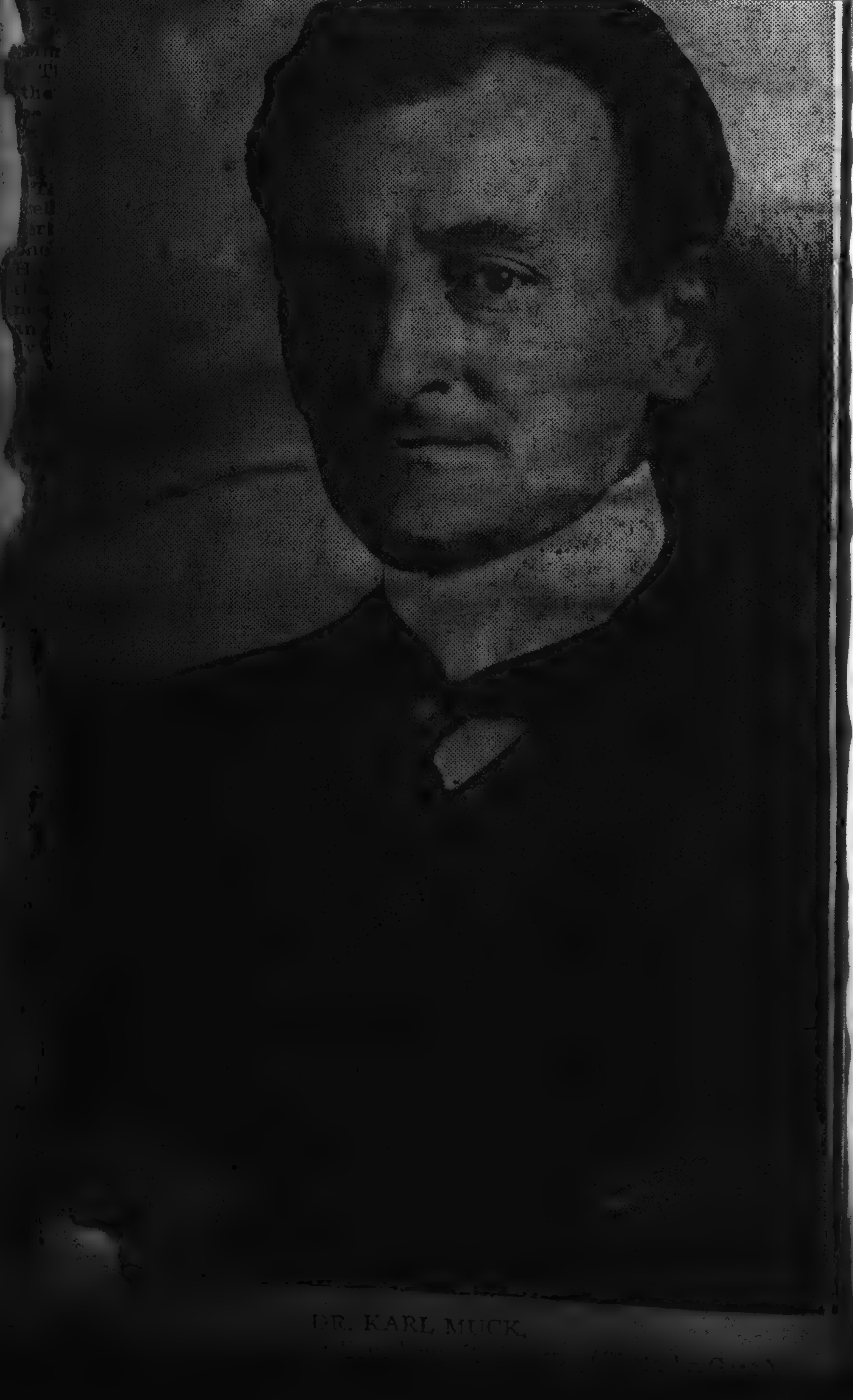
Mr. Zach finds that music of the later 19th century, long supposed to abstruse, discordant, taxing to the average intelligence, is as a matter of fact far more readily appreciated by the American public of today than music of the classic period. The later music is readily accepted by the public without lectures, without programme notes, without anything but an inherent musical sense and a sympathy with the spirit of the times. In Carthage, Missouri, a town of 20,000 inhabitants, Mr. played the D minor symphony of Cesar Franck, which was received with enthusiasm by an audience the majority of which, in all probability, had not heard the name of Cesar Franck before that time. In New Orleans a performance of Sibelius' "En Saga" was received in a similar spirit. Critics disagreed, but the prize critic spoke in this wise, "You may not like it, but it is remarkable music all the same." And Mr. Zach related a remark of one of the leading musicians and composers of this city, who observed that Wagner had made it possible for him to understand Beethoven. We venture to add that three-quarters of the young musicians of today can vouch for a similar experience.

And this launched Mr. Zach on another matter—the attitude of critics toward the later manifestations: "There has been spread by some who worship nothing but the music which they can find explained in Grove's the fallacy that as the music of classic masters is polyphonic, symphonic, what you will, a solid musical judgment is necessary for its appreciation, while later music, being all emotion, color, etc., can readily be imposed on the dilettante who is unable to shake the wheat from the chaff. Therefore these gentlemen, ignoring what they cannot afford to ignore, take not the slightest pains to examine the modern music and discover its spirit and its constructive principles. I can tell you of an individual who speaks of having examined the piano music of Debussy and who has heartily rejected all that he examined. No doubt he has placed some of the pieces of Debussy on his piano rack and 'read them through' and placed them on one side. That is not the way to discover Debussy any more than, a generation ago, it was the way to discover Schumann. But my friend would not have come any nearer Schumann than he has to Debussy, if Schumann were living today. He, too, required study and sympathy before he was comprehended. Why rebel against what is accomplished? What is Debussy's position today. He is widely acknowledged as a master of unique individuality. His harmonic idioms, practically new with him, are no longer confined to his own scores. Inevitably, of course, there has sprung up in France a host of imitators, a school founded upon his principles, but look elsewhere.

"Have you read Reger's 'Romantic Suite'? There he has freely employed Debussyian harmonies. Consider the later operas of Puccini. Examine the majority of scores of the last 10 years and then say to me that Debussy is a passing fad.

"Take a composer of a very different type. There are still individuals who make it their business to deny Brahms the rank of a great creator. But the music of Brahms is played today more than it has ever been played before. In symphonic and recital programmes his name is one of the most frequently met with. His C minor symphony is one of the war-horses of modern conductors. Leave all else aside, what is the use of a critic or a concert goer prostesting that there is nothing in all this music. He only makes it apparent that there is nothing in it for him."

Mr. Zach has also an important list of novelties to be produced this season in St. Louis, including one or two orchestral works by Americans.



DR. KARL MUCK.

BOSTON GLOBE—

OCTOBER 13.

ADDRESS TO SYMPHONY PLAYERS

Maj Higginson Asks for Strict Neutrality.

European War Must Not Cause Lack of Harmony in Orchestra.

The first rehearsal of the year of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was held in Symphony Hall yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. The entire orchestra was present. After the orchestra had been assembled on the stage, Mr Higginson made a few remarks to them regarding the difficult conditions under which they must work this year, owing to so many of them belonging to the different countries that are at war and urging them to ignore all things which might lead to friction in the ranks. He spoke as follows:

"Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

"Gentlemen—It is pleasant to see you all, and I offer to you my kind greeting and best wishes, and I welcome the newcomers to our orchestra.

"Nearly 60 years ago I dreamed of this orchestra for the sake of art and especially for the happiness and welfare of our people. For 34 years I have worked over it and, by the aid of many able and distinguished artists, the orchestra has been formed, and has reached its present point of excellence. I care very much for the orchestra.

"We meet again under difficult circumstances; we are of many nationalities, including Americans, and we all are on American soil, which is neutral. Therefore, we must use every effort to avoid all unpleasant words or looks, for our task is to make harmony above all things—harmony even in the most modern music. I expect only harmony in your relations to one another.

"I had feared that we might not be able to give the concerts this year, because the presence of Dr Muck and of many members seemed unlikely. We have lost only a few men, and have filled their places well. The public has urgently asked me again and again for the concerts, and my only reply has been that it depended upon circumstances, and that, in case of a general war, the contracts allowed me to give up the concerts if I were not satisfied with the members to be had. It seemed clear that if one year passed without the concerts, we should hardly ever have the orchestra again, for to bring together

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here and assumed that it was a sure hit until Connie Mack's star squatted in front of it. How he got there is still a mystery to about 40,000 persons.

Another thing that mystified many was Hildebrand's final ruling on Maranville's hit to right in the same inning. Big Schmidt got one through safe about three feet to left of where Whitted's hit had been spoiled by Collins, and went to second on an out.

"The Rabbit" sliced one out toward Hildebrand, who was standing on the chalk line. Murphy came over, running his legs off to make a catch on the fly; Collins and McInnis were also trying to get next to the ball, but it struck the ground about 10 feet in front of the umpire, who by his action ruled that it was a fair hit.

He hopped around like a football player dodging through an open field in order to keep out of the way of Murphy, Collins and McInnis, one after the other, to [illegible] a chance to field the ball

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it the ball eluded them and all stopped. "The Rabbit" was allowed to make the cuit of the bases, and after he had ssed the rubber behind Schmidt, Umpire Klem began to make inquiries of Hildebrand as to what his ruling had been. Hildebrand then motioned that the ball was foul.

If that was his judgment at first, the question arises as to why he was bob

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BOSTON POST

OCTOBER 13,

APPEAL TO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Major Higginson Exhorts Players to Drop War Talk

The members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra were exhorted yesterday by Henry L. Higginson, its founder and sustainer of its success, to forbear in expressing opinions on the European war and to maintain an absolutely neutral ground in keeping with the national disposition of the American people.

During the rehearsal of the opening concerts of the programme under Dr. Karl Muck, Major Higginson addressed the members of the orchestra on the stage yesterday morning at 10 o'clock on the difficult position they hold because many of them come from countries engaged in the European conflict.

APPLAUDED BY PLAYERS

The admonition of Major Higginson that each of the players withhold himself from commenting on the war was applauded by all the members of the orchestra at the conclusion of his brief address.

Major Higginson said that he had feared that it might be impossible this year to give the concerts because the presence of Dr. Muck and of many of the members of the orchestra seemed unlikely. He said that but few of the members had failed to appear and that their positions had been filled.

Demanded by Public

"The public has urgently asked me again and again for the concerts," Major Higginson said, "and my only reply has been that it depended upon circumstances, and that, in the case of a general war, the contracts allowed me to give up the concerts if I were not satisfied with the members to be had.

"It seemed clear that if one year passed without the concerts, we should hardly ever have the orchestra again, for to bring together the old men, who might have sought positions elsewhere, and to get the new men needed would be a great task, to which neither Dr. Muck nor I was equal.

Hard to Rebuild

"It has taken many years to make the orchestra, and you can understand how many years it would take to rebuild it.

"I have thought of you as needing the work. I have thought of the beautiful concerts already given, and have thought of the people who wanted them, and, considering all these points, I wish to go on with the concerts.

Mutual Forbearance

"The conditions of this year were against us, and it was our part as men to overcome these conditions if we could. Dr. Muck has done his best. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Brennan have done their best and I ask your agreement to do your best and, under no circumstances, however trying, to do or say anything which may cause friction.

"You have to sit together for rehearsals, for concerts, in the tuning room, in the railroad trains, in the hotels while on journeys. Mutual forbearance and respect toward each o is absolutely indispensable. Wit it the orchestra cannot live.

Keep Orchestra's Name Brigh

"You all have at heart the rep tion of our orchestra, which achieved a fine name and whic known in Europe as well as here. rests with you to keep that n bright, and to give to our public concerts as we have had before."

Major Higginson said that for ne 60 years he had dreamed of orchestra for the sake of art especially for the happiness and fare of "our people." For 34 y he had worked over it, he declared, by the aid of many able and tinguished artists, the orchestra had been formed and has reached the present point of excellence.

BOSTON HERALD.

OCTOBER 13.

NEUTRALITY URGED UPON SYMPHONY MEN

Maj. Higginson Talks to Players at Close of First Rehearsal of the Season.

An urgent appeal to the members of the Symphony Orchestra, composed of men of all European nationalities, to avoid all friction and discord because of war conditions abroad and to maintain the same neutrality toward each other that the United States is maintaining toward the fighting nations was made yesterday to the famous musical organization by Henry L. Higginson at the close of the first rehearsal of the season.

Maj. Higginson asked the men to keep the name of the orchestra as bright as it has been in times past, dwelt upon the difficulty with which it was formed and the impossibility of rebuilding it if the men should create discord, and urged mutual forbearance at all times, whether in the tuning room, the railroad train or the hotel. He was greeted with loud applause by the musicians. Maj. Higginson said:

"It is pleasant to see you all, and I offer to you my kind greeting and best wishes, and I welcome the newcomers to our orchestra.

"Nearly 60 years ago I dreamed of this orchestra for the sake of art and especially for the happiness and welfare of our people. For 34 years I have worked over it and, by the aid of many able and distinguished artists, the orchestra has been formed, and has reached its present point of excellence. I care very much for the orchestra.

Under Difficult Circumstances.

"We meet again under difficult circumstances; we are of many nationalities, including Americans, and we all are on American soil, which is neutral. Therefore, we must use every effort to avoid all unpleasant words or looks, for our task is to make harmony above all things—harmony even in the most modern music. I expect only harmony in your relations to one another.

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"I have thought of you all as needing the work; I have thought of the beautiful concerts already given, and have thought of the people who wanted them; and, considering all these points, I wish to go on with the concerts.

Must Avoid Friction.

"The conditions of this year were against us, and it was our part as men to overcome these conditions if we could. Dr. Muck has done his best. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Brennan have done their best, and I ask your agreement to do your best and, under no circumstances, however trying, to do or say anything which may cause friction. You have to sit together for rehearsals, for concerts, in the tuning room, in the railroad trains, in the hotels while on journeys. Mutual forbearance and respect toward each other is absolutely indispensable. Without it the orchestra cannot live.

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From TIMES

Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

OCT 10 1914

With the return of Dr. Karl Muck last week, who brought with him several new members of the orchestra, the personnel of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is complete for the season. Five concerts will be given in the Academy of Music on Friday evenings, on November 6, December 4, January 8, February 19 and March 19. The soloists are Pasquale Amato, the great Italian baritone; Harold Bauer, the distinguished violinist, and Fritz Kreisler, who is reported to be lame, but who has given assurances that his hands and arms are unhurt.

ork, 1884

SUNDAY POST, OCTOBER 11, 1914

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"Have you read Reger's 'Romantic Suite'? There he has freely employed Debussyian harmonies. Consider the later operas of Puccini. Examine the majority of scores of the last 10 years and then say to me that Debussy is a passing fad.

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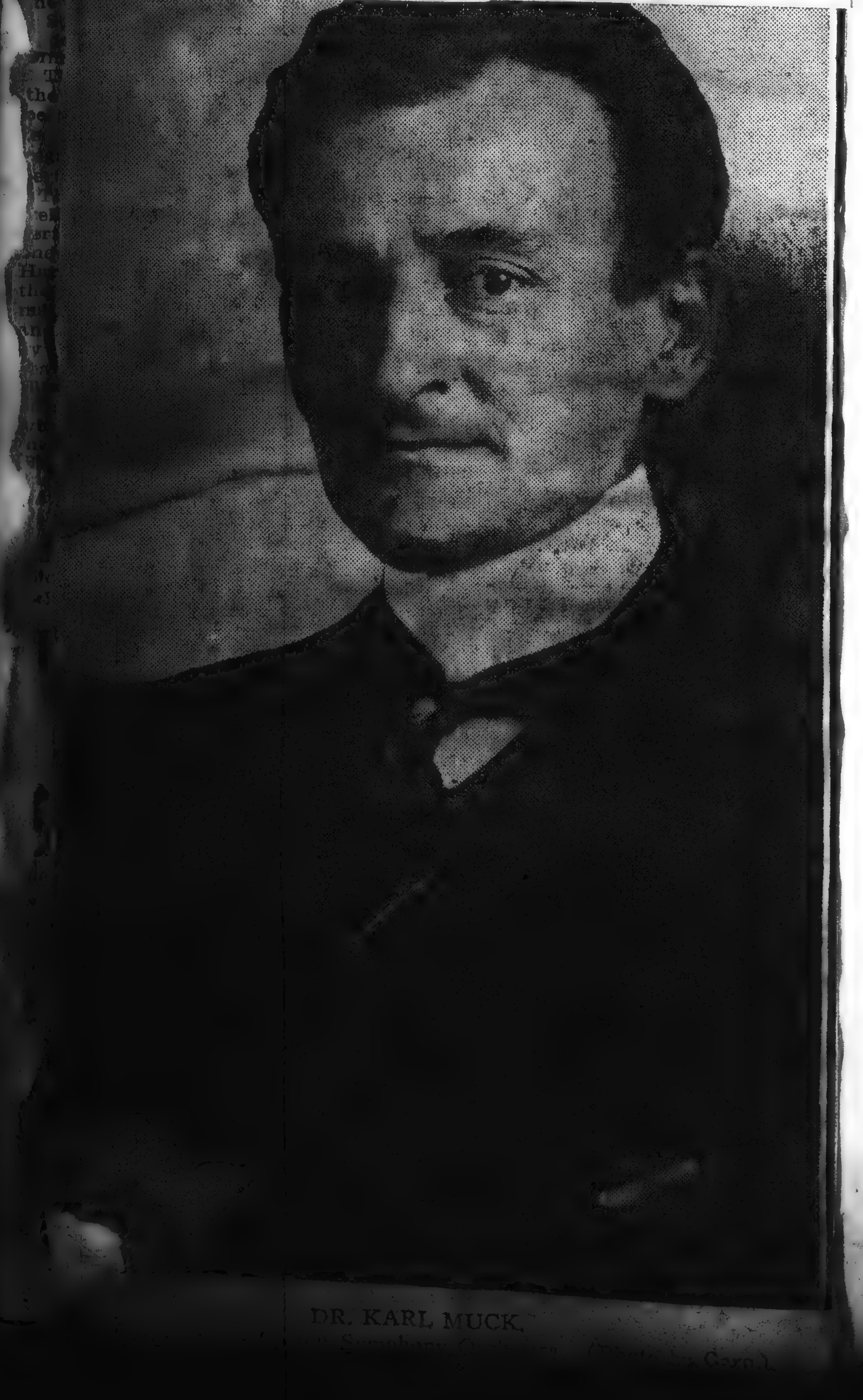

DR. KARL MUCK.

BOSTON GLOBE

OCTOBER 13.

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From TIMES
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
OCT 1... 1914

With the return of Dr. Karl Muck last week, who brought with him several new members of the orchestra, the personnel of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is complete for the season. Five concerts will be given in the Academy of Music on Friday evenings, on November 6, December 4, January 8, February 19 and March 19. The soloists are Pasquale Amato, the great Italian baritone; Harold Bauer, the distinguished violinist, and Fritz Kreisler, who is reported to be lame, but who has given assurances that his hands and arms are unhurt.

...ork, 1884

SUNDAY POST, OCTOBER 11, 1914

rst Symphony This Week

er Notes of Interest—The Conducting of Donizetti—Modern Music and the Younger Generation—Concerts to Come

Muck has brought with him from e six important novelties. The of Stravinsky and Schonenberg cluded in the list, which, in full, ollows: Five pieces for orchestra, Schonenberg; ballet music, Igor nsky; Sinfonietta, Erich Korn- symphony, Fritz Goldbach; Symphony, Guy Ropartz; sym- poem, "Brand," after Ibsen, Ar-cheldrup. The two latter works the library of the Boston Sym- Orchestra. The other works or- from Germany last spring, and t whereabouts have yet to be as-ned.

th season of the Boston Sym-chestra will open next Friday with the first public rehearsal ing at 2:30, which will be fol- by the first concert on next day evening, Oct. 17, at 8 o'clock. ale of seats, which has been in ss at Symphony Hall during the week, must be considered satisfac- in view of prevailing conditions. rchestra is complete with the pos- exception of one double bass , Mr. Agnesy, who has not d yet, but it is hoped that he will this week. The new mem- f the orchestra are here and the rsals begin tomorrow (Monday) ng.

Muck, following the precedent ished by him in past years, has one far afield for his first pro-me. The Symphony will be oven's "Eroica." The other num- will be Brahms' "Variations of a e" by Josef Haydn, Richard s's Tone Poem "Don Juan," and r's Overture, "Euryanthe."

misconducting of Mr. Castillo "Lucia di Lammermoor" was an otherwise creditable perform- at the Boston Theatre last week hes a text for a word about the er in which Donizetti may be eated by those who are either in-le to the beauties of his style or hose to ignore such matters, g, perhaps, that the "thinness" conventionality of the scoring do atify the attention of a modern ctor. There is even a saying that era by Donizetti should be able without a conductor. It might, certain Italian orchestras. Under ry circumstances, however, the ctor can make just as much ence in the impression of a work nizetti by his treatment of the as he can in an opera by Puccini unod—another sufferer from com-cy and routine.

s now the fashion to talk glibly the latter Verdi, the "realist" of Italian opera, the orchestra- f Strauss, the "curve" of Puc- melody and Puccini's extraordin-chnique of the theatre, etc. Un-ately, in these days of dilettant- necessary justness of perspec-as temporarily disappeared. You t, with artistic honor and in jus-o his cause, neglect Donizetti's any more than you can Puccini's. melody of Donizetti has also its e" and its individual characteris- In his day orchestration was far from the art that it is now. But when it was composed neither the music nor the orchestration of "Lucia" was conventional, and when an opera holds the stage for a century it is very certain that underneath idioms which are of a bygone day there is a spirit that can appeal to many successive generations. There are passages in "Lucia di Lammermoor" that must have set Donizetti as far apart from his contemporaries as Puccini is from Leoncavallo, or farther. The melodic curve of the earlier composer is always refined. There is an aristocratic grace in his melody and his manner. He could not write in an awkward or brutal vein. Similarly with his orchestra. The orchestration of Rossini was frequently more modern, and also, and very frequently, more coarse and noisy. In "Lucia di Lammermoor" there are charming bits of instrumental coloring, which have, at the least, an old-fashioned charm that captivates the ear. And always there is style. For these reasons, few things are more disturbing that to hear Donizetti maltreated by conductors who neither understand him nor, apparently, think it worth their while to make any effort to do so.

Mr. Max Zach, formerly of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, now conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, is in town about his old haunts, and his experiences as a conductor in the middle West and also in the South, which he has toured, are more than ordinarily illuminative of the attitude of the public toward new music and its adequate performance.

Mr. Zach finds that music of the later 19th century, long supposed to abstruse, discordant, taxing to the average intelligence, is as a matter of fact far more readily appreciated by the American public of today than music of the classic period. The later music is readily accepted by the public without lectures, without programme notes, without anything but an inherent musical sense and a sympathy with the spirit of the times. In Carthage, Missouri, a town of 20,000 inhabitants, Mr. played the D minor symphony of Cesar Franck, which was received with enthusiasm by an audience the majority of which, in all probability, had not heard the name of Cesar Franck before that time. In New Orleans a performance of Sibelius' "En Saga" was received in a similar spirit. Critics disagreed, but the prize critic spoke in this wise, "You may not like it, but it is remarkable music all the same." And Mr. Zach related a remark of one of the leading musicians and composers of this city, who observed that Wagner had made it possible for him to understand Beethoven. We venture to add that three-quarters of the young musicians of today can vouch for a similar experience.

And this launched Mr. Zach on another matter—the attitude of critics toward the later manifestations: "There has been spread by some who worship nothing but the music which they can find explained in Grove's the fallacy that as the music of classic masters is polyphonic, symphonic, what you will, a solid musical judgment is necessary for its appreciation, while later music, being all emotion, color, etc., can readily be imposed on the dilettante who is unable to shake the wheat from the chaff. Therefore these gentlemen, ignoring what they cannot afford to ignore, take not the slightest pains to examine the modern music and discover its spirit and its constructive principles. I can tell you of an individual who speaks of having examined the piano music of Debussy and who has heartily rejected all that he examined. No doubt he has placed some of the pieces of Debussy on his piano rack and 'read them through' and placed them on one side. That is not the way to discover Debussy any more than, a generation ago, it was the way to discover Schumann. But my friend would not have come any nearer Schumann than he has to Debussy, if Schumann were living today. He, too, required study and sympathy before he was comprehended. Why rebel against what is accomplished? What is Debussy's position today. He is widely acknowledged as a master of unique individuality. His harmonic idioms, practically new with him, are no longer confined to his own scores. Inevitably, of course, there has sprung up in France a host of imitators, a school founded upon his principles, but look elsewhere.

"Have you read Reger's 'Romantic Suite'? There he has freely employed Debussyian harmonies. Consider the later operas of Puccini. Examine the majority of scores of the last 10 years and then say to me that Debussy is a passing fad.

"Take a composer of a very different type. There are still individuals who make it their business to deny Brahms the rank of a great creator. But the music of Brahms is played today more than it has ever been played before. In symphonic and recital programmes his name is one of the most frequently met with. His C minor symphony is one of the war-horses of modern conductors. Leave all else aside, what is the use of a critic or a concert goer prostesting that there is nothing in all this music. He only makes it apparent that there is nothing in it for him."

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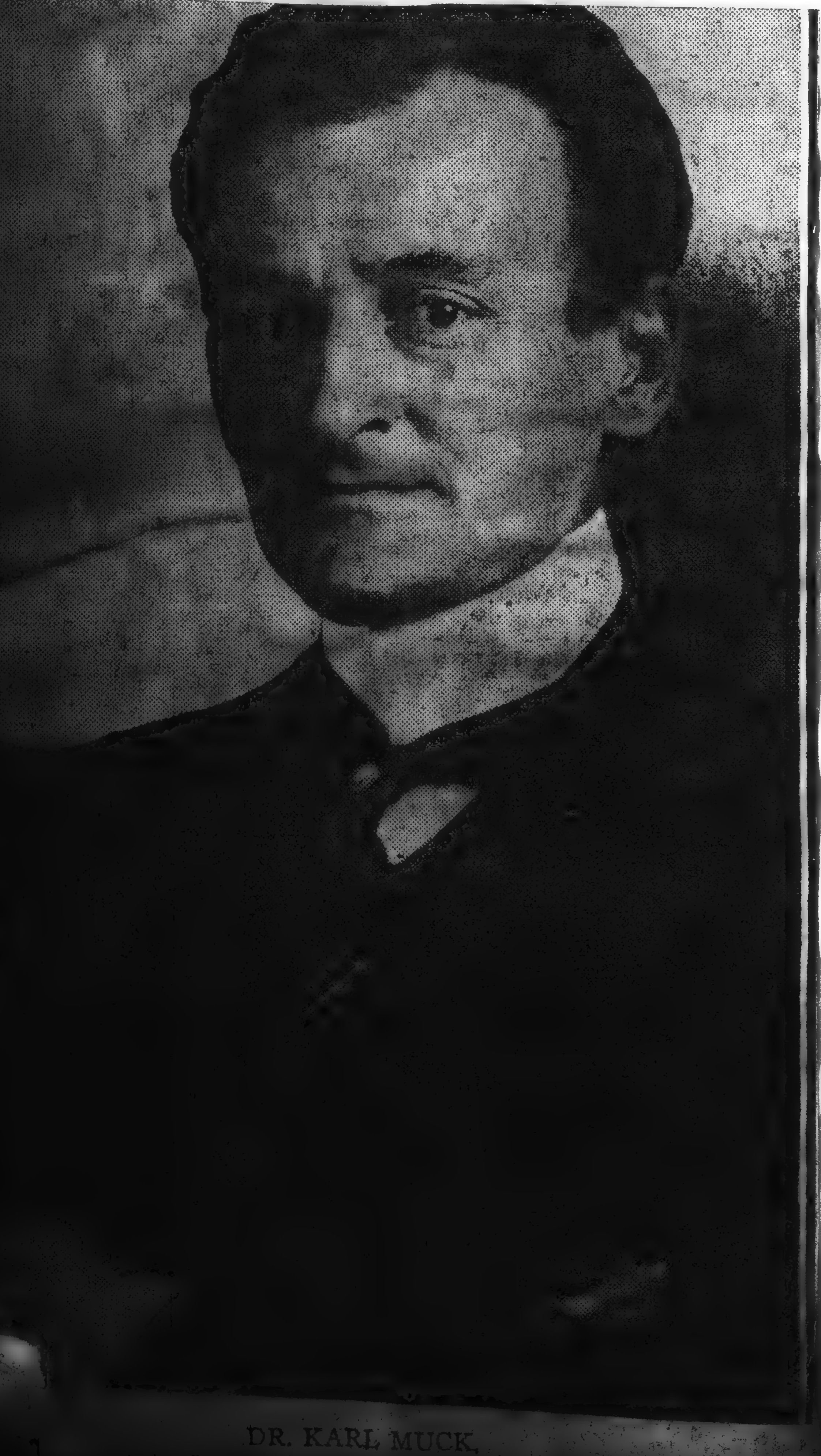

DR. KARL MUCK,
Symphony Orchestra. (Photo by Garo.)

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MES

Brooklyn, N. Y.

OCT 1

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ork, 1884

BOSTON POST

OCTOBER 15,

SYMPHONY TO OPEN SEASON

First Rehearsal to Be Held Tomorrow Afternoon

Tomorrow afternoon in Symphony Hall the first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, season of 1914, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, will take place. The concert will be given with only three members of the orchestra missing. Two of these are new members—Mr. Malkin, who succeeds Otto Urack at the first 'cello desk, and Mr. Klicka, the new second harp, and both are expected in Boston in time for next week's concerts.

Nothing has as yet been heard from Mr. Agnesy, one of the double-basses, who was in Austria last summer, but it is hoped that he will arrive within ten days. The programme of the public rehearsal Friday afternoon and the concert Saturday night is as follows: "Eroica" Symphony, Beethoven; "Variations on a Theme by Haydn," Brahms; tone poem, "Don Juan," Richard Strauss; "Euryanthe" overture, Weber.

Single tickets may be obtained at the box office for both afternoon and evening concerts.

TRANSCRIPT,

OCTOBER 12,

Dr. Muck as Prophet

Even a man of Dr. Muck's sanity and sense of realities has not been able to escape the fatal temptation to prephesy as to the course of music on the Continent in the years after the war. He told a reporter the other day:

"In the art of both France and Germany decadent tendencies have increased particularly in the last ten years. These things, the morbidness of the deeper characters, the flippancy and affectation of self-styled esthetes, and a note of feminism in cultivated communities, which should have known better, will be wiped out. Such things are accomplished by war as they cannot be accomplished by any other agency. Undoubtedly the art of Europe during the next century will be far saner, broader, deeper than it has been of late. Art can no longer be stimulated by commercialism, to its own destruction, as has so frequently been the case. For many, many years building will be far more important than the composing of symphonies, and the result will be not disastrous, but of much benefit to musical composition.

"Sensationalism, money-making, appear today to be controlling factors in all fields of European art. A Reinhardt makes his Petruchio enter in 'The Taming of the Shrew' turning 'cartwheels' over the floor. This is taken to mean that Petruchio is an exceedingly debonair and, on occasion, forceful husband and a sated Berlin public attends to see just once what it looks like. A Strauss, in search of a new sensation or a new theme to stir his tired creative powers, selects subjects which hint always at the bizarre, extravagant, or even pornographic. There has been for the big artists almost too much comfort and prosperity. Living music is produced because of unshakable sincerity and because of a crying need."

MONITOR, BOSTON,

OCTOBER 12.

FORBEARANCE ASKED IN RANKS OF ORCHESTRA

H. L. Higginson Addresses Boston Symphony Men on Necessity of Their Observing Neutral Attitude on European War

Urging forbearance the coming year on the issues of the European conflict, Henry L. Higginson, sustainer of the Boston Symphony orchestra, addressed the members of the organization this morning when they came together for the first time to rehearse the program of the opening concerts under the conductorship of Karl Muck. The rehearsal was called at 10 o'clock and all the players were present. When they were assembled on the stage Mr. Higginson addressed them regarding the difficult conditions under which they must work this year, because so many of them belong to the different countries that are in conflict. He urged them to ignore everything which might lead to friction in the ranks.

At the end of his talk Mr. Higginson was applauded by the musicians. He spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen:

"It is pleasant to see you all, and I offer to you my kind greeting and best wishes, and I welcome the new comers to our orchestra.

"Nearly 60 years ago I dreamed of this orchestra for the sake of art and especially for the happiness and welfare of our people. For 34 years I have worked over it and, by the aid of many able and distinguished artists, the orchestra has been formed, and has reached its present point of excellence. I care very much for the orchestra.

"We meet again under difficult circumstances; we are of many nationalities, including Americans, and we all are on American soil, which is neutral. Therefore, we must use every effort to avoid all unpleasant words or looks, for our task is to make harmony above all things—harmony even in the most modern music. I expect only harmony in your relations to one another.

"I had feared that we might not be able to give the concerts this year because the presence of Dr. Muck and of many members seemed unlikely. We have lost only a few men, and have filled their places well. The public has urgently asked me again and again for the concerts, and my only reply has been that it depended upon circumstances, and that, in case of a general war, the contracts allowed me to give up the concerts if I were not satisfied with the members to be had. It seemed clear that if one year passed without the concerts, we should hardly ever have the orchestra again, for to bring together the old men, who might have sought positions elsewhere, and to get the new men needed would be a great task, to which neither Dr. Muck nor I was equal. It has taken many years to make the orchestra, and you can understand how many years it would take to rebuild it.

"I have thought of you all as needing the work; I have thought of the beautiful concerts already given, and have thought of the people who wanted them, and, considering all these points, I wish to go on with the concerts.

"The conditions of this year were against us, and it was our part as men to overcome these conditions if we could. Dr. Muck has done his best. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Brennan have done their best, and I ask your agreement to do your best and, under no circumstances however trying, to do or say anything which may cause friction. You have to sit together for rehearsals, for concerts, in the tuning room, in the railroad trains, in the hotels while on journeys. Mutual forbearance and respect toward each other is absolutely indispensable. Without it the orchestra cannot live.

"You all have at heart the reputation of our orchestra, which has achieved a fine name and which is known in Europe as well as here. It rests with you to keep that name bright, and to give to our public such concerts as we have had before."

From EVENING MAIL
Address: New York City.
Date OCT 10 1914

With the return of Dr. Karl Muck, who brought several new members of the orchestra, the personnel of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is complete. The changes caused by the war in Europe were much less than expected. Only two members of last year's orchestra have been unable to return on account of military service. They are Grisez, first clarinet, and Fosse, third oboe, both serving in the French army. Grisez's chair will be filled by A. Sand, a Russian clarinetist of great reputation. Fosse's place will be filled by H. H. Stanislaus, who comes from Sir Henry Wood's Queen's Hall orchestra of London.

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date OCT 7 - 1914

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HAS SEVERAL NEW MEMBERS

Dr. Carl Muck Director, Returns To-day from Germany.

Boston and Providence music lovers are pleased by the announcement that Dr. Carl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is expected to arrive in New York to-day from Europe and is bringing with him several new players, who will be heard in America this season for the first time.

Dr. Muck has spent the summer in Europe and a greater part of this time has been spent in Berlin, where he has been making arrangements to have several members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra released from German military duty. Among the new artists who accompany Dr. Muck are M. Sand, a Russian clarinetist; Josef Malkin, 'cello virtuoso; M. Klicka, harp virtuoso; M. Stanislaus, oboe player, and two violinists.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date OCT 11 1914

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Some Important Engagements Made by Dr. Muck.

With the return of Dr. Karl Muck last week, who brought with him several new members of the orchestra, the personnel of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is complete for the season. The changes caused by the war in Europe were much less than the management dared to hope for a month ago. As it now turns out, only two members of the last year's orchestra have been unable to return on account of military service. They are Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, and Mr. Fossé, the third oboe, both of whom are serving in the French army reserve. Luckily, Dr. Muck has been able to fill their places to his satisfaction. Mr. Grisez's chair will be filled by A. Sand, a Russian clarinetist of great reputation, who, up to the outbreak of the war, was the first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera. Mr. Fossé's place will be filled by H. H. Stanislaus, who comes from Sir Henry Wood's Queen's Hall Orchestra, of London, where he held the post of first oboe.

Several other very important engagements have been made by Dr. Muck. Mr. Urack, who shared the first desk of the 'cellos with Mr. Warnke and was assistant conductor of the orchestra, has decided not to return to America, and his place in the 'cello section will be taken by Josef Malkin, a Russian 'cellist virtuoso of high reputation. Mr. Malkin was for a number of years the solo 'cellist of the Philharmonic Orchestra, of Berlin, and also was 'cellist in the Brussels Quartet and the Witek Trio. A few years ago he did some concert work in this country. The assistant conductor of the orchestra will be Ernst Schmidt. Mr. Schmidt will occupy a desk in the first violins. He comes from Darmstadt, where he was concert master of the Grand Ducal Orchestra and conductor of the Darmstadt Oratorio Society. A second harpist has been engaged. Like Mr. Holy, the first harpist, the new member is a Bohemian. He is V. Klicka, and is famous throughout Europe. The Boston Orchestra was able to secure his services because he could not give a series of concerts he had planned in Europe this season on account of the war.

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date OCT 11 1914

DR. KARL MUCK HOME AGAIN.

Two Members of Boston Symphony Orchestra Still in Europe.

With the return of Dr. Karl Muck, who brought with him several new members of the orchestra, the personnel of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is complete for the season. The changes caused by the war in Europe were much less than the management dared to hope for a month ago. As it now turns out, only two members of last year's orchestra have been unable to return on account of military service. They are Mr. Grizes, the first clarinet, and Mr. Fosse, the third oboe, both of whom are serving in the French Army Reserve. Luckily Dr. Muck has been able to fill their places to his satisfaction. Mr. Grizes's chair will be filled by A. Sand, a Russian clarinetist of great reputation, who, up to the outbreak of the war, was the first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera. Mr. Fosse's place will be filled by H. H. Stanislaus,, who comes from Sir Henry Wood's Queen's Hall Orchestra of London, where he held the post of first oboe.

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The assistant conductor of the orchestra will be Ernest Schmidt. Mr. Schmidt will occupy a desk in the first violins. He comes from Darmstadt where he was concert-master of the Grand Ducal Orchestra and conductor of the Darmstadt Oratorio Society.

A second harpist has been engaged. Like Mr. Holy, the first harpist, the new member is a Bohemian. He is Mr. V. Klicka and is famous throrghout Europe. The Boston Orchestra was able to secure his services because he could not give a series of concerts he had planned in Europe this winter, on account of the war.

The prospectus for Brooklyn calls for the usual five concerts in the Academy of Music on Friday evenings. The dates are November 6, December 4, January 8, February 19, and March 10. The soloists are Pasquale Amato, the great Italian baritone, Harold Bauer, the distinguished violinist, and Frits Kriesler. Mr. Kreisler is expected to arrive in America not later than the middle of December. A letter just received from him by Mr. Ellis, his manager, says that he is still lame but his arms and hands

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From POST
Address: New York City
Date OCT 10 1914

As it now turns out, only two members of last year's Boston Symphony Orchestra have been unable to return on account of military service. They are Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, and Mr. Fossé, the third oboe, both of whom are serving in the French Army Reserve. Luckily, Dr. Muck has been able to fill their places to his satisfaction. Mr. Grisez's chair will be filled by A. Sand, a Russian clarinetist of great reputation, who, up to the outbreak of the war, was the first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera. Mr. Fossé's place will be filled by H. H. Stanislaus, who comes from Sir Henry Wood's Queen's Hall Orchestra, of London, where he held the post of first oboe. Several other very important engagements have been made by Dr. Muck. Mr. Urack, who shared the first desk of the 'cellos with Mr. Warnke and was assistant conductor of the orchestra, has decided not to return to America, and his place in the 'cello section will be taken by Josef Malkin, a Russian 'cellist virtuoso of high reputation. Mr. Malkin was for a number of years the solo 'cellist of the Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin, and also was 'cellist in the Brussels Quartet and the Witek Trio. A few years ago he did some concert work in this country. The assistant conductor of the orchestra will be Ernst Schmidt. Mr. Schmidt will occupy a desk in the first violins. He comes from Darmstadt, where he was concert-master of the Grand Ducal Orchestra and conductor of the Darmstadt Oratorio Society.

From ...ile,
Address N. Y.
Date OCT 11 1914

Only two members have been unable to return to the Boston Symphony; they are, Mr. Grisez, first clarinet, and Mr. Fosse, third oboe, both now in the French army reserve. Mr. Grisez's chair will be filled by A. Sand, a famed Russian clarinettist, who has been first clarinet in the Charlottenburg Opera. Mr. Fosse's place will be filled by H. H. Stanislaus, who comes from Sir Henry Wood's Queen Hall orchestra, London, where he was first oboe. The place of Mr. Urack, who formerly shared the first desk of the 'cellos with Mr. Warnke and was assistant conductor, and who has decided not to return, will be taken by Josef Malkin, a Russian 'cellist virtuoso, who was solo 'cellist of the Philharmonic Orchestra, Berlin, and also 'cellist in the Brussels Quartet and the Witek Trio. He has played in concert here. The assistant conductor will be Ernst Schmidt, who will play with the first violinss. He comes from Darmstadt, where he was concert master of the Grand Ducal Orchestra and conductor of the Darmstadt Oratorio Society. V. Klicka, a famous harpist, will join Mr. Holy, the first harpist; both are Bohemians.

The prospectus for Brooklyn calls for the usual five concerts in the Academy of Music on Friday evenings. The dates are: November 6, December 4, January 8, February 19 and March 19. The soloists are Pasquale Amato, baritone; Harold Bauer, pianist, and Fritz Kreisler, violinist, who is expected to arrive in America not later than the middle of December. A letter recently received from him by Mr. Ellis, his manager, says that he is lame, but his arms and hands were not hurt.

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date OCT 11 1914

New Artists for Boston.

The tickets for the concerts of the Boston Symphony will be mailed to subscribers within a few days. Failure to take up tickets immediately will result in the allotment of them to those on the waiting list. The season will begin in Boston Oct. 16.

Dr. Karl Muck, who returned from abroad last week, brought with him several new players for the Boston Symphony. Only two members of the organization have been unable to return because of military service. Mr. Grisez, the first clarinetist, and Mr. Fosse, the third oboe, are both serving in the French reserve. In their respective places A. Sand and H. H. Stanislaus have been placed. Mr. Urack, who shared the first 'cello desk with Mr. Warnke and was assistant conductor of the orchestra, has decided not to return to America, and his place has been taken by Josef Malkin, a Russian artist. Mr. Schmidt will occupy a desk in the first violins and act as assistant conductor. V. Klicka has been engaged as second harpist.

From STANDARD UNION
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y. OCT 11 1914
Date

Est 1884

With the return of Dr. Karl Muck last week, who brought with him several new members of the orchestra, the personnel of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is complete for the season. The changes caused by the war in Europe were much less than the management dared to hope for a month ago. As it now turns out, only two members of last year's orchestra have been unable to return on account of military service. They are Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, and Mr. Fosse, the third oboe, both of whom are serving in the French army reserve. Luckily Dr. Muck has been able to fill their places to his satisfaction. Mr. Grisez's chair will be filled by A. Sand, a Russian clarinetist of great reputation, who, up to the outbreak of the war, was the first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera. Mr. Fosse's place will be filled by H. H. Stanislaus, who comes from Sir Henry Wood's Queen Hall Orchestra of London, where he held the post of first oboe. Several other very important engagements have been made by Dr. Muck. Mr. Urack, who shared the first desk of the 'cellos with Mr. Warnke, and was assistant conductor of the orchestra, has decided not to return to America, and his place in the 'cello section will be taken by Josef Malkin, a Russian 'cellist virtuoso of high reputation. The assistant conductor of the orchestra will be Ernst Schmidt. Mr. Schmidt will occupy a desk in the first violins. He comes from Darmstadt, where he was concertmaster of the Grand Ducal Orchestra and conductor of the Darmstadt Oratorio Society. A second harpist has been engaged. Like Mr. Holy, the first harpist, the new member is a Bohemian. He is V. Klicka, and is famous throughout Europe. The prospectus for Brooklyn calls for the usual five concerts in the Academy of Music on Friday evenings. The dates are Nov. 6, Dec. 4, Jan. 8, Feb. 19 and March 19. The soloists are Pasquale Amato, the great Italian baritone; Harold Bauer, the distinguished violinist, and Fritz Kreisler. Mr. Kreisler is expected to arrive in America not later than the middle of December. A letter just received from him by Mr. Ellis, his manager, says that he is still lame, but his arms and hands were quite unhurt.

From BULLE
Address Providence, R. I.
Date OCT 7 - 191

rk, 1884

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HAS SEVERAL NEW MEMBERS

Dr. Carl Muck Director, Returns To-day from Germany.

Boston and Providence music lovers are pleased by the announcement that Dr. Carl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is expected to arrive in New York to-day from Europe and is bringing with him several new players, who will be heard in America this season for the first time.

Dr. Muck has spent the summer in Europe and a greater part of this time has been spent in Berlin, where he has been making arrangements to have several members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra released from German military duty. Among the new artists who accompany Dr. Muck are M. Sand, a Russian clarinetist; Josef Malkin, 'cello virtuoso; M. Klicka, harp virtuoso; M. Stanislaus, oboe player, and two violinists.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in
EVUE,
From
Address: New York City
Date [illegible] 1914

rk, 1884

Perſönliches und Sonſtiges.

Dr. Carl Muck, der bekannte Dirigent des Boſton Symphonie-Orcheſters, iſt mit ſeiner Gattin wieder hier eingetroffen.

Für die neue Saiſon bringt Herr Muck verſchiedene neue Compoſitionen von Schönberg, Reger, Vollbach, Strawinsky und Roparz mit. Mit ihm kommen 4 Mitglieder des Orcheſters, und zwar der Concertmeiſter Otto Roth mit Familie, Albert Sand, Hubert W. Sauvlet und nrick van Veen.

From AMERICAN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 11 1914

k, 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is making this year its twenty-ninth consecutive announcement of concerts in Baltimore. The Orchestra was only five years old when it first began to come to this city, and since the very beginning, in the spring of 1886, it has been a most important factor in Baltimore musical life. In the coming season it will give its usual series of five Wednesday evening concerts in the Lyric Theater, on November 4, December 2, January 6, February 17 and March 17.

All reports and rumors to the contrary, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is beginning its season in Boston next week with practically its entire personnel intact.

Dr. Muck, who returned from Europe this week, is beginning his fifth year as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the third year of his present engagement. Under his skilful leadership the Orchestra has made vast strides forward. It has never played so brilliantly as under Dr. Muck and its patronage has never been so great. In both respects it is safe to promise that 1914-15 will be a repetition of 1913-14.

The management of the Orchestra announces at this time three soloists for the Baltimore series. These will be Pasquale Amato, the distinguished Italian barytone; Harold Bauer, the pianist, and Fritz Kreisler. Practically all of Mr. Amato's time before the opening of the season of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, is to be given to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with which he is to be soloist at several concerts, and in other concerts under the management of C. A. Ellis. Mr. Amato is singing with the Orchestra this year for the first time. He needs no introduction to the Baltimore public, which justly admires his fine art.

No more introduction to Baltimore needs Harold Bauer. Mr. Bauer's progress in the esteem of the musical public of the country at large has grown enormously in the last few years. He is one of the truly great pianists of our time.

As for Fritz Kreisler, despite the many rumors as to misfortunes which have attended his military service in Austria, there is practically no doubt that he will be in America to fulfill the engagements of his tour, which begins the first of January. He saw active service in Austria on the Galician frontier and, from most trustworthy accounts, was slightly hurt in a melee with Cossack cavalry. He is now in Vienna and will reach this country the end of December.

RECORD, SATURDAY.
OCTOBER 24 1914

NEW SYMPHONY WELL RECEIVED

Ropartz Composition Makes a Favorable Impression on First Hearing.

The feature of yesterday afternoon's public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was the playing for the first time in this city of the Ropartz Symphony No. 4. While one hearing rarely affords the listener an adequate opportunity of properly estimating such a work, there was no question yesterday afternoon of the favorable impression made.

It is evidently the work of a master who has something definite to say, his own way of saying it and that way a most interesting one. Here is no searching for what one is tempted to call freak lines. Ropartz is not always at his best in giving expression to his thoughts, but without question he knows his orchestra. Particularly charming were the strings and the bits of solo work scattered throughout the piece. Another hearing would evidently be well worth while, as well as more of the same composer's writings.

One could but wish the composer could have had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Muck's fine reading of the number as did George Chadwick yesterday, when his "Symphonic Sketches" aroused such enthusiasm that he was obliged to rise in his place in the audience and acknowledge the applause. They are gems, with the "Noel" the bright particular star.

Mozart's "Masonic Funeral Music," the first number on the program, was played in memory of Gardiner M. Lane, the Boston banker and philanthropist.

Sibelius numbers, three in all, "Karelia," "The Swan of Tuonela" and "Finlandia" fittingly closed one of the most enjoyable of concerts.

Next week brings the first soloist of the season, Pasquale Amato. The

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BOSTON EVENING RECORD, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17 1914

First Symphony Ushers In Season's Concerts

PROGRAMME.

Beethoven—Heroic Symphony.
Brahms—Variations on a Haydn Theme.
Strauss—"Don Juan." Tone poem.
Weber—"Euryanthe" overture.

This programme might be labelled "Made in Germany," and it was purely orchestral, a matter which we always approve of. Dr. Muck was welcomed with even more than the usual cordiality when he took the stand, for there was some doubt about our getting him out of the European cauldron, and when we found not only our German conductor, but some excellent Austrian, French and Belgian players saved to us (MM. Holy, Longy and Lenom, for example) we were glad to see that the war had not destroyed our symphonic art. Many of the audience rose as the conductor entered to do him honor, says Louis C. Elson in his review of the Symphony's opening in the Advertiser.

There was not quite the ensemble in the opening Symphony that we shall get by mid-season, but there was such an excellent reading of the work, and so much of hearty enthusiasm, that the old work was as virile and powerful as ever. It was born of war. Every great war leaves music in its wake, and a century ago Europe was in almost as universal throes as at present.

It remains to be seen whether Richard Strauss will give us an orchestral setting of the present turmoil which shall stand beside the "Heroic" symphony.

DR. KARL MUCK,
Who was given a most enthusiastic reception.

"Don Juan" is not Strauss' greatest work, but it is exciting nevertheless, and even if one is not entirely in sympathy with the hero's scientific investigations of the female sex, and his rather exacting search after an ideal, the orchestration is sparkling and difficult, and the jugglery of figures attractive. It is not quite as definite programme-music, not quite as clear a set of pictures, as the baby and the Strauss family, in the "Sinfonia Domestica," and not at all on the level of "Zarathustra," not to speak of "Death and Transfiguration." But it was a great revelation to hear such a difficult score in the very first concert of the season. It had excellent ensemble and thrilling power. The violins did wonderfully well, and it was not the right kind of weather for a "biting" string tone. In spite of this and of the sultry atmosphere of the hall the violin tones were anything but "dead."

The technique displayed proved at once that all of our old favorites have returned, only we miss the excellent Urack, and especially our fine clarinettist, M. Grisez. We seem to have bad luck with clarinettists, for the best one we ever heard is at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, and now another one is swallowed up by the war.

Weber's theatrical music formed a showy end to the concert. The contrasts here were very sharply drawn, but Weber stands these abrupt transitions very well. There is the glare of the footlights in all his overtures, and they are easily comprehended by the average auditor. "Euryanthe" made a showy end to a fine and sensibly varied programme. The 34th season of the Symphony Orchestra will be as great as its 33 predecessors.

BOSTON TRAVELER,
, OCTOBER 24,

EXCELLENT START FOR SYMPHONY

The 34th Season Inaugurated in a Most Impressive Manner.

The 34th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was inaugurated in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon in a most successful manner. A strikingly cordial reception was accorded Dr. Muck as he took his place at the conductor's stand. Many in the audience, that practically filled the hall, stood up as Dr. Muck entered.

The "Eroica" symphony, with which the concert opened, could well have caused reflections on the present European struggle and speculation as to whether there is a musician today who can echo the Beethoven work with Europe in 1914 as the theme.

Brahms's "Variations" is more of an example of what a composer can do than a composition for the average musical audience.

The Strauss tone poem was noticeably well given, while the "Euryanthe" overture provided a welcome close. The concert was a bit long and many left the hall after the Brahms selection.

Dr. Muck Welcomed Again

Warmly as the audience at the Symphony Concert on Saturday evening received Dr. Muck and numerous and eager as it was, it could not equal the applause which the company of Friday lavished on the returned conductor and which set a new precedent in such things at Symphony Hall. None the less, the plaudits were long and hearty when Dr. Muck came to his place and twice he had to turn to his audience in acknowledgment when he had already opened his score and lifted his stick. Again the company rose in his honor, but Mr. Higginson, for some reason, did not renew his usual greeting to the conductor. Long and loud, also, was the applause for both orchestra and leader at the end of the "Eroica" symphony and of Strauss's "Don Juan." To the listener at both concerts Dr. Muck and the men seemed on Saturday evening to carry yet higher or deeper, as the music asked, the bright or the darksome incandescence of Beethoven's melodies and to intensify the mournful clangors and the tossing rhythms of the Funeral March. It became music for heroes. They seemed, likewise, to excel themselves in the tonal vividness, the energy of imagination and projection, the nervous force and the creative energy that make theme and progression, delineation and development in "Don Juan" an irresistible intoxication. Yet the applause was less than on the day before—one more proof, perhaps, of the gradual shifting of the centre of gravity, so to say, at the Symphony Concerts from that of Saturday evening to that of Friday afternoon. The change has been discernible for three years past and now it is the audience of the so-called and absurdly named "rehearsals" that is more eager, intent, responsive and stimulating.

Trans, Oct 19

[21]

TRANSCRIPT, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

ROPARTZ'S MUSIC DISAPPOINTS ANTICIPATIONS

A Carved and Lifeless Symphony That Echoed Franck from Its Emptiness—The Puissant and Diverse Sibelius of Three Tone-Poems—Mr. Chadwick in His Best, Truest and Most American Vein

IF Ropartz's new symphony proved less interesting and individual than there was reason to expect at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon, the other pieces on the programme made amends and more, while throughout conductor and orchestra played them with the sense and the revelation of the particular voice and style of each that have become two of their finest distinctions. For the first time at the Symphony Concerts three of Sibelius's tone-poems were assembled in a single group: "Karelia," which in strict form is an overture; "The Swan of Tuonela" and the more familiar, "Finlandia." Each in its kind, all three were stirring to ear and feeling and all three were characteristic of the composer before he acquired his newest idiom and manner which, three weeks hence, Dr. Muck is to exemplify once more in a repetition of the puzzling and reprobated fourth symphony, heard for the first time last autumn. Whatever Sibelius writes, his music is usually stimulating to hear by its contrasts in matter and manner with much other music of our time; for, if ever a composer went his own way—perhaps under the isolation of his solitary country house and his secluded life in Finland—it is Sibelius.

Contemporary composers tend to be diffuse and vague. Sibelius, in contrast, is terse and pregnant and three of his tone-poems fill no more than half an hour. Often his fellows court the long thematic thought that they can break into fragments and use seriatim as it were. Sibelius's musical ideas, on the other hand, are short-favored, as the old New England word might put it, sharp of outline and concentrated of substance and feeling. He addresses his audience directly and in the three tone-poems of yesterday with a relative simplicity and frankness of progression and modulation, of harmonic and instrumental color. Not a few of his brethren lead their hearers through long and intricate periods that better prove their ingenuity than their vividness of expression. The usual modern orchestra suffices for Sibelius; to others he leaves the assembling of strange or multiplied instruments. Yet how completely his music expresses itself and infuses into the hearer the emotional impulses, the visions and the memories that have prompted it! As economically and as fully as it is written, it accomplishes its expressive ends.

In the three pieces of yesterday these ends were diverse indeed. "The Swan of Tuonela" is tone-painting and nothing else that, with a hint from title and programme, shall transmit to the hearer the aspect and the atmosphere of a visualized scene—the dark, fringed and still river of the Finnish Hades and upon the black and rippleless waters, a white and singing swan swimming its circles. And now and then leafage and waters shall shiver as though the breath of everlasting mysteries had ruffled them; and once the song of the swan shall seem to flood the stillness; and as it dies away, the listening spirits of the dead shall sigh with its last breathings. How vividly the music achieves the picture, not merely in the poignant and mysterious melody of the swan, in its echoes out of the shadows, in its long rise and fall, and in its final flutterings, but also in its insistent suggestion of the stillness and the remoteness of the scene, of the surrounding blackness and the white and floating pinions, of the tremulous and ghostly listeners. Here is sound that summons stillness and colorful music that yet paints in black and white.

Of another sort is "Karelia," overture or tone-poem that would catch into tones the moods that one of the softer Finnish landscapes and one of the livelier Finnish folk evoked in Sibelius—sturdy music, colored through and through with the white sunshine and the recurring shadows of the north, moving to heady rhythms that Dr. Muck's instinct for the beat of music made headier still; now swinging forward as in stout peasant dance, now expanding and flooding through the orchestra in a climax of sympathetic emotion; music that sounds as though it were written in a heat and under irresistible impulse. Akin yet diverse is the ampler and sterner "Finlandia." The music begins in sombre imagery; it rises into sombre splendor as though Sibelius were stirred by some veiled and grim image of his country. Emotion swells in him; the music sweeps forward in long progressions or the stark phrases fall like blows. They begin to move restlessly; the music rustles with the stirring of all the Finns; the host springs forward; its visions lead it; there is climax of fulfilment. "Finlandia" is national music, but national music written with high imagination and enkindled power; a national hymn, if the listener likes so to respond to it, but a national hymn made symphonic.

For interlude, as it seemed, between Ropartz's symphony and these pieces of Sibelius and in singular contrast to the memorial music for the late Mr. Lane that prefaced the concert—Mozart's "Masonic Mourning"—stood Mr. Chadwick's robustly gay or gently sentimental "Symphonic Sketches," first and happily discovered for the Symphony Concerts by Dr. Muck and rewarded, as usual, with rounds of applause that finally brought the composer to his feet in his modest place in the audience. Mr. Chadwick is, indeed, fain to write impassioned tone-poems in modern idiom about the loves of Antony and Cleopatra or the [illegible] of Aphrodite. He used to labor upon grave symphonies in the manner of Brahms. His ambition and in some respects his accomplishment, have praised him, but he seems most his natural, his spontaneous, his finely achieving self in these simpler and lighter pieces like the "Symphonic Sketches" of yesterday, the little symphony that Dr. Muck revived last winter and the amiable quartet that "The Kneisels" reproduced a year ago. Who from "Aphrodite" and "Antony and Cleopatra" would suspect Mr. Chadwick as a humorist in music? Yet he is clearly such in the first and the fourth of the sketches and an American humorist to boot, since his humor is of the tonally unexpected. The tone-poems labor for passion along their course; try as he may Mr. Chadwick cannot write erotic music; but how exuberantly the "Jubilee" of the first sketch and "The Vagrom Ballad" of the fourth flow along.

If ever there was American music, also these two pieces are such. In us all, unless we have been warped and withered out of all sentient being, is the desire "to go on the loose," and what is "Jubilee" but symphonic music gone on a spree, but stopping occasionally to poetize along the way, and so to climb the heights of symphony concerts? And poets, as we all know, have their sprees, like the rest of us—sometimes a little oftener—and ply their imagination in the course of them. And who but an American would write a symphonic ditty of tramps, call it a "Vagrom Ballad," not quite dare to rhyme "rum" with "bum," but boldly quote Bach on the xylophone, and then pause for musing, as though the sentimentalist that is in Mr. Chadwick—and most of us Americans—had come along, too? Moreover, when he is frankly sentimental, as in the little adagio of the mother and her baby on a Christmas Eve, he is homely, tender, wholesome, in our average American way, and he finds twenty times more expressive tones for it than he did for Egyptian lusts or Cyprian glamours. The tonal whimsies of the scherzo of Puck are American, too. No heavy-footed British hob-goblin is this sprite, but a nervous American urchin. When Mr. Chadwick chooses to write in his most spontaneous and distinctive vein there is no American composer so thoroughly and naturally American. And his light vein is his best. Once upon a time a shrewd manager said that he might have given American operetta a place in the world had he chosen to write it.

As for the new symphony, it is one thing for César Franck to write according to the Franckian formulas and in the Franckian idiom and another thing for Guy Ropartz, forty odd years afterward, to be as faithful to both. With the master's teachings, Franck's pupils absorbed a fidelity to them that plays through the music that each and every one subsequently wrote—d'Indy's and Chausson's, Duparc's and Bréville's. Yet when they and all the rest followed the Franckian procedures and spoke with the Franckian intonations they also individualized them and made them in more or less degree their own characteristic method and utterance. Duparc added subtlety to them; Bréville glamors them rosily; d'Indy has amplified, intensified and exalted them till, as some say, he excels his master.

In Ropartz's symphony, however, so far as one hearing disclosed its matter and manner, there is no such individualizing of the Franckian heritage. He is unmistakably master of it. No symphony could more closely follow the "cyclic" formula from the generative measures whence the musical thoughts spring, through their ascents and descents, their contrasts and interplay until they finally vaporize into the air. The melodies are delicately incisive, especially when Ropartz confides them to the penetrating and plaintive voices of the wood choir with light tinklings of the harps to point them. They broaden in grave and suave expansions against a background of vaporous harmonies, they rise and break in soft clangors; they flow in melting and sometimes lovely phrases, or they wander about—a little aimlessly—in the higher registers of the strings.

Now all this is Franckian, even if it is touched here and there with the acid harmonies, the acrid modulations or the sharp-edged climaxes of the other and greater disciple, d'Indy. These, however, seemed willed passages: Ropartz's natural voice runs in subdued Franckian tones out of which nearly all vitality and individuality have oozed away. Instead of the deep intensity of Franck's passionate moods of sublimated aspiration, Ropartz can attain no more than a dreamy longing. For Franck's ecstatic visions in tones he substitutes a beatific grace. In lieu of Franck's noble exaltation, Ropartz meditates piously. The homely gaiety of Franck—the joy of a simple spirit in simple things—becomes in Ropartz no more than amiable tonal pleasantry. A unique personality speaks out of Franck's music and speaking animates it; Ropartz's symphony leaves no impression of a clear individuality first permeating it and then exhaling from it.

From beginning to end, except in happy strokes of detail, it is imitative work and Ropartz in the fiftieth year of his age should have left such doing three decades behind. On the surface are the Franckian contours, skilfully modelled and the Franckian colors laid on with an adroit hand; superficially, the carver of the music has caught the Franckian feeling, yet within the symphony is empty of all the vitalizing emotions and the kindling personality that make Franck's music what it is. And in technical perfections, flawless jointure, the laying of paragraph and paragraph and almost phrase and phrase impeccably side by side, Ropartz's symphony is a carven music. Try as they might Dr. Muck and his men could not animate its delicate incisiveness, its meandering suavities, its gravely gentle clangors, its momentary explosions. There are moods in hearers that invite such music; there are quite as many in perverse human nature that almost resent it. H. T. P.

BOSTON GLOBE
OCTOBER 24,

ROPARTZ' SYMPHONY.

Modern French Work of Good Musicianship.

Pieces by Mr Chadwick and Three by Sibelius Played.

The second Symphony rehearsal was held yesterday afternoon. Dr Muck conducted.

Mozart—Masonic Funeral Music.
(In Memoriam: Gardiner Martin Lane.)
Ropartz—Fourth symphony, C major.
First time in Boston.
Chadwick—Symphonic Sketches.
Sibelius—"Karelia," "The Swan of Tuonela," "Finlandia."

It was to be expected that Ropartz, a true and recognized pupil of Cesar Franck, should have reflected something of the thought and style of the master. Vincent d'Indy's tribute to his colleague's appreciation of their teacher is a beautiful and generous one. It is at once clear that the influence of Franck has molded the writer of this symphony. It mirrors at times that reflective cast of mind in which he mused upon spiritual rather than temporal things. It has something of the serenity. It radiates something of the heavenly light. It is not obvious music, and will not arouse the general public to demonstrations, but it reveals individuality, a clear musical sense and attains beauty if not always inspiration.

In absorbing his teacher's manner, Ropartz has not been merely a copyist. There are traces here of other controling minds. "Tristan and Isolda" must have been well known to him, and he has observed, if not too seriously emulated, the pursuits of the modern French school. There is something of the whole tone harmonic basis, but it is not as though the writer had laboriously taught himself to compose in this rather than in the diatonic scale. There is a directness, a sincerity, for the greater part a spontaneity of expression, yet it is music that does not reveal too eagerly its secrets, as though the author, fearful lest jaded or indiscriminate ears should not at once harken, had made doubly sure of his part.

The symphony as a whole—the four movements or sections are played without pause—is not of equal interest. The scherzo is less fertile in ideas. There is a broad and songful treatment of the theme, but this section is less well sustained, less direct and convincing than the two which precede. While not the mystic nor the man of exalted thought that was Cesar Franck, Ropartz reflects in the first half of his symphony an introspective vision, the power to contemplate and commune, which has always marked the creative minds to whose call beauty has answered most generously.

The contrasting section of the first movement, "Jubilee," of Mr Chadwick's suite and the second or slow movement, "Noel," are wholly pleasing for their melodic vein, a type of melody suggesting often the songs of the Southern negro, for their harmonization, rich, yet not marring their quaint flavor, and for their orchestral color. Mr Chadwick was applauded heartily as he rose twice from his place on the floor.

Sibelius' three pieces are of epic character. In matters little whether he puts a song of bodeful sinister melancholy into the mouth of the swan of the black, broad river of Finnish mythology or voices the martial cry of courage and purposefulness of his people, there is national rather than personal feeling; the speech of a people rather than an individual.

The grouping of the three numbers was fortunate. In parts of his later symphonies Sibelius has been deep in despair to the extent of monotony. Here he speaks of National sorrow, it is true, but there are pages of noble resignation, of exhortation, of rousing rebellion, of unconquerable pride. These numbers, as the others, were played by Dr Muck and the orchestra with the perception and virtuosity that is synonymous with these concerts. Particularly was the performance of the symphony well considered and well executed.

Mr Amato, the eminent baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, will be heard in numbers from Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII" and Handel's "Serse" ("Largo") at the next concerts. The orchestral numbers will be Brahms' second symphony, Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride" and Enesco's suite for orchestra, op 9.

The Impending New Symphony

Yesterday these columns contained some account of Ropartz as man, composer and writer about music. Here follows today a note about the new symphony, his fourth, that is to make him known virtually for the first time in Boston at the Symphony Concerts of tomorrow and Saturday. Like the article of yesterday, it is from the hand of Mr. P. G. Clapp.

Ropartz's fourth symphony (Boston, Boston Music Co., 1914) received its first manuscript performance in October, 1911, at a Lamoureux concert under Camille Chevillard; it was then praised by several of the Parisian critics, among them the composer Bruneau. The symphony is played without pause, but divides itself naturally into three divisions, almost into three movements. It is scored for only three more instruments than are found in Beethoven's Leonore overture (No. 3)—bass clarinet, tuba and harp.

Allegro moderato, C major, 4-4. After two measures of the accompaniment figure, the principal theme, consisting of a rising figure of four notes and then figures derived from it, is announced quietly by the first violins in their low register. The theme climbs an octave higher; the instrumentation becomes richer. The violins have a counter theme, and the principal theme is proclaimed broadly by four horns. A new figure in triplets is introduced by the horns; there is a long transition, with a gradual modulation toward E major. The second theme is not announced at once, and when it does come it is purposely not so striking as the principal theme. The development section is long, and not only is the foregoing material all used, but new ideas are allowed continually to grow out of it. The climax of the division is when, after a long and mysterious insistence on a chord of C-sharp minor, the principal theme bursts forth with the full orchestra in C major. The principal theme dominates the recapitulation, the triplet figure of the transition has its say, the second theme is only touched upon. At the close various brass instruments answer each other in a curious descending call which later becomes the first two notes in the theme of the second movement.

If there is more than a little Franck in the principal theme, if there are too many relapses into C major, nevertheless the first movement atones for these slight faults by its richness and warmth, its radiant happiness and beauty. By dint of beautiful melody and harmony, real power in the broader and statelier passages, and masterly instrumentation the first movement makes and should make its mark, with promise of something still better to follow. What happens?

Adagio, E minor, 4-4. The English horn, accompanied softly by strings, intones an obviously manufactured melody of neutral emotional content over a rambling harmonic procedure. Presently a twice repeated sudden and inexplicable dissonance, followed by aimless attempts to modulate, fails adequately to prepare the way for a graceful clarinet melody, allegretto, B major (shifting rhythms), which is pretty and pleasing, but wholly out of keeping with what has gone before. The English horn theme, now in the strings, takes a dance-like form, which, after one more appearance each in turn of the graceful melody, the original adagio theme, the inexplicable dissonance and the aimless attempt at modulation, is put through its paces in a futile and uninteresting fugato. By way of compensation, perhaps, the graceful melody now gains and keeps the upper hand for some time. The climax occurs with the dance-like figure in the trumpets, answered by the horns; then there is a return to the original mood, with some new material. A lame transitional passage leads to:

Allegro molto, C minor, 3-4. This scherzo finale opens with a rude theme for strings derived from a subsidiary motive for trumpet in the first movement, over a running accompaniment derived from the dance-like figure in the second movement. This main theme of the scherzo finale is stated and developed at some length. Reminiscences from the previous movement, but always of subordinate material, are freely employed. There is modulation through various keys. New themes are plentifully derived from old sources, some perhaps from outside the symphony. At the close the rhythm, mood and some of the material of the first movement are reestablished; the quiet close recalls the opening and principal theme of the whole composition, and is quietly impressive—what a pity that its quiet impressiveness could not have been enhanced by a preceding climax instead of an anti-climax! Beautiful, however, the ending is, and it will probably succeed with the unwary in obliterating the impression that the scherzo finale is the weakest part of the work, where it should be the strongest.

Gut of Sibelius

Two other quasi-novelties stand also on Dr. Muck's programme—Sibelius's tone poem, "The Swan of Tuonela" and his early overture, "Karelia"—each played here once and almost en passant in Mr. Fiedler's time. Now Tuonela is the Finnish Hades and the spirits of men wending thither must traverse nine seas and one river on which floats and sings:

> . . . the long-necked, graceful swimmer,
> Swimming in the black-death river,
> In the sacred stream and whirlpool.

And Lemmankäinen, the hero of Finnish saga, came upon a time to Tuonela and looked upon the swan and heard its song. The English horn sings it long and sadly in the tone-poem until it floods the music and then dies into the echoing darkness again. "Karelia," celebrating the brightest and the merriest district of Finland, runs in lighter and warmer vein.

From EVG. STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date OCT 18 1914

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The outlook for the season of five concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Washington is said to be excellent. The renewal of subscriptions has been very large and comparatively few seats are left for the general sale, which will open at Droop's music store Tuesday morning. The concerts will be given in the New National Theater Tuesday afternoons, at 4:30 o'clock, November 3, December 1, January 5, February 16 and March 16.

The management announces three soloists, all artists of exceptional distinction. At the first concert the assisting artist will be Pasquale Amato of the Metropolitan Opera Mouse, New York. The others are Harold Bauer, one of the great living pianists, and Fritz Kreisler, who has escaped the perils of the war in Galicia with only a slight hurt. He was in the fighting around Lemberg, and was ridden over by cavalry as he lay in the trenches. The result was what athletes call "a pulled tendon" in his left leg, but neither of his invaluable arms or hands was injured. He is now in Vienna recuperating, and expects to come to this country in December.

Dr. Muck has announced some interesting novelties, and if they prove of high value, some of them will be heard in the Washington concerts.

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date OCT 11 191

With the return of Dr. Muck from Europe last week more definite announcements than were previously possible in regard to the Boston Symphony season became possible. The war has affected the organization much less than was feared. All the German and Austrian contingents have been able to return, and the only two members that are left in Europe are Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, and Mr. Fosse, the third oboe, who are serving in the French territorial army.

The five soloists so far engaged for the season here comprise three singers, a violinist and a pianist. The singers are Mme. Schumann-Heink, Miss Florence Hinkle and Pasquale Amato. The pianist is Harold Bauer, and the violinist is Anton Witek. One soloist is to be added to the list.

Of all the artists who appear in Providence from year to year none is more justly popular than the German contralto, Mme. Schumann-Heink, who will sing at the opening concert on Oct. 20. Among the contraltos of the world she holds an undisputed foremost place.

Mr. Urack, who served last year as assistant conductor of the orchestra and directed several of the concerts in this city, will not return, as he is remaining in Germany. His place will be taken by Mr. Malkin, a virtuoso of European standing in orchestral and chamber concerts and not so long ago first 'cellist of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin. The new first clarinet is Mr. Sand, a Russian from the Deutsche Opernhaus at Charlottenburg, and the new harpist is a Bohemian, Mr. Klicka, of high reputation in Germany and Austria, whom the war has set free from his engagements at home Dr. Muck has also engaged two new players for the first violins—Mr. Schmidt, late the concertmaster of the orchestra at Darmstadt, upon which the Grand Duke of Hesse and Mr. Weingartner equally lavish their cares; and Mr. Souvlet from The Hague. From The Hague also will come a new viola player, Mr. Van Veen; and Mr. Stanislaus of Sir Henry Wood's orchestra in London will take Mr. Fosse's place among the oboes while the French virtuoso is in the field.

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From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 17 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY TO PRESENT FINE NOVELTIES

Dr. Karl Muck has announced a tentative list of novelties for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which promise much to the lover of new music. These include pieces by Schoenberg, who is called "the musical monarch;" Korngold, the marvelous boy composer of Vienna, and Stravinsky, the ultra-modern Russian composer.

The season of the orchestra opened in Boston this last week and the orchestra was able to present full ranks for its first concert. It contains this year some new members, as had been planned, but only two of last year's force have been compelled to stay in Europe on account of the war. These are Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, and Mr. Fosse, the third oboe. Mr. Grisez's place has been filled by Mr. Sand, a Russian, who is one of the most famous clarinet players in Europe, and comes from Charlottenburg Opera House, Berlin. Mr. Fosse's place has been filled by Mr. Stanislaus, who has been first oboe in Sir Henry Wood's Queen's Hall Orchestra.

From NEWS
Address Providence, R. I.
Date OCT 3 1914

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Since the original announcement made by the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra regarding the six concerts that the orchestra will give in Providence the coming winter, the name of Pasuale Amato has been added to the list of solo!sits. The list now stands—Amato, Madame Schumann-Heink, Florence Hinkle, Harold Bauer and Anton Witek—as strong and interesting a list as the orchestra has ever presented in this city, and one which comprises three most distinguished singers.

Amato is now on his way to America, having left Italy early in order to fill a series of engagements with the Boston Symphony. He is one of the rare Italian opera singers who has made a success in concert work.

The sale of season tickets for the six concerts, the dates of which are Oct. 20, Nov. 17, Dec. 29, Feb. 2, March 2, and April 13, will open at Seddon's newsstand, Butler Exchange, 123 Westminster street, Monday, Oct. 12.

From NEWS
Address Providence, R. I.
Date SEP 26 1914

Boston Symphony Orchestra

There is every indication that the coming season of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Providence will show an improvement even over last year, when the high-water mark of subscription and single sales was reached. Last year's subscribers have been renewing their subscriptions for the coming season since last spring and very few have given up their seats, while the number of new subscribers will be considerable. The orchestra will give its usual series of six concerts on Tuesday evenings in Infantry hall, the dates being Oct. 20, Nov. 17, Dec. 29, Feb. 2, March 2 and April 13, and the general sale of tickets will open at Seddon's News Stand, Butler Exchange, Oct. 12.

Despite all reports and rumors to the contrary, the Boston Symphony Orchestra begins its season with its personnel intact. Several changes have been made in the membership, and of these two or three were unexpected, owing to as many of the younger members having been called to military service in their several countries. All of their places, however, have been filled satisfactorily by Dr. Muck, who has been in Berlin busily preparing for the season since the middle of August. Dr. Muck is on his way to America and should arrive in Boston Oct. 5. On his arrival it will be possible to make more definite announcements as to his plans for the winter.

The list of soloists for Providence is not yet complete. Up to the present, those engaged are Madame Schumann-Heink, Florence Hinkle, Harold Bauer and Anton Witek.

From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 18 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY

The season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened in Boston this last week and the orchestra was able to present full ranks for its first concert. It contains this year some new members, as had been planned, but only two of last year's force have been compelled to stay in Europe on account of the war. These are Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, and Mr. Fosse, the third oboe. Mr. Grisez's place has been filled by Mr. Sand, a Russian, who is one of the most famous clarinet players in Europe and comes from the Charlottenburg Opera House, Berlin. Mr. Fosse's place has been filled by Mr. Stanislaus, who has been first oboe in Sir Henry Wood's Queen's Hall Orchestra.

Dr. Muck has announced a tentative list of novelties which promise much to the lover of new music. These include pieces by Schoenberg, who is called "the musical anarch;" Korngold, the marvelous boy composer, of Vienna, and Stravinsky, the ultra-modern Russian composer. The sale of season tickets for the five concerts to be given in Baltimore is now going on at Albaugh's ticket office, and the prospects are for a very successful season here. The first concert will be given Wednesday evening, November 4.

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From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 10 1914

Boston Symphony Concerts.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has issued the prospectus of the concerts it will give in Baltimore during the coming season. As usual, they will be five in number and given on Wednesday nights, and the dates are November 4, December 2, January [illegible], February 17 and March 17. Three soloists are announced at this time for the Baltimore concerts. They are Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer and Fritz Kreisler.

It is impossible at this time to give an outline of Dr. Muck's program plans for the season, but he will undoubtedly follow out his usual course of drawing equally from classical and

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From EVENING NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 17 1914

Boston Symphony

The general sale of season tickets for the five concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Baltimore this winter has been in progress at Albaugh's Ticket Office since last Monday. The results are said to be highly satisfactory.

The season of the Orchestra opened in Boston last week and the Orchestra was able to present full ranks for its first concert. It contains, this year, some new members, as had been planned, but only two of last year's force have been compelled to stay in Europe on account of the war. Dr. Karl Muck has announced a tentative list of novelties which promise much to the lover of new music. These include pieces by Schoenberg, who is called "the musical anarch," Korngold, the marvelous boy composer of Vienna, and Stravinsky, the ultra-modern Russian composer.

From AMERICAN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 4 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is holding its regular auction sales of season tickets for its home concerts the coming week. All the tickets for the series of twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four concerts are sold by auction, and it takes four days to do the work. The indications are that the sale will be one of the largest in the history of the organization.

With the arrival of Dr. Muck from Europe, the middle of the week, it will be possible to make final definite announcement regarding his plans. The Baltimore season is already of assured success. The subscription is larger than ever before. The five concerts on Wednesday evenings, November 3, December 1, January 5, February 16 and March 16, will be practically sold out for the season. Such seats as have not been taken by subscription are going on sale at Albaugh's Ticket Office Monday morning, October 12.

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date OCT [illegible] 1914

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The period for the renewal of subscriptions for the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts in Washington ended yesterday and Mrs. Katie Wilson Greene, who represents the orchestra here, reports that results are in every respect up to expectations. Such seats as have not already been taken for the season will be placed on sale at Droop's music store Tuesday, October 20.

The following changes in the orchestra are announced. Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet and Mr. Fosse, the third oboe, are serving in the French army. Mr. Grisez's place will be taken by Mr. Sand, a Russian clarinetist, who, up to the outbreak of the war, was the first clarinet in the Deutsches Opernhaus of Berlin. Mr. Fosse's place will be taken by H. H. Stanislaus, an Englishman, who up to this year has been the first oboe of Sir Henry Wood's Queen's Hall Orchestra, in London.

Mr. Urack, the assistant conductor of the orchestra, has not returned. He has decided to stay in Germany. His place at the first desk of the cellos has been taken by Josef Malkin, for a number of years solo 'cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. He was also cellist in the Brussels Quartet and the Witek Trio. As assistant conductor Ernst Schmidt of Darmstadt has been engaged. Mr. Schmidt will be one of the first violins. He was former concertmaster of the Darmstadt Orchestra and conductor of the oratorio society of that city.

Another engagement of importance is that of V. Klicka, as a second harp of the orchestra. Mr. Klicka is a renowned harp virtuoso, and the orchestra, it is declared, could not have secured his services had not the war put an end to music on the continent.

Dr. Muck is back in America and the rehearsals of the orchestra start tomorrow. The five Washington concerts will be given as usual Tuesday afternoons at 4:30. The dates are November 3, December 1, January 5, February 16 and March 16.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date OCT

Estab

BRILLIANT OPENI SYMPHONY SEA

Boston Orchestra and Pasq Amato Rendered Programme That Delighted Large and Appreciative Audience.

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra gives its first concert the local musical season may be said to be really begun. That commencement was recorded last night when the usual big audience which greets this noted musical organization filled Infantry Hall with appreciative listeners who did not fail to give a warm welcome to Dr. Muck, the capable and popular conductor, and his aggregation of musicians who are held in high esteem in this city. The applause was liberal and there was every manifestation of enjoyment of the programme and appreciation of the fact that Providence is afforded this opportunity to hear the best music by players of the highest reputation and skill.

For this opening concert of the season Dr. Muck selected three great great orchestral classics by great composers, Beethoven, Straus and Weber. This trio offers a variety and excellence of productions that can hardly be surpassed and they were represented by numbers which could not fail to afford pleasure to all lovers of music. The soloist for the initial concert was Pasquale Amato, the distinguished Italian baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who is singing this year for the first time with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His offering consisted of two numbers from Saint Saens and Handel. These rounded out the programme and made it one of rare merit.

The programme was arranged as follows:

Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55............Beethoven
I. Allegro con brio.
II. Marcia funebre; Adagio assai.
III. Scherzo; Allegro Vivace; Trio.
IV. Finale; Allegro molto.
Aria, "Qui donc commande quand il aime?" from "Henry VIII.," Act 1, Scene 4..................Saint-Saens
Tone-poem, "Don Juan" (after N. Lenau), Op. 20......Richard Strauss
Air, "Ombra mai fu" from the opera, "Serse," Act 1, Scene 1.......Handel
Overture to "Euryanthe".......Weber

The symphony from Beethoven's "Eroica" is regarded as one of the immortal productions of the great composer, and quite in his characteristic vein. Written in honor of Napoleon, it is a notable monument to that soldier and commander. It embodies orchestral music of great diversity, but singular beauty and richness. It held the audience intent last night, and was received at the close of the several parts with enthusiastic applause. There are portions which delight with their delicacy and the others that please by the fullness of tone and the martial spirit that animates them. The rendition was admirable. Dr. Muck had his musicians in full control and his leadership was as skilful and effective as ever.

Of the other orchestral numbers the tone poem, "Don Juan," by Strauss, was a gem, and the "Euryanthe" overture by Weber was as welcome as it always is. The former is passionate and thrilling, throbbing with feeling and expressing it in a manner that grips. The overture is marked by brilliance with passages that are tender and appealing. Both were played with characteristic spirit and fine attention to detail. There is never any uncertainty felt in listening to this orchestra, but always an assurance that the music will be rendered with no lapse of skill and no lack of finish.

Dr. Amator sang twice, and was accorded a warm welcome by those who had heard him before and those who knew him only by reputation. He has a wonderful voice, and may well be regarded as one of the best baritone singers before the public to-day. His voice is rich and full, strong and yet smooth. There is a beauty in the notes and an evidence of musicianly training that makes his singing charming in every detail. He sings easily and naturally with no attempt at display and with perfect good taste.

The numbers were the aria from "Henry VIII.," and a selection from the opera, "Serse," and both were sung with marked feeling and displayed his voice in all its admirable qualities.

It was an auspicious beginning of the series of six concerts which will be given during this 34th season of the orchestra in this city.

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date 1914

Established:

SYMPHONY CONCERT PROVES ATTRACTIVE

Thirty-fourth Season Opened at Infantry Hall.

AMATO IN PLEASING VOICE

Celebrated Italian Baritone Vigorously Applauded After Each Appearance, and Forced to Respond to Encores.—Dr. Muck Conducts Programme.

A romantic programme was the offering with which the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its 34th season last evening in Infantry Hall, playing its 136th concert, the first of a series of six which will be given here during the season.

A large audience greeted Dr. Muck with moderate applause as he appeared upon the stage, and seemed to find great enjoyment in the programme which was given in the following order:

Beethoven..Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55,
I. Allegro con brio.
II. Marcia funenre: Adagio assai.
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro molto.
Saint-Saens..................................
..Aria, "Qui donc commande quandil aime?" from "Henry VIII.," Act. 1, Scene 4.
Richard Strauss ....
Tone-poem, "Don Juan" (after N. Lenau), Op. 20.
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Air, "Ombra mai fu," from the opera "Serse," Act. I., Scene 1.
Weber...............Overture to "Euryanthe"

For the soloist, Pasquale Amato, the distinguished Italian baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, the audience manifested unbounded enthusiasm, recalling him several times after each of his numbers.

Mr. Amato, whose first appearance here a few years ago was in concert with Mme. Mero, the pianist, when he made a lasting impression with his dramatic fervor and beautiful voice, has lost nothing of his skill; and his aria "Quidone commande quand il aime," and the air from "Serse" were given with a beauty of tone and perfection of diction that won him immediate applause.

The first of these, less well known of the two, is from Saint-Saens' opera, "Henry VIII.,'" which was produced at the Opera in Paris in 1883, and in England in 1898, but like some other works of the same composer, who was a master of composition, but lacking in artistic decision, was neither sufficiently frivolous nor sincerely convincing to become popular.

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Handel's opera of "Serse," which was first performed in 1738, was considered a failure, but it contained the beautiful air, "Ombra mai fu," which is popularly known as the "Largo," and which Mr. Amato sang with the dramatic dignity that befitted the melody.

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It was a happy thought to put the modern tone-poem of Richard Strauss between the works of the older composers that have held their own on programmes for the past century, and none of them suffered by comparison.

The overture to "Euryanthe," by Weber, is still beautiful, and it is a welcome announcement that the opera itself is to be revived in New York in the near future. Like many of Weber's works, it caught the spirit of the times when fairy tales and magic were popular in German literature, and there was more interest in the past than the present. It was played last night with a delicacy and precision that was an effective contrast to the brilliant color of the tone-poem which preceded it.

FINE ORCHESTRA NUMBER.

The principal orchestral number on the programme was, of course, the "Eroica," Beethoven's third symphony, which, in spite of the critics, audiences like to think was inspired by Napoleon before Beethoven had come to the realization that he was "an ordinary man."

Dramatic in its external effects, it is as absolutely convincing as Beethoven meant it to be. Its first theme is impressive and the whole symphony, in contrast to the two preceding, is in perfect sonata form, which although the various themes are brought forward in orderly design, is spontaneous and not forced.

In the beauty of its personal expression of melody and harmony, it makes little difference whether it is dedicated to any special hero or to the memory of a great man, and as it was played last evening, it could not fail to make a deep impression.

The majestic beauty of the Funeral March was sharply contrasted with the delicacy of the Scherzo and all four numbers were played with due attention to their variety and color.

The few changes in the personnel of the orchestra seemed to make less difference in its quality than was at first expected; two new players in the violins, one viola, the first clarinet, the third oboe, a new 'cellist and a new harpist do not, after all, seriously affect for either better or worse so large an organization, and it is with sincere appreciation that the music lovers of the city welcome back the Symphony Orchestra

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From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date OCT 18 1914

The subscription sale for the five concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Philadelphia the coming season has been in progress at Heppe's for the past week, and is most gratifying from every point of view. The orchestra began its season of concerts in Boston this last Friday. But three men were missing, Josef Malkin, who will be at the first desk of the 'cellos; Mr. Klicka, the new second harp, and Mr. Agnesy, one of the contra-basses. These gentlemen are on the ocean now, and will be here the middle of the coming week.

The soloist of the first concert that the orchestra will give here Monday evening, November 2, will be Pasquale Amato, of the Metropolitan Opera House.

* * *

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date ~~OCT 4~~

Est

Preliminary to the 34th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the opening of the annual auction sales of tickets will begin in Boston to-morrow and, as already announced, the sale of season tickets for the six concerts in this city will be opened on Oct. 12. That is also the date set for the first rehearsal of the orchestra.

Dr. Karl Muck is due in New York next Tuesday and Anton Witek, the concert master, is already here, arriving this last week on the Noordam. The entire orchestra is now together except the four or five men who are doing military service. Mr. Grisez, the chief clarinet, and Mr. Fosse, the third oboe, who are in the French army, are in the territorials and are not likely to see actual fighting, being put in garrison duty in central France, but, as already mentioned, it is feared that Messrs. Koessler, Agnesy and Stumpf, who are in the German and Austrian armies, are at the front somewhere.

Dr. Muck has been able to fill all vacancies satisfactorily and by the time of the first Providence concert, Oct. 20, the orchestra should be in its usual state of high discipline. As soloist for this concert the management has engaged Pasquale Amato, the great Italian baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Mr. Amato has a number of engagements with the orchestra during the month of October, these being the first time he has appeared with that organization.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date OCT 17 1914

Es 1884

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is assured another most successful season in Providence. The sale of season tickets which has been in progress since last Monday, is already larger than last year. The first concert of the season will be given in Infantry Hall next Tuesday evening. The soloist will be Pasquale Amato, the great Italian baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau

From NEWS
Address Providence, R. I.
Date OCT 1

Est 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is assured another most successful season in Providence. The sale of season tickets which has been in progress since last Monday is already larger than last year. It shows that the prevailing hard times does not affect this great institution to any appreciable extent. The first concert of the season will be given in Infantry hall next Tuesday evening. The soloist will be Pasquale Amato, the great Italian baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York

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From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date OCT 25 1914

* * *

Pasquale Amato, the distinguished baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, will be the soloist at the first of the Boston Symphony concerts to be given in the Academy of Music Monday evening, November 2. He will sing an aria from Saint-Saens' unfamiliar opera, "Henry VIII," and Handel's "Ombra mai fu," which is none other than the familiar "Largo." The orchestra will be mustered in its full strength of 100 musicians, and the symphony will be Beethoven's "Eroica." 1884

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date OCT 18 1914

Established: Lon

With the opening concert of the series by the [illegible] Symphony Orchestra, in Infantry [illegible], on Tuesday evening, will come the formal opening of the Providence [illegible] season and the outlook for a successful and enjoyable season is [illegible], despite the conditions of business and the depressing influences of the European war.

It its first concert the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, will present one of the strongest of its soloists, the great Italian baritone, Pasquale Amato, from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. With the opening of the Boston Symphony season, the musical year in Providence will begin and the six concerts given by this wonderful institution make the most important part of the season. The orchestra returns to Providence with its personnel practically unchanged, for, as a matter of fact, the war has brought no more changes in the orchestra than are usually made at the beginning of a season. To say the least, it plays this year with all its old-time brilliancy.

In offering Amato as soloist, the orchestra brings to Providence the leading Italian baritone of our time. What Caruso is to tenors, Amato is to baritones, for his is a voice of extraordinary beauty and his skill as a singer and his general musicianship are even greater than Caruso's.

Mr. Amato will sing twice. The first number will be an unfamiliar French aria, the principal baritone aria from Saint Saens's opera, "Henry VIII." His second number will be an air by Handel, "Ombra mai fu," from a long-forgotten opera called "Xerxes." The tune, however, is none other than the much beloved and familiar "Largo," which everybody knows.

Dr. Muck has placed on the programme three of the greatest orchestral classics. The Symphony will be the immortal "Eroica" of Beethoven, what many regard as the most characteristic work that his genius gave to the world. The other numbers will be the Tone Poem, "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss, which in many respects shows the highest point of creative genius displayed by Strauss, and the final number will be the ever-welcome and brilliant "Euryanthe" overture of Weber. The programme is as follows: Beethoven, symphony in E-flat major, No. 3, "Eroica;" Saint Saens, Aria "Qui donc command quand il aime," from "Henry VIII;" Richard Strauss, Tone poem, "Don Juan;" Handel, air, "Ombra mai fu," from "Xerxes;" Weber, overture, "Euryanthe."

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date 20

Es 1884

Special East Side Car.

For the accommodation of East Side patrons of the coming concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Rhode Island Company has arranged for a special car to leave the terminus of the Elmgrove avenue line, ahead of the regular car at 7:45 on the evenings of the concerts. The car will come through the new tunnel, take the loop in the rear of the Post Office building and pass down South Main street to Infantry Hall, where it will lay off until the close of the concert, when a return trip will be made.

From BULLETIN
Address Providence, R. I.
Date OCT 20

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Symphony Concert To-night.

The celebrated Italian baritone, Pasquale Amato, in different solo numbers, is the chief attraction for the first Providence concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, to be given at Infantry Hall this evening. Signor Amato will sing, among other numbers, the aria from Saint-Saens's opera, "Henry VIII." and the familiar "Largo" of Handel. The orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Carl Muck, will render a programme of classical compositions.

[24]

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

BRILLIANT OPENING OF SYMPHONY SEASON

Boston Orchestra and Pasquale Amato Rendered Programme That Delighted Large and Appreciative Audience.

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra gives its first concert the local musical season may be said to be really begun. That commencement was recorded last night when the usual big audience which greets this noted musical organization filled Infantry Hall with appreciative listeners who did not fail to give a warm welcome to Dr. Muck, the capable and popular conductor, and his aggregation of musicians who are held in high esteem in this city. The applause was liberal and there was every manifestation of enjoyment of the programme and appreciation of the fact that Providence is afforded this opportunity to hear the best music by players of the highest reputation and skill.

For this opening concert of the season Dr. Muck selected three great great orchestral classics by great composers, Beethoven, Straus and Weber. This trio offers a variety and excellence of productions that can hardly be surpassed and they were represented by numbers which could not fail to afford pleasure to all lovers of music. The soloist for the initial concert was Pasquale Amato, the distinguished Italian baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who is singing this year for the first time with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His offering consisted of two numbers from Saint Saens and Handel. These rounded out the programme and made it one of rare merit.

The programme was arranged as follows:

Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55..........Beethoven
- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Marcia funebre; Adagio assai.
- III. Scherzo; Allegro Vivace; Trio.
- IV. Finale; Allegro molto.

Aria, "Qui donc commande quand il aime?" from "Henry VIII.," Act 1, Scene 4..................Saint-Saens
Tone-poem, "Don Juan" (after N. Lenau), Op. 20......Richard Strauss
Air, "Ombra mai fu" from the opera, "Serse," Act 1, Scene 1.......Handel
Overture to "Euryanthe".......Weber

The symphony from Beethoven's "Eroica" is regarded as one of the immortal productions of the great composer, and quite in his characteristic vein. Written in honor of Napoleon, it is a notable monument to that soldier and commander. It embodies orchestral music of great diversity, but singular beauty and richness. It held the audience intent last night, and was received at the close of the several parts with enthusiastic applause. There are portions which delight with their delicacy and the others that please by the fullness of tone and the martial spirit that animates them. The rendition was admirable. Dr. Muck had his musicians in full control and his leadership was as skilful and effective as ever.

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RNAL
rovidence, R. I.
1914

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Address: Providence, R. I.
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From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date OCT 25 1914

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Established: Lon

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From JOURNAL
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Date 20

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m BULLE
ss Providence, R. I.
OCT 20

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From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date OCT

Est 84

Success is Promised.

The subscriptions to seats for Providence concert season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are larger in number this year than they were last year. The first concert of the season will be given next Tuesday evening in Infantry Hall. Pasquale Amato, the baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will be the soloist.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date OCT 20 1914

Estab 84

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The regular concert season of 1914-15 will open this evening with the first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall. The soloist will be the great Italian baritone, Pasquale Amato. He will sing an aria from Saint-Saens's opera, "Henry VIII," and the familiar and well beloved "Largo" of Handel. The orchestra, under Dr. Muck, will play the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven, the tone poem, "Don Juan," of Richard Strauss, and the "Euryanthe" overture of Weber.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date OCT 1914

Est 188

The first local concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in Infantry Hall this evening, with Pasquale Amato, the Italian baritone, as the chief attraction. Signor Amato will sing the aria from Saint-Saens's opera "Henry VIII.," and the familiar "Largo" of Handel. The orchestra is under the direction of Carl Muck.

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date 1914

E 1884

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From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
24 1914
Date

Estab

The first pair of Boston Symphony Concerts will be given in Carnegie Hall Thursday evening, November 5, and Saturday afternoon, November 7. There will be no soloist at either concert. Dr. Muck will play the first Boston programme at the Thursday evening concert which comprises Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Josef Haydn, Strauss's "Don Juan," and Weber's "Euryanthe." On Saturday afternoon he will play Brahms's Second Symphony, Geo. W. Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches, and Sibelius's "Finlandia."

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date

k, 1884

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From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date OCT 11 1914

Established: Lo

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Address BULLETIN Providence, R. I.
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A large audience greeted Dr. Muck with moderate applause as he appeared upon the stage, and seemed to find great enjoyment in the programme which was given in the following order:

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The overture to "Euryanthe," by Weber, is still beautiful, and it is a welcome announcement that the opera itself is to be revived in New York in the near future. Like many of Weber's works, it caught the spirit of the times when fairy tales and magic were popular in German literature, and there was more interest in the past than the present. It was played last night with a delicacy and precision that was an effective contrast to the brilliant color of the tone-poem which preceded it.

FINE ORCHESTRA NUMBER.

The principal orchestral number on the programme was, of course, the "Eroica," Beethoven's third symphony, which, in spite of the critics, audiences like to think was inspired by Napoleon before Beethoven had come to the realization that he was "an ordinary man."

Dramatic in its external effects, it is as absolutely convincing as Beethoven meant it to be. Its first theme is impressive and the whole symphony, in contrast to the two preceding, is in perfect sonata form, which although the various themes are brought forward in orderly design, is spontaneous and not forced.

In the beauty of its personal expression of melody and harmony, it makes little difference whether it is dedicated to any special hero, or to the memory of a great man, and as it was played last evening, it could not fail to make a deep impression.

The majestic beauty of the Funeral March was sharply contrasted with the delicacy of the Scherzo and all four numbers were played with due attention to their variety and color.

The few changes in the personnel of the orchestra seemed to make less difference in its quality than was at first expected; two new players in the violins, one viola, the first clarinet, the third oboe, a new 'cellist and a new harpist do not, after all, seriously affect for either better or worse so large an organization, and it is with sincere appreciation that the music lovers of the city welcome back the Symphony Orchestra for another season.

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Announcement was made la

Pasquale Amato.

oloist at First Boston Symphony Concert This Week.

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From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date OCT

Success is Promised.

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From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date OCT 20 1914

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date OCT 20 1914

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From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date 1914

Symphony Concert To-night.

The celebrated Italian baritone, Pasquale Amato, in different solo numbers, is the chief attraction for the first Providence concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, to be given at Infantry Hall this evening. Signor Amato will sing, among other numbers, the aria from Saint-Saens's opera, "Henry VIII." and the familiar "Largo" of Handel. The orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Carl Muck, will render a programme of classical compositions.

1884

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date 24 1914

The first pair of Boston Symphony Concerts will be given in Carnegie Hall Thursday evening, November 5, and Saturday afternoon, November 7. There will be no soloist at either concert. Dr. Muck will play the first Boston programme at the Thursday evening concert which comprises Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Josef Haydn, Strauss's "Don Juan," and Weber's "Euryanthe." On Saturday afternoon he will play Brahms's Second Symphony, Geo. W. Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches, and Sibelius's "Finlandia."

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date

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oloist at First Boston Symphony Concert This Week.

n EVENING SUN
dress: New York
te OCT 9 1914

With four new names in the Boston Symphony personnel this season only two of last year's orchestra have been unable to return on account of military service. They are Grisez, first clarinet, and Fosse, third oboe, both in the French army. Their places will be filled by A. Sand, a Russian clarinet of the Charlottenburg opera, and H. H. Stanislaus, oboe of the Queen's Hall Orchestra in London.

Otto Urack, who was Dr. Muck's assistant, has decided not to return. His place in the 'cellos will be taken by Josef Malkin, a Russian soloist of the Berlin Philharmonic, the Brussels Quartet and the Witek Trio. The assistant conductor will be Ernst Schmidt, first violin of the Darmstadt Grand Ducal Orchestra and conductor of the Darmstadt Oratorio Society.

Among the hundred men a second harpist has been engaged, and, like Mr. Holy, he is a Bohemian. He is V. Klicka, famous abroad. Boston was able to secure his services because he could not give concerts planned in Europe this winter on account of the war.

1884

From NEW YORK COMMERCIAL
Address: New York City
Date OCT 8 1914

All records were broken in Boston when seats for the Symphony Orchestra rehearsals sold for $108 premium at the annual auction of the $18 seats. The bidder selected three in the N row at that price, made his deposit at the desk and refused to give his name. The next highest bid was $72. The first premium in row A was $10.50, and that continued to be the price, with little fluctuation, for two or three rows.

Est 84

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date OCT 2 1914

When Major Higginson, leaving his seat, shook hands with Dr. Karl Muck the other day in sight of the people of Boston the first symphony concert of the year in America went out of its way to establish an entente cordiale which rests just now a perilous footing. Too often to his own embarrassment the Kaiser's man had been hailed as sponsor for the new music of France. When war began he offered to serve his native Germany by enlisting in the army. A Berlin recruiting officer told him, "We should not send a musician to the front. There are plenty who can interpret official despatches and foreign news. But how many can interpret a 'Parsifal'?"

So Muck came back to Boston, and his reception, as reported by Philip Hale, was "extraordinary." As soon as he appeared on the stage many in Symphony Hall arose and remained standing during the minutes of applause. More than once Dr. Muck, ready to begin the Napoleonic "Eroica," was obliged to turn and bow in recognition. "We do not remember," said Mr. Hale, "in the course of twenty-five years a welcome like that to any returning conductor of this orchestra. The tribute was spontaneous and magnificent. It was a tribute to the man."

The greatest art, Boston held in the face of Muck's German programme, is universal and not national. It mattered not that Beethoven's family came from a Belgian village near Louvain; that, born in Germany, he became an Austrian by adoption. It was no matter whether Haydn were a Croatian or Austrian, Dr. Strauss and Weber were Teutons both.

So much for neutrality! What does it matter? Never mind. Boston isn't a city as other places are; it is a state of mind. If Boston's first programme was pan-German, that of the coming week contained works by a Frenchman, an American and a Finn.

k, 1884

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date Oct 18. 1914

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its thirty-fourth season in Boston this last week, having given its first public rehearsal last Friday afternoon and its first concert last evening. Of its personnel of 101 only three were missing, and they are on the ocean. They are Josef Malkin, who succeeds Otto Urack, first desk of the 'cellos; Mr. Klicka, the new second harp, and Mr. Agnesy, one of the contra-basses. Dr. Muck arranged a conservative programme, which comprised the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven, Brahms's "Variations on a Theme" by Haydn, Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture. All the tickets for the two series of concerts in New York have been sent to subscribers, and over two hundred applicants for seats weer unable to secure them.

rk, 1884

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Address: New York City
Date OCT 18 1914

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its thirty-fourth season in Boston this last week, having given its first public rehearsal last Friday afternoon and its first concert last evening. Of its personnel of 101 only three were missing and they are on the ocean. They are Josef Malkin, who succeeds Otto Urack, first desk of the 'cellos; Mr. Klicka, the new second harp, and Mr. Agnesy, one of the contrabasses. Dr. Muck arranged a conservative programme, which comprised the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven, Brahms's "Variations on a Theme," by Haydn; Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture. All the tickets for the two series of concerts in New York have been sent to subscribers, and over 200 applicants for seats were unable to secure them.

rk, 1884

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date OCT 17 1914

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its thirty-fourth season in Boston yesterday. Of its personnel of 101, only three were missing, and they are on the ocean. They are Josef Malkin, who succeeds Otto Urack, first desk of the 'cellos; Mr. Klicka, the new second harp, and Mr. Agnesy, one of the contrabasses.

The Kneisel Quartet will give its first local concert this season at Aeolian Hall on November 10.

Esta

From Deutsches Journal
Address: New York City
Date OCT 8 - 1914

Dr. Karl Muck als Kartenzeichner.

Leiter der Boſtoner Symphnie mußte im Kriegsminiſterium arbeiten.

Stolz im Bewußtſein, auch ſein Scherflein zum Beſten der deutſchen Sache beigetragen zu haben, kehrte Dr. Karl Muck, der Leiter des Boſtoner Symphonie-Orcheſters, geſtern mit ſeiner Gattin an Bord der „Rhyndam" aus Deutſchland zurück, um ſich wieder in Boſton ans Werk zu machen.

Daß der bekannte Kapellmeiſter tatſächlich alles für Deutſchland getan hat, was er zu tun imſtande war, beweiſt die Tatſache, daß er vier Wochen lang im Kriegsminiſterium in Berlin als Mathematiker und Kartenzeichner tätig geweſen und tüchtig „mit Hand angelegt" hatte.

Der Kapellmeiſter, der Gelegenheit gehabt hatte, viele deutſche Verwundete in den Berliner Hoſpitälern zu ſehen, fand dort auch drei Offiziere, denen von belgiſchen Mädchen die Augen ausgeſtochen worden waren.

E t, 1884

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its thirty-fourth season in Boston this last week, having given its first public rehearsal last Friday afternoon, and its first concert last (Saturday) evening. Of its personnel of 101 only three were missing, and they are on the ocean. They are Mr. Josef Malkin, who succeeds Otto Urack, first desk of the 'cellos; Mr. Klicka, the new second harp; and Mr. Agnesy, one of the contra-basses. Dr. Muck arranged a conservative programme, which comprised the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven, Brahms' "Variations on a Theme," by Haydn, Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," and Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture. All the tickets for the two series of concerts in New York have been sent to subscribers, and over two hundred applicants for seats were unable to secure them.

Est 384

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City
Date OCT 17 1914

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its thirty-fourth season in Boston yesterday afternoon. Dr. Karl Muck congratulted himself that only three of the 101 men in his band were missing, and that they are on the ocean. More than two hundred would-be subscribers to the New York concerts have been unable to get seats.

Establish

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
Date OCT 18 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its thirty-fourth season in Boston this last week, having given its first public rehearsal Friday afternoon and its first concert last evening. Of its personnel of 101 only three were missing, and these are on the ocean. They are Mr. Josef Malkin, who succeeds Otto Urack, first desk of the 'cellos; Mr. Klicka, the new second harp, and Mr. Agnesy, one of the contra-basses. Dr. Muck arranged a conservative programme, which comprised the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven, Brahms's "Variations on a Theme," by Haydn; Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" and Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture. All the tickets for the two series of concerts in New York have been sent to subscribers and over 200 applicants for seats were unable to secure them.

k, 1884

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date OCT 2

Die erſten diesjährigen Konzerte der Boſtoner finden am Abend de. 5., reſp. am Nachmittag des 7. November in Carnegie Hall mit folgendem Programme ſtatt: Beethoven's „Eroica", Brahms' „Variationen über ein Haydn'ſches Thema", Strauß' „Don Juan"- und Weber's „Euryanthe"-Ouverture, daſſelbe Programm, das er für das diesjährige New Yorker Debut ſeines Orcheſters gewählt hatte. Das Samstags Nachmittags-Konzert verſpricht Brahms' Zweite Symphonie, Chadwick's „Symphonic Sketches" und Sibelius „Finlandia".

Anläßlich des erſten Boſtoner Konzerts

Esta 34

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date OCT 25 1914

The management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra announces that it will give during the current season its usual number of concerts in Boston and elsewhere. The war has made it necessary to postpone for a year the early trip to the West that had been planned, for it was impossible to get all the members of the orchestra back from Europe in time to prepare for these concerts. The orchestra will undertake the season with its personnel practically unchanged.

The first Boston concerts were given as planned last year, on Oct. 16 and 17. The subscription for the two series of concerts which the orchestra is to give in New York in Carnegie Hall is entirely filled. These concerts will be given Nov. 5 and 7, Dec. 3 and 5, Jan. 7 and 9, Feb. 18 and 20, and March 18 and 20.

E k, 1884

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date OCT 25 1914

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The first pair of Boston Symphony concerts will be given in Carnegie Hall Thursday evening, November 5, and Saturday afternoon, November 7. There will be no soloist at either concert. Dr. Muck will play the first Boston programme at the Thursday evening concert, which comprises Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, Brahms's "Variations on a Theme of Josef Haydn," Strauss's "Don Juan" and Weber's "Euryanthe." On Saturday afternoon he will play Brahms's Second Symphony, George W. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" and Sibelius's "Finlandia." All the members of the orchestra have arrived from abroad, and the personnel now contains its usual quota of 100 musicians.

Est 1884

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date OCT 18 1914

The Boston Symphony began its thirty-fourth season in Boston this last week. Of its personnel of 101 only three were missing and they are on the ocean. Dr. Muck arranged a conservative programme, which comprised the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven, Brahms's "Variations on a Theme" by Haydn, Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture. All the tickets for the two series of concerts in New York have been sent to subscribers and over 200 applicants for seats were unable to secure them.

rk, 1884

[26]

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date OCT

Boston Symphony Plans.

The first pair of Boston Symphony concerts will be given in Carnegie Hall Thursday evening, November 5, and Saturday afternoon, November 7. There will be no solist at either concert.

The first programme will be a repetition of the one which opened the season in Boston last week. This includes Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Brahms's variations on a theme by Haydn, Strauss's "Don Juan" tone poem and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture.

On Saturday afternoon Brahms's second symphony, Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" and Sibelius's "Finlandia" overture will be heard.

1884

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date OCT 1 6 19

The battle of Symphony Hall began in Boston at 3 o'clock this afternoon, and up to the hour of going to press Generalissimo Karl Muck was still giving his pan-German programme without protest or fatalities. Bunker Hill Monument didn't tumble down and the Pilgrim Fathers didn't turn in their graves. Here in New York, the critics of two leading German papers were heard to say that their distinguished fellow-culturist had made a tactless beginning.

Such laying of emphasis at the season's start upon one side of European culture was a *volte face*, an evasion of the spirit of a free and neutral people.

Is not President Wilson's famous letter silently observed in the humblest moving picture shows? To invite discussion as between nations in maters of highest art just now is to run perilously close to questions of public policy within the purview of the civil courts, questions that in an excited state of the popular mind might lead to revoking the license of an ordinary theatre?

Though the Athens of America rise superior to such mundane thoughts, Dr. Muck will find a different situation when he comes to New York. In this polyglot community the artistic temper is alive to international turmoil. He would be a brave man indeed who should in effect say to this public, "Friends, Romans and Fellow Culturists, lend me your ears, lest, if you don't, my great and good friend, Col. Bogey the Second, may be obliged to come over and cut them off entirely."

It is for audiences to guard against any propaganda likely to disturb the musical balance of power in America. Have the "baton prima donnas" of Berlin never heard the beautiful legend of that valuable fur-bearing animal, the polecat, which persistently carries its own "atmosphere" with it everywhere?

1884

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date OCT 1 3 1914

The subscription sale for the five concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Philadelphia the coming season has been in progress at Heppe's for the past week, and is most gratifying from every point of view. The orchestra began its season of concerts in Boston this last Friday. But three men were missing. Josef Malkin, who will be at the first desk of the cellos; Mr. Klicka, the new second harp, and Mr. Agnesy, one of the contra-basses. These gentlemen are on the ocean now and will be here the middle of the coming week.

The soloist of the first concert that the orchestra will give here Monday evening, November 2, will be Pasquale Amato, of the Metropolitan Opera House.

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1884

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date OCT 1 8

The subscription sale for the five concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Philadelphia the coming season was in progress at Heppe's last week and is said to be large. The orchestra began its season of concerts in Boston last Friday. Only three men were missing: Josef Malkin, who will be at the first desk of the cellos; Mr. Klicka, the new second harp, and Mr. Agnesy, one of the contra-basses. These gentlemen are on the ocean now and will be here the middle of the coming week. The soloist of the concert that the orchestra will give here Monday evening, November 2, will be Pasquale Amato, of the Metropolitan Opera House.

1884

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date OCT 6 - 1914

$108 PREMIUM PAID FOR SYMPHONY CONCERT SEATS

All Records Broken at Boston Orchestra's Auction Sale.

BOSTON, Oct. 5.—All records were broken today when seats for the Symphony Orchestra rehearsals sold for $108 premium at the annual auction of the $18 seats. The bidder selected three in the N row at that price, made his deposit at the desk and refused to give his name. The next highest bid was $72. The first premium in row A was $10.50, and that continued to be the price, with little fluctuation, for two or three rows.

Tonight Manager Charles Ellis, of the orchestra, went to New York to meet Conductor Muck, who is expected on the Ryndam from Rotterdam. Doctor Muck is accompanied by his wife. Others of the symphony band who are expected on the same boat are Mr. Sant, a new clarinet player, who belongs in Petrograd, but whom Doctor Muck found in Berlin; Mr. Seyden, a contra-bass, who is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Irene Seyden, an accomplished violinist, and Otto Roth, for many years one of the first violins of the Symphony Band. Mr. Roth was marooned in the Tyrol for some time.

1884

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

Evening

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date OCT 2 0

old.

Boston Symphony Season Opening

At the very moment when the Philadelphia Orchestra was bowing to the applause of its enthusiastic audience, the Boston Symphony was receiving a welcome, which, according to the Boston critics, was unrivaled in memory. That the enthusiasm was justified can be seen from the reviews of the Friday afternoon program. H. T. P., in the Transcript, attributes to Doctor Muck powers even more subtle and skill more masterful than he has had heretofore. And the playing of the band in the "Eroica" evokes the same critic's warmest praise. Philadelphians will look eagerly for such a marvel as a greater Boston Symphony must be.

1884

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date OCT 1 7 1914

The subscription sale for the five concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give during the coming season has been in progress for the past week and is reported most gratifying. The Orchestra began its season in Boston this last Friday. But three men are missing—Josef Malkin, who will be at the first desk of the 'cellos; Mr. Klicks, the new second harp, and Mr. Agnesy, one of the contra-basses. These gentlemen are on the ocean now and will be here the middle of the coming week. The soloist of the first concert that the Orchestra will give here November 2 will be Pasquale Amato, of the Metropolitan Opera House.

1884

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date OCT 1 1 1914

Three soloists are announced for the Philadelphia concests of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. They are Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer and Fritz Kreisler.

The management considers itself quite safe in promising that Fritz Kreisler will be in America at the time set for him, and it is in a position to do so, since Mr. C. A. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, is likewise Mr. Kreisler's manager. Mr. Kreisler has not been killed, nor has he been mortally wounded. In the very first part of the war in his capacity as a reserve lieutenant in a Dragoon Regiment, he was in Graz. Later he was on the Galician frontier. Evidently, however, the Austrian Government came to the conclusion that Mr. Kreisler was much more valuable as a live violinist than a dead soldier, and it recalled him to Vienna for staff duty. There he is now, but he will be released from this duty in time to fulfill his engagements in this country.

* * *

1884

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

STAR

From
Address Philadelphia, Pa.
OCT 6 - 1914

RECORD PRICES PAID FOR CONCERT SEATS

$108 Premium Given at Annual Auction for Boston Symphony Rehearsals

RUSSIAN CLARINET PLAYER

Boston, Oct. 6.—All records were broken here when seats for the Symphony Orchestra rehearsals sold for $108 premium at the annual auction of the $18 seats. The bidder selected three in the N row at that price, made his deposit at the desk and refused to give his name.

The next highest bid was $72. The first premium in row A was $10.50, and that continued to be the price, with little fluctuation, for two or three rows.

Manager Charles Ellis, of the orchestra has gone to New York to meet Conductor Muck, who is expected on the Ryndam from Rotterdam. Director Muck is accompanied by his wife.

Others of the symphony band who are expected on the same boat are Mr. Sant, a new clarinet player, who belongs in Petrograd, but whom Doctor Muck found in Berlin; Mr. Seyden, a contra-bass, who is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Irene Seyden, an accomplished violinist, and Otto Roth, for many years one of the first violins of the Symphony band. Mr. Roth was marooned in the Tyrol for some time.

1884

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date OCT 1 1 1914

Established

* * *

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has issued the prospectus of its thirtieth season in Philadelphia. It will give, as usual, five concerts on Monday evenings in the Academy of Mu[illegible]. The dates are November 2 and 30, [illegible]uary 4, February 15 and March 15. The general sale of season tickets will open tomorrow (Monday) morning at Miss Harris' ticket office, Heppe's piano rooms, 1119 Chestnut Street.

There is already a large subscription for the concerts. Practically all of last year's subscribers have renewed for the coming season, and many new subscriptions were sent in to the Boston office last Spring. The outlook for the orchestra in Philadelphia, as it is everywhere else, is most favorable, and the concerts should be as successful as those of last year.

During the end of August and the early part of September there were many reports circulated about the dire effect the war would have on the personnel of the orchestra. Evidently, as so often happens, the originators of these reports knew much more about the affairs of the orchestra than the management itself. As a matter of fact, twenty-odd members of the orchestra were in Europe when the war began and of these only a half dozen have been unable to return on account of having been called to military service. Mr. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, was with Dr. Muck in Germany at the outbreak of the war and until the middle of September, and Dr. Muck was able to fill the vacancies satisfactorily.

Three soloists are announced at this

From AMERICAN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 18

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The general sale of season tickets for the five concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Baltimore this winter has been in progress at Albaugh's ticket office since last Monday. The results are highly satisfactory from every point of view.

The season of the orchestra opened in Boston this last week, and the orchestra was able to present full ranks for its first concert. It contains this year some new members, as had been planned.

Dr. Muck has announced a tentative list of novelties, which promise much to the lover of new music. These include pieces by Schoenberg, who is called "the musical anarch;" Korngold, the marvelous boy composer of Vienna, and Stravinsky, the ultra-modern Russian composer.

1884

From **TRIBUNE**
Address: **Providence, R. I.**
Date OCT 4 - 1914

Est

MUSIC NOTES

From present indications Providence is to have a successful and promising musical season, despite the fears of the pessimists who predicteed that the European war and the general business conditions would tend to affect the concert season here.

Now, however, comes the asurance of six concerts here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with soloists of national note at each performance, and also the Steinert course of four concerts besides numerous other musical events and the frequent concerts by local musical clubs.

Since the original announcement made by the mcanagement of the Boston Symphony Orchestra regarding the six concerts that the Orchestra will give in Providence the coming winter, the name of Pasquale Amato has been added to the list of soloists. The list now stands, Amato, Madame Schumann-Heink, Florence Hinkle, Harold Bauer and Anton Witek; as strong and interesting a list as the Orchestra has ever presented in this city and one which comprises three most distinguished singers.

Amato is now on his way to America, having left Italy early in order to fill a series of engagements with the Boston Symphony. He is one of the rare Italian opera singers, who has made a success in concert work.

JOHN McCORMACK.
Irish Tenor Who Will Appear in the First Concert of the Steinert Series.

Amato will be recalled by a host of musical people here, who heard him in the Steinert course two years ago.

The date of the first of the Boston Symphony Concerts is Tuesday evening, Oct. 20, in Infantry Hall.

From **RECORD**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date OCT 1 1 191

k, 1884

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has issued the prospectus of its thirtieth season in Philadelphia. The orchestra will give, as usual, five concerts on Monday evenings in the Academy of Music. The dates are November 2 and 30, January 4, February 15 and March 15. The general sale of season tickets will open tomorrow morning at Miss Harris' ticket office, No. 1119 Chestnut street. There is already a large subscription for the concerts. Last year's subscribers have renewed for the season, and many new subscriptions were sent to the Boston office last spring.

Twenty members of the orchestra were in Europe when the war began, and of these only a half-dozen have been unable to return on account of having been called to military service. Manager Ellis was with Dr. Muck in Germany at the outbreak of the war and until the middle of September, and Dr. Muck was able to fill all the vacancies satisfactorily.

Three soloists are announced at this time for the Philadelphia concerts. They are Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer and Fritz Kreisler. The management considers itself quite safe in promising that Kreisler will be in America at the time set for him, and it is in a position to do so, since Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, is likewise Kreisler's manager. Kreisler, in the first part of the war, was a reserve lieutenant in a dragoon regiment. He was in Graz. Later he was on the Galician frontier. Evidently, however, the Austrian Government came to the conclusion that Kreisler was much more valuable as a live violinist than a dead soldier, and it recalled him to Vienna for staff duty. There he is now, but he will be released from that duty in time to fulfill his engagements in this country.

From **EVENING TELEGRAM**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date OCT 1 0 1914

Est 884

THE Boston Symphony is making this year its thirtieth consecutive announcement of concerts here. It will give its usual series of five Monday evening concerts in the Academy. The dates are November 2 and 30, January 4, February 15 and March 15. All reports to the contrary, the orchestra is beginning its season with practically its entire personnel intact. The war has affected it less than was feared, and such vacancies as have arisen have been satisfactorily filled by Dr. Muck, who returned from Europe this week. The management announces three soloists for the Philadelphia series: Pasquale Amato, the distinguished Italian baritone; Harold Bauer, the pianist, and Fritz Kreisler, violinist. The latter, despite the many rumors as to misfortunes which have attended his military service in Austria, it is stated, will be in America to fulfil the engagements of his tour, which begins the 1st of January.

The Choral Society began rehearsals

From **TIMES**
Address: **Washington, D. C.**
Date OCT 1 1914

Est 1884

MUSICAL NOTES

With the arrival in America last Tuesday of Dr. Carl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the season of concerts by that orchestra is assured Washingtonians.

Despite rumors to the contrary, the war has had little effect upon the coming season, and as a matter of fact it looms more important and brilliant than ever. Unusual activity in American musical life, stimulated not only by the recognition of an opportunity for improving our own conditions, but considerably enlivened by the presence of many European exiles, is noticeable in every musical center on this side of the Atlantic.

From **INQUIRER**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date OCT 1 1 1914

Establ 84

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has issued the prospectus of its thirtieth season in Philadelphia. It will give, as usual, five concerts on Monday evenings in the Academy of Music. The dates are November 2 and 30, January 4, February 15 and March 15. The general sale of season tickets will open tomorrow (Monday) morning at Miss Harris' ticket office, Heppe's piano rooms, 1119 Chestnut street.

There is already a large subscription for the concerts. Practically all of last year's subscribers have renewed for the coming season, and many new subscriptions were sent in to the Boston office last spring. The outlook for the orchestra in Philadelphia, as it is everywhere else, is most favorable and the concerts should be as successful as those of last year.

During the end of August and the early part of September, there were many reports circulated about the dire effect the war would have on the personnel of the orchestra. Evidently, as so often happens, the originators of these reports knew much more about the affairs of the orchestra than the management itself. As a matter of fact twenty-odd members of the orchestra were in Europe when the war began and of these only a half dozen have been unable to return on account of having been called to military service. Mr. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, was with Dr. Muck in Germany at the outbreak of the war and until the middle of September and Dr. Muck was able to fill all the vacancies satisfactorily.

Three soloists are announced at this time for the Philadelphia concerts. They are Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer and Fritz Kressler. It is always the effort of the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to engage as its soloists the most representative artists in the country, and it would be difficult to find three finer artists than those engaged for the Philadelphia series. Amato is one of those rare Italian singers whose ambition has taken him beyond the routine of opera, and has enabled him to become a most distinguished concert singer. Harold Bauer is, in a sense, unique. He is unquestionably one of the finest artists among the pianists now before the public.

The management considers itself quite safe in promising that Fritz Kreisler will be in America at the time set for him, and it is in a position to do so, since Mr. C. A. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, is likewise Mr. Kreisler's manager. Mr. Kreisler has not been killed, nor has he been mortally wounded. In the very first part of the war, in his capacity as a reserve lieutenant in a dragoon regiment, he was in Graz. Later he was on the Galician frontier. Evidently, however, the Austrian Government came to the conclusion that Mr. Kreisler was much more valuable as a live violinist than a dead soldier, and it recalled him to Vienna for staff duty. There he is now, but he will be released from this duty in time to fulfill his engagements in this country.

It is impossible at this time to give an outline of Dr. Muck's program plans for the season, but he will undoubtedly follow out his usual course of drawing equally from classical and modern composers.

From **POST**
Address: **Washington, D. C.**
Date OCT 1 1 1914

Established:

Boston Sympho

THE period for the renewal of subscriptions by last year's patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts in Washington ended yesterday, and Mrs. Katie Wilson-Greene, who represents the orchestra here, reports that it was up to expectations. Such seats as have not already been taken for the season will be placed on sale at Droop's music store on Tuesday, October 20.

It is most gratifying for the management to be able to announce definitely that the war in Europe has deprived the orchestra of the services of only two of its musicians, and these two vacancies have been filled by Dr. Muck. Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, and Mr. Fosse, the third oboe, are serving in the French army. Mr. Grisez's place will be taken by Mr. Sand, a Russian clarinetist of great reputation, who, up to the outbreak of the war, was the first clarinet in the Deutsches Opernhaus of Berlin. Mr. Sand, of course, did not hold his place after the beginning of the war, and as a matter of fact Dr. Muck had considerable difficulty in getting permission for him to leave Berlin, as he is of military age, and all the Russians in Germany of military age are being kept there as prisoners of war. Mr. Fosse's place will be taken by H. H. Stanislaus, an Englishman, who up to this year has been the first oboe of Sir Henry Wood's Queen's Hall Orchestra in London.

Mr. Urack, the assistant conductor of the orchestra, has not returned, as he has decided to stay in Germany. His place at the first desk of the cellos has been taken by Josef Malkin. Mr. Malkin is a cello virtuoso of international reputation. For a number of years he was the solo cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. He was also cellist in the Brussels Quartet and the Witek Trio. As assistant conductor of the orchestra, Ernst Schmidt, of Darmstadt, has been engaged. Mr. Schmidt will be one of the first violins. He was a former concert master of the Darmstadt Orchestra and conductor of the Oratorio Society of that city. Another engagement of importance is that of V. Klicka, as a second harp of the orchestra. Mr. Klicka is a renowned harp virtuoso, and the orchestra was fortunate in securing his services, which it could not have done had it not been for the war putting an end to all music on the continent. Mr. Grisez had many concert engagements in Europe for the coming season, which he had to abandon.

Dr. Muck is back in America, and the rehearsals of the orchestra start tomorrow. The regular season of the orchestra opens next Friday afternoon in Boston.

The five Washington concerts will be given as usual on Tuesday afternoons at 4:30. The dates are November 3, December 1, January 5, February 16, and March 16.

From **TIMES**
Address: **New York City**
Date 1914

Establishe

BROOKLYN MUSIC.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its first concert of the season in Brooklyn on Friday evening in the Academy of Music. Pasquale Amato of the Metropolitan Opera House will be the soloist. The programme comprises Brahms's Symphony No. 2, Sibelins's "The Swan of Tuonela," and "Finlandia," and the Overture to Weber's "Euryanthe." Mr. Amato will sing airs from Saint-Säens's "Henry VIII," and Handel's "Xerxes."

From **TRIBUNE**
Address: **New York City**
Date NOV 1 - 1914

E k, 1884

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The first pair of Boston Symphony concerts will be given the coming week in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening, November 5, at 8:15, and on Saturday afternoon, November 7, at 2:30. The programme for Thursday evening is as follows:

Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"	Beethoven
Variations on a Theme by Haydn	Brahms
Tone Poem, "Don Juan"	Strauss
Overture, "Euryanthe"	Weber

The programme for Saturday afternoon is as follows:

Symphony No. 2 in D Major	Brahms
Symphonic Sketches	Chadwick
"Finlandia"	Sibelius

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date NOV 1 - 1914

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, will give its first concerts in New York on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. Thursday evening's programme comprises Beethoven's Third Symphony, Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Strauss's "Don Juan," and the Overture to Weber's "Euryanthe." On Saturday afternoon the orchestra will play Brahms's Symphony No. 2, Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches," and Sibelius's "Finlandia."

1884

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 1

The first pair of Boston Symphony concerts will be given this week in Carnegie Hall, Thursday evening, at 8.15 and Saturday afternoon at 2.30. The programme for Thursday evening is as follows:

Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"	Beethoven
Variations on a Theme by Haydn	Brahms
Tone Poem, "Don Juan"	Strauss
Overture, "Euryanthe"	Weber

Saturday's programme is:

Symphony No. 2 in D Major	Brahms
Symphonic Sketches	Chadwick
"Finlandia"	Sibelius

Es 1884

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date NOV 1 - 1914

Symphonie-Konzerte.

Dr. Muck hat für die beiden Eröffnungskonzerte der Bostoner am Abend des kommenden Donnerstag, resp. Nachmittag von Samstag, die folgenden Programme aufgestellt: Er dirigirt am Donnerstag: Beethoven's „Eroica"; Brahms' Variationen über ein Thema von Haydn; Strauß' „Don Juan" und Weber's „Euryanthe"-Ouvertüre.

Das Samstag-Programm umfaßt Brahms' Zweite Symphonie in D-Dur; Chadwick, „Symphonic Sketches" und Sibelius. „Finlandia"

Establi

From TIMES
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date OCT 31 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HERE

The annual series of five concerts by the Boston Sypphony Orchestra under Dr. Karl Muck will open in the Academy of Music under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences next Friday evening, with Pasquale Amato, the distinguished Italian baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, as soloist. The places of Grisez, the first clarinet, and Fosse, the third oboe, both of whom are serving in the French army, have been filled to the utmost satisfaction by Mr. Sand, first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera, Berlin, and by Mr. Stanislaus, first oboe of Sir Henry Wood's Queens Hall Orchestra, London.

Dr. Muck has arranged a programme of great musical interest for the opening concert in Brooklyn. The Symphony will be Brahms' delightful second in D Major. There will be two characteristic pieces by the Finnish composer, Sibelius, the "Swan of Tueonela" and the stirring "Finlandia." The final number will be Weber's "Euryanthe Overture." Amato will sing twice, his first number being an aria from Saint-Saens opera "Henry VIII.," and his second number an air from Handel's opera, "Xerxes," which is none other than the familiar tune of "Largo."

Es 1884

From EAGLE
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y. 1914
Date

The annual series of five concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, will open in the Academy of Music next Friday, November 6, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute, with Pasquale Amato, the great Italian baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House as soloist. Only two of the players are absent, Mr. Griesz, first clarinet, and Mr. Fosse, third oboe, both of whom are in the French army. Their places have been filled to Dr. Muck's satisfaction by Mr. Sand, first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera, Berlin, and by Mr. Stanislaus, first oboe of Sir Henry Wood's Queen's Hall Orchestra, London. Concerts of the orchestra have been given with their wonted brilliancy in Boston. Dr. Muck's Brooklyn programme includes Brahms' delightful Second Symphony in D major. There will be two characteristic pieces by the Finnish composer, Sibelius, the "Swan of Tuonela" and the stirring "Finlandia." The final number will be Weber's "Euryanthe Overture."

Mr. Amato will sing twice, his first number being an aria from Saint-Saens' opera, "Henry VIII," and his second number the "Largo" aria from Handel's opera "Xerxes." The programme in order follows:

Symphony No. 2, in D Major	Brahms
Aria from "Henry VIII"	Saint-Saens
"The Swan of Tuonela"	Sibelius
Aria "Ombra mai fu" (Largo)	Handel
Overture, "Euryanthe"	Weber

1884

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date NOV 1 1914

MUSIC NOTES OF INTEREST

Establi

Boston Symphony Orchestra Plays Here Nov. 6.

COSTUME-SONG RECITAL BY MME YVONNE DE TREVILLE

John McCormack to Open His Fourth American Tour at Carnegie Hall—Recital by Harold Bauer and Tina Lerner Announced.

The annual series of five concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Earl Muck will open in the Academy of Music next Friday evening under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Science, with Pasquale Amato, the distinguished Italian baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, as soloist. This orchestral institution has been affected very little by the war. In the late summer there were grave doubts in Boston whether the orchestra could be assembled, for thirty of its members were on the Continent, part of them of military age, and it was impossible to learn how many, if any, could be released from their obligations in order that they might return to America. Fortunately, the situation cleared up rapidly and as it turned out, of those expected to return only two are definitely absent, Messrs. Grisez, the first clarinet, and Fosse, the third oboe, both of whom are serving in the French army. Their places have been filled to the utmost satisfaction by Dr. Muck, Grisez's having been taken by Mr. Sand, first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera, Berlin, and Mr. Foose's by Stanislaus, first oboe of Sir Henry Wood's Queen's Hall Orchestra, London. Since their beginning in the middle of the month the concerts of the orchestra have been proceeding with their wonted brilliancy in Boston and despite the generally unfavorable conditions of the country, the patronage of the orchestra everywhere is as large this year as it has been in the past.

Dr. Muck has arranged a programme of great musical interest for the opening concert in Brooklyn. The Symphony will be Brahms' pieces by the Finnish composer, Sibelius, the "Swan of Tuonela," and the stirring "Finlandia." The final number will be Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture.

Mr. Amato will sing twice, his first number being an aria from Saint-saens opera "Henry VIII," and his second number an air from Randel's opera "Xerxes" which is none other than the familar tune of "Largo." The programme in its proper order is as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 2, in D major; Saint-Saens, Aira from "Henry VIII;" Sibelius, "The Swan of Tuonela;" Handel, Air, "Ombra mai fu," (Largo); Weber, Overture, "Euryanthe."

From SUN
BALTIMORE, MD.
Address
Date NOV 1 - 1914

A NUMBER of important concerts will be given in Baltimore this week, but the musical interest of the moment centres in the first Boston Symphony concert, which will take place at the Lyric on Wednesday evening. The soloist of the occasion will be Pasquale Amato, the noted baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, and the symphony will be the "Eroica" of Beethoven.

rk, 1884

The Boston Orchestra opened its season under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, about a fortnight ago, the big band consisting of its usual personnel, with the exception of three players, one of whom will return within a fortnight. The places of the other two have been satisfactorily filled, so that there is no reason to suppose that either the tone or the finesse of the orchestra will be any different from other years.

It is always interesting to hear Dr. Muck's readings of the classics, for he gives them an unusual amount of accent and color. Under his baton Beethoven becomes especially vital, so it will be agreeable to hear the Boston Orchestra play the "Eroica." This is the symphony that was inspired by Napoleon and which Beethoven first thought of writing as early as 1789, when he first became deeply interested in the career of the First Consul as soldier, lawgiver, statesman and hero, and which was largely written at Ober-Doebling, in 1803. At length, early in 1804, it was completed, a fair copy was made, on the outside page of which were the words "Napoleon Bonaparte—Louis van Beethoven," and it lay on the composer's table awaiting the proper opportunity for official transmission to Paris. On May 3 the motion for making Napoleon Emperor passed the Assembly, and on the 18th, after his elevation by plebiscite, he assumed the title. The news of this quickly reached Vienna. Beethoven, learning of it, flew into a terrible rage, for he was the most ardent of republicans, and the copy which was to have been presented to Napoleon was never sent. In a fury of disappointment and with a torrent of reproaches, the composer tore off the title page and dashed it to the ground. At some later time it received the new title, the one by which we now know it, and under which it was published: "Sinfonia

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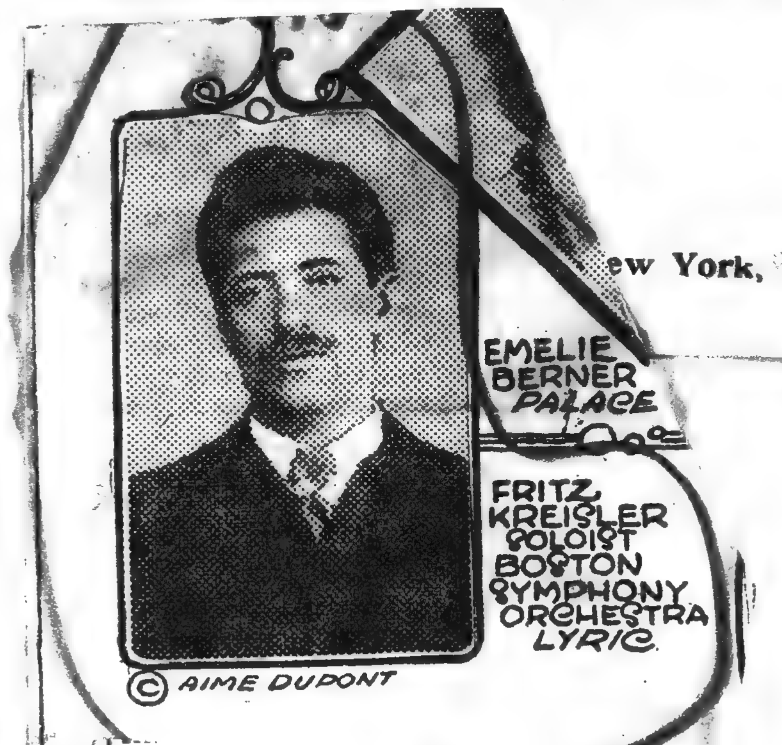
From AMERICAN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date NOV 1 - 1914


EMELIE BERNER PALACE
FRITZ KREISLER SOLOIST BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA LYRIC
© AIME DUPONT

ew York, 1884

THE LYRIC

Two Germans, a Frenchman, an Austrian and a Finn, as composers, and an Italian as soloist, make a very cosmopolitan program which Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra will offer at the first concert of the season in the Lyric next Wednesday evening, November 4, at 8:15. The composers are Beethoven, Saint-Saens, Richard Strauss, Handel and Sibelius, and the soloist is the great barytone of the Metropolitan Opera House, Pasquale Amato.

The symphony will be Beethoven's Eroica, which seems to be particularly appropriate at this time. The other orchestral numbers will be Richard Strauss's superb tone poem Don Juan and the stirring Finlandia of Sibelius.

Mr. Amato will sing twice, an aria from Saint-Saens' Henry VIII. and an air from Handel's forgotten opera Xerxes. This last tune is familiar to everybody as the Largo. The program in its proper form is as follows:

Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, Eroica; Saint-Saens, Aria from Henry VIII.; Strauss, Tone Poem, Don Juan; Handel, air, Ombra mai fu (Largo); Sibelius, Finlandia.

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 1 1914

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will open its thirtieth successive season in Philadelphia with the first of the five concerts of the regular series to be given in the Academy of Music, to-morrow evening at 8.15. Like nearly all the great orchestras of this country, for several weeks after the beginning of the European war, there was much doubt as to how greatly the Boston Symphony Orchestra would be affected by it from the summoning to military service of its members. At the time of the opening of the war there were no less than thirty men on the Continent including Dr. Muck. Of these expected to return only three have failed to arrive, Mr. Grisez, the first clarinet, Mr. Fosse, first oboe and Mr. Anesy one of the double basses. Mr. Agnesy is expected any time but the places of the other two musicians have been filled, Mr. Grisez's by Mr. Sand, first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera, Berlin, and Mr. Fosse's by Mr. Stanislaus, sole oboist of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, London.

The soloist for this first concert will be the deservedly admired baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, Pasquale Amato, who will sing two numbers. The program in its proper order is as follows:—

Beethoven	Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
Saint-Saens	Aria, "Henry VIII"
Richard Strauss	Tone Poem, "Don Juan"
Handel	Air, "Ombra mai fu"
Smetana	Overture to "The Sold Bride"

* * *

Es 1884

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date Nov 1, 1914

IF the concert season was a little later in starting this season than last, it is making up for lost time. More than a dozen recitals and concerts will take place during the week in Carnegie and Aeolian halls.

Most important in the list of orchestral concerts in New York are those played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, which makes its first appearance here with two concerts in Carnegie Hall, on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. The Thursday concert will be all German. Beethoven's third symphony ("Eroica"), Brahms' variations on a theme of Haydn, the Richard Strauss tone poem, "Don Juan," and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture will be heard. There will be no soloist at either concert. On Saturday, in addition to the German Brahms' symphony No. 2, which was played last week by the Symphony Society, America will be represented by Chadwick's symphonic sketches, and Finland by the tone poem "Finlandia," by Shibelius.

* * *

Esta 384

[29]

From RECORD

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date OCT 29 1914

WILL PERPETUATE MUSIC

Backer of Boston Symphony to Provide Liberally After Death.

Special to "The Record."

Boston, Oct. 28.—Music lovers are discussing with interest tonight the announcement of Mayor Curley that Major Henry L. Higginson will provide for the perpetuation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra by inserting in his will a bequest of more than $1,000,000 as an endowment to that organization. Mayor Curley made the announcement in an address at the banquet of the East Boston Catholic Literary Association at the Elks' Home on Somerset street.

A fund of $2,000,000 has been put on deposit at a Boston bank by Thomas A. Forsythe in his will, the Mayor said, to carry on the work of the Forsythe Dental Infirmary. Major Higginson informed the Mayor he makes up each year a $40,000 deficit for the orchestra, and that he already had expended more than $900,000 on it.

k, 1884

BROOKLYN

From HERALD

Address: New York City

Date NOV 1 1914

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, will come to Brooklyn this week for the first in the series of Philharmonic concerts which they are to give this season under Brooklyn Institute auspices. This will be in the opera house of the Academy of Music on Friday evening.

Brahms' Second Symphony in D major will be played. Pasquale Amato, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will be the soloist, and his numbers will be arias from "Henry VIII." and Handel's "Serse."

rk, 1884

From TRIBUNE

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date OCT 25 1914

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

In the audience at Infantry Hall Tuesday to greet the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the first of its series of concerts were: President Faunce of Brown University, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. George McClellan Fiske, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Parsons Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Douglas Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. Merwin White, Mrs. William B. Waterman, Mrs. Robert W. Taft, Miss Eleanor Taft, Mrs. Harvey A. Baker, Mr. George A. Freeman, Mrs. Gertrude Child Barrows, Mrs. Harold J. Gross, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. William H. Peters, Miss Isabel Peters, Mrs. James R. MacColl, Mr. William MacColl, Mr. Hugh MacColl, Mr. Charles Morris Smith, Miss Harriet M. Smith, Mrs. Samuel S. Durfee, Miss Durfee, Prof. and Mrs. Albert K. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Albert M. Steinert, Mrs. Charles J. Steedman, Miss Virginia Shepley, Mrs. Hope Shepley Hollister, Mr. Julian Herreshoff, Mrs. Ernest Salisbury, Mrs. Fred Mason, Mrs. John Mason, Prof. John F. Green, Miss Harriet J. Miller, Mrs. C. Prescott Knight, Mrs. Webster Knight, Miss Adelaide Knight, Mrs. Frank Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Allen, Miss Helen B. Pettis, Mr. and Mrs. Addison P. Munroe, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Lowenstein, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Charbonnel, Miss Harriot E. Barrows, Miss Frances Alexander, Mrs. Anne Gilbreth Cross.

Esta 884

From EVG. STAR

Address: Washington, D. C.

Date OCT 24 1914

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Pasquale Amato, the distinguished baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will be the soloist in the first Boston Symphony concert of the season at the New National Theater Tuesday afternoon, at 4:30 o'clock. He will sing an aria from Saint-Saens' opera "Henry VIII" and Handel's "Ombra mai fu," which is the familiar "Largo." The symphony will be Brahms' "Second in D Major," and the program will include two pieces by Sibelius and the "Euryanthe" overture.

Est 884

From JOURNAL

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date OCT 25 1914

A wholly new symphony began the programme at the second pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston the past week. It is the work of Guy Ropartz, a French composer, little known on this side of the Atlantic, who is said to be a faithful disciple of Franck with an individuality all his own. Only once before, 10 years ago, has a composition by Ropartz been played at the symphony concerts, when under M. Gericke a fantasy was played. The new symphony is described as being short, abounding in harmonic strike, contrapuntal complexity and restless modulation.

Es 1884

Newspaper

NEW

From Providence, R. I.

Address

Date OCT 21 1914

ren.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

To a large and appreciative audience the Boston Symphony orchestra opened its Providence season last night in Infantry hall, with a program which was calculated to please and inspire, as is the custom with the orchestra that for so long has attracted during the winter season large audiences of music lovers.

The program last night included a number of selections which have been presented here on other occasions, but were all enjoyed by the audience last evening. Especially several of the orchestral numbers which have been before presented.

The distinguished Italian baritone of the Metropolitan Opera company, Pasquale Amato, was greeted with great enthusiasm by the audience, which fully appreciated his excellent work. Mr. Amato first appeared in this city a few years ago in company with Mme. Mero, the pianist, and at that time won hearty applause for his wonderful voice and clear diction, which is none the less beautiful now than at that time. His aria, "Qun donc commande quandil aime?" and his air from "Serse," were both given with a quality of tone and perfection of diction that at once drew a responsive applause from the eager listeners.

The introduction of the modern tone poem of Richard Strauss, between the works of the older composers, contrasted them none the less favorably by the innovation.

Contrary to expectations, the few changes in the personnel of the orchestra this year affected its work to no degree that was at all noticeable.

The orchestral selection most appreciated last evening was Beethoven's third symphony, "Eroica," rendered with a skill that was truly inspiring, as is the theme of the air. It is a fitting memorial to a great man, as its composer intended it to be, if we are to believe traditon, which has it that Beethoven composed it in inspiration of Napoleon, before the latter's downfall.

The people of Providence are glad that the Boston Symphony orchestra is once again to be with them from time to time, and look forward with pleasure to the 17th of November, at which time the orchestra will return to this city for the second concert. Harold Bauer, the pianist, will be the soloist at that time.

The program.

Beethoven—Symphony, No. 3, in E-flat major. "Eroica," Op. 55.
- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Marcia funermre; Adagio assai.
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

Saint-Saens ……………………………
..Aria, "Qui donc commande quandil aime?" from "Henry VIII," Act 1, Scene 4.

Richard Strauss ……………………………
..Tone-poem, "Don Juan" (after N. Lenau), Op. 20.

Handel ……………………………
Air, "Ombra mai fu," from the opera "Serse," Act I, Scene 1.

Weber………Overture to "Euryanthe."

Es k, 1884

From EVENING SUN

Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date OCT 29 1914

WILL PERPETUATE MUSIC

Backer Of Boston Symphony To Provide Liberally After Death.

Boston, Oct. 29.—Music lovers are discussing with interest the announcement of Mayor Curley that Major Henry L. Higginson will provide for the perpetuation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra by inserting in his will a bequest of more than $1,000,000 as an endowment to that organization. Mayor Curley made the announcement in an address at the banquet of the East Boston Catholic Literary Association at the Elks' Home on Somerset street.

A fund of $2,000,000 has been put on deposit at a Boston bank by Thomas A. Forsythe in his will, the Mayor said, to carry on the work of the Forsythe Dental Infirmary. Major Higginson informed the Mayor he makes up each year a $40,000 deficit for the orchestra, and that he already had expended more than $900,000 on it.

Es 1884

From HERALD

Address: Washington, D. C.

Date OCT 2

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At the New National Theater, Tuesday afternoon, November 3, at 2:30 o'clock, Pasquale Amato, the distinguished barytone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will be the soloist at the first Boston Symphony concert. He will sing an aria from Saint-Saens' unfamiliar opera, "Henry VIII," and Handel's "Ombra mai fu," which is nothing else than the familiar "Largo." The symphony will be Brahms' second in D major and the program will include two pieces by Sibelius and the "Euryanthe" overture.

York, 1884

From JOURNAL

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date OCT 25 1914

* * *

Pasquale Amato, who sang here with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday evening, has but recently landed in this country, arriving on the Duca di Genova. He tells of being suspected on the Austrian frontier of being an Italian spy and relates that he was halted on Sept. 11 at Cormons, the Austrian frontier station, because of having in his possession three Italian newspapers. After explaining that he was an opera singer, which revealed that they knew little about grand opera at Cormons, Amato sang the prologue to "Pagliacci" without music, which inspired the chief customs officer to send a telegram to Amato's lawyer at Trieste, and after a delay of eight hours the singer was allowed to go free on condition that he leave Austria within 24 hours.

Amato, who spent the greater part of the summer on his estate at Cesenatico, had been engaged to sing in Berlin, Vienna, Budapest and Paris, and was to have sung at the Albert Hall, London, week before last, but the war canceled everything.

Estal 84

Newspaper Cutting

From PUBLIC LEDGER

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date OCT 2

The Boston Symphony

Although Strauss' "Don Juan" seems to be the orchestral fashion of the day—it has already been played by the Boston and Chicago Symphonies and is announced by Mr. Stransky in New York—it has not been played in this city, and so far is unannounced. Instead the conductors have arranged to play the "Eroica" symphony twice in eight days, as Doctor Muck will play it one week after Mr. Damrosch. With the Boston Symphony, which may be expected in full force by that time, will come Pasquale Amato, the distinguished baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, who will sing an aria from Saint-Saens' unfamiliar "Henry VIII" and Handel's "Ombra mai fu," under which title is concealed the familiar "Largo." The symphony was played at the opening concert in Boston and the critics and audience alike were unreserved in praise.

, 1884

From JOURNAL

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date OCT 2

* * *

Maj. Henry L. Higginson, founder and supporter of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in an address to that organization at the close of its first rehearsal this season, made an urgent appeal to the musicians, who represent a variety of European nationalities, to avoid all friction and discord because of war conditions abroad, and to maintain the strictest neutrality, asking the men to "keep the name of the orchestra as bright as it has been in the past." In this connection he said: "Mutual forbearance and respect toward each other is absolutely indispensable. Without it the orchestra cannot live."

* * *

, 1884

From STAR

Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date 2

AMATO TO SING AT BOSTON SYMPHONY

Pasquale Amato, the distinguished barytone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will be the soloist at the first Boston Symphony Orchestra concert which will be given in the Lyric Theater Wednesday evening, November 4. He will sing an aria from Saint-Saens' unfamiliar opera, Henry VIII., and Handel's Ombra Mai Fu, which is the familiar Largo. The Symphony will be Beethoven's Eroica and the other numbers will be Strauss' Don Juan and Sibelius' Finlandia. The orchestra will bring its entire strength of 100 musicians.

Establish

From POST

Address: Washington, D. C.

Date OCT 25 1914

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Pasquale Amato, the distinguished barytone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will be the soloist at the first Boston Symphony concert in the National Theater Tuesday afternoon, November 3. He will sing an aria from Saint-Saens' unfamiliar opera, "Henry VIII," and Handel's "Ombra Mai Fu," which is nothing else than the familiar "Largo." The symphony will be Brahms' Second in D Major and the program will include two pieces by Sibelius and the "Euryanthe" overture.

E 1884

From SUN
Address: New York City.
Date OCT 25 1914

The first pair of Boston symphony concerts will be given in Carnegie Hall Thursday evening, November 5, and Saturday afternoon, November 7. There will be no soloist at either concert. Dr. Muck will play the first Boston programme at the Thursday evening concert, which comprises Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Josef Haydn, Strauss's "Don Juan" and Weber's "Euryanthe." On Saturday afternoon he will play Brahms's Second Symphony, George W. Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches and Sibelius's "Finlandia." All the members of the orchestra have arrived from abroad and the personnel now contains its usual quota of 100 musicians.

Est 884

From AMERICAN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 25 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Pasquale Amato, the distinguished barytone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will be the soloist at the first Boston Symphony Orchestra concert, which will be given in the Lyric Theater Wednesday evening, November 4. He will sing an aria from Saint-Saens' unfamiliar opera, Henry VIII., and Handel's Ombra mai fu, which is nothing else than the familiar Largo. The symphony will be Beethoven's Eroica, and the others numbers will be Strauss' Don Juan and Sibelius' Finlandia. The orchestra will bring its entire strength of 100 musicians.

Estal 884

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

Pasquale Amato, the distinguished baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, will be the soloist at the first of the Boston Symphony concerts, to be given in the Academy of Music Monday evening, November 2. He will sign an aria from Saint-Saens' unfamiliar opera, "Henry VIII," and Haendel's "Ombra mai fu," which is none other than the familiar "Largo." The orchestra will come in its full strength of 100 musicians. The symphony will be Beethoven's "Eroica."

k, 1884

BOSTON GLOBE—
OCTOBER 17,

34TH SYMPHONY SEASON BEGUN

Dr Muck and Orchestra Welcomed.

Same Incomparable Virtuosity as of Former Years.

Beethoven's 3d Symphony and the "Don Juan."

Emerging practically intact from the ow and menace of war, Boston's Symphony Orchestra, the gift of stinguished son, the glory and pride the city, assembled yesterday after- with its eminent conductor before first Friday rehearsal audience of ear. The dramatic interest of the nt lifted it above that of the open- f any other season since these concerts began.

Since these men dispersed their several ways last May the Continent of Europe has been caught in the throes of a deadly struggle. More than 30 of them were across the water at the war's outbreak. Those with Dr Muck at the Bayreuth festival, then in progress, say that for weeks thereafter he denied all probability of his return to Boston, for Dr Muck, an ardent patriot, had wished to take the field in the service of his Emperor.

Here were these men, representing the two great contending interests, with sympathies and convictions necessarily antipodal, yet banded together for the employment of a peaceful art, for the performance of music, to which each would supply his own program, and what may have been the emotions the associations provoked by the third symphony of Beethoven, music reasonably National in its suggestion.

As the audience sat awaiting the appearance of Dr Muck there were infinite conjectures and the fancies of imagination to fill the mind. The miracle of [illegible] these players upon the platform in their accustomed places, as [illegible] the apprehension of dangers [illegible] and the shock of possible [illegible] if not dismemberment [illegible] that Dr Muck himself should open the usual stage door, walk down the passageway, around the second violins and to his place at the desk was not too remote from the seeming reappearance of one from the dead. It was but the confirmation of the senses that both conductor and orchestra were spared to the city and how serious would have been their loss.

There was cause enough for a demonstration, not of the kind which should be considered and thoughtfully executed. An outburst of feeling rather, spontaneous and instant, by which every hearer in the hall would have leaped to his feet as one man and paid a tribute to Dr Muck and to the orchestra by the only appreciable means of expression, a tribute that neither they nor any one who partook in it ever should have forgotten.

It is not so much a matter of importance to record what actually happened. There was a half of the audience and perhaps more that rose to its feet, the scantest possible act of courtesy, and the least one that instinct or impulse could have prompted. The others remained comfortably seated in their chairs and applauded in a desultory fashion, as if a commendable although uninspired work by a local composer were being performed, and the observing composer might chance to sit in their vicinity.

The present Boston Symphony Orchestra, built of flesh and blood, of routine, of high exactions, of noble standards, of tireless effort of love, devotion and sacrifice, until it is a marvelous instrument, sensitive, plastic, eloquent. Had this membership been disrupted, had it been necessary to graft on new material, even though skillful as individuals, that perfection of ensemble, that extraordinary sense of unity, that perfect balance, that unrivalled euphosy, must have suffered. Such a crisis may visit the Boston Symphony Orchestra some day. If it should be so, the public that has listened and gone its way these years, however it may have supposed itself appreciative, will realize the lofty rank of the orchestra with a new conviction. It was a beautiful tribute to see Maj Higginson walk to the platform and greet his conductor and his men. It is to be hoped that the audience tonight will give Dr Muck and his associates the welcome which the time and the occasion require.

Had the concert of yesterday been given months later in the season, and subjected to expectations associated with that time, it scarcely could have been more free from blemish or imperfection. The program was a familiar one. It was an inspiration that Dr Muck should have chosen Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, not in any attempt to find a modern protagonist for the Napoleon to whom the work first was dedicated, but because it is filled with noble thoughts, music that might well inspire, strengthen, comfort in a day of terrible problems, of carnage and destruction, music wrung from a great soul and expressive of grave and serious things, especially the first two movements. The funeral march might have been a requiem for the dead in battle. It was played with a majestic solemnity that was religious, and how incongruous, how ill-timed the applause that followed.

It is not necessary nor fitting to consider in detail the manner of playing each number. Dr Muck comes back to us the same master interpreter, the same superlative artist in recreating the thoughts of the composer, at times even ennobling the commonplace in them, the same master of variety in all the ways and means that make musical expression the ineffable consummate speech of moods; peerless as before in that infallible sense of proportion, of rhythm, of shading, in the ability to approach and crown a climax, to profile a contrast, to maintain a line of unbroken song, an unimpaired continuity of thought.

The "Don Juan" tone poem of Strauss was the epitome of interpretative and orchestral virtuosity. Dr Muck's Juan may be the youth whose veins are filled with fire and wine less than he whom the man of mellower years now reflects upon and recalls. It may be possible to consider this music played with a more volcanic impetuosity, with a more hectic blood, and as indicative of an individual. It was heard yesterday as the music of a type, an ideal. The breadth of the closing apotheosis had the quality of the universal. The reading made the work an epic, gave to it heroic proportions. With what incomparable beauty the oboe's love song and its accompaniment were played.

Brahms' variations on a theme of Haydn were given with the same virtuosity and searching quest for beauty. As for the music itself, as with many a variation honestly labored upon, the hearer wonders why the simplicity and favor of the original tune ever provoked so tedious an excursion. The final number was Weber's "Euryanthe" overture.

Of the new members of the orchestra, the first clarinet, Mr Sand, late of the Charlottenburg Opera (Berlin), probably will be the most conspicuous. It is early yet to know his full abilities, but yesterday, particularly in the love music of the "Don Juan," beauty of tone and a finished style were evident in his playing. Mr Malkin, the new 'cellist, is expected before the next concerts.

For the second week's programs Dr Muck will show his breadth of choice by composing his program as follows: The fourth symphony of Guy Ropartz (first time in Boston), director of the Conservatory at Nancy; Mozart's Masonic Funeral Music, Mr Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches and three pieces by Sibelius—"Karelia," the Swan of Tuonela, and Finlandia.

The audience at the first concert showed no appreciable diminution in size over those of former seasons.

JOURNAL—
OCTOBER 24,

SYMPHONY HALL CONCERTS OPEN SUNDAY, NOV. 1

Zimbalist to Appear With New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

OTHER BRILLIANT STARS ANNOUNCED

Ethel Leginska Will Make Her Boston Debut on Nov. 9.

A week from tomorrow afternoon the season of Sunday concerts at Symphony Hall will begin. Nearly every Sunday has been filled from Nov. 1 to May 1, and all of these concerts, except those given by local choral societies, will begin at 3.30.

The first concert will be given by the Philharmonic Society of New York under Josef Stransky, its conductor. Since this orchestra began to come regularly to Boston a few years ago, it has built up a very considerable public here.

The soloist will be Efrem Zimbalist. Zimbalist, a Russian and a pupil of Leopold Auer, has won deserved recognition as a truly great artist. If he has not made such a wide appeal to the general public as his fellow-countryman and fellow-pupil, Mischa Elman, with the connoisseur, at any rate, he is given a higher place in the world of music.

The program that Mr. Stransky has arranged is, from a symphonic point of view, frankly popular. The symphony will be Dvorak's "From the New World," and the other orchestral numbers will be Richard Strauss' "Don Juan," just played by our own orchestra, and Dukas' "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." Mr. Zimbalist will play Bruch's "Scotch Fantasy."

The second concert, Nov. 8, will present Olive Fremstad, the dramatic soprano, and Pasquale Amato, the eminent Italian barytone. Mme. Premstad will sing songs by Hugo Wolf, some Scandinavian selections and also a group of folk-songs. Mr. Amato will sing "Eri-tu," from "The Masked Ball," a group of Russian songs, a group of old Italian airs and two songs by Frank LaForge. The two artists will sing the duo, "La ci darem" from "Don Giovanni."

One of the most effective artistic combinations of the season will be the joint concert by Julia Culp, the Dutch lieder singer, and Olga Samaroff, the American pianist, at the third of the Sunday afternoon concerts, Nov. 15. This will be Mme. Lamaroff's first appearance in Boston in several years.

SYMPHONY PLAYS FRENCH NOVELTY

Also Performs Tribute to Gardiner M. Lane's Memory.

The Symphony concert yesterday opened with the Mozart "Masonic Funeral Music" as a tribute to the memory of Gardiner M. Lane. The music has that gentle and yet deeply appealing expression of sympathy which is found oftener in the music of Mozart and Bach than in the works of more modern composers.

The chief interest of the afternoon was in the Ropartz Symphony No. 4 in C major, which was played for the first time in Boston. Probably few musicians in Boston are familiar with the name of Ropartz, unless they are organists and have played his effective pieces for organ.

The symphony played yesterday afternoon did not tempt one to become more familiar with the works of this composer. The beginning, introducing immediately the rather striking main theme, and leading to a really thrilling climax, promised more than the main part of the symphony managed to fulfil.

Here and there were beautiful bits of suggestive orchestral color, and all through the symphony there was considerable variety in the rhythmic structure. On the whole, however, the work did not seem very spontaneous. The ending, quite soft, with the divided strings playing gentle, broad-spread chords, was especially lovely.

The remainder of the program contained four symphonic sketches by Chadwick, and three compositions by Sibelius, "Karelia," "The Swan of Tuonela" and "Finlaudia." In Mr. Chadwick's own vein of rhythmic dance and song, no one of our American composers can give more pleasure. The third of the symphonic sketches, named "Hobgoblin," is delightfully whimsical. Mr. Chadwick was forced to rise from his seat in the audience and acknowledge the applause which his pieces earned.

"The Swan of Tuonela" was the most individual of the Sibelius pieces, though the other two compositions which ended the program had a great deal of natural power of expression.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

ORCHESTRAL PARTISANSHIP AND ITS ENVIES

A Mean and Comic Letter Against the Boston Orchestra That Is Going the Rounds in New York—Mrs. Beach Returns to Boston—Concerts at Steinert Hall — Wartime Anecdotes and Judgments—Items About Composers, Concerts and Opera

FEW things in this strange old world are more strange, bitter, envious and deaf to reason and prudence than partisanship in music, and few will go to sillier or meaner lengths to [illegible]

…y their malevolence. Ten times a year the Boston Symphony Orchestra undertakes a concert in New York that fills Carnegie Hall to the last seat and of which the reviewers usually write long and warmly. However they may judge the chosen pieces, they almost always find ample and stated reasons to applaud the work of the conductor and the men. The audiences, the flower of the concert-going public of New York are like minded.

Now, sundry partisans of the resident orchestras cannot sit tranquil under these inevitable things, and an anonymous letter from one such has been the round of the newspapers in New York and has inevitably oozed out of "office gossip" into publicity. The writer proclaims himself "one interested in the welfare of New York's symphony orchestras"; he complains of "the slighting manner" in which their concerts are reviewed, and of "the sloppy and slushing praise" that is heaped upon those of the Boston orchestra "irrespective of the merit of the performance"; he remembers "that New York capital is invested in New York orchestras," and he sees in visions that unlikely day in which resident orchestras will vanish from New York for lack of support. Having thus relieved his perturbed spirit, he rises to the height of his argument. What, then, is the remedy? Not the bettering of the New York orchestras but the deprecatory reviewing of the concerts of the Boston band. "Business is business" and "local industries," which advertise heavily (whereas the Boston Orchestra has no need of such reclaim) should be encouraged. Neither the reviewers nor the managing editors of the New York newspapers happen "to be built that way." Only partisanship in music is of such mean—and comic—stature.

H. T. P.

TRANSCRIPT,
OCTOBER 22.

BOSTON TRAVELER,
OCTOBER 17, 1914.

SYMPHONY CONCERT WITH ONE NOVELTY

PROGRAMME.

Mozart. Masonic Funeral Music.
(In memory of Gardiner M. Lane.)
Guy Ropartz. Fourth Symphony. (First time in Boston.)
Chadwick. Symphonic Sketches. An Orchestral Suite.
Sibelius. "Karelia" overture.
The swan of Tuonela.
Finlandia.

Again an orchestral concert, yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall, and one of good contrasts and with one novelty. The lack of a soloist at these great concerts is never felt, and sometimes a brilliant vocalist seems almost an intrusion, to those who place Music above the star system. The opening number was not for criticism, nor intended for applause (although a few did applaud), since it paid homage to the memory of an eminent Bostonian. But we can state that Mozart's work was not intended for a large hall. It was originally for about a dozen instruments, including a now obsolete Basset-horn, and a then novel clarinette, and honored the memory of Brothers Mecklenburg and Esterhazy of Mozart's Masonic Lodge. The mournful tone of the basset-horn is coming back in some modern scores, and we hope that sometime the brilliant color of the discant-trumpets, with their very narrow tubes and shallow mouth-pieces (of a still earlier epoch) may also be restored to the modern tonal palette, says Louis C. Elson in The Advertiser, in his Symphony review.

Guy Ropartz is one of the many celebrities who graduated from the work-shop of Cesar Franck. He is not, perhaps, the greatest of the group, but his works have kept better within the symmetrical form and lucid style of his master than some others. This was not a strained set of dissonances, of crabbed rhythms and of unheard-of modulations, masquerading under the name of symphony, even though it was a continuous work, the movements joined together, of "played without pause," as the programme said (which suggests breathless haste), although there were rests in it, which we presume were not counted as pauses.

The work had the essence of the four regular symphonic movements, however. The opening theme was earnest and noble, and worked to a strong climax. There was clear melodic line in spite of some involved harmony, and often there were heavy outbursts contrasted with mysterious passages of softest character, which gave, like some of Mahler's works, the impression of programme music, but with its story untold.

The Adagio was strikingly sombre and mysterious, the Intermezzo being in strong contrast. There was something Brahms-like in the Allegretto, and a captivating rhythm. A new Adagio after this seemed to make an innovation in form, but could be regarded as an introduction to the Finale. The last named had not so much to say for itself, but the orchestration was good.

In this there was even a reminiscence of Ropartz's teacher, but not enough to call plagiarism. The work was well received, although we doubt if it could have been perfectly understood on a first hearing.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

OCTOBER 24, 1914

ROPARTZ WORK ON PROGRAM OF THE SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck Gives Satisfactory Reading of French Composition—George W. Chadwick's Piece Is Warmly Applauded

SYMPHONY HALL—Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; second public rehearsal. The program: Mozart, Masonic funeral music, in memoriam, Gardiner Martin Lane; Guy Ropartz, symphony No. 4, C major, first time in Boston; Chadwick, "Symphonic Sketches," suite for orchestra; Sibelius, "Karelia," overture, "Swan of Tuonela," legend, "Finlandia," symphonic poem.

Three composers could hardly have been better chosen to supplement one another than Ropartz, Chadwick and Sibelius. Each in the pieces on the program stood for definite types of musical expression. The three composers together accomplished what the first of them professed to do but did not, they filled out the cycle of thought and sentiment which a symphony is supposed to comprise.

An example of shrewd program making, then, were the selections of the second pair of concerts. The Ropartz work, the Chadwick suite and the Sibelius pieces combined gave all the effects and introduced all the contrasts of a symphony constructed on the Beethoven pattern or of a tone poem written on the Strauss formula. Ropartz in his fourth symphony shows himself a composer purely intellectual in mood, without either light or somber moments. His work is continuously played, and in feeling as well as in form, it is in a single movement. It contains all those elements of exposition and development which belong to the introductory movement and not seldom to the concluding movement of the classic symphony. It contains midway in its course pages which have some outward show of contrast—pages that exploit orchestral colors and schemes of harmony different from those used in the early parts of the work. But these do not get away from the original intellectual standpoint. They continue the argumentative methods used at the beginning. They never make anecdotal or picturesque appeal.

There are so many modern symphonies of the Ropartz type that they almost seem to be a protest against the century-approved plan, which demands that the composer present his appeal in at least three distinct ways, that he prove himself a thinker, a humorist and a sentimentalist. As a picture of society, a document describing the manners of the times in which the composers write, the symphonic form has always in its most approved manifestations in the first place made plain, serious statement, then gone into the satirical aspect of the case and lastly looked at it from the viewpoint of romance. The satire and romance may have come in reverse order, but both had to be there in unmistakable intention if the symphony was to stick in the repertory.

The coming of the writers of the tone poem did not alter the problem in the slightest. The three elements were always expected, whether the work was in four movements or one, whether it followed the allegro, scherzo and andante pattern, as in Haydn, Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms, or followed some literary program, as in Liszt and Strauss. The pieces of Richard Strauss that have a title borrowed from the philosophy or fiction alcove of the libraries or that take some fanciful name out of the experience of the composer, have the three expected elements of expression almost invariably, though they may be in a new arrangement, the humorous element perhaps recurring at intervals, instead of forming a distinct division of the work.

Repartz in his symphony in C major responds to the first only of the three conditions which listeners who accept Beethoven and Strauss as their standards insist on. But he responds with strong purpose to this one. His symphony is an admirable composition of its type. In its general style it follow the conservative Franck and D'Ind methods, but it takes up in one or tw places certain manners of combining th colors of the wind instruments tha the advanced school, represented by D bussy, has developed. The composer refers to these briefly, as though to say that there is some good in all the strangeness of the Debussy school, after all; [illegible] is in it [illegible] here in the latter pages of this symphony.

The work is deeply, but not too academically studied. It has a fine flow of theme and it lends itself well to an orchestra of full-toned string sections and of delicately balanced wind sections. It was presented sympathetically and brilliantly by Dr. Muck and his men.

The Chadwick symphonic sketches, the scherzo of the program, were neatly played, of course. Dr. Muck likes an orchestral humorist, and knows how to interpret one as few conductors do. He caught both the fun of the numbers and their style. When the playing of the pieces was over, he refused to take any of the applause to himself and his players, letting the audience call the composer, who was present on the floor, to his feet, as it has done on many occasions before.

A conductor is not always to be expected to give his best to small, concluding works on the day he produces a new symphony, but Dr. Muck read the three beautiful pieces of Sibelius with the deepest interest and care. A Beethoven slow movement rarely has such poetic presentation as "Karelia," "The Swan" and "Finlandia," the andante of the program, had at his hands. Especially the last two numbers were read with a desire to bring out all their meaning as pieces of Finnish sentiment. These works are of remarkable charm, the one as an accompanied orchestral song, the other as a hymn for the orchestral choirs.

The conductor gave a delightfully blended accompaniment for the melody of the English horn such as he has so often given when he had on the platform a visiting artist playing the solo part of a concerto, whether of violin or piano. The plaintive song of the low-voiced reed instrument now arose out of the full orchestral tone, now was submerged beneath it, now filled the ear completely with its complaint, now was lost to hearing. The orchestral hymnn, "Finlandia," was phrased as effectively by the whole orchestra as if a single voice were chanting its melody. Only the most careful preparation of this little piece could have made it the most memorable, in the playing, of all the numbers on the program.

ADVERTISER,

OCTOBER 17

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BEGINS 34TH SEASON

PROGRAMME CLASSICAL, "MADE IN GERMANY"

Fine, Indeed, and Sensibly Varied, Beginning With Beethoven and Ending With Weber.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Beethoven—Heroic Symphony.
Brahms—Variations on a Haydn Theme.
Strauss—"Don Juan." Tone poem.
Weber—"Euryanthe" overture.

This programme might be labelled "Made in Germany," and it was purely orchestral, a matter which we always approve of. Dr. Muck was welcomed with even more than the usual cordiality when he took the stand, for there was some doubt about our getting him out of the European cauldron, and when we found not only our German conductor, but some excellent Austrian, French and Belgian players saved to us (MM. Holy, Longy and Lenom, for example) we were glad to see that the war had not destroyed our symphonic art. Many of the audience rose as the conductor entered to do him honor.

There was not quite the ensemble in the opening Symphony that we shall get by mid-season, but there was such an excellent reading of the work, and so much of hearty enthusiasm, that the old work was as virile and powerful as ever. It was born of war. Every great war leaves music in its wake, and a century ago Europe was in almost as universal throes as at present.

It remains to be seen whether Richard Strauss will give us an orchestral setting of the present turmoil which shall stand beside the "Heroic" symphony.

In listening to the great first movement of the warlike work, it is well to remember the apothegm of Beethoven. "Even when music pictures something ugly, it must itself remain beautiful." The stormy gusts of passion of the passages at the end of the closing theme, and in the development of this first movement are not hideous, as the battle scene in "Heldenleben."

The funeral march must have appealed to many who are grief-stricken over the sufferings of the present, and the oboe-playing here demands especial praise, as well as the nobility of the cello theme. The light-hearted swing of the Scherzo was exhilarating, and the few sterner measures, coming like a clash of swords, a memory of heroic deeds, amid the chatter of the crowd, was made in effective contrast. But the finale, although well played, never seems to us a worthy climax of the work. Like the finales of the violin concerto, the emperor concerto and even the great ninth symphony, it does not assimilate well with what has gone before.

But, after all, what Boston craves just now is a powerful Baseball Symphony, with the most brilliant runs, the most phenomenal base-playing, and a noble score—say 3 to 1, winding up with "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Braves." Brahms' Variations are a peculiar kind of musical intellectuality. He was able to turn and twist a theme into a dozen ingenious shapes. Such a talent is a dangerous thing, for it leads the composer to continue the transformations until the auditor loses interest unless he be a trained musician; it is apt to become "musician's music" before it comes to its end. Probably Haydn's own march-like theme was more appreciated by many than its marvellous transformations. But in these variations one could easily recognize the especial excellences of the orchestra, as each department passed in review. Violins, clarinets, oboes, bassoons, flutes, horns, etc., all stood in the limelight a little while. There were fine contrasts and excellent balance, so that one could follow the form amidst all its metamorphoses, up to the triumphant ending.

"Don Juan" is not Strauss' greatest work, but it is exciting nevertheless, and even if one is not entirely in sympathy with the hero's scientific investigations of the female sex, and his rather exacting search after an ideal, the orchestration is sparkling and difficult, and the jugglery of figures attractive. It is not quite as definite programme-music, not quite as clear a set of pictures, as the baby and the Strauss family, in the "Sinfonia Domestica," and not at all on the level of "Zarathustra," not to speak of "Death and Transfiguration." But it was a great revelation to hear such a difficult score in the very first concert of the season. It had excellent ensemble and thrilling power. The violins did wonderfully well, and it was not the right kind of weather for a "biting" string tone. In spite of this and of the sultry atmosphere of the hall the violin tones were anything but "dead."

The horns and trumpets also come in for detailed praise; in fact it would be hypercritical to speak of any defect. It showed that the orchestral concerts are to be grander than ever this season.

The wild deviltry of the work was spicily caught up. This Don Juan is not exactly the Don Giovanni of Da Ponte and Mozart, but nevertheless he is not a party whom careful mothers would invite to a five o'clock tea.

The technique displayed proved at once that all of our old favorites have returned, only we miss the excellent Urack, and especially our fine clarinettist, M. Grisez. We seem to have bad luck with clarinettists, for the best one we ever heard is at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, and now another one is swallowed up by the war.

Weber's theatrical music formed a showy end to the concert. The contrasts here were very sharply drawn, but Weber stands these abrupt transitions very well. There is the glare of the footlights in all his overtures, and they are easily comprehended by the average auditor. "Euryanthe" made a showy end to a fine and sensibly varied programme. The 34th season of the Symphony Orchestra will be as great as its 33 predecessors.

BOSTON POST,

OCTOBER 24,

ROPARTZ'S SYMPHONY PERFORMED

Chadwick and Sibelius Also on 2d Rehearsal Programme

BY OLIN DOWNES

The symphony of D major of Guy Ropartz was played for the first time in Boston at the public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. In memory of Gardiner Martin Lane, Mozart's "Masonic Funeral Music" was played as a prelude to the programme. There were also played George W. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" for orchestra, and three short compositions by Sibelius: the Karelia overture; the "Swan of Tuonela," after an episode of the Finnish "Kalevala," and the symphonic poem, "Finlandia."

REMARKABLE COLORING

These pieces are not among the most important and distinctive music of Sibelius, although "The Swan from Tuonela" is a very beautiful and atmospheric composition and irresistibly sincere in its inspiration and its mood. The orchestral coloring is very remarkable. It is, indeed, as though not one ray of light pierced to the Kingdom of Death. The tonal background for the solo of the English horn, simple as it appears, is a piece of masterly instrumentation. And how admirable was the solo playing of the [illegible] "Finlandia" is a fiery, patriotic composition, very clearly and strongly written, and it can be played with overwhelming fury. The Karelia overture is for us too heavily orchestrated, and, clear as the form is, and the matter skilfully presented, this is one of Sibelius' most conventional compositions.

Camp Meeting Tunes

Mr. Chadwick's symphonic sketches are assuredly among his best compositions for orchestra. Granted the sentimentality of the "Noel," it is honestly felt. The most commonplace movement is the scherzo, which depends far more upon orchestral tricks than upon an inherent originality of ideas for its effect. The "Jubilee" movement has much real humor and same camp-meeting tunes that are happily treated, even though again this verges perilously on the sentimental. But the prize of the four movements is the Vagrom Ballad. It is a native and an unvarnished mood—music that only an American composer could write, and music that could only have come from Mr. Chadwick among American composers. A lugubrious prelude by the bass clarinet is heard, and then a rowdy tramp's ditty, strongly rhythmed, devil-may-care, which inexplicably resolves into a parody of the motive of Bach's G minor organ fugue. A call from a stopped trumpet—one does not swear that the composer has refrained from a parody of the trumpet call from the "Leonore" overture. One is ready to believe queer things anywhere as the piece progresses.

Composer Bows Acknowledgment

There is then the singular change of mood, as with sweeps of the harp and some dour progressions of low wind instruments there is the suggestion of "the 30 days to come," as the poetic motto of the piece puts it. And finally there is the insolent conclusion. It was with reason that this piece, especially, was applauded, and the composer rose twice to bow his acknowledgements.

The Ropartz symphony is in three movements, which follow each other without pause. It is strongly reminiscent of Franck, with whom Ropartz studied composition. It is the work of pedant who fears God and his teacher. Idioms of Franck prevail, harmonic progressions, orchestral colors, a similar manner in the treatment of themes and figures, but, unfortunately, a lack of Franck's splendid grasp of form and Franck's clearness of vision and resources in development. One thinks that after all this speech is not too native with Ropartz, and it must be admitted that this is essentially an unoriginal symphony.

The themes have not a clearly marked physiognomy, and hence do not lend themselves too well to the cyclic treatment. There are places where the composer is apparently at pause as to what step to take next, and there is too often repetition of a figure instead of true development of a thought. And the resemblance to the structure as well as the emotional evolution of the D Minor symphony is a little too striking.

Not that this symphony lacks honesty of purpose. It is an earnest and very sincere effort, and at the best there is a certain open-air serenity of feeling that compensates in a measure for its short-comings. But it cannot be catalogued, by any stretch of the judgment, as a work which takes a place among the significant productions of the modern French school.

POST, SATURDAY,

OCTOBER 17,

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BRILLIANT

Superb Performance at First Public Rehearsal

BY OLIN DOWNES

The first public rehearsal this son of the Boston Symphony Orch tra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The concert, even for these remarkable concerts, was in many respects of uncommon brilliancy. Happily there was no soloist, so that the superb orchestra, the peer of all soloists, could be heard without distraction, without obtrusive contrasts.

When Dr. Muck entered, he and his men were extended a welcome of unmistakable cordiality by an audience which had felt much anxiety of late respecting both conductor and players, the loss or even temporary suspension of whose activities would have been an irreparable misfortune to this city.

MAJOR HIG

MONITOR, BOSTON,

OCTOBER 24, 1914

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The Chadwick symphonic sketches, the scherzo of the program, were neatly played, of course. Dr. Muck likes an orchestral humorist, and knows how to interpret one as few conductors do. He caught both the fun of the numbers and their style. When the playing of the pieces was over, he refused to take any of the applause to himself and his players, letting the audience call the composer, who was present on the floor, to his feet, as it has done on many occasions before.

A conductor is not always to be expected to give his best to small, concluding works on the day he produces a new symphony, but Dr. Muck read the three beautiful pieces of Sibelius with the deepest interest and care. A Beethoven slow movement rarely has such poetic presentation as "Karelia," "The Swan" and "Finlandia," the andante of the program, had at his hands. Especially the last two numbers were read with a desire to bring out all their meaning as pieces of Finnish sentiment. These works are of remarkable charm, the one as an accompanied orchestral song, the other as a hymn for the orchestral choirs.

The conductor gave a delightfully blended accompaniment for the melody of the English horn such as he has so often given when he had on the platform a visiting artist playing the solo part of a concerto, whether of violin or piano. The plaintive song of the low-voiced reed instrument now arose out of the full orchestral tone, now was submerged beneath it, now filled the ear completely with its complaint, now was lost to hearing. The orchestral hymnn, "Finlandia," was phrased as effectively by the whole orchestra as if a single voice were chanting its melody. Only the most careful preparation of this little piece could have made it the most memorable, in the playing, of all the numbers on the program.

ADVERTISER.

OCTOBER 17

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BEGINS 34TH SEASON

PROGRAMME CLASSICAL, "MADE IN GERMANY"

Fine, Indeed, and Sensibly Varied, Beginning With Beethoven and Ending With Weber.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Beethoven—Heroic Symphony.
Brahms—Variations on a Haydn Theme.
Strauss—"Don Juan." Tone poem.
Weber—"Euryanthe" overture.

This programme might be labelled "Made in Germany," and it was purely orchestral, a matter which we always approve of. Dr. Muck was welcomed with even more than the usual cordiality when he took the stand, for there was some doubt about our getting him out of the European cauldron, and when we found not only our German conductor, but some excellent Austrian, French and Belgian players saved to us (MM. Holy, Longy and Lenom, for example) we were glad to see that the war had not destroyed our symphonic art. Many of the audience rose as the conductor entered to do him honor.

There was not quite the ensemble in the opening Symphony that we shall get by mid-season, but there was such an excellent reading of the work, and so much of hearty enthusiasm, that the old work was as virile and powerful as ever. It was born of war. Every great war leaves music in its wake, and a century ago Europe was in almost as universal throes as at present.

It remains to be seen whether Richard Strauss will give us an orchestral setting of the present turmoil which shall stand beside the "Heroic" symphony.

In listening to the great first movement of the warlike work, it is well to remember the apothegm of Beethoven. "Even when music pictures something ugly, it must itself remain beautiful." The stormy gusts of passion of the passages at the end of the closing theme, and in the development of this first movement are not hideous, as the battle scene in "Heldenleben."

The funeral march must have appealed to many who are grief-stricken over the [illegible]ings of the present, and the oboe-[illegible] here demands especial praise, as [illegible] the nobility of the cello theme. [illegible]-hearted swing of the Scherzo was [illegible]ng, and the few sterner measures, [illegible] a clash of swords, a memory of heroic deeds, amid the chatter of the crowd, was made in effective contrast. But the finale, although well played, never seems to us a worthy climax of the work. Like the finales of the violin concerto, the emperor concerto and even the great ninth symphony, it does not assimilate well with what has gone before.

But, after all, what Boston craves just now is a powerful Baseball Symphony, with the most brilliant runs, the most phenomenal base-playing, and a noble score—say 3 to 1, winding up with "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Braves." Brahms' Variations are a peculiar kind of musical intellectuality. He was able to turn and twist a theme into a dozen ingenious shapes. Such a talent is a dangerous thing, for it leads the composer to continue the transformations until the auditor loses interest unless he be a trained musician; it is apt to become "musician's music" before it comes to its end. Probably Haydn's own march-like theme was more appreciated by many than its marvellous transformations. But in these variations one could easily recognize the especial excellences of the orchestra, as each department passed in review. Violins, clarinets, oboes, bassoons, flutes, horns, etc., all stood in the limelight a little while. There were fine contrasts and excellent balance, so that one could follow the form amidst all its metamorphoses, up to the triumphant ending.

"Don Juan" is not Strauss' greatest work, but it is exciting nevertheless, and even if one is not entirely in sympathy with the hero's scientific investigations of the female sex, and his rather exacting search after an ideal, the orchestration is sparkling and difficult, and the jugglery of figures attractive. It is not quite as definite programme-music, not quite as clear a set of pictures, as the baby and the Strauss family, in the "Sinfonia Domestica," and not at all on the level of "Zarathustra," not to speak of "Death and Transfiguration." But it was a great revelation to hear such a difficult score in the very first concert of the season. It had excellent ensemble and thrilling power. The violins did wonderfully well, and it was not the right kind of weather for a "biting" string tone. In spite of this and of the sultry atmosphere of the hall the violin tones were anything but "dead."

The horns and trumpets also come in for detailed praise; in fact it would be hypercritical to speak of any defect. It showed that the orchestral concerts are to be grander than ever this season.

The wild deviltry of the work was spicily caught up. This Don Juan is not exactly the Don Giovanni of Da Ponte and Mozart, but nevertheless he is not a party whom careful mothers would invite to a five o'clock tea.

The technique displayed proved at once that all of our old favorites have returned, only we miss the excellent Urack, and especially our fine clarinettist, M. Grisez. We seem to have bad luck with clarinettists, for the best one we ever heard is at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, and now another one is swallowed up by the war.

Weber's theatrical music formed a showy end to the concert. The contrasts here were very sharply drawn, but Weber stands these abrupt transitions very well. There is the glare of the footlights in all his overtures, and they are easily comprehended by the average auditor. "Euryanthe" made a showy end to a fine and sensibly varied programme. The 34th season of the Symphony Orchestra will be as great as its 33 predecessors.

BOSTON POST,

OCTOBER 24,

ROPARTZ'S SYMPHONY PERFORMED

Chadwick and Sibelius Also on 2d Rehearsal Programme

BY OLIN DOWNES

The symphony of D major of Guy Ropartz was played for the first time in Boston at the public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. In memory of Gardiner Martin Lane, Mozart's "Masonic Funeral Music" was played as a prelude to the programme. There were also played George W. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" for orchestra, and three short compositions by Sibelius: the Karelia overture; the "Swan of Tuonela," after an episode of the Finnish "Kalevala," and the symphonic poem, "Finlandia."

REMARKABLE COLORING

These pieces are not among the most important and distinctive music of Sibelius, although "The Swan from Tuonela" is a very beautiful and atmospheric composition and irresistibly sincere in its inspiration and its mood. The orchestral coloring is very remarkable. It is, indeed, as though not one ray of light pierced to the Kingdom of Death. The tonal background for the solo of the English horn, simple as it appears, is a piece of masterly instrumentation. And how admirable was the solo playing of the [illegible] "Finlandia" is a very patriotic composition, very clearly and strongly written, and it can be played with overwhelming fury. The Karelia overture is for us too heavily orchestrated, and, clear as the form is, and the matter skilfully presented, this is one of Sibelius' most conventional compositions.

Camp Meeting Tunes

Mr. Chadwick's symphonic sketches are assuredly among his best compositions for orchestra. Granted the sentimentality of the "Noel," it is honestly felt. The most commonplace movement is the scherzo, which depends far more upon orchestral tricks than upon an inherent originality of ideas for its effect. The "Jubilee" movement has much real humor and some camp-meeting tunes that are happily treated, even though again this verges perilously on the sentimental. But the prize of the four movements is the Vagrom Ballad. It is a native and an unvarnished mood—music that only an American composer could write, and music that could only have come from Mr. Chadwick among American composers. A lugubrious prelude by the bass clarinet is heard, and then a rowdy tramp's ditty, strongly rhythmed, devil-may-care, which inexplicably resolves into a parody of the motive of Bach's G minor organ fugue. A call from a stopped trumpet—one does not swear that the composer has refrained from a parody of the trumpet call from the "Leonore" overture. One is ready to believe queer things anywhere as the piece progresses.

Composer Bows Acknowledgment

There is then the singular change of mood, as with sweeps of the harp and some dour progressions of low wind instruments there is the suggestion of "the 30 days to come," as the poetic motto of the piece puts it. And finally there is the insolent conclusion. It was with reason that this piece, especially, was applauded, and the composer rose twice to bow his acknowledgements.

The Ropartz symphony is in three movements, which follow each other without pause. It is strongly reminiscent of Franck, with whom Ropartz studied composition. It is the work of pedant who fears God and his teacher. Idioms of Franck prevail, harmonic progressions, orchestral colors, a similar manner in the treatment of themes and figures, but, unfortunately, a lack of Franck's splendid grasp of form and Franck's clearness of vision and resources in development. One thinks that after all this speech is not too native with Ropartz, and it must be admitted that this is essentially an unoriginal symphony.

The themes have not a clearly marked physiognomy, and hence do not lend themselves too well to the cyclic treatment. There are places where the composer is apparently at pause as to what step to take next, and there is too often repetition of a figure instead of true development of a thought. And the resemblance to the structure as well as the emotional evolution of the D Minor symphony is a little too striking.

Not that this symphony lacks honesty of purpose. It is an earnest and very sincere effort, and at the best, there is a certain open-air serenity of feeling that compensates in a measure for its short-comings. But it cannot be catalogued, by any stretch of the judgment, as a work which takes a place among the significant productions of the modern French school.

POST, SATURDAY,

OCTOBER 17,

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BRILLIANT

Superb Performance at First Public Rehearsal

BY OLIN DOWNES

The first public rehearsal this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The concert, even for these remarkable concerts, was in many respects of uncommon brilliancy. Happily there was no soloist, so that the superb orchestra, the peer of all soloists, could be heard without distraction, without obtrusive contrasts.

When Dr. Muck entered, he and his men were extended a welcome of unmistakable cordiality by an audience which had felt much anxiety of late respecting both conductor and players, the loss or even temporary suspension of whose activities would have been an irreparable misfortune to this city.

RIBUTE

Beethoven's "Eroica" [illegible] Major Higginson, going down to the front of the stage, gave Dr. Muck his hand, as the members of an orchestra which includes 14 nationalities in its ranks, and the majority of those in the auditorium rose to their feet on an occasion which recognized only the fortunate relations of artists and lovers of art. The programme was as follows: "Eroica" symphony, Beethoven; "Variations on a Theme of Haydn," Johannes Brahms; tone poem, "Don Juan," Richard Strauss; "Euryanthe" overture, Weber.

Two seasons ago when Dr. Muck returned to Boston for his second engagement as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he gave a memorable performance of the Beethoven symphony. There were sentimentalists present yesterday who in some vague and mysterious way imagined that thoughts of heroism and distress on the other side of the Atlantic would move the conductor to some variety of superhuman eloquence. It is good to be able to say that Dr. Muck is no such sentimentalist or poseur.

The Master Musician

As a master musician he interpreted the "Eroica" two years ago. As an artist with equally high ideals and an equally inexorable will to do all that could be done for a great work of art he read the symphony yesterday. It was a remarkable performance, but not more so, at least for the average musical memory, or more of an inspiration to the hearer than the earlier interpretation.

Nor was the composer any more parochial in his spirit when he wrought that symphony, which in the year 1914, more than a century after its creation, astounds one by its heroism, the grandeur of the ideas, the audacity of the conception. A Strauss is far less daring than the hero of this symphony. How could they have understood it in the first decade of the 19th century? If there were any movement in which the performers excelled yesterday, it was in the series of stupendous variations which make the finale.

Great Dramatic Effect

Allowance must be made for growth of appreciation on the part of the commentator, yet we question whether these variations have been performed hereabouts in years with such masterly clearness and dramatic effect.

In turn, the Brahms Variations stood the hardest of tests successfully. They were neither flat nor pale, after Beethoven's accomplishment in the same form. We are not among those who are displeased by the fact that the greatest composers have delighted in displaying their technical skill, as well as an unlimited wealth of new ideas, in building variations on themes which were often, in themselves, of inferior worth. Each of the variations of the set heard yesterday deserved a bravo, and with each one, thanks largely to the most illuminative performance, the interest of the hearer accumulated.

"Don Juan" Youthful

A performance, however, in which we are sure that Dr. Muck excelled all previous efforts with the same composition, was that of Straus' tone-poem. After all this is a work of overwhelming power. It is early Strauss—Strauss not entirely clear in his aims or mature in his technic, Strauss when the bareness of an idea may show more clearly than it shows in later works, Strauss when he is still embarassed by traditional methods of development, but, after all, it is music of consuming fire and youth and genius. The orchestra blazes color, passion, pride, strength and conquest. We now are well acquainted with our Strauss and his splurging color scheme. We know more than a little of his pet technical devices, and we are aware of at least some details of his master craft when the well of inspirations runs dry for a moment. "Don Juan" we had often thought already old-fashioned. Yesterday it was as young as the day on which it was made, and as eloquent. The thin places had been mysteriously metamorphosed. The music was white-hot and as irresistible as a spring torrent, and the virtuosity of the entire performance was intoxicating.

The overture of Weber, as in the case of the Beethoven symphony and the Brahms variations, was played with doubled wind [illegible]ts Personally, we objected to this in two places, in the overture and in the trio of the scherzo of the symphony. Six horns are for us entirely too coarse and heavy in their sound for the contrasting theme of the rustling, murmuring movement which is so suggestive of the mysterious stirrings of the natural world. On the other hand, in the finale of the symphony and in the music of Brahms, the additional horns were of the greatest value. Finally, the augmented wind was sadly uncharacteristic of the thought of Weber.

The overture was certainly taken in a spirit other than that of its period. Justice, indeed, was done its most romantic and individual measures, the strange music which is associated with the thought of the rising of the ghost in the drama. But the general heaviness of tone and accent in the allegro was for us entirely out of perspective. Weber caracoles on his prancing steed, but yesterday that steed was a dray-horse.

Next week the symphony of Guy Ropartz will be performed for the first time in Bos[illegible]

BOSTON HERALD.

OCTOBER 24.

ORCHESTRA PLAYS ROPARTZ SYMPHONY

Work by Breton Composer at 2d Rehearsal—Mozart Music in Memory of Mr. Lane.

By PHILIP HALE.

The second public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The program was as follows:

Mozart.....................Masonic Funeral Music
(In memoriam: Gardiner Martin Lane).
Ropartz.....................Symphony No. 4, C major
First time in Boston.
Chadwick.....................................
Symphonic Sketches: Suite for orchestra
Sibelius.. { "Karelia," overture, Op. 10.
"The Swan of Tuonela."
"Finlandia," symphonic poem, Op. 26, No. 7.

J. Guy Ropartz is a good Breton. He is also a pupil of Cesar Franck. As a Breton, he has written an opera on a Breton subject, incidental music for dramas, whose action takes place in Brittany, and orchestral works illustrative of life, manners and customs in his loved province. His first symphony is based on a Breton choral; his catalogue includes a Breton Landscape, a Breton Sunday. In his first string quartet he makes use of Breton folk-songs. His devotion to his province is equalled only by that of Mrs. Micawber to Mr. Micawber.

That M. Ropartz is a pupil of Cesar Franck is clearly shown in the music by him that I have heard and read. As soon as the apotheosis of Franck began many claimed to be the pupil of this composer neglected while he was alive. This incensed the chief disciple, M. d'Indy, who has taken pains to give the list of Cesar Franck's genuine, simon-pure pupils warranted. M. Ropartz's name does not lead all the rest, but he is one of the faithful and the elect now living.

This symphony in C major, played without pause, was performed for the first time in Paris three years ago this month. It might be described as a thoughtfully considered, carefully worked composition, highly respectable, not too conservative, not affectedly modern. It is lacking in compelling inspiration. The imaginative flight is neither high nor sustained. On the other hand, the employment of the "generative theme," after the formula of Franck, is often ingenious; there are a few pages of contemplative and melancholy beauty; there are some unusual transitional passages. In an Allegretto section there is a suggestion of folk dance tunes. The weakest part of the work is the finale, somewhat in the nature of a scherzo. This is labored and ineffective until the few slow and gentle measures of the conclusion.

There are constant reminders of Cesar Franck's melodic and harmonic schemes. There is the familiar formula of the ascending, questioning or dubitative melodic phrase. There is the Franckian chromatic bass. There are the plaintive, sighing, episodic measures. But there is not the prolixity that too often makes the warmest admirer of Franck restive, impatient. Here and there is a suggestion of d'Indy, nor does the influence of the Wagner of "Parsifal" escape the hearer.

Mr. Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches, among the most genial of his compositions, should remind young composers that orchestral music by an accomplished musician, thoroughly grounded in the technic of his art, can be light hearted, spirited, and even humorous, for "A Vagrom Ballad" is in admirable burlesque vein, with the reckless song of the tramp, the sly allusions to the classics, the mysterious measures that give relief to the parodied pomp of song and fanfares. To many of our composers, young and old, are musically in doleful dumps. They would tell of Oedipus or some nameless tragedy of a perturbed soul ill at ease with the infinite, or they write in Bunthornian vein. Mr. Chadwick's spirited "Jubilee" with its hints at "patting Juba," the "Noel," with its direct and obvious sentiment; the fantastical "Hobgoblin" and the final sketch greatly pleased the audience. The composer was present and bowed in acknowledgement of the applause.

Of the three pieces by Sibelius only "The Swan of Tuonela" is wholly worthy of his reputation. The "Karelia" overture is for a theatre or a garden concert, and even then it is not first-class of its kind. The music is common. Perhaps it would be more effective if it were arranged for a brass band. The admiring Mrs. Newmarch, who accepts Sibelius in bulk, finds in this overture an ethnological significance. We do not go to a concert to study ethnology.

A patriotic Finn may be fired to frenzy by "Finlandia," but this sort of musical thing has been done better by lesser composers. The symphonic poem sounds like a "piece d'occasion." The surprising feature of its history is that it did not take a prize offered by a society, academy, or a patron of the arts. The music has a certain alcoholic spirit; it is sufficiently boisterous; but the "essential earnestness and reasonableness of the Finnish people"—to quote Mrs. Newmarch again—are expressed in tones that even at the time of hearing make no impression except that justice is not done to this worthy folk.

But "The Swan of Tuonela" is most [illegible]. One need not be acquainted with "Kalevala," the epic, to appreciate the strange gloom and indescribable pathos of this music. Rare imagination here finds apt and complete expression. By reason of its inherent qualities this "Legend," as performed, was the feature of the concert.

The orchestral pieces to be played next week are Brahms's Symphony No. 2; Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride"; Enesco's Suite, op. 9. Pasquale Amato will sing an air from Saint-Saens's "Henry VIII." and "Ombra mai fu" from Handel's "Serse," the air popularly known as "Handel's Largo."

ADVERTISER,

OCTOBER 24

SYMPHONY CONCERT WITH ONE NOVELTY

NEW WORK BY ROPARTZ WAS WELL RECEIVED

Mozart's Masonic Funeral Music Played in Honor of Mr. Lane, and Chadwick's Spicy Sketches.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Mozart. Masonic Funeral Music.
(In memory of Gardiner M. Lane.)
Guy Ropartz. Fourth Symphony. (First time in Boston.)
Chadwick. Symphonic Sketches. An Orchestral Suite.
Sibelius. "Karelia" overture.
The swan of Tuonela.
Finlandia.

Again an orchestral concert, yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall, and one of good contrasts and with one novelty. The lack of a soloist at these great concerts is never felt, and sometimes a brilliant vocalist seems almost an intrusion, to those who place Music above the star system. The opening number was not for criticism, nor intended for applause (although a few did applaud), since it paid homage to the memory of an eminent Bostonian. But we can state that Mozart's work was not intended for a large hall. It was originally for about a dozen instruments, including a now obsolete Basset-horn, and a then novel clarinette, and honored the memory of Brothers Mecklenburg and Esterhazy of Mozart's Masonic Lodge. The mournful tone of the basset-horn is coming back in some modern scores, and we hope that sometime the brilliant color of the discant-trumpets, with their very narrow tubes and shallow mouth-pieces (of a still earlier epoch) may also be restored to the modern tonal palette.

Guy Ropartz is one of the many celebrities who graduated from the work-shop of Cesar Franck. He is not, perhaps, the greatest of the group, but his works have kept better within the symmetrical form and lucid style of his master than some others. This was not a strained set of dissonances, of crabbed rhythms and of unheard-of modulations, masquerading under the name of symphony, even though it was a continuous work, the movements joined together, of "played without pause," as the programme said (which suggests breathless haste), although there were rests in it, which we presume were not counted as pauses.

The work had the essence of the four regular symphonic movements, however. The opening theme was earnest and noble, and worked to a strong climax. There was clear melodic line in spite of some involved harmony, and often there were heavy outbursts contrasted with mysterious passages of softest character, which gave, like some of Mahler's works, the impression of programme music, but with its story untold.

The Adagio was strikingly sombre and mysterious, the Intermezzo being in strong contrast. There was something Brahms-like in the Allegretto, and a captivating rhythm. A new Adagio after this seemed to make an innovation in form, but could be regarded as an introduction to the Finale. The last named had not so much to say for itself, but the orchestration was good.

In this there was even a reminiscence of Ropartz's teacher, but not enough to call plagiarism. The work was well received, although we doubt if it could have been perfectly understood on a first hearing.

Chadwick's Symphonic sketches are deliciously unconventional. They are so thoroughly American in humor that we doubt if any foreigner can understand or be fully in sympathy with them. There is a vein of humor in the nature of this composer that is unfortunately very rare in the leading American composers. He can compose an "Aphrodite," or the most intricate fugues, and can also produce a successful comic opera, or a wild bit of slum orgie as the finale of this Suite. Those who know of his playful bits of skilful counterpoint (crab canons and the like) sent to friends, or of his playful poems, in private life, recognize this charming element in his character, and the public have glimpses of it in his orchestral works semi-occasionally.

The Symphonic Sketches, then, are in that mood which Beethoven called "aufgeknoepft." There is a kind mixture of plantation dreams and of circus festivity in "Jubilee," which begins the set. Parts of this and of the Finale might be a Western mining town in a frolic, or a hanging-day in Mississippi or Texas. But the sweetness of "Noel" which followed was a tender picture that gained much by contrast. The horn-playing in "Hobgoblin," which was a quaint little ghost story, deserves a word of especial praise. But the unrestrained Finale always pleases us the best. It might be slangily called "A Musical Jag," and only slang can describe it, with its bassoon gruntings and xyllophone clappings. It does what Charpentier did in his "Vie de Poete" and "Julien," only it does it better and with less gruesome humor. Its own motto:—

A tale of tramps and railway ties,
Of old clay pipes and rum,
Of broken heads and blackened eyes,
And the "thirty days" to come,

describes it best. We take it for just what it is, a wild excursion into a field which no other American composer would dare to attempt, yet which is graphic, compelling, and has a raison d'etre. The work was very heartily applauded, and Mr. Chadwick was obliged to rise from his seat in the audience, and bow many times.

The concert now came to its Finnish with three Sibelius numbers. Of these we like the "Finlandia" best, for it tells a story that ought to appeal to every lover of freedom. It was written in 1894, when Finland was still a nation. Its earnestness was almost a prophecy. Small wonder that it was prohibited by Russia, for it was the voice of Liberty. Its themes are not actual folk-songs, but Sibelius so thoroughly caught up the spirit of his country that his own themes are sometimes mistaken for the songs of the people.

Naturally then, complexity, learned modulation, juggling of cross rhythms, can find no place here. It is direct and simple, yet majestic and leading to a very lofty climax. The notes of combat are contrasted with a tender theme of hope, and the end is triumphant enough to indicate that hope has come to fulfilment. Dr. Muck gave this tremendous power. It could not have been more deafening if it had been played on Krupp howitzers, and the trumpets gave their fierce figure with grand power.

The "Swan of Tuouela" is almost entirely soft and mysterious, as its subject demands, and it is sombre to a high degree. We admire its picturesque monotony, and its violoncello theme was played in the most beautiful manner. It is a superb portrayal of that melancholy which is innate with the true Finn.

"Karelia" was in excellent contrast. Here there was peasant dance and festivity, lively rhythms and trumpet blares.

The programme was not over-long, yet several left before the last group. We advise the auditors not to do so in the repetition of this programme tonight, for these final numbers are specimens of the most lofty and most genuine modern music.

BOSTON POST,

OCTOBER 31,

DR. MUCK MASTER AT SYMPHONY

Is Very Effective in Operatic Music—Amato Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

Pasquale Amato was the soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. He sang airs by Saint-Saens and Handel, and the orchestral pieces, which were performed with superlative brilliancy, were Brahms' second symphony, Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride," and Enesco's Suite for orchestra, opus 9.

DR. MUCK THE MASTER

There had not been given before in this city such a performance of Smetana's overture. There was, indeed, only one thing lacking—the rising of the curtain for the opera to begin. There has been one conspicuous thing lacking in operatic annals of this city. That is, a conductor of the personal energy as well as the commanding genius of Dr. Muck for the opera house. It is impossible to believe that he could not give superb performances of certain operas, after the performance of this overture and of many other operatic excerpts at the Symphony concerts. Dr. Muck, of even more experience in the theatre than in the concert hall, has the dramatic sense, the instinct for every effective bit of instrumentation, for the emphasis that is to carry across the footlights. A hundred details of orchestration which had not been noticed before by the average music lover in Smetana's overture appeared yesterday, and the comedy spirit of the music was irresistible.

Shows Acme of Wit

The overture is a masterpiece. The manner of the fugue, erroneously associated by many with the thought of merely academic knowledge on the part of the composer, becomes here the vehicle of vehicles for humorous effect. The contrast of the lilting peasant songs, the exceeding clearness and discretion of the instrumentation; all is the acme of liveliness and wit and inspiration.

Not less remarkable was the interpretation of Brahms' symphony. The second movement was never so easy to grasp and so profound in its meanings, and the delightful allegretto was made the more delightful by the logic and inevitability of the tempi and the [illegible]

IBUTE

Beethoven's "Eroica" [illegible] jor Higginson, going down to the front [illegible] the stage, gave Dr. Muck his hand, as the members of an orchestra which includes 14 nationalities in its ranks, and the majority of those in the auditorium rose to their feet on an occasion which recognized only the fortunate relations of artists and lovers of art. The programme was as follows: "Eroica" symphony, Beethoven; "Variations on a Theme of Haydn," Johannes Brahms; tone poem, "Don Juan," Richard Strauss; "Euryanthe" overture, Weber.

Two seasons ago when Dr. Muck returned to Boston for his second engagement as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he gave a memorable performance of the Beethoven symphony. There were sentimentalists present yesterday who in some vague and mysterious way imagined that thoughts of heroism and distress on the other side of the Atlantic would move the conductor to some variety of superhuman eloquence. It is good to be able to say that Dr. Muck is no such sentimentalist or poseur.

The Master Musician

As a master musician he interpreted the "Eroica" two years ago. As an artist with equally high ideals and an equally inexorable will to do all that could be done for a great work of art he read the symphony yesterday. It was a remarkable performance, but not more so, at least for the average musical memory, or more of an inspiration to the hearer than the earlier interpretation.

Nor was the composer any more parochial in his spirit when he wrought that symphony which in the year 1914, more than a century after its creation, astounds one by its heroism, the grandeur of the ideas, the audacity of the conception. A Strauss is far less daring than the hero of this symphony. How could they have understood it in the first decade of the 19th century? If there were any movement in which the performers excelled yesterday, it was in the series of stupendous variations which make the finale.

Great Dramatic Effect

Allowance must be made for growth of appreciation on the part of the commentator, yet we question whether these variations have been performed hereabouts in years with such masterly clearness and dramatic effect.

In turn, the Brahms Variations stood the hardest of tests successfully. They were neither flat nor pale, after Beethoven's accomplishment in the same form. We are not among those who are displeased by the fact that the greatest composers have delighted in displaying their technical skill, as well as an unlimited wealth of new ideas, in building variations on themes which were often, in themselves, of inferior worth. Each of the variations of the set heard yesterday deserved a bravo, and with each one, thanks largely to the most illuminative performance, the interest of the hearer accumulated.

"Don Juan" Youthful

A performance, however, in which we are sure that Dr. Muck excelled all previous efforts with the same composition, was that of Straus' tone-poem. After all this is a work of overwhelming power. It is early Strauss—Strauss not entirely clear in his aims or mature in his technic, Strauss when the bareness of an idea may show more clearly than it shows in later works, Strauss when he is still embarassed by traditional methods of development, but, after all, it is music of consuming fire and youth and genius. The orchestra blazes color, passion, pride, strength and conquest. We now are well acquainted with our Strauss and his splurging color scheme. We know more than a little of his pet technical devices, and we are aware of at least some details of his master craft when the well of inspirations runs dry for a moment. "Don Juan" we had often thought already old-fashioned. Yesterday it was as young as the day on which it was made, and as eloquent. The thin places had been mysteriously metamorphosed. The music was white-hot and as irresistible as a spring torrent, and the virtuosity of the entire performance was intoxicating.

The overture of Weber, as in the case of the Beethoven symphony and the Brahms variations, was played with doubled wind [illegible] ts Personally, we objected to this [illegible] two places, in the overture and in the trio of the scherzo of the symphony. Six horns are for us entirely too coarse and heavy in their sound for the contrasting theme of the rustling, murmuring movement which is so suggestive of the mysterious stirrings of the natural world. On the other [illegible] the finale of the symphony and [illegible] the music of Brahms, the addit[illegible] horns were of the greatest value [illegible] finally, the augmented wind was sadly uncharacteristic of the thou[illegible]t of Weber.

Th[illegible] overture was certainly taken in a spirit other than that of its period. Justice, indeed, was done its most roman[illegible] and individual measures, the stra[illegible]e music which is associated with the thought of the rising of the ghost in t[illegible] drama. But the general heaviness of tone and accent in the allegro was f[illegible] us entirely out of perspective. Weber caracoles on his prancing steed, but yesterday that steed was a dray-horse.

Next week the symphony of Guy Ropartz will [illegible] performed for the first time in Bos

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BOSTON HERALD.

OCTOBER 24.

ORCHESTRA PLAYSROPARTZ SYMPHONY

Work by Breton Composer at 2d Rehearsal—Mozart Music in Memory of Mr. Lane.

By PHILIP HALE.

The second public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The program was as follows:

Mozart..................Masonic Funeral Music
(In memoriam: Gardiner Martin Lane).
Ropartz..............Symphony No. 4, C major
First time in Boston.
Chadwick..................................
Symphonic Sketches: Suite for orchestra
Sibelius.. { "Karelia," overture, Op. 10.
"The Swan of Tuonela."
"Finlandia," symphonic poem, Op. 26, No. 7.

J. Guy Ropartz is a good Breton. He is also a pupil of Cesar Franck. As a Breton, he has written an opera on a Breton subject, incidental music for dramas, whose action takes place in Brittany, and orchestral works illustrative of life, manners and customs in his loved province. His first symphony is based on a Breton choral; his catalogue includes a Breton Landscape, a Breton Sunday. In his first string quartet he makes use of Breton folk-songs. His devotion to his province is equalled only by that of Mrs. Micawber to Mr. Micawber.

That M. Ropartz is a pupil of Cesar Franck is clearly shown in the music by him that I have heard and read. As soon as the apotheosis of Franck began many claimed to be the pupil of this composer neglected while he was alive. This incensed the chief disciple, M. d'Indy, who has taken pains to give the list of Cesar Franck's genuine, simon-pure pupils warranted. M. Ropartz's name does not lead all the rest, but he is one of the faithful and the elect now living.

This symphony in C major, played without pause, was performed for the first time in Paris three years ago this month. It might be described as a thoughtfully considered, carefully worked composition, highly respectable, not too conservative, not affectedly modern. It is lacking in compelling inspiration. The imaginative flight is neither high nor sustained. On the other hand, the employment of the "generative theme," after the formula of Franck, is often ingenious; there are a few pages of contemplative and melancholy beauty; there are some unusual transitional passages. In an Allegretto section there is a suggestion of folk dance tunes. The weakest part of the work is the finale, somewhat in the nature of a scherzo. This is labored and ineffective until the few slow and gentle measures of the conclusion.

There are constant reminders of Cesar Franck's melodic and harmonic schemes. There is the familiar formula of the ascending, questioning or dubitative melodic phrase. There is the Franckian chromatic bass. There are the plaintive, sighing, episodic measures. But there is not the prolixity that too often makes the warmest admirer of Franck restive, impatient. Here and there is a suggestion of d'Indy, nor does the influence of the Wagner of "Parsifal" escape the hearer.

Mr. Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches, among the most genial of his compositions, should remind young composers that orchestral music by an accomplished musician, thoroughly grounded in the technic of his art, can be light hearted, spirited, and even humorous, for "A Vagrom Ballad" is in admirable burlesque vein, with the reckless song of the tramp, the sly allusions to the classics, the mysterious measures that give relief to the parodied pomp of song and fanfares. To many of our composers, young and old, are musically in doleful dumps. They would tell of Oedipus or some nameless tragedy of a perturbed soul ill at ease with the infinite, or they write in Bunthornian vein. Mr. Chadwick's spirited "Jubilee" with its hints at "patting Juba," the "Noel," with its direct and obvious sentiment; the fantastical "Hobgoblin" and the final sketch greatly pleased the audience. The composer was present and bowed in acknowledgement of the applause.

Of the three pieces by Sibelius only "The Swan of Tuonela" is wholly worthy of his reputation. The "Karelia" overture is for a theatre or a garden concert, and even then it is not first-class of its kind. The music is common. Perhaps it would be more effective if it were arranged for a brass band. The admiring Mrs. Newmarch, who accepts Sibelius in bulk, finds in this overture an ethnological significance. We do not go to a concert to study ethnology.

A patriotic Finn may be fired to frenzy by "Finlandia," but this sort of musical thing has been done better by lesser composers. The symphonic poem sounds like a "piece d'occasion." The surprising feature of its history is that it did not take a prize offered by a society, academy, or a patron of the arts. The music has a certain alcoholic spirit; it is sufficiently boisterous; but the "essential earnestness and reasonableness of the Finnish people"—to quote Mrs. Newmarch again—are expressed in tones that even at the time of hearing make no impression except that justice is not done to this worthy folk.

But "The Swan of Tuonela" is most poetic. One need not be acquainted with "Kalevala," the epic, to appreciate the strange gloom and indescribable pathos of this music. Rare imagination here finds apt and complete expression. By reason of its inherent qualities this "Legend," as performed, was the feature of the concert.

The orchestral pieces to be played next week are Brahms's Symphony No. 2; Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride"; Enesco's Suite, op. 9. Pasquale Amato will sing an air from Saint-Saens's "Henry VIII." and "Ombra mai fu" from Handel's "Serse," the air popularly known as "Handel's Largo."

ADVERTISER,

OCTOBER 24

SYMPHONY CONCERT WITH ONE NOVELTY

NEW WORK BY ROPARTZ WAS WELL RECEIVED

Mozart's Masonic Funeral Music Played in Honor of Mr. Lane, and Chadwick's Spicy Sketches.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Mozart. Masonic Funeral Music.
(In memory of Gardiner M. Lane.)
Guy Ropartz. Fourth Symphony. (First time in Boston.)
Chadwick. Symphonic Sketches. An Orchestral Suite.
Sibelius. "Karelia" overture.
The swan of Tuonela.
Finlandia.

Again an orchestral concert, yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall, and one of good contrasts and with one novelty. The lack of a soloist at these great concerts is never felt, and sometimes a brilliant vocalist seems almost an intrusion, to those who place Music above the star system. The opening number was not for criticism, nor intended for applause (although a few did applaud), since it paid homage to the memory of an eminent Bostonian. But we can state that Mozart's work was not intended for a large hall. It was originally for about a dozen instruments, including a now obsolete Basset-horn, and a then novel clarinette, and honored the memory of Brothers Mecklenburg and Esterhazy of Mozart's Masonic Lodge. The mournful tone of the basset-horn is coming back in some modern scores, and we hope that sometime the brilliant color of the discant-trumpets, with their very narrow tubes and shallow mouth-pieces (of a still earlier epoch) may also be restored to the modern tonal palette.

Guy Ropartz is one of the many celebrities who graduated from the work-shop of Cesar Franck. He is not, perhaps, the greatest of the group, but his works have kept better within the symmetrical form and lucid style of his master than some others. This was not a strained set of dissonances, of crabbed rhythms and of unheard-of modulations, masquerading under the name of symphony, even though it was a continuous work, the movements joined together, of "played without pause," as the programme said (which suggests breathless haste), although there were rests in it, which we presume were not counted as pauses.

The work had the essence of the four regular symphonic movements, however. The opening theme was earnest and noble, and worked to a strong climax. There was clear melodic line in spite of some involved harmony, and often there were heavy outbursts contrasted with mysterious passages of softest character, which gave, like some of Mahler's works, the impression of programme music, but with its story untold.

The Adagio was strikingly sombre and mysterious, the Intermezzo being in strong contrast. There was something Brahms-like in the Allegretto, and a captivating rhythm. A new Adagio after this seemed to make an innovation in form, but could be regarded as an introduction to the Finale. The last named had not so much to say for itself, but the orchestration was good.

In this there was even a reminiscence of Ropartz's teacher, but not enough to call plagiarism. The work was well received, although we doubt if it could have been perfectly understood on a first hearing.

Chadwick's Symphonic sketches are deliciously unconventional. They are so thoroughly American in humor that we doubt if any foreigner can understand or be fully in sympathy with them. There is a vein of humor in the nature of this composer that is unfortunately very rare in the leading American composers. He can compose an "Aphrodite," or the most intricate fugues, and can also produce a successful comic opera, or a wild bit of slum orgie as the finale of this Suite. Those who know of his playful bits of skilful counterpoint (crab canons and the like) sent to friends, or of his playful poems in private life, recognize this charming element in his character, and the public have glimpses of it in his orchestral works semi-occasionally.

The Symphonic Sketches, then, are in that mood which Beethoven called "aufgeknoepft." There is a kind mixture of plantation dreams and of circus festivity in "Jubilee," which begins the set. Parts of this and of the Finale might be a Western mining town in a frolic, or a hanging-day in Mississippi or Texas. But the sweetness of "Noel" which followed was a tender picture that gained much by contrast. The horn-playing in "Hobgoblin," which was a quaint little ghost story, deserves a word of especial praise. But the unrestrained Finale always pleases us the best. It might be slangily called "A Musical Jag," and only slang can describe it, with its bassoon gruntings and xyllophone clappings. It does what Charpentier did in his "Vie de Poete" and "Julien," only it does it better and with less gruesome humor. Its own motto:-

A tale of tramps and railway ties,
Of old clay pipes and rum,
Of broken heads and blackened eyes,
And the "thirty days" to come,

describes it best. We take it for just what it is, a wild excursion into a field which no other American composer would dare to attempt, yet which is graphic, compelling, and has a raison d'etre. The work was very heartily applauded, and Mr. Chadwick was obliged to rise from his seat in the audience, and bow many times.

The concert now came to its Finnish with three Sibelius numbers. Of these we like the "Finlandia" best, for it tells a story that ought to appeal to every lover of freedom. It was written in 1894, when Finland was still a nation. Its earnestness was almost a prophecy. Small wonder that it was prohibited by Russia, for it was the voice of Liberty. Its themes are not actual folk-songs, but Sibelius so thoroughly caught up the spirit of his country that his own themes are sometimes mistaken for the songs of the people.

Naturally then, complexity, learned modulation, juggling of cross rhythms, can find no place here. It is direct and simple, yet majestic and leading to a very lofty climax. The notes of combat are contrasted with a tender theme of hope, and the end is triumphant enough to indicate that hope has come to fulfilment. Dr. Muck gave this tremendous power. It could not have been more deafening if it had been played on Krupp howitzers, and the trumpets gave their fierce figure with grand power.

The "Swan of Tuouela" is almost entirely soft and mysterious, as its subject demands, and it is sombre to a high degree. We admire its picturesque monotony, and its violoncello theme was played in the most beautiful manner. It is a superb portrayal of that melancholy which is innate with the true Finn.

"Karelia" was in excellent contrast. Here there was peasant dance and festivity, lively rhythms and trumpet blares.

The programme was not over-long, yet several left before the last group. We advise the auditors not to do so in the repetition of this programme tonight, for these final numbers are specimens of the most lofty and most genuine modern music.

BOSTON POST,

OCTOBER 31,

DR. MUCK MASTER AT SYMPHONY

Is Very Effective in Operatic Music—Amato Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

Pasquale Amato was the soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. He sang airs by Saint-Saens and Handel, and the orchestral pieces, which were performed with superlative brilliancy, were Brahms' second symphony, Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride," and Enesco's Suite for orchestra, opus 9.

DR. MUCK THE MASTER

There had not been given before in this city such a performance of Smetana's overture. There was, indeed, only one thing lacking—the rising of the curtain for the opera to begin. There has been one conspicuous thing lacking in operatic annals of this city. That is, a conductor of the personal energy as well as the commanding genius of Dr. Muck for the opera house. It is impossible to believe that he could not give superb performances of certain operas, after the performance of this overture and of many other operatic excerpts at the Symphony concerts. Dr. Muck, of even more experience in the theatre than in the concert hall, has the dramatic sense, the instinct for every effective bit of instrumentation, for the emphasis that is to carry across the footlights. A hundred details of orchestration which had not been noticed before by the average music lover in Smetana's overture appeared yesterday, and the comedy spirit of the music was irresistible.

Shows Acme of Wit

The overture is a masterpiece. The manner of the fugue, erroneously associated by many with the thought of merely academic knowledge on the part of the composer, becomes here the vehicle of vehicles for humorous effect. The contrast of the lilting peasant songs, the exceeding clearness and discretion of the instrumentation; all is the acme of liveliness and wit and inspiration.

Not less remarkable was the interpretation of Brahms' symphony. The second movement was never so easy to grasp and so profound in its meanings, and the delightful allegretto was made the more delightful by the logic and inevitability of the tempo and the [illegible]

[illegible] in the [illegible] mysterious murmur of nature, the play of winds, the glory of the sun, the heights of mountains and this movement, worthily interpreted by Dr. Muck was the fitting capstone of the work. Three times the conductor was recalled to acknowledge the long continued applause.

Admirably Balanced

The programme was admirably balanced. The Enesco Suite is assuredly one of the finest compositions by a composer of the second rank in modern orchestral music. Enesco, a Roumanian, has grown up in Paris. It is the more astonishing that he should show, in this suite, a personality so intact. His remarkable technical acquirements have not dissipated the force and the originality of his ideas.

This is not Debussy, or D'Indy, or a thinned-out paste of either. Neither is the music Wagnerian or Pre-Raphaelite. It is the music of an individual —Enesco. It is written in an archaic manner. Many a composer has affected this manner, with a fair measure of success, but with Enesco the mood seems to be genuine, native to his genius.

Display of Genius

The orchestral coloring is fascinating for the dark and melancholy garb which it throws over the music. But this music does not rely solely upon the orchestra. It has line, and the most clearly defined form, in addition to mood. The man who could pen the prelude, with a theme stated only by strings, in unison, without supporting harmony save for the roll of the kettle-drum which furnishes an organ point for a few measures, is a man who is past master of his weapons.

The most original movements, however, are the minuet, with its curious cross rhythms, its haunting, veiled pathos, and the last fantastic piece, which Dr. Muck interpreted with astonishing effect. Of what was the composer thinking when he created this singular movement? There are fragments of Roumanian folk-tunes, artistically metamorphosed, strange calls, the most original effects of rhythm and all a mood of wild melancholy. What of the ancestry and the character of the man who wrote this music? Interpret the music as one may—and every hearer has the right to his own interpretation—it is engrossing in its style and its general character, and stamps the composer as a man of sincerity and personality.

Mr. Amato is a master of dramatic diction, and yesterday afternoon proved that he could sing in concert as well as in opera. His voice is not, for us, what it used to be. He has borne the brunt of too many Metropolitan performances of late years, in too big an auditorium, against too big an orchestra, but it is a noble organ for all that, and it was employed with a masterly intelligence. We prefer the old air of Handel, better known to English-speaking peoples as the "Largo," than we do that of Saint-Saens. Mr. Amato employed an orchestration which called for more instruments than those of Handel's time. He was cordially received.

ADVERTISER,

OCTOBER 31

THE SYMPHONY THIS WEEK

GLORY OF BRAHMS' SECOND SYMPHONY

Amato Wins Triumph in an Aria From Handel's "Xerxes"—Programme Delightful.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Brahms. Second Symphony. D major.
St. Saens. Air from "Henry VIII."
Soloist, Pasquale Amato.
Smetana. Overture to "The Sold Bride."
Handel. Aria from "Xerxes."
Pasquale Amato.
Enesco. Suite for Orchestra.

Not a bit of crabbed modernism in this programme, not a single puzzle, but just simply delightful and refreshing music. We had almost forgotten that a concert might be absolute enjoyment instead of profound study.

Dr. Muck evidently loves his Brahms, and he makes his audience love him, too. We cannot forget how he once electrified Boston with the first Brahms symphony, in C minor, and that work is much more intricate, and less directly melodic than this one. Of all the four this is the popular symphony of this composer, and when it is read as it was on this occasion it becomes something to rhapsodize over. It is as shapely as if it were a model for Conservatory use. There is distinct form almost from beginning to end. A clear-cut sonata-allegro, another with an abbreviated return of themes, a definite rondo on two themes, and another sonata-allegro—that is all. But after listening to it no one dare say that the formal lemon is squeezed dry, that one must shake off the shackles of classical form in order to become interesting.

There is a serenity in the first movement that reminds one of a Greek statue. Only the skips of the closing theme seem rather flea-like and undignified. But the Coda makes full amends, for anything purer and nobler we do not know. Here the horn deserves honorable mention, for its very important phrases were sweetly given.

The chief theme of the second movement is rather saccharine for Brahms, but it by no means became mawkish in this reading, and Brahms' ingenuity of treatment would save the dignity of any theme.

In [illegible] scherzo, which [illegible] of the regular Scherzo form with Trio, in this work, the chief theme is varied with much boldness, and Dr. Muck and his orchestra caught up these metamorphoses with excellent brilliancy. This movement has not the delicacy of Mendelssohn (the king of Scherzo composers), but it has a piquancy and spice which stands well in place of that humor which Brahms did not possess.

The mysterious vein of the chief theme of the Finale was finely brought out, but, even at its best, we do not quite rank the last movement with the greatness of the first. But one could bathe and revel in such cool, clear music, and forget that the feverish and tremendously-scored modern musical cubism existed.

With the general public, even in musical Boston, a fine larynx outweighs a fine orchestra, and there was three times as big a rush-line for gallery seats as at the two previous, purely orchestral, concerts. But we may, in some degree, agree with the popular verdict, in this case, for Pasquale Amato is probably the best baritone of the world today, in spite of the tremendous power of Titto Ruffo's lungs. There was emotion and power in the great aria from St. Saens' "Henry VIII.," that opera which introduces such strange caperings in "Le Parc de Richmon." But the finer test was in the old "Ombra mai fu," from the Handelian opera. Here was pure Bel Canto, not a run, or an embellishment of any kind, behind which the artist could conceal a flaw of timbre or tone, all steady, pure legato-work, as if the voice were a noble violoncello. And Amato came through this test unscathed. His steady tones and flawless phrasing spoke of a management of breath that can only be the result of artistic method; such breath-control is not found in one in a hundred of operatic artists.

The audience fully realized the excellence of the work, and recall after recall followed both vocal numbers. The words of the song of Henry VIII., complaining of the tyranny of love, seemed rather odd to the student of history, who may remember how Anne Boleyn threw herself at the head of that monarch.

Smetana (accent the first syllable, gentle reader) is likely to outstrip his temporarily more famous pupil, Dvorak, in the race for Fame. Some of Dvorak's work is fading rapidly, and one does not find his compositions upon the concert-programmes nearly as often as when he was alive. The overture to "The Sold Bride" is not as great music as Smetana composed when he was dealing with more national subjects. His great symphonic tone-poems on Bohemian history are finer; but there is much that is bright and fluent in the work, and the counterpoint is skilful in construction and difficult in performance, and it was whipped up to great speed by Dr. Muck, yet played by the strings without flaw. The rapid fugal beginning was very fiery, and Dr. Muck seemed to empty the whole jar of paprika into the spicy passages. It was, at times, a kettle-drum and piccolo-fest, but this energy and excitement exactly suited the composition which is opera comique after all.

There was an agreeable dessert to this musical banquet in the shape of Enesco's orchestral Suite. This was as it should be. There had been nothing indigestible upon the Menu, and anything much deeper would have been out of place. But Enesco's Suite is not musical confectionery, any more than the "Peer Gynt" or the "Arlesienne" Suites are. In fact, it leans toward complexity in spite of its remarkable prelude in unison. In this the strings played with an ensemble that made them sound like one great instrument. The runs and the extremely wide skips were given with remarkable effect. Surely there is no other body of strings like this in America, or, since the European war has made its havoc in art, in the world.

The Enesco Suite is scored rather fully, for a composition of this kind, and is, as intimated, sometimes a trifle intricate, but it is fluent and a good specimen of sensible modern music, even if we prefer the Suites of Bizet or Grieg—and, by the way, why not resuscitate one of the Suites of Lachner, some day?

BOSTON GLOBE—

OCTOBER 31,

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Orchestra Outplays Itself in Brilliance.

Mr Amato Makes First Appearance in These Concerts as Soloist.

Third public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra, Dr Muck conductor. Pasquale Amato was the soloist:

Brahms ....Symphony No. 2
Saint-Saens.........air "Qui donc commande"
From Henry VIII, Act 1, Scene 4.
Smetana........Overture to "The Sold Bride"
Handel...................Air, "Ombra mai fu"
Enesco ....Suite op 9

The feature of the concert was the superb playing of the orchestra, particularly in the first and third movements of the symphony and in Smetana's sparkling comedy overture. Imagine the furious tempo of the opening fugue in the latter attempted by a conductor less authoritative and by string players of less virtuosity. It is difficult to recall an orchestrat performanceof such fire, such impeccable precision, such dazzling brilliance.

Dr Muck's treatment of the symphonic scherzo was that of a master artisan carving in ivory. There was flexibility, subtlety of tonal gradations, exquisite lightness of touch that did not weaken the fibre of the music. His interpretation of the first movement was a brilliant exposition of its material. How clearly lyric and dramatic passages were set off against each other; how virile and emotional the climaxes; with what vocal beauty the first theme was sung.

It may be that Mr Amato had heard of the [illegible] of the melody commonly [illegible] Handel's "Largo" at [illegible] this city, or had learned [illegible] was surreptitiously introduced as an "extra" the audience broke into loud and rapturous applause. The air, by no means an ignoble specimen of the majesty of Handelian melody, and unfortunately sentimentalized to a sad degree, was not well suited to Mr Amato's voice in his present condition, nor did he sing it well. Still the most eminent baritone of this country, Mr Amato easily may challenge his rivals, but the truth remains that his voice is less rich in quality and less flexible in range and dynamics than when it first added welcome distinction to performances at the Opera House. Perhaps as the pardonable practice of a dramatic singer, perhaps for other reasons, there was a tendency to scoop up in the attack of a tone that was more habitual with Mr Amato than the style of his numbers warranted.

Accustomed primarily to the environment of the stage and its accessories of action, costume, scenery, Mr Amato plausibly may have felt nervousness at this first essay in the most coveted, most exacting concert appearance in this country. Tonight the bloom as of old may return to his voice, for it was a noble one, eloquent in heroic and in tender sentiment, capable of a thousand shades of variety in accent and in color, as in his memorable Figaro in "The Barber of Seville." In Saint-Saens' perfunctory air, on a test of no pronounced emotional significance, Mr Amato was skilled in delivery and intelligent in style. But there are the signs of labor for upper notes in full voice that formerly were not there.

Eneso's suite is unequal in interest. The final movement, noisy, barren of ideas and prolix, is not to be associated with the author of the first two; nor is the third, beginning with well enough established mood, worth the length to which it is spun. The first is lofty, serene, chaste in style. Barring the possible charge again of monotony, the air for unison strings might have come from some master Italian melodist of the 17th or 18th century, melody springing as the flight of a bird from the basic tones, to which it returns now and again, melody which touches upon an improvisational rhapsodic character, without the touch of commonness. The passage in the minuet for divided strings in harmonics, reminiscent of the old church modes, is one of arresting, engrossing beauty, ecclesiastic, pontifical, yet not vulgar in show, music which paints transcept and nave of a great cathedral, its stained glass win-

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BOSTON JOURNAL—

OCTOBER 31,

AMATO SINGS AS SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Brilliant Features of the Concert Furnished by the Orchestra.

Pasquale Amato of the Metropolitan Opera Company and the second Brahms symphony attracted an extra large audience to the Symphony concert yesterday. Mr. Amato was not happy in his choice of songs. "Qui donc commande quand il aime?"—culled from Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII.—and "Ombra mai fu," from the Handel opera, "Xerxes," are lack-lustre airs. The first is dull when transplated away from the operatic scene to which it belongs, and the second is duller. Nor is Mr. Amato yet at his ease on the concert platform and able to do himself full justic,e except in thoroughly congenial and familiar operatic airs.

Those who heard the Italian barytone yesterday for the first time have yet to hear him at his best—and his best so far belongs to the opera house and to his favorite roles in "Pagliacci," "Trovatore" and "The Barber of Seville." Still, the audience yesterday was pleased with what he did and it recalled him several times after each song.

The brilliant features of the concert were the performances of the once despised Brahms symphony, which jarred Boston so severely a third of a century ago, but now is generally admired for its glowing beauty and mid-Victorian simplicity, and of the Smetana overture, "The Sold Bride." The overture was performed with astounding speed and skill. That alone was a feat of virtuosity to make the concert memorable. But so was the superbly poetical reading of the symphony.

The finale on this week's program, which will be given again tonight, is Enesco's suite for orchestra.

The orchestra will be away on tour next week. The program for the concerts on Nov. 13 and 14 comprises the Sibelius symphony in A minor, the Beethoven violin concerto in D major, with Anton Witek as soloist, and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture.

HERALD.

OCTOBER 31.

AMATO SOLOIST WITH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Music of Air from "Henry VIII." Well Suited to Rich Baritone Voice.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Third Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Pasquale Amato, baritone, of the Metropolitan Opera House sang for the first time with this orchestra in Boston. The program was as follows:

Brahms.........Symphony No. 2, D-major
Saint-Saens—Air, "Qui Donc Commande Quand Il Aime?" from "Henry VIII."
Smetana.....Overture to "The Sold Bride"
Handel — Air, "Ombra Mai Fu," from "Serse."
Enesco..........Suite for Orchestra, Op. 9

Brahms' second symphony is one of the most genial of his works. It is possible, as some say, that the conception of it was in his head when he was inventing his first; that, austere, granitic in the symphony in C minor, he wished to show in the second that he was, after all, a human being. While there is nothing in the second so imaginative and so impressive as the Introduction to the Finale of the preceding symphony, the introduction in which Alp answers Alp, the symphony in D gives a keener pleasure to a far greater number by reason of its melodic freshness and spontaneity. Particularly is this true of the first and third movements; the first with its beautiful horn theme beautifully developed, its compliment to Mendelssohn, the episode with the ascending, surging bass; the allegretto with its pastoral motive, its rythmic capriciousness, its contrasting measures for wood-wind instruments and strings, and above all its curious blend of melancholy, gaiety, wistfulness. The other movements are not so striking. There are fine thoughts in the Adagio and Dr. Muck gave a remarkably clear reading of pages that have often seemed laboriously confused, not worth painstaking investigation. The Finale is the most matter of fact movement of the four. Mr. Kalbeck may dilate on the "mighty swing of the triumphant song-theme," but this theme, no matter how brilliantly is may be played, is at the best conventional.

The performance of the symphony and of Smetana's ever-welcome overture was incomparable. Among the many qualities that put Dr. Muck in the very front rank of conductors is his sense of continuity in the musical flow. In his elastic treatment of a composition, in his care for details and his appreciation of salient points and eloquent climaxes, there is always the logical development of expression, never the reduction of a movement into episodes and mosaic work. The performance of the symphony aroused the audience to enthusiasm; that of Smetana's overture was an astonishing and virtuoso achievement.

The Suite of Enesco has more character than other compositions by this Roumanian Frenchified musician that we have heard. The unison for strings is too long and toward the last of it the composer has nothing to say, like a long-winded after-dinner speaker. The minuet that follows is often on the verge of being fascinating through the suggestion of the antique. The exposition of the chief theme is clumsy, but there are interesting harmonical devices, and pale, therefore effective schemes of color. The suite is interesting in this: there is apparently an attempt to express archaic thoughts in a modern manner; to give artificial life to well-worn formulas and disguise in modern dress the old tonalities.

Mr. Amato sang with a degree of emotion that did not overstep the line between the concert stage and the opera house an air from Saint-Saens's "Henry VIII.," the complaint of the royal amorist and defender of the faith against Anne Boleyn for her coy reluctance and capriciousness. The music is well suited to Mr. Amato's rich and noble voice.

Would that he had sung the air from Handel's "Serse" with a little more sustained simplicity! Would that the accompaniment had been only for strings as Handel wrote it! This air, originally composed for a male soprano and known familiarly as "Handel's Largo," is unsurpassable in serene simplicity. Dr. Burney characterized it well: "In a clear and majestic style, out of the reach of time and fashion." Here was an opportunity for Mr. Amato to display the "grand style." "Ombra mai fu" is not passionate; it is not melodramatic; it is sheer beauty. As it was sung yesterday, with the amplified, foolish, incongruous, anachronistic accompaniment, the hearer might have cried out: "Why all this fuss about the sweet shade of a dear and lovely plant?" for Xerxes under a plane tree apostrophizes it, and Handel, not Puccini, wrote the music.

There will be no concerts next week. The program for Nov. 13, 14 will include these pieces: Sibelius, Symphony No. 4; Beethoven, violin concerto (Mr. Witek, violinist); Beethoven, overture to "Egmont."

[34]

ments. In the finale there is the mysterious murmur of nature, the play of winds, the glory of the sun, the heights of mountains and this movement, worthily interpreted by Dr. Muck was the fitting capstone of the work. Three times the conductor was recalled to acknowledge the long continued applause.

Admirably Balanced

The programme was admirably balanced. The Enesco Suite is assuredly one of the finest compositions by a composer of the second rank in modern orchestral music. Enesco, a Roumanian, has grown up in Paris. It is the more astonishing that he should show, in this suite, a personality so intact. His remarkable technical acquirements have not dissipated the force and the originality of his ideas.

This is not Debussy, or D'Indy, or a thinned-out paste of either. Neither is the music Wagnerian or Pre-Raphaelite. It is the music of an individual—Enesco. It is written in an archaic manner. Many a composer has affected this manner, with a fair measure of success, but with Enesco the mood seems to be genuine, native to his genius.

Display of Genius

The orchestral coloring is fascinating for the dark and melancholy garb which it throws over the music. But this music does not rely solely upon the orchestra. It has line, and the most clearly defined form, in addition to mood. The man who could pen the prelude, with a theme stated only by strings, in unison, without supporting harmony save for the roll of the kettle-drum which furnishes an organ point for a few measures, is a man who is past master of his weapons.

The most original movements, however, are the minuet, with its curious cross rhythms, its haunting, veiled pathos, and the last fantastic piece, which Dr. Muck interpreted with astonishing effect. Of what was the composer thinking when he created this singular movement? There are fragments of Roumanian folk-tunes, artistically metamorphosed, strange calls, the most original effects of rhythm and all a mood of wild melancholy. What of the ancestry and the character of the man who wrote this music? Interpret the music as one may—and every hearer has the right to his own interpretation—it is engrossing in its style and its general character, and stamps the composer as a man of sincerity and personality.

Mr. Amato is a master of dramatic diction, and yesterday afternoon proved that he could sing in concert as well as in opera. His voice is not, for us, what it used to be. He has borne the brunt of too many Metropolitan performances of late years, in too big an auditorium, against too big an orchestra, but it is a noble organ for all that, and it was employed with a masterly intelligence. We prefer the old air of Handel, better known to English-speaking peoples as the "Largo," than we do that of Saint-Saens. Mr. Amato employed an orchestration which called for more instruments than those of Handel's time. He was cordially received.

ADVERTISER,

OCTOBER 31

THE SYMPHONY THIS WEEK

GLORY OF BRAHMS' SECOND SYMPHONY

Amato Wins Triumph in an Aria From Handel's "Xerxes"—Programme Delightful.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Brahms. Second Symphony. D major.
St. Saens. Air from "Henry VIII."
Soloist, Pasquale Amato.
Smetana. Overture to "The Sold Bride."
Handel. Aria from "Xerxes."
Pasquale Amato.
Enesco. Suite for Orchestra.

Not a bit of crabbed modernism in this programme, not a single puzzle, but just simply delightful and refreshing music. We had almost forgotten that a concert might be absolute enjoyment instead of profound study.

Dr. Muck evidently loves his Brahms, and he makes his audience love him, too. We cannot forget how he once electrified Boston with the first Brahms symphony, in C minor, and that work is much more intricate, and less directly melodic than this one. Of all the four this is the popular symphony of this composer, and when it is read as it was on this occasion it becomes something to rhapsodize over. It is as shapely as if it were a model for Conservatory use. There is distinct form almost from beginning to end. A clear-cut sonata-allegro, another with an abbreviated return of themes, a definite rondo on two themes, and another sonata-allegro—that is all. But after listening to it no one dare say that the formal lemon is squeezed dry, that one must shake off the shackles of classical form in order to become interesting.

There is a serenity in the first movement that reminds one of a Greek statue. Only the skips of the closing theme seem rather flea-like and undignified. But the Coda makes full amends, for anything purer and nobler we do not know. Here the horn deserves honorable mention, for its very important phrases were sweetly given.

The chief theme of the second movement is rather saccharine for Brahms, but it by no means became mawkish in this reading, and Brahms' ingenuity of treatment would save the dignity of any theme.

In the Intermezzo, which takes the place of the regular Scherzo form with Trio, in this work, the chief theme is varied with much boldness, and Dr. Muck and his orchestra caught up these metamorphoses with excellent brilliancy. This movement has not the delicacy of Mendelssohn (the king of Scherzo composers), but it has a piquancy and spice which stands well in place of that humor which Brahms did not possess.

The mysterious vein of the chief theme of the Finale was finely brought out, but, even at its best, we do not quite rank the last movement with the greatness of the first. But one could bathe and revel in such cool, clear music, and forget that the feverish and tremendously-scored modern musical cubism existed.

With the general public, even in musical Boston, a fine larynx outweighs a fine orchestra, and there was three times as big a rush-line for gallery seats as at the two previous, purely orchestral, concerts. But we may, in some degree, agree with the popular verdict, in this case, for Pasquale Amato is probably the best baritone of the world today, in spite of the tremendous power of Titto Ruffo's lungs. There was emotion and power in the great aria from St. Saens' "Henry VIII.," that opera which introduces such strange caperings in "Le Parc de Richmon." But the finer test was in the old "Ombra mai fu," from the Handelian opera. Here was pure Bel Canto, not a run, or an embellishment of any kind, behind which the artist could conceal a flaw of timbre or tone, all steady, pure legato-work, as if the voice were a noble violoncello. And Amato came through this test unscathed. His steady tones and flawless phrasing spoke of a management of breath that can only be the result of artistic method; such breath-control is not found in one in a hundred of operatic artists.

The audience fully realized the excellence of the work, and recall after recall followed both vocal numbers. The words of the song of Henry VIII., complaining of the tyranny of love, seemed rather odd to the student of history, who may remember how Anne Boleyn threw herself at the head of that monarch.

Smetana (accent the first syllable, gentle reader) is likely to outstrip his temporarily more famous pupil, Dvorak, in the race for Fame. Some of Dvorak's work is fading rapidly, and one does not find his compositions upon the concert-programmes nearly as often as when he was alive. The overture to "The Sold Bride" is not as great music as Smetana composed when he was dealing with more national subjects. His great symphonic tone-poems on Bohemian history are finer; but there is much that is bright and fluent in the work, and the counterpoint is skilful in construction and difficult in performance, and it was whipped up to great speed by Dr. Muck, yet played by the strings without flaw. The rapid fugal beginning was very fiery, and Dr. Muck seemed to empty the whole jar of paprika into the spicy passages. It was, at times, a kettle-drum and piccolo-fest, but this energy and excitement exactly suited the composition which is opera comique after all.

There was an agreeable dessert to this musical banquet in the shape of Enesco's orchestral Suite. This was as it should be. There had been nothing indigestible upon the Menu, and anything much deeper would have been out of place. But Enesco's Suite is not musical confectionery, any more than the "Peer Gynt" or the "Arlesienne" Suites are. In fact, it leans toward complexity in spite of its remarkable prelude in unison. In this the strings played with an ensemble that made them sound like one great instrument. The runs and the extremely wide skips were given with remarkable effect. Surely there is no other body of strings like this in America, or, since the European war has made its havoc in art, in the world.

The Enesco Suite is scored rather fully, for a composition of this kind, and is, as intimated, sometimes a trifle intricate, but it is fluent and a good specimen of sensible modern music, even if we prefer the Suites of Bizet or Grieg—and, by the way, why not resuscitate one of the Suites of Lachner, some day?

BOSTON GLOBE—

OCTOBER 31,

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Orchestra Outplays Itself in Brilliance.

Mr Amato Makes First Appearance in These Concerts as Soloist.

Third public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra, Dr Muck conductor. Pasquale Amato was the soloist:

Brahms ....Symphony No. 2
Saint-Saens.........air "Qui donc commande"
From Henry VIII, Act 1, Scene 4.
Smetana........Overture to "The Sold Bride"
Handel..................Air, "Ombra mai fu"
Enesco ....Suite op 9

The feature of the concert was the superb playing of the orchestra, particularly in the first and third movements of the symphony and in Smetana's sparkling comedy overture. Imagine the furious tempo of the opening fugue in the latter attempted by a conductor less authoritative and by string players of less virtuosity. It is difficult to recall an orchestrat performanceof such fire, such impeccable precision, such dazzling brilliance.

Dr Muck's treatment of the symphonic scherzo was that of a master artisan carving in ivory. There was flexibility, subtlety of tonal gradations, exquisite lightness of touch that did not weaken the fibre of the music. His interpretation of the first movement was a brilliant exposition of its material. How clearly lyric and dramatic passages were set off against each other; how virile and emotional the climaxes; with what vocal beauty the first theme was sung.

It may be that Mr Amato had heard of the popularity of the melody commonly known as Handel's "Largo" at the "Pop" concerts in this city, or had learned that when it was surreptitiously introduced as an "extra" the audience broke into loud and rapturous applause.

The air, by no means an ignoble specimen of the majesty of Handelian melody, and unfortunately sentimentalized to a sad degree, was not well suited to Mr Amato's voice in his present condition, nor did he sing it well. Still the most eminent baritone of this country, Mr Amato easily may challenge his rivals, but the truth remains that his voice is less rich in quality and less flexible in range and dynamics than when it first added welcome distinction to performances at the Opera House. Perhaps as the pardonable practice of a dramatic singer, perhaps for other reasons, there was a tendency to scoop up in the attack of a tone that was more habitual with Mr Amato than the style of his numbers warranted.

Accustomed primarily to the environment of the stage and its accessories of action, costume, scenery, Mr Amato plausibly may have felt nervousness at this first essay in the most coveted, most exacting concert appearance in this country. Tonight the bloom as of old may return to his voice, for it was a noble one, eloquent in heroic and in tender sentiment, capable of a thousand shades of variety in accent and in color, as in his memorable Figaro in "The Barber of Seville." In Saint-Saens' perfunctory air, on a test of no pronounced emotional significance, Mr Amato was skilled in delivery and intelligent in style. But there are the signs of labor for upper notes in full voice that formerly were not there.

Eneso's suite is unequal in interest. The final movement, noisy, barren of ideas and prolix, is not to be associated with the author of the first two; nor is the third, beginning with well enough established mood, worth the length to which it is spun. The first is lofty, serene, chaste in style. Barring the possible charge again of monotony, the air for unison strings might have come from some master Italian melodist of the 17th or 18th century, melody springing as the flight of a bird from the basic tones, to which it returns now and again, melody which touches upon an improvisational rhapsodic character, without the touch of commonness. The passage in the minuet for divided strings in harmonics, reminiscent of the old church modes, is one of arresting, engrossing beauty, ecclesiastic, pontifical, yet not vulgar in show, music which paints transcept and nave of a great cathedral, its stained glass win-

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BOSTON JOURNAL—

OCTOBER 31,

AMATO SINGS AS SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Brilliant Features of the Concert Furnished by the Orchestra.

Pasquale Amato of the Metropolitan Opera Company and the second Brahms symphony attracted an extra large audience to the Symphony concert yesterday. Mr. Amato was not happy in his choice of songs. "Qui donc commande quand il aime?"—culled from Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII.—and "Ombra mai fu," from the Handel opera, "Xerxes," are lack-lustre airs. The first is dull when transplated away from the operatic scene to which it belongs, and the second is duller. Nor is Mr. Amato yet at his ease on the concert platform and able to do himself full justic,e except in thoroughly congenial and familiar operatic airs.

Those who heard the Italian barytone yesterday for the first time have yet to hear him at his best—and his best so far belongs to the opera house and to his favorite roles in "Pagliacci," "Trovatore" and "The Barber of Seville." Still, the audience yesterday was pleased with what he did and it recalled him several times after each song.

The brilliant features of the concert were the performances of the once despised Brahms symphony, which jarred Boston so severely a third of a century ago, but now is generally admired for its glowing beauty and mid-Victorian simplicity, and of the Smetana overture, "The Sold Bride." The overture was performed with astounding speed and skill. That alone was a feat of virtuosity to make the concert memorable. But so was the superbly poetical reading of the symphony.

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HERALD.

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Smetana.....Overture to "The Sold Bride"
Handel — Air, "Ombra Mai Fu," from "Serse."
Enesco..........Suite for Orchestra, Op. 9

Brahms' second symphony is one of the most genial of his works. It is possible, as some say, that the conception of it was in his head when he was inventing his first; that, austere, granitic in the symphony in C minor, he wished to show in the second that he was, after all, a human being. While there is nothing in the second so imaginative and so impressive as the Introduction to the Finale of the preceding symphony, the introduction in which Alp answers Alp, the symphony in D gives a keener pleasure to a far greater number by reason of its melodic freshness and spontaneity. Particularly is this true of the first and third movements; the first with its beautiful horn theme beautifully developed, its compliment to Mendelssohn, the episode with the ascending, surging bass; the allegretto with its pastoral motive, its rythmic capriciousness, its contrasting measures for wood-wind instruments and strings, and above all its curious blend of melancholy, gaiety, wistfulness. The other movements are not so striking. There are fine thoughts in the Adagio and Dr. Muck gave a remarkably clear reading of pages that have often seemed laboriously confused, not worth painstaking investigation. The Finale is the most matter of fact movement of the four. Mr. Kalbeck may dilate on the "mighty swing of the triumphant song-theme," but this theme, no matter how brilliantly is may be played, is at the best conventional.

The performance of the symphony and of Smetana's ever-welcome overture was incomparable. Among the many qualities that put Dr. Muck in the very front rank of conductors is his sense of continuity in the musical flow. In his elastic treatment of a composition, in his care for details and his appreciation of salient points and eloquent climaxes, there is always the logical development of expression, never the reduction of a movement into episodes and mosaic work. The performance of the symphony aroused the audience to enthusiasm; that of Smetana's overture was an astonishing and virtuoso achievement.

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There will be no concerts next week. The program for Nov. 13, 14 will include these pieces: Sibelius, Symphony No. 4; Beethoven, violin concerto (Mr. Witek, violinist); Beethoven, overture to "Egmont."

SUNDAY POST,
NOVEMBER 8,

Can it be possible that Mr. Walter Damrosch is responsible for certain absurd statements attributed to him by his press agent? For instance, "opera has had no part in the evolution of real music." It is "not music as an art, but music as a spectacle." Orchestral, symphonic music—"is the only real music." Mr. Damrosch uttered these sentiments, we are told, at the beginning of his 30th year as conductor of the Symphony Society of New York.

What would Mr. Toscanini or Dr. Carl Muck, more accomplished than Mr. Damrosch as an operatic conductor, and at least as much so in the concert room, say to this? If Mr. Damrosch says that orchestral music is the only real music, what can be done for his idol, Richard Wagner? And did Mr. Wagner's operas have "no part in the evolution of real music?" Perhaps Mr. Damrosch is among those who condescend to admire Wagner as an orchestral writer, and despise him as a dramatist. Perhaps he would say that Wagner's operas were not operas, but symphonic poems, or make some other pseudo smart, ultra-modern comment. But we doubt if Mr. Damrosch would go so far as that. If he does not go as far as that, how can he reconcile his operatic ideals and those of the "master"? Wagner, always a dramatist, was perpetually harping upon a cardinal point in his theories which seems to have escaped Mr. Damrosch; that the eye should reinforce the ear, that "spectacle"—all aspects of the scenic art, should form an integral part of the musico-dramatic representation; that the opera should represent the ideal union of all the fine arts. And does Mr. Damrosch deny that these views, and their extreme emphasis by Wagner, and their all-important influence upon musical development, are false, illogical, insignificant

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From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.

Date NOV 1 1914

rk, 1884

The regular season of Boston symphony concerts in Washington will open next Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 at the New National Theater, when the orchestra will appear under its conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, and with the great Italian barytone, Pasquale Amato, as soloist.

The orchestra's season in Boston started in the middle of the month with unusual brilliancy. The fact that there was doubt for a time whether the orchestra could be assembled for the season probably added somewhat to the enthusiastic welcome which was given to it and to Dr. Muck, but all the connoisseurs of Boston unite in saying that it has never played more brilliantly and its ensemble work is as if it were in the middle of the season, rather than at the beginning. The ranks of the orchestra are full and there are no more new members in it than usually are found at the beginning of the season. These new members have fully justified the reports which have preceded them. Mr. Sand, who has taken Mr. Grisez's place as first clarinetist, has shown himself to be a musician of great virtuosity, and the same is true of the other new members.

Dr. Muck has arranged a most attractive program for the opening of the Washington season. The symphony will be the ever delightful one of Brahms, in D major, his second. There will be two characteristic pieces by the Finnish composer, Jean Sibeliur—his exquisitely melancholy, "The Swan of Tuonela" and his stirring "Finlandia." The other orchestral numbers will be Weber's overture, "Euryanthe."

Pasquale Amato, the soloist, naturally has many admirers in Washington for he is probably the greatest barytone of our time and he shines as brilliantly in concert as he does on the operatic stage. He will sing an aria by Saint-Saens and Handel's "Largo." The program in its proper form is as follows:

"Symphony No. 2 in D Major" Brahms), aria from "Henry VIII" Saint-Saens), a "The Swan of Tuonela," "Finlandia" (Sibelius), air, "Ombra mai ur", from "Xerxes" (Handel), overture, Euryanthe" (Weber).

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rk, 1884

Concert and Recital

Monday evening the Boston Sym-
phony Orchestra will open its thir-
successive season in Philadelphia
the first of the five concerts of the
lar series to be given in the Academy
usic. Like nearly all the great or-
tras of this country, for several weeks
r the beginning of the European war,
e was much doubt as to how greatly
Boston Symphony Orchestra would be
ected by it from the summoning to
ry service of its members. At the
of the opening of the war there were
than thirty men on the continent,
uding Dr. Muck. Of those expected
eturn, however, only three have fail-
arrive.
soloist for this first concert will
deservedly admired baritone of
etropolitan Company, Pasquale
who will sing two numbers, an
Saint-Saens opera "Henry
and an air by Handel. The or-
estral numbers comprise the "Eroica"
Richard Strauss'

From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date NOV 3 1914

k, 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY IS HEARD IN FINE PROGRAM

Gaps Made by War in Great Organization Effectively Closed

AMATO IN GOOD VOICE

Barytone Sings Varied Numbers, Displaying Great Range and High Tonal Quality

FULLY equipped in all choirs for its thirtieth season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra made its initial appearance of the season last evening at the Academy of Music, with a sterling program of instrumental numbers—Beethoven's stately "Eroica" symphony, Richard Strauss' tumultuous "Don Juan" tone-poem, and the gay overture to Smetana's "Bartered Bride."

There was here ample room and verge for display of orchestral virtuosity, and under Doctor Muck's assertive direction the amazing skill of the Boston musicians was brilliantly exercised. Pianissimos in Beethoven's wonderful score could scarcely have been fainter—they were like echoes from elfland—while in the rage and turmoil of Strauss' ultra example of modernity in orchestration, the crashing of trombones, trumpets and drums resounded afar and shook the lights in the corridors.

As in seasons gone by, the Boston musicians' superb string choir was the primum mobile of each interpretation, sonorous, satisfying and highly informed, with the rare quality of tonality that has been so long the standard and the despair of orchestral conductors everywhere. This great instrument is as flexible as a string quartet and as powerful as an exposition organ.

The gaps made by wars alarms in wood, wind and brass choirs have been effectively closed—the artistic primacy of Doctor's Muck's organization is still strongly in evidence.

Contrary to custom, this first concert introduced a soloist—Pasquale Amato, moreover, first among an illustrious coterie of living barytones, and as artistic and resourceful on the concert stage as when suffused in the dazzling glow of music drama.

Amato sang the "Qui donc commande" scena and aria from Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII"—a royal plaint, monotonously persistent in minor mode, and useful as a concert number only so far as it serves to illustrate Amato's rare dramatic quality of interpretation.

Later, in the shadow song "Ombra mai fu," from Handel's ancient opera "Xerxes"—for generations familiar as the "Largo"—Amato made generous exhibition of the tonal virtuosity that has made him a refulgent star in many climes and lands.

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date NOV 1 1914

Es 1884

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will open its thirtieth successive season in Philadelphia with the first of the five concerts of the regular series to be given in the Academy of Music, tomorrow evening at 8.15. Like nearly all the great orchestras of this country, for several weeks after the beginning of the European war, there was much doubt as to how greatly the Boston Symphony Orchestra would be affected by it from the summoning to military service of its members.

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Saint-Saens—Aria, "Henry VIII."
Richard Strauss—Tone Poem, "Don Juan."
Handel—Air, "Ombra mai fu."
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From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.

Date NOV 1 1914

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From EVENING NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date OCT 31 1914

rk, 1884

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His numbers at the Symphony concert will be an aria from Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII," and the aria "Ombra mai Fui"—the familiar Largo—from Handel's "Xerxes."

Dr. Karl Muck, director of the Orchestra, will present a remarkably interesting instrumental program, comprising Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony (No. 3). Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan," and "Finlandia," by Sibelius, the Finnish composer.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date OCT 31 1914

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SUNDAY POST,

NOVEMBER 8,

Can it be possible that Mr. Walter Damrosch is responsible for certain absurd statements attributed to him by his press agent? For instance, "opera has had no part in the evolution of real music." It is "not music as an art, but music as a spectacle." Orchestral, symphonic music—"is the only real music." Mr. Damrosch uttered these sentiments, we are told, at the beginning of his 30th year as conductor of the Symphony Society of New York.

What would Mr. Toscanini or Dr. Carl Muck, more accomplished than Mr. Damrosch as an operatic conductor, and at least as much so in the concert room, say to this? If Mr. Damrosch says that orchestral music is the only real music, what can be done for his idol, Richard Wagner? And did Mr. Wagner's operas have "no part in the evolution of real music?" Perhaps Mr. Damrosch is among those who condescend to admire Wagner as an orchestral writer, and despise him as a dramatist. Perhaps he would say that Wagner's operas were not operas, but symphonic poems, or make some other pseudo smart, ultra-modern comment. But we doubt if Mr. Damrosch would go so far as that. If he does not go as far as that, how can he reconcile his operatic ideals and those of the "master"? Wagner, always a dramatist, was perpetually harping upon a cardinal point in his theories which seems to have escaped Mr. Damrosch; that the eye should reinforce the ear, that "spectacle"—all aspects of the scenic art, should form an integral part of the musico-dramatic representation; that the opera should represent the ideal union of all the fine arts. And does Mr. Damrosch deny that these views, and their extreme emphasis by Wagner, and their all-important influence upon musical development, are false, illogical, insignificant in the face of phonic achievement?

D. C.

NOV 1 1914

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rk, 1884

The orchestra's season in Boston started in the middle of the month with unusual brilliancy. The fact that there was doubt for a time whether the orchestra could be assembled for the season probably added somewhat to the enthusiastic welcome which was given to it and to Dr. Muck, but all the connoisseurs of Boston unite in saying that it has never played more brilliantly and its ensemble work is as if it were in the middle of the season, rather than at the beginning. The ranks of the orchestra are full and there are no more new members in it than usually are found at the beginning of the season. These new members have fully justified the reports which have preceded them. Mr. Sand, who has taken Mr. Grisez's place as first clarinetist, has shown himself to be a musician of great virtuosity, and the same is true of the other new members.

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"Symphony No. 2 in D Major" Brahms), aria from "Henry VIII" Saint-Saens), a "The Swan of Tuonela," "Finlandia" (Sibelius), air, "Ombra mai ur", from "Xerxes" (Handel), overture, Euryanthe" (Weber).

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Concert and Recital

Monday evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open its thir- successive season in Philadelphia the first of the five concerts of the ular series to be given in the Academy Music. Like nearly all the great or- stras of this country, for several weeks the beginning of the European war, e was much doubt as to how greatly Boston Symphony Orchestra would be ected by it from the summoning to itary service of its members. At the of the opening of the war there were less than thirty men on the continent, uding Dr. Muck. Of those expected eturn, however, only three have fail- arrive.

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rk, 1884

From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date NOV 3 1914

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BOSTON SYMPHONY IS HEARD IN FINE PROGRAM

Gaps Made by War in Great Organization Effectively Closed

AMATO IN GOOD VOICE

Barytone Sings Varied Numbers, Displaying Great Range and High Tonal Quality

FULLY equipped in all choirs for its thirtieth season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra made its initial appearance of the season last evening at the Academy of Music, with a sterling program of instrumental numbers—Beethoven's stately "Eroica" symphony, Richard Strauss' tumultuous "Don Juan" tone-poem, and the gay overture to Smetana's "Bartered Bride."

There was here ample room and verge for display of orchestral virtuosity, and under Doctor Muck's assertive direction the amazing skill of the Boston musicians was brilliantly exercised. Pianissimos in Beethoven's wonderful score could scarcely have been fainter—they were like echoes from elfland—while in the rage and turmoil of Strauss' ultra example of modernity in orchestration, the crashing of trombones, trumpets and drums resounded afar and shook the lights in the corridors.

As in seasons gone by, the Boston musicians' superb string choir was the primum mobile of each interpretation, sonorous, satisfying and highly informed, with the rare quality of tonality that has been so long the standard and the despair of orchestral conductors everywhere. This great instrument is as flexible as a string quartet and as powerful as an exposition organ.

The gaps made by wars alarms in wood, wind and brass choirs have been effectively closed—the artistic primacy of Doctor's Muck's organization is still strongly in evidence.

Contrary to custom, this first concert introduced a soloist—Pasquale Amato, moreover, first among an illustrious coterie of living barytones, and as artistic and resourceful on the concert stage as when suffused in the dazzling glow of music drama.

Amato sang the "Qui donc commande" scena and aria from Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII"—a royal plaint, monotonously persistent in minor mode, and useful as a concert number only so far as it serves to illustrate Amato's rare dramatic quality of interpretation.

Later, in the shadow song "Ombra mai fu," from Handel's ancient opera "Xerxes"—for generations familiar as the "Largo"—Amato made generous exhibition of the tonal virtuosity that has made him a refulgent star in many climes and lands.

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

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Address: Washington, D. C.

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Address: Baltimore, Md.

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BOSTON AMERICAN, OCTOBER 28, 1914.

Higginson Million for Symphony

ORCHESTRA AIDED BY BANKER

Boston music lovers discussed with interest today the announcement of Mayor Curley that Major Henry L. Higginson will provide for the perpetuation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra by inserting in his will a bequest of more than $1,000,000 as an endowment to that organization.

Mayor Curley made the announcement in an address at the banquet of the East Boston Catholic Literary Association at the Elks' Home on Somerset street.

A fund of $2,000,000 has been put on deposit at a Boston bank by Thomas A. Forsythe in his will, the Mayor said, to carry on the work of the Forsythe Dental Infirmary.

Major Higginson informed the Mayor he makes up each year a $40,000 deficit for the orchestra, and that he has already expended more than $900,000 on it.

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date

Boston Symphony Tuesday.

The regular season of Boston Symphony concerts in Washington will open Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock at the New National Theater, when the orchestra will appear under its conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, and with the great Italian baritone, Pasquale Amato, as soloist. Mr. Sand, who has taken Mr. Grisez's place as first clarinetist, has, it is said, shown himself to be a musician of great virtuosity, and the same is true of the other new members.

Dr. Muck has arranged an attractive program. The symphony will be Brahms Second, in D major. There will be two characteristic pieces by the Finnish composer, Jean Sibelius, "The Swan of Tuonela" and "Finlandia." The other orchestral number will be [illegible]

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"The Whirl of the World."

From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date NOV 1 1914

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From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
NOV 1 19

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Copyright by Aimee Dupont, N. Y.
PASQUALE AMATO.

From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV

AMATO TO SING WITH BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Barytone Will Be Heard With Dr. Muck's Musicians Tomorrow Night

MADAME SAMAROFF ILL

aniste To Be Replaced on Stokowski's Program by Efrem Zimbalist, Violinist

Pasquale Amato is a name which should aw many persons to the concert to be en tomorrow evening in the Academy Music by the Boston Symphony Orestra, when that organization opens its ritieth consecutive season in Philadelhia. Besides the barytone, there will be a number of interesting features, especially the first appearance, in their new capacities, of players who replaced regular members of the orchestra, detained in Europe by the war.

These men are Mr. Sand, first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera, Berlin, who assumes the duties of Mr. Grisez, and Mr. Stanislaus, solo oboist of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, London, who substitutes for Mr. Fosse, first oboist. The place of Mr. Agnesy, one of the double bassi, who had not yet arrived from abroad, has not been filled, as his return is expected soon.

Mr. Amato, whose assumption of leading roles with the Metropolitan Opera Company here has made him a vital figure in the domain of local music, will sing two numbers, an aria from Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII," and an air by Handel, "Ombra mai fu." The orchestral offerings, directed by Dr. Karl Muck, will comprise the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven, Richard Strauss' familiar but fine tone poem, "Don Juan," and the lively overture to Bedrick Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," which, unfortunately, is [illegible]

From EVENING NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date NOV 1 - 1914

FAMOUS BARYTONE COMING WEDNESDAY

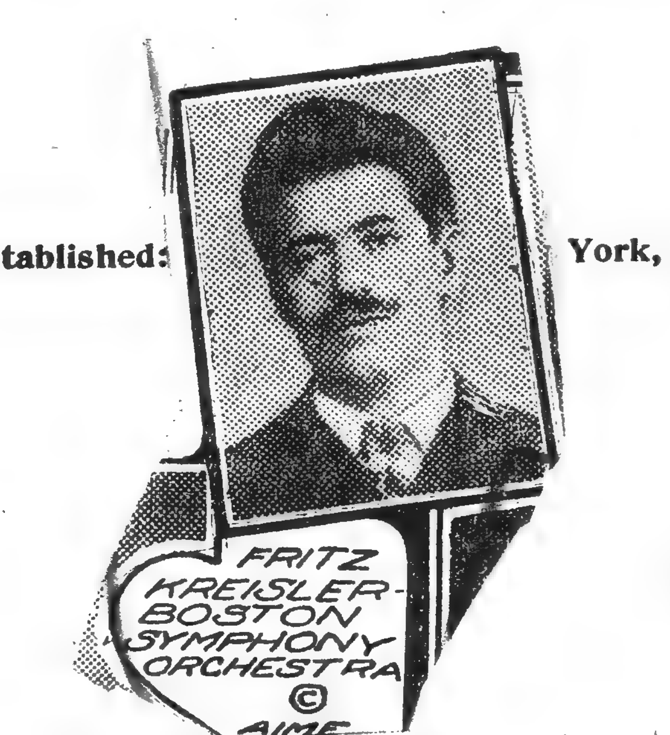
PASQUALE AMATO

Pasquale Amato, first barytone of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, will sing two numbers at the Lyric Wednesday night, when he will appear as soloist at the first Boston Symphony Orchestra concert of the season.

His first offering will be an aria from Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII." and his second the celebrated largo from Handel's "Xerxes."

Dr. Muck, the director, will present

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 31 1914



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AT LYRIC

Two Germans, a Frenchman, an Austrian and a Finn, as composers, and an Italian as soloist, make a very cosmopolitan program which Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra will offer at the first concert of the season in the Academy of Music next Wednesday evening, November 4, at 8:15. The composers are Beethoven, Saint-Saens, Richard Strauss, Handel and Sibelius, and the soloist is the great barytone of the Metropolitan Opera House, Pasquale Amato.

The symphony will be Beethoven's Eroica, which seems to be particularly appropriate at this time. The other orchestral numbers will be Richard Strauss's superb tone poem Don Juan and the stirring Finlandia of Sibelius.

Mr. Amato will sing twice, an aria from Saint-Saens' Henry VIII. and an air from Handel's forgotten opera Xerxes. This last tune is familiar to everybody as the Largo. The program in its proper form is as follows:

Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, Eroica; Saint-Saens, Aria from Henry VIII.; Strauss, Tone Poem, Don Juan; Handel, air, Ombra mai fu (Largo); Sibelius, Finlandia.

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 3

BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Opening Symphony Concert of Local Season Given Last Evening

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, who would have been fighting in the German army had he been allowed his way, but whose application was rejected, gave the first concert of its thirtieth local season at the Academy of Music last evening in the presence of one of those large and brilliant audiences which these occasions almost invariably attract. Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony was the central feature of the program, an unfortunate circumstance in view of the fact that the same composition was so recently given here by the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. It is true that not very many heard it then, but there were some who did, and they would have preferred a change last evening.

How it happens that different orchestras so frequently duplicate their productions is a mystery upon which many have speculated, but which no one yet has risen to explain. Is the repetition a mere coincidence, an almost incredible hypothesis, or is it that one conductor wants to show the superiority of his particular interpretation over that of some other? Whatever may be the explanation, the occurrence is frequent, and it may be remarked in passing that Smetana's overture to the "Bartered Bride," which was played so brilliantly last evening, is also to be performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra on Friday and Saturday of the present week. There is something more than natural in this. In all conscience there is a sufficiently extended repertoire from which to choose.

There is little need to enlarge on the manner in which the Beethoven number was performed. It was characterized by all the excellence for which the Boston organization has long been distinguished, by the utmost beauty of tone, by a perfect precision of movement, by an admirable fluidity of response to the indications of the conductor and with a fine eloquence of emotional expression. Besides the Smetana overture the other orchestral selection was the "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss, which was given with splendid force and fire. The assisting artist of the occasion was that excellent baritone, Mr. Paquale Amato, whose vine voice and cultivated method were effectively displayed in an air from Saint-Saens' "Henry the Eighth," and in Handel's "Ombra mai fu," the well-known largo. Hearty and prolonged applause bespoke the appreciation of the audience.

To Address Laryngologists

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date OCT 31 1914

The Boston Symphony

The 30th successive season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Philadelphia will begin at the Academy of Music Monday night when Dr. Karl Muck will conduct the "Eroica" symphony. The roster of the band is practically complete. Messrs. Fosse, first oboe; Grisez, first clarinet, and Agnesy, one of the double basses, are the only ones held up by the war. Mr. Agnesy is momentarily expected, but the places of the other two musicians have been filled, Mr. Sand coming from the Charlottenburg Opera, Berlin, for Mr. Griesz's place, and Mr. Stanislaus, solo oboist, of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, London, taking Mr. Fosse's position. With the Symphony will come Pasquale Amato, called by the press agent "the deservedly admired baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House," a characterization which will not be challenged.

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The complete program for the Boston Symphony is as follows:

Beethoven	Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
Saint-Saens	Aria, "Henry VIII"
Richard Strauss	Tone Poem, "Don Juan"
Handel	Air, "Ombra mai fu"
Smetana	Overture to "The Sold Bride"

[36]

J. MacB.

BOSTON AMERICAN, OCTOBER 28, 1914.

Higginson Million for Svmphony

ORCHESTRA AIDED BY BANKER

Boston music lovers discussed with interest today the announcement of Mayor Curley that Major Henry L. Higginson will provide for the perpetuation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra by inserting in his will a bequest of more than $1,000,000 as an endowment to that organization.

Mayor Curley made the announcement in an address at the banquet of the East Boston Catholic Literary Association at the Elks' Home on Somerset street.

A fund of $2,000,000 has been put on deposit at a Boston bank by Thomas A. Forsythe in his will, the Mayor said, to carry on the work of the Forsythe Dental Infirmary.

Major Higginson informed the Mayor he makes up each year a $40,000 deficit for the orchestra, and that he has already expended more than $900,000 on it.

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Da NOV 1 19

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will open its thirtieth season in Philadelphia in the Academy of Music tomorrow evening. For several weeks after the beginning of the European war there was fear that the orchestra would be greatly affected by the summoning of members to military service. At the time of the opening of the war there were 30 orchestra men on the Continent, including Dr. Muck. Of those expected to return only three have failed to arrive—Grises, the first clarinet; Fosse, first oboe, and Agnesy, one of the double basses. Agnesy is expected soon, but the places of the other two musicians have been filled by Sand, first clarinet, of the Charlottenburg Opera, Berlin, and Stanislaus, solo oboist of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, London.

Copyright by Aimee Dupont, N. Y.
PASQUALE AMATO.

Es
k, 1884

From EVENING NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date NOV 1 - 1914

FAMOUS BARYTONE COMING WEDNESDAY

Est
, 1884

PASQUALE AMATO

Pasquale Amato, first barytone of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, will sing two numbers at the Lyric Wednesday night, when he will appear as soloist at the first Boston Symphony Orchestra concert of the season.

His first offering will be an aria from Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII." and his second the celebrated largo from Handel's "Xerxes."

Dr. Muck, the director, will present

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Opening Symphony Concert of Local Season Given Last Evening

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, who would have been fighting in the German army had he been allowed his way, but whose application was rejected, gave the first concert of its thirtieth local season at the Academy of Music last evening in the presence of one of those large and brilliant audiences which these occasions almost invariably attract. Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony was the central feature of the program, an unfortunate circumstance in view of the fact that the same composition was so recently given here by the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. It is true that not very many heard it then, but there were some who did, and they would have preferred a change last evening.

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To Address Laryngologists

1884

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date

Estal

Boston Symphony Tuesday.

The regular season of Boston Symphony concerts in Washington will open Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock at the New National Theater, when the orchestra will appear under its conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, and with the great Italian baritone, Pasquale Amato, as soloist. Mr. Sand, who has taken Mr. Grisez's place as first clarinetist, has, it is said, shown himself to be a musician of great virtuosity, and the same is true of the other new members.

Dr. Muck has arranged an attractive program. The symphony will be Brahms Second, in D major. There will be two characteristic pieces by the Finnish composer, Jean Sibelius, "The Swan of Tuonela" and "Finlandia." The other orchestral number will be

ably the greatest baritone of the day. He will sing an aria from "Henry VIII," by Saint-Saens, and Handel's "Largo."

"The Whirl of the World."

From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV

AMATO TO SING WITH BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Barytone Will Be Heard With Dr. Muck's Musicians Tomorrow Night

MADAME SAMAROFF ILL

Pianiste To Be Replaced on Stokowski's Program by Efrem Zimbalist, Violinist

k, 1884

Pasquale Amato is a name which should draw many persons to the concert to be given tomorrow evening in the Academy of Music by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, when that organization opens its thritieth consecutive season in Philadelphia. Besides the barytone, there will be a number of interesting features, especially the first appearance, in their new capacities, of players who replaced regular members of the orchestra, detained in Europe by the war.

These men are Mr. Sand, first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera, Berlin, who assumes the duties of Mr. Grisez, and Mr. Stanislaus, solo oboist of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, London, who substitutes for Mr. Fosse, first oboist. The place of Mr. Agnesy, one of the double bassi, who had not yet arrived from abroad, has not been filled, as his return is expected soon.

Mr. Amato, whose assumption of leading roles with the Metropolitan Opera Company here has made him a vital figure in the domain of local music, will sing two numbers, an aria from Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII," and an air by Handel, "Ombra mai fu." The orchestral offerings, directed by Dr. Karl Muck, will comprise the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven, Richard Strauss' familiar but fine tone poem, "Don Juan," and the lively overture to Bedrick Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," which, unfortunately, is

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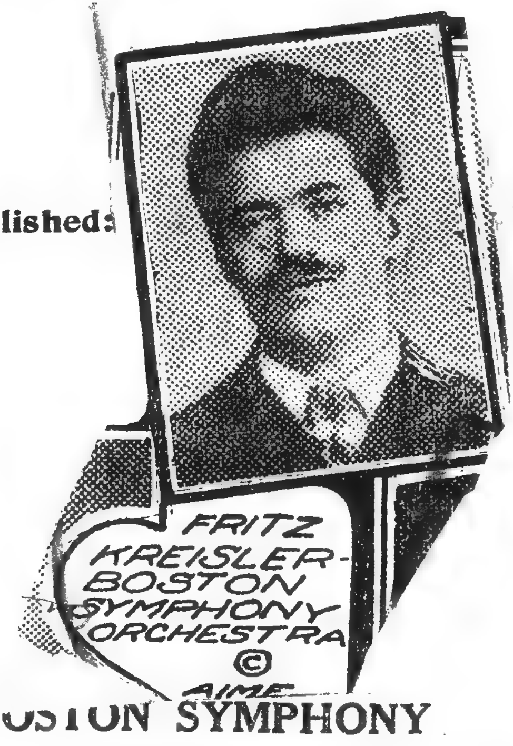
From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 31 1914

Established: York, 1884



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AT LYRIC

Two Germans, a Frenchman, an Austrian and a Finn, as composers, and an Italian as soloist, make a very cosmopolitan program which Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra will offer at the first concert of the season in the Academy of Music next Wednesday evening, November 4, at 8:15. The composers are Beethoven, Saint-Saens, Richard Strauss, Handel and Sibelius, and the soloist is the great barytone of the Metropolitan Opera House, Pasquale Amato.

The symphony will be Beethoven's Eroica, which seems to be particularly appropriate at this time. The other orchestral numbers will be Richard Strauss's superb tone poem Don Juan and the stirring Finlandia of Sibelius.

Mr. Amato will sing twice, an aria from Saint-Saens' Henry VIII. and an air from Handel's forgotten opera Xerxes. This last tune is familiar to everybody as the Largo. The program in its proper form is as follows:

Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, Eroica; Saint-Saens, Aria from Henry VIII.; Strauss, Tone Poem, Don Juan; Handel, air, Ombra mai fu (Largo); Sibelius, Finlandia.

From POST
Address: Washingto
Date

Musical E

THE regular season o Symphony concerts in W ton will open Tuesday at at 4:30 at the National, the orchestra will appear it conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, and with the great Italian barytone, Pasquale Amato, as soloist.

The orchestra's season in Boston started in the middle of the month with unusual brilliancy.

Dr. Muck has arranged a most attractive program for the opening of the Washington season. The symphony will be the ever delightful one of Brahms, in D major, his second. There will be two characteristic pieces by the Finnish composer, Jean Sibelius—his exquisitely melancholy, "The Swan of Tuonela," and his stirring "Finlandia." The other orchestral number will be Weber's overture, "Euryanthe."

Pasquale Amato, the soloist, naturally has many admirers in Washington, for he is probably the greatest barytone of our time and he shines as brilliantly in concert as he does on the operatic stage. He will sing an aria by Saint-Saens and Handel's "Largo."

PUBLIC LEDGER
ss: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date OCT 31 1914

The Boston Symphony

The 30th successive season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Philadelphia will begin at the Academy of Music Monday night when Dr. Karl Muck will conduct the "Eroica" symphony. The roster of the band is practically complete. Messrs. Fosse, first oboe; Grisez, first clarinet, and Agnesy, one of the double basses, are the only ones held up by the war. Mr. Agnesy is momentarily expected, but the places of the other two musicians have been filled, Mr. Sand coming from the Charlottenburg Opera, Berlin, for Mr. Griesz's place, and Mr. Stanislaus, solo oboist, of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, London, taking Mr. Fosse's position. With the Symphony will come Pasquale Amato, called by the press agent "the deservedly admired baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House," a characterization which will not be challenged.

It is interesting to note that Dr. Muck will conduct also the "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss, because this number seems to be the high favorite among conductors this season. Doctor Muck, Mr. Stransky, in New York, and Mr. Stock, in Chicago, included it in their first programs. As it it not announced by the local orchestra, Philadelphians will be grateful to Boston for bringing it. The "Eroica" symphony has also been popular this year. It was played at the Academy by Mr. Damrosch's orchestra a week ago in a manner which will make music-lovers all the more anxious to hear it properly done Monday night. The circle will be complete when Mr. Stokowski conducts the same symphony in his last but one program, early in April.

The complete program for the Boston Symphony is as follows:

Beethoven	Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
Saint-Saens	Aria, "Henry VIII"
Richard Strauss	Tone Poem, "Don Juan"
Handel	Air, "Ombra mai fu"
Smetana	Overture to "The Sold Bride"

Es
84

J. MacB.

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 3 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY

New Season Begins With Amato as the Soloist.

The thirtieth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Philadelphia was inaugurated in the Academy of Music last night. For the symphony Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor, chose the Beethoven "Eroica." Under his direction the solemn and always beautiful Marcia Funebre became overwhelmingly impressive—a veritable poem of sorrow—a tribute to the woe of nations in conflict. What a dazzling play of light and joy he brought from the sparkling themes of the scherzo, and with what skill and ease he produced the contrast! The brilliancy and fire of the Allegro brought to a close a memorable reading of a great work, and left the audience with the conviction that true Beethoven had been heard.

The soloist, Pasquale Amato, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, quite stormed the audience by his magnificent singing of the lovely aria from Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII," "Qui Donc Commands Quand il Aime?" If Henry of the many amours had been gifted with Amato's charming personality, to say nothing of his voice, the susceptible femininity of that period would have made greater inroads in the King's record as a matrimonial possibility than history records. The second aria was not such a happy choice. Haendel's "Ombra Mai Fu," from Serse," is not for the Amato style, although he did it beautifully. Haendel is much too smooth and tame for a mettlesome singer of the Amato type.

The Strauss "Don Juan" tone poem sounded exactly like every other orchestral effusion of this composer, and, while it showed the brilliancy and versatility of the orchestra, was not especially enjoyable. The gay little overture to Smetana's "Bartered Bride" completed the program.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 3

The Boston Symphony.

Perhaps by way of sharp contrast, Dr. Karl Muck placed upon the program of last night's Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at the Academy the same symphony chosen by Damrosch for his concert last week. Nothing could have been more effective in showing the vast gulf that separates the two leaders and the two orchestras. Last night's rendition was so nearly perfect as to hold one spellbound. All of the dignity and greatness that is latent in Beethoven's "Eroica" was vitalized by the remarkable virtuosity of this band of players and the performance left one with the sense of having heard something almost superhuman, both in composition and interpretation. It was a fitting beginning for the thirtieth season of the Boston orchestra in this city.

In strong contrast to the mood of the symphony was the colorful "Don Juan" tone poem of Richard Strauss, bringing, as it did, every force of the orchestra into play. It was a stirring reading of the score, one which will leave a lasting impression of virility and spontaneity upon those who heard it. So, too, with the final number on the program—the "Bartered Bride" overture of Smetana, which Dr. Muck took at a tremendous pace.

The soloist of the evening was Pasquale Amato, the operatic baritone, whose work upon the stage is thoroughly familiar here. He sang an aria from Saint Saens' "Henry VIII," and "Ombra mai fu," from Haendel's "Serse," which has been made almost hackneyed through its arrangement for violin played by every student as Haendel's "Largo." The singer did not seem to be in his usual resonant voice and sang with some apparent effort, but, for all that, he met with a flattering receptio after both numbers.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 3 1914

PASQUALE AMATO HEARD AT ACADEMY WITH BOSTON BAND

Beethoven and Strauss Played to Perfection by Doctor Muck and His Wonderful Band.

The 30th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Philadelphia began last night at the Academy of Music. Dr. Karl Muck brought his entire band of 100 musicians, with but two substitutions caused by the war. The personnel of the orchestra, with Messrs. Witek, Longy, Warnke and Maquarre, is as familiar and as grateful to Philadelphia as the buff-covered program with Mr. Hale's delightfully inconsequential notes. And last night, when that familiarity was justified by the perfect performance which the orchestra gave, the enthusiasm of the audience touched even Dr. Muck [illegible] movement of sympathy

What the Boston Symphony has above everything is perfect tone, not only in the superb wind choir, not only in the solo oboe or in the horns, but in its ensemble, a vastly more difficult thing to attain. Last night there was perhaps but one second of time in which the tone fell off. The rest of the evening it was impeccable, and although the pieces they played is none of them dependent wholly on tone, the fulness and the grandeur of each was realized through that quality. To single out the work of Mr. Warnke and Mr. Longy in the funeral march of the "Eroica," of the horns in the "Don Juan," and of the strings in the delicate fugal interludes of the "Bartered Bride" is only to indicate that in the most difficult of parts the Boston players are at their best.

Doctor Muck's program was wisely, almost cleverly, arranged. Its symphony is familiar, but Doctor Muck chose to play it because he was able to make a new thing of it. Against it he placed the tempestuous "Don Juan" and evoked melodious beauty and sensuous appeal of an extraordinary power. The quality in the "Don Juan" which makes it so powerful is that, unlike the Beethoven, its emotional appeal is centered through the burning glass of the intellect, while Beethoven is pure sunshine, fire and air. It is generally considered that the injection of the mind into an affair of passion is ruinous. The appeal of last night's tone poem was adequate answer to this ill-considered opinion. Then, to slacken the strain, the orchestra played Smetana, gloriously humorous and healthy, played it with joyous spirit and almost reckless enthusiasm.

Pasquale Amato was the soloist of the evening, and very good he had to be to make himself a place there. That Mr. Amato's triumph was personal, while that of the geniuses of the orchestra was social, is hardly to be held against him. He was the soloist and not a member of the playing organization. He assuredly triumphed, in spite of some difficulties with the second verse of his Saint-Saens aria, because his voice was rich and robust, his tones well sustained, and his dramatic feeling, again in Saint-Saens, irreproachable. In the Handel air, known familiarly in what Mr. Hale calls "the preposterous arrangement" of the "Largo," Mr. Amato could not be dramatic; the song is a pure flow of easy, almost expressionless feeling, and Mr. Amato was artistically just in his singing. He sang easily, without a trace of labored "production." That he made a great many people think of Titta Ruffo, and think without prejudice to himself, is sufficient compliment to him.

The Beethoven symphony was by divine right the triumph of the evening. The fact that it was heard in the same place a week ago contributed to the further glory of Doctor Muck and his men. From the moment the 'cellos gave out the sonorous first theme, to the exuberant apotheosis of the last moment, the playing was of the highest order, and that being said, there remains only consideration of the interpretation which Dr. Muck put upon the music. It is more than a century since the "Eroica" was first played, and it is very possible that many conductors have played it correctly before. It is certain that most have played it vilely. Last night it was played as Beethoven might have wished it, and played so as to end forever the rather silly discussions as to "what it stands for." In all the meanings ascribed to it, Wagner's alone has sense. The "Eroica" is Napoleonic because at the time it was written Napoleon appeared to Beethoven as the complete man, the balancing of all human powers into titanic perfection. That is all. But what life meant to Beethoven is even more important than the individual who represented life at its best to him. The meaning of the funeral march with the dashing, fearless scherzo placed after it, was made beautifully clear last night. It is that in the midst of death we are in life—and that is a more glorious truth than that in the midst of death we are in life. That is why the "Eroica" is the bravest, the sublimest of symphonies. Played as it was last night it made the ordinary affairs of existence things of precious and wonderful importance. It achieved what all great music should, what Mahler's Fifth Symphony, for example, achieves in the same way—the transformation of life into a more splendid thing than it seems.

That achievement marks the greatness of Doctor Muck. He conducted last night with all his old aristocratic power, passionless and proud, apparently, but moving his orchestra and his hearers to passion and to pain. The restrained and ordered power of his leading, the final ability to command the rarest subtleties of feeling, were his. His gaunt Mephistolean graces stood apart from the orchestra; he seemed to command and to listen with all the air of a conqueror. His conquest, for that, was immeasurably good.

From BULLETIN
Address Phil
Date NOV

in several seasons.

The Boston Orchestra

First Concert of Season, With Pasquale Amato as Soloist

The first of a series of five concerts, opening the Boston Symphony Orchestra's thirtieth season in Philadelphia, was given by that organization before an audience which completely filled the Academy of Music last evening, the principal orchestral feature being Beethoven's third symphony, in E-flat major, the "Eroica," while Pasquale Amato, the leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was the soloist. The third symphony of Beethoven is counted one of his greatest—if a comparison in greatness is to be made in the list of that master composer's symphonic productions—and next to the superlatively beautiful fifth is perhaps most popular with the discerning musical public. The work requires an interpretation of glowing excellence to bring out the full significance of its title, and such an interpretation, it is almost needless to say, was given it under the baton of Dr.

The orchestra may be said to have reached its highest point of attainment in the scherzo and in the finale allegro movement. Just at the first, not all the beauty and richness of tone that have long been accepted as characteristic of this famous ensemble of instrumentalists was apparent, the opening movement, and even the funeral march, impressively as this famous adagio movement was played, being surpassed by the joyful exuberance of the scherzo, with its exquisitely produced effects in the string and woodwind choirs, and in the sweeping grandeur of the climax, which was brought out with full splendor of sonorous orchestral power. Dr. Muck's conducting is sedate, scholarly and sound in its musicianship. He seldom exhibits emotionalism, although imparting emotion to the music, and it is noticeable that much of his leading is done solely with the right hand. He used the score throughout last night's concert, and appeared to be rather closely confined to the notes, though with no appreciable lessening of freedom in his conducting.

In addition to the symphony, which opened the program, the orchestra played Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," and the overture to Friedrich Smetana's opera, "The Sold Bride," both of which were given in a manner that roused the fully justified enthusiasm of the audience. Strauss, the frequently unmelodious, put much of real melody into his "Don Juan," the opening measures being quite alluring in their tunefulness, and there are moments when even those music lovers that have small patience with what is known as "modernism" in musical composition, a field in which Richard Strauss leads the van, are led to forgive the German composer for some of the conglomerations of unmusical sounds with which he outrages the musical ear.

"Don Juan" at times verges upon the extravagant and the wildly discordant, but its alluring moments are many, with some truly beautiful strains, such as those in which the brief violin solo—exquisitely played by Concertmeister Witek last evening occurs, and the passages of seraphic rhapsodizing by the harp, and in such an interpretation as the Boston orchestra gives it all that is best and most rational is made to predominate. The Smetana overture is a rollicking piece of accelerando composition, radiated by many sparkling melodious effects, and aptly termed a "comedy overture." Its spirited measures last evening formed an appropriate climax to a truly notable concert.

Mr. Amato's two contributions to the program did much to add to the pleasure of the audience, which received him with marked cordiality and recalled him several times after both of his numbers. He sang first an aria, "Qui donc commande quand il aime?" from Saint-Saens's "Henry VIII." in which the baritone's distinguished ability as a dramatic singer was shown to advantage, though he did not seem to be in the best of voice and his tones lacked some of their wonted breadth and richness. His second number, the air, "Ombra mai fu," from Handel's opera, "Sense," the famous "Largo," was even more enjoyed, the fluent Italian seeming to bring out better the resonance and sympathy of Amato's voice, his delivery of the solemnly beautiful strains of the familiar Handel air being sincere and impressive. The second of the Boston Symphony's concerts will take place on Monday evening, November 30

From WORLD
Address: New York City.
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY STARTS SEASON HERE

Carnegie Hall Completely Filled by Audience Which Welcomes Orchestra and Dr. Muck.

Next to the opera's opening no musical function in a New York season interests prominent citizens to the extent of the first concert in the annual series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Last night brought the opening autumn programme by these musicians, and as a consequence the street approaches to Carnegie Hall were jammed with vehicles long before the hour set for the introductory number.

When Dr. Karl Muck walked to the conductor's stand he was greeted with an enthusiasm that might have led the uninitiated to assume that instead of a visitor the audience, which completely filled the auditorium, was welcoming one exclusively its own. But if the people seemed glad to have the Boston organization and Dr. Muck back again, they too appeared no less pleased.

The programme, as befitted the occasion, was one of serious musical dimensions. Assigning the entire first half to Beethoven's Third Symphony, in E flat, the "Eroica," the remainder was composed of the Brahms variations on a theme by Haydn; Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," and Weber's overture to "Euryanthe."

In every work the orchestra attained an artistic height that left little to be reasonably wished for. The symphony especially was played with a degree of spirituality and a nobility of tone that could scarcely have been bettered. And every change in nuance was accomplished by the musicians with that sort of unanimity which is the peculiar property of only a few truly great orchestras.

Admirable qualities were disclosed in the performance of the Brahms composition, but not until the "Don Juan" tone poem was reached did the orchestra give its hearers the brilliance of tone and the technical snap for which it is so justly distinguished. To Dr. Muck belongs the credit due one whose scholarly leadership methods were manifestly those required for an occasion such as this one.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City.
Date NOV 6 1914

CROWDS HAIL SYMPHONY OPENING

Programme of Germanic Compositions Enthusiastically Received at Carnegie Hall, Especially the Rendition of "Eroica"

THE usual capacity audience with the privileged number of standees attended the opening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening at Carnegie Hall.

This truly wonderful organization enjoys a unique position in New York and probably in the world. Each year the entire allotment of seats for entire season is sold in advance, and each season the waiting list of eager subscribers is lengthened. This year it is reported that there are several hundred names booked for the first available tickets.

After an evening spent in listening to the marvellous work of musicians and conductor one can easily understand that the patronage is deserved and that the clamor that the clamor is no vogue or fad.

Last evening's programme was devoted entirely to Germanic compositions. A profound impression was made by Dr. Muck's masterly reading of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. As it was played last night it bore traces of individuality in accentuation and emphasis. But this was not done in an endeavor to be eccentric or unique. The score had been studied with diligence and patience, and the result was a magnificent and eloquent performance.

The "Marche Funebre" was played with affecting but not depressing poignancy, and the audience was particularly interested in the orchestra's work in the scintillating scherzo, for the conductor led with a glance or a slight toss of his head, allowing his customary authoritative baton to hang limp in his hand.

Brahms' variations on a Haydn theme" was presented with variety of tone and warmth of color; Strauss' "Don Juan" (recently given by the Philharmonic) and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture were the closing numbers.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City.
Date NOV 6 1914

With only a few changes in its personnel, and with Dr. Karl Muck, safely returned from the war zone, as its conductor, the Boston Symphony received a warm welcome at its first concert of the season in Carnegie Hall last night.

The most distinguished musical audience of the season is usually gathered by this orchestra. Last night was no exception.

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[37]

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 3 1914

Est

BOSTON SYMPHONY

New Season Begins With Amato as the Soloist.

The thirtieth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Philadelphia was inaugurated in the Academy of Music last night. For the symphony Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor, chose the Beethoven "Eroica." Under his direction the solemn and always beautiful Marcia Funebre became overwhelmingly impressive—a veritable poem of sorrow—a tribute to the woe of nations in conflict. What a dazzling play of light and joy he brought from the sparkling themes of the scherzo, and with what skill and ease he produced the contrast! The brilliancy and fire of the Allegro brought to a close a memorable reading of a great work, and left the audience with the conviction that true Beethoven had been heard.

The soloist, Pasquale Amato, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, quite stormed the audience by his magnificent singing of the lovely aria from Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII," "Qui Donc Commands Quand il Aime?" If Henry of the many amours had been gifted with Amato's charming personality, to say nothing of his voice, the susceptible femininity of that period would have made greater inroads in the King's record as a matrimonial possibility than history records. The second aria was not such a happy choice. Haendel's "Ombra Mai Fu," from Serse," is not for the Amato style, although he did it beautifully. Haendel is much too smooth and tame for a mettlesome singer of the Amato type.

The Strauss "Don Juan" tone poem sounded exactly like every other orchestral effusion of this composer, and, while it showed the brilliancy and versatility of the orchestra, was not especially enjoyable. The gay little overture to Smetana's "Bartered Bride" completed the program.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 3

Est 884

The Boston Symphony.

Perhaps by way of sharp contrast, Dr. Karl Muck placed upon the program of last night's Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at the Academy the same symphony chosen by Damrosch for his concert last week. Nothing could have been more effective in showing the vast gulf that separates the two leaders and the two orchestras. Last night's rendition was so nearly perfect as to hold one spellbound. All of the dignity and greatness that is latent in Beethoven's "Eroica" was vitalized by the remarkable virtuosity of this band of players and the performance left one with the sense of having heard something almost superhuman, both in composition and interpretation. It was a fitting beginning for the thirtieth season of the Boston orchestra in this city.

In strong contrast to the mood of the symphony was the colorful "Don Juan" tone poem of Richard Strauss, bringing, as it did, every force of the orchestra into play. It was a stirring reading of the score, one which will leave a lasting impression of virility and spontaneity upon those who heard it. So, too, with the final number on the program—the "Barterd Bride" overture of Smetana, which Dr. Muck took at a tremendous pace.

The soloist of the evening was Pasquale Amato, the operatic baritone, whose work upon the stage is thoroughly familiar here. He sang an aria from Saint Saens' "Henry VIII," and "Ombra mai fu," from Haendel's "Serse," which has been made almost hackneyed through its arrangement for violin played by every student as Haendel's "Largo." The singer did not seem to be in his usual resonant voice and sang with some apparent effort, but, for all that, he met with a flattering receptio after both numbers.

"Within the

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 3 1914

PASQUALE AMATO HEARD AT ACADEMY WITH BOSTON BAND

Beethoven and Strauss Played to Perfection by Doctor Muck and His Wonderful Band.

The 30th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Philadelphia began last night at the Academy of Music. Dr. Karl Muck brought his entire band of 100 musicians, with but two substitutions caused by the war. The personnel of the orchestra, with Messrs. Witek, Longy, Warnke and Maquarre, is as familiar and as grateful to Philadelphia as the buff-covered program with Mr. Hale's delightfully inconsequential notes. And last night, when that familiarity was justified by the perfect performance which the orchestra gave, the enthusiasm of the audience touched even Dr. Muck [illegible] a movement of sympathy

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What the Boston Symphony has above everything is perfect tone, not only in the superb wind choir, not only in the solo oboe or in the horns, but in its ensemble, a vastly more difficult thing to attain. Last night there was perhaps but one second of time in which the tone fell off. The rest of the evening it was impeccable, and although the pieces they played is none of them dependent wholly on tone, the fulness and the grandeur of each was realized through that quality. To single out the work of Mr. Warnke and Mr. Longy in the funeral march of the "Eroica," of the horns in the "Don Juan," and of the strings in the delicate fugal interludes of the "Bartered Bride" is only to indicate that in the most difficult of parts the Boston players are at their best.

Doctor Muck's program was wisely, almost cleverly, arranged. Its symphony is familiar, but Doctor Muck chose to play it because he was able to make a new thing of it. Against it he placed the tempestuous "Don Juan" and evoked melodious beauty and sensuous appeal of an extraordinary power. The quality in the "Don Juan" which makes it so powerful is that, unlike the Beethoven, its emotional appeal is centered through the burning glass of the intellect, while Beethoven is pure sunshine, fire and air. It is generally considered that the injection of the mind into an affair of passion is ruinous. The appeal of last night's tone poem was adequate answer to this ill-considered opinion. Then, to slacken the strain, the orchestra played Smetana, gloriously humorous and healthy, played it with joyous spirit and almost reckless enthusiasm.

Pasquale Amato was the soloist of the evening, and very good he had to be to make himself a place there. That Mr. Amato's triumph was personal, while that of the geniuses of the orchestra was social, is hardly to be held against him. He was the soloist and not a member of the playing organization. He assuredly triumphed, in spite of some difficulties with the second verse of his Saint-Saens aria, because his voice was rich and robust, his tones well sustained, and his dramatic feeling, again in Saint-Saens, irreproachable. In the Handel air, known familiarly in what Mr. Hale calls "the preposterous arrangement" of the "Largo," Mr. Amato could not be dramatic; the song is a pure flow of easy, almost expressionless feeling, and Mr. Amato was artistically just in his singing. He sang easily, without a trace of labored "production." That he made a great many people think of Titta Ruffo, and think without prejudice to himself, is sufficient compliment to him.

The Beethoven symphony was by divine right the triumph of the evening. The fact that it was heard in the same place a week ago contributed to the further glory of Doctor Muck and his men. From the moment the 'cellos gave out the sonorous first theme, to the exuberant apotheosis of the last moment, the playing was of the highest order, and that being said, there remains only consideration of the interpretation which Dr. Muck put upon the music. It is more than a century since the "Eroica" was first played, and it is very possible that many conductors have played it correctly before. It is certain that most have played it vilely. Last night it was played as Beethoven might have wished it, and played so as to end forever the rather silly discussions as to "what it stands for." In all the meanings ascribed to it, Wagner's alone has sense. The "Eroica" is Napoleonic because at the time it was written Napoleon appeared to Beethoven as the complete man, the balancing of all human powers into titanic perfection. That is all. But what life meant to Beethoven is even more important than the individual who represented life at its best to him. The meaning of the funeral march with the dashing, fearless scherzo placed after it, was made beautifully clear last night. It is that in the midst of death we are in life—and that is a more glorious truth than that in the midst of death we are in life. That is why the "Eroica" is the bravest, the sublimest of symphonies. Played as it was last night it made the ordinary affairs of existence things of precious and wonderful importance. It achieved what all great music should, what Mahler's Fifth Symphony, for example, achieves in the same way—the transformation of life into a more splendid thing than it seems.

That achievement marks the greatness of Doctor Muck. He conducted last night with all his old aristocratic power, passionless and proud, apparently, but moving his orchestra and his hearers to passion and to pain. The restrained and ordered power of his leading, the final ability to command the rarest subtleties of feeling, were his. His gaunt Mephistolean graces stood apart from the orchestra; he seemed to command and to listen with all the air of a conqueror. His conquest, for that, was immeasurably good.

From BULLETIN
Address Phila
Date NOV

in several seasons.

The Boston Orchestra

First Concert of Season, With Pasquale Amato as Soloist

The first of a series of five concerts, opening the Boston Symphony Orchestra's thirtieth season in Philadelphia, was given by that organization before an audience which completely filled the Academy of Music last evening, the principal orchestral feature being Beethoven's third symphony, in E-flat major, the "Eroica," while Pasquale Amato, the leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was the soloist. The third symphony of Beethoven is counted one of his greatest—if a comparison in greatness is to be made in the list of that master composer's symphonic productions—and next to the superlatively beautiful fifth is perhaps most popular with the discerning musical public. The work requires an interpretation of glowing excellence to bring out the full significance of its title, and such an interpretation, it is almost needless to say, was given it under the baton of D

The orchestra may be said to have reached its highest point of attainment in the scherzo and in the finale allegro in the first, not all the movement. Just at the [illegible] tone that have

long been accepted as characteristic of this famous ensemble of instrumentalists was apparent, the opening movement, and even the funeral march, impressively as this famous adagio movement was played, being surpassed by the joyful exuberance of the scherzo, with its exquisitely produced effects in the string and woodwind choirs, and in the sweeping grandeur of the climax, which was brought out with full splendor of sonorous orchestral power. Dr. Muck's conducting is sedate, scholarly and sound in its musicianship. He seldom exhibits emotionalism, although imparting emotion to the music, and it is noticeable that much of his leading is done solely with the right hand. He used the score throughout last night's concert, and appeared to be rather closely confined to the notes, though with no appreciable lessening of freedom in his conducting.

In addition to the symphony, which opened the program, the orchestra played Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," and the overture to Friedrich Smetana's opera, "The Sold Bride," both of which were given in a manner that roused the fully justified enthusiasm of the audience. Strauss, the frequently unmelodious, put much of real melody into his "Don Juan," the opening measures being quite alluring in their tunefulness, and there are moments when even those music lovers that have small patience with what is known as "modernism" in musical composition, a field in which Richard Strauss leads the van, are led to forgive the German composer for some of the conglomerations of unmusical sounds with which he outrages the musical ear.

"Don Juan" at times verges upon the extravagant and the wildly discordant, but its alluring moments are many, with some truly beautiful strains, such as those in which the brief violin solo—exquisitely played by Concertmeister Witek last evening occurs, and the passages of seraphic rhapsodizing by the harp, and in such an interpretation as the Boston orchestra gives it all that is best and most rational is made to predominate. The Smetana overture is a rollicking piece of accelerando composition, radiated by many sparkling melodious effects, and aptly termed a "comedy overture." Its spirited measures last evening formed an appropriate climax to a truly notable concert.

Mr. Amato's two contributions to the program did much to add to the pleasure of the audience, which received him with marked cordiality and recalled him several times after both of his numbers. He sang first an aria, "Qui donc commande quand il aime?" from Saint-Saens's "Henry VIII." in which the baritone's distinguished ability as a dramatic singer was shown to advantage, though he did not seem to be in the best of voice and his tones lacked some of their wonted breadth and richness. His second number, the air, "Ombra mai fu," from Handel's opera, "Sense," the famous "Largo," was even more enjoyed, the fluent Italian seeming to bring out better the resonance and sympathy of Amato's voice, his delivery of the solemly beautiful strains of the familiar Handel air being sincere and impressive. The second of the Boston Symphony's concerts will take place on Monday evening, November 30, when Harold Bauer, the pianist, will be the soloist.

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HONEST MERCHANTS PROTECTEI

Date

k, 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY STARTS SEASON HERE

Carnegie Hall Completely Filled by Audience Which Welcomes Orchestra and Dr. Muck.

Next to the opera's opening no musical function in a New York season interests prominent citizens to the extent of the first concert in the annual series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Last night brought the opening autumn programme by these musicians, and as a consequence the street approaches to Carnegie Hall were jammed with vehicles long before the hour set for the introductory number.

When Dr. Karl Muck walked to the conductor's stand he was greeted with an enthusiasm that might have led the uninitiated to assume that instead of a visitor the audience, which completely filled the auditorium, was welcoming one exclusively its own. But if the people seemed glad to have the Boston organization and Dr. Muck back again, they too appeared no less pleased.

The programme, as befitted the occasion, was one of serious musical dimensions. Assigning the entire first half to Beethoven's Third Symphony, in E flat, the "Eroica," the remainder was composed of the Brahms variations on a theme by Haydn; Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," and Weber's overture to "Euryanthe."

In every work the orchestra attained an artistic height that left little to be reasonably wished for. The symphony especially was played with a degree of spirituality and a nobility of tone that could scarcely have been bettered. And every change in nuance was accomplished by the musicians with that sort of unanimity which is the peculiar property of only a few truly great orchestras.

Admirable qualities were disclosed in the performance of the Brahms composition, but not until the "Don Juan" tone poem was reached did the orchestra give its hearers the brilliance of tone and the technical snap for which it is so justly distinguished. To Dr. Muck belongs the credit due one whose scholarly leadership methods were manifestly those required for an occasion such as this one.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City.
Date NOV 6 1914

k, 1884

CROWDS HAIL SYMPHONY OPENING

Programme of Germanic Compositions Enthusiastically Received at Carnegie Hall, Especially the Rendition of "Eroica".

THE usual capacity audience with the privileged number of standees attended the opening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening at Carnegie Hall.

This truly wonderful organization enjoys a unique position in New York and probably in the world. Each year the entire allotment of seats for entire season is sold in advance, and each season the waiting list of eager subscribers is lengthened. This year it is reported that there are several hundred names booked for the first available tickets.

After an evening spent in listening to the marvellous work of musicians and conductor one can easily understand that the patronage is deserved and that the clamor-that the clamor is no vogue or fad.

Last evening's programme was devoted entirely to Germanic compositions. A profound impression was made by Dr. Muck's masterly reading of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. As it was played last night it bore traces of individuality in accentuation and emphasis. But this was not done in an endeavor to be eccentric or unique. The score had been studied with diligence and patience, and the result was a magnificent and eloquent performance.

The "Marche Funebre" was played with affecting but not depressing poignancy, and the audience was particularly interested in the orchestra's work in the scintillating scherzo, for the conductor led with a glance or a slight toss of his head, allowing his customary authoritative baton to hang limp in his hand.

Brahms' variations on a Haydn theme" was presented with variety of tone and warmth of color; Strauss' "Don Juan" (recently given by the Philharmonic) and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture were the closing numbers.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City.
Date NOV 6 1914

Estab 4

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From EVENING SUN

Address: New York

Date NOV 6 - 1914

Because the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the greatest musical "instrument" given to one man to play on in a topsy-turvy world, its first New York concert at Carnegie Hall last night was expected to be sensational. The event proved that, and more. A house sold out for months to come left a percentage of people on the waiting list actually higher than the proportion of new men among the hundred in the band. The full stage got a hand of greeting as Concertmaster Witek took his seat. Conductor Karl Muck was applauded thirty seconds when he walked out, and a whole minute when he ended the "Eroica" symphony, by a world genius whose family history on this earth had revolved around the fated Belgian cities of Malines, Antwerp and Louvain.

Beethoven's funeral march in that Napoleonic number was cited in a programme book as evidence of the "militarism" found by French Vincent d'Indy in its warlike rhythm. The dazzling scherzo was played without a leader. For Dr. Muck laid down his baton after rapping for silence, and let his men go on with hardly a gesture of command. They earned their standing recall at the close. The orchestra was at its best in the later Strauss "Don Juan," played as perhaps never before. Here Muck himself showed amazing warmth. He had not lived untouched by the supreme experiences of European upheaval. Only lesser heights were reached in the Brahms-Haydn variations, beautiful of their kind, and the overture to Weber's "Euryanthe," soon to be staged at the Metropolitan.

New York's finest audience packed the hall, as its motors did the streets outside. The one box sold last night, which was Muck's own, was bought and paid for by so distinguished a visitor as Marcella Sembrich in the new musical metropolis of creation. Mischa Elman and his sister were guests nearby. Geraldine Farrar, her father and mother, also sat with C. A. Ellis in the parterre row. Major H. L. Higginson, who celebrates his eightieth birthday this Nov. 18 by publishing a history of his famous organization's thirty-four years, was not present. W. H. Brennan sent him a telegram of congratulation in advance to Boston.

Muck's "all-German" season's opener will not be repeated in two more concerts here this trip. Neither was it done in Washington, where the diplomatic proprieties were observed with episodes, both Russian and French. Would a Prussian leader dare show his head in Berlin if he had started the war year in far America with a programme "all French?" To ask the question is to give the answer. It was unnecessary, it was unwise, to allow the faintest hint of national lines. However subtly implied, the violation of the spirit of man in art at its highest is the unpardonable sin.

What else is it, as a recent English poet sings, "to bay the British with Beethoven, put Schubert in the melting pot, and pray in aid the noble Haydn? While all the while the truckler tries to seem a saint in Uncle Sam's sight; but Sam has got no taste for wiles; they're much too feeble—by a Brahms' sight."

From EVENING NEWS

Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date NOV 4 - 1914

AMATO SINGS TONIGHT

Barytone To Be Soloist At Opening Of The Boston Symphony Season At Lyric.

Pasquale Amato, first barytone of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, will make his initial concert appearance in this city at the Lyric tonight, when he will be the soloist at the opening of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season.

Amato has not sung in Baltimore for five years, and, owing to his extreme popularity and to the fact that Dr. Karl Muck, director of the Orchestra, has selected a particularly good program for the first concert, even more interest than usual is being shown in the performance. The indications are that the house will be entirely sold out.

The symphony tonight will be the third of Beethoven, called the "Eroica." This great work was composed when Beethoven was fired with enthusiasm over the astounding genius of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the original dedication was to him. But when the master learned that his hero had accepted the Emperor's scepter he struck his pen ruthlessly through the dedicatory lines and wrote instead the word "Eroica."

From EVENING JOURNAL

Address: New York City

Date NOV 6 - 1914

"HOFFMANN" AT CENTURY; MUCK ORCHESTRA HERE

Unscathed by the draft of a very few of its members by the exigencies of the appalling and yet paltry history that is being made in Europe, the Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared in New York last night for the first of its series of ten concerts in Carnegie Hall. Dr. Karl Muck was again at the conductor's desk, and both he and his men received from the audience that filled the auditorium a most warm evidence of the real obligation New York feels itself under to the Boston band.

Dr. Muck restricted his programmatic efforts in this opening concert to Beethoven, Brahms, Richard Strauss and Weber, and it may be that this exclusively Teutonic selection well call forth some comment. Yet nothing of this sort need be necessary. Music is music, particularly when the Boston Orchestra plays it.

Dr. Muck's programme consisted of the "Eroica" symphony of the master of Bonn, the Brahms Variations on a Theme of Haydn, Strauss's earliest tone poem, "Don Juan," and Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," which opera the Metropolitan is to revive during the approaching season.

Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, with the possibility of a single exception in the case of the work in C minor, is probably the most familiar to concert-goers in the whole symphonic repertoire. Beethoven's original intention of therein raising a great monument to Napoleon Bonaparte and then characteristically striking the name of the idealized hero from the title page when his lack of ideality became apparent is also familiar enough.

What perhaps concerns us most in this necessarily meagre record of the performance is the fact that Dr. Muck played the symphony, particularly in its marcia funebre and finale, with bounty of painstaking minutiae of eloquence, so apportioned in the general scheme of interpretation as to produce a vital proclamation of its soaring nobility.

The Haydn Variations are hardly Brahms in one of his most interesting phases. In the midst of this exhibition of scholarly mastery there is, perhaps, just too much of the mere scholarly, and the simple exaltation, veiled as in a mist of the remote, infusing the original theme, overshadows in beauty and appeal the corruscations Brahms has built upon it.

In the face of the latter tone poems of Strauss, "Don Juan"—the first of them—seems to possess some modicum of simplicity, and yet the real Strauss in method and manner is here as well as in matters both later and earlier. There is the characteristic commonplaceness of theme, albeit not quite so commonplace as at other times, and there is the same stupendous talent for flexibly apposite orchestral device.

The orchestra played the Strauss tone poem with exceptional virtuosity even for them. The wondrousness of rich and solid tone was once more a wooing delight, the technical certainty and intelligent responsiveness of the several choirs as a whole and the first instruments individually were something to make those starved with New York's lack of them glad of heart.

From STAATS-ZEITUNG

Address: New York City

Date OV 6 -

Die Boſtoner.

Eine Sympathie-Demonſtration wärmſter Art empfing geſtern Abend Dr. Muck, den bewährten Führer der Boſtoner ſymphoniſchen [illegible] mit ſeinem leichtbeſchwingten, elaſtiſchen Schritt dem Dirigentenplatz zuging. Muck hatte ein ganz deutſches Programm für das Eröffnungskonzert der New Yorker Saiſon gewählt, daſſelbe, das auch den Boſtoner Reigen eingeleitet hatte. An der Spitze der mächtigen Vortragsreihe ſtand Beethoven's „Eroica“.

Noch nie habe ich den genialen Flügelſchlag dieſes Koloſſes ſo verſpürt als geſtern! Sie iſt eines der muſikaliſchen Weltwunder, dieſe „heroiſche“ Symphonie, zugleich die Symphonie unſerer großen, ſturmbewegten Zeit! Es griff an unſer Herz, was da Dr. Muck an trotzigem Mannesmuth und unbeugſamer Kraft in dieſen monumentalen erſten Satz legte, ein heldenhaftes Ringen und Kämpfen, ein Fels in ſturmbewegter Gegenwart. Und dann die erhabene Todtenklage des zweiten Satzes! Daß man doch ſeine Gedanken von den Vorgängen da drüben nicht ablenken kann! Dieſer Trauermarſch ertönte ſo mächtig, düſter, als ob er das Fallen nicht eines, vieler, unzähliger Helden beklage und zugleich ihren Ruhm verkündete, der in Aeonen nicht untergehen wird. Und als zum Schluſſe Dirigent und Orcheſter in die dunkle Myſtik immer tiefer verſanken, als einzelne Theile des Themas förmlich auseinanderfielen, und das ganze in immer leiſeren Zuckungen erſtarb, da dauerte es viele Sekunden, bis das Publikum ſich aus ſeiner Bewegung zum Applaus ſammeln konnte.

Die Spannung löſte ſich erſt mit dem optimiſtiſcheren Scherzo mit ſeinem Wechſel von gleichſam grollendem Humor und phantaſtiſchem Treiben. Auch da ſchwebte ernſte Manneswürde über dem Ganzen, wenn man auch die freundlichen Epiſoden, namentlich die Waldesluſt der drei Waldhörner, (welch' prächtige Löſung des ſchwierigen Einſatzes!) nach Gebühr genießen konnte. Zum Schluß dann die immer höher ſchlagende Begeiſterung! Man vergaß die Virtuoſität des Orcheſters über der großen Ausgeſtaltung. Das waren keine kontrapunktiſchen Verſchlingungen, keine Variationen und Fugati, das war ein einziges Jubellied. Die Helden ſind todt, ihr Werk aber wird leben — ewig, unſterblich! Durch Macht zum Licht! Das erklang aus dieſen hehren Tönen, aus der Symphonie unſerer Zeit, unſerer Hoffnungen!

Ein anderer Höhepunkt des Konzertes war Strauß's „Don Juan“, der in unvergleichlich durchgeiſtigter Virtuoſität vorüberrauſchte. Die erleſenen Virtuoſen an den erſten Pulten ergriffen die Gelegenheit, ihren Part zur Geltung zu bringen, dabei aber immer als dienende Glieder des großen Ganzen. Konzertmeiſter Witek's Geige ſchlug zauberhafte Töne an, — auch er war bei ſeinem erſten Erſcheinen freundlich begrüßt worden, wie ein guter, alter Bekannter.

Zwiſchen dem fließenden Feuerſtrom der Symphonie und der impoſanten Polychromie des „Don Juan“ nahmen ſich die Brahms'ſchen „Variationen über ein Haydn'ſches Thema“ ungeachtet ihrer glänzenden Orcheſtrirung etwas dürftig aus. Muck's Wiedergabe ließ an edler Vollendung und glänzender Knappheit der Faſſung keinen Wunſch unerfüllt. Den Schluß bildete die glänzende „Euryanthe“-Ouverture, die der Dirigent ungemein feingliedrig darlegte. Der Beifall des Publikums ſchlug hohe Wellen. Das ganze Orcheſter mußte wiederholt für den Applaus durch Erheben danken. Ein glänzender Anfang!

H.

Leonard Borwick.

From POST

Address: Washington, D. C.

Date

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Boston Organization, Under Dr. Muck, Scores Usual Artistic Success.

The usual capacity audience, with many people standing, greeted the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, at its first concert of the season at the New National Theater yesterday afternoon, with the celebrated Italian baritone Pasquale Amato as soloist. Dr. Muck ever delights with his polish and fineness, and he gets absolute response from this organization that has no peer in this country in its infinite variety of tone painting of the purest and tenderest colors. The personal charm of Pasquale Amato vied with the dramatic appeal of his singing, making one wish to hear him in his greatest realm of the opera.

The symphony was the Brahms No. 2, in D major, heard here for the second time this season. Dr. Muck made it all fair and gracious, full of rhythm with every detail showing perfect finish and tone. The tender and melodious themes with which it abounds were worked out against a flowing undercurrent of tone that formed a rich background. The adagio was in no way emotional, but showed a real perfection in the cello introduction and the development of the theme given the winds. The scherzo was a fairy dance with most exquisite work in the strings and changes of mood; while the brilliant and spirited finale was divided between some rare piannissimo and a real abandon.

In the dramatic scene from Saint-Saens' opera "Henry VIII," Mr. Amato was most brilliant in the middle section which was impassioned and spirited, leading up to a climax of big full voice and rich tone, but he was less pleasing in the declamatory introduction and finale because of a lack of mellowness. The Handel "Largo" brought out a warm baritone depth, however, and his high voice was ever brilliant and full.

The two Sibelius numbers, given by the orchestra, were strongly contrasted. "The Swan of Tuowela" was a rare rendition, showing the very subdued and sustained work that this orchestra handles so wonderfully. It was a legend with a faraway tragic note in it, worked out with much simplicity and exquisite spirit and tone. The rugged "Finland" symphonic poem, with its big building up and down of the whole orchestral fiber, and its strange national quality was given with much spirit and admirable control.

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J. MacB.

From PRESS

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date NOV 3 - 1914

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Smetana—Overture to "The Sold Bride"
Conductor........Dr. Karl Muck
Soloist—Pasquale Amato.

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From EVENING SUN

Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date NOV 3 - 1914

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Mr. Amato has taken an apartment at the Belvedere, where he will remain until Thursday.

Bureau in the World

From EVENING SUN

Address: New York

Date NOV 6 - 1914

Because the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the greatest musical "instrument" given to one man to play on in a topsy-turvy world, its first New York concert at Carnegie Hall last night was expected to be sensational. The event proved that, and more. A house sold out for months to come left a percentage of people on the waiting list actually higher than the proportion of new men among the hundred in the band. The full stage got a hand of greeting as Concertmaster Witek took his seat. Conductor Karl Muck was applauded thirty seconds when he walked out, and a whole minute when he ended the "Eroica" symphony, by a world genius whose family history on this earth had revolved around the fated Belgian cities of Malines, Antwerp and Louvain.

Beethoven's funeral march in that Napoleonic number was cited in a programme book as evidence of the "militarism" found by French Vincent d'Indy in its warlike rhythm. The dazzling scherzo was played without a leader. For Dr. Muck laid down his baton after rapping for silence, and let his men go on with hardly a gesture of command. They earned their standing recall at the close. The orchestra was at its best in the later Strauss "Don Juan," played as perhaps never before. Here Muck himself showed amazing warmth. He had not lived untouched by the supreme experiences of European upheaval. Only lesser heights were reached in the Brahms-Haydn variations, beautiful of their kind, and the overture to Weber's "Euryanthe," soon to be staged at the Metropolitan.

New York's finest audience packed the hall, as its motors did the streets outside. The one box sold last night, which was Muck's own, was bought and paid for by so distinguished a visitor as Marcella Sembrich in the new musical metropolis of creation. Mischa Elman and his sister were guests nearby. Geraldine Farrar, her father and mother, also sat with C. A. Ellis in the parterre row. Major H. L. Higginson, who celebrates his eightieth birthday this Nov. 18 by publishing a history of his famous organization's thirty-four years, was not present. W. H. Brennan sent him a telegram of congratulation in advance to Boston.

Muck's "all-German" season's opener will not be repeated in two more concerts here this trip. Neither was it done in Washington, where the diplomatic proprieties were observed with episodes, both Russian and French. Would a Prussian leader dare show his head in Berlin if he had started the war year in far America with a programme "all French?" To ask the question is to give the answer. It was unnecessary, it was unwise, to allow the faintest hint of national lines. However subtly implied, the violation of the spirit of man in art at its highest is the unpardonable sin.

What else is it, as a recent English poet sings, "to bay the British with Beethoven, put Schubert in the melting pot, and pray in aid the noble Haydn? While all the while the truckler tries to seem a saint in Uncle Sam's sight; but Sam has got no taste for wiles; they're much too feeble—by a Brahms' sight."

From EVENING NEWS

Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date NOV 4 -

AMATO SINGS TONIGHT

Barytone To Be Soloist At Opening Of The Boston Symphony Season At Lyric.

Pasquale Amato, first barytone of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, will make his initial concert appearance in this city at the Lyric tonight, when he will be the soloist at the opening of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season.

Amato has not sung in Baltimore for five years, and, owing to his extreme popularity and to the fact that Dr. Karl Muck, director of the Orchestra, has selected a particularly good program for the first concert, even more interest than usual is being shown in the performance. The indications are that the house will be entirely sold out.

The symphony tonight will be the third of Beethoven, called the "Eroica." This great work was composed when Beethoven was fired with enthusiasm over the astounding genius of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the original dedication was to him. But when the master learned that his hero had accepted the Emperor's scepter he struck his pen ruthlessly through the dedicatory lines and wrote instead the word "Eroica."

From EVENING JOURNAL

Address: New York City

Date NOV 6 - 1914

"HOFFMANN" AT CENTURY; MUCK ORCHESTRA HERE

Unscathed by the draft of a very few of its members by the exigencies of the appalling and yet paltry history that is being made in Europe, the Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared in New York last night for the first of its series of ten concerts in Carnegie Hall. Dr. Karl Muck was again at the conductor's desk, and both he and his men received from the audience that filled the auditorium a most warm evidence of the real obligation New York feels itself under to the Boston band.

Dr. Muck restricted his programmatic efforts in this opening concert to Beethoven, Brahms, Richard Strauss and Weber, and it may be that this exclusively Teutonic selection well call forth some comment. Yet nothing of this sort need be necessary. Music is music, particularly when the Boston Orchestra plays it.

Dr. Muck's programme consisted of the "Eroica" symphony of the master of Bonn, the Brahms Variations on a Theme of Haydn, Strauss's earliest tone poem, "Don Juan," and Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," which opera the Metropolitan is to revive during the approaching season.

Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, with the possibility of a single exception in the case of the work in C minor, is probably the most familiar to concert-goers in the whole symphonic repertoire. Beethoven's original intention of therein raising a great monument to Napoleon Bonaparte and then characteristically striking the name of the idealized hero from the title page when his lack of ideality became apparent is also familiar enough.

What perhaps concerns us most in this necessarily meagre record of the performance is the fact that Dr. Muck played the symphony, particularly in its marcia funebre and finale, with bounty of painstaking minutiae of eloquence, so apportioned in the general scheme of interpretation as to produce a vital proclamation of its soaring nobility.

The Haydn Variations are hardly Brahms in one of his most interesting phases. In the midst of this exhibition of scholarly mastery there is, perhaps, just too much of the mere scholarly, and the simple exaltation, veiled as in a mist of the remote, infusing the original theme, overshadows in beauty and appeal the corruscations Brahms has built upon it.

In the face of the latter tone poems of Strauss, "Don Juan"—the first of them—seems to possess some modicum of simplicity, and yet the real Strauss in method and manner is here as well as in matters both later and earlier. There is the characteristic commonplaceness of theme, albeit not quite so commonplace as at other times, and there is the same stupendous talent for flexibly apposite orchestral device.

The orchestra played the Strauss tone poem with exceptional virtuosity even for them. The wondrousness of rich and solid tone was once more a wooing delight, the technical certainty and intelligent responsiveness of the several choirs as a whole and the first instruments individually were something to make those starved with New York's lack of them glad of heart.

From STAATS-ZEITUNG

Address: New York City

Date OV 6 -

Die Boſtoner.

Eine Sympathie-Demonſtration wärmſter Art empfing geſtern Abend Dr. Muck, den bewährten Führer der Boſtoner ſymphoniſchen [illegible] mit ſeinem leichtbeſchwingten, elaſtiſchen Schritt dem Dirigentenplatz zuging. Muck hatte ein ganz deutſches Programm für das Eröffnungskonzert der New Yorker Saiſon gewählt, daſſelbe, das auch den Boſtoner Reigen eingeleitet hatte. An der Spitze der mächtigen Vortragsreihe ſtand Beethoven's „Eroica".

Noch nie habe ich den genialen Flügelſchlag dieſes Koloſſes ſo verſpürt als geſtern! Sie iſt eines der muſikaliſchen Weltwunder, dieſe „heroiſche" Symphonie, zugleich die Symphonie unſerer großen, ſturmbewegten Zeit! Es griff an unſer Herz, was da Dr. Muck an trotzigem Mannesmuth und unbeugſamer Kraft in dieſen monumentalen erſten Satz legte, ein heldenhaftes Ringen und Kämpfen, ein Fels in ſturmbewegter Gegenwart. Und dann die erhabene Todtenklage des zweiten Satzes! Daß man doch ſeine Gedanken von den Vorgängen da drüben nicht ablenken kann! Dieſer Trauermarſch ertönte ſo mächtig, düſter, als ob er das Fallen nicht eines, vieler, unzähliger Helden beklage und zugleich ihren Ruhm verkündete, der in Aeonen nicht untergehen wird. Und als zum Schluſſe Dirigent und Orcheſter in die dunkle Myſtik immer tiefer verſanken, als einzelne Theile des Themas förmlich auseinanderfielen, und das ganze in immer leiſeren Zuckungen erſtarb, da dauerte es viele Sekunden, bis das Publikum ſich aus ſeiner Bewegung zum Applaus ſammeln konnte.

Die Spannung löſte ſich erſt mit dem optimiſtiſcheren Scherzo mit ſeinem Wechſel von gleichſam grollendem Humor und phantaſtiſchem Treiben. Auch da ſchwebte ernſte Manneswürde über dem Ganzen, wenn man auch die freundlichen Epiſoden, namentlich die Waldesluſt der drei Waldhörner, (welch' prächtige Löſung des ſchwierigen Einſatzes!) nach Gebühr genießen konnte. Zum Schluß dann die immer höher ſchlagende Begeiſterung! Man vergaß die Virtuoſität des Orcheſters über der großen Ausgeſtaltung. Das waren keine kontrapunktiſchen Verſchlingungen, keine Variationen und Fugati, das war ein einziges Jubellied. Die Helden ſind todt, ihr Werk aber wird leben — ewig, unſterblich! Durch Nacht zum Licht! Das erklang aus dieſen hehren Tönen, aus der Symphonie unſerer Zeit, unſerer Hoffnungen!

Ein anderer Höhepunkt des Konzertes war Strauß's „Don Juan", der in unvergleichlich durchgeiſtigter Virtuoſität vorüberrauſchte. Die erleſenen Virtuoſen an den erſten Pulten ergriffen die Gelegenheit, ihren Part zur Geltung zu bringen, dabei aber immer als dienende Glieder des großen Ganzen. Konzertmeiſter Witek's Geige ſchlug zauberhafte Töne an, — auch er war bei ſeinem erſten Erſcheinen freundlich begrüßt worden, wie ein guter, alter Bekannter.

Zwiſchen dem fließenden Feuerſtrom der Symphonie und der impoſanten Polychromie des „Don Juan" nahmen ſich die Brahms'ſchen „Variationen über ein Haydn'ſches Thema" ungeachtet ihrer glänzenden Orcheſtrirung etwas dürftig aus. Muck's Wiedergabe ließ an edler Vollendung und glänzender Knappheit der Faſſung keinen Wunſch unerfüllt. Den Schluß bildete die glänzende „Euryanthe"-Ouverture, die der Dirigent ungemein feingliedrig darlegte. Der Beifall des Publikums ſchlug hohe Wellen. Das ganze Orcheſter mußte wiederholt für den Applaus durch Erheben danken. Ein glänzender Anfang!

H.

Leonard Borwick.

From POST

Address: Washington, D. C.

Date 4

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Boston Organization, Under Dr. Muck, Scores Usual Artistic Success.

The usual capacity audience, with many people standing, greeted the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, at its first concert of the season at the New National Theater yesterday afternoon, with the celebrated Italian baritone Pasquale Amato as soloist. Dr. Muck ever delights with his polish and fineness, and he gets absolute response from this organization that has no peer in this country in its infinite variety of tone painting of the purest and tenderest colors. The personal charm of Pasquale Amato vied with the dramatic appeal of his singing, making one wish to hear him in his greatest realm of the opera.

The symphony was the Brahms No. 2, in D major, heard here for the second time this season. Dr. Muck made it all fair and gracious, full of rhythm with every detail showing perfect finish and tone. The tender and melodious themes with which it abounds were worked out against a flowing undercurrent of tone that formed a rich background. The adagio was in no way emotional, but showed a real perfection in the cello introduction and the development of the theme given the winds. The scherzo was a fairy dance with most exquisite work in the strings and changes of mood; while the brilliant and spirited finale was divided between some rare piannissimo and a real abandon.

In the dramatic scene from Saint-Saens' opera "Henry VIII," Mr. Amato was most brilliant in the middle section which was impassioned and spirited, leading up to a climax of big full voice and rich tone, but he was less pleasing in the declamatory introduction and finale because of a lack of mellowness. The Handel "Largo" brought out a warm baritone depth, however, and his high voice was ever brilliant and full.

The two Sibelius numbers, given by the orchestra, were strongly contrasted. "The Swan of Tuowela" was a rare rendition, showing the very subdued and sustained work that this orchestra handles so wonderfully. It was a legend with a faraway tragic note in it, worked out with much simplicity and exquisite spirit and tone. The rugged "Finland" symphonic poem, with its big building up and down of the whole orchestral fiber, and its strange national quality was given with much spirit and admirable control.

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From PRESS

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

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Address: Baltimore, Md.

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From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date NOV 6 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN BEETHOVEN

Dr. Carl Muck Gives Programme of Masters, but One Number Failed to Reach Standard.

BRILLIANT PLAYING OF STRAUSS

Hamish MacKay Is Heard at Aeolian Hall in Programme of British Music.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first concert of its annual New York season last night at Carnegie Hall. There was the usual large audience, which, however, attentive it may be during the actual performance of the musical numbers, will not follow the excellent example of Boston and relapse into silence a minute or two before the music begins. Dr. Muck was compelled several times to rap sharply for order.

The symphony played was Beethoven's "Eroica." There was a singular lack of animation about the execution of the first movement as well as some inaccuracies. During the intermission an explanation, or what purported to be an explanation of this, flew from lip to lip among the conversationalists of the corridors. It ran to the effect that the musicians had been told that their reception would not be what it was in the past owing to the disturbed state of international politics and their German nationality. Some color was unfortunately given to this palpable and disgraceful nonsense by the fact that in an evening paper there had appeared a fantastic article scourging Dr. Muck for announcing a "German" programme and accusing him of German propaganda.

Dr. Muck's Programme.

He should have given neutral music, it was urged. I confess I do not know what neutral music means, unless it be the symphonic striving of Hottentots. I suppose it means music written by composers belonging to nations other than those now fighting. A concert of such works would indeed be a strange one.

The programme consisted of Beethoven, Brahms, Strauss and Weber. Three of these are dead and are numbered with the immortals. In any case, nothing could be more grossly inartistic than to import political rancor into the field of abstract art. One blushes at a state of affairs that compels a writer to mention these elementary considerations.

If Dr. Muck and his instrumentalists did, as was alleged, suffer from nervousness, it should have been dissipated very early in the concert, for conductor and orchestra were most heartily welcomed But whatever the season may be, the "Eroica" did not receive the clear, emphatic and highly poetic interpretation that Dr. Muck has given it so often.

Strauss's "Don Juan."

The playing of the "Don Juan" tone-poem of Strauss's was brilliant as ever, and there was power and solidity about the rendering of the Brahms Variations. The un-neutral concert, which consisted of the works of four of the greatest masters the world has known, and the precious possessions of all men and all ages, closed with Weber's "Euryanthe" overture.

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date NOV

* * *

The new symphony by Ropartz, which was recently produced in Boston at a symphony concert, proved a disappointment, lacking in individuality and vitality. Mr. Parker in the Boston Transcript said of the symphony, after devoting some space to an analysis of it in comparison with the work of Cesar Franck and his influence on his pupils:

"From beginning to end, except in happy strokes of detail, it is imitative work and Ropartz in the 50th year of his age should have left such doing three decades behind. On the surface are the Franckian contours, skilfully modelled and the Franckian colors laid on with an adroit hand; superficially, the carver of the music has caught the Franckian feeling, yet within the symphony is empty of all the vitalizing emotions and the kindling personality that make Franck's music what it is. And in technical perfections, flawless jointure, the laying of paragraph and paragraph and almost phrase and phrase impeccably side by side, Ropartz's symphony is a carven music. Try as they might Dr. Muck and his men could not animate its delicate incisiveness, its meandering suavities, its gravely gentle clangors, its momentary explosions. There are moods in hearers that invite such music; there are quite as many in perverse human nature that almost resent it."

* * * 67

From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date NOV 4 1914

FINE CONCERT GIVEN BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Famous Orchestra Greeted by Large Audience—Pasquale Amato, Soloist, Adds to Laurels.

Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra were warmly greeted yesterday afternoon at the National Theater when they made their appearance at the first of the series of concerts for this season. Among several changes of interest in the personnel of the orchestra, a new cellist, Mr. Malkin, takes the vacancy left by Mr. Wrak, and Mr. E. Schmidt, violinist, a newcomer, fills the role of first violinist and assistant conductor.

Those who went yesterday to hear repeated the same Brahms symphony—the No. 2—given here last week by Damrosch, must have come away rejoicing at the opportunity of hearing, at close range of time, the readings of the two conductors. There is a subtlety of outline and shading, a fineness of balance, all combined with an architectural comprehension in Dr. Muck's work that comes out strongly in contrast with the work of other men. Much, of course, is due the orchestra in speaking of the work of any conductor of this great organization; but it would be interesting to know how much hard work the conductor puts into his scores. The subtlety of expression of which Dr. Muck is master, was finely shown yesterday in the allegretto movement, in which the fairy-like passages were etherealized against contrasting themes of vigor and energy.

One of the most interesting numbers was the "Swan of Tuonela," of Sibelius, in which the English horn takes the Swan theme over an accompaniment that suggests the flow of water quite as realistically as that of Wagner's Rhine maidens scene. The "Finlandia," also a composition of Sibelius, was in happy contrast, a work for the most part in the broad style, full of big masses of harmony, and distinguished by a strikingly lovely theme.

"The Euryanthe," of Weber, was never more beautifully played. The conductor's baton seemed a thing of magic.

Pasquale Amato, barytone, the soloist, sang Saint-Saens' aria "Fui donc Commande Quand il aime?" from Henry VIII, and the air from Handel's Xerxes that in the instrumental version is known as Handel's "Largo." Mr. Amato was born in Naples, educated musically, chiefly in Trieste, and many vicissitudes of fortune brought him, finally, five years ago, to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

He has a voice of great beauty, he sang without flourish or affectation, but with great power and dramatic force, the aria of Saint-Saens, and the Handel number with appropriate simplicity. It will be the good fortune of Washington to hear him again—in concert—this year.

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Admirers of the Boston Symphony Orchestra filled the New National Theater yesterday afternoon at the first concert of the season, with Dr. Karl Muck conducting the orchestra and Pasquale Amato, the Italian baritone, as soloist.

The symphony was Brahms' No. 2, in D major, with two Sibelius numbers, "The Swan of Towela" and the symphonic poem, "Finland," and the Weber overture, "Euryanthe," as supplemental contributions of the orchestra. Signor Amato was heard in a scene from Saint-Saens' "Henry VII" and the Handel "Largo."

The applause of the audience throughout was genuine in its sincerity of welcome and appreciation and fairly divided between the great singer and the equally splendid orchestra and its accomplished conductor.

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date

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From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date NOV 4

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Dr. Muck and Boston Orchestra Reveals Rare Poise and Fineness of Shading.

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The Brahms Symphony No. 2, in D major, which was presented last week by another symphony orchestra under the direction of Walter Damrosch, was the first number. The work of Dr. Muck is marked by a fineness of shading which reveals an endless amount of work on the part of both orchestra and director, yet there were no dramatics practiced by Dr. Muck. His leadership is all that is poised and finished, for his teaching is evidently done at rehearsals, and only the perfect product is given to his audiences.

Two numbers by Sibelius, "The Swan of Tuonela," from the Finnish folk epic, "Kavela" and "Finlandia," a symphonic poem arranged for orchestral work, aside from being rarely beautiful are intensely interesting as typical of Finland. None of their weird beauty was lost through the interpretation of Dr. Muck.

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F. E. YODE

From EVENING SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date 4 - 191

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From [illegible]
Address: New York City
Date NOV 8 191

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From EVENING JOURNAL
Address: New York City
Date NOV 9

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It has become almost customary to denominate the playing of any of the standard symphonic repertoire by Dr. Muck and the Boston Orchestra as "memorable." There is no question as to the appositeness of the adjective. There is merely the cogitation as to why the adjective is reserved only for the visits of the men from Boston. The adjective is kept in camphor, as it were, from month to month, because it is rather fairly certain that it will not be needed orchestrally during any of the intervening weeks—the moral of which is, perhaps, that endowments do not necessarily make an orchestra.

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From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date NOV

Boſtoner Symphonie-Konzert.

Dr. Muck machte im Samſtags-Konzert mit ſeiner mänlich ſtarken und farbenprächtigen Wiedergabe von Brahm's Zweiter Symphonie einen tiefen Eindruck, der mit der nächſtfolgenden Nummer, Chadwick „Symhonic Sketches“ ſtark herabgeſtimmt wurde. Ich bin gewiß dafür, daß amerikaniſche Komponiſten zu Wort gelangen ſollen, und namentlich Chadwick, für den ich ſehr viel übrig habe, hat beſtimmt ein Anrecht darauf, gehört zu werden, nur erweiſt man mit der Vorführung ſo unbedeutender, ja unerfreulicher Muſik keinem der Betheiligten einen Gefallen. Das Publikum iſt enttäuſcht, welches Gefühl nur ſchlecht hinter gezwungenem Beifall verborgen werden kann, das Orcheſter hat ſeine Bravour und ſubtile Klangverfeinerung umſonſt verſchwendet, und dem Komponiſten erwächſt daraus nur Mißſtimmung, ſofern er ſich nicht ganz über die wahren Urſachen des geringen Erfolges täuſcht. Daß in dieſen vier Stimmungsbildern manches gut empfunden iſt, daß glänzende Anläufe vorliegen, kann uns über die nichtsſagende Erfindung und das leere Tonſpiel nicht hinwegführen.

Sieblius' „Finlandia“ mit ſeiner tief-traurig-melancholiſchen Stimmung gelangte durch Muck und ſein Orcheſter ergreifend zur Wiedergabe.

H.

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 9 - 19

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Dr. Karl Muck gave for the first afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon a programme that consisted of Brahm's second symphony, George W. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" and Jean Sibelius's symphonic poem "Finlandia." There was a crowded house that enjoyed to the full the splendid exposition of each number.

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date NOV 6 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN BEETHOVEN

Dr. Carl Muck Gives Programme of Masters, but One Number Failed to Reach Standard.

BRILLIANT PLAYING OF STRAUSS

Hamish MacKay Is Heard at Aeolian Hall in Programme of British Music.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first concert of its annual New York season last night at Carnegie Hall. There was the usual large audience, which, however, attentive it may be during the actual performance of the musical numbers, will not follow the excellent example of Boston and relapse into silence a minute or two before the music begins. Dr. Muck was compelled several times to rap sharply for order.

The symphony played was Beethoven's "Eroica." There was a singular lack of animation about the execution of the first movement as well as some inaccuracies. During the intermission an explanation, or what purported to be an explanation of this, flew from lip to lip among the conversationalists of the corridors. It ran to the effect that the musicians had been told that their reception would not be what it was in the past owing to the disturbed state of international politics and their German nationality. Some color was unfortunately given to this palpable and disgraceful nonsense by the fact that in an evening paper there had appeared a fantastic article scourging Dr. Muck for announcing a "German" programme and accusing him of German propaganda.

Dr. Muck's Programme.

He should have given neutral music, it was urged. I confess I do not know what neutral music means, unless it be the symphonic striving of Hottentots. I suppose it means music written by composers belonging to nations other than those now fighting. A concert of such works would indeed be a strange one.

The programme consisted of Beethoven, Brahms, Strauss and Weber. Three of these are dead and are numbered with the immortals. In any case, nothing could be more grossly inartistic than to import political rancor into the field of abstract art. One blushes at a state of affairs that compels a writer to mention these elementary considerations.

If Dr. Muck and his instrumentalists did, as was alleged, suffer from nervousness, it should have been dissipated very early in the concert, for conductor and orchestra were most heartily welcomed But whatever the season may be, the "Eroica" did not receive the clear, emphatic and highly poetic interpretation that Dr. Muck has given it so often.

Strauss's "Don Juan."

The playing of the "Don Juan" tone-poem of Strauss's was brilliant as ever, and there was power and solidity about the rendering of tue Brahms Variations. The un-neutral concert, which consisted of the works of four of the greatest masters the world has known, and the precious possessions of all men and all ages, closed with Weber's "Euryanthe" overture.

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date NOV [illegible] - 1914

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The new symphony by Ropartz, which was recently produced in Boston at a symphony concert, proved a disappointment, lacking in individuality and vitality. Mr. Parker in the Boston Transcript said of the symphony, after devoting some space to an analysis of it in comparison with the work of Cesar Franck and his influence on his pupils:

"From beginning to end, except in happy strokes of detail, it is imitative work and Ropartz in the 50th year of his age should have left such doing three decades behind. On the surface are the Franckian contours, skilfully modelled and the Franckian colors laid on with an adroit hand; superficially, the carver of the music has caught the Franckian feeling, yet within the symphony is empty of all the vitalizing emotions and the kindling personality that make Franck's music what it is. And in technical perfections, flawless jointure, the laying of paragraph and paragraph and almost phrase and phrase impeccably side by side, Ropartz's symphony is a carven music. Try as they might Dr. Muck and his men could not animate its delicate incisiveness, its meandering suavities, its gravely gentle clangors, its momentary explosions. There are moods in hearers that invite such music; there are quite as many in perverse human nature that almost resent it."

• • 67

From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date NOV 4 1914

FINE CONCERT GIVEN BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Famous Orchestra Greeted by Large Audience—Pasquale Amato, Soloist, Adds to Laurels.

Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra were warmly greeted yesterday afternoon at the National Theater when they made their appearance at the first of the series of concerts for this season. Among several changes of interest in the personnel of the orchestra, a new cellist, Mr. Malkin, takes the vacancy left by Mr. Wrak, and Mr. E. Schmidt, violinist, a newcomer, fills the role of first violinist and assistant conductor.

Those who went yesterday to hear repeated the same Brahms symphony—the No. 2—given here last week by Damrosch, must have come away rejoicing at the opportunity of hearing, at close range of time, the readings of the two conductors. There is a subtlety of outline and shading, a fineness of balance, all combined with an architectural comprehension in Dr. Muck's work that comes out strongly in contrast with the work of other men. Much, of course, is due the orchestra in speaking of the work of any conductor of this great organization; but it would be interesting to know how much hard work the conductor puts into his scores. The subtlety of expression of which Dr. Muck is master, was finely shown yesterday in the allegretto movement, in which the fairy-like passages were etherealized against contrasting themes of vigor and energy.

One of the most interesting numbers was the "Swan of Tuonela," of Sibelius, in which the English horn takes the Swan theme over an accompaniment that suggests the flow of water quite as realistically as that of Wagner's Rhine maidens scene. The "Finlandia," also a composition of Sibelius, was in happy contrast, a work for the most part in the broad style, full of big masses of harmony, and distinguished by a strikingly lovely theme.

"The Euryanthe," of Weber, was never more beautifully played. The conductor's baton seemed a thing of magic.

Pasquale Amato, barytone, the soloist, sang Saint-Saens' aria "Fui donc Commande Quand il aime?" from Henry VIII, and the air from Handel's Xerxes that in the instrumental version is known as Handel's "Largo." Mr. Amato was born in Naples, educated musically, chiefly in Trieste, and many vicissitudes of fortune brought him, finally, five years ago, to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

He has a voice of great beauty, he sang without flourish or affectation, but with great power and dramatic force, the aria of Saint-Saens, and the Handel number with appropriate simplicity. It will be the good fortune of Washington to hear him again—in concert—this year.

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date [illegible]

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Admirers of the Boston Symphony Orchestra filled the New National Theater yesterday afternoon at the first concert of the season, with Dr. Karl Muck conducting the orchestra and Pasquale Amato, the Italian baritone, as soloist.

The symphony was Brahms' No. 2, in D major, with two Sibelius numbers, "The Swan of Towela" and the symphonic poem, "Finland," and the Weber overture, "Euryanthe," as supplemental contributions of the orchestra. Signor Amato was heard in a scene from Saint-Saens' "Henry VII" and the Handel "Largo."

The applause of the audience throughout was genuine in its sincerity of welcome and appreciation and fairly divided between the great singer and the equally splendid orchestra and its accomplished conductor.

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Date

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F. E. YODER.

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Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date NOV 4 - 1914

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From Telegram
Address: New York City
Date NOV 8 1914

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EVENING JOURNAL
New York City
NOV 9 -

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STAATS-ZEITUNG
New York City
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Date NOV 9 - 1914

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From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 8 1914

SYMPHONIC SKETCHES BY CHADWICK WELL LIKED.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was in as excellent playing form at its first New York matinee yesterday afternoon as on Thursday night, when the series commenced. The clear, crisp weather was ideal for stringed instruments, and the result gave the violins a brilliance decidedly helpful to much of the music that was performed.

Carnegie Hall was filled with an audience thoroughly distinctive and discriminating in its bestowal of approbation. The second symphony of Brahms, which opened the programme, has all the seriousness and dignity appealing to so scholastic a conductor as Dr. Karl Muck. He brought to his interpretation just the qualities it demands and the musicians did their share no less creditably.

Considerable interest was shown in the performance of George Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches," a suite for orchestra made up of four movements originally composed to be performed separately, but which may be united as they were yesterday with musical propriety and effect. The titles of the movements, in the order of their presentation, are "Jubilee," "Noel," "Hobgoblin" and "A Vagrom Ballad."

As a whole, the suite, which is descriptive, has originality and charm. The various portions were given with abundance of contrast and were well liked by the audience. The concluding work was the Sibelius symphonic poem, "Finlandia."

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date NOV 8 - 1914
Est 1884

FIRST VISIT OF THE BOSTONIANS

A Note on Musical Politics—No Chauvinism in Our Concert Rooms.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

Had it not been for the circumstance that on his arrival from Europe Dr. Muck dropped the remark that he could not comprehend how a people as intelligent as the American could think Germany responsible for the war, it would probably not have occurred to anybody that there was any special significance in the fact that only German music—or, rather, music composed by men born within the borders of what is now the German Empire—had a place on the programme of the first concert of the Boston Orchestra this season. Beethoven and Brahms are surely representatives of the art universal. The tendencies of modern German thought, with its contempt for moral and æsthetic decencies, have some illustration in the music of Richard Strauss, but that music is necessary occasionally to satisfy the popular craving for things hot in the mouth. As for Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, that is all romantic idealism, conjugal tenderness and chivalry. Besides, the political reflections to which the names might have given rise ought not to have contained a tinge of German chauvinism. Beethoven, of Belgian extraction, writing music to glorify a heroic conception of Bonaparte as the champion of liberty; Brahms, the child of commercial Hamburg, whose mind was wholly engrossed with his art, and Weber, whose patriotism and love of liberty flamed up with Körner's so fiercely in "Lyre and Sword" that their passionate warmth is still felt by every republican soul. Moreover, the music was so superbly played that the mental reservations of even the most suspicious listener must have been dissipated like smoke in a gale.

In the second concert given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall there was not even the semblance of national prejudice. The German Brahms contributed his idyllic symphony in D, the American Chadwick his "Symphonic Sketches," with their Scotch-Irish melodic blood and characteristically American humor; the Finn Sibelius his overture, "Finlandia," brimming over with love for the valor and the gentle loveliness of Suomi. If there was any occasion for regret it was only in the minds of those patrons of the Boston concerts, who are also patrons of our local orchestras, who again had to deplore, as they did on Thursday and as they have done for years, that the visitors should have repeated compositions which were still ringing in the memory. The season is only a fortnight old, yet we had heard the Brahms symphony played by the Symphony Society's orchestra and Strauss's "Don Juan" played by the Philharmonic. There is no reason why our visitors should either challenge or invite comparisons between them and local players. They have a truer mission in extending our knowledge of the orchestral literature. There were none of the thrilling moments in yesterday's concert such as marked the performance of the "Heroic" symphony on Thursday, and even the stirring climax of Sibelius's overture was not without its fellow in local memories.

Beauty brooded on every measure of the symphony, and Mr. Chadwick's music (first brought forward here six years ago) was heard with interest and pleasure.

From STANDARD UNION
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date NOV 7 1914
Estab 884

BOSTON SYMPHONY SEASON IS OPENED

Brahms' Second and Sibelius' "Finlandia" Splendidly Played at Academy.

NEUTRALITY IS PRESERVED.

Amato Twice Appears and Big Audience Enthuses.

Safe back in their adopted country after months of close contact with war's alarms, Boston's most famous band of musicians celebrated their complete attachment to ideals of peace by appearing last night in Brooklyn. For a scant two hours or less they played as only artists can play who offer up fervent thanks for deliverance from duty where the bullets fly. The occasion meant for Brooklyn the most substantial and showy audience of the season at the Academy of Music.

But one interpretation may be placed on the programme presented last evening by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It surely must have been an attempt to emphasize neutrality. The German Brahms and Weber were balanced against the Frenchman Saint-Saens and the Finn Sibelius, and the balance was maintained by the inclusion of Handel, the German-born composer who loved England and lived there, and still further emphasized by the choice of soloist, the robust Italian Amato.

No other meaning could possibly have been intended to be conveyed. The programme progresed consistently to an anti-climax, and the evening of incomparable melodic tones was twice ruptured by the interpolation of Amato's booming baritone. The operatic star was in magnificent voice and his Saint-Saens aria aroused a riot of applause—but squarely on top of the Brahms symphony it came without sufficient preparation. On his second appearance the "big fellow" sang the familiar—even hackneyed—"Largo" from Handel's "Xerxes." His essay into the bel canto, while less inspiring of applause, was more musical than the "Henry VIII" racconto.

High spots of excellence there were—three that stood out even above the standard set and maintaiened by the Bostonians. The first of these was the scherzo of the Brahms Second Symphony. Its tripping measures were performed with grace, with delicacy—it was quite "allegretto grazioso," as the programme specified. Another moment of inspiration was the climax of the finale, gloriously done with a wealth of tone and volume. The third was the playing of the patriotic "Finlandia" of Sibelius. The Finnish composer was given generous recognition on last evening's programme, and the verdict was emphatic in his favor.

Weber's "Euryanthe," theatrical though always pleasant, made a tame finale after Brahms and Sibelius. Dr Kark Muck, seemingly as impassive and aloof as ever, led unobtrusively yet with every sign of absolute authority. He remained in the background while the Amato applause lasted, and strangely enough the audience was not particularly enthusiastic in the clapping it directed his way. The Bostonians, despite the few changes made in their ranks by the necessities of Mars, play with the same characteristics that won them fame of old—their chief excellence stilll lying in the one point that really counts the most—smoothness and purity of tone.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
Date NOV 8
Est

Modern Music by Boston Symph

Dr. Muck presented a prog of modern music at yesterday [illegible] concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. There was variety in the character of the music, for Brahm's Second Symphony was the opening number, which was followed by Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches and Sibelins's "Findlandic"—harmony from Austria, America and Finland.

The orchestra played with that splendid balance of tone and homogeniety that characterizes Dr. Muck's musicians. The men seemed to be inspired by the eloquence of the score. Each of the many beauties of the work was disclosed in a manner that illustrated symmetry and proportion of each phrase and of the superb climaxes. It was a performance of wonderful achievement and merit.

Chadwick's Four Sketches were pleasingly tuneful and cleverly harmonious, but their proportion sound- [illegible] diminutive between [illegible] the Scandinavian

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STAR
s: Baltimore, Md.
NOV 5 - 1914
884

OSTON ORCHESTRA IN SPLENDID FORM

Beethoven's Third Symphony Feature of First Concert at Lyric.

Once called dangerously immoral, and since then heroic, Beethoven's third symphony, as well as two works by other composers, was played unusually well by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, at the Lyric Theater last night. Pasquale Amato, barytone, of the Metropolitan Opera House, was the special soloist. The audience was large and apparently in receptive mood.

So receptive, indeed, had it been made by the truly great performance of the great symphony, such anticipation had been made the state of mind, that the vocal selections of Mr. Amato caused involuntary disappointment, which could not be disguised. The musical contrast was like going from electric to candle light. The audience recovered itself sufficiently to give him a measure of applause, however, which obviously was heartier in Mr. Amato's more familiar second—the Handel—number.

Magnificent, indeed, was the performance of the orchestra. The impression created was that the instrumental balance, spirit, interpretation and general technique formed a whole which it would be difficult to imagine could be improved materially in this world. It was not necessary to perception of this that the predominant mood of the concert should have been of the present historical period. Even with Saint-Saens, Richard Strauss and Jean Sibelius represented on the program, the supremacy of the Beethoven mood could not be dispelled.

Instrumental attacks, changed colorings, alternating lights and shades—all were done like magic, as if each one of the players was moved by an identical and infallible impulse. The playing was a musician's dream realized. So accurately had the orchestra absorbed its training that Dr. Muck used a minimum amount of baton conducting, ceasing physical gestures almost entirely in the third movement of the symphony.

Those who feel that Beethoven could do no wrong—there are some such—probably are shocked when they think that there was a time when the master's third symphony was held up as an awful example of "dangerous immorality." Evidently, this proves conclusively that "there were giants in those days"—giants of distorted intellect. Probably the last movement offended. It does foreshadow the essential musical spirit of today, it is true, in the orchestration and harmonies of certain passages. The chief general impression today, however, is of its length; and it is more than probable that it would have deeper and more general appreciation heard singly than in immediate connection with other works.

Strauss' highly-colored tone-poem, Don Juan, and Sibelius' passionately direct symphonic poem, Finlandia, were the other instrumental pieces played by the orchestra. It is to be hoped the day is not far off when an essentially American work will be as intensely "national" as the Sibelius' composition is said to be.

Amato would undoubtedly have been received with far greater enthusiasm had he chosen compositions more of a general display character. He showed good tone and control for the most part.

J. N. H.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 8 1914
Esta 884

DR. MUCK'S MEN TRIUMPH AGAIN

Boston Symphony Orchestra Gives Another Delightful Concert.

There was no soloist at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's first matinée concert of the season in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, but the hall was crowded and the applause of the audience was without bounds after each orchestral number.

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, did not confine his programme to German music, as he had done at Thursday's concert, but he divided it between German, American and Finnish composers. He began with Brahms' Second Symphony and aroused the admiration of his audience by the amazingly beautiful interpretation and faultless playing of the great symphony.

At its [illegible] the orchestra to rise, while the audience thundered applause. It was a performance to remember.

Mr George Whitfield Chadwick, American composer, contributed an orchestral suite called "Symphonic Sketches," beginning with surging brilliancy and appropriately called "Jubilee." Then came the plaintive and lovely "Noel," followed by the merry and capricious scherzo, "Hobgoblin." It ended with "A Vagrom Ballad," the motto of which begins:—

"A tale of tramps and railway ties,
Of old clay pipes and rum."

It has a sinister and dramatic ending, but is brilliantly scored.

Finally there was heard Mr. Sibelius' symphonic poem, "Finlandia." The familia rtone picture of Finnish national life and spirit was admirably played.

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date NOV 7 1914
Estab 34

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HERE

Its Concert in Brooklyn a Pronounced Success.

BRILLIANT AUDIENCE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC

A Programme of Great Interest—Brahm's Symphony in D Major Delightfully Rendered—Pasquale Amato Heard in Two Arias.

While ther have already been two or three musical events of first-class importance this season at the Academy of Music, it remained for the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to make Brooklynites realize that the musical season had really begun. Five philharmonic concerts will be given by this matchless organization in Brooklyn this season, yesday vening's being the first.

Music lovers are particularly gratified at the fact that the war in Europe has not interfered with the concerts here of the Boston Orchestra, as there were grave doubts during the summer whether the musicians could be assembled. Thirty of them were in Europe on the Continent and part of them were of military age, and it was considered doubtful if they could be released from their obligations in order to return to America. Fortunately, however, only two of them are absent, Messrs. Grisez, the first clarinet, and Fisse Fosse, the third oboe, both of whom are in the French army. Their places were filled satisfoctorily by Mr. Sand, first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera, Berlin, and Mr. Stanislaus, first oboe of Sir Henry Wood's Queens Hall Orchestra, London.

The programme last night consisted of Brahms' delightful symphony in D Major, two characteristic pieces by the Finnish composer, Sibelius, the "Swan of Tuonela" and the stirring "Finlandia;" and for the final number, Weber's "Euyanthe" Overture.

Pasquale Amato, who was the assisting artist, sang twice, his first number being an aria from Saint-Saen's opera, "Henry VIII., and his second number an air from the opera "Serse," by Handel.

The orchestra was in its finest form, and no one would have known that there were two new musicians in it unless they had been informed. In spite of the fact that it had been only recently assembled it never played with more beauty and balance of tone, more fire and finish. The symphony, the opening number, was superbly rendered, and was received with rapturous and long-continued applause. The charm of the two characteristic pieces by the Finnish composer was well brought out, and admirable qualities were shown in the final number, Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, with its jubilant beginning and its rushing coda, which stirred the audience to renewed applause. The playing of the orchestra throughout the concert was marked by its dignity, technical perfection and beauty of utterance, and demonstrated that the great organization is even better before, and that its conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, has it under the most perfect control.

The two arias which were sung by Pasquale Amato were splendidly given, and the artist was recalled again and again to bow his thanks to the delighted audience.

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 8 1914

SYMPHONIC SKETCHES BY CHADWICK WELL LIKED.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was in as excellent playing form at its first New York matinee yesterday afternoon as on Thursday night, when the series commenced. The clear, crisp weather was ideal for stringed instruments, and the result gave the violins a brilliance decidedly helpful to much of the music that was performed.

Carnegie Hall was filled with an audience thoroughly distinctive and discriminating in its bestowal of approbation. The second symphony of Brahms, which opened the programme, has all the seriousness and dignity appealing to so scholastic a conductor as Dr. Karl Muck. He brought to his interpretation just the qualities it demands and the musicians did their share no less creditably.

Considerable interest was shown in the performance of George Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches," a suite for orchestra made up of four movements originally composed to be performed separately, but which may be united as they were yesterday with musical propriety and effect. The titles of the movements, in the order of their presentation, are "Jubilee," "Noel," "Hobgoblin" and "A Vagrom Ballad."

As a whole, the suite, which is descriptive, has originality and charm. The various portions were given with abundance of contrast and were well liked by the audience. The concluding work was the Sibelius symphonic poem, "Finlandia."

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date NOV 8 - 1914

FIRST VISIT OF THE BOSTONIANS

Est 1884

A Note on Musical Politics—No Chauvinism in Our Concert Rooms.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

Had it not been for the circumstance that on his arrival from Europe Dr. Muck dropped the remark that he could not comprehend how a people as intelligent as the American could think Germany responsible for the war, it would probably not have occurred to anybody that there was any special significance in the fact that only German music—or, rather, music composed by men born within the borders of what is now the German Empire—had a place on the programme of the first concert of the Boston Orchestra this season. Beethoven and Brahms are surely representatives of the art universal. The tendencies of modern German thought, with its contempt for moral and æsthetic decencies, have some illustration in the music of Richard Strauss, but that music is necessary occasionally to satisfy the popular craving for things hot in the mouth. As for Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, that is all romantic idealism, conjugal tenderness and chivalry. Besides, the political reflections to which the names might have given rise ought not to have contained a tinge of German chauvinism. Beethoven, of Belgian extraction, writing music to glorify a heroic conception of Bonaparte as the champion of liberty; Brahms, the child of commercial Hamburg, whose mind was wholly engrossed with his art, and Weber, whose patriotism and love of liberty flamed up with Körner's so fiercely in "Lyre and Sword" that their passionate warmth is still felt by every republican soul. Moreover, the music was so superbly played that the mental reservations of even the most suspicious listener must have been dissipated like smoke in a gale.

In the second concert given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall there was not even the semblance of national prejudice. The German Brahms contributed his idyllic symphony in D, the American Chadwick his "Symphonic Sketches," with their Scotch-Irish melodic blood and characteristically American humor; the Finn Sibelius his overture, "Finlandia," brimming over with love for the valor and the gentle loveliness of Suomi. If there was any occasion for regret it was only in the minds of those patrons of the Boston concerts, who are also patrons of our local orchestras, who again had to deplore, as they did on Thursday and as they have done for years, that the visitors should have repeated compositions which were still ringing in the memory. The season is only a fortnight old, yet we had heard the Brahms symphony played by the Symphony Society's orchestra and Strauss's "Don Juan" played by the Philharmonic. There is no reason why our visitors should either challenge or invite comparisons between them and local players. They have a truer mission in extending our knowledge of the orchestral literature. There were none of the thrilling moments in yesterday's concert such as marked the performance of the "Heroic" symphony on Thursday, and even the stirring climax of Sibelius's overture was not without its fellow in local memories.

Beauty brooded on every measure of the symphony, and Mr. Chadwick's music (first brought forward here six years ago) was heard with interest and pleasure.

From STANDARD U
Address: Brooklyn,
Date

BOSTON SYM SEASON IS

Estab

Brahms' Second and Sibel "Finlandia" Splendidly Played at Academy.

NEUTRALITY IS PRESERVED.

Amato Twice Appears and Big Audience Enthuses.

Safe back in their adopted country after months of close contact with war's alarms, Boston's most famous band of musicians celebrated their complete attachment to ideals of peace by appearing last night in Brooklyn. For a scant two hours or less they played as only artists can play who offer up fervent thanks for deliverance from duty where the bullets fly. The occasion meant for Brooklyn the most substantial and showy audience of the season at the Academy of Music.

But one interpretation may be placed on the programme presented last evening by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It surely must have been an attempt to emphasize neutrality. The German Brahms and Weber were balanced against the Frenchman Saint-Saens and the Finn Sibelius, and the balance was maintained by the inclusion of Handel, the German-born composer who loved England and lived there, and still further emphasized by the choice of soloist, the robust Italian Amato.

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n AMERICAN
ress: New York City
te NOV 8 - 19

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From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date NOV 5 - 1914

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J. N. H.

IERALD
New York City
NOV 8 1914

MUCK'S MEN TRIUMPH AGAIN

884

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From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date NOV 7 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HERE

Estab

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From EAGLE
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y. 1914

Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

Fine Opening Programme Led by Karl Muck With Amato as Soloist.

It was a typical Boston Symphony audience which filled every seat of the concert hall of the Academy last night to welcome the return of this loved organisation, and it expressed its pleasure in characteristic Brooklyn fashion, without any special demonstration, but that it was highly pleased no one accustomed to these concerts could doubt.

The programme was as well arranged as any which Dr. Muck has given us, and it had more variety than this conductor commonly finds it necessary to employ. The opening was a Brahms Symphony, but the easiest and pleasantest to listen to of any in the list, the Second to wit, of which the third movement has much beauty, while the fourth makes a spirited and stirring climax. These merits were enhanced by a superb performance, which was not perhaps exceptional for the Boston Symphony, but would have been extraordinary from any other band. We have become so accustomed to the most delicate finish from our best orchestras in this country that we do not sufficiently realize how fortunate we are nor how high our standard is. There has just come expert testimony on this point from no less a musician than Lilli Lehmann, who writes of the period twenty-five years ago when Theodore Thomas had but recently set a standard of perfection here unknown elsewhere. Mme. Lehman says in her autobiography just issued:

> I noticed something in the tone of the orchestra that had never struck me elsewhere. What might it be? I gave myself up to the enchantment of it over and over again, until after much speculating I was able to explain the wonder to myself. The violins used their bows in unison, so that the eye and ear were soothed; the woodwinds, who suited their tone and sound color exactly on their entrance to the instruments that had preceded them, were not shrill or inharmonious as we are accustomed to hear them, but mingled with soft unobtrusiveness and melodiously in the volume of tone, without one preceiving where they or the other instruments came in or dropped out. That was the solution of the riddle and the spell which had charmed me. Why do nearly all instrumentalists suffer such an effect to escape them, and why are not the conductors alive to it?

The answer, so far as the Boston Symphony is concerned, is that its conductors have been growing more and more "alive" to this delicacy of effect ever since Thomas showed the world how it was to be attained, and that the good work he began has gone on until it can make even a Brahms symphony "melodious to the ear." But it is to be noted that, although Lehmann was writing in Berlin last year, she used the present tense in referring to the failure of such perfection.

But if the triumph of the orchestra last night lay in its fine treatment of the Symphony, the triumph of Dr. Muck lay in introducing an almost unknown composer, in two selections of such exquisite beauty that they are bound to hold a prominent place in orchestral programmes of the future. The composer is Sibelius, the Finn, who is perhaps best known here by his extremely difficult "Concerto" for violin, a work whose very intricacy distracts attention from its musical quality. No such charge lies against "The Swan of Tuonela," a section of one of his symphonic poems, or his "Finlandia," a complete symphonic poem after the Liszt model, which were played last night. The "Tuonela" has a heavenly air, played by the English horn, with a background sometimes on the kettle drum, sometimes in the strings and sometimes in the wood winds. It clothes itself in poetry and romance like a garment as it flows serenely on, an interlude of ideal beauty. The "Finlandia" is longer and more varied, but it is filled with melodies which have been so widely mistaken for Finnish folk songs that the composer has distinctly disclaimed borrowing any of the themes. They are at least good enough to be folksongs, than which there is no higher praise, and they are developed by a skillful use of all the resources of the modern orchestra.

If there was a mistake in the programme it was in closing with Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," after this suberb Sibelius music. Good as the overture is in itself, it sounded thin after this more modern work.

The soloist of the evening was Amato, he of the red-blooded voice, who makes the opera house ring with applause by his singing of the explosive music of the modern Italian school. It was a chastened and highly polished, almost a classic, Amato who sang last night, with all the explosiveness left behind, with a lovely legato and sustained tones as firm as the towers of Brooklyn Bridge. His first selection was an aria from Saint Saens' "Henry VIII," in which the singer skillfully combined passion with elegance. For his last number he did a service by reminding the audience that the air familiarly known as "Handel's Largo," and played by strings both solo and ensemble, was originally written for the voice in his opera, "Xerxes." Amato's singing of it was all that the flowing melody called for. The singer who can jump from Puccini to Handel and sing one of the latter's arias without a flaw is indeed distinguished.

From TIMES
Address: New York City

Date NOV 8 - 1914

NO PREJUDICE AGAINST MUSIC.

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city Thursday evening proved conclusively that German music will not suffer through any feeling there may be in this cosmopolitan country against Germany. Probably there is no such feeling so far as any of the products of German art are concerned, and the matter would scarcely justify comment if so many poets and artists of the nations at war had not been loudly proclaiming their renunciation of the art of their enemies. Their mood will not last. Empires are temporary, art is permanent.

The militarism of BEETHOVEN'S Eroica symphony may have been inspired by the victories of NAPOLEON, though the composer's admiration for the Corsican vanished after he made himself Emperor. But BEETHOVEN'S music is German music, one of Germany's greatest glories, and the tribute to the military spirit in this composition is far beyond the powers of expression of a BERNHARDI. Performed under the leadership of a German musician by an orchestra of diverse nationalities this noble work had its usual effect upon an audience of typical Americans, descended from the various peoples of Europe. The same is true of the works of HAYDN and WEBER, RICHARD STRAUSS and BRAHMS. The aesthetic did not come in conflict with the political. Dr. MUCK made no error in arranging his programme.

From PRESS
Address: New York City

Date NOV 8 - 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES FIRST MATINEE

Mighty Gathering of Admirers Greets Muck's Orchestra.

At its first matinee of the season yesterday, in Carnegie Hall, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, gave another inspiring exhibition of its powers before a mighty gathering of admirers, who showed quite as much enthusiasm as those who attended the first concert, last Thursday.

The programme chosen for the occasion was distinctly inferior, it is true, to the one offered to the evening subscribers. Whether with good reason or not, the opinion still prevails that Saturday afternoon listeners must be regaled with less substantial fare than the men and women who attend concerts at night.

But Brahms's Symphony No. 2 in D major, which opened the performance, made an impression that the following selections could not brush away.

Despite the sudden swoop from so noble and beautiful a work to the pretty trivialities of Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches, made so apparent, alas, by proximity; despite the fact that Sibelius's patriotic symphonic poem "Finlandia," which brought the afternoon to a close, did not re-establish the high standard set at the beginning, the auditor went home thankful to Dr. Muck and his musicians for their message of one great composer's genius.

A performance of Brahms's second symphony that brought out so movingly the refreshing melody of the first movement, the tender meditativeness of the adagio, the grace and charm of the allegretto and the contagious joy of the final allegro it is hard to recall.

MAX SMITH.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City NOV 5 1914

Date

Coincident with the news that the war will not interfere with the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra comes the information that Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe has completed his historical sketch of the orchestra. It will be published in November. Among the illustrations will be a portrait of Col. Henry Lee Higginson, founder of the orchestra, who will celebrate his eightieth birthday about the time that the book is published.

York, 1884

From TIMES
Address: New York City

Date NOV 8 - 1914

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Its Afternoon Concert Devoted to Three Composers.

The afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given yesterday in Carnegie Hall, was devoted to three composers—Brahms, George W. Chadwick, and Jean Sibelius. Brahms's Second Symphony was given for the second time here in a fortnight. Dr. Muck's performance of it showed all the sympathy with the music that he has so often shown before. It was most minutely studied, and the performance a complete setting forth of Dr. Muck's conception of it. Again there was to be observed the exquisite tonal balance and the careful consideration of values that are needed to show the reserved beauty of Brahms's orchestration, and especially to show its exact fitness for the expression of his ideas. How strong and potent the appeal now made by the adagio, that once seemed crabbed and dry, or by the fiery finale, that also had its inscrutable passages! The audience was enraptured with the music and its performance, and recalled Dr. Muck until he made the players rise to bow with him.

Mr. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" have been heard in New York before. They are of unequal value, but at their best they show the American composer in music that may well be considered to have an American character, robustness and vigor, humor, gayety. Few native composers have had so great a technical ability in orchestral writing as Mr. Chadwick, and it enables him to be effective in simplicity; to deal in straightforward melodic ideas without fear or shame. There is no striving after profundity in these sketches, and the music is to be appreciated in the vein in which it is written, in which sometimes a rollicking gayety appears, as in the first movement, "Jubilee," and the last, "A Vagrant Ballad," with its burlesque suggestion, conveyed in its thoroughly disreputable motto. There is a quotation here, played on the xylophone, of the subject of Bach's G minor organ fugue; whether or not it has ever been authoritatively explained, the allusion is a little elliptical to the uninformed listener.

The second theme of the "Jubilee" movement suggests Dvorak's treatment of the negro music. The composer has a little difficulty in "letting go" in this movement, which is continued unduly after all is said that the composer had to say. The "Noel" is written in a sonorous and effective orchestral diction, but its substance has somewhat less of distinction than the other movements. The work is one that eminently deserved a performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Jean Sibelius was represented on the programme by his symphonic poem, "Finlandia," which was heard in New York as long ago as 1905.

From GLOBE
Address: New York City

Date NOV 6 - 1914

Music.

Dr. Muck Leads Belgian and German Music.

1884

The world may give thanks unto God that the grandfather of Ludwig van Beethoven left the neighborhood of Louvain before the German army got there. As a result of that ancestral precaution the greatest of Belgian composers was born in the security that German soil gives from German invasion, at Bonn. His "Eroica" symphony, written some insist to pay homage to Napoleon Bonaparte, headed the programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall last evening, which consisted otherwise of music by German composers—Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Josef Haydn, Richard Strauss's tone poem "Don Juan," Weber's "Euryanthe" overture.

In view of the plain facts, it is unfair to accuse Dr. Muck, as some were heard doing, of arrogantly opening the New York season of the Boston band with a Pan-German programme. To lead off with the greatest Belgian composer's tribute to the greatest genius France has given the world is not an act of overt Prussian partisanship. Moreover, the performance of the "Eroica" symphony was simply superb. After an interval no longer than a few brief months the return of the Boston orchestra infallibly repeats its shock of vitalized perfection. A few years ago Dr. Muck once let his men play through at Carnegie Hall the scherzo of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony while he stood before them motionless, his right hand at his side. Yesterday he did the same thing in the "Eroica" scherzo, save for the ticklish pages of the trio. The orchestra repaid his confidence by a performance of unwavering precision.

No less admirable was the playing in the rest of the concert. The Brahms variations were done magnificently, with a wealth of shading that ranged from the lightest orchestral whisper to a resounding fortissimo, and revelled in voluptuous matings of the several choirs. Strauss's "Don Juan" went a rake-helly pace to damnation along a path

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PITTS SANBORN.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING POST
Address: NOV 6 New York City 1914

Date

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

When Dr. Muck opened the orchestral concert season in Boston a few weeks ago, there was a good deal of comment on the fact that he aggressively presented an all-German programme. Last night, in Carnegie Hall, he conducted the same programme. The objection to it was, however, not that it was all-German, but that not all of it was good German music. Brahms's "Variations on a Haydn Theme" are about as dull and uninspired a specimen of hackwork as could be found, and the fine performance given of it could not redeem it. It was amusing to observe that nearly every one in the audience, during the performance of this piece, took to reading Philip Hale's articles in the programme book, which certainly were far more interesting than the Variations.

There was another piece on the programme which did not represent German music, or its composer, at their best—Strauss's "Don Juan." It is needless to say that Dr. Muck and his men played it with wonderful virtuosity; but even in the second largest city in the world three performances within one week of such a "Machwerk" are more than it deserves.

A timely addition to the programme was the "Euryanthe" overture of Weber, a piece in which the spirit of German romanticism in music achieves one of its most enrapturing triumphs. Those who heard it last night will look forward the more eagerly to the promised revival at the Metropolitan of this Weber opera, in which are to be found the very roots of Wagnerism.

The symphony of the occasion was Beethoven's "Eroica," which opened the concert. Dr. Muck, who, when he first appeared, was received with the most enthusiastic applause, made his men play it with so much technical finish, precision, and delicate shading that at the end the applause persisted till all the players had risen to bow their acknowledgements. It cannot be said, however, that the emotional contents of this work were fully revealed, especially in the funeral march, the poignant dissonances of which were not sufficiently accented, while the overwhelming climax which Mahler, in particular, knew how to build up, was missed. The other movements were more satisfactory; in the scherzo Dr. Muck had so much confidence in the technique of his players that he allowed them to do it without any guidance from his bâton. To-night the Boston Orchestra plays in Brooklyn and to-morrow afternoon at Carnegie Hall, where the programme will include the second Brahms symphony, Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches," and the "Finlandia" tone-poem of Sibelius.

It is probably owing to the sublime funeral march in the "Eroica" that nearly all the orchestras of Germany seem to have opened their season with it, as Dr. Muck did that of the Boston Orchestra in two cities. It is well known that Beethoven had dedicated this work to Napoleon, but revoked this homage angrily when he discovered his ambitions. "Now he'll trample on all the rights of men to serve his own ambition!" he exclaimed. Would he have dedicated this work to any ruler of our day?

From EAGLE
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y. 1914

Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

Fine Opening Programme Led by Karl Muck With Amato as Soloist.

It was a typical Boston Symphony audience which filled every seat of the concert hall of the Academy last night to welcome the return of this loved organization, and it expressed its pleasure in characteristic Brooklyn fashion, without any special demonstration, but that it was highly pleased no one accustomed to these concerts could doubt.

The programme was as well arranged as any which Dr. Muck has given us, and it had more variety than this conductor commonly finds it necessary to employ. The opening was a Brahms Symphony, but the easiest and pleasantest to listen to of any in the list, the Second to wit, of which the third movement has much beauty, while the fourth makes a spirited and stirring climax. These merits were enhanced by a superb performance, which was not perhaps exceptional for the Boston Symphony, but would have been extraordinary from any other band. We have become so accustomed to the most delicate finish from our best orchestras in this country that we do not sufficiently realize how fortunate we are nor how high our standard is. There has just come expert testimony on this point from no less a musician than Lilli Lehmann, who writes of the period twenty-five years ago when Theodore Thomas had but recently set a standard of perfection here unknown elsewhere. Mme. Lehman says in her autobiography just issued:

> I noticed something in the tone of the orchestra that had never struck me elsewhere. What might it be? I gave myself up to the enchantment of it over and over again, until after much speculating I was able to explain the wonder to myself. The violins used their bows in unison, so that the eye and ear were soothed; the woodwinds, who suited their tone and sound color exactly on their entrance to the instruments that had preceded them, were not shrill or inharmonious as we are accustomed to hear them, but mingled with soft unobtrusiveness and melodiously in the volume of tone, without one preceiving where they or the other instruments came in or dropped out. That was the solution of the riddle and the spell which had charmed me. Why do nearly all instrumentalists suffer such an effect to escape them, and why are not the conductors alive to it?

The answer, so far as the Boston Symphony is concerned, is that its conductors have been growing more and more "alive" to this delicacy of effect ever since Thomas showed the world how it was to be attained, and that the good work he began has gone on until it can make even a Brahms symphony "melodious to the ear." But it is to be noted that, although Lehmann was writing in Berlin last year, she used the present tense in referring to the failure of such perfection.

But if the triumph of the orchestra last night lay in its fine treatment of the Symphony, the triumph of Dr. Muck lay in introducing an almost unknown composer, in two selections of such exquisite beauty that they are bound to hold a prominent place in orchestral programmes of the future. The composer is Sibelius, the Finn, who is perhaps best known here by his extremely difficult "Concerto" for violin, a work whose very intricacy distracts attention from its musical quality. No such charge lies against "The Swan of Tuonela," a section of one of his symphonic poems, or his "Finlandia," a complete symphonic poem after the Liszt model, which were played last night. The "Tuonela" has a heavenly air, played by the English horn, with a background sometimes on the kettle drum, sometimes in the strings and sometimes in the wood winds. It clothes itself in poetry and romance like a garment as it flows serenely on, an interlude of ideal beauty. The "Finlandia" is longer and more varied, but it is filled with melodies which have been so widely mistaken for Finnish folk songs that the composer has distinctly disclaimed borrowing any of the themes. They are at least good enough to be folksongs, than which there is no higher praise, and they are developed by a skillful use of all the resources of the modern orchestra.

If there was a mistake in the programme it was in closing with Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," after this suberb Sibelius music. Good as the overture is in itself, it sounded thin after this more modern work.

The soloist of the evening was Amato, he of the red-blooded voice, who makes the opera house ring with applause by his singing of the explosive music of the modern Italian school. It was a chastened and highly polished, almost a classic, Amato who sang last night, with all the explosiveness left behind, with a lovely legato and sustained tones as firm as the towers of Brooklyn Bridge. His first selection was an aria from Saint Saens' "Henry VIII," in which the singer skillfully combined passion with elegance. For his last number he did a service by reminding the audience that the air familiarly known as "Handel's Largo," and played by strings both solo and ensemble, was originally written for the voice in his opera, "Xerxes." Amato's singing of it was all that the flowing melody called for. The singer who can jump from Puccini to Handel and sing one of the latter's arias without a flaw is indeed distinguished.

From TIMES
Address: New York City

Date NOV 8 - 1914

NO PREJUDICE AGAINST MUSIC.

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city Thursday evening proved conclusively that German music will not suffer through any feeling there may be in this cosmopolitan country against Germany. Probably there is no such feeling so far as any of the products of German art are concerned, and the matter would scarcely justify comment if so many poets and artists of the nations at war had not been loudly proclaiming their renunciation of the art of their enemies. Their mood will not last. Empires are temporary, art is permanent.

The militarism of BEETHOVEN'S Eroica symphony may have been inspired by the victories of NAPOLEON, though the composer's admiration for the Corsican vanished after he made himself Emperor. But BEETHOVEN'S music is German music, one of Germany's greatest glories, and the tribute to the military spirit in this composition is far beyond the powers of expression of a BERNHARDI. Performed under the leadership of a German musician by an orchestra of diverse nationalities this noble work had its usual effect upon an audience of typical Americans, descended from the various peoples of Europe. The same is true of the works of HAYDN and WEBER, RICHARD STRAUSS and BRAHMS. The aesthetic did not come in conflict with the political. DR. MUCK made no error in arranging his programme.

From PRESS
Address: New York City

Date NOV 8 - 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES FIRST MATINEE

Mighty Gathering of Admirers Greets Muck's Orchestra.

At its first matinee of the season yesterday, in Carnegie Hall, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, gave another inspiring exhibition of its powers before a mighty gathering of admirers, who showed quite as much enthusiasm as those who attended the first concert, last Thursday.

The programme chosen for the occasion was distinctly inferior, it is true, to the one offered to the evening subscribers. Whether with good reason or not, the opinion still prevails that Saturday afternoon listeners must be regaled with less substantial fare than the men and women who attend concerts at night.

But Brahms's Symphony No. 2 in D major, which opened the performance, made an impression that the following selections could not brush away.

Despite the sudden swoop from so noble and beautiful a work to the pretty trivialities of Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches, made so apparent, alas, by proximity; despite the fact that Sibelius's patriotic symphonic poem "Finlandia," which brought the afternoon to a close, did not re-establish the high standard set at the beginning, the auditor went home thankful to Dr. Muck and his musicians for their message of one great composer's genius.

A performance of Brahms's second symphony that brought out so movingly the refreshing melody of the first movement, the tender meditativeness of the adagio, the grace and charm of the allegretto and the contagious joy of the final allegro it is hard to recall.

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GLOBE
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PITTS SANBORN.

ewspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

EVENING POST
s: NOV New York City

Date

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
NOV 6 - 1914
Date

Estab 84

ELSON'S LECTURE RECITAL.

Boston Orchestra's Programme for Philosophical Concert Explained.

With an interesting analysis of each number, the programme which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play this evening in the first Philharmonic concert of the season, was explained in a lecture recital last evening by Louis C. Elson, of Boston, assisted by Alfred De Voto at the piano.

The major part of the programme was of course devoted to the symphony, Brahms' second symphony in D major. Mr. Elson explained the themes threading each movement, playing portions himself on the piano, and these themes were later elaborated by Mr. De Voto. Especially fine was his playing of the second, the adagio movement, which Mr. Elson described as a notable example of the tender serenity of Brahms, a quality that helps to make him one of the great composers of the world. This was followed by the scherzo movement, decidedly Hungarian in character, bright and piquant, the lecturer called it, a rondo on two themes. Mr. Elson discussed particularly the second theme as being full of bold syncopations, and this lead him to define syncopation, which, "if pushed too far, becomes rag-time." "I can't say I am entirely opposed to rag-time," he remarked, humorously, "and I could even point out to you a few specimens of rag-time in Beethoven." A certain form of syncopation, known as the "Scotch Snap," is to be found in the finale. "This symphony is logical music," said Mr. Elson. "It grows from a fe melodic thoughts to a perfect harvest musical ideas."

The two arias which are to be su this evening by Pasquale Amato we then touched upon. In referring to first, the Henry VIII. love song Saint-Saens, Mr. Elson defined recitati in music as "declamation in tone." stead of being regarded as rather t some, its ingenious modulations worth following. The second aria the programme, the "Ombra Mai-f from Handel's opera, "Xerxes," gi the familiar "Largo" melody, which Elson said is a splendid test of a sing voice, all pure bell' canto, as the Itali call it.

The third number was the overture "Euryanthe," by Weber, whom the turer described as the most theatrica of all composers, since he was brought up by the footlights. The plot of the opera was briefly told and the various themes, taken from the melodies in the opera were illustrated, ending in the triumphant coda which pictures the reuniting of the lovers.

In conclusion Mr. Elson discussed two tone pictures by Sibelius, the foremost of Finnish composers. The first, "The Swan of Tuonela," a legend from the Finnish Folp-epic, "Kalevala," was played in its entirety by Mr. De Voto. and "Finlandia," a symphonic poem for orchestra, was illustrated in its various themes which have the spirit of the national folk songs and are full of a sad nobility.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City
NOV 6 - 1914
Date

Establis 84

Boston Orchestra Warmly Greeted At First Concert

By Sylvester Rawling.

WHEN Dr. Karl Muck entered upon the stage of Carnegie Hall last night to conduct the first concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra he was warmly greeted by a crowded house of music lovers, in which people of fashion were a large part. Twice before the programme was finished he called upon his players to rise in acknowledgment of the applause. At the end there was another tribute to himself that was worth while for him to receive: The Boston Orchestra had proved again its right to a high place under the sun.

An "inspired" anonymous writer recently protested that the New York music critics, of whom he held me to be the chief offender, had unduly exalted the Boston Symphony Orchestra to the detriment of our own symphony organizations, and to the discouragement of local musical endeavor. Strange combination of ignorance and maliciousness! New York always has insisted upon getting the best that it knew in music, and when, through the fostering care and munificence of Major Higginson, Boston was able to maintain the best orchestra in America—perhaps the best in the world—it was the duty of New York writers about music to call the attention of New York music lovers to the fact. If our efforts have re-

into houses with the "Standing Room Only" sign confronting would-be purchasers of tickets, I for one am not ashamed.

That conditions have improved in New York is true. Thanks to the bequest of $1,000,000 from Mr. Pulitzer and to the genius and training capacity of Mr. Stransky. The Philharmonic Society's orchestra is become one to challenge comparison with the best. Thanks, too, to the financial support of Mr. Harry Harkness Flagler, and the indefatiguable industry of Walter Damrosch the Symphony Society's orchestra is one of which New York well may be proud. But it is no discredit to either of these organizations that some of us continue to take off our hats to the Boston Orchestra. Beside the orchestra from the Hub is become part of us. Few of its New York patrons stop to think that its base is at the foot of Bunker Hill instead of in Carnegie Hall. If annual concerts in New York should be abandoned it would be a calamity for our local music world.

Dr. Muck's programme last night consisted of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Brahms's "Variations on a theme by Josef Haydn," Richard Strauss's war poem "Don Juan," and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture. The presentation of it was masterful. The delivery of the symphony was incisive to the verge of irritation. One almost longed for something disturbing to happen. The Strauss work became imbued with new beauty by reason of the perfection of its exposition. It was a relief to have Weber's ingratiating overture for the finish.

Newspap

From EVENING MAIL
Address New York
Date NOV 6 1914

Established

ARTISTIC CONCERT BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck's Famous Orchestra on First Visit of Season Presents All-German Programme — Beethoven's Eroica Symphony, Originally Dedicated to Napoleon, the Climax.

By SIGMUND SPAETH.

Karl Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra paid us their first visit of the season last evening, presenting an all-German programme at Carnegie Hall.

Many puerilities have recently been spoken and written concerning neutrality and partisanship in the field of music. The English gained some notoriety by boycotting German music in their concert halls. The Germans, never having paid any serious attention to English music, had no means of direct vengeance. In France even the good old Camille Saint-Saens is reported to have said some foolish things about German composers.

In this supposedly neutral country it is ridiculous to accuse a conductor of Dr. Muck's standing of prejudice in the selection of a programme. Since the Germans hold undisputed supremacy in orchestral music, there is no reason why an entire programme should not be made up of their compositions. Certainly the names of Beethoven, Haydn, Brahms, Strauss and Weber are of more than local significance.

Beethoven's Eroica symphony was Dr. Muck's big number last evening. The great German erased the name of Napoleon from the title-page of his score after the great Frenchman had lost his halo by accepting the emperor's crown.

Marvelous Effects Produced.

Those who insist upon dragging the martial spirit into all the events of their daily life may apply yesterday's presentation of the symphony to any up-to-date hero of the European disgrace whose character has been sufficiently disappointing.

When an orchestra plays as we are accustomed to hear the Bostonians play, critical comment runs too easily into superlatives to be of much interest or value. Dr. Muck still has under his baton what is probably the most highly trained company of musicians in the world. And the leader himself still retains his marvelous ability to bring out the minutest details of structure as well as of expression in an orchestral composition.

Admiration of his results almost gives way to astonishment at the simplicit of his methods. Dr. Muck unquestionably gets along with fewer and smalle gestures than any other conductor nov before the public. At one time last evening he worked up a climax with bot hands at his sides, merely indicatin the rhythm with an occasional nod o the head.

Aside from the Beethoven symphony the programme included the "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss, always a effective medium for the display of orchestral virtuosity; Brahms's variation on a theme by Haydn, op. 56a, and Weber's Euryanthe Overture.

From EVENING NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
NOV 5 - 1914
Date

Established:

THRONG FILLS LYRIC TO GREET BOSTON ORCHEST

Standing-room-only conditions prevailed at the Lyric last night, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Pasquale Amato, the celebrated Italian barytone, as soloist, gave its first Baltimore concert of the season.

The audience was the largest that has assembled for a musical event this year, and, as always happens when the Boston orchestra is here, it was exceedingly fashionable. There was not a seat left in either auditorium or boxes, and the house, with its handsomely gowned and bejeweled women, presented a beautiful and inspiring sight.

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In the "Eroica Symphony" Beethoven undoubtedly broke more new ground in a single work than has ever been done before or since in orchestral literature. Its first movement is still the most stupendous, both in form and material, in existence, while the "Funeral March," by which it is followed, is the first great emotional and poetic expression of musical thought to be found in the slow movement of a symphony.

It was here, above all, that Dr. Muck so particularly distinguished himself, revealing in every detail its most subtle pathos. Not even Dr. Muck, however, at his best, can reconcile us to the finale of this work, so unheroic in character, and destroying, as it does, any unified idea of this as an essentially "program" symphony, which its title suggests.

Richard Strauss' tone-poem, "Don Juan," was another great attraction in the program, and it was very interesting to compare Dr. Muck's conception of the work with that of the

Newspaper Cutting Bureau

From CITIZEN
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Date

Estab 34

ELSON'S LECTURE RECITAL.

Boston Orchestra's Programme for Philosophical Concert Explained.

With an interesting analysis of each number, the programme which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play this evening in the first Philharmonic concert of the season, was explained in a lecture recital last evening, by Louis C. Elson, of Boston, assisted by Alfred De Voto at the piano.

The major part of the programme was of course devoted to the symphony, Brahms' second symphony in D major. Mr. Elson explained the themes threading each movement, playing portions himself on the piano, and these themes were later elaborated by Mr. De Voto. Especially fine was his playing of the second, the adagio movement, which Mr. Elson described as a notable example of the tender serenity of Brahms, a quality that helps to make him one of the great composers of the world. This was followed by the scherzo movement, decidedly Hungarian in character, bright and piquant, the lecturer called it, a rondo on two themes. Mr. Elson discussed particularly the second theme as being full of bold syncopations, and this lead him to define syncopation, which, "if pushed too far, becomes rag-time." "I can't say I am entirely opposed to rag-time," he remarked, humorously, "and I could even point out to you a few specimens of rag-time in Beethoven." A certain form of syncopation, known as the "Scotch Snap," is to be found in the finale. "This symphony is logical music," said Mr. Elson. "It grows from a few melodic thoughts to a perfect harvest of musical ideas."

The two arias which are to be sung this evening by Pasquale Amato were then touched upon. In referring to the first, the Henry VIII. love song by Saint-Saens, Mr. Elson defined recitative in music as "declamation in tone." Instead of being regarded as rather tiresome, its ingenious modulations are worth following. The second aria on the programme, the "Ombra Mai-fu" from Handel's opera, "Xerxes," gives the familiar "Largo" melody, which Mr. Elson said is a splendid test of a singer's voice, all pure bell' canto, as the Italians call it.

The third number was the overture to "Euryanthe," by Weber, whom the lecturer described as the most theatrical of all composers, since he was brought up by the footlights. The plot of the opera was briefly told and the various themes, taken from the melodies in the opera were illustrated, ending in the triumphant coda which pictures the reuniting of the lovers.

In conclusion Mr. Elson discussed two tone pictures by Sibelius, the foremost of Finnish composers. The first, "The Swan of Tuonela," a legend from the Finnish Folp-epic, "Kalevala," was played in its entirety by Mr. De Voto, and "Finlandia," a symphonic poem for orchestra, was illustrated in its various themes which have the spirit of the national folk songs and are full of a sad nobility.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City
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Date

Establi 34

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An "inspired" anonymous writer recently protested that the New York music critics, of whom he held me to be the chief offender, had unduly exalted the Boston Symphony Orchestra to the detriment of our own symphony organizations, and to the discouragement of local musical endeavor. Strange combination of ignorance and maliciousness! New York always has insisted upon getting the best that it knew in music, and when, through the fostering care and munificence of Major Higginson, Boston was able to maintain the best orchestra in America—perhaps the best in the world—it was the duty of New York writers about music to call the attention of New York music lovers to the fact. If our efforts have re-

into houses with the "Standing Room Only" sign confronting would-be purchasers of tickets, I for one am not ashamed.

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EVENING MAIL
New York
NOV 6 1914

lished

ARTISTIC CONCERT BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck's Famous Orchestra on First Visit of Season Presents All-German Programme—Beethoven's Eroica Symphony, Originally Dedicated to Napoleon, the Climax.

By SIGMUND SPAETH.

Karl Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra paid us their first visit of the season last evening, presenting an all-German programme at Carnegie Hall.

Many puerilities have recently been spoken and written concerning neutrality and partisanship in the field of music. The English gained some notoriety by boycotting German music in their concert halls. The Germans, never having paid any serious attention to English music, had no means of direct vengeance. In France even the good old Camille Saint-Saens is reported to have said some foolish things about German composers.

In this supposedly neutral country it is ridiculous to accuse a conductor of Dr. Muck's standing of prejudice in the selection of a programme. Since the Germans hold undisputed supremacy in orchestral music, there is no reason why an entire programme should not be made up of their compositions. Certainly the names of Beethoven, Haydn, Brahms, Strauss and Weber are of more than local significance.

Beethoven's Eroica symphony was Dr. Muck's big number last evening. The great German erased the name of Napoleon from the title-page of his score after the great Frenchman had lost his halo by accepting the emperor's crown.

Marvelous Effects Produced.

Those who insist upon dragging the martial spirit into all the events of their daily life may apply yesterday's presentation of the symphony to any up-to-date hero of the European disgrace whose character has been sufficiently disappointing.

When an orchestra plays as we are accustomed to hear the Bostonians play, critical comment runs too easily into superlatives to be of much interest or value. Dr. Muck still has under his baton what is probably the most highly trained company of musicians in the world. And the leader himself still retains his marvelous ability to bring out the minutest details of structure as well as of expression in an orchestral composition.

Admiration of his results almost gives way to astonishment at the simplicit of his methods. Dr. Muck unquestionably gets along with fewer and smalle gestures than any other conductor nov before the public. At one time last evening he worked up a climax with bot hands at his sides, merely indicatin the rhythm with an occasional nod o the head.

Aside from the Beethoven symphony the programme included the "Do Juan" of Richard Strauss, always a effective medium for the display of orchestral virtuosity; Brahms's variation on a theme by Haydn, op. 56a, an Weber's Eurvanthe Overture.

From EVENING NEWS
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Date

Established:

THRONG FILL LYRIC TO GREET BOSTO ORCHEST

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Mr. Amato spoke in a pleasantly reminiscent way of his appearances at the Lyric with the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company five years ago, especially of the night when he sang "Giaconda," with Caruso and Destinn, when President Taft and his party occupied a box.

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From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date NOV 8 - 1914

CRITICS, MUSIC AND POLITICS

How Doctor Muck Was Badgered for Playing Brahms, Beethoven and Weber.

YESTERDAY'S BOSTON CONCERT

Brahms Played Again Despite Noise of Those Who Confuse Him With Von Kluck.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

1884

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its Saturday concert yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall.

There was the customary large audience, and many had perforce to be turned away.

This orchestra spends three days in New York during the five months of the Winter season. Two concerts are given in Manhattan and one in Brooklyn. It is suggested that the Friday night concert which takes place across the bridges should be given here seeing that the subway has brought Brooklyn as near to Carnegie Hall as many parts of Manhattan. The really musical people of Manhattan would value the opportunity of hearing the Boston Symphony Orchestra a little more than present conditions permit.

Before reviewing the performance of the Boston symphonists I will take it upon myself to apologize to Dr. Muck on behalf of the more educated and intelligent of the New York reviewers of music for the unworthy attacks made on him for playing German music at his opening concert.

Stupid and Detestable Outcry.

The outcry has been a detestable piece of stupidity, and has been or ought to be repudiated by the more honest and the more courageous of our writers. In more than one journal Dr. Muck was actually accused of "German propaganda" in playing the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven and compositions by other men of genius who happened to be born in Germany. One reviewer writing for a morning paper made no less than three political insinuations in one paragraph. In the race of Asses to Nowhere this person felt determined to be the first.

I venture to suggest that if the bitterness of certain critics against the German nation is so great, they should go into the trenches on the Aisne, and fight the German soldiers. They will find the German soldiers there quite ready to receive them. I admit that to do this is much harder than to fight conductors and trouble the sensitive spirits of first trombones.

The present writer holds no brief for the Germans in the present war; but he does, as a student, for the great German spirits and intellects who have stimulated humanity and made it think more highly of itself.

Pitiable Incident.

The whole incident is pitiable and ignoble and calculated to destroy any confidence that cultivated Europe may ever have placed in the sense and judgment of the New York music critics. It tempts me to amplify a celebrated dictum of Disraeli and say that a critic is often one who having done nothing in art or literature himself, uses his stupid glibness to embitter the existence and hinder the progress of men of interpretative or constructive genius. And it is monstrous also that men who are unable to distinguish between the abstract and impersonal beauties of the most idealistic of arts, and the concrete issues of war and politics, should be sitting in judgment on artistic matters.

Brahms Second Symphony.

The chief number in yesterday's programme was the Second Symphony of Brahms, written by that master in one of his noblest and serenest moods.

I trust there is no treason in quoting for the occasion a celebrated German historian, but as there is no Hottentot Herodotus that serves my purpose, I shall venture to do so. Mommsen tells us that the character of Julius Caesar was perfect. Dr. Muck's interpretation of the Brahms Symphony was normal.

The programme concluded with an amiable suite by Chadwick and Sibelius's "Finlandia."

Mr. Harold Bauer gave a recital at Aeolian Hall. His programme was derived from the works of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms.

Mr. Bauer is a pianist who regards the emotional content of a composer's work of more importance than a personal display of pianistic sophistry and [illegible]. Therefore he is the more welcome as an artist.

From AMERICAN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date Nov 9' 1914

Est 1884

ON MUSICAL APPRECIATION.

That the music lovers and concert-goers realize the benefits to be derived from the weekly musical appreciation talks of Harold Randolph, director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, was shown by the large attendance at the opening meeting last Monday when Mr. Randolph discussed the Boston Symphony Orchestra program. The talks are designed to create a better understanding of the general principles of music and in this way insure greater enjoyment of musical concerts. Appreciation is familiarity, and the director will endeavor to create the former by explanation and illustration.

The talks will take place in the lecture hall of the institute on Monday afternoons at 5 o'clock and continue until March 15. During the course Mr. Randolph will be assisted by other artists, both instrumental and vocal. A knowledge of music is not required and the plan of the lectures will be popular enough to be readily enjoyed by the uninitiated. At the talk this afternoon Mr. Randolph will take up the subject of melodies and explain their formation and how to recognize them. He will also explain other fundamental principles and close the meeting with a short piano program illustrating the different points under discussion. It is expected that these talks will meet a long-felt want in the music life of the city, and that the average musical listener will find them of inestimable value.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 6 -

Dr. Muck's Men Play Finely at Opening Concert

Boston Symphony Orchestra Opens Its New York Season with All German Programme.

War and its sentiments played no part in last night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, the beginning of its twenty-ninth season in this city, save that there were several new members among the players. Anti-Germans and pro-Germans united in welcoming Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor, with enthusiasm apparently born of profound admiration, and although each number was the composition of a German, it was received with lasting applause. The German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, heard the concert from a box.

Several times were the members of the orchestra compelled to rise and bow their acknowledgments of the applause. And on two occasions Dr. Muck allowed the musicians to play whole sections without even raising his baton to lead them, only nodding his head now and again.

The playing of the Beethoven "Eroica" symphony, which began the concert, was a combination of dignity, technical perfection and beauty of utterance. Then came the Brahms Variations on the Haydn St. Anthony Chorale, followed by Dr. Richard Strauss' monumental tone poem, "Don Juan," which the orchestra performed with a show of virtuosity seldom equalled by the organization. And for a conclusion there was Weber's overture to the opera "Euryanthe," with its jubilant beginning and its rushing coda, which stirred the audience to applause that brought Dr. Muck back several times.

The conductor again directed his men with great authority and the orchestra responded with the esprit which has marked its playing so often in the past. The audience taxed the capacity of the hall and some went away from the box office empty handed. Their enthusiasm was equal to their numbers, which tells the whole story.

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City
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1884

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From TRIBUNE
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Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT CARNEGIE HALL

Est 1884

Orchestral Friends from "Hub" Opening Series of Concerts.

In the progress of the score of years during which the Boston Symphony has bestowed its benisons on New York the vocabulary of praise has been thoroughly exhausted; so has that of description and critical analysis.

It is only when the splendid body of musicians introduces a new work, or its conductor discloses a different conception of a familiar work from that held by his colleagues at the head of local organizations that the reviewer can get away from a simple record or a revamping of old utterances. It has become impossible even to chronicle growth in local appreciation of the visitors, for, so far as it can be measured by the attendance, that reached its limit some time ago.

When all the seats in a vast room like Carnegie Hall are subscribed for a year in advance the tale does not admit of many sequels. Nor is it necessary to popular knowledge that reiterations be made of the circumstances that the audiences have come to represent the fine flavor of New York's music lovers.

What, then, needs be said, or shall be said, of the first concert of the Bostonians, which took place last night? Not much. The men were gladly seen, were gladly heard, and Dr. Muck was enthusiastically greeted when he came upon the stage, but more enthusiastically when he turned to bow his acknowledgments for the expressions of delight which followed the performance of Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony, which opened the programme. Thereafter the general happiness grew with what it fed on—Brahms's variations as a theme by Haydn, Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" and Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," that truly German opera which Signor Toscanini selected for this season's Metropolitan list to bridge the chasm between Beethoven and Wagner. All the old opulence of tone, all the old technical precision, all the old harmonic brilliancy and clarity with which the public is familiar, was again in evidence, and the concert was a period of æsthetic refreshment and mental uplift.

H. E. K.

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date NOV 6 - 1914

Estab 1884

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

A Concert of German Music at the Opening of Its Season.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was welcomed last evening with the heartiest enthusiasm at its first appearance this season in New York at Carnegie Hall. The audience, as it has been for so many years, was as large as the hall could hold. Mr. Witek, the concert master, received a round of applause when he came upon the platform, apparently a little to his surprise, and when Dr. Muck appeared he was made to bow again and again by applause given in glad recognition of his return from troublous scenes, and of his re-entrance upon a task that has given, and will continue to give, so much and so rare pleasure to New York lovers of orchestral music.

It was possibly not wholly an accident that Dr. Muck's first programme put before his listeners only German music by some of its most distinguished representatives, Beethoven and Weber, Brahms and Strauss; that the symphony was the "Eroica," concerning which M. d'Indy, as Mr. Hale points out in his programme notes—M. d'Indy, the French composer and writer—"in discussing the patriotism of Beethoven as shown in his music, calls attention to the 'militarisme,' the adaptation of a warlike rhythm to melody, that characterizes the funeral march;" or even that Count von Bernstorff and Dr. Dernburg, who naturally have a deep interest in German music, occupied a box.

The programme consisted of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Brahms's variations and theme of Haydn, Strauss's tone poem "Don Juan," and Weber's overture to "Euryanthe." This music, as it has so often and most of it for so many years, ("Don Juan" as lately as last Friday,) profoundly moved, delighted, and edified the audience, who found so much and such varied pleasure in its content and in the wonderfully fine performance that they had no need and no desire to think of anything but the merits of both and least of all of any possible ulterior suggestion in the occasion.

The orchestra seemed in its finest form; and though only recently reassembled after more or less strenuous effort, has never played with more beauty and exquisite balance of tone, more finish and more fire, nor has Dr. Muck ever swayed it more perfectly to his wishes. His interpretation of the symphony was an exposition of the composer's thought, untouched by a conductor's desire to establish a "reading" or to find what none had been able to find in it before. It was superbly vigorous and elastic, marked by modifications of tempo so subtle that they never obtruded themselves as such or impeded the fundamental rhythm of the music. Notable were the depth and shadowy richness of orchestral color in Brahms's variations, only to be presented by such an expert setting of the palette as was bestowed upon it: and strongly contrasting with them the easier brilliancy of Strauss's tone poem, played with marvelous élan and clarity. It was not surprising that there was tempestuous applause, or that Dr. Muck found occasion to make his men rise to share it with him after the symphony.

From EVENING POST
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Date NOV 9 - 1914

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony concert of Saturday afternoon opened with the best of Brahms's symphonies, the second—in D major. Dr. Muck's scholarly interpretations of Brahms are so well known that comment seems superfluous. The "Symphonic Sketches," a suite for orchestra, of George W. Chadwick, was the other principal number. This suite consists of four movements—"Jubilee," "Noël," "Hobgoblin," and "A Vagrom Ballad." These are full of good, wholesome melody, and orchestrated with plenty of color. The "Noël" is a Christmas song for orchestra of unusual beauty. It is not like a Christmas carol, and yet it has the Christmas spirit—perhaps it is the finest of the four.

The third number is a rollicking scherzo, while the last is a tramp's ditty which borders on the comic—with its quotation from Bach's great G minor fugue played on the xylophone. The "Finlandia" of Sibelius ended the programme. No doubt this was better to end a programme with, but it has been heard frequently, while "The Swan of Tuonela," which figured on the Brooklyn programme of the Boston Orchestra, would have been more welcome. It was conducted by the composer at the Norfolk festival last June and produced a profound impression on all who heard it. There are other interesting works of the early Sibelius besides the "Finlandia" and "Valse triste." Why are they not heard?

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City

Date NOV 8 - 1914

1884

CRITICS, MUSIC AND POLITICS

How Doctor Muck Was Badgered for Playing Brahms, Beethoven and Weber.

YESTERDAY'S BOSTON CONCERT

Brahms Played Again Despite Noise of Those Who Confuse Him With Von Kluck.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its Saturday concert yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall.

There was the customary large audience, and many had perforce to be turned away.

This orchestra spends three days in New York during the five months of the Winter season. Two concerts are given in Manhattan and one in Brooklyn. It is suggested that the Friday night concert which takes place across the bridges should be given here seeing that the subway has brought Brooklyn as near to Carnegie Hall as many parts of Manhattan. The really musical people of Manhattan would value the opportunity of hearing the Boston Symphony Orchestra a little more than present conditions permit.

Before reviewing the performance of the Boston symphonists I will take it upon myself to apologize to Dr. Muck on behalf of the more educated and intelligent of the New York reviewers of music for the unworthy attacks made on him for playing German music at his opening concert.

Stupid and Detestable Outcry.

The outcry has been a detestable piece of stupid: ·, and has been or ought to be repudiated by the more honest and the more courageous of our writers. In more than one journal Dr. Muck was actually accused of "German propaganda" in playing the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven and compositions by other men of genius who happened to be born in Germany. One reviewer writing for a morning paper made no less than three political insinuations in one paragraph. In the race of Asses to Nowhere this person felt determined to be the first.

I venture to suggest that if the bitterness of certain critics against the German nation is so great, they should go into the trenches on the Aisne, and fight the German soldiers. They will find the German soldiers there quite ready to receive them. I admit that to do this is much harder than to fight conductors and trouble the sensitive spirits of first trombones.

The present writer holds no brief for the Germans in the present war; but he does, as a student, for the great German spirits and intellects who have stimulated humanity and made it think more highly of itself.

Pitiable Incident.

The whole incident is pitiable and ignoble and calculated to destroy any confidence that cultivated Europe may ever have placed in the sense and judgment of the New York music critics. It tempts me to amplify a celebrated dictum of Disraeli and say that a critic is often one who having done nothing in art or literature himself, uses his stupid glibness to embitter the existence and hinder the progress of men of interpretative or constructive genius. And it is monstrous also that men who are unable to distinguish between the abstract and impersonal beauties of the most idealistic of arts, and the concrete issues of war and politics, should be sitting in judgment on artistic matters.

Brahms Second Symphony.

The chief number in yesterday's programme was the Second Symphony of Brahms, written by that master in one of his noblest and serenest moods.

I trust there is no treason in quoting for the occasion a celebrated German historian, but as there is no Hottentot Herodotus that serves my purpose, I shall venture to do so. Mommsen tells us that the character of Julius Caesar was perfect. Dr. Muck's interpretation of the Brahms Symphony was normal.

The programme concluded with an amiable suite by Chadwick and Sibelius's "Finlandia."

Mr. Harold Bauer gave a recital at Aeolian Hall. His programme was derived from the works of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms.

Mr. Bauer is a pianist who regards the emotional content of a composer's work of more importance than a personal display of pianistic sophistry and brilliance. Therefore he is the more welcome as an artist.

From AMERICAN
Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date Nov 9 1914

Est 1884

ON MUSICAL APPRECIATION.

That the music lovers and concertgoers realize the benefits to be derived from the weekly musical appreciation talks of Harold Randolph, director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, was shown by the large attendance at the opening meeting last Monday when Mr. Randolph discussed the Boston Symphony Orchestra program. The talks are designed to create a better understanding of the general principles of music and in this way insure greater enjoyment of musical concerts. Appreciation is familiarity, and the director will endeavor to create the former by explanation and illustration.

The talks will take place in the lecture hall of the institute on Monday afternoons at 5 o'clock and continue until March 15. During the course Mr. Randolph will be assisted by other artists, both instrumental and vocal. A knowledge of music is not required and the plan of the lectures will be popular enough to be readily enjoyed by the uninitiated. At the talk this afternoon Mr. Randolph will take up the subject of melodies and explain their formation and how to recognize them. He will also explain other fundamental principles and close the meeting with a short piano program illustrating the different points under discussion. It is expected that these talks will meet a long-felt want in the music life of the city, and that the average musical listener will find them of inestimable value.

From HERALD
Address: New York City

Date NOV 6 -

Esta 34

Dr. Muck's Men Play Finely at Opening Concert

Boston Symphony Orchestra Opens Its New York Season with All German Programme.

War and its sentiments played no part in last night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, the beginning of its twenty-ninth season in this city, save that there were several new members among the players. Anti-Germans and pro-Germans united in welcoming Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor, with enthusiasm apparently born of profound admiration, and although each number was the composition of a German, it was received with lasting applause. The German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, heard the concert from a box.

Several times were the members of the orchestra compelled to rise and bow their acknowledgments of the applause. And on two occasions Dr. Muck allowed the musicians to play whole sections without even raising his baton to lead them, only nodding his head now and again.

The playing of the Beethoven "Eroica" symphony, which began the concert, was a combination of dignity, technical perfection and beauty of utterance. Then came the Brahms Variations on the Haydn St. Anthony Chorale, followed by Dr. Richard Strauss' monumental tone poem, "Don Juan," which the orchestra performed with a show of virtuosity seldom equalled by the organization. And for a conclusion there was Weber's overture to the opera "Euryanthe," with its jubilant beginning and its rushing coda, which stirred the audience to applause that brought Dr. Muck back several times.

The conductor again directed his men with great authority and the orchestra responded with the esprit which has marked its playing so often in the past. The audience taxed the capacity of the hall and some went away from the box office empty handed. Their enthusiasm was equal to their numbers, which tells the whole story.

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City

Date NOV 6 - 1914

Es 1884

Boston Orchestra Warmly Greeted At First Concert

By Sylvester Rawling.

WHEN Dr. Karl Muck entered upon the stage of Carnegie Hall last night to conduct the first concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra he was warmly greeted by a crowded house of music lovers, in which people of fashion were a large part. Twice before the programme was finished he called upon his players to rise in acknowledgment of the applause. At the end there was another tribute to himself that was worth while for him to receive: The Boston Orchestra had proved again its right to a high place under the sun.

An "inspired" anonymous writer recently protested that the New York music critics, of whom he held me to be the chief offender, had unduly exalted the Boston Symphony Orchestra to the detriment of our own symphony organizations, and to the discouragement of local musical endeavor. Strange combination of ignorance and maliciousness! New York always has insisted upon getting the best that it knew in music, and when, through the fostering care and munificence of Major Higginson, Boston was able to maintain the best orchestra in America—perhaps the best in the world—it was the duty of New York writers about music to call the attention of New York music lovers to the fact. If our efforts have resulted in changing houses half filled into houses with the "Standing Room Only" sign confronting would-be purchasers of tickets, I for one am not ashamed.

That conditions have improved in New York is true. Thanks to the bequest of $1,000,000 from Mr. Pulitzer and to the genius and training capacity of Mr. Stransky. The Philharmonic Society's orchestra is become one to challenge comparison with the best. Thanks, too, to the financial support of Mr. Harry Harkness Flagler, and the indefatiguable industry of Walter Damrosch the Symphony Society's orchestra is one of which New York well may be proud. But it is no discredit to either of these organizations that some of us continue to take off our hats to the Boston Orchestra. Beside the orchestra from the Hub is become part of us. Few of its New York patrons stop to think that its base is at the foot of Bunker Hill instead of in Carnegie Hall. If annual concerts in New York should be abandoned it would be a calamity for our local music world.

Dr. Muck's programme last night consisted of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Brahms's "Variations on a theme by Josef Haydn," Richard Strauss's war poem "Don Juan," and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture. The presentation of it was masterful. The delivery of the symphony was incisive to the verge of irritation. One almost longed for something disturbing to happen. The Strauss work became imbued with new beauty by reason of the perfection of its exposition. It was a relief to have Weber's ingratiating overture for the finish.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City

Date

Est 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT CARNEGIE HALL

Orchestral Friends from "Hub" Opening Series of Concerts.

In the progress of the score of years during which the Boston Symphony has bestowed its benisons on New York the vocabulary of praise has been thoroughly exhausted; so has that of description and critical analysis.

It is only when the splendid body of musicians introduces a new work, or its conductor discloses a different conception of a familiar work from that held by his colleagues at the head of local organizations that the reviewer can get away from a simple record or a revamping of old utterances. It has become impossible even to chronicle growth in local appreciation of the visitors, for, so far as it can be measured by the attendance, that reached its limit some time ago.

When all the seats in a vast room like Carnegie Hall are subscribed for a year in advance the tale does not admit of many sequels. Nor is it necessary to popular knowledge that reiterations be made of the circumstances that the audiences have come to represent the fine flavor of New York's music lovers.

What, then, needs be said, or shall be said, of the first concert of the Bostonians, which took place last night? Not much. The men were gladly seen, were gladly heard, and Dr. Muck was enthusiastically greeted when he came upon the stage, but more enthusiastically when he turned to bow his acknowledgments for the expressions of delight which followed the performance of Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony, which opened the programme. Thereafter the general happiness grew with what it fed on—Brahms's variations as a theme by Haydn, Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" and Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," that truly German opera which Signor Toscanini selected for this season's Metropolitan list to bridge the chasm between Beethoven and Wagner. All the old opulence of tone, all the old technical precision, all the old harmonic brilliancy and clarity with which the public is familiar, was again in evidence, and the concert was a period of æsthetic refreshment and mental uplift.

H. E. K.

TIMES
ress: New York City

te NOV 6 1914

tab 884

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

A Concert of German Music at the Opening of Its Season.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was welcomed last evening with the heartiest enthusiasm at its first appearance this season in New York at Carnegie Hall. The audience, as it has been for so many years, was as large as the hall could hold. Mr. Witek, the concert master, received a round of applause when he came upon the platform, apparently a little to his surprise, and when Dr. Muck appeared he was made to bow again and again by applause given in glad recognition of his return from troublous scenes, and of his re-entrance upon a task that has given, and will continue to give, so much and so rare pleasure to New York lovers of orchestral music.

It was possibly not wholly an accident that Dr. Muck's first programme put before his listeners only German music by some of its most distinguished representatives, Beethoven and Weber, Brahms and Strauss; that the symphony was the "Eroica," concerning which M. d'Indy, as Mr. Hale points out in his programme notes — M. d'Indy, the French composer and writer—"in discussing the patriotism of Beethoven as shown in his music, calls attention to the 'militarisme,' the adaptation of a warlike rhythm to melody, that characterizes the funeral march;" or even that Count von Bernstorff and Dr. Dernburg, who naturally have a deep interest in German music, occupied a box.

The programme consisted of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Brahms's variations and theme of Haydn, Strauss's tone poem "Don Juan," and Weber's overture to "Euryanthe." This music, as it has so often and most of it for so many years, ("Don Juan" as lately as last Friday,) profoundly moved, delighted, and edified the audience, who found so much and such varied pleasure in its content and in the wonderfully fine performance that they had no need and no desire to think of anything but the merits of both and least of all of any possible ulterior suggestion in the occasion.

The orchestra seemed in its finest form; and though only recently reassembled after more or less strenuous effort, has never played with more beauty and exquisite balance of tone, more finish and more fire, nor has Dr. Muck ever swayed it more perfectly to his wishes. His interpretation of the symphony was an exposition of the composer's thought, untouched by a conductor's desire to establish a "reading" or to find what none had been able to find in it before. It was superbly vigorous and elastic, marked by modifications of tempo so subtle that they never obtruded themselves as such or impeded the fundamental rhythm of the music. Notable were the depth and shadowy richness of orchestral color in Brahms's variations, only to be presented by such an expert setting of the palette as was bestowed upon it: and strongly contrasting with them the easier brilliancy of Strauss's tone poem, played with marvelous elan and clarity. It was not surprising that there was tempestuous applause, or that Dr. Muck found occasion to make his men rise to share it with him after the symphony.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City

Date NOV 9 - 1914

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony concert of Saturday afternoon opened with the best of Brahms's symphonies, the second—in D major. Dr. Muck's scholarly interpretations of Brahms are so well known that comment seems superfluous. The "Symphonic Sketches," a suite for orchestra, of George W. Chadwick, was the other principal number. This suite consists of four movements—"Jubilee," "Noël," "Hobgoblin," and "A Vagrom Ballad." These are full of good, wholesome melody, and orchestrated with plenty of color. The "Noël" is a Christmas song for orchestra of unusual beauty. It is not like a Christmas carol, and yet it has the Christmas spirit—perhaps it is the finest of the four.

The third number is a rollicking scherzo, while the last is a tramp's ditty which borders on the comic—with its quotation from Bach's great G minor fugue played on the xylophone. The "Finlandia" of Sibelius ended the programme. No doubt this was better to end a programme with, but it has been heard frequently, while "The Swan of Tuonela," which figured on the Brooklyn programme of the Boston Orchestra, would have been more welcome. It was conducted by the composer at the Norfolk festival last June and produced a profound impression on all who heard it. There are other interesting works of the early Sibelius besides the "Finlandia" and "Valse triste." Why are they not heard?

SUN

From
Address: New York City

NOV 6 1914

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN FIRST CONCERT

k, 1884

Programme of Standard Works Played With Much Brilliancy and Skill.

DR. MUCK'S CONDUCTING

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season in this city took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. Despite the fact that the European war disarranged some of the best laid plans of Charles A. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, and of Dr. Karl Muck, its distinguished conductor, the body of players was almost the same as that which visited us last season. The few changes were not of a kind to alter the constitution of the organization, and the first number on the programme served to prove that the best traditions of this national institution were to be preserved.

Dr. Muck was very warmly welcomed. He is a bad programme maker and he was in his worst form with this opening concert. There was one number too many on the list and it was not at all difficult to discern which one it was. The entertainment began with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. This was followed by the Brahms variations on Haydn's theme, the "Chorale St. Anthoni," Richard Strauss's tone poem "Don Juan" and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture.

The Brahms variations are admirable and when properly placed always make an effect with an audience. But after such a delivery of Beethoven's "Eroica" as that heard last evening these fine and reflective developments of the solemn chorale seemed have been left too long in the sun and to have dried out entirely.

A far better contrast would have been made by omitting this number and going directly to the materialistic promulgation of Mr. Strauss. Beethoven's time honored symphony is still too much alive, its blood is too warm and its pulse too strong to permit of a successful challenge from a set of variations, even those made by a master.

The performance of the symphony was something to be remembered for the rest of the season. The nobility of the orchestral tone, the exquisite finish of the nuancing, the perfection of the precision and unanimity, the eloquence of the reading of the conductor; all these were memorable matters. And how young, how strong, how vigorous the symphony sounded in these days of sea green meditations, of preachments of philosophy, theosophy and even atrophy.

Let us be glad that this music remains to remind us that it is not essential to our spiritual uplift that we should be introduced to strange scales, to unheard of instruments and to counterpoint of different tonalities. The music of 110 years ago puts most of the futurist product to shame. It has a message and it publishes it in no uncertain manner. But when the work is to be played it ought always to be played as it was last evening, with enthusiasm, with full faith in its vitality and with loving care in the treatment of its details.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 3 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT THE ACADEMY

188

"Eroica" Symphony Played in Stirring Fashion and Pasquale Amato Sings Airs of Saint-Saens and Haendel.

PROGRAM.

Beethoven	Third ("Eroica") Symphony
Saint-Saens..Aria,	"Qui donc Commande" From "Henry VIII"
Richard Strauss	Tone Poem, "Don Juan"
Haendel..Aria,	"Ombra mai fu," from "Serse"
Sametana	Overture, "The Bartered Bride"

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck's direction, opened its local season at the Academy last evening. Though 30 members, including the conductor, were abroad this summer, but two changes have been made in the personnel that faced a crowded auditorium. Mr. Grisez's place as first clarinet is taken by Mr. Sand, first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera, and Mr. Fosse's post among the oboes is filled by Mr. Stanislaus, solo oboist of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, London.

It is hard to imagine how the great "Eroica" could have been better played. ~~The interpretation quite effaced the memory of the barbarous manhandling the work received from the New York Symphony the other evening.~~ This reading pulsated with vitality, was pointed with sudden stress and accent, each instrument on the alert for its own share in fashioning the contrasts of light and shade and rythmic subtleties. The first violins with their blended golden tone, their shimmering touch-and-go as delicate as frostwork in the Scherzo, the plaint of the oboe in the funeral march,

split and scatter the tone ... shrapnel), the passionate whir of the flute like the wings of a white bird—these distinctive elements were not more admirable than the concept of the work in its entirety which Doctor Muck and the players divined and enforced.

Like pastmasters in any other profession, they made all they did seem easy. This was true as well of the tremendous, tearing trumpets in Don Juan's erotic delirium, with the lovely interlude of flue, oboe and clarinet amid the melee, the catlike pounces of the kettledrum, and finally that marvelous fugue of the strings keeping the dizzying pace of the Smetana overture.

This was the Boston Orchestra at its best, in execution that was the last word of technical virtuosity, in absolute oneness of purpose, informed and inspired by authentic genius on the part of director and directed.

With reciprocal pleasure in the reappearance, Pasquale Amato, the Metropolitan baritone, gave his hearers two operatic airs that contrasted modern ingenuity with classic simplicity. The Saint-Saens air—especially at the words "Empire reste"—was scarcely within the reach of the easy flexibility of the singer's voice. It was instructive to hear our old friend "Handel's Largo" restored to its original setting and the grateful shade of the apostrophized plane-tree. Admirable as the singing was, with many recalls attesting the vocalist's popularity, one felt that his contribution was perceptibly below the level of the rest of the performance. He seemed more bent on achieving a personal success than his associates in the program, who exalted their message and their mission rather than themselves.

GLOBE'S CHINESE ACT

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date NOV 6 - 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY, LED BY KARL MUCK, HEARD

Esta 1884

Capacity House Greets Famous Orchestra in Carnegie Hall.

Dr. Karl Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of which he is still the distinguished leader, gave their first New York concert of the season last night in Carnegie Hall before a capacity audience. The famous conductor was greeted enthusiastically on his first entrance and had to bow repeatedly to the plaudits of his admirers. At the end of the first offering, Beethoven's immortal "Eroica" symphony, there was another prolonged demonstration, the noise redoubling when the whole orchestra rose to acknowledge the applause.

Evidently Dr. Muck has lost none of his popularity in this city. Evidently, too, Charles Ellis, despite the difficulties he encountered in Germany, has managed to bring together most of the musicians who made up the organization last year.

They played under their leader's baton as only the Boston Orchestra plays. In all of the "Eroica" scherzo, except the trio, they even played unaided by the rhythmical oscillations of his stick, with only an occasional movement of his hand, nod of his head or glance of his eyes to carry them smoothly along.

But if the great symphony in which Beethoven is supposed to have glorified the heroic figure of Napoleon showed plainly the Boston Symphony Orchestra had lost nothing in quality and efficiency, the Brahms Variations on a theme by Haydn, given with exquisite precision and clearness, and Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," in which the euphony and transparency of the instrument Dr. Muck had at his command were brought into striking evidence, carried an even more convincing message.

So nicely balanced, perspicuous, plastic and sweepingly melodious a performance of "Don Juan" it is hard to recall. Here the Boston Orchestra and Dr. Muck were at their best. It seemed, indeed, as if every man was inspired by something more than the desire to do full justice to Strauss's beautiful score.

There the concert might have stopped. Already the hour was late. But few persons left before the programme had come to a close with Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, played with stirring rhythmical verve and power. It was a concert not soon to be forgotten.

MAX SMITH.

From GLOBE
Address: New York City
Date NOV 9 1914

Music.

Concert Chronicles of Two Days —Some Gossip.

k, 1884

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second local concert of the season at Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon. The audience was as large as usual, which is to say as large as the hall can hold, though it was somewhat less given to applause than usual. The latter phenomenon could hardly put out of countenance a body

[44]

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men
Hall, Boston.

Brahms's second symphony headed the programme, and the performance accorded it under the leadership of Dr. Muck was one to be received with deep gratitude. The clearness of Dr. Muck's reading, its continuous flow, its feeling for the essential beauty of the music of Brahms made it truly satisfying. The rest of the programme was the kind of thing that it is quite unnecessary for an orchestra to travel from Boston to play in New York. George W. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" are not without cleverness, especially in the matter of orchestration, but they are at this date of too little importance from any point of view to make it incumbent on the band from Boston to play them on its too rare visits to New York.

In Boston recently Dr. Muck put three pieces by the Finn Sibelius on one programme. Among them was "The Swan of Tuonela." Would that he had put on his programme of Saturday "The Swan of Tuonela," which is almost, if not entirely, unknown in New York, instead of the "Finlandia," which is altogether too well known—brass band music appropriate to beer gardens in summer time.

From SUN
Address: New York City.
Date NOV 8

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN BRAHMS MUSIC

1884

First Matinee Concert Opens With Great Performance of Second Symphony.

SUITE BY MR. CHADWICK

It must have escaped the notice of some of the local commentators on musical matters that on October 23 Dr. Karl Muck conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its home city in the first performance there of the fourth symphony of Joseph Guy Marie Ropartz, born in 1864 in Guingamp, France, and by the latest accounts a resident of the troubled city of Nancy. Possibly the same recorders forget that on the programme of yesterday's matinee was the symphonic poem "Finlandia," by Jan Sibelius, born in Finland and living in Helsingfors, a city in the domains of his Imperial Majesty of Russia.

If these facts had not been overlooked there might have been less said about the exclusively German character of the music at the first concert of the Bostonians on Thursday evening. Dr. Muck is a musician and a great master, as well as a Prussian, and he has under his baton an orchestra in which Germans, Bohemians, Russians, French, Belgians, Italians and Americans are seated together. The beneficent shield of art will protect them all, and therefore it will probably not be necessary again to touch upon the subject of neutrality.

Yesterday afternoon's programme was not one to tax the mind of the listener. It has always been Dr. Muck's plan to make the matinee concerts somewhat simpler in constitution than the evening ones. Whether this is because he has no belief in the theatrical manager's bogey, the "tired business man," or because he is no advocate of the equality of the sexes he has not made known. The plan has certain merits at any rate.

The concert began with the great D major symphony of Brahms, which was sung by the instrumental body in such a manner as to move the really sensitive listener to emotion. Tone of the most luscious quality, perfect balance, exquisite adjustment of the dynamics and the modification of tempi in the nuancing and a masterly arrangement of the details of the performance in their relations to a noble general conception were the salient features of this unique performance.

The symphony was followed by George Whitfield Chadwick's suite for orchestra entitled "Symphonic Sketches." The work has four movements with the names "Jubilee," "Noel," "Hobgoblin" and "A Vagrom Ballad." They were composed at different times and were first played all together by the Boston Orchestra in Boston on February 7, 1908, Dr. Muck conducting.

A melodious suite is this, sometimes richly and sometimes ineffectively orchestrated, but always bearing the marks of a musician's hand. The preachments of Dr. Dvorak as to American thematic materials were not lost on Mr. Chadwick, who has heard the tune of the Afro-American folk song and found it to his liking. Some of the best thought in his sketches is that which imitates plantation melody.

The first movement is perhaps the most firmly knit of the four, though the slow one has some value. But this suite is not one of the best creations of the distinguished head of the New England Conservatory of Music. It was admirably played, of course, and a similar statement can be made in regard to Sibelius's tuneful song of Finland which brought the concert to a pleasant end.

In the last two weeks Philadelphia has had the chance to hear the very best music that human talent, polished by time and backed by money, can produce. The Boston Symphony, led by Muck, was the ne plus ultra of harmonious ensemble. Long training has brought it down as near to perfection as human art is likely to get. It seems as though further practice can only maintain it at the highest pinnacle it has reached. One can hardly conceive of its rising higher.

Three Great Orchestras Here

The Philadelphia Orchestra, under its young leader, Leopold Stokowski, is following closely in the track of the senior organization. The concerts already given this season have been wonderfully good, and nothing could bring out its excellence better than a comparison with the New York Orchestra last week under Damrosch.

From GERMAN HEROLD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 7 - 1914

Es 1884

Man muß es Dr. Karl Muck von der Boſtoner Symphonie laſſen: Er hat den Muth ſeiner Ueberzeugung! Beweis: Sein vorgeſtriges Programm, beſtehend aus Beethoven, Haydn, Brahms, Strauß und Weber. Dr. Muck hat es nicht nöthig, Neutralitätserklärungen abzugeben, wie manche andere Dirigenten hieſiger Muſik-Geſellſchaften.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date NOV 8 - 1914

188

The second of the Boston Symphony Concerts will be given in Infantry Hall a week from Tuesday evening, Nov. 17. The soloist will be that most admirable pianist, Harold Bauer, and the programme will be devoted to two of the three great "Bs," Beethoven and Brahms. The symphony will be Brahms's delightfully melodious second in D-major with which the orchestra under Dr. Muck has this year had such extraordinary success. Mr. Bauer will play Beethoven's great "Concerto in G-Major, No. 4," and the final number will be Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

HAROLD BAUER,
Pianist Who is to Be the Soloist at the Next Symphony Concert at Infantry Hall Nov. 17.

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date NOV 8 1914

Establish

PHILADELPHIA HAS FINE THEATRICALS

On Monday night, the first concert of the thirtieth season of the Boston Symphony in Philadelphia, was given at the Academy of Music. The orchestra was directed by Dr. Karl Muck, whose choice of symphonies was the Beethoven "Eroica." Strauss's tone poem "Don Juan"; and Smetana's "Bartered Bride" were other orchestral numbers.

SUN

From
Address: New York City

NOV 6 1914

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN FIRST CONCERT

k, 1884

Programme of Standard Works Played With Much Brilliancy and Skill.

DR. MUCK'S CONDUCTING

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season in this city took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. Despite the fact that the European war disarranged some of the best laid plans of Charles A. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, and of Dr. Karl Muck, its distinguished conductor, the body of players was almost the same as that which visited us last season. The few changes were not of a kind to alter the constitution of the organization, and the first number on the programme served to prove that the best traditions of this national institution were to be preserved.

Dr. Muck was very warmly welcomed. He is a bad programme maker and he was in his worst form with this opening concert. There was one number too many on the list and it was not at all difficult to discern which one it was. The entertainment began with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. This was followed by the Brahms variations on Haydn's theme, the "Chorale St. Anthoni," Richard Strauss's tone poem "Don Juan" and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture.

The Brahms variations are admirable and when properly placed always make an effect with an audience. But after such a delivery of Beethoven's "Eroica" as that heard last evening these fine and reflective developments of the solemn chorale seemed have been left too long in the sun and to have dried out entirely.

A far better contrast would have been made by omitting this number and going directly to the materialistic promulgation of Mr. Strauss. Beethoven's time honored symphony is still too much alive, its blood is too warm and its pulse too strong to permit of a successful challenge from a set of variations, even those made by a master.

The performance of the symphony was something to be remembered for the rest of the season. The nobility of the orchestral tone, the exquisite finish of the nuancing, the perfection of the precision and unanimity, the eloquence of the reading of the conductor; all these were memorable matters. And how young, how strong, how vigorous the symphony sounded in these days of sea green meditations, of preachments of philosophy, theosophy and even atrophy.

Let us be glad that this music remains to remind us that it is not essential to our spiritual uplift that we should be introduced to strange scales, to unheard of instruments and to counterpoint of different tonalities. The music of 110 years ago puts most of the futurist product to shame. It has a message and it publishes it in no uncertain manner. But when the work is to be played it ought always to be played as it was last evening, with enthusiasm, with full faith in its vitality and with loving care in the treatment of its details.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 3 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT THE ACADEMY

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"Eroica" Symphony Played in Stirring Fashion and Pasquale Amato Sings Airs of Saint-Saens and Haendel.

PROGRAM.

Beethoven.........Third ("Eroica") Symphony
Saint-Saens..Aria, "Qui donc Commande" From "Henry VIII"
Richard Strauss.....Tone Poem, "Don Juan"
Haendel..Aria, "Ombra mai fu," from "Serse"
Sametana.....Overture, "The Bartered Bride"

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck's direction, opened its local season at the Academy last evening. Though 30 members, including the conductor, were abroad this summer, but two changes have been made in the personnel that faced a crowded auditorium. Mr. Grisez's place as first clarinet is taken by Mr. Sand, first clarinet of the Charlottenburg Opera, and Mr. Fosse's post among the oboes is filled by Mr. Stanislaus, solo oboist of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, London.

It is hard to imagine how the great "Eroica" could have been better played. ~~The interpretation quite effaced the memory of the barbarous manhandling the work received from the New York Symphony the other evening.~~ This reading pulsated with vitality, was pointed with sudden stress and accent, each instrument on the alert for its own share in fashioning the contrasts of light and shade and rythmic subtleties. The first violins with their blended golden tone, their shimmering touch-and-go as delicate as frostwork in the Scherzo, the plaint of the oboe in the funeral march, the rich, [illegible] the acid

split and scatter the tone [illegible] shrapnel) the passionate whir of the flute like the wings of a white bird—these distinctive elements were not more admirable than the concept of the work in its entirety which Doctor Muck and the players divined and enforced.

Like pastmasters in any other profession, they made all they did seem easy. This was true as well of the tremendous, tearing trumpets in Don Juan's erotic delirium, with the lovely interlude of flue, oboe and clarinet amid the melee, the catlike pounces of the kettledrum, and finally that marvelous fugue of the strings keeping the dizzying pace of the Smetana overture.

This was the Boston Orchestra at its best, in execution that was the last word of technical virtuosity, in absolute oneness of purpose, informed and inspired by authentic genius on the part of director and directed.

With reciprocal pleasure in the reappearance, Pasquale Amato, the Metropolitan baritone, gave his hearers two operatic airs that contrasted modern ingenuity with classic simplicity. The Saint-Saens air—especially at the words "Empire reste"—was scarcely within the reach of the easy flexibility of the singer's voice. It was instructive to hear our old friend "Handel's Largo" restored to its original setting and the grateful shade of the apostrophized plane-tree. Admirable as the singing was, with many recalls attesting the vocalist's popularity, one felt that his contribution was perceptibly below the level of the rest of the performance. He seemed more bent on achieving a personal success than his associates in the program, who exalted their message and their mission rather than themselves.

GLOBE'S CHINESE ACT

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date NOV 6 - 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY, LED BY KARL MUCK, HEARD

Esta 1884

Capacity House Greets Famous Orchestra in Carnegie Hall.

Dr. Karl Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of which he is still the distinguished leader, gave their first New York concert of the season last night in Carnegie Hall before a capacity audience. The famous conductor was greeted enthusiastically on his first entrance and had to bow repeatedly to the plaudits of his admirers. At the end of the first offering, Beethoven's immortal "Eroica" symphony, there was another prolonged demonstration, the noise redoubling when the whole orchestra rose to acknowledge the applause.

Evidently Dr. Muck has lost none of his popularity in this city. Evidently, too, Charles Ellis, despite the difficulties he encountered in Germany, has managed to bring together most of the musicians who made up the organization last year.

They played under their leader's baton as only the Boston Orchestra plays. In all of the "Eroica" scherzo, except the trio, they even played unaided by the rhythmical oscillations of his stick, with only an occasional movement of his hand, nod of his head or glance of his eyes to carry them smoothly along.

But if the great symphony in which Beethoven is supposed to have glorified the heroic figure of Napoleon showed plainly the Boston Symphony Orchestra had lost nothing in quality and efficiency, the Brahms Variations on a theme by Haydn, given with exquisite precision and clearness, and Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," in which the euphony and transparency of the instrument Dr. Muck had at his command were brought into striking evidence, carried an even more convincing message.

So nicely balanced, perspicuous, plastic and sweepingly melodious a performance of "Don Juan" it is hard to recall. Here the Boston Orchestra and Dr. Muck were at their best. It seemed, indeed, as if every man was inspired by something more than the desire to do full justice to Strauss's beautiful score.

There the concert might have stopped. Already the hour was late. But few persons left before the programme had come to a close with Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, played with stirring rhythmical verve and power. It was a concert not soon to be forgotten.

MAX SMITH.

Scottish Baritone Heard

From GLOBE
Address: New York City
Date NOV 9 - 1914

Music.

Concert Chronicles of Two Days —Some Gossip.

k, 1884

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second local concert of the season at Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon. The audience was as large as usual, which is to say as large as the hall can hold, though it was somewhat less given to applause than usual. The latter phenomenon could hardly put out of countenance a body

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men [illegible] Hall, Boston.

Brahms's second symphony headed the programme, and the performance accorded it under the leadership of Dr. Muck was one to be received with deep gratitude. The clearness of Dr. Muck's reading, its continuous flow, its feeling for the essential beauty of the music of Brahms made it truly satisfying. The rest of the programme was the kind of thing that it is quite unnecessary for an orchestra to travel from Boston to play in New York. George W. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" are not without cleverness, especially in the matter of orchestration, but they are at this date of too little importance from any point of view to make it incumbent on the band from Boston to play them on its too rare visits to New York.

In Boston recently Dr. Muck put three pieces by the Finn Sibelius on one programme. Among them was "The Swan of Tuonela." Would that he had put on his programme of Saturday "The Swan of Tuonela," which is almost, if not entirely, unknown in New York, instead of the "Finlandia," which is altogether too well known—brass band music appropriate to [illegible] gardens in summer time.

From SUN
Address: New York City.
Date NOV 8

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN BRAHMS MUSIC

1884

First Matinee Concert Opens With Great Performance of Second Symphony.

SUITE BY MR. CHADWICK

It must have escaped the notice of some of the local commentators on musical matters that on October 23 Dr. Karl Muck conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its home city in the first performance there of the fourth symphony of Joseph Guy Marie Ropartz, born in 1864 in Guingamp, France, and by the latest accounts a resident of the troubled city of Nancy. Possibly the same recorders forget that on the programme of yesterday's matinee was the symphonic poem "Finlandia," by Jan Sibelius, born in Finland and living in Helsingfors, a city in the domains of his Imperial Majesty of Russia.

If these facts had not been overlooked there might have been less said about the exclusively German character of the music at the first concert of the Bostonians on Thursday evening. Dr. Muck is a musician and a great master, as well as a Prussian, and he has under his baton an orchestra in which Germans, Bohemians, Russians, French, Belgians, Italians and Americans are seated together. The beneficent shield of art will protect them all, and therefore it will probably not be necessary again to touch upon the subject of neutrality.

Yesterday afternoon's programme was not one to tax the mind of the listener. It has always been Dr. Muck's plan to make the matinee concerts somewhat simpler in constitution than the evening ones. Whether this is because he has no belief in the theatrical manager's bogey, the "tired business man," or because he is no advocate of the equality of the sexes he has not made known. The plan has certain merits at any rate.

The concert began with the great D major symphony of Brahms, which was sung by the instrumental body in such a manner as to move the really sensitive listener to emotion. Tone of the most luscious quality, perfect balance, exquisite adjustment of the dynamics and the modification of tempi in the nuancing and a masterly arrangement of the details of the performance in their relations to a noble general conception were the salient features of this unique performance.

The symphony was followed by George Whitfield Chadwick's suite for orchestra entitled "Symphonic Sketches." The work has four movements with the names 'Jubilee," "Noel," "Hobgoblin" and "A Vagrom Ballad." They were composed at different times and were first played all together by the Boston Orchestra in Boston on February 7, 1908, Dr. Muck conducting.

A melodious suite is this, sometimes richly and sometimes ineffectively orchestrated, but always bearing the marks of a musician's hand. The preachments of Dr. Dvorak as to American thematic materials were not lost on Mr. Chadwick, who has heard the tune of the Afro-American folk song and found it to his liking. Some of the best thought in his sketches is that which imitates plantation melody.

The first movement is perhaps the most firmly knit of the four, though the slow one has some value. But this suite is not one of the best creations of the distinguished head of the New England Conservatory of Music. It was admirably played, of course, and a similar statement can be made in regard to Sibelius's tuneful song of Finland which brought the concert to a pleasant end.

In the last two weeks Philadelphia has had the chance to hear the very best music that human talent, polished by time and backed by money, can produce.

Three Great Orchestras Here

The Boston Symphony, led by Muck, was the ne plus ultra of harmonious ensemble. Long training has brought it down as near to perfection as human art is likely to get. It seems as though further practice can only maintain it at the highest pinnacle it has reached. One can hardly conceive of its rising higher.

The Philadelphia Orchestra, under its young leader, Leopold Stokowski, is following closely in the track of the senior organization. The concerts already given this season have been wonderfully good, and nothing could bring out its excellence better than a comparison with the New York Orchestra last week under Damrosch.

From GERMAN HEROLD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 7 - 1914

Man muß es Dr. Karl Muck von der Boſtoner Symphonie laſſen: Er hat den Muth ſeiner Ueberzeugung! Beweis: Sein vorgeſtriges Programm, beſtehend aus Beethoven, Haydn, Brahms, Strauß und Weber.

r. Muck hat es nicht nöthig, Neuralitätserklärungen abzugeben, wie manche andere Dirigenten hieſiger Muſik-Geſellſchaften.

1884

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date NOV 8 - 1914

The second of the Boston Symphony Concerts will be given in Infantry Hall a week from Tuesday evening, Nov. 17. The soloist will be that most admirable pianist, Harold Bauer, and the programme will be devoted to two of the three great "Bs," Beethoven and Brahms. The symphony will be Brahms's delightfully melodious second in D-major with which the orchestra under Dr. Muck has this year had such extraordinary success. Mr. Bauer will play Beethoven's great "Concerto in G-Major, No. 4," and the final number will be Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

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HAROLD BAUER,
Pianist Who is to Be the Soloist at the Next Symphony Concert at Infantry Hall Nov. 17.

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date NOV 8 1914

Establish

PHILADELPHIA HAS FINE THEATRICALS

On Monday night, the first concert of the thirtieth season of the Boston Symphony in Philadelphia, was given at the Academy of Music. The orchestra was directed by Dr. Karl Muck, whose choice of symphonies was the Beethoven "Eroica." Strauss's tone poem "Don Juan"; and Smetana's "Bartered Bride" were other orchestral numbers.

SUNDAY GLOBE—NOVEMBER 15.

MAJOR HIGGINSON AT 80

To the Young Man of Today the "First Citizen of Boston" Says, "The Only Lasting Satisfaction Any One Gets Out of Life Is What He Does for Other People—To Govern Ourselves a Job That Will Take All Our Energies."

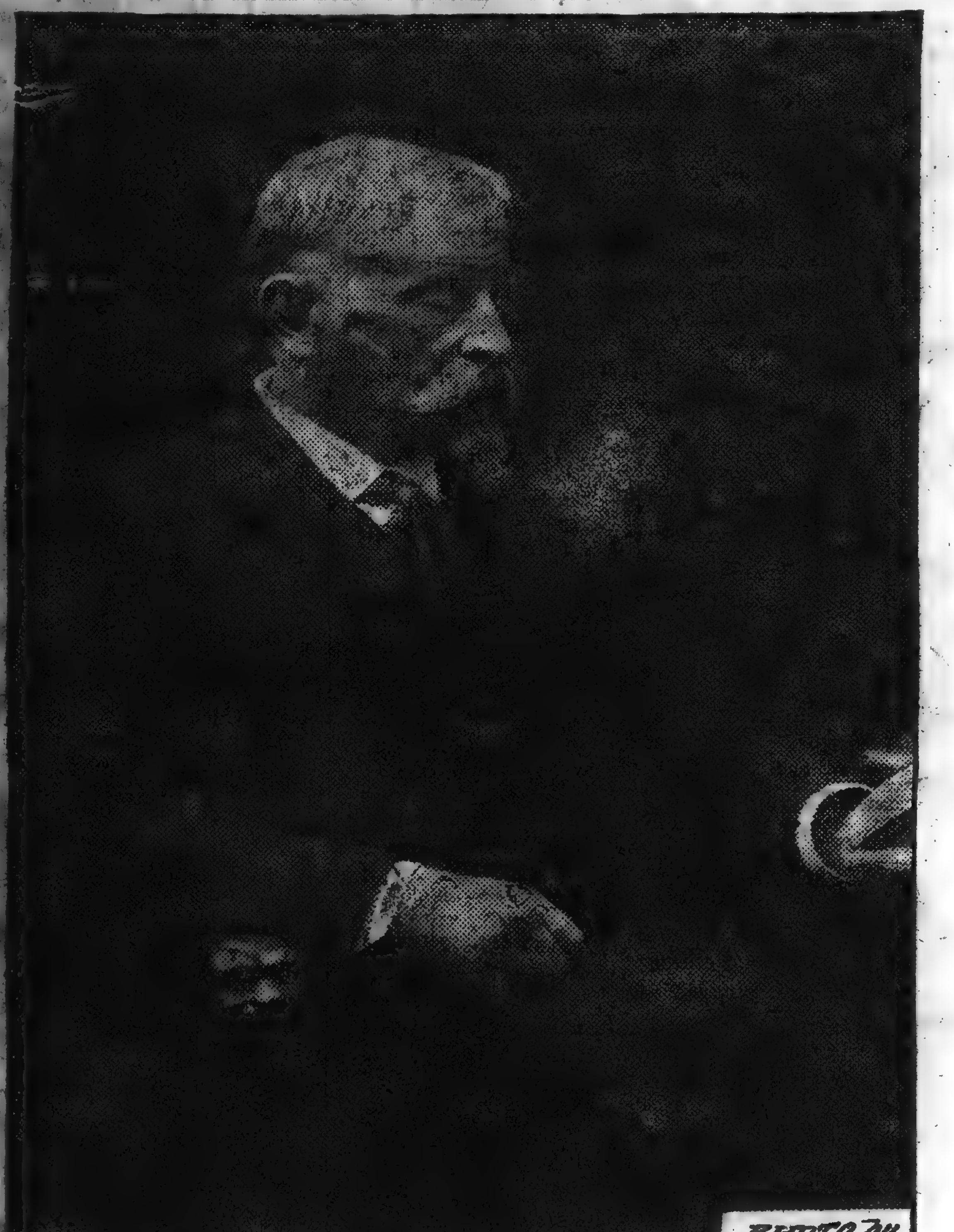
PHOTO. by NOTMAN

MAJ HENRY L. HIGGINSON.

MILESTONES IN MAJ HIGGINSON'S LIFE.

Born in New York, Nov 18, 1834.
Entered Harvard College in 1851.
Volunteered for service at the outbreak of the Civil War.
Wounded at Aldie, Va, in 1863.
Made major and brevet lieutenant of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry.
Has made possible the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
To him Harvard owes its famous athletic ground, Soldiers Field, given in honor of his fallen comrades in the war, and the Harvard Union.
Is head of the banking firm of Lee, Higginson & Co, and trustee of numerous charitable and educational enterprises.

WISE AND PITHY SENTENCES OF MAJ HIGGINSON.

Think of your job and not of yourself.

The only asset anybody has is character.

No single person amounts to much: it is all together that we count.

The only lasting satisfaction any one gets out of life is what he does for other people.

We get things that we don't deserve; and we deserve things that we don't get.

The great thing about doing something well is that it gets you a chance to do something else — the same way.

What pays the highest return is the human dividend.

"Everywhere we see the signs of ferment, questions social, moral, mental, physical, economical. The pot is boiling hard, and you must tend it, or it will run over and scald the world."

"Do not hope that things will take care of themselves, or that the old state of affairs will come back. The world on all sides is moving fast, and you have only to accept this fact, making the best of everything, helping, sympathizing, and so guiding and restraining others who have less education, perhaps, than you. Do not hold off from them, but go straight on with them, side by side."

"Remember that the idle and indifferent are the dangerous classes of the community."

"Your success in life depends, not on talents, but on will."—From the speech at the dedication of Soldiers Field.

This week brings the 80th birthday of Maj Henry L. Higginson. Gallant fighter in the Civil War; benefactor of Harvard; founder of the Symphony Orchestra; builder of business; administrator of charitable funds; contributor to innumerable good causes which the world in general knows nothing of; and tireless server of his country and his community—such are the six decades which have been given to the service of his fellows by the "first citizen of Boston."

What word for the young men of today has this veteran who has been through it all; war and peace; good times and bad; public life and private life; business career and cultivation of the arts?

A bright fire is snapping on the hearth under the pink-marble chimney-piece in the private office on State st. The major sits (in the posture which the painter Sargent has made memorable in a famous portrait), one arm hooked over the chair back, head thrown back at a military tilt. He ruminates for a minute or two, then replies:

"My message to young men is this:

"First, think of your job and not of yourself, and, second, remember that the only lasting satisfaction anyone gets out of life is what he does for other people.

"It is a question, I know, whether young people ever learn these things except in the school of experience. They have their way to make and their livings to earn, and the years of getting started are not easy. But everything which young men have to go through today I think had to be gone through by the young men of any time.

Burns Taken to Slavery.

"The first incident I remember as consciously shaping my life was a remark made by my mother when I was a very little boy; she said that slavery was a crime. The words stuck and stung. She died when I was 15. But those words lived on.

"Then came the Fugitive Slave law and Daniel Webster's great speech. I had always venerated him and it made a most painful impression. It was almost as if he had been a renegade.

"I was down on Central Wharf the day they took away that poor negro, Burns. His main escort was about all the prize-fighters in town, assisted by a few soldiers.

"A small party of us young men looked on at what was happening and said to one another, 'We have got to square this thing somehow, some day.' We knew then that it meant war; and that was in the early '50s.

"But black slavery wasn't the only ferment at work then. We were asking ourselves why one man should have a good coat to his back and another man, just as good, should have none.

"Not one of this group I speak of, of which I alone am left, belonged to a church, but we thought a great deal about religious questions in their practical applications. I knew another young man and I talked of buying a farm and going to live on it in order to get away from the muddle and the compromises and the combinations of life, and 'earn,' as we said, 'an honest living.'

"I realize these things as showing that the things the young men of today are saying and thinking we were saying and thinking then, and I dare say young people always speak and think so. Challenge was in the air. We set little store by conventions—too little, probably. Conventions can be very useful; but we had little use for them.

During the War, and After.

"Then came the war, and hooked up all this odd lot of ideals; gave them something to do. To go was no sacrifice. It was a joy. Men couldn't help going. If they didn't the ground burned under their feet. We felt that this country was a tremendously fine thing and that we had got to see it through.

"I remember how thankful I was that there was nobody who would be particularly worse off if I got put out of the game. Well, there was my father; he would feel it; but no woman. No woman could have had me at that time; I belonged to a cause.

"I think my Army service was as happy a time as I ever spent in my life. Here we were, a party of friends, comrades, sleeping anywhere, mostly on the ground; getting enough to eat generally; with horses; and nothing in the world, nor sure of having anything, even our lives.

"And a merry crew we were. If we ran out of clothes, somebody would send us some more. . . . There was one time when I went for six weeks without having a chance to change my garments. Nobody cared. We were on a bigger errand. This feeling about our country amounted to a passion with us.

"Of that band, one other fellow and I survived, and I am sure I had, naturally, the least ability of any of them. That time I made the speech at the dedication of Soldiers Field I tried to tell what talents were in those brave fellows who died.

"When the questions of the Union and of slavery were settled, I went South and tried cotton growing with a few other men. We went down there with about $80,000 and came back with five.

"Later I came here. I wasn't wanted; times were bad. But I did my share; and by and by they improved. Then came two or three wonderfully good years and my peaceful business of life began.

Money Only for What It Can Do.

"I have never cared about accumulating money. I have cared about making it—because of what one can do with it.

"Suppose a man accumulates a fortune of $30,000,000. He dies. What good is it to him? If people would only realize that what pays the highest return is the human dividend!

"I think Mr Carnegie is getting something out of his money—some durable satisfactions.

"The notion of the Symphony Orchestra was with me vaguely in the 50's when I was in Europe, with no very clear idea of what I was going to do. I saw Europe enjoying all its art and music and felt my own country to be pretty poor in such things.

"And it was. It was pretty barren of enjoyments in those days; dull. Meeting Mrs Kemble in London one time she remarked to me, 'You have planted a flower in a cornfield,' which was about my intention.

"It was not until after those two good business years that I saw myself in a position to do the thing I had had in mind so long before.

"Since then, one thing has led to another. The great thing about doing one thing well is that it gets you a chance to do something else—the same way. Facts have come up which had to be faced, and I have been called to help face them. It is at such times that you learn the importance and the unimportance of money.

"I remember we had a particularly difficult situation to face here in the city a number of years ago, to relieve which involved spending a great deal of money. 'What shall we do?' they asked. 'Spend it,' said I, 'in Heaven's name, spend it. What is money for?'

"And thus, as the years go on, one feels that the time is growing short, and if he is going to get things done, he must be about it. Bad economy; but it does get things done.

"Was the country more democratic when I was a young man? I do not think it can be doubted that it was. Things were simpler then,—complicated as they looked to young eyes.

"I have spoken of how earnestly we thought and felt about the questions which were confronting the country then; there is just as much and more for us to think of today. We have said that we can get along without kings, and emperors and dukes to rule us; that we can govern ourselves. Well, let's do it.

"That is a job which is going to require enormous thought, and patience, and effort and even sacrifice. Democracy is anything but simple, and if you young men can see a way out of our labor difficulties you will be cleverer fellows than we have been.

"When I wrote that article which appeared in the Survey last Winter, to ask that people try to get the other fellow's point of view, it was misunderstood; not wilfully, I think, but misconstrued. What I said was that, in such a world as this at present, we could not expect justice.

"That remark was interpreted to mean that I did not want justice. Everybody wants justice, for others as well as for himself, unless he is a dunce. But I doubt if he invariably gets it.

"We get things that we don't deserve, and we deserve things that we don't get.

"What I said was that we cannot 'expect' justice; and what I meant to convey was that the most any of us can do is the best we can in those circumstances in which we find ourselves.

Character the Only Asset.

"For myself, I look for a way out of the difficulty by profit-sharing. What both sides, laborer and capitalist, need to remember is that we are all in this thing together, and that neither can get along without the other. We're all going in the same procession, and whether we go to Heaven or to smash, we'll all go together."

Maj Higginson is asked, in conclusion, what word he has for the plain, work-a-day young men who have their way to make and their livings to earn today—to the men who, in short, make up the Boston of which he is accounted the leading citizen.

"Just this," replies the major. "Let each make the best use of the chance he has, and do the best he can in the circumstances in which he is placed. Better them if he can; but remember that the only asset anybody has is character.

"No single person amounts to much. I don't amount to much, and you don't amount to much; we are only little pebbles on a great beach where there are plenty more. It is all together that we count."

BOSTON AMERICAN, NOVEMBER 14, 1914.

Witek, Soloist, of Much Power at the Symphony

By FREDERICK JOHNS.

Anton Witek was soloist at the fourth Symphony Rehearsal yesterday afternoon. He played the Beethoven Concerto in D major for violin. The Fourth Symphony of Sibelius and the Beethoven Egmont Overture completed the program.

Sibelius' symphony is moodful, gusty, stormy and bleak. The Finnish composer has not lost his gift for original melody so remarkable in his earlier works, but he has progressed to the point where he doesn't care what key or how many he is writing in, what combination of notes he uses to produce a chord. It is the fashion to be careless in writing music, to rush on to your goal without regard for any rule that may impede your march, and Sibelius is keeping up with the procession. It is a big work, masterful and contains much peculiar color.

Anton Witek is developing into his full powers as a violinist. He played the concerto with a splendor, a grasp and an understanding that was very gratifying, while his technical brilliance was really astounding. The concerto, composed in 1806 by Beethoven for Clement, and has been a favorite with violinists because it is as beautiful as it is difficult, and a good performance is an achievement. Witek was very warmly applauded.

TRANSCRIPT, NOVEMBER 14,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

SIBELIUS'S STRANGE MUSIC HEARD AGAIN

A Performance of Remarkable Eloquence—The Theatre of the Composer's Imagination Behind His Tones—Their Power, Beauty, Magic and Suggestion—Beethoven, Twice Over, and New Distinctions for Mr. Witek

QUESTION the music of Sibelius's newest and much-debated symphony as the hearer might yesterday afternoon, there was no questioning the eloquence of the performance. Each time that Dr. Muck conducts in the piece, like the rest of us at each time in which we hear it, he has the pleasure of deeper penetration into its baffling content and of clearer and more significant expression of music and of mood. Not even a symphony by Mozart is a more transparent mirror than is this symphony of Sibelius—widely different as they are—of the orchestra that is playing it. The Finn is an economical composer. Spontaneous though his music almost always sounds, he seems to have considered every measure of it before he set it on paper, and not one—or so much as a note in it—is wasted. Every stroke tells; or, if it fails, the fault lies with orchestra or conductor. Scarcely a composer of our time excels Sibelius in the transparency of his instrumentation. Most of them thicken their tonal speech; he weaves each strand of it luminously. If the conductor's care relaxes for a moment, if the player makes the smallest slip, his shortcoming stands revealed.

As Sibelius seems to express his thought or feeling with exact completeness—in the inevitable tone as Stevenson sought the inevitable word—so must the player, under the conductor's guiding, make his animating utterance. Therein lies one of the unusual exactions of Sibelius's scores in the music of our time, and each and every player in the orchestra, under Dr. Muck's impulse, fulfilled it yesterday. However the symphony impressed its hearers, by every test that a listener may apply, it sounded with its true voice.

The second exaction that Sibelius lays upon the conductor and the orchestra in this fourth symphony is yet more difficult to meet. Unmistakably it is music of intense mood, vivid picture and fleeting and poignant suggestion. To impart all three the composer relies not only on the voice of his melodies and the tang of his progressions; but upon the color and the accent that conductor and players shall impart to both, upon their sensitiveness and imagination with the very timbres of their instruments. He uses not a strange harmony; he assembles not one piercing juxtaposition of the orchestral voices; he fashions no singular chord and he wanders not among unrelated keys without some purpose in mood or imagining suggested or conveyed. He would clearly have the conductor and the band apprehend this purpose and fulfil it from no more than his notes on the engraved page and their intuitions under them. He asks an orchestra of Sibeliuses in little, but none the less enkindled. Each hearing of the symphony stirs and strengthens the notion that there is a "programme" behind it—not a "programme" in the ordinary sense but a succession of mental pictures and even scenes to which Sibelius wrote his music that it might bear the larger moods and the changeful suggestions that they wakened tonally in him. He likes to write music of place, as many of his tone-poems witness; he likes to write music for stage-plays as he has done more than once; he has even composed a pantomime, long and elaborate, for Anna Pavlova. In the fourth symphony he may plausibly and in more than the usual sense have been writing music for the pictures, the scenes, the static rather than the dramatic suggestion of the richly filled and the vividly animate theatre of his own imagination.

Yet without a hint to either audience or orchestra beyond that of his music, Sibelius bids both imagine and feel these pictures and these static scenes in measure as he sees and experiences them. He would even have the orchestra utter them with the intensity of impression and suggestion that he has himself undergone and, undergoing, has wrought into his music. A superhuman task that does more credit to Sibelius's daring than to his wisdom. In common human infirmity every audience is bound to break under such a requirement. Tha of yesterday listened intently, but almos from end to end of the symphony withou any communicating emotional response tha such an assembly emanates when it is really stirred. Per contra, Dr. Muck and the orchestra came as near as mortals are likely to come to the working of Sibelius's miracle. They achieved his compact completeness of utterance. The music did sound like the inevitable tonal speech of sensations stirring and mounting behind it. The performance was as luminous as one of Sibelius's own northern lights on a still, clear day. No less, alike on the part of the conductor and the men, it teemed with imagination, emotion and suggestion.

Out of these, by every transmitting and enhancing resource that Dr. Muck and the individual players could call to their aid, the melodies of the first movement emerged struggling, from the grim and solitary and cavernous tonal blackness of the introduction, to run their broken, striving, sombre and mournful course. Out of them came the incessant instrumental and harmonic flicking—now light and again heavy—music of kaleidoscopic motion as in pale sunlight, music of nervous gayety that loses breath and spirit, almost before it has begun. Imagination, emotion and suggestion, in every choice of pace and emphasis and tonal color that the conductor must make, released the grim, grave and pondered song of the third movement, swelled it, impassioned it, idealized it, led it through its life and death; for if ever music sounded the tragedy of a melody, so does this largo of Sibelius.

Perhaps this imagination and suggestion in conductor and men had the climax of its play in the finale. Who may surmise or half-surmise from its purely musical content what is mirroring in that strange theatre of Sibelius's imagination? It begins in nervous excitement, whirr, rustle and beat, then it is as though a curtain lifted and masses of men heaved themselves across its stage reeling to strange rhythms, making barbaric gesture to strange progressions, shouting and calling in strange harmonies. Slithering trumpets dismiss them; the great gray curtain of desolation descends. The nervous excitement fades and dies. Surmise what the stirred and striving listener may—and until Sibelius gives the clew, there will be as many surmises as there are hearers—the orchestra quivered with the nervous frenzy of the begining, reeled with the Mongol rhythms and intervals and dropped the gray curtain upon it, as though it were equal master of the tonal murmurings before it and the tonal mass in which it seemed to fall, overspreading, upon all the world.

Until Sibelius gives a hint of play and picture within the theatre of his imagination—and he owes it to orchestras and audiences so to do—many a hearer must listen to this fourth symphony as to an "absolute" music, self-contained. Even so, it does not lack moments of sweeping power, of magical and penetrating beauty and of poignant suggestion. Often this power sweeps through measure after measure as in the long evocation of grim and cavernous blackness with which the symphony begins or in the sustained heights of the tragedy—the agony almost—in which the melody of the slow movement is born and lives and struggles and dies. Often this magic makes interval after interval and timbre upon timbre seem like some uncanny phantasmagoria moving in broken pace and rhythm yet with a strange, fascinating, momentary beauty that at length overcomes resisting sensation. It is so in the scherzo; it is so, with power to wing it, in the finale.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

NOVEMBER 14,

'SIBELIUS' AGAIN FAILS TO IMPRESS

Finnish Composer's Symphony Given for Second Time; Witek Charms as Soloist.

The second hearing of the Sibelius symphony No. 4, the first number on the program at the Boston Symphony orchestra's concert yesterday afternoon, left the audience in much the same doubt as to what the composer had in mind as did the first hearing. It's certain he was not in his happiest mood at the time, for the work seems to speak only of the shadows of life, as though such a matter as sunshine did not exist. It was well to give the composition a second time, so that those puzzled by the first hearing could have another opportunity of trying to solve the puzzle. It is safe to say, however, that no third hearing is eagerly sought.

But if the Sibelius number, excellently played as it was, failed to afford any striking satisfaction, there was no doubt of the pleasure given by the playing of the Beethoven Concerto by Mr. Witek, concert master of the orchestra and yesterday afternoon's soloist. Never have his fine artistic abilities been better displayed. Fortunate, indeed, is Boston to have such a sterling artist in its orchestra. The third and closing number, the Beethoven Egmont overture, seemed a timely selection.

Next week Mr. Warnke, the first 'cellist of the orchestra, is to be the soloist.

EVENING RECORD.

NOVEMBER 14

SYMPHONY BY SIBELIUS HEARD FOR SECOND TIME

PROGRAMME.

Sibelius—Symphony in A minor, No. 4.
Beethoven—Violin Concerto.
Soloist, Mr. Anton Witek.
Beethoven—"Egmont" overture.

A lofty programme, in which Sibelius' new symphony (heard here for the second time) did not gain by its companionship with two great Beethoven works. But it was well to hear this modern symphony again. It is in a wholly different vein from the folksong character which is in many of the compositions of Sibelius. One can scarcely imagine that the work is by the composer of "Finlandia," which we heard recently, says Louis C. Elson in his Symphony review in the Advertiser.

That the symphony is in large degree experimental is evident. The composer has entered into the ultra-modern school of weird progression and of restless rhythms One finds the whole-tone progressions of Debussy (and of Siamese music) copiously employed. But Sibelius has more to say than some of his contemporaries in this free vein, and he does not employ the extravagant scoring which is characteristic of some of the modern works. We were glad to hear the important work again, but we found no more in it than we could gather at a single hearing. It is a composition which the earnest music-lover will "first endure" and "then pity," but never "embrace." We do not think that Sibelius has any business in the pasture of Schoenberg.

Then Beethoven, like a poultice came, to heal the wounds of Sibelius. The Beethoven violin concerto is a monolith among concertos. When, years ago, the "America" won the great yachting-cup race, Queen Victoria asked (as the America was sighted): "Who is second?" The answer was: "Your Majesty, there is no second!" One may apply this to the D major violin concerto: there is no second to it; it stands alone. But very few can scale its Alpine heights, or conquer its massive breadth and its technical difficulties.

But to Mr. Witek there are no technical difficulties. He surmounts them all with an imperturbability that is sometimes exasperating. One would expect to see some show of effort, but in Mr. Witek's playing there seems the minimum of effort, and the auditor enjoys that sense of security which has a charm of its own. The first movement might have had more breadth, if it was to be quite upon the level of Kreisler or Ysaye, but the great figure of four repeated notes was given with much majesty, and the important orchestral part was united with the solo in a perfect ensemble.

MONITOR
Nov. 14, 1914

DR. MUCK OFFERS SIBELIUS FOURTH SYMPHONY AGAIN

Audience Not Yet Used to Style of Finnish Composer's Writing, Which Neglects Color to Pay Attention to Theme Weaving

SYMPHONY HALL—Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; fourth public rehearsal, Anton Witek, soloist. Sibelius, fourth symphony in A minor; Beethoven, concerto for violin in D major; Beethoven, overture to "Egmont."

It is a long time since the Friday afternoon audience had a problem in esthetics which it had no answer for. As a rule, when a work from one of the modern schools is offered, the rehearsal house is ready with approval or disapproval. If the conductor offers a symphony in four movements, with rests between, it registers its opinion decisively at the close of each division and it sums up its views at the close in handclapping that votes the composition either to a place in the repertory or else to an indefinite term on the library shelf.

The vote in the case of symphonies is more often than not unfavorable. For the modern listener does not much favor the idea of composers writing in the old four-movement form. He likes descriptive music. He wants the orchestra to represent something, whether it be a picture, a legend, a novel, a drama, or a career. Writers who have had symphonies more or less formal played for the first time in the last five seasons are Rachmaninoff, Elgar, Weingartner, Borodin, Lendvai, Clapp, Sibelius, Urack and Ropartz. The shortness of the list indicates a declining interest in the symphony as a means of musical expression. Of these nine composers, one only, the Russian Rachmaninoff, aroused enthusiasm. That may have been because he had appeared at the Boston [illegible] and piano soloist, and because a tone poem of his descriptive of a famous painting had brought him popularity. A second in the list, the Finnish Sibelius, awakened curiosity. His fourth symphony, played a year ago, succeeded in stirring up argument. Therefore the public was glad to have it repeated this year. For argument about music is supposed to mean that a new epoch is dawning, that perhaps a new Wagner is to start a revolution.

A public that has maintained an orchestra of the first acclaim through two or three musical revolutions will be fain to furnish comfort to one side or the other when the next one opens. So the fourth symphony of the Finnish tone-thinker is given a second hearing.

Why his philosophy strikes the ears of the rehearsal folk dubiously is not hard to explain. His method of approach is a complete reversal of that used by all other modern orchestral composers. His method, indeed, is so strange as to obscure his message. The Friday listeners have not yet heard this symphony. If they had, they would have recorded their valuation on it. They have so far only begun to get used to the writer's manner. They have not come to the point where they can listen to him without regard to what is accidental and unimportant.

The difference between Sibelius and other music makers of the day is that he suppresses tone color, while they all exploit it to the utmost. Now a public that is accustomed to taking in musical ideas through the medium of rich combinations of sound is not going to accept at once ideas presented through a thin and cold scheme. The whole purpose of orchestral writing since Wagner took a hand at it has been beautiful effect, dramatic effect or descriptive effect, through uniting the qualities of the instrumental groups. Color blend has gone through all possible developments from Wagnerian mellowness to Straussian harshness. Even in Debussy, who made the Frenchman's protest for artistic moderation, did not abandon the main

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JOURNAL—SATURDAY,

NOVEMBER 14,

EVEN DR. MUCK IS FORCED TO SMILE

Symphony Orchestra Again Plays Symphonic Maze by Sibelius.

After the first quarter of the Sibelius symphony was over, at yesterday's Symphony concert, the audience seemed bewildered; after the second movement nearly everyone smiled, and the wonder is that some ultra-conservative did not let out a hoarse, derisive, motor-horn sort of laugh; after the third section came a little round of spontaneous applause, as if from people cheered by a few gleams of lights after being lost in the dark and subjected to stange and dismal noises; and when this anarchical work was brought to an end after a wild scramble through a conglomeration of keys the audience gave the heroic orchestra an ovation.

This same fourth symphony of the formerly restrained Scandinavian composer was first played here a little more than a year ago. It remains, too, for the most part, as cryptic and bizarre as it was then. The exception to the rule is the third movement, the largo, which might be described as a tone poem suggested by the chills and shadows of the long winter's nights in the northern world. Those who enjoy this Futurist music are to be envied, like those who can extract sweetness from the persimmon. Even Dr. Muck, who led the orchestra through a brilliant performance of disjointed themes and topsy-turvy progressions, could not suppress his smiles after the scherzo came floundering feebly to an end. No doubt new beauties will be discovered next year in the weird and wonderful work.

The soloist of this week's concerts is Anton Witek, concert-master of the orchestra, whose performance of the Beethoven concerto in D minor was marked not only by technical strength, but by exquisite delicacy of tone and by pure artistic feeling. This number was thoroughly enjoyable. It did not muddle the heads of the people and grate on their sensibilities.

The program, which will be offered again tonight, ends with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture.

BOSTON GLOBE

NOVEMBER 14.

SIBELIUS' FOURTH SYMPHONY PLAYED

Original, Formidable Work Given Superbly.

Mr Witek Distinguishes Himself in the Beethoven Concerto.

The fourth Symphony rehearsal was given yesterday afternoon, Dr Muck conducting the following program with Mr Witek, concert master of the orchestra as soloist:

Sibelius..................Fourth Symphony
Beethoven............Concerto for Violin
Beethoven.........Overture to "Egmont"

When Sibelius visited this country last June, he was found by those who walked, had conversation and broke bread with him, to be a man apparently of normal physical functions, sound in body and mind, reticent as to his own accomplishments, but of a calm, courageous spirit, neither a neurotic nor a misanthrope. This was comforting to many. When this fourth symphony was played here last season, there were some who supposed the composer a hopeless hypochondriac, a morbid, melancholy fellow headed for the mad house.

The countenance of Nature smiling upon one may be frowns to another. Sibelius has confessed in a letter to a fellow Finn his love for "the mysterious sounds of fields, forests, water, mountains." Commentators upon Finnish music hasten to find all of these bleak, spare, sere, and of an otherwise forbidding Nature. Wordworth, when commemorating the haunts of his youth near Tintern Abbey—"the sounding cataract" which haunted him "like a passion, the tall rock, the mountain, the deep and glowing wood," found that such passion, "its aching joys and dizzy raptures" was no more, that "these wild ecstasies," were "matured into a sober pleasure." Would soberness have advanced into melancholy, could he have written a symphony?

What aspect of Nature or of National life is mirrored in this work is left for conjecture. Individual appreciation of it was perhaps more general than at its performance last year. Many doubtless counted it as 40 minutes to be sat through until Mr Witek could play the Beethoven concerto. Some came prepared to be deeply moved and were thrilled. No one could have been deaf to the amazing insight and sympathy of Dr Muck's interpretation. The composer has invited indifference, if not disdain. Such a score would be unfathomable to any but a great conductor and a company of virtuosi.

It is music of stupendous originality and daring; as though the composer's thought had burst the boundaries of established musical science. Tonalities are grouped as notes are grouped in chords. A key will shed its eight bars ahead of its rising into sight and sound. Recall the pungent, gripping advent of the horns early in the first movement. One dissonant note may be known as an appogiatura to a consonant one. Wagner treated one phrase in like manner as the approach to the tonality of another. Here the suspense, the nervous intensity is extended through long passages of anticipation.

Thematically the structure shows the economy of material, the significance, the organic relation of every figure. There are recurring motives used in the cyclic fashion, persisting through more than one movement, metamorphosed through a category of moods, lyric and dramatic. How curious the emotional phases of the bleak ascending skip of the diminished fifth, queried insistently near the close by the oboe. Dynamically, it is a work of suppressed, restive energy; never weakly querulous in its complaint, often fiercely, superbly rebellious; as in the sweeping, cumulative lines of protesting crescendoes of the brass, as in the upward flights of the strings, and the dramatic punctuation to a strong thought by the whole orchestra.

There are surprises, as in the abruptly ended scherzo, as a jest left lightly in air, to be taken by those who know, but it is not a work of mere startling tricks. Save for a few measures, as the 'cellos in the slow movement and the flute duet in the scherzo, there is an evasion, a disdain of sensuous beauty. The prevailing mood is of sepulchral gloom. If it be great music—and greatness of orchestral mind is here unquestioned—it is great despite its morbidity. The world has learned how to sigh and to weep sufficiently well.

Mr Witek displayed the noble art as an interpreter which he has taught this public to expect from him. There was the elevation of spirit, the quiet majesty, the tenderness, the humanity that is breathed forth in the musical soul of Beethoven. A brilliant technician in bravura and rhapsody, Mr Witek surpassed himself in the slow movement. It was a song of lofty beauty, at times, as the return of the theme after the cadenza, too intimate, too precious to be published broadcast, music too ethereal in spirit for other than the most discerning, the most cherishing ears. The Egmont overture, although at the close of a long concert, should have consoled those who grieve at the spectacle of Beethoven obliged to keep the company of futurists who feed on such irritating stimulants as minor seconds.

HERALD.
NOVEMBER 14. 1914

WITEK SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Concert Master Plays Beethoven Concerto—Sibelius's Symphony Performed.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fourth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Witek, concert master of the orchestra, was the soloist. The program was as follows: Sibelius, symphony in A minor, No. 4; Beethoven, concerto for violin; Beethoven, overture to "Egmont."

This symphony of Sibelius was played at a Symphony concert in October of last year. When Mr. Walter Damrosch brought it out in New York in the preceding March he made a few remarks before he gave the signal for beginning. He said that the music was of an anomalous character, and then wished the audience to know that the performance under his direction did not necessarily prove that he thought well or poorly of the work. He put it on the program only because he believed it his duty towards a distinguished composer. This was hardly fair to the hearers, for they were left to judge for themselves whether the music was good or bad. If Mr. Damrosch had only said the word! The reception of the symphony might have been different and the critics would have had their cue. We do not like to think of Mr. Walter Damrosch thus shirking a great responsibility.

Dr. Muck is not in the habit of addressing an audience concerning the merits or demerits of a composition about to be performed; nor does he favor the hearers with comments after the movements of a symphony. He is a conductor, not an exegete of the Athenian, Antiochian, Berlin, Boston, or even the Bayreuth school. He rehearses the work and he conducts it. He may like the music; he may dislike it. Raising his baton, he may say to himself, with Christopher Sly: "'Tis a very excellent piece of work; would 'twere done." But he keeps his opinions to himself, and regards it as his chief duty to do full justice to the composer.

Sibelius is thought, and not necessarily by disciples of Buckle alone, to be influenced by Finish scenery, climate, and diet. Hence there is talk about his being the painter in tones of his country; the bleakness, darkness, harshness of certain compositions are thus appropriate, inevitable; yet travellers assure us that Finland has sunny days and smiling landscapes; they go so far as to speak well of the cookery at a hotel in Helsingfors. Nor are the Fins at work in this country peculiarly and romantically lugubrious.

There is no doubt of the sincerity of Sibelius in this symphony. As he felt, as he thought, so he wrote. There is not a measure that is deliberately popular. There are many measures disdainful of the crowd. The meek lover of beauty, as beauty is generally understood, finds little in this music to please him. The lover of sensational effects is bitterly disappointed. Had the composer a program in mind? Or is the symphony a phantasmagoria of moods? There are suggestions of sleep-chasings, themes imagined but interrupted, reiterated figures that are now impressive, now grotesque, calls as of sea-birds, moanings of the wind, the sight of dismal moors, recollections of former gaiety, tasks to be accomplished but for some unknown reason put aside—all heard and experienced in sleep, as though the composer said to himself when half awake: "I'll make use of this in my next symphony," and then turned to dream again.

Impressionistic music, it leaves only impressions. Perhaps to Sibelius everything is clear. For he is no routine composer; no correct academician. In this symphony, as in his concerto for violin, he shows himself a seer; but the seer's vision is to the prosaic a stretch of mist and darkness, and the voices that speak to the seer are to those near him like a hollow murmur, confused mutterings, a Babel of sound.

Mr. Witek gave an unusually fine performance of Beethoven's concerto; fine in its thorough appreciation of the music's character, in nicety of nuances, in a display of technical proficiency which was subservient to purity and clarity of interpretation, to the setting forth the classically romantic spirit of the work.

The overture to "Egmont" is singularly appropriate in these troubled days: the lament of an oppressed people, the cruelty of Alva, and then the shouting of an aroused and angry poeple; at last the triumph and the rejoicing.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Strauss, Symphonic Fantasia "From Italy"; Ravel, Spanish Rhapsody; Dvorak, "Waldesruhe" and Rondo for 'cello (Mr. Warnke, 'cellist); Scheinpflug, Overture to a Comedy by Shakespeare.

POST, SATURDAY
NOVEMBER 14.

SIBELIUS SYMPHONY FEATURES

Beethoven Concerto and Overture in Programme

BY OLIN DOWNES

The most important, the most prophetic symphony which has appeared since the D minor symphony of Cesar Franck—that is to say, the fourth symphony of Jean Sibelius; the Beethoven violin concerto, with Anton Witek, concertmaster of the orchestra, for soloist, and the "Egmont" overture, made the substance of the programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

A FORBIDDING WORK

Sibelius' symphony was heard for the first time in Boston on the 24th of last October. It is a grim and forbidding work. The composer is not amusing himself. He is not heedful of the wishes of his public, nor is his doctrine the alluring one of beauty for beauty's sake. It is true that the artistic significance of the music is exceptional, aside from its emotional force. There are daring innovations—a fact which seldom makes for popularity. Today one cannot imagine this symphony ever becoming a favorite composition with an audience.

Still, stranger things have happened. Yesterday the applause, although not the applause of the majority, was hearty and persistent, and a marked contrast to the reception of the work a year ago. Dr. Muck was recalled three times. The orchestra, at his bidding, rose from their seats in acknowledgement.

Disconcerting episodes of this kind are common in the history of music. Even we can remember the impression made by the beautiful and now popular symphony of Cesar Franck, when it was introduced here only a few years ago. Then there was d'Indy's austere and highly intellectual second symphony, abhorrent upon first acquaintance. It is now accepted by the majority. It is seen to be beautiful.

The symphony of Sibelius is not less original than that of D'Indy, or less commanding in its position in the world of art. One does not know which to admire the most, the unflinshing sincerity of a great man and an unquiet soul, in self-communion, so absorbed that even the hearer forgets the presence of an audience, or the exquisitely finished workmanship, the purely esthetic value of the composition. Every page is a model of artistic balance and completeness. No measure, no chord, could well be added or taken away. Fewer instruments are employed than in any other symphony of Sibelius, and with greater effect.

Bears Impress of Worth

Then there is the choice of musical material, and the originality, the unalterable logic of its development. No "precious," ultra-modern Frenchman ever steered more completely clear of the obvious or expected, and yet this symphony is as direct, as uncompromising, as inevitable as anyone of the representative works of a man whose creations have always been remarkable for their simplicity and primeval power. The distinction of the uncommon is here the result of ideas and convictions. It is farthest from the labored artificiality of much modern music. Sibelius has made new departures which leave a wide gap between this composition, and any work of his which preceded it, yet technic was never a more sensitive and faithful medium of expression, never more unconditionally the servant of inspiration.

The symphony is lonely and incomparable. It bears the impress of solitary northern nature, but in the midst of this nature is a man, despairing, accusing the sullen skies. The composer, like the Demon of Poe, curses with the curse of Silence. Feeling is so intense at moments that it threatens to become overmastering, yet there is not felt the relief that may follow an emotional expansion, for the music remains restless, unsatisfied, pent-up.

The originality of the score and its subtle, psychologic quality become appreciable only by degrees. With all its subjectivity, with all the boldness of the workmanship, and the singularly impressionistic quality of many pages, the work is structurally as solid as the rock of Gibraltar. One is constantly marvelling at the cunning and the resource with which the composer makes fresh employment of established principles of symphonic procedure. Even when he appears most wayward, as, for instance, in the "free fantasia" of the first movement, he is as precise in his intention and his execution, as sure of his position and his ultimate purpose, as was Franz Joseph Haydn when he composed a sonata for the clavichord. But there is here a modern intellectuality, an intense individualism, of which Haydn never dreamed.

Heavy With Prophecy

A great work! A work which reveals the composer [illegible] a far more significant aspect than that of any of his preceding compositions. At the beginning Sibelius had shown qualities which entitled him to a place at the head, let us say, of that group of "nationalists" who include such talents as Grieg, Dvorak, Smetana in their circle. But the fourth symphony is heavy with prophecy. It cannot fail to open new paths for the younger men. It must be accepted as the work of one of the great artists and seers of the age. So much is surely true, whatever may be one's personal attitude toward the music.

For some this introspective music, wrought by a Northern temperament, will be obnoxious. They will object that no man, whatever his gifts, has a right to the sentiments of the Misanthrope of Moliere, hugging his mood and his corner. But Sibelius' corner is not a small one, and the tragic is as important and as purifying an element in art today as it was 2000 years ago.

The fourth symphony has been discussed at such length because it is still only partly comprehensible, and it should be approached sympathetically. It must be added that other factors than this mountainous work and its superb interpretation by Dr. Muck and his players made the concert memorable. Great is Sibelius, but Beethoven is humanity's prophet, and time will see to it that few tower beside him. Mr. Witek gave a performance of Beethoven's concerto that will stand out in the memory after many concerts have been forgotten. We do not remember a finer performance of the work considered from any point of view, and Dr. Muck's reading of the Egmont overture was not a whit less impressive. No better illustration of the Titanic genius of Beethoven could have been furnished than by this concert. Even the most sincere, perhaps the most talented composer of today was small before him.

ADVERTISER.
NOVEMBER 14

THIS WEEK AT THE SYMPHONY

SIBELIUS' A-MINOR IS HEARD A SECOND TIME

Two Beethoven Works Complete the Programme, Mr. Witek Being Soloist in Concerto.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Sibelius—Symphony in A minor, No. 4.
Beethoven—Violin Concerto.
Soloist, Mr. Anton Witek.
Beethoven—"Egmont" overture.

A lofty programme, in which Sibelius' new symphony (heard here for the second time) did not gain by its companionship with two great Beethoven works. But it was well to hear this modern symphony again. It is in a wholly different vein from the folksong character which is in many of the compositions of Sibelius. One can scarcely imagine that the work is by the composer of "Finlandia," which we heard recently.

That the symphony is in large degree experimental is evident. The composer has entered into the ultra-modern school of weird progression and of restless rhythms One finds the whole-tone progressions of Debussy (and of Siamese music) copiously employed. But Sibelius has more to say than some of his contemporaries in this free vein, and he does not employ the extravagant scoring which is characteristic of some of the modern works. We were glad to hear the important work again, but we found no more in it than we could gather at a single hearing. It is a composition which the earnest music-lover will "first endure" and "then pity," but never "embrace." We do not think that Sibelius has any business in the pasture of Schoenberg.

The symphony opens with an impressive passage which is almost a "motto" phrase because of its frequent recurrence. This opening is sombre and the orchestration is gloomy. That reiteration, which we have learned to expect in Norse music, is present and gives a picturesque monotony which has its peculiar charm. Evil is prognosticated, and that ugly tone-color which is orchestrally connected with balefulness, the muted horn, is much in evidence. The old-fashioned auditor who wants a tune will be decidedly disappointed in this first movement, for instead of melody there is dissonance, gloomy mutterings, and one seems to be wandering in a thunder-cloud occasionally illuminated with lightning flashes. Yet, if one will but yield to the mood, there is something that is great in this part of the work, in spite of its fragmentary vein.

But even the admirer of the work may find fault with its lack of contrast, for the second movement is also fragmentary even if less dark than its predecessor. Yet there was enough of dissonant trouble in this also, and there were also passages that were incomprehensible.

The movements do not follow the ordinary symphonic scheme, and Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and Brahms would probably deny its right to the title of symphony, but we have wandered far from the la[illegible] leaders.

Nevertheless, this work had better be called a Rhapsody or a Threnody.

The third movement introduces a very long-continued organ-point. To the uninitiated we will explain that an organ-point is a bass-note sustained unchanged through many changing harmonies in the upper parts. Again one can complain of lack of contrast, for the same device is employed at great length in the finale, and in this last movement there are some of the most bitter harmonies and progressions that we have ever heard, a mixture of musical quassia and wormwood, which suggests that the composer is dissatisfied about something—and, so, probably, are the general public.

But we must not forget that Sibelius has shown his ability to compose in the clearest forms, and that he has created melodies that are as pure as folk-songs. If, therefore, he chooses to alter his vein of expression, we may dissent, we may heartily dislike, but we must still treat his work with respect, and examine it as the production of a master.

There were certain suspensions in the Finale which were very complex, yet could be reasoned out by the musician, but to the layman it must have seemed at times as if the whole orchestra had lost the key.

Yet at the end there was a small, but very active minority, who forced a recall, and even a double one, when the orchestra was made to stand up in acknowledgment. And then many auditors went into the corridor to get a little air, the first obtainable since the beginning of the programme.

Then Beethoven, like a poultice came, to heal the wounds of Sibelius. The Beethoven violin concerto is a monolith among concertos. When, years ago, the "America" won the great yachting-cup race, Queen Victoria asked (as the America was sighted): "Who is second?" The answer was: "Your Majesty, there is no second!" One may apply this to the D major violin concerto: there is no second to it; it stands alone. But very few can scale its Alpine heights, or conquer its massive breadth and its technical difficulties.

But to Mr. Witek there are no technical difficulties. He surmounts them all with an imperturbability that is sometimes exasperating. One would expect to see some show of effort, but in Mr. Witek's playing there seems the minimum of effort, and the auditor enjoys that sense of security which has a charm of its own. The first movement might have had more breadth, if it was to be quite upon the level of Kreisler or Ysaye, but the great figure of four repeated notes was given with much majesty, and the important orchestral part was united with the solo in a perfect ensemble.

The finale falls off somewhat in loftiness, although its technical path is as bristling as the other movements, and Mr. Witek gave this with appropriate dash and vigor. The first cadenza was rather long, but the broad strokes on the G string, the pure and brilliant double-stopping, the effective martellato touches, and the surety of the skips, made it interesting throughout. All in all it was a great performance, and Mr. Witek was recalled again and again with the most spontaneous enthusiasm imaginable.

The "Egmont" overture is also a work to conjure with. When Beethoven was composing anything about Liberty he worked himself up into a frenzy of triumph, as witness his Heroic symphony, or his finale in the Ninth. Even if Motley upsets the statue that Goethe set up and shows us Egmont as shallow, vacillating and vain, nevertheless we can take this musical picture as a sketch of what the hero ought to have been. No better contrast can be imagined than that of the stern hero and the gentle Claerchen, as here portrayed, and the fierce interruptions, the ponderous strokes of fate seem the more terrible when falling upon the gentle nature of the heroine.

That Dr. Muck drew this picture with great power may well be imagined. But it was in the coda that all the glory of the work shone forth. Here the piccolo was unchained and proceeded to shriek in a manner that showed Freedom on the wildest kind of a rampage, and with a burst of overwhelming triumph the concert ended. And, by the way, our orchestral students might notice with what a simple score Beethoven manages to attain his triumphant effect. The modern composer would probably require a quadrupled orchestra and a few of the Kaiser's big howitzers to make such a tumult of victory.

BOSTON HERALD.
NOVEMBER 14. 1914

WITEK SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Concert Master Plays Beethoven Concerto—Sibelius's Symphony Performed.

By **PHILIP HALE.**

The fourth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Witek, concert master of the orchestra, was the soloist. The program was as follows: Sibelius, symphony in A minor, No. 4; Beethoven, concerto for violin; Beethoven, overture to "Egmont."

This symphony of Sibelius was played at a Symphony concert in October of last year. When Mr. Walter Damrosch brought it out in New York in the preceding March he made a few remarks before he gave the signal for beginning. He said that the music was of an anomalous character, and then wished the audience to know that the performance under his direction did not necessarily prove that he thought well or poorly of the work. He put it on the program only because he believed it his duty towards a distinguished composer. This was hardly fair to the hearers, for they were left to judge for themselves whether the music was good or bad. If Mr. Damrosch had only said the word! The reception of the symphony might have been different and the critics would have had their cue. We do not like to think of Mr. Walter Damrosch thus shirking a great responsibility.

Dr. Muck is not in the habit of addressing an audience concerning the merits or demerits of a composition about to be performed; nor does he favor the hearers with comments after the movements of a symphony. He is a conductor, not an exegete of the Athenian, Antiochian, Berlin, Boston, or even the Bayreuth school. He rehearses the work and he conducts it. He may like the music; he may dislike it. Raising his baton, he may say to himself, with Christopher Sly: "'Tis a very excellent piece of work; would 'twere done." But he keeps his opinions to himself, and regards it as his chief duty to do full justice to the composer.

Sibelius is thought, and not necessarily by disciples of Buckle alone, to be influenced by Finish scenery, climate, and diet. Hence there is talk about his being the painter in tones of his country; the bleakness, darkness, harshness of certain compositions are thus appropriate, inevitable; yet travellers assure us that Finland has sunny days and smiling landscapes; they go so far as to speak well of the cookery at a hotel in Helsingfors. Nor are the Fins at work in this country peculiarly and romantically lugubrious.

There is no doubt of the sincerity of Sibelius in this symphony. As he felt, as he thought, so he wrote. There is not a measure that is deliberately popular. There are many measures disdainful of the crowd. The meek lover of beauty, as beauty is generally understood, finds little in this music to please him. The lover of sensational effects is bitterly disappointed. Had the composer a program in mind? Or is the symphony a phantasmagoria of moods? There are suggestions of sleep-chasings, themes imagined but interrupted, reiterated figures that are now impressive, now grotesque, calls as of sea-birds, meanings of the wind, the sight of dismal moors, recollections of former gaiety, tasks to be accomplished but for some unknown reason put aside—all heard and experienced in sleep, as though the composer said to himself when half awake: "I'll make use of this in my next symphony," and then turned to dream again.

Impressionistic music, it leaves only impressions. Perhaps to Sibelius everything is clear. For he is no routine composer; no correct academician. In this symphony, as in his concerto for violin, he shows himself a seer; but the seer's vision is to the prosaic a stretch of mist and darkness, and the voices that speak to the seer are to those near him only a hollow murmur, confused mutterings, a Babel of sound.

Mr. Witek gave an unusually fine performance of Beethoven's concerto; fine in its thorough appreciation of the music's character, in nicety of nuances, in a display of technical proficiency which was subservient to purity and clarity of interpretation, to the setting forth the classically romantic spirit of the work.

The overture to "Egmont" is singularly appropriate in these troubled days: The lament of an oppressed people, the cruelty of Alva, and then the shouting of an aroused and angry poeple; at last the triumph and the rejoicing.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Strauss, Symphonic Fantasia "From Italy"; Ravel, Spanish Rhapsody; Dvorak, "Waldesruhe" and Rondo for 'cello (Mr. Warnke, 'cellist); Scheinpflug, Overture to a Comedy by Shakespeare.

POST, SATURDAY
NOVEMBER 14,

SIBELIUS SYMPHONY FEATURES

Beethoven Concerto and Overture in Programme

BY OLIN DOWNES

The most important, the most prophetic symphony which has appeared since the D minor symphony of Cesar Franck—that is to say, the fourth symphony of Jean Sibelius; the Beethoven violin concerto, with Anton Witek, concertmaster of the orchestra, for soloist, and the "Egmont" overture, made the substance of the programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

A FORBIDDING WORK

Sibelius' symphony was heard for the first time in Boston on the 24th of last October. It is a grim and forbidding work. The composer is not amusing himself. He is not heedful of the wishes of his public, nor is his doctrine the alluring one of beauty for beauty's sake. It is true that the artistic significance of the music is exceptional, aside from its emotional force. There are daring innovations—a fact which seldom makes for popularity. Today one cannot imagine this symphony ever becoming a favorite composition with an audience.

Still, stranger things have happened. Yesterday the applause, although not the applause of the majority, was hearty and persistent, and a marked contrast to the reception of the work a year ago. Dr. Muck was recalled three times. The orchestra, at his bidding, rose from their seats in acknowledgement.

Disconcerting episodes of this kind are common in the history of music. Even we can remember the impression made by the beautiful and now popular symphony of Cesar Franck, when it was introduced here only a few years ago. Then there was d'Indy's austere and highly intellectual second symphony, abhorrent upon first acquaintance. It is now accepted by the majority. It is seen to be beautiful.

The symphony of Sibelius is not less original than that of D'Indy, or less commanding in its position in the world of art. One does not know which to admire the most, the unflinshing sincerity of a great man and an unquiet soul, in self-communion, so absorbed that even the hearer forgets the presence of an audience, or the exquisitely finished workmanship, the purely esthetic value of the composition. Every page is a model of artistic balance and completeness. No measure, no chord, could well be added or taken away. Fewer instruments are employed than in any other symphony of Sibelius, and with greater effect.

Bears Impress of Worth

Then there is the choice of musical material, and the originality, the unalterable logic of its development. No "precious," ultra-modern Frenchman ever steered more completely clear of the obvious or expected, and yet this symphony is as direct, as uncompromising, as inevitable as anyone of the representative works of a man whose creations have always been remarkable for their simplicity and primeval power. The distinction of the uncommon is here the result of ideas and convictions. It is farthest from the labored artificiality of much modern music. Sibelius has made new departures which leave a wide gap between this composition, and any work of his which preceded it, yet technic was never a more sensitive and faithful medium of expression, never more unconditionally the servant of inspiration.

The symphony is lonely and incomparable. It bears the impress of solitary northern nature, but in the midst of this nature is a man, despairing, accusing the sullen skies. The composer, like the Demon of Poe, curses with the curse of Silence. Feeling is so intense at moments that it threatens to become overmastering, yet there is not felt the relief that may follow an emotional expansion, for the music remains restless, unsatisfied, pent-up.

The originality of the score and its subtle, psychologic quality become appreciable only by degrees. With all its subjectivity, with all the boldness of the workmanship, and the singularly impressionistic quality of many pages, the work is structurally as solid as the rock of Gibraltar. One is constantly marvelling at the cunning and the resource with which the composer makes fresh employment of established principles of symphonic procedure. Even when he appears most wayward, as, for instance, in the "free fantasia" of the first movement, he is as precise in his intention and

and his ultimate purpose, as was Franz Joseph Haydn when he composed a sonata for the clavichord. But there is here a modern intellectuality, an intense individualism, of which Haydn never dreamed.

his execution, as sure of his position

Heavy With Prophecy

A great work! A work which reveals the composer in a far more significant aspect than that of any of his preceding compositions. At the beginning Sibelius had shown qualities which entitled him to a place at the head, let us say, of that group of "nationalists" who include such talents as Grieg, Dvorak, Smetana in their circle. But the fourth symphony is heavy with prophecy. It cannot fail to open new paths for the younger men. It must be accepted as the work of one of the great artists and seers of the age. So much is surely true, whatever may be one's personal attitude toward the music.

For some this introspective music, wrought by a Northern temperament, will be obnoxious. They will object that no man, whatever his gifts, has a right to the sentiments of the Misanthrope of Moliere, hugging his mood and his corner. But Sibelius' corner is not a small one, and the tragic is as important and as purifying an element in art today as it was 2000 years ago.

The fourth symphony has been discussed at such length because it is still only partly comprehensible, and it should be approached sympathetically. It must be added that other factors than this mountainous work and its superb interpretation by Dr. Muck and his players made the concert memorable. Great is Sibelius, but Beethoven is humanity's prophet, and time will see to it that few tower beside him. Mr. Witek gave a performance of Beethoven's concerto that will stand out in the memory after many concerts have been forgotten. We do not remember a finer performance of the work considered from any point of view, and Dr. Muck's reading of the Egmont overture was not a whit less impressive. No better illustration of the Titanic genius of Beethoven could have been furnished than by this concert. Even the most sincere, perhaps the most talented composer of today was small before him.

ADVERTISER.
NOVEMBER 14

THIS WEEK AT THE SYMPHONY

SIBELIUS' A-MINOR IS HEARD A SECOND TIME

Two Beethoven Works Complete the Programme, Mr. Witek Being Soloist in Concerto.

By **Louis C. Elson.**

PROGRAMME.

Sibelius—Symphony in A minor, No. 4.
Beethoven—Violin Concerto.
Soloist, Mr. Anton Witek.
Beethoven—"Egmont" overture.

A lofty programme, in which Sibelius' new symphony (heard here for the second time) did not gain by its companionship with two great Beethoven works. But it was well to hear this modern symphony again. It is in a wholly different vein from the folksong character which is in many of the compositions of Sibelius. One can scarcely imagine that the work is by the composer of "Finlandia," which we heard recently.

That the symphony is in large degree experimental is evident. The composer has entered into the ultra-modern school of weird progression and of restless rhythms One finds the whole-tone progressions of Debussy (and of Siamese music) copiously employed. But Sibelius has more to say than some of his contemporaries in this free vein, and he does not employ the extravagant scoring which is characteristic of some of the modern works. We were glad to hear the important work again, but we found no more in it than we could gather at a single hearing. It is a composition which the earnest music-lover will "first endure" and "then pity," but never "embrace." We do not think that Sibelius has any business in the pasture of Schoenberg.

The symphony opens with an impressive passage which is almost a "motto" phrase because of its frequent recurrence. This opening is sombre and the orchestration is gloomy. That reiteration, which we have learned to expect in Norse music, is present and gives a picturesque monotony which has its peculiar charm. Evil is prognosticated, and that ugly tone-color which is orchestrally connected with balefulness, the muted horn, is much in evidence. The old-fashioned auditor who wants a tune will be decidedly disappointed in this first movement, for instead of melody there is dissonance, gloomy mutterings, and one seems to be wandering in a thunder-cloud occasionally illuminated with lightning flashes. Yet, if one will but yield to the mood, there is something that is great in this part of the work, in spite of its fragmentary vein.

But even the admirer of the work may find fault with its lack of contrast, for the second movement is also fragmentary even if less dark than its predecessor. Yet there was enough of dissonant trouble in this also, and there were also passages that were incomprehensible.

The movements do not follow the ordinary symphonic scheme, and Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and Brahms would probably deny its right to the title of symphony, but we have wandered far from the landmarks set by these leaders.

there seems the minimum of effort, and the auditor enjoys that sense of security which has a charm of its own. The first movement might have had more breadth, if it was to be quite upon the level of Kreisler or Ysaye, but the great figure of four repeated notes was given with much majesty, and the important orchestral part was united with the solo in a perfect ensemble.

The finale falls off somewhat in loftiness, although its technical path is as bristling as the other movements, and Mr. Witek gave this with appropriate dash and vigor. The first cadenza was rather long, but the broad strokes on the G string, the pure and brilliant double-stopping, the effective martellato touches, and the surety of the skips, made it interesting throughout. All in all it was a great performance, and Mr. Witek was recalled again and again with the most spontaneous enthusiasm imaginable.

The "Egmont" overture is also a work to conjure with. When Beethoven was composing anything about Liberty he worked himself up into a frenzy of triumph, as witness his Heroic symphony, or his finale in the Ninth. Even if Motley upsets the statue that Goethe set up and shows us Egmont as shallow, vacillating and vain, nevertheless we can take this musical picture as a sketch of what the hero ought to have been. No better contrast can be imagined than that of the stern hero and the gentle Claerchen, as here portrayed, and the fierce interruptions, the ponderous strokes of fate seem the more terrible when falling upon the gentle nature of the heroine.

That Dr. Muck drew this picture with great power may well be imagined. But it was in the coda that all the glory of the work shone forth. Here the piccolo was unchained and proceeded to shriek in a manner that showed Freedom on the wildest kind of a rampage, and with a burst of overwhelming triumph the concert ended. And, by the way, our orchestral students might notice with what a simple score Beethoven manages to attain his triumphant effect. The modern composer would probably require a quadrupled orchestra and a few of the Kaiser's big howitzers to make such a tumult of victory.

Nevertheless, this work had better be called a Rhapsody or a Threnody.

The third movement introduces a very long-continued organ-point. To the uninitiated we will explain that an organ-point is a bass-note sustained unchanged through many changing harmonies in the upper parts. Again one can complain of lack of contrast, for the same device is employed at great length in the finale, and in this last movement there are some of the most bitter harmonies and progressions that we have ever heard, a mixture of musical quassia and wormwood, which suggests that the composer is dissatisfied about something—and, so, probably, are the general public.

But we must not forget that Sibelius has shown his ability to compose in the clearest forms, and that he has created melodies that are as pure as folk-songs. If, therefore, he chooses to alter his vein of expression, we may dissent, we may heartily dislike, but we must still treat his work with respect, and examine it as the production of a master.

There were certain suspensions in the Finale which were very complex, yet could be reasoned out by the musician, but to the layman it must have seemed at times as if the whole orchestra had lost the key.

Yet at the end there was a small, but very active minority, who forced a recall, and even a double one, when the orchestra was made to stand up in acknowledgment. And then many auditors went into the corridor to get a little air, the first obtainable since the beginning of the programme.

Then Beethoven, like a poultice came, to heal the wounds of Sibelius. The Beethoven violin concerto is a monolith among concertos. When, years ago, the "America" won the great yachting-cup race, Queen Victoria asked (as the America was sighted): "Who is second?" The answer was: "Your Majesty, there is no second!" One may apply this to the D major violin concerto: there is no second to it; it stands alone. But very few can scale its Alpine heights, or conquer its massive breadth and its technical difficulties.

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SUNDAY POST,

NOVEMBER 22,

SYMPHONY SALUTES FOUNDER

Orchestra Honors Maj. Higginson With the "Tusch"

The highest honor a band of musicians can pay, the "tusch," was the tribute paid to Major Henry L. Higginson by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night.

The "tusch" is a ceremony well known in Europe, where it is the salute accorded on very rare occasions, and only to the very greatest men. It consists of a fanfare of trumpets with rolling drums.

AUDIENCE JOINS SALUTE

The salute came as the aftermath of the dinner given Major Higginson last Wednesday on the occasion of his 80th birthday. Just before last night's concert began Frederick P. Cabot appeared at the front of the hall and spoke briefly to Major Higginson.

"In these concerts," said Mr. Cabot, "you have given to each of us a wonderful revelation of beauty, and we, the listeners, join with the orchestra in this greeting and expression of love and gratitude."

Thereupon Dr. Muck raised his baton and the orchestral salute was sounded, while the audience rose to its feet and applauded for minutes.

There were shouts of "Speech, speech," but the founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, though touched by the tribute, preferred to sit down with the rest of the audience and participate with them in the enjoyment of the orchestral performances that redound so greatly to his honor.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

NOVEMBER 21,

CATCHY NUMBERS AT THE SYMPHONY

First 'Cellist Charms as the Soloist in Dvorak Selections.

There was a friskiness about yesterday afternoon's concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra that kept you alert whether you willed or no. Right from the first number the Strauss symphonic fantasia "From Italy," just how true the number is to real Italy doesn't particularly matter, there was a snap and go that appealed. Strauss even at this early date gave promise of his later greatness. Dvorak's "Waldesruhe" and the Rondo for 'cello and orchestra afforded one of those eagerly awaited opportunities of hearing Mr. Warnke, the first 'cellist of the orchestra, as soloist. The Dvorak numbers came pretty close to being the feature of the concert.

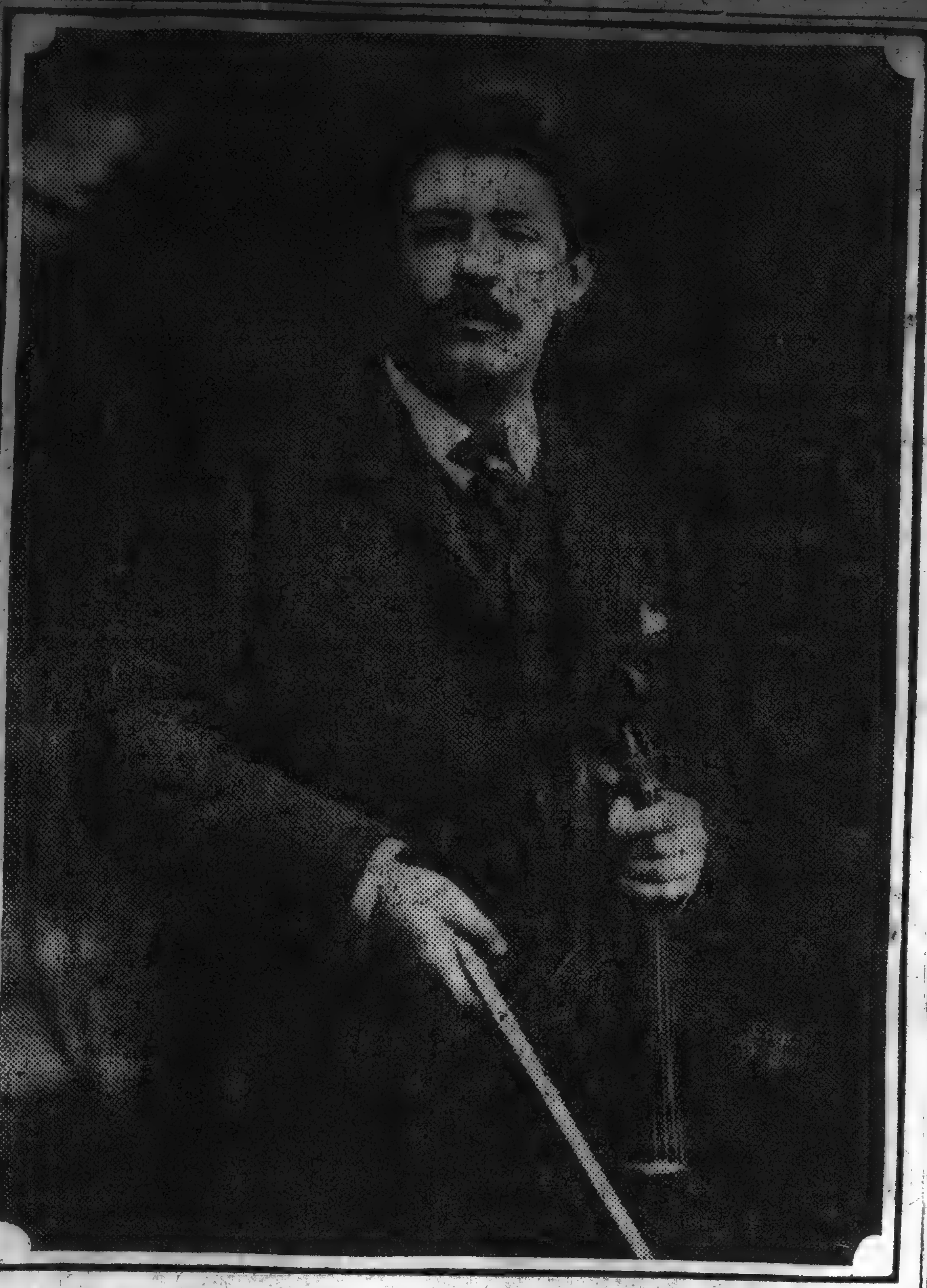
Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnole," played for the first time at these concerts, proved well worth the hearing. Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare," which particular comedy is left to the hearer's imagination, with which the concert closed, would doubtless had made a better impression had it not been overshadowed by the merit of the earlier numbers.

Tomorrow afternoon comes the first of the annual pension fund concerts, with Dr. Muck leading the orchestra in an all-Wagner program.

Next week's concerts will bring Harold Bauer as soloist in the Beethoven concerto in G major, No. 4. The symphony will be Mozart's "Jupiter" and Reznicek's symphonic biography, "Schlemihl," will round out the program.

BOSTON JOURNAL—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

WOUNDED VIOLINIST IN U. S. FOR TOUR



(Photo copyrighted by Aime Dupont, N. Y.)

FRITZ KREISLER

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KREISLER SHOT COSSACK WHO WOUNDED HIM

Famed Austrian Violinist, in New York, Tells His War Experiences.

Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian violinist who took part in the fighting around Lemberg early in September and was wounded in the thigh by a Cossack lance thrust, returned today on the Holland-American liner Rotterdam.

As a result of his wound Mr. Kreisler was in a hospital near Vienna for several weeks and is not entirely recovered yet. He looked white and walked with the aid of a cane. Mrs. Kreisler, who accompanied him, was a Red Cross nurse in Austria until she broke down under the strain. She said today that she had nursed the wounded of "all nations."

After the mobilization Mr. Kreisler was made a lieutenant in the Third Jaeger Regiment at Gratz. This command was in training near Gratz for a month before being sent to the front to support Lemberg. Mr. Kreisler gave a description of his work in the trenches, where the fighting went on for four days before the attacks of the Cossacks began to close in on the Austrian lines.

Cossacks Irresistible

"The Cossacks came on in irresistible numbers and finally our defense was overcome," said he. "We had been shooting the men and horses for three days as they advanced in their whirling formation, but their attacks were spirited and they always gained in strength instead of losing.

"They would come at us at night, as well as during the day, so we had to be always watchful. On the afternoon of the fourth day they burst across an open space before the trenches, yelling like Indians, and coming in great volume. The cracking of our machine guns did not suffice to drown out their screaming, nor did it stop the rush.

Shot Down the Cossack

"It is no cinch, as you say, to stand and watch a Cossack charge, especially if they are riding right at you. But our men faced them very well, although we could not stem that horde—that is, not before they rode us down. They rode right across us, and the hoof of one of the foremost horses struck my shoulder, inflicting a painful bruise. Then another Cossack came thundering over me, and as the horse jumped the trench its rider's lance slashed me in the right thigh.

"He did not get away, though. As he jumped I emptied my revolver at him and he toppled over on the other side of the trench, dead.

Lay in Trench for Hours

"I lay in the trench in pretty bad shape for seven hours. Although the Cossacks took our position, they were driven back again, and finally my orderly found me. After seven hours without attention I was very weak and I did not care much whether they picked me up or not. If my orderly had not been faithful I should not have played the violin again, at any rate.

"Finally they found me and I was taken from one hospital to another. They were all so crowded that I was taken to Baden-bi-Wien before I found permanent quarters."

Mrs. Kreisler's Red Cross Work

At this point in the narrative Mrs. Kreisler broke in and told how she was doing Red Cross work in a hospital in Vienna and had not heard from her husband for six weeks. At last there was word of him from a brother officer, and she finally discovered that he was lying wounded in a hospital not so very far from that in which she was tending injured men. She immediately went to his side.

Mr. Kreisler's wound did not heal very quickly at first and the surgeons told him that he would be lame for at least a year. As long as he was incapacitated for military service he was allowed by the Austrian military authorities to come to this country for his tour.

The Kreislers will stop for a time at the Netherland.

Mrs. Kreisler said that the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria visited the army hospitals at Vienna every day and that she had many conversations with him. He seemed to be in good health, but was depressed.

SUNDAY POST, NOVEMBER 29, 1914

Boston Symphony Today

The Orchestra of 1881 and 1914—Fruits of the Labors of 34 Years—Men Who Made Possible the Fulfilment of Early Ideals—Concerts and Recitals

The Post publishes today, on Page 5 of the Second Feature Section, photographs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as it appears today and as it appeared in 1881. At that time, although undoubtedly one of the best orchestras then in existence in this country, the band was, of course, inferior both in numbers and in the quality of its performances to the present organization. It may be said that the phenomenal development of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, its constantly increasing prestige, its incalculable force for musical righteousness in the United States, are the direct results of the character of Major Higginson's ideals, and the practical foresight shown by him in making his plans for the orchestra's future, back in 1880.

How clearly he foresaw the possibilities and the difficulties of his task is shown in early chapters of Mr. M. A. de Wolfe Howe's book, "The Boston Symphony Orchestra," which was issued from the presses of the Houghton Mifflin Company, on the 18th of this month, in commemoration of Major Higginson's 80th birthday. In quoting from the original plan drawn up by Major Higginson, Mr. Howe justly remarks that to those who read it at that time "it must have seemed a document of surprising promise. The surprise after an intervening third of a century must be that so many of its promises have been fulfilled."

Mr. Howe's book, which may be earnestly recommended to the many who feel an interest in the affairs and the accomplishments of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is an account of the circumstances which led to Mr. Higginson's decision to found an orchestra of the first importance in Boston, of the early years of struggle and development when the path of the new enterprise was not of the smoothest, of the successive conductors who came to Boston and the character of their work, of the comments of the music critics who were active in the course of the 30-odd years of the orchestra's development. The book is not merely a collection of data. It is a living picture of a most significant period in the musical history of this city. It includes the publication of letters of Major Higginson and others concerned with the orchestra, now appearing for the first time in print.

A fact which stands out in the history of this orchestra, and which is patent in the light of present activities at Symphony Hall, is the solidity with which the business affairs, as well as the artistic ambitions of the orchestra, have been undertaken. A symphony orchestra is not a money-making institution. Major Higginson has not only founded, but maintained the Symphony Orchestra of this city, by meeting, in nearly every year of its existence, a large deficit. No expense has been spared to gain any necessary artistic end, but the money that has been spent has been spent very wisely and well. Major Higginson's spirit has been emulated by his executives, and the traditions of Symphony Hall are such as promise to be handed down to future generations, after the years that have seen the orchestra's development to the position of one of the three or four greatest orchestras in the world have gone by. The history of this organization is not only the history of one man's achievement. It is testimony to the best elements of the New England character and New England ideals. To the thrice admirable management at Symphony Hall, to the men who have served Mr. Higginson with conspicuous fealty and enthusiasm, the public of the country owes also a very considerable debt. As for Major Higginson himself there is no need, at this time and in this place to speak of the public's gratitude and esteem.

TIMES, PAWTUCKET

NOVEMBER 18,

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE CHARMED BY BAUE

Great Pianist Receives Ovation at Second Concert of Boston Orchestra.

Beethoven and Brahms—names power in the world of music—he a monopoly in the programme of th Boston Symphony Orchestra on the oc casion of the second concert of the sea son at Infantry Hall, last night. It wa an evening lacking in novelties, b abounding in the beauties of a pr gramme not too severe for the averag concert goer while eminently satisfyin to the classicist. It was, in short, typical Symphony concert, which aft all is a sufficiently descriptive term fo any who have in the past had the plea ure of listening to this truly great o chestra.

But in spite of the greatness of th orchestra and the power of its achieve ments there are times when it takes se ond place by the common consent of i own members and the choice of its a dience. Last evening, with Haro Bauer as the soloist, was manifestly o of these occasions. The eminent pianis recognized the world over as one of th greatest living masters of his instru ment, received an ovation at the clo of his marvellously played concer which is rarely accorded a pianist, a r cognition of achievement only to granted to positive genius.

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There is no need to affirm that it wa splendidly played. Dr. Muck's interpre tation of the works of Beethoven, Brahm and the other inspired symphonists, ha been too often heard by American aud ences to require any exposition of h methods. It is sufficient to say that th orchestra was completely responsive his most subtle mastery, completing performance of the highest class.

Mr. Bauer played Beethoven's fourt concerto, a work which has been playe by the world's pianists since the tim of the great composer. Strong and mas terly with a love for his instrumen which seems to dominate his entire pe sonality, Bauer is unquestionably to included in the small and select grou of great pianists. There is no manne ism no affection of any kind. A sim ple but powerful personality lends self to the interpretation of the maste work until the spirit of the compose fairly dominates the piece. In thes days when the horrors of war hav seized on the emotions of men in music home countries, when the master violi ist, Kreisler, has been transformed int a killing machine, it is especially grat fying to music lovers that the great Ger man pianist has not thought it necessa to join his Austrian brother virtuoso o the battle front.

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SUNDAY POST,

NOVEMBER 22,

SYMPHONY SALUTES FOUNDER

Orchestra Honors Maj. Higginson With the "Tusch"

The highest honor a band of musicians can pay, the "tusch," was the tribute paid to Major Henry L. Higginson by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night.

The "tusch" is a ceremony well known in Europe, where it is the salute accorded on very rare occasions, and only to the very greatest men. It consists of a fanfare of trumpets with rolling drums.

AUDIENCE JOINS SALUTE

The salute came as the aftermath of the dinner given Major Higginson last Wednesday on the occasion of his 80th birthday. Just before last night's concert began Frederick P. Cabot appeared at the front of the hall and spoke briefly to Major Higginson.

"In these concerts," said Mr. Cabot, "you have given to each of us a wonderful revelation of beauty, and we, the listeners, join with the orchestra in this greeting and expression of love and gratitude."

Thereupon Dr. Muck raised his baton and the orchestral salute was sounded, while the audience rose to its feet and applauded for minutes.

There were shouts of "Speech, speech," but the founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, though touched by the tribute, preferred to sit down with the rest of the audience and participate with them in the enjoyment of the orchestral performances that redound so greatly to his honor.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

NOVEMBER 21,

CATCHY NUMBERS AT THE SYMPHONY

First 'Cellist Charms as the Soloist in Dvorak Selections.

There was a friskiness about yesterday afternoon's concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra that kept you alert whether you willed or no. Right from the first number the Strauss symphonic fantasia "From Italy," just how true the number is to real Italy doesn't particularly matter, there was a snap and go that appealed. Strauss even at this early date gave promise of his later greatness. Dvorak's "Waldesruhe" and the Rondo for 'cello and orchestra afforded one of those eagerly awaited opportunities of hearing Mr. Warnke, the first 'cellist of the orchestra, as soloist. The Dvorak numbers came pretty close to being the feature of the concert.

Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnole," played for the first time at these concerts, proved well worth the hearing. Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare," which particular comedy is left to the hearer's imagination, with which the concert closed, would doubtless had made a better impression had it not been overshadowed by the merit of the earlier numbers.

Tomorrow afternoon comes the first of the annual pension fund concerts, with Dr. Muck leading the orchestra in an all-Wagner program.

Next week's concerts will bring Harold Bauer as soloist in the Beethoven concerto in G major, No. 4. The symphony will be Mozart's "Jupiter" and Reznicek's symphonic biography, "Schlemihl," will round out the program.

BOSTON JOURNAL—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25,

WOUNDED VIOLINIST IN U. S. FOR TOUR

(Photo copyrighted by Aime Dupont, N. Y.)

FRITZ KREISLER

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KREISLER SHOT COSSACK WHO WOUNDED HIM

Famed Austrian Violinist, in New York, Tells His War Experiences.

Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian violinist who took part in the fighting around Lemberg early in September and was wounded in the thigh by a Cossack lance thrust, returned today on the Holland-American liner Rotterdam.

As a result of his wound Mr. Kreisler was in a hospital near Vienna for several weeks and is not entirely recovered yet. He looked white and walked with the aid of a cane. Mrs. Kreisler, who accompanied him, was a Red Cross nurse in Austria until she broke down under the strain. She said today that she had nursed the wounded of "all nations."

After the mobilization Mr. Kreisler was made a lieutenant in the Third Jaeger Regiment at Gratz. This command was in training near Gratz for a month before being sent to the front to support Lemberg. Mr. Kreisler gave a description of his work in the trenches, where the fighting went on for four days before the attacks of the Cossacks began to close in on the Austrian lines.

Cossacks Irresistible

"The Cossacks came on in irresistible numbers and finally our defense was overcome," said he. "We had been shooting the men and horses for three days as they advanced in their whirling formation, but their attacks were spirited and they always gained in strength instead of losing.

"They would come at us at night, as well as during the day, so we had to be always watchful. On the afternoon of the fourth day they burst across an open space before the trenches, yelling like Indians, and coming in great volume. The cracking of our machine guns did not suffice to drown out their screaming, nor did it stop the rush.

Shot Down the Cossack

"It is no cinch, as you say, to stand and watch a Cossack charge, especially if they are riding right at you. But our men faced them very well, although we could not stem that horde—that is, not before they rode us down. They rode right across us, and the hoof of one of the foremost horses struck my shoulder, inflicting a painful bruise. Then another Cossack came thundering over me, and as the horse jumped the trench its rider's lance slashed me in the right thigh.

"He did not get away, though. As he jumped I emptied my revolver at him and he toppled over on the other side of the trench, dead.

Lay in Trench for Hours

"I lay in the trench in pretty bad shape for seven hours. Although the Cossacks took our position, they were driven back again, and finally my orderly found me. After seven hours without attention I was very weak and I did not care much whether they picked me up or not. If my orderly had not been faithful I should not have played the violin again, at any rate.

"Finally they found me and I was taken from one hospital to another. They were all so crowded that I was taken to Baden-bi-Wien before I found permanent quarters."

Mrs. Kreisler's Red Cross Work

At this point in the narrative Mrs. Kreisler broke in and told how she was doing Red Cross work in a hospital in Vienna and had not heard from her husband for six weeks. At last there was word of him from a brother officer, and she finally discovered that he was lying wounded in a hospital not so very far from that in which she was tending injured men. She immediately went to his side.

Mr. Kreisler's wound did not heal very quickly at first and the surgeons told him that he would be lame for at least a year. As long as he was incapacitated for military service he was allowed by the Austrian military authorities to come to this country for his tour.

The Kreislers will stop for a time at the Netherland.

Mrs. Kreisler said that the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria visited the army hospitals at Vienna every day and that she had many conversations with him. He seemed to be in good health, but was depressed.

SUNDAY POST, NOVEMBER 29, 1914

Boston Symphony Today

The Orchestra of 1881 and 1914—Fruits of the Labors of 34 Years—Men Who Made Possible the Fulfilment of Early Ideals—Concerts and Recitals

The Post publishes today, on Page 5 of the Second Feature Section, photographs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as it appears today and as it appeared in 1881. At that time, although undoubtedly one of the best orchestras then in existence in this country, the band was, of course, inferior both in numbers and in the quality of its performances to the present organization. It may be said that the phenomenal development of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, its constantly increasing prestige, its incalculable force for musical righteousness in the United States, are the direct results of the character of Major Higginson's ideals, and the practical foresight shown by him in making his plans for the orchestra's future, back in 1880.

How clearly he foresaw the possibilities and the difficulties of his task is shown in early chapters of Mr. M. A. de Wolfe Howe's book, "The Boston Symphony Orchestra," which was issued from the presses of the Houghton Mifflin Company, on the 18th of this month, in commemoration of Major Higginson's 80th birthday. In quoting from the original plan drawn up by Major Higginson, Mr. Howe justly remarks that to those who read it at that time "it must have seemed a document of surprising promise. The surprise after an intervening third of a century must be that so many of its promises have been fulfilled."

Mr. Howe's book, which may be earnestly recommended to the many who feel an interest in the affairs and the accomplishments of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is an account of the circumstances which led to Mr. Higginson's decision to found an orchestra of the first importance in Boston, of the early years of struggle and development when the path of the new enterprise was not of the smoothest, of the successive conductors who came to Boston and the character of their work, of the comments of the music critics who were active in the course of the 30-odd years of the orchestra's development. The book is not merely a collection of data. It is a living picture of a most significant period in the musical history of this city. It includes the publication of letters of Major Higginson and others concerned with the orchestra, now appearing for the first time in print.

A fact which stands out in the history of this orchestra, and which is patent in the light of present activities at Symphony Hall, is the solidity with which the business affairs, as well as the artistic ambitions of the orchestra, have been undertaken. A symphony orchestra is not a money-making institution. Major Higginson has not only founded, but maintained the Symphony Orchestra of this city, by meeting, in nearly every year of its existence, a large deficit. No expense has been spared to gain any necessary artistic end, but the money that has been spent has been spent very wisely and well. Major Higginson's spirit has been emulated by his executives, and the traditions of Symphony Hall are such as promise to be handed down to future generations, after the years that have seen the orchestra's development to the position of one of the three or four greatest orchestras in the world have gone by. The history of this organization is not only the history of one man's achievement. It is testimony to the best elements of the New England character and New England ideals. To the thrice admirable management at Symphony Hall, to the men who have served Mr. Higginson with conspicuous fealty and enthusiasm, the public of the country owes also a very considerable debt. As for Major Higginson himself there is no need, at this time and in this place to speak of the public's gratitude and esteem.

TIMES, PAWTUCKET

NOVEMBER 18,

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE CHARMED BY BAUE

Great Pianist Receives Ovation at Second Concert of Boston Orchestra.

Beethoven and Brahms—names power in the world of music—h a monopoly in the programme of t Boston Symphony Orchestra on the o casion of the second concert of the se son at Infantry Hall, last night. It wa an evening lacking in novelties, b abounding in the beauties of a pr gramme not too severe for the avera concert goer while eminently satisfyi to the classicist. It was, in short, typical Symphony concert, which aft all is a sufficiently descriptive term f any who have in the past had the plea ure of listening to this truly great o chestra.

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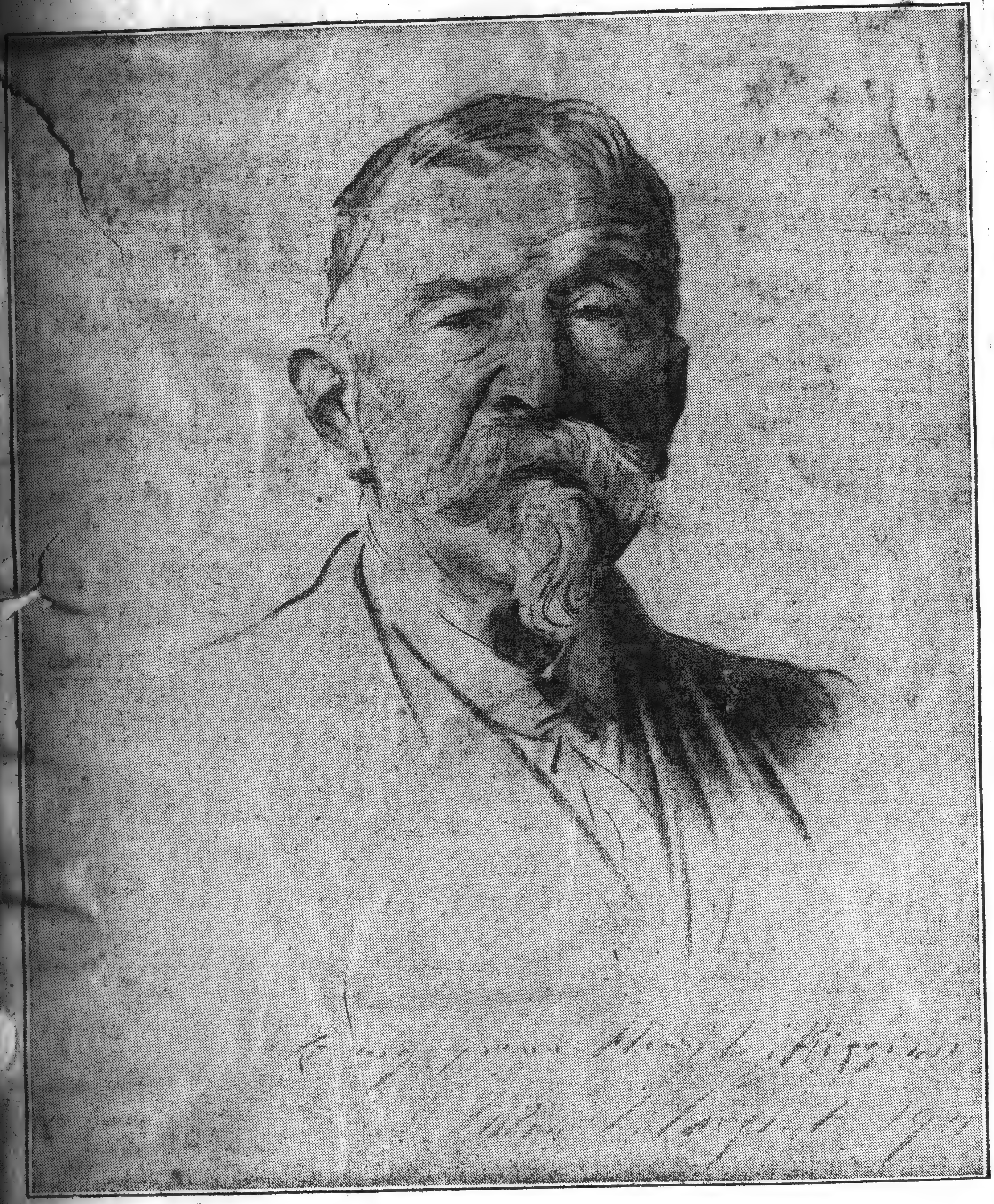
Mr. Higginson's Own "Account" of the Birth and the Growth of t

Record, Judgment and Self-Revelation in Mr. Howe's New History of the



Henry Lee Higginson

(From a Hitherto Unpublished Drawing by Sargent)

AT the suggestion of Mr. Higginson himself, Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe has written an historical sketch of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from its beginnings in 1881 to the end of the thirty-third year of its existence, six months ago. The resulting book which, with its appendices, makes a substantial volume of nearly three hundred pages will be published within a few days by the Houghton Mifflin Company—as nearly as possible upon Mr. Higginson's eightieth birthday, which falls on Wednesday next. Mr. Howe's "sources," as the learned say, have been the memoranda that Mr. Higginson drafted, with the exactitude of a man of business, about his purposes, when he was laying the first foundations of the orchestra; an "account" of it that he put among his papers three years ago; reports of occasional speeches that he has privately made concerning it; letters from Mr. Gericke and Mr. Paur about their work with it; records of its programmes, journeys and expenditures in the offices at Symphony Hall; articles in the newspapers of Boston and New York from 1881 to 1914; and the recollections in talk and print of Bostonians who have followed these many years the fortunes of the band. Of this material, Mr. Higginson's papers have never before been published; while Mr. Gericke's and Mr. Paur's letters were written at request for the particular purposes of the book. Mr. Howe, in turn, has spared no pains in his scrutiny of the newspapers of thirty-odd years for what they may contain about the rise and progress of the orchestra and the reactions of the reviewers and of the town generally to one and another incident of the early days. The [illegible] of his resources testifies curiously to the transformation that Boston has undergone within the period that his sketch embraces. In the eighties, matters of disciplinary routine in the orchestra were discussed in the journals acrimoniously and very "personally." In this more metropolitan day, they pass unheeded outside the immediate friends of the directly aggrieved. Now the orchestra stands above narrowly local considerations. In its first years, it was tried by nothing else.

A Self-Denying Book

Mr. Howe, as he explains in his prefatory note, has written his book as an editor and an annalist and not as a reviewer of music, critically concerned with the history of the orchestra on its æsthetic side. He has had, perforce, to enumerate those characteristics of the successive conductors upon which there is no disagreement; to note the advance of the band in technical efficiency, the gradual broadening of its repertory and the heightening of its standards; to touch casually upon the changes in the mood and judgment of a public that once mistrusted the music of Brahms, for example, and now accepts it as classic; and to record such quasi-æsthetic matters in the routine of the concerts as the lessening of the number of "assisting artists" and the lengthening of the programmes. Yet, as his preface promises, nowhere has he surveyed conductors or public, standards or achievements from the point of view of a writer about music and the performance of it. The reader of his modest annals would hardly suspect that they concern what is now, in all probability, the most accomplished and distinguished orchestra in the world, with a prestige only a little less in Europe than it enjoys in America; that has spread the note of Boston as has nothing else within the borders of the city in our time; and that has made Mr. Higginson, eminent man of finance and affairs as he is, yet more eminent as "the founder and sustainer" of a unique band. In and out of Boston, the standards and the achievements of the Symphony Orchestra have long encouraged catholic knowledge, discriminating taste and high ambition with music in America. The band has become an institution in full vitality, a criterion steadily maintained and a ceaseless source of stimulation. Yet in all these matters, tempting and almost essential as they are, Mr. Howe has kept loyally to his self-denying ordinance. Tacitly he leaves them to the reviewers of music; but they—even when they are foolish enough to collect their ephemera into a book—record and judge for the day in the column that is forgotten tomorrow and that they would fain amend on the day after. Seldom may they survey the larger aspects of their theme. Perhaps, when the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the orchestra befalls in 1931, some historian of æsthetic accomplishments may have his inning.

Matter and Manner

That fortunate recorder, if he ever comes to be, will seem yet more fortunate if he does his work as well as Mr. Howe has discharged his task of annalist. Thoroughly as he has done his work of compilation, he has not merely laid the dry bones of ascertainable fact in orderly succession side by side. Instead, he has hidden them in the flesh and the blood of a lucid, flowing, animated and even graphic narrative, written in a fashion that hides its artfulness in its simplicity and suavity, diversified by little flashes of pleasant humor and turning now one sidelight and now another upon the moods and spirit of this singular and amusing town, as it was in the eighties. He has set the figure of Mr. Higginson in high relief against a foreground of the conductors of the orchestra and a background of its men. He has kept "the founder and sustainer," the leaders, the personnel and even the much-quoted reviewers, human figures in the human, as well as the æsthetic, life of this Boston of ours. The imagined historian of 1931, who turns to Mr. Howe's book for facts will find himself soon perusing it for the interest and the entertainment that it yields. He will discover his facts as well in the appendices—the patient work of Miss Duncan of the Brown Library—that tabulate the personnel of the orchestra, the "assisting artists" and each and every piece played by it from the earliest times to May, 1914—laconic memorial, as it were, to many a forgotten musician and much forgotten music. In his turn, Mr. Howe has overlooked little. He happens not to mention the concert of the orchestra in New York, in the nineties and with Mr. Paderewski assisting, for the increase of the fund for the Washington Arch, or its share in the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard College and in the inauguration of President Lowell. Otherwise, the casual reader, more or less versed in the history of the orchestra, notes hardly an omission.

The Symphony Orchestra of 19

Mr. Higginson as a Music Student

Necessarily fully half the book falls to the beginnings of the orchestra from Mr. Higginson's first steps toward the founding of it to the end of Mr. Gericke's transforming conductorship in 1889. To this narrative Mr. Howe prefixes a chapter about the musical estate of Boston in the sixties and the seventies, full of curious details, and about Mr. Higginson's little-known studies of music in Europe in his early twenties. It discloses him as a student of music in Rome and especially in Vienna in the last years of the fifties, devoting himself so assiduously to practice upon the piano that overwork and the blundering "surgery" of a barber finally incapacitated him. It discloses him also as a teacher of English to Germans to eke out his slender means and in quotations from letters to his father, now printed for the first time, it reveals the place that music had already come to hold in his mind and heart. "As everyone has some particular object of supreme interest to himself," he writes, "so I have music. It is almost my inner world; without it, I miss much, and with it I am happier and better. You may remember that I wished to study music some few years ago when in Europe before. . . . I am studying for my own good and pleasure. . . . It is only carrying out your own darling idea of making an imperishable capital in education. My money may fly away; my knowledge cannot. One belongs to the world, the other to me." Mr. Higginson even thought of entering upon music as a "calling for life," but the hurt to his arm and much scrutiny of his own talents dissuaded him. He could do no more than make it a means of pleasure to himself and to others. Accordingly, he returned to Boston, bore his share in the Civil War as a soldier, joined the banking house that now bears his name and worked toward the fortune that would enable him to fulfil the vision that gradually arose before his eyes. In 1880, he could safely say: "I can drop business now, retire, and lead a life of comparative leisure; or I can continue to work and by my earnings establish an orchestra. This has been the dream of my life. I should like to do it if you agree with me."

Beginnings Recalled

Three years ago, at the beginning of the thirtieth season of Symphony Concerts, the late Mr. Apthorp, who was a part of many an incident and judgment that he recorded, told on these pages the story of the establishment of the orchestra under Mr. Henschel and its fortunes with public and reviewers in its earliest years. His narrative and Mr. Howe's differ in no essential matter; but with larger room and more than individual recollections at command, the later chronicler amplifies it with many a quotation from the journals of the day, with a memorandum that Mr. Higginson drafted in 1881 about his purposes and plans with the orchestra in case the fulfilment of them should fall to his executors and with extracts from an "Account of the Boston Symphony Orchestra" that he subsequently dictated in 1911. The fragments from the newspapers show the warm approval with which public and private opinion seemed at first to receive the project; the suspicions, the scruples and even the jealousies that afterward arose; the debate that the choice of an "outsider," like Mr. Henschel as conductor, stirred in an intensely localized community, and the gradual progress of the concerts and the leader in the good-will of audiences and reviewers.

From the beginning, the public liked the concerts; but not until Mr. Henschel had served more than a year did some of the reviewers and a fraction at least of the audiences find much to approve in him. Quite in the fashion of today, his skill seems to have preoccupied his detractors less than his "personality." To these reflections of the excitement of the town over its new orchestra, its new conductor and its transformed musical life, Mr. Howe adds necessary record of the changes in the organization of the orchestra and the arrangements for the concerts as experience showed a better way in both. Nor does he overlook amusing anecdotage and such points of view as found the music of Wagner "a dreary cacophony."

Mr. Higginson's Own Memoranda

Mr. Higginson's memorandum, read in the light of the thirty-three years elapsed since he drafted it, shows how thoroughly and far-sightedly he had worked out his project for a Boston Symphony Orchestra; how little departure there has been from the original scheme and how much of it has been fully and finally accomplished. It still lacks an accessory chorus, such as Mr. Higginson seems to have destined for it; the extension of its concerts to many cities has limited it to its own work and forestalled the coöperation in other musical undertakings at home, which in the early days the founder anticipated for it; and no longer does he maintain a string quartet from its members, as he did for many years and as he now contributes to the support of the Longy Club of wind instruments.

In the essentials, however, of standards and policy, the orchestra of 1914 is only the fulfilment of the orchestra of 1881. From the first, Mr. Higginson made the conductor the unquestioned master of its personnel, its programmes and all the details of the concerts on the æsthetic side. As completely he confided the business management of the band to the administrators that he chose. From the first, he sought high standards of performance and catholicity of repertory. To establish and maintain these standards, he first required that the players should be at the disposal of the conductor and subject to any restrictions he might impose about outside work; and subsequently he gave to Mr. Gericke a free hand in the reorganization of the orchestra that displaced many a "local man" for a newcomer from Europe. Both decisions and their consequences raised little tempests that swept up and down the columns of the newspapers and through the talk of the town and that still sweep in retrospect over Mr. Howe's pages. But Mr. Higginson held fast. Out of like purpose have sprung at bottom, the increase in the prices for seats, the more exacting choice of "soloists," the

Growth of the Symphony Orchestra

New History of the Band

Harris
Boston

e Symphony Orchestra of 1914—The Wind Choir

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His Judgment of the Early Orchestra

For the most part, Mr. Higginson's narrative of the origins of the band recounts facts already familiar, but toward the end, it recites his own judgment of its first accomplishments:

> Considering the newness of the scheme, the concerts went on well enough during the first winter, and were well received. The public was generous and kindly then, as it always has been. Toward the end of the season I gave out that the concerts would go on, and that I should ask the men to play only under one conductor. This caused trouble at once, and all but four men of the orchestra refused my terms. The newspapers took their side, and one prominent critic accused me of trying to make a "corner in musicians." The men sent a delegate to see me. This delegate was pleasant and clever and laughed at my statement that the concerts would go on and that it was only a question of who would play. Therefore, on the next public rehearsal day I went to the green-room of the Music Hall and asked the men to come in after the rehearsal, which they did. I then said to them: "I made a proposition to you which you have rejected. I withdraw my proposition. The concerts will go on as they have this year, and in this hall. If any of you have anything to say to me in the way of a proposition, you will make it"—and that meeting was over. During the next few days almost every man came to me and asked to be engaged. The delegate from the orchestra was not one of them.
>
> During the second and third years Mr. Henschel conducted as before, gaining experience and skill in his work—and the concerts, so far as I remember, were fair, and were growing better. People would say to me: "Isn't the orchestra splendid?" to which I replied: "It is not—it is learning, and will be good by and by."

Mr. Gericke Makes an Orchestra

As Mr. Howe was bound to do, he traverses at length the five years from the autumn of 1885 through the spring of 1889 of Mr. Gericke's first term as conductor. It was the formative period of the orchestra in which the new leader reconstructed and fused it, set its standards and established its routine. "There are some musicians in it," he said to Mr. Higginson after his second concert with it, "but it is hardly an orchestra." He made it such and set it far on its way to become one of the finest orchestras in the world. It was his orchestra when he left it; under Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur, it remained intrinsically his orchestra; it was his again in the fullest sense of the word during his second term, from 1898 through 1906, and not until Dr. Muck succeeded him was a transforming hand laid upon it. Mr. Gericke reorganized the personnel—under what opposition from the dismissed, their friends and divers "local interests," Mr. Howe tells interestingly and amusingly; began the recruiting of able players from Europe; imposed a new and unyielding discipline and new and arduous methods of rehearsal; trained the orchestra to a sensuous quality and an adroit [illegible] were strange new things in American concert-rooms, and transformed it from a collection of individuals that played more or less each in his own fashion into a fused, expert and susceptible instrument. On another side, to give the band longer employment and ampler practice, he added concerts in New York and other cities southward and occasional visits westward to its work at home and in New England; established "The Pops"; ventured other experiments that proved less lasting; widened the classic repertory, began the accumulation of the modern, and finally established a standard of programme that made the concerts in fact what in name they purported to be.

In a long letter that Mr. Howe reprints almost in its entirety, Mr. Gericke recounts his experiences in Boston in the retrospective vein of proud kindliness proper to a man who can now look back upon work so well done that by its sheer virtue, it finally overcame all opposition to it. Mr. Gericke confesses that he consented to come to Boston from Vienna largely because he was piqued at certain changes in his work at the Court Opera and that his first impressions of this town were hardly agreeable: "When I arrived," he writes, "the room that had been engaged for me proved only large enough for a bed, a chair, and a table. No place for piano or anything which might make it comfortable. Not used to such wholesome but somewhat Spartan simplicity, I wished for better accommodation; but, as my English was so very poor, it was thought unwise to take me to a hotel. I was brought into a private family, but, also there, nobody spoke any German. My room looked into a yard, I had nobody to speak to, and, though they kindly tried to make it comfortable for me, I felt very much like a prisoner in Siberia. After a few days, however, I was taken to the Tavern Club, which at this time was just founded by a number of young gentlemen—all nice and charming fellows. There I found kindred spirits and some good and stanch friends, who did their best to help me over my first difficulties." Thereafter, Mr. Gericke's work and the long contest to establish his methods and standards saved him from all homesickness, except when passing discouragements seemed to gather black about him.

As Mr. Higginson Judges Him

In turn, Mr. Higginson, in long passages from that mysterious "Account of the Symphony Orchestra," and in a speech at the farewell dinner of the Tavern Club to Mr. Gericke, surveys and estimates the conductor's work for the orchestra. "He had unusual talent for forming and developing it. He was a thorough musician with a fine sense for sound and careful execution, a refined taste, and entire command over his men. (When I asked my friend Epstein in Vienna about him, he said all these things, and added: 'He is conscientious and faithful in the highest degree'; and he proved so from the beginning to the end.) He took no end of pains, especially with the violins, kept the brasses down, and encouraged the good wood-wind. There was no limit to his patience, and no limit to the pains which he took; and he taught those first violins to sing as violins sing in Vienna alone. It was he who gave to the orchestra its excellent habits and ideals." Yet warmer and equally deserved is many a sentence in the speech to the Tavern Club.

Through Nikisch and Paur

To Mr. Gericke succeeded Mr. Nikisch, then at the beginning relatively of his

Continued on Page [illegible]

career but clearly revealing the qualities that were to carry him to the first rank in his calling. The Nikisch of 1914 was too busy or too indifferent to set down his recollections of his work in Boston for Mr. Howe, but the annalist recounts it sufficiently from the records of the time and from the memories that a young conductor of such individual ability, vivid personality and romantic and poetizing temper left firmly behind him. In the routine of the concerts the orchestra followed the paths that Mr. Gericke had laid out for it and incidents were few in the four years in which Mr. Nikisch reigned over it. Under him, the modern repertory gained larger and larger place in the concerts and Mr. Paur, who succeeded him from 1893 to 1898, was yet more eager with it. He has written a note rather than a letter to Mr. Howe about his experiences in Boston and in the course of it he is the first conductor to expatiate upon the unique constitution and position of the orchestra:

> The reason why the Boston Orchestra plays better than all other existing orchestras is—besides the excellent qualities of the men—the comfortable living the men are able to enjoy. They all are paid better than anywhere else, consequently they have no sorrow of provisions; they feel free, satisfied, happy, not overworked, and the result is joy, enthusiasm and perfection in their work. There are other wisest points in the rules set by the founder of the Boston Orchestra, which brought the institution to the best in the world. The most important and wisest one is the absolute power given to the manager, in all business matters, and to the conductor in all artistic, musical matters, both only responsible to the owner of the Orchestra.

Mr. Higginson and the Union

Even the Musicians' Protective Union, which fondly and insistently believes that the virtuosi of the orchestra are on the same level with its mechanics of music, tooting their horns and scraping their fiddles, has been unable by overt attack or covert intrigue to alter the status of an orchestra the personnel of which remains obstinately outside it. In a succinct paragraph Mr. Higginson writes of the necessity of such independence:

> The union specifies in a way the number of rehearsals, the pay for the musicians, the number of concerts, etc., and interferes with the engagement or dismissal of men. As I hold that all these points are very important for the good of the orchestra and must rest with me or with my conductor, I see no need or use for the union. We pay more, ask entire control of the men, and see to it that they are well paid, have pensions, and also get outside work if possible; therefore the union cannot benefit them. We can keep the orchestra at its present level or even higher only by asking such work as our conductor thinks essential, and sometimes the rehearsals mount very high, even to thirteen. On no other terms can I go on and pay a large subsidy, and not control—all this for the sake of art.

Time, the Present

When Mr. Paur departed Mr. Gericke returned—this time to an orchestra that was still in all essential qualities his handiwork. For six years he led it again, carried it to the highest point of accomplishment that it had yet attained, saw it gain larger and larger audiences at home and abroad, entered with it into the hall that is now its permanent abiding place and, reciprocally as it now seems, ripened himself into a conductor of larger power and warmer feeling than he had been in the preceding eighties. "During Gericke's last stay," writes Mr Higginson, "the orchestra reached a high point. He had made it originally, had seen it pass through the hands of Nikisch and Paur, each of whom did something for it, and, at any rate, had freed it from his discipline, which, albeit excellent in forming it, was rather rigid. When he came back to the orchestra, it was better than when he left it, and also he was freer in his beat, and under his magical touch, taste, skill, and industry it reached a very high point."

The rest of the book is brief record of the relatively recent days of Dr. Muck in his first conductorship, of Mr. Fiedler, and of Dr. Muck in these halycon years of his return. Self-denying to the end, Mr. Howe contents himself "with the briefest presentation of essential facts"; but model annalist though he is he cannot forbear a hint of the new severities that Dr. Muck has added to the routine of the concerts and of the new heights to which he has carried the achievements of the band. He has kept it a perfect instrument and he has given the voice of that instrument a manifold eloquence that it never knew before. Upon that pinnacle of "artistic supremacy—a point of permanence to be maintained through all the years to come," Mr. Howe ends his recording. A chapter of semi-philosophical retrospect and of shrewd surmise as to the future and the public it will bring to the orchestra and he is done.

"The Founder"

Yet Mr. Higginson, since the book is as much a record of his purposes with the orchestra and his relations to it as it is a sketch of its rise, progress and fulfilment, deserves the last word. He may speak first out of a letter to the late Otto Dresel, written in 1888, in which he sets forth the course that he has followed in all the thirty-three years of the orchestra in his intimate dealings with it.

> I have never exercised any supervision and I am not in a position to do so. You know very well that I am a busy man, and have many cares on my mind; that I must keep this orchestra matter before me, but I cannot give it much daily care or thought. I cannot go and see that the conductor is busy with his work day after day, week after week. Very often I do not go to a rehearsal for months at a time. That care I will not have on my mind, nor will I have any care or worry with regard to making the programmes or arrangements; nor will I undertake to engage any musicians. I have a manager who, here and in other cities, makes all arrangements. He also makes the contracts, by reëngaging men when their contracts expire, engages new men and discharges old men, but he does this at the bidding of the conductor of the orchestra. . . . The conductor must lay out his plans, of course make his programmes, find new men if he loses the old ones, either by their going or by his dismissal of them for ill conduct or for want of ability. He must think beforehand and arrange as to the concerts in town and out of town; he must preserve discipline in the orchestra, which is a more difficult matter than on the other side. He is free and unfettered in all these matters, has no Government officer, inspector or director to bother him. He is as free as a man can well be in this world—any man who has much work and considerable responsibilities on his shoulders. . . . If I cannot be on friendly terms with the conductor of the orchestra, I do not want to have anything to do with the thing at all. You know the aims, objects and pecuniary results of all my musical experience here, and you know what the result has been. It is far enough from what I want to attain, but, at the same time, it has been something. It is a work with which I wish to go on as long as I can, and if it can be made to continue forever, which is my expectation, so much the better.

"And the Sustainer"

And, as though Mr. Higginson were continuing the letter and shifting, in the warmth of his feeling, from external fact accomplished to the inner impulse that made such accomplishment possible and permanent, he said, in a speech to the Tavern Club, with a simple, intimate and touching eloquence:

> Several times when I have faltered in my plans for the future, I have taken heart again on seeing the crowd of young, fresh school-girls, of music-students, of tired school teachers, of weary men, of little old ladies leading gray lives not often reached by the sunshine, and I have said to myself: "One year more anyway." To us all come hard blows from the hand of fate, with hours, days, weeks of suffering and of sadness. Even boys and girls know this early and know it late. At these times music draws the pain, or at least relieves it, just as the sun does. Considering these things, can I have done harm by the concerts? Are they not worth while, even if they cost me years of work and worry? What were we made for? We are all bound in our day and generation to serve our country and our fellow-men in some way. Lucky is he who finds a fair field for his work, and when he has put his hands to the plough, he may not lightly turn back. He may not too easily say, "Enough, I am weary."

The Symphony Orchestra of 1914—The Leaders of the Strings

Horner Boston

The Symphony Orchestra of 1914—The Brass Choir

TRANSCRIPT,
NOVEMBER 16,

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TRANSCRIPT
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> Tonight Karl Muck conducts his full list from the land of the Kaisers. The same music wouldn't have stirred a ripple of comment if put in second place at Saturday's matinée. That would have been a graceful act to exchange the two programmes, giving the first night to Sibelius and the American Chadwick. It is the thrusting of Teutonic propaganda into front rank by Boston's premier band—heaven save that shining mark—that has set all the other fellows by the ears.

There is no obvious reason to attach any importance to these sayings, grossly as they misrepresent Dr. Muck's motives in the choice of his programme. They belong with the amusing caperings of the other reviewer, who believed it smart to write next day of Beethoven as a Belgian composer. But as it happened they stirred much wrath in the other reviewers of music in New York, who with speed and warmth proceeded to set Dr. Muck right before the public of the Symphony Concerts who had already heaped him with applause, caring not a pin and probably taking not a thought of the nativity of the composers on his programme. When the second concert of the visit came around, The Sun said, noting the recent performances under Dr. Muck of a symphony by Ropartz, a Frenchman, and of tone-poems by Sibelius, a Russian subject:

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And the Tribune in a sharp note about "politics and chauvinism in our concert-rooms":

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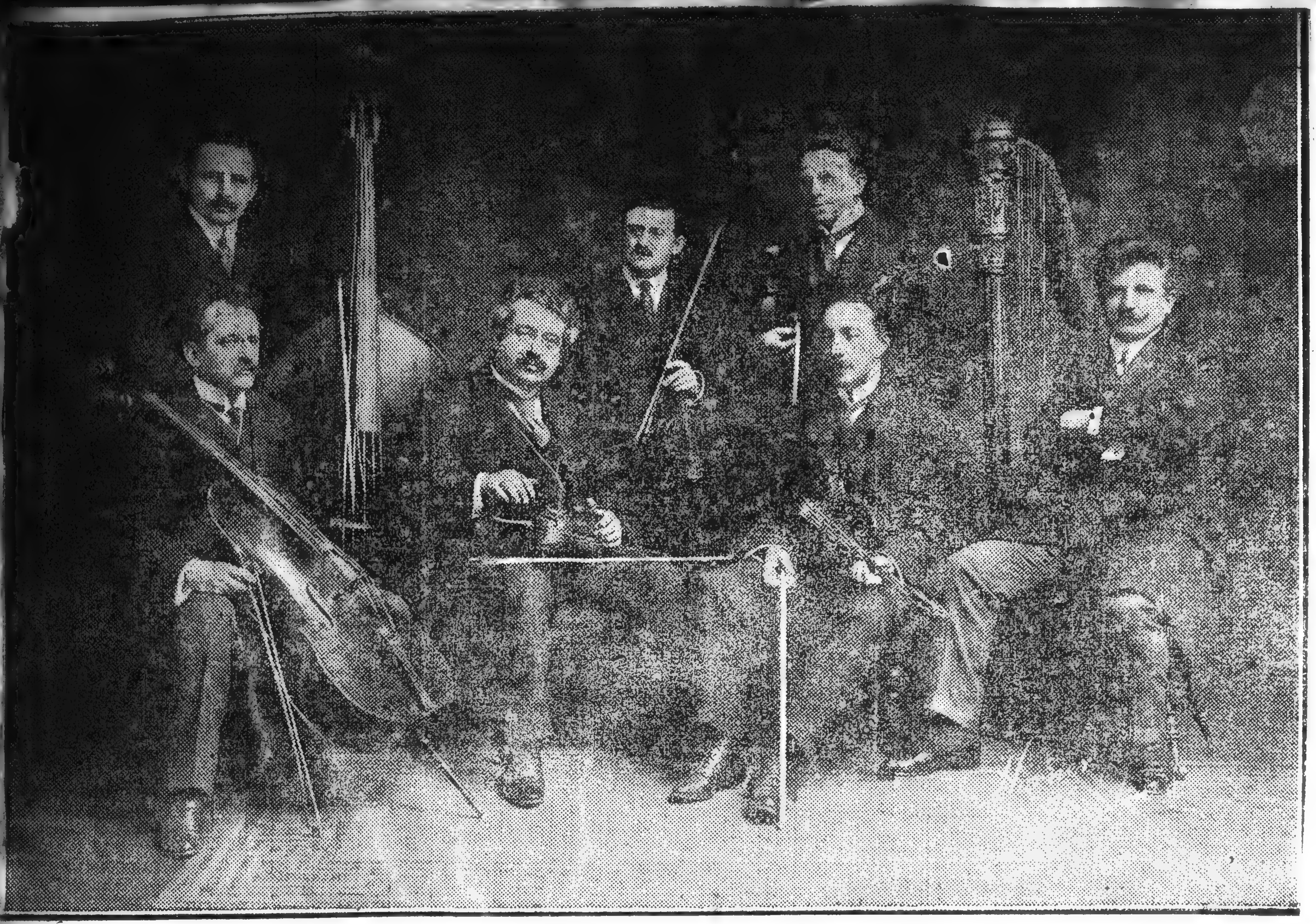

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ADVERTISER.

NOVEMBER 19

MEMORABLE BIRTHDAY

FRIENDS JOIN IN HONOR OF MAJ. H. L. HIGGINSON

GETS MANY TRIBUTES ON 80TH NATAL DAY

Senator Lodge, Bishop Lawrence, Gen. Stephen M. Weld, William Roscoe Thayer and Others Join in Praises of Boston's "Grand Old Man," During Dinner at Copley Plaza.

Surrounded by more than 350 relatives and admiring friends, among them leaders in almost every walk in life, statesmen, financiers, business men, professors, musicians and artists, besides admiring comrades, Maj. Henry Lee Higginson, "Boston's Grand Old Man," celebrated his 80th birthday last evening at the Copley-Plaza Hotel.

Speeches of warm and sincere affection and admiration from those best fitted by intimate association to know his boundless humanitarianism, anecdotes of his military career during the Civil War, and stories of his civic and business life were listened to with deep interest and delight by those honored by being present at probably the most memorable "birthday party" ever held in this city.

All had come to pay tribute to the man who, because of his deep love for Boston and its citizens, founded and supported the first Symphony orchestra in America, establishing Boston as the premier city of America in music and art, author of many charities and benefactor of Harvard College.

Greeted With Cheers.

Throughout the entire evening this "Grand Old Man" was obliged to listen to all manner of praise, to have many long forgotten incidents in his life brought again to notice. Perhaps the most touching tribute of the evening was made manifest when he rose to thank them. For several minutes a deafening burst of applause echoed through the hall, coming with such a will as to make speech impossible.

Following the dinner, the balconies were thrown open to the women relatives and friends and were soon filled. The centre box was occupied by members of Maj. Higginson's family, while in the others were many prominent leaders in Boston and Brookline society.

Symphony Orchestra's Tribute.

In appreciation of what Maj. Higginson has done for music in this city, more than half of the Symphony Orchestra were present and rendered Tchaikowsky's Symphony exquisitely, following it by offering a toast to Maj. Higginson which was heartily applauded. Twenty-five members of the Apollo Club, under the leadership of Emil Mollenhauer, also added considerably to the evening's entertainment.

Senator Lodge presided and the speakers were Bishop Lawrence, George W. Chadwick of the New England Conservatory of Music, William Roscoe Thayer, representing the Tavern Club, of which Maj. Higginson has been president for many years; Gen. Stephen M. Weld, who spoke of Maj. Higginson's activity and valor in the Civil War, and Maj. Higginson.

Senator Lodge read a letter from Pres. Eliot, who was unable to attend because of a slight illness, extolling the virtues and munificence of Maj. Higginson and his deeds of kindness to the students of Harvard College in giving them Soldiers Field and the Harvard Union. He said that his career showed the business man, social leader and humanitarian what American freedom has produced.

Letters of regret at being unable to be present, praising his broadmindedness, his strong character, and deep sympathy were read from ex-President Taft, Justice O. W. Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, Pres. Lowell, and Seth Low of New York.

Letter From War Comrade.

A letter which brought a smile of quickened interest from the guest of the evening was from Charles Francis Adams, a comrade in arms during the Civil War, and was read by Charles Francis Adams 2d, telling of a few adventures which they had together.

Senator Lodge said:—

"Great wars in which the lives of nations are at stake take a heavy toll from all that is best in the generation called to arms. The best physically, mentally and in character are the first to go and the last to return. Grievous to those who come after and to the strength and quality of the nation itself is the sacrifice then nobly and rightly made. This was peculiarly true of both sides in our own Civil War of 50 years ago, and among the best who then went to their death there was no finer example than Charles Russell Lowell. Gentleman, soldier, scholar, as brilliant in intellect as he was strong in character, he personified that type of our English-speaking race which history enshrines in the name of Sir Philip Sydney.

"Not long before that supreme moment, he wrote a letter to a friend at home, a [illegible]

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"Certainly I know no better example of the 'useful citizen' portrayed by Charles Lowell than he in whose honor we have gathered here. But he has been more than a 'useful citizen.' He is a great public servant. He has never held public office and never desired it, but he has been none the less a great public servant in the highest and largest sense. In every year and through all the years of his life he has served the country, the state, and above all his fellow men.

"The number of years in a man's life does not matter when the account is made up. That which is of consequence is what was done with the years, whether few or many. Here every year has been marked by service to his fellow men or to his country by him whom we meet to honor. It is this which gives to the conventional birthday wishes tonight a reality of meaning and a glow of affection too often lacking in ceremonial utterances.

"We felicitate ourselves that as Americans the years of his life have been given to us. We measure age not by dates, but by mind and heart, and when both are active, both still warm with the flush of youth, as they are with Mr. Higginson, we wish for the happy returns of the anniversary as we hope from the bottom of our hearts that the procession of his days may still march on, beneficent, for many years to come."

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"He was a man," he said, "of deep convictions, who stood for the right as he saw it, of justice and purity, and that same strain has gone down through his descendants. So Maj. Higginson is a man of deep convictions and righteousness, of temperance, justice and purity. He has taught us the genius of friendship, and as loyal friends we stand here tonight to wish him 'Godspeed.'"

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"There are many things in this life hard to bear, and anyone who can help anybody else is a fortunate man. If there is anything that I've done to make you happy, think how lucky I have been.

"Friends, men and women, artists, business men and everybody, you know very well what this means to me. No words of mine can express my thoughts in the matter, you have done me this great honor, and I thank you again and again."

The Apollo Club then sang "Fair Harvard," in which everybody joined. Three hearty cheers were then given with a gusto and enthusiasm.

Seated at the head table were ex-Gov. Guild, Senator Weeks, George von L. Meyer, ex-Secretary of the Navy; James J. Storrow and many prominent neighbors and friends of the aged citizen.

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Live according to your highest ideals.

Remember the creed of our nation—the pursuit of happiness.

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Deeply affected by the tribute, the guest of honor, with characteristic aversion for compliments, disclaimed credit for himself and then told the great gathering his creed of life—happiness in doing good for others.

The occasion was a spontaneous tribute to Major Higginson. The birthday dinner was arranged by no organization, but by a voluntary committee of his friends and associates in business and other walks of life.

In addition to the distinguished gathering about the tables in the great ballroom of the hotel, the galleries were filled with beautifully gowned women. Mrs. Higginson, with a party of relatives and close friends, occupied the central box in the balcony.

And between the speeches, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of which Major Higginson is the founder, and the Apollo Club, of which he has long been a friend and supporter, mingled their tributes of musical numbers.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge was toastmaster and among the speakers and distinguished guests were Bishop William Lawrence, Senator John W. Weeks, George von L. Meyer, ex-Governor Curtis Guild, ex-Governor John D. Long, Lieutenant-Governor-elect Grafton D. Cushing, Howard Elliott, Eben D. Jordan, General Stephen M. Weld, George W. Chadwick, William Roscoe Thayer, James J. Storrow and mony others.

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Ex-President Taft's tribute follows:

"He has the finest flavor of New England, and typifies in the highest degree her best traditions. His broad, catholic value of things, his sense of responsibility for the general weal, his sturdy adherence to the principles that have made our country great, and the courage of his convictions—all awaken in one who knows his long, patriotic, useful life, real enthusiasm and grateful admiration."

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Relating the sterling qualities of one of Major Higginson's ancestors, the Rev. Mr. Higginson, who was the first minister of the Massachusetts Bay colony, Bishop Lawrence, the first speaker, declared that the guest of the evening stood for the same qualities as the founder of his family in America—"for right as he understands it, for justice, for temperance, for purity."

"To him trade and money-making have been merely incidental in order that he might use what he made for the benefit of others," he declared.

Man of the People

"He has been always a man of the people, always a gentleman, always chivalrous. In the man in the street, in the Italian on the road, Henry Higginson has been able to see the heart of a gentleman.

"Of all the gifts that Henry Higginson has made to this community—munificent in amount though some have been—the greatest has been his expression of the genius of friendship. He has taught us that life is not in the quantity but in the quality, that gifts are not in the size, but in the love that is behind them.

"Major Higginson, we stand here tonight in loyalty to you because you have taught us the genius of friendship."

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"Now comes the last and best of the many pleasures which have fallen to my lot this evening," the latter began. "You all know what this one now coming is to be to us all. But let us start fair. This is a birthday dinner, but we decline to admit any suggestion of age or time in that connection.

"'Hang the Almanac's cheat and the
catalogue's spite.
'Old Time is a liar! We're 20 tonight.'

"Our guest comes with all the glory of his service and achievement upon him, but there comes with them no mark of the years except those which the greatest of poets said should accompany old age:

"Honor, love, obedience,
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"I present to you Henry Lee Higginson."

ADVERTISER.

NOVEMBER 19

MEMORABLE BIRTHDAY

FRIENDS JOIN IN HONOR OF MAJ. H. L. HIGGINSON

GETS MANY TRIBUTES ON 80TH NATAL DAY

Senator Lodge, Bishop Lawrence, Gen. Stephen M. Weld, William Roscoe Thayer and Others Join in Praises of Boston's "Grand Old Man," During Dinner at Copley Plaza.

Surrounded by more than 350 relatives and admiring friends, among them leaders in almost every walk in life, statesmen, financiers, business men, professors, musicians and artists, besides admiring comrades, Maj. Henry Lee Higginson, "Boston's Grand Old Man," celebrated his 80th birthday last evening at the Copley-Plaza Hotel.

Speeches of warm and sincere affection and admiration from those best fitted by intimate association to know his boundless humanitarianism, anecdotes of his military career during the Civil War, and stories of his civic and business life were listened to with deep interest and delight by those honored by being present at probably the most memorable "birthday party" ever held in this city.

All had come to pay tribute to the man who, because of his deep love for Boston and its citizens, founded and supported the first Symphony orchestra in America, establishing Boston as the premier city of America in music and art, author of many charities and benefactor of Harvard College.

Greeted With Cheers.

Throughout the entire evening this "Grand Old Man" was obliged to listen to all manner of praise, to have many long forgotten incidents in his life brought again to notice. Perhaps the most touching tribute of the evening was made manifest when he rose to thank them. For several minutes a deafening burst of applause echoed through the hall, coming with such a will as to make speech impossible.

Following the dinner, the balconies were thrown open to the women relatives and friends and were soon filled. The centre box was occupied by members of Maj. Higginson's family, while in the others were many prominent leaders in Boston and Brookline society.

Symphony Orchestra's Tribute.

In appreciation of what Maj. Higginson has done for music in this city, more than half of the Symphony Orchestra were present and rendered Tchaikowsky's Symphony exquisitely, following it by offering a toast to Maj. Higginson which was heartily applauded. Twenty-five members of the Apollo Club, under the leadership of Emil Mollenhauer, also added considerably to the evening's entertainment.

Senator Lodge presided and the speakers were Bishop Lawrence, George W. Chadwick of the New England Conservatory of Music, William Roscoe Thayer, representing the Tavern Club, of which Maj. Higginson has been president for many years; Gen. Stephen M. Weld, who spoke of Maj. Higginson's activity and valor in the Civil War, and Maj. Higginson.

Senator Lodge read a letter from Pres. Eliot, who was unable to attend because of a slight illness, extolling the virtues and munificence of Maj. Higginson and his deeds of kindness to the students of Harvard College in giving them Soldiers Field and the Harvard Union. He said that his career showed the business man, social leader and humanitarian what American freedom has produced.

Letters of regret at being unable to be present, praising his broadmindedness, his strong character, and deep sympathy were read from ex-President Taft, Justice O. W. Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, Pres. Lowell, and Seth Low of New York.

Letter From War Comrade.

A letter which brought a smile of quickened interest from the guest of the evening was from Charles Francis Adams, a comrade in arms during the Civil War, and was read by Charles Francis Adams 2d, telling of a few adventures which they had together.

Senator Lodge said:—

"Great wars in which the lives of nations are at stake take a heavy toll from all that is best in the generation called to arms. The best physically, mentally and in character are the first to go and the last to return. Grievous to those who come after and to the strength and quality of the nation itself is the sacrifice then nobly and rightly made. This was peculiarly true of both sides in our own Civil War of 50 years ago, and among the best who then went to their death there was no finer example than Charles Russell Lowell. Gentleman, soldier, scholar, as brilliant in intellect as he was strong in character, he personified that type of our English-speaking race which history enshrines in the name of Sir Philip Sydney.

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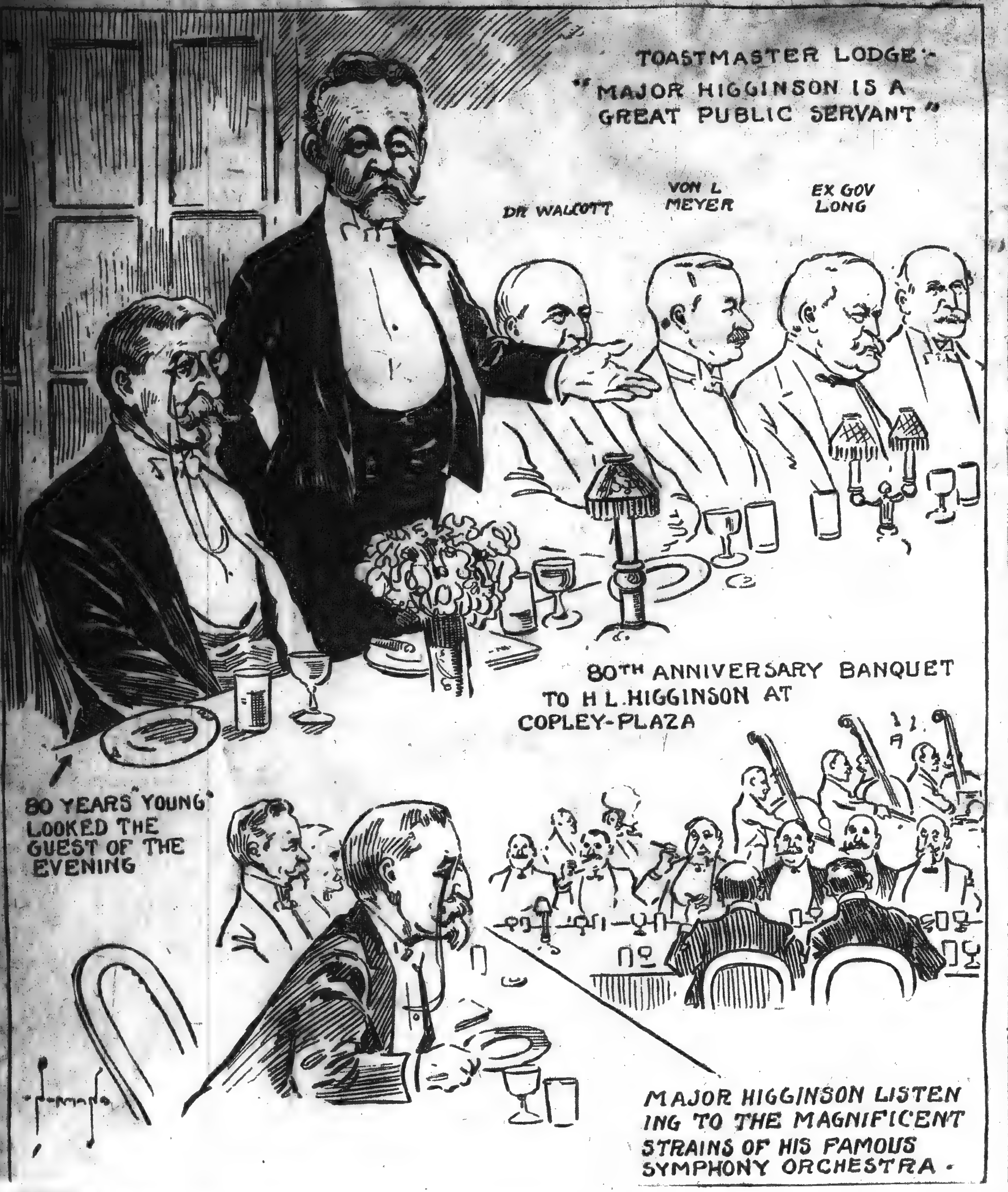
[52]

Senator Lodge Toastmaster at Banquet for Major Higginson


TOASTMASTER LODGE:-
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BOSTON JOURNAL— NOVEMBER 19,

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Men Prominent in City, State and Nation Pay Tribute to Him as a Public-Spirited Citizen at Banquet in Copley-Plaza Hotel.

At one of the most elaborate birthday parties ever held in Boston, Maj. Henry Lee Higginson was greeted by friends of city, State and nation, on his 80th birthday at a banquet at the Copley-Plaza last night.

A feast of complimentary tributes, a charming bit of music by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, an inspiring "soldier song" by the Apollo Glee Club, and a rousing cheer were all accorded to Maj. Higginson, "lover of art and men, public-spirited citizen, soldier, business man, and frend."

Senator Lodge, who was toastmaster, said:

"Certainly I know of no better example of the 'useful citizen' portrayed by Charles Lowell than he in whose honor we have gathered here. But he has been more than a useful citizen, admirable as that modest title is. He has never held public office and never desired it, but he has been none the less a great public servant in the highest and largest sense. In every year and through all the years of his life he has served the country, the State and, above all, his fellow-men.

Served Good Causes

"In war and in peace, on the battlefield and in the sheltered city, in unending charities, in the encouragement of art and in the advance of learning, wherever a good cause was to be found, there has his service been rendered.

"The number of years in a man's life does not matter when the account is made up. That which is of consequence is what was done with the years, whether few or many. Here every year has been marked by service to his fellow men or to his country by him whom we meet to honor. It is this which gives to the conventional birthday wishes tonight a reality of meaning and a glow of affection too often lacking in ceremonial utterances. We felicitate ourselves that as Americans the years of [illegible] given to us. We [illegible] by mind [illegible] wish for the happy returns of the anniversary as we hope from the bottom of our hearts that the procession of his days may still march on, beneficent, for many years to come.

Tribute in Browning's Words

"To him, as to very few, is it given to repeat, with a truth which we all acknowledge, the beautiful words of Browning's 'Rabbi Ben Ezra:'

" 'Grow old along with me!
The Best is yet to be,
The last of Life for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God, see all nor be afraid." '

Bishop William Lawrence said the major is a direct descendant of the Rev. Higginson of the town of Leiceste in England, who 300 years ago came Massachusetts to settle. He left England in spite of the fact that he was offered large emoluments to stay. These he refused and obtained for a Rev. Angel who, unlike himself, was a Conformist.

"And our friend, Maj. Henry Lee Higginson, truly embodies the spirit of his ancestor," said the bishop. He said that all the major's works show that he is a man of "deep convictions, quiet and serene courage; a man enwrapped in the work of truth, justice and the right, doing the service of God."

Made Boston Mecca of Music

George W. Chadburne, head of the New England Conservatory of Music, told how Maj. Higginson made Boston "the mecca" and "Symphony Hall the great Moslem" of music.

Gen. Stephen M. Wells, at the conclusion of his address, turned to Mr. Higginson and said: "Colonel, I would give five years of my life to carry the scar that you have on your face. You have it now because you showed persistency and courage. You have it because of the traits that you have displayed all through your later life."

The others who spoke were William Roscoe Thayer, who represented the Tavern Club, of which Maj. Higginson has been president for many years, and

Letters were read from President Emeritus Eliot, ex-President William Howard Taft, President A. Lawrence Lowell, Seth Low of New York and Oliver Wendell Holmes of Washington. All the writers were unable to attend but sent their felicitations.

Higginson Greeted With Cheers

Maj. Higginson was greeted with cheers. He said:

"Friends, this is awful. Isn't it lucky I am an old man. Else I would have had my head turned. There were many things said about me here this evening. A few were true, and many were not.

"Life's going on and this is the result of it. I'm sorry for it. If I go to the glass and comb my hair tomorrow morning I won't know this man. What can I say in response to all this?

"From boyhood I have tried to live the life to which my ideals pointed. I have tried to make others happy and prosperous. I have tried to come as near as possible to the creed of our nation.

"In my work I have tried to impress upon myself that my friend owed me nothing, but that I owed him all.

"Friends, men and women, artists, lovers of truth, all, you know what this dinner means to me. You know that I have no words to express my feelings. Thank you all. Let me thank you again and again."

At the conclusion of the major's speech and at the suggestion of Governor Guild all the diners rose to their feet and cheered Maj. Higginson to the echo.

The evening closed with all joining with Maj. Higginson in singing "Fair Harvard."

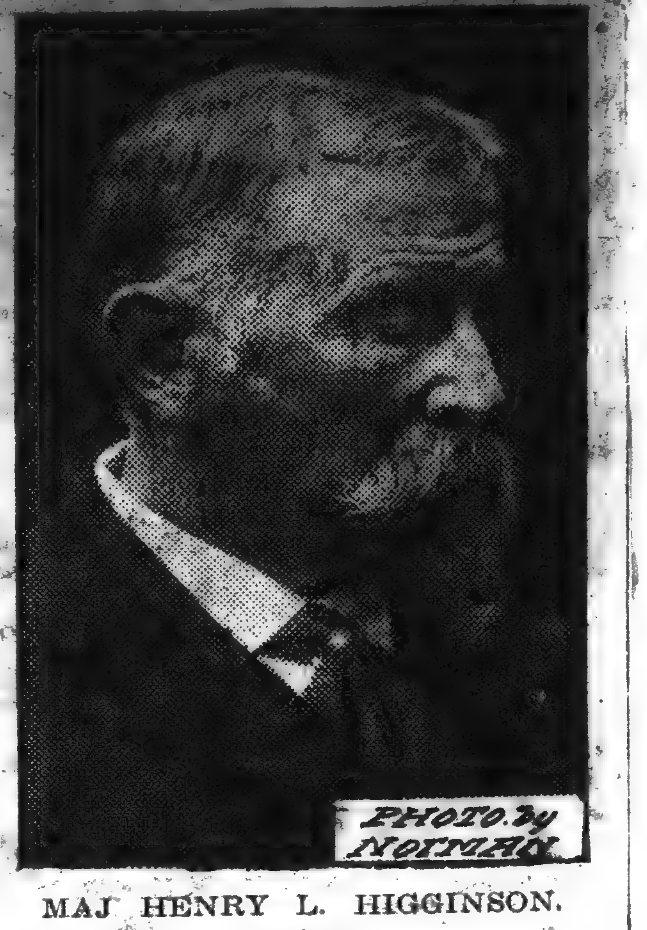
BOSTON GLOBE— NOVEMBER 19,

MAJ HIGGINSON HONORED GUEST

Notable Gathering on His 80th Birthday.

Senator Lodge Greets Him as Type of Useful Citizen.

Many Friends Pay Warm Tributes of Affection.



MAJ HENRY L. HIGGINSON.

It was a splendid body of more than 300 men, representative of the very best in Boston's art, commercial, banking, clerical and legal circles, that assembled at the Copley-Plaza last evening to pay a tribute of respect and affection to Maj Henry L. Higginson, foremost Boston patron of the arts and leader in philanthropic work, involving both generous financial giving and personal service, in honor of the 80th anniversary of his birth.

It was such a gathering as even a confirmed attendant at large public gatherings would hardly see more than once in a lifetime, including, as it did, not only faces of men of National repute in many spheres of the world's affairs, but also numbers of men, like judges of the higher courts and men of advanced age, many of them retired from active association with business or the world in general, who seldom attend a large gathering save for some occasion of transcendent importance.

United States Senator Lodge was presiding officer and his fellow-Senator, Hon John W. Weeks, was also at the head table. Ex-President Taft had sent a letter that breathed a spirit of genuine regret at inability to be present.

The highest that art can furnish in this country was present in the Symphony Orchestra, led by Dr Muck, its conductor, and the orchestra alternated between the courses of the banquet and the after-dinner speeches, with the Apollo Club, which sang choral selections under the baton of Emil Mollenhauer.

Many Fields Represented.

The speakers were comparatively few, but all were long-standing friends of the guest, and their addresses, while designedly brief and in the main devoid of formality, spoke sentiments that manifestly came direct from the heart.

The speakers had been so selected as to represent in turn the Government, the world of music, education as represented by Harvard University, the church, old friends as represented by the Tavern Club, of which Maj Higginson has been president for many years, and comrades of the major in the Civil War. Maj Higginson, of course, spoke last, with his customary modesty, and the affair ended after 11 p m with the singing of "Fair Harvard" by the entire gathering.

The seven balcony boxes in the great banquet hall were occupied almost entirely by the women relatives and friends of Maj Higginson, Mrs Higginson being seated in the center box, exactly opposite her husband, and the total number of women, who were in resplendent toilets, being about 70.

At the chief table, flanking Senator Lodge and the honored guest, Maj Higginson, were: Brooks Adams, Charles F. Adams 2d, George R. Agassiz, Charles B. Amory, Dr William S. Bigelow, George W. Chadwick, Alexander Cochrane, C. A. Coffin, Hon Grafton D. Cushing, Frederick A. Delano, Howard Elliott, Pres H. A. Garfield, Hon Curtis Guild, A. H. Higginson, F. L. Higginson, F. L. Higginson Jr, Charles C. Jackson, Rt Rev William Lawrence, George C. Lee, Col T. L. Livermore, Hon John D. Long, Hon Justice W. C. Loring, Pres R. C. Maclaurin of Tech, Hon George von L. Meyer, Col Charles F. Morse, Dr Karl Muck, Hon Richard Olney, Edwin Robinson, Gen Morris Schaff, Gen H. L. Scott, F. C. Shattuck, Col R. H. Stevenson, Charles A. Stone, James J. Storrow, William R. Thayer, Dr H. P. Walcott, Hon John W. Weeks, and Stephen M. Weld.

Senator Lodge's Tribute.

Senator Lodge in his opening remarks drew a parallel between the present war and the Civil War of 50 years ago, in their drain on the very best blood of the Nations, quoting from a letter sent home from the Civil War by Charles Russell Lowell, in which the writer urged that all personal ambitions be subordinated during the war to the one idea of rendering useful service to the country.

"We are here tonight to show," he observed, "all too inadequately, the affection we feel and the honor we would fain pay to the man who received that letter and who has carried out to the full its noble precepts. He to whom the letter was addressed needed no admonitions to set him upon the path to which Lowell had pointed.

"His own nature did that, and yet as he has fared along the road of life those words of his friend who had won 'the great prize of death in battle' must, I think, have often recurred to him and cheered him onward as he played his part of the 'useful citizen' with an ever-extending sphere of service.

Type of Useful Citizen.

"Certainly I know no better example of the 'useful citizen' portrayed by Charles Lowell than he in whose honor we have gathered here. But he has been more than a 'useful citizen,' admirable as that modest title is.

"He has never held public office and [illegible] the less a great public servant in the highest and largest sense. In every year and through all the years of his life he has served the country, the State, and above all, his fellow men.

"In war and in peace, on the battlefield and in the sheltered city, in unending charities, in the encouragement of art and in the advance of learning, wherever a good cause was to be found, there has his service been rendered.

"The number of years in a man's life does not matter when the account is made up. That which is of consequence is what was done with the years, whether few or many. Here every year has been marked by service to his fellow-men or to his country by him whom we meet to honor.

Wish Him Many More Years.

"It is this which gives to the conventional birthday wishes tonight a reality of meaning and a glow of affection too often lacking in ceremonial utterances. We felicitate ourselves that, as Americans, the years of his life have been given to us.

"We measure age not by dates, but by mind and heart, and when both are active, both still warm with the flush of youth, as they are with Mr Higginson, we wish for the happy returns of the anniversary, as we hope from the bottom of our hearts that the procession of his days may still march on, beneficent, for many years to come.

"To him, as to very few, is it given to repeat, with a truth which we all acknowledge, the beautiful words of Browning's 'Rabbi Ben Ezra':

" 'Grow old along with me!
The Best is yet to be,
The last of Life for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid." ' "

Symphony Orchestra's Offering.

After Senator Lodge had finished the Symphony Orchestra played the Pilgrims' Chorus from "Lohengrin" with a power and a feeling that held the great audience spellbound throughout. Then, at the suggestion of the orchestra, made through Dr Muck, the entire assemblage rose and drank the health of the guest of the evening.

Senator Lodge next announced that he had hoped to see Dr Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, present to speak for the educational world, but that the doctor is convalescing from a cold and could not leave home.

The Senator credited Dr Eliot with being "one of the great men of this age and this country, who, by his activity in the educational world during the last 40 years, has influenced more lives than can be estimated."

Dr Charles W. Eliot's Letter.

The Senator then read Dr Eliot's letter, which began by saying that though Maj Higginson is regarded as characteristically Bostonian, he was actually born in New York, and though regarded as preeminently a Harvard man, he spent only one year at the university and never received a degree from that institution till he was 48 years old, when he received an honorary one.

Dr Eliot continued, in part: "Appointed a fellow of the corporation when he was 59 years old, Mr Higginson has labored with diligence and devotion for the welfare of the institution during 21 years. He has had no return save the satisfaction of serving and helping a great institution.

"He has taken active part in many efforts to increase the endowment of the university, and has always felt it a privilege to use his resources and his influence in that way.

"By giving Soldiers Field to Harvard he commemorated not himself, but some of his boyhood friends who died for their country. He believed the manly sports of youth make vigorous and serviceable men, and he wished to inculcate the duty of patriotism, the splendor of self-sacrifice, and devotion to the common good.

"He gave Harvard Union to the university to teach the value of wide acquaintance with many sorts of young men from many parts of the world and to supply an example of comfort and of good facilities for work and play without luxury or enfeebling softness.

"In both his great gifts to the university he will long teach democracy and toleration and the high value toward success in life of friendship and broad sympathies." The letter also paid a high tribute to Maj Higginson for his annual series of 10 Symphony Orchestra concerts at Sanders Theatre.

Some Colonial History.

Bishop William Lawrence, whose whole address breathed the spirit of the warmest personal friendship, went into a bit of early Puritan history in England and New England to show how Maj Higginson had apparently inherited some of his most conspicuous and most admired traits from his first American ancestor, Rev Mr Higginson, who came from Leicester, Eng, to Salem about 285 years ago.

George W. Chadwick, head of the New England Conservatory of Music, next paid a tribute to Maj Higginson for making Boston the musical center of the Nation, and he said it will remain so as long as the Symphony Orchestra continues to exist.

William Roscoe Thayer spoke for the Tavern Club. Charles Francis Adams 2d read a letter from his uncle, Hon Charles Francis Adams, who is at Washington and who described his relations with Maj Higginson as a comrade in the war.

Gen Stephen M. Weld made comparisons of conditions in the Civil War and the present war and said to Maj Higginson in concluding: "Major, I would give five years of my life to carry on my face that saber cut, that mark of bravery and of contact with the enemy, which you bear. It is a badge of courage that everyone must envy."

Maj Higginson Presented.

In presenting Maj Higginson, Senator Lodge said: "Now comes the last and best of the many pleasures which have fallen to my lot this evening. You all know what this one now coming is to be to us all. But let us start fair. This is a birthday dinner, but we decline to admit any suggestion of age or time in that connection.

Hang the Almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite,
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty tonight.

"Our guest comes with all the glory of his service and achievement upon him, but there comes with them no mark of the years except those which the greatest of poets said should accompany old age:

Honor, Love, Obedience,
Troops of Friends.

"I present to you Henry Lee Higginson."

INFORMATION OBSCURED

Ex-President's Taft's Regrets.

Maj Higginson, in responding to all the compliments that had been paid him, arose and convulsed the audience by exclaiming: "This is awful. If I were not an old man my head would be turned by what has been said here tonight, some of it true, but most of it not true." After a few more discursive remarks of a deprecatory nature he thanked everybody present heartily for the compliment paid in giving him such a birthday celebration.

John P. Reynolds, one of the hardest workers in getting up the dinner, read several letters from friends unable to come. One from Ex-President Taft read:

"I feel a real regret that I cannot attend the dinner to Maj Higginson on his 80th birthday. He has the finest flavor of New England and typifies in the highest degree her best traditions.

"His broad, catholic view of things, his sense of responsibility for the general weal, his sturdy adherence to the principles that have made our country great and the courage of his convictions all awaken in one who knows his long, patriotic, useful life real enthusiasm and grateful admiration. I envy those who are to be present personally to tender him their felicitations."

Written Felicitations.

Pres A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University sent a letter saying he had been called away from home and reviewing some of the good things that Maj Higginson has done for young men through Harvard, both by his gifts and his personal talks.

Justice Wendell Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, a cousin of Maj Higginson, sent an appreciative message, as did Ex-Mayor Seth Low of New York.

Among well-known men who were present were: Eben D. Jordan, Oliver Ames, Ezra H. Baker, Gen William A. Bancroft, Francis R. Bangs, Clarence W. Barron, Walter C. Baylies, Rev Sherrard Billings, T. Dennie Boardman, Robert S. Bradley, I. Tucker Burr, J. Randolph Coolidge Jr, Charles E. Cotting, Gordon Dexter, Philip Dexter, Hon Samuel J. Elder, William C. Endicott, Hon Louis A. Frothingham, Rev Paul Revere Frothingham, Thomas B. Gannett, R. H. Gardiner, George P. Gardner, Hon William A. Gaston, Wallace Goodrich, Rev George A. Gordon, Hon Robert Grant, Augustus Hemenway, Robert F. Herrick, Admiral Francis J. Higginson, Prof Ira N. Hollis, William Hooper, James H. Hustis, E. C. Johnson, Jerome Jones, Joseph Lee, John M. Longyear, A. P. Loring, John Lowell, Langdon P. Marvin, Justice James F. Mitchell, John T. Morse Jr, Frederick S. Moseley, Robert Lincoln O'Brien, Gen Robert S. Oliver, R. T. Paine 2d, Hon Herbert Parker, Henry Parkman, Rev Endicott Peabody, Francis Peabody, Bela L. Pratt, Neal Rantoul, Philip L. Saltonstall, Robert G. Shaw, A. Shuman, Col William D. Sohier, Moorfield Storey, Hon John A. Sullivan, Eugene V. R. Thayer, Edwin S. Webster, Prof Barrett Wendell, Frederick Winsor, Robert Winsor and Arthur D. Hill.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

NOVEMBER 28,

SYMPHONY DOES BRILLIANT WORK IN "SCHLEMIHL"

Biographical Work of Reznicek Programs Modern Life From Many Angles—Harold Bauer Piano Soloist in Beethoven

SYMPHONY HALL—Sixth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor, afternoon of Nov. 27. The program: Reznicek, symphonic biography, "Schlemihl"; Mozart, symphony in C major, "Jupiter"; Beethoven, fourth piano concerto in G major, Harold Bauer, soloist.

In the work of Reznicek the audience recognized a veritable picture of modern life. It responded to the performance of the piece with an attention that meant it was in the presence of a symphonic writer who knows the life of his times down to the ground. For the listeners at the rehearsal the "Schlemihl" was a study of a typical present-day character, a discussion of the social motives that are actuating men and women today. To get its point was to know the world better, to know it better economically and politically. To take it in completely was to enjoy a view of the whole world of business, diplomacy and government. Hearers who followed the ins and outs of the story carefully found that they were making a journey to the principal points of interest in their international environment.

Orchestral music, one way of regarding it, cannot delineate character or paint scenery. The doubters can ask for the note that indicates a man and for the sound that means a tree or a house, and no answer can be given them. The competency of the orchestra to impersonate and describe is proved by the reaction it makes on hearers. And after all, it is precisely the same with statues, pictures and novels. Somebody must take notice of them and be moved, else they are but stone, canvas and paper. The response to the artist, not the medium through which he gives the message, is what counts. And the Reznicek work awoke a remarkable response in that skilled, shrewd, alert, artistic representative of the community, the Symphony [illegible] audience. There came [illegible] subtle one of attention to the spi[illegible] of the story as the composer unfol[illegible] them.

The symphonic biography is a distinguished success as a piece of program music. And the success of it arises, as in all good program writing, less in the way it follows the printed scenario than in its careful proportion of moods, its judicious arrangements of contrasts, its thoughtful manipulation of the subject-matter. In other words, the effectiveness of its impressions results from pure artistic management. The composer's purpose to give an account of a modern man's career is subordinated to his desire to construct an attractive symphony, to produce a piece of music that shall add to the pleasure to be found in concert halls.

The biography was most sympathetically presented by Dr. Muck and his men. The composition is almost too much for an orchestra even of the highest quality to prepare in a week. The performance should grow more elastic with repetitions. By the time it reaches the last cities of the orchestral tour next week, it should be in perfect trim. The first half of it was read on Friday afternoon with a brilliancy that was little short of surprising.

Conductor and orchestra shifted from Reznicek to Mozart with perfect ease. The performance of the symphony in C major would have been enough to give the program distinction, with the enormous task of the biography omitted.

Up to the last number the audience heard a modern concert. It heard works of serious orchestral import, works that represent an early school of scoring and a recent school, each at its best. The last piece took the house back to the artistic past of Boston, when the Symphony concert was the soloist. The second balcony, which is both the most liberal part of the Friday house to new ideas and the most tenacious of old ones, applauded the soloist at the end of the afternoon heartily. Indeed Mr. Bauer deserved all the applause he got. For his playing was in all respects admirable. But the fact remains that piano concertos do not fill the place in the public heart that they used to. The piano is accepted as an orchestral instrument but it is not valued as it once was as a solo instrument with orchestra. To begin with, those who have keen ears know that they do not get more than half the pianist's message in a large hall. And the mere effect of virtuoso display is not impressive today. Hearers know that there are better uses for the orchestra than to be accompaniment to a piano. There are so many great symphonic pieces demanding a place on programs for the public as a whole to find time to attend to secondary modes of expression, even when Beethoven is the composer.

JOURNAL—

NOVEMBER 28,

BAUER MATCHES SYMPHONY'S ART

Pianist and Orchestra Give Beethoven Concerto Brilliantly.

The first of the great musical artists to visit Boston this season, Harold Bauer, made his appearance yesterday as Symphony soloist. He is the first solo pianist of the current Symphony year—the first virtuoso who has proved himself a match for the orchestra.

There were great expectations on the part of the public, evidently, for several hundred enthusiasts were standing outside the hall at noon, long before the concert began; and there was a full house at 2.30. The expectations were richly fulfilled. It is doubtful if many were drawn to the concert by the Reznicek number, the symphonic biography called "Schlemihl," an imaginative composition, yesterday, brilliantly performed, but still mostly caviare to the average audience. The Reznicek music is realistic and descriptive. It is a tone picture sketched by a man who loves melodrama. The performance enriched it, for the Symphony men played as if they were assisting Dr. Muck to introduce the ninth wonder of the world. They got an ovation for their work, and they deserved it.

Bue the etraordinary excellence of the concert was to be enjoyed by all in the performance of Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony" and Beethoven's fourth piano concerto, in C major, with Mr. Bauer as soloist. Mr. Bauer played the concerto more beautifully, on the whole, than any Symphony soloist for nearly twenty years, or since Joseffy played it. His art ran the gamut of technic and of expression. The power was tempered with restraint and repose, and the poetry of the concerto came forth through tones that alternately charmed the ear and warmed the blood. Taken altogether, it was a performance of Olympian strength and beauty, a rarity to be compared with a view of a summer sunrise on Frenchmans Bay or a dance by Mordkin.

The orchestra goes on tour next week, with Mr. Bauer as soloist.

The prayer in the Reznicek number was sung by Paul Draper, the New

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SCHOENBERG WOULD RESTATE ARCHITECTURAL RULES OF MUSIC IN HIS "FIVE PIECES"

In Hearing Forthcoming Work Played by Boston Symphony Orchestra the Listener Must Discard Notions of Melody and Harmony and Look for the Structure

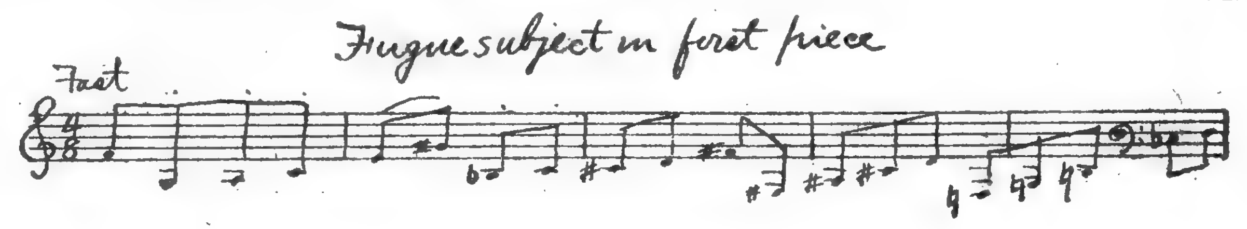
In these days of musical enlightenment in Boston, something extraordinary in the way of orchestral sound must be offered to cause Symphony concert listeners any surprise. Something pretty near a go-as-you-please on the part of the players would have to happen before the public would make objections.

It has been a long time since the Symphony conductor has presented anything that the public would not accept as art. People laugh today when they think how once they were scandalized at the music of Wagner. Wagner, who in the early years of the orchestra could be understood by only a few, is now a drawing name on popular programs. Almost as meaningless at that time was Brahms. And as for Strauss, he was remote from Beethoven even to insolence. His symphonic fantasia, "From Italy," at its first performance emptied a good part of the seats in old Music hall. This piece at its revival recently was far, indeed, from being an offense to the hearers. It just gave the impression that its composer was too busy in mastering a style to attend properly to his structure.

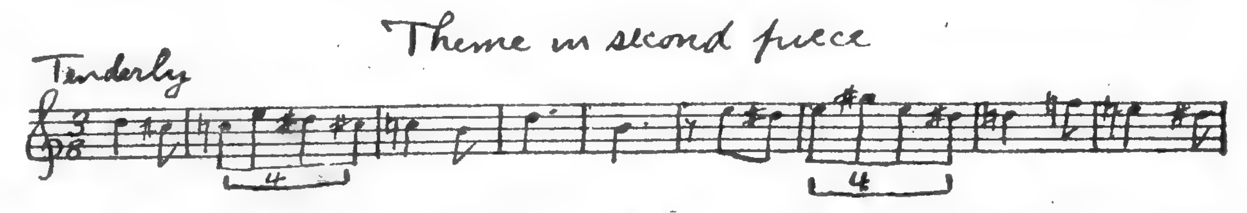
Definition Revised

The difficulty 25 years ago in Boston was that the public held a narrow definition of music. That does not mean that the public thought narrowly about music. It had abundant listening power. It gave enthusiastic attention to Haydn. Without doubt audiences then heard the symphonies of Mozart more intelligently than audiences today do. Keenness of understanding is required of a hearer to take in a piece of music built on eighteenth century simple lines in just the same degree as to take in twentieth century complex lines. The voluminous tone poems of Strauss and the vast symphonies of Mahler imply not enlarged thought, but only a freer means of expressing thought.

Fugue subject in first piece



Theme in second piece



The orchestral public in the eighties and early nineties was as keenly appreciative within its confined definition as the modern public is within its broader definition. It perhaps knew only too well that the new definition would mean at last a shift of emphasis, that the classic masters would in time fall into neglect.

The forward-looking people who have seen Wagner, Brahms and Strauss through to triumph may soon have the same experience that the champions of the old schools of compositions had two decades and a half ago. For a reform in music-writing is now in progress, which is the most radical attempted since the time of Bach. This reform, headed by Arnold Schoenberg, means a complete change of building materials of music, and probably in time a thorough restatement of its architectural rules.

Music to those who ended all symphonic art with Beethoven meant first, melody—that is to say, melody with a systematic accompaniment of chords; second, it meant organic structure through theme; third, it meant a group of clearly defined moods, which may be roughly described as contemplation, romantic sentiment and comedy. Symphonies, in other words, had to be composed in movements, called allegro, andante and scherzo, or names of like significance. Overtures had to be, generally speaking, on the allegro design.

Brahms disturbed this scheme very little. He really did nothinig more than amplify it. Wagner, to mention only his strictly orchestral pieces, his overtures and preludes, did not upset the structure of his predecessors. But he did reorganize melody, and with it the scheme of accompanying chords.

Strauss followed Wagner more or less in his melodic methods. People could have endured him with Wagner to show them what he meant if he had not pulled formal structure to pieces. But in time [illegible] it was found [illegible]ture with his tone poems, the essentials of the old symphonic form were left. He still kept the moods of contemplation, sentiment and humor in his pages. While he seemed to mix them up, he only rearranged them to suit a descriptive program.

Influence of Debussy

Since the time when Strauss was finally accepted, nothing new has occurred until now, to make listeners change essentially their attitude. The French, with Debussy at their head, caused a temporary disturbance. The modern French school has indeed introduced certain exotic variants on the old melody and harmony. But they have been speedily accepted. They did not much alarm even those who cherish ideas about the immutability of artistic law.

Now the time has come when Symphony listeners may prepare to be shaken out of their security of a quarter of a century. For the composer Schoenberg, who is presently coming with his "five pieces for orchestra," will demand that they give up every notion they entertain about melody and combinations of notes in chords. The entire system they have been used to, the system in which Haydn worked and from which neither Wagner nor Debussy in extreme measure departed, is now given up.

The Schoenberg situation is surely going to be disquieting, if there is the slightest trace of conservatism left in the public. It will clear itself in time, no doubt; but it will not do so with the rapidity of the Debussy problem. It may be that some day the Schoenberg melody will fall plausibly into the same system as Haydn's, but certainly for present-day ears it is worlds away from that system. The Schoenberg chord plan, too, is radically unlike that of any system ever used before. Whatever rules it may have of its own, they are not very closely related to those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, nor even to those of the twentieth before the year 1912. Indeed, if the Schoenberg formulas survive, music will have undergone a greater change in the last two years than in the previous 200.

New Position Established

One of the reasons why hearers oppose a new departure in composition, is because they fancy that the composer is trying to break up the foundations of past esthetics, that he is declaring enjoyment of music written before he came on the scene to be empty. It was once supposed that a listener could not like Mozart if he liked Wagner. But composers do not write to overthrow the position of their predecessors. They write to establish a new position for themselves and their contemporaries. If Schoenberg takes issue with any school, it is not with one dating before 1910. He merely asserts a starting point for the second decade of the twentieth century. He must be listened to, therefore, as a challenge to today rather than to yesterday. It will hardly be a denial of the worth of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms for listeners to say that they can see some good in the "Five Pieces."

Score Orderly

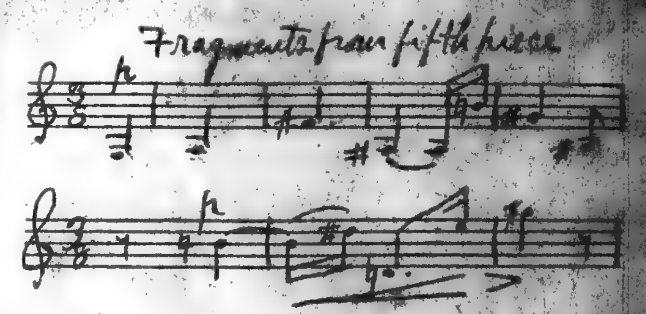
When Schoenberg asks our attention to melodies written without regard for key, and when he begs us to take pleasure in harmonies that bear hardly a trace of resemblance to any ever put together before, it will be the part of friendship and goodwill on the part of the Symphony public to bear in mind that his purpose is as far as possible from being disrespectful. When the orchestra announces themes that have only the motion and rhythm but none of the tunefulness of former days, when it sounds chords that so far as present ear habits go are absolutely unrelated to one another, the public must remember that no insult is offered to it, but that a call is made to its latent powers of hearing. When the music seems to lack [illegible] when it seems con[illegible] and static, the duty of the public is to get to work and enlarge its listening faculties to meet the situation.

For in the "Five Pieces" there is melodic pattern, to say the least. There is also a relation between note and note of the chords as they succeed one another, though it is not to be explained on old-time rules. The pages of the score represent order, not confusion, and they have dynamic, progressive quality. Their thought moves to a goal.

Structure to Be Noted

Those who wish to make anything out of the "Five Pieces" the first time they hear them, should be willing to surrender all their preconceptions about music

Fragments from fifth piece



as sound. Nothing should be heeded but the structure. That is the most interesting thing in any music. It is what gives every great composition its vitality. The structural solidity of Beethoven's fifth symphony and of Brahms' first is what keeps them unskaken monuments of expression. The sound of a piece of music has about as much relation to its permanent worth as the color of the masonry in an architectural maste work.

Schoenberg's recent product will ne the weathering of many performances bring it into outward blend with product of the nineteenth century. Meantime the interest is in how it is built.

Doubtless the "Five Pieces" are to b considered as one composition. The com poser does not call them symphony o even a suite. But there can be litt question that the five numbers are i tended as a cycle. The third could con ceivably be taken out of its surrounding and made an interlude on a progra where various schools of writing we represented. But it would have mo meaning played in connection with th others. It would hardly seem that an besides the third could give a complet impression played by itself. Each nee the others for context. The five a mutually explanatory.

Plan of Development

Schoenberg's analysts have pointed o that the first number is a fugue. Lis eners will find it to be a fugue much the manner of Bach, except as to con erations of key. Since key is discar they must not expect the fugal vo to be in agreement, according to us harmonic experience. When the sec voice takes up the subject it just st it without regard to the way it fits with the first one. Likewise in the d velopments, the subject in various for is piled high on itself, no thought chord effect, in the ordinary understa ing of it, being entertained.

One of the possibilities of the Schoe berg method of forcing notes togeth without harmonic restriction, is a v compact structure. Ordinarily a fug starting out like this one in the first the "Five Pieces" would work out developments in succession. Schoenbe instead of having one development c after another, has a number of them at once. There will be no objection the Schoenberg fugue, as there is so times to the classic form, that the m idea has to be elaborated at great leng before the music can logically stop.

The first of the "Five Pieces" is unlike the first movement of a sympho in feeling, though with its fugue it is d ferent in form. The second pi resembles the slow movement of sy phony, again in feeling and not form. For its themes are develo rather on the order of an allegro stead of an andante. The third m ment is themeless, being wholly a st in the atmospheric style of writing. fourth piece corresponds in a way to scherzo, being more on the fantastic der, however, than the humorous. last piece is a novel study in thema writing. Many themes are pronoun but none much developed. It is though the composer were trying to the right one and never got it, the he regarded the ideas he did find as petent to express his emotions.

EVENING TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1914

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MR. BAUER, DR. MUCK AND A PIANO CONCERTO

A Performance That Transcended All Recollection of the Piece and Many a Player of It—Mozart and Tonal Felicities — Reznicek's Eloquent and Impassioned Tone-Poem—His Power and His Individuality

As Mr. Kreisler, Dr. Muck and the orchestra once played Beethoven's concerto for violin and it seemed to sound as never at a Symphony Concert it had sounded before, so yesterday afternoon Mr. Bauer, the conductor and his men played one of Beethoven's concertos for piano. It was the fourth in the series—the only one that keeps its place nowadays in concerts beside the fifth, which is called "The Emperor." The music dates from the same period in which Beethoven wrote the concerto for violin, and as he designed that as a virtuoso piece for Clementi, so he may similarly have designed this concerto in G major for himself as executant. Had Beethoven not been the composer that he was, his name might still have lived obscurely as one of the virtuosi of the piano in the Vienna of a hundred years ago.

In any case, the analogies between the two pieces are not far to seek. Neither gives voice to grave and deep musical thoughts in large eloquence of utterance or moving stress of spirit. Each is written to be of displayful service to the virtuoso in the higher and the finer sense of the word as well as to give pleasure in itself. Both abound in fancy rather than emotion and run amiably their spirited course. Each treats instrument and form with impulsive freedom and each is plentifully and ingratiatingly songful. The concerto [illegible] violin and this fourth concerto abide the years because in themselves they are perennial pleasure to the listening ear and the answering fancy and because the virtuoso, the conductor and the orchestra may multiply this pleasure many fold. In both, more nearly than in any other of Beethoven's pieces that now survive in the active repertory, he wrote a smiling and an elegant music.

Mr. Bauer, Dr. Muck and the seconding orchestra seemed, indeed, to be resummoning the charm and reanimating the vitality of the concerto; for, as it is lightly written, so may it be easily dulled. Within no very long memory of the Symphony Concerts, the learned Dr. Neitzel spread it as so many dry wisps of tone upon the keyboard and Mr. Godowsky spun it into finical filagree. Yesterday, for the first time within easy recollection, it lived anew in its own bright and buoyant image. Even in the afternoon and at the end of a concert Mr. Bauer was rarely in the vein and seldom has he better exemplified, even at the present meridian of his powers, the keen intelligence, the poised sensibilities, the guiding taste, the just flow of feeling and fancy that control his exercise of them.

Throughout, the pianist's tone was as clear and warm and soft as sunlight. There was no hint of felt or wire in it. It was sensuously beautiful sound exquisite to hear in its lightness and brightness, its fluidity and its roundness. It spun arabesques in softly glinting and gently curving traceries. It melted phrase into phrase as they coalesced into the melodic flow. It flung off little challenges to the orchestra to new euphonies and new fancies. Or it smiled out its crisp bravura and then ran its course in purling fleetness. It was a softly incandescent tone, a gently kaleidoscopic tone that seemed to warm the music into luminosity, color and endless play of fancy. And it accomplished all these artistries as though it and the pianist who evoked it were improvising the concerto in instant and flawless elegance. The melodic and the harmonic phrases of the slow movement seemed rainbow-like against the dark background of the orchestral recitative and as the colors melt [illegible] of the sky so they hushed themselves into silence. The fancy, the charm, the suave sentiment of Mr. Bauer's playing were like a releasing enchantment to the exhaling spirit of the music. And, like a rhapsody in little, it exorcised the iridescent brilliance, the gay returns of the finale. "A dance of particles of light upon the air" was said of some piece of Debussy. It could have been said as truly of Mr. Bauer's playing of this four-fold rondo. Again he was setting free the magic of the music, and the wand was a piano that he conjured even out of its own limitations.

Meanwhile, from end to end of the concerto, Dr. Muck was conjuring with the orchestra too. Conductor and pianist became as a single mind and spirit in twofold play, and piano and orchestra were as one instrument to their hands and fancies. [illegible]ce, rhythms, modulations and shadings seemed born of reciprocal and instant understanding or impulse. The orchestra [illegible]ve translucent backgrounds for the arabesques that the piano spun; each melt[illegible] into each with a flawless euphony; sen[illegible]ent and symmetry met in eighteenth-[illegible]tury wise in the contrasts of the slow [illegible]vement; the orchestra caught the light [illegible] inflection the piano lent to the finale [illegible] Muck's rhythms were as fleet-footed as [illegible] Bauer's—and Beethoven's. The orches[illegible] was coequal with the piano, the con[illegible]tor with the virtuoso. The two means [illegible] expression were at one with each other [illegible] the music to the minutest shading and [illegible] slightest accent. The performance was [illegible]re than perfectly unified into an indivis[illegible] voice. It was as perfectly spiritualized [illegible] a single fancy, elegance and charm. [illegible]e a Bauer or a Kreisler to Dr. Muck [illegible] the orchestra and musical marvels are [illegible] with born.

[illegible] Dr. Muck likes to exercise himself [illegible] the orchestra upon every grace of such [illegible] Beethoven's concerto, so does he [illegible] opportunity and take similar [illegible] symphonies and the occa[illegible]. A year ago he [illegible] programmes, to [illegible] yesterday for the first time this season he returned to his Mozart and prefaced the concerto with the "Jupiter" symphony. Half an hour before he had proved his own and the orchestra's command of tonal grandiloquence in Reznicek's "symphonic biography" of a fated and struggling soul. Now, as it seemed, he would summon to the "Jupiter" symphony an equal command of tonal felicities. He heightened the charm of the songful andante by the equisite evenness and euphony of the instrumental voices that sang it. The most sensitive and expert of Mozartean singers with a single voice might not have phrased it more artfully and suavely than did he with sixty. The triple melodies flowed as one. As artful was the bright pointing in pace and rhythm of the smiling song of the first movement. It was newly radiant. The pace of the minuet was the golden mean that neither overspeeds nor overstays it, but keeps it moving in its animated grace. The finale was playful brilliance itself—a round game with the four "subjects" that in its zest lost not a whit of its elegance. In true Mozartean fashion scholarship seemed as play. And steadily through the symphony Dr. Muck held the orchestra to Mozartean suavity, roundness, brightness and plasticity of tone. Not a figure lacked its suppleness, not a phrase its smoothness. The conductor plays his Mozart for connoisseurs, and even for his own ear and imagination—and scarcely another—in some of the felicities he conjures from the orchestra. His brisk, crisp tempi seem as the weaving of these tonal tapestries before his own quick mind, ear and imagination. Yet the dullest listener feels, however vaguely, the new and stimulating sensation of it all. The new beauty is a freshening beauty.

At the other end of the concert by every scale stood Reznicek's magniloquent tone-poem of the generalized mortal that he calls "Schlemihl" and, as the gossip of Berlin says, of more than one of his own spiritual adventures. There are those that will not abide such music. They dislike its grandiloquence; they will have none of its fierce intensities as it passes from mood to mood; they recoil before its wide-stretched canvas and fresco-like delineation; they resent its passion as insincere and theatrical; they deny it imagination; they dismiss it as so much strenuous, restless and nerve-pricking "effect." None the less, it is quite as possible to conceive such a piece imagined and accomplished in the utmost sincerity, because such a passion for grandiloquent and graphic utterance rose in the composer and no other means might release the images and the emotions that were quickening him. Reznicek has achieved a tone-poem on the Straussian model wherein symphonic structure and delineative suggestion, the continuity of the music and the sequence of emotion are closely and illusively knit. He has invented such a vivid and propulsive theme as that of his mortal and transmogrified it as vividly under the stress of the tonal and emotional conflict. A rare musical energy projects this tonal image upon the ears and the imaginations of his hearers; a rare musical power makes it mighty when it fronts fate for the final struggle.

More than command of timbres, of harmonies, of broken and conflicting rhythms, of nervous scraps of themes, make the scherzo of lewd grotesques a vivid and a reeking music or summons the rack and the exhaustion of the combat against disillusion. The one is tonal suggestion of foul image; the other is tonal suggestion of spiritual stress and desolation. Each seizes and searches the imagination. There is power in such music and passion, even if both diminish a little in intensity when Reznicek would linger over the illusions of happiness. He misses the heights and depths of Strauss in such ardent song of inner and exhaling emotion. He dwells too long upon it. A dramatic and not a static music is for him. He must people his imagination; he must fling forth his images; he must set the tonal battle in ebb and flow; cavernous fate in the answering instruments must yawn before human weariness in the tenor cry, heard at last in its spent intensity and aching disillusion in Mr. Draper's singing of it yesterday. Then is Reznick a composer of passion, power and imagination, who yet measures wisely the scope of his design and summons shrewdly all his resources. In a sense he has taken up the music of fate and mortals where Tschaikowsky laid it down; he imagines it more masculinely and less hysterically and he walks, besides, at his ease and in his own individuality on the Straussian highway. Scarcely one in his generation in Germany does as much or more.

H. T. P.

BOSTON HERALD.

NOVEMBER 21.

FIFTH PUBLIC SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Program Interesting—Rhapsody by Ravel New to the Audience.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Heinrich [illegible] 'cellist of the orchestra, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

"From Italy," Symphonic Fantasia.....Strauss
"Waldesruhe," for 'cello and orchestra..Dvorak
Rondo for 'cello and orchestra..........Dvorak
Rapsodie Espagnole.........................Ravel
Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare....
Scheinpflug

The program was an interesting one. Strauss's Fantasia had not been played here as a whole for nearly eight years. The overture had been played only once, early in 1909. Ravel's Rhapsody, introduced here in January, 1910, by the Boston Orchestral Club, was new to the Symphony audience. The little pieces by Dvorak were also unfamiliar to many.

Strauss's Fantasia was the first composition in which, according to his own account, he asserted his independence. In its year—1887—this music was considered audacious; the last movement was thought to be insolently mad, and it was hissed in Munich, much to the composer's joy. Even Buelow hesitated. Today we wonder at the commotion. The first movement is to us the most poetic; the second is fantastic, but at times the construction appears to be labored and too deliberate; the third, "On the Shores of Sorrento," charming for the most part, although sentiment verges more than once on sentimentalism; and towards the end there is the fear that Strauss will never leave these shores; the fourth is not free from commonplaces, and Denza's "Funiculi, Funicula" is more Italian than Strauss's own themes. The finale could not now be called "crazy." The word "vulgar" might be applied to certain pages.

The Fantasia was certainly a surprising work for a man of 22 years to write. Especially for one that had been brought up strictly in the nurture and admonition of the classics. Strauss says that Alexander Ritter opened his eyes and showed him the new path. We have heard one of Ritter's orchestral works. No doubt he was more original, more convincing in conversation than in composition. This at least may be said: The first movement of the Fantasia, "On the Campana," contains noble music, as stately as the famous lines of Sir Thomas Browne, beginning: "Now since these dead bones have already out-lasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard underground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and specious buildings above it; and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests." This music is the "grandeur that was Rome." In the invocation of the heroic past it may be likened to Smetana's "Vysehrad," although there is a more sensuous spirit in the Fantasia, from which Smetana's tone poem is wholly free. Elgar tried to do the same thing in his overture "In the South," but his "Senatus populusque Romanus" was more like the House of Commons, and his Campagna might be mistaken for Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday.

In 1887 the instrumentation of "On the Shores of Sorrento" may well have perplexed Buelow and made him doubtful concerning a performance. It is beautiful to the ear and fresh and original even now. And in the oboe solo Strauss caught the secret of Italy. In this Fantasia, as in the later works and in many of the songs, the themes too often are rather common, obvious, surely popular, owing their true effect to the harmonic support and the orchestral coloring.

The first movement of Ravel's Rhapsody is a singularly beautiful example of musical impressionism. The two that follow might be entitled: "Hints at Spanish Dances." The last movement is a curious mixture of frankness and suggestion. Neither the ideas nor the treatment are to be placed by the side of Ravel's "Mere l'Oye" suite, played here last season. The two dances, the Malagnena and the Habanera lacking the essential quality, voluptuousness. It is as though the dead in a twilight land were endeavoring to recollect the airs to which they once danced passionately. But Ravel was not thus deliberately macabre. Chabrier and Debussy have done this thing much better; Chabrier in his fiery, brilliant, sensuous, irresistible "Espana"; Debussy in "Iberia" and in the piano piece "La Soiree dans Grenade." There is a word often used in praise which is after all not complimentary. The word is "clever." Ravel's Rhapsody is clever; clever in rhythm and harmony, clever in the instrumentation, in the blending and contrasts of timbres, but after the first movement it is only clever.

Scheinpflug's overture is to a comedy of Shakespeare. Some say "Merry Wives of Windsor"; others say "Twelfth Night." The composer himself makes no sign. The overture opens in a delightful manner. The music sparkles in its fleetness. The music tion of the old English air was a happy thought. But was there need of all the din of brass for a Shakesperian comedy? Somehow we do not associate trombones, tuba, trumpets blown furiously, bass drum and cymbals with "Twelfth Night" or any other comedy of Shakespeare. Nor is it easy to see how this music fits the Countess Olivia, Viola, Malvolio and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew. As merely a concert overture the music is admirably put together; it has true vitality; it is effective.

Mr. Warnke gave great pleasure to the audience, first by refraining from the performance of a formidable concerto, then by the performance of the agreeable little pieces by Dvorak.

"Waldesruhe" comes dangerously near admission into that class of musical compositions known as "gumdrops," but it is soothing and short. The Rondo shows Dvorak's facility and his ability to use a few instruments so that the accompaniment has character. Mr. Warnke played with a fine quality of tone and in his customary musical and tasteful manner.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Reznicek "Schlemihl," a symphonic biography; Mozart, "Jupiter," symphony; Beethoven, concerto for piano, G major, No. 4. Harold Bauer will be the pianist.

BOSTON GLOBE

NOVEMBER 28.

BAUER SOLOIST.

Pianist Plays Beethoven Concerto Superbly.

Performance Gives Brilliance to Reznicek's "Schlemihl."

Harold Bauer, always an impressive, a commanding pianist, was yesterday an inspired one. Soloist at the sixth Symphony rehearsal he played Beethoven's fourth concerto superbly. Dr Muck and the orchestra lent distinction by a brilliant performance to Reznicek's "symphonic biography, Schlemihl," last year recounted for the first time here. Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony was the remaining number.

Mr Bauer played as a poet who asks none of the liberties of modern style to express sheer beauty-thought in classic verse. He has been known as a pianist of impeccable mechanism, of large mentality, of understanding. Yesterday he poured into the formal mold of the concerto a wealth of romantic feeling. Beethoven was heard to sing with the lyric freshness, the spontaneity of Schubert or of Schumann, nor was breadth nor strength of utterance lost, nor majesty.

It was a performance not soon to be forgotten for the high spiritual plane of its artistic sincerity. The noble thoughts of the composition were molded, recreated and made to pulse with life. To hear them rounded into outlines of such symmetrical perfection and of such plasticity is to know again the magic fluidity of musical speech, its universality, its voice awaiting the hand of the master to catch and imprison in the curve of a phrase the subtlest tint of feeling, aspiration, repression, entreaty, fulfillment.

Of the exquisite limpidity which now rarely escapes Mr Bauer in all that he does, of the emotional gradations of his touch, of the harp-like singing tone, a tone of uncommon, in the softest passages, of hausting loveliness, of the expressive use of the sustaining pedal in reechoing fugitive tonalities, of his masterfully poetic rubato, of his admirable content to permit the piano to speak within its own adequate if limited range of dynamics, and not to suppose that eminence as an artist will permit him to pummel it into a state of untuneful protest—of these and of other things it is not possible now to speak. It was interpretation such as the hardened hearer of pianoforte playing rarely looks for from that instrument and more rarely hears.

Mr Reznicek is fortunate in being able to narrate the woes of his tragic hero through the good offices of Dr Muck and the orchestra. It is not pleasant to imagine what a robustious conductor and able bodied player of brass might accomplish upon it.

When the work was brought out last season as a novelty it received its due share of comment. It is a score of an undeniably clever craftsman.

More than that there is variety and fertility in its ideas, at times inspiration. The love music is not without beauty in parts, but tawdry in others. The final prayer with the solo voice—yesterday that of the discriminating and intelligent Mr Draper—approaches that breadth of expression treating of humanity rather than of the individual.

But when all is said the work remains that of a resourceful technician of the orchestra with delineative gifts, but limited imagination. Parts are boisterous after the fashion of reams of music that have come out of Germany purporting to illumine some combat of the soul. Again the composer was fortunate yesterday in his interpreters. The performance of the Mozart was one of euphony, of fine proportions, of nice discrimination in its moods, whether of archness, graceful melancholy, or of pompous flourishes.

Next week being that of the orchestra's second Southern trip, there will be no concerts. At those of Dec 11 and 12 the program will include Beethoven's 8th symphony, Stravinsky's "Fireworks" (first time at these concerts,) Haydn's concerto in D major for cello, Josef Malkin soloist, and Schumann's overture "Genoveva."

TRAVELER,

NOVEMBER 28,

REZNICEK NUMBER CONCERT FEATURE

Composer's "Schlemihl" Finely Given by Symphony Orchestra.

The concert by the Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon was another case of an admirable program admirably interpreted. The second hearing of the Reznicek "Schlemihl" proved even more interesting than its initial presentation last spring. The marked merit of the composition and its practically flawless presentation rather inclined one to close his eyes to the wisdom of such works. Reznicek's story is not exactly ideal.

Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, following as it did after the somewhat strenuous "Schlemihl" was like passing from a storm to a harbor of peace. The contrast could scarcely have failed to make an impression.

Dr. Muck adopted a somewhat unusual course when he placed his soloist, Harold Bauer, at the [illegible] of the pro[illegible] major concerto as one not to be missed so practically everybody in the hall stayed to give Mr. Bauer the most enthusiastic recalls. The pianist was at his best and played in that modest, artistic way which has made him such a general favorite.

There will be no concerts the coming week as the orchestra will be on its second southern trip.

BOSTON HERALD.

NOVEMBER 19.

MAJ. HIGGINSON IS HONORED ON 80TH BIRTHDAY

Senator Lodge, in Eloquent Address, Voices Tributes Paid by 300 Leading Citizens Gathered at Copley-Plaza Hotel—Career as Soldier, Business Man and Benefactor Reviewed.

A remarkable tribute of admiration and love was paid last night in the Copley-Plaza Hotel to Maj. Henry L. Higginson on his 80th birthday. About 300 of Boston's most representative citizens gathered to honor the man whom Senator Lodge, as their spokesman, called "a great public servant in the highest and largest sense." For more than two hours eulogies were showered on the battle-scarred veteran of the civil war who gave Harvard its Soldiers Field and made this city one of the great musical centres of the world.

The guests were summoned to dinner by the bugle call of the Cadets, the bugler being in full uniform. The committee of arrangements had extended to Mrs. Higginson the use of the balcony boxes, and upon her invitation they were occupied by her immediate family connections and one or two of her intimate friends. About 100 members of the Symphony Orchestra had places allotted to them, and when shortly before 9 o'clock Senator Lodge rose to make the opening address an assembly rare in distinction and brilliance filled the great banqueting hall of the hotel.

At intervals in the speaking songs were given by the Apollo Club.

Senator Lodge's Speech.

"Great wars in which the lives of nations are at stake," said Senator Lodge, "take a heavy toll from all that is best in the generation called to arms. The best, physically, mentally and in character, are the first to go and the last to return. Grievous to those who come after and to the strength and quality of the nation itself is the sacrifice then nobly and rightly made.

"This was peculiarly true of both sides in our own civil war of 50 years ago, and among the best who then went to their death there was no finer example than Charles Russell Lowell. Gentleman, soldier, scholar, as brilliant in intellect as he was strong in character, he personified that type of our English-speaking race which history enshrines in the name of Sir Philip Sydney.

What Lowell Wrote.

"Not long before the day when

"'He, who deadly hurt, agen
"'Flashed on afore the charge's thunder
"'Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
"'That rived the rebel line asunder,'

"Not long before that supreme moment he wrote a letter to a friend at home, a disabled officer. This is what he said: 'I hope that you have outgrown all foolish ambitions, and are now content to become a useful citizen. * * * Don't seek office, but don't "disremember" that the "useful citizen" always holds his time, his money and his life ready at the hint of his country. The useful citizen is a mighty unpretending hero; but we are not going to have any country very long, unless such heroism is developed. * * * I believe I have lost all my ambitions. * * * I don't think I would turn my hand to be a distinguished chemist or a famous mathematician. All I now care about is to be a useful citizen, with money enough to buy bread and firewood, and to teach my children to ride on horseback and to look strangers in the face, especially southern strangers.'

"We are here tonight to show, albeit inadequately, the affection we feel and the honor we would fain pay to the man who received that letter and who has carried out to the full its noble precepts. He to whom the letter was addressed needed no admonitions to set him upon the path to which Lowell had pointed. His own nature did that. And yet, as he has fared along the [illegible] of life those words of his friend [illegible]

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HERALD.

BER 19.

GGINSON ORED ON BIRTHDAY

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[illegible] him and cheered him onward as he played his part of the 'useful citizen' with an ever extending sphere of service. Certainly I know no better example of the 'useful citizen' portrayed by Charles Lowell than he in whose honor we have gathered here.

"But he has been more than a 'useful citizen,' admirable as that modest title is. He has never held public office and never desired it, but he has been none the less a great public servant in the highest and largest sense. In every year and through all the years of his life he has served the country the state and, above all, his fellow-men.

Always for a Good Cause.

"In war and in peace, on the battlefield and in the sheltered city, in unending charities, in the encouragement of art and in the advance of learning, wherever a good cause was to be found, there has his service been rendered.

"The number of years in a man's life does not matter when the account is made up. That which is of consequence is what was done with the years, whether few or many. Here every year has been marked by service to his fellow men or to his country by him whom we meet to honor. It is this which gives to the conventional birthday wishes tonight a reality of meaning and a glow of affection too often lacking in ceremonial utterances. We felicitate ourselves that as Americans the years of his life have been given to us. We measure age not by dates, but by mind and heart, and when both are active, both still warm with the flush of youth, as they are with Mr. Higginson, we wish for the happy returns of the anniversary as we hope from the bottom of our hearts that the procession of his days may still march on, beneficent, for many years to come.

Browning Quoted.

"To him, as to very few, is it given to repeat, with a truth which we all acknowledge, the beautiful words of Browning's 'Rabbi Ben Ezra.'

" 'Grow old along with me!
" 'The Best is yet to be,
" 'The last of Life for which the first was
made;
" 'Our times are in His hand
" 'Who saith, "A whole I planned,
" 'Youth shows but half; trust God; see
all, nor be afraid.' "

At the close of Senator Lodge's address, Dr. Muck led the orchestra in an overture and then proposed the health of Maj. Higginson, the toast being received with tremendous enthusiasm.

Senator Lodge thereupon read a communication from President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard University—"one of the great men of the United States." In his letter Dr. Eliot recounted the chief events in Maj. Higginson's life, telling of his gift of the Soldier's Field and Harvard Union, and of his establishment and maintenance of the Symphony Orchestra. "In both these great gifts to the unversity," said the writer, "Mr. Higginson taught and will long teach democracy and toleration, and the high value toward success in life of friendships and broad sympathies. When he organized this orchestra he did at the start another precious thing for the teachers and students of Harvard University. Every season he has caused a series of 10 concerts to be given in Sanders Theatre at prices within the reach of the members of the university. It would be hard to imagine a more friendly, considerate and enlightened act, renewed from year to year since the creation of the Symphony Orchestra.

"Do we not all see clearly as we greet tonight this friend of many years what the teaching of his career has been and is going to be? It shows what kind of a business man, social leader, humanitarian and citizen American freedom has produced and is likely to produce more and more abundantly."

Letters from Leading Men.

John P. Reynolds then read letters, selected from a mass of communications, from ex-President Taft, Mr. Justice Holmes, President Lowell of Harvard and President Low of Columbia.

"They show," said he, "the love and respect of the entire community for Maj. Higginson, given in abounding measure, heaped up, pressed down and flowing over."

Bishop Lawrence spoke of "Mr. Higginson as a man," recalling as he did so the guest's ancestor from Leicester, Eng., the first minister of Massachusetts Bay. "The traits of that ancestor," he said, "have descended to our guest. Henry L. Higginson is so enwrapped in the virtues of truth and justice and love, which we believe are impersonated in God, that he has a right when he speaks for truth and for justice to speak for God. Trade to him and business and money-making have been incidental in order that he might have the opportunity to use what he had honorably made for the benefit of others. From youth onward he has always been a gentleman, always chivalrous, and the people have responded to him with love and devotion. Maj. Higginson, we stand here in loyalty to you because you have taught us the genius of friendship, and as loyal friends we give you support and godspeed."

Service to Music.

George W. Chadwick, head of the New England Conservatory of Music, gave an account of Maj. Higginson's service to music. "To become the angel of a symphony orchestra," he said, "had never occurred to anyone before, but Maj. Higginson undertook this responsibility, asking nothing in return save that the public should hear and love the great masterpieces of music which had been an inspiration in his own life. How far-reaching, how immeasurable has been the influence of that foundation. By the force of example, permanent symphony orchestras have been established in six other cities of the United States, and in the smaller towns orchestras of 40 to 60 players have also been founded.

"Let us not forget that the founder of the Symphony Orchestra was also largely instrumental in providing Symphony [illegible]

this most [illegible] musical instruments, the Boston Symphony."

From the Tavern Club.

William Roscoe Thayer assured Maj. Higginson of the affection of the members of the Tavern Club, and a tribute from Charles Francis Adams was read by Charles Francis Adams, 3d.

Gen. Stephen M. Weld told of Maj. Higginson's war record, saying that he would give five years of his life to carry on his face, as their guest did, the distinctive marks of bravery and personal contact with the enemy. "That," said the speaker, "is a badge of courage every one must envy. All these characteristics of ability, tenacity and courage you have shown also in your business career. May you enjoy many years of happiness and blessing."

Introducing Mr. Higginson.

In introducing Maj. Higginson, Senator Lodge said:

"Now comes the last and best of the many pleasures which have fallen to my lot this evening. You all know what this one now coming is to be to us all.

But let us start fair. This is a birthday dinner, but we decline to admit any suggestion of age or time in that connection.

"Our guest comes with all the glory of his service and achievement upon him, but there comes with them no mark of the years except those which the greatest of poets said should accompany old age:

" 'Honor, Love, Obedience,
" 'Troops of Friends.'

"I present to you Henry Lee Higginson."

Greeted with Cheers.

Maj. Higginson was received with prolonged cheering. He began by complaining that it was "awful" and telling his eulogists that, while some of the things said of him were true, many of them were not true.

"I am sorry for you," he said, "for perhaps you will be trying to say something tomorrow that is not so pleasant. What can I say in response to all that has been said tonight? What I want to tell you is that the keynote of my faith from my boyhood is that I have had a deep and passionate wish that we should live according to our highest ideals, that we should try to make others happier in order that our country should be prosperous in the highest sense of the word.

"There are many things in life hard to bear, and if any man can make the path of anybody else happier, he is fortunate. Whatever may have been done, a great deal more has been done for me. If it has given you any pleasure, think of my good luck in having had a hand in it.

"Friends, men, women, artists, business men, everybody, you know what this dinner must mean to me, and how I recognize it and thank you for the great honor you have done me. I can only thank you. Yet no words will express my thoughts and feelings on this occasion. Thank you again and again."

Maj. Higginson received a round of cheers, and the proceedings closed with the singing of "Fair Harvard."

ADVERTISER,

NOVEMBER 28

THIS WEEK'S SYMPHONY

REZNICEK'S WONDERFUL "SCHLEMIHL" PLAYED

Harold Bauer Wins Triumph in Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto in G Major.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.
Reznicek. "Schlemihl," Symphonic Biography.
Mozart. "Jupiter" Symphony.
Beethoven. Fourth Piano Concerto, G major.
Soloist, Mr. Harold Bauer.

When we heard the second performance of the new Sibelius symphony we liked it even less than at first. When we yesterday heard the second performance of Reznicek's "Schlemihl" we found it almost a great work. To be sure, the performance of it was almost miraculous in its technical excellence. The composition given by a lesser orchestra would sound like Bedlam let loose. Some things in it we still dislike. The muted trumpets which are so constantly in evidence are scarcely suggestive of anything greater than the toy trumpets of the nursery (and Wagner used them thus in his "Mastersingers of Nuremburg"); the xylophone was never so prominently used outside of a minstrel show (the instrument is made of sticks of wood, struck with a wooden mallet); the chief figure, heard almost continuously, is simply an anapaest, a three-noted motive which is exactly like Beckmesser's call to Walther,—"Fanget an,"—only it came so frequently that we felt like altering it to "Hoeret auf!"

But the touches are those of a master, nevertheless. The frenzied passages are really exciting, the pictures of dissipation are very much above Charpentier's essays in the same field, in "Vie du Poete," or in "Julien."

The scenes of domestic felicity are wondrously effective and come like an oasis in the desert, after the fiendish character of the Scherzo—which has an attractive fiendishness nevertheless. The use of the voice made almost as subordinate as an orchestral tone-color, and set against as perplexing an accompaniment as any singer could ever have, was effective, on this occasion, for Mr. Paul Draper sang out sturdily and was not overthrown by the difficulties. He deserves credit for his short share in the work.

At times, however, we find the work but a chromo of the great "Death and Transfiguration" of Richard Strauss; in one or two orchestral touches it over[illegible] one can follow [illegible] of interest to the work, which at once wins the public, which certainly cannot understand the musical progressions. One can easily note the wild dissipation of the hero, and in contrast with this are the touches of domestic happiness and purer enjoyment; then one can readily recognize the figure of Fate, a dark premonition in the background, and the final disaster, somewhat suggestive of Delirium Tremens. We can conceive of Reznicek being tremendously in earnest in this work, and we do not wish to treat it flippantly, but it is all on a wrong path, as wrong as any Cubist picture, or any other modern madness, but Reznicek's very peculiar subject may be a justification for some of the extremes to which he goes, and his splendor of orchestration makes the work worth while for every auditor. It must be a very cold-blooded concert-goer who would not join in the applause which greeted the great orchestral triumph yesterday afternoon.

Dr. Muck is a very sly conductor and programme-maker. Whenever he gives us something musically indigestible, he immediately follows it with something very refreshing and simple. Last season he gave a Haydn symphony directly after this tonal cataclysm. Yesterday afternoon he followed it with Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. The auditor can exclaim with Addison—"My bane and antidote are both before me." The beauty of this symphony did not suffer because of the whirlwinds of tone that had preceded it. The fugal work was just as interesting, the first movement just as refreshing. And it was read in a manly and decisive style that showed that the 18th century had something to say even before 30-line scores were invented. But the slow movement seemed rather tedious and tame after the Reznicek cyclone. That movement was too extreme a contrast.

But the real refreshment came with the Beethoven Concerto and Harold Bauer. If we were asked what concerto we consider the most satisfying among piano concertos, we might pass by the "Emperor," and choose this melodious, symmetrical and altogether beautiful work. To hear such a composition with such a pianist, supported by such an orchestra, is an opportunity that does not come every day, it is one of the hours to be marked with a white stone.

The ensemble was exquisite, and Mr. Bauer did not force himself into the limelight, but merged his part into the orchestral mass in a manner that showed the true artist. After all, the true concerto is to give an orchestral impression, in spite of what Liszt and Chopin have done to show the contrary. Beethoven and Brahms had the truest appreciation of the true meaning and balance of the concerto.

It was rather self-abnegatory to have this concerto at the end of the programme, but the great artist did not suffer by this, for almost the entire audience remained to recall him vociferously at the end of the work. His playing had both fire and delicacy. We can only compare it to the exquisite manner in which our great resident pianist, Prof. Carl Baermann, used to interpret this work. The cadenzas were not too long, the Andante was given with much poetic freedom, and the spirited finale had plenty of dash yet nothing spasmodic in its performance. Altogether it made a fitting close to a concert which ran to two extremes in its first two numbers, but reached the happiest medium in its close.

BOSTON HERALD.

NOVEMBER 28.

BAUER SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY'S 6TH REHEALSAL

Performance of Mozart Work by Orchestra One of Incomparable Beauty.

By PHILIP HALE.

The sixth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. Mr. Harold Bauer was the soloist. The program was as follows: Reznicek, "Schlemihl"; Mozart, "Jupiter" symphony; Beethoven, concerto in G major No. 4 for the piano and orchestra. Mr. Paul Draper sang the prayer in "Schlemihl."

Reznicek's "Schlemihl" was performed here for the first time in this country last April. It then made a marked impression. It was thought to be an extraordinary composition.

The composer states that his symphonic poem has nothing to do with Chamisso's tale of the man that lost his shadow. His Schlemihl is a modern man pursued by misfortune. An idealist, he is overcome by material circumstances. The composer attempts to describe in tones this life. He boldly calls his symphonic poem a symphonic biography. From the music it is fair to infer that this Schlemihl's life was checkered but never dull.

In Reznicek's program, argument, Syllabus we are not informed about the unhappy man's childhood. A bold, defiant theme, well invented, though it is Straussian in profile and orchestral exposition, may well typify the hero. Destiny is at once on his track and drives him into horrid orgies, while calamity awaits him patiently. The orgy is indeed a terrible one. The dissonances suggest hard liquor rather than the juice of the Tuscan grape or wines of Burgundy or champagne, and the rhythms are appropriately unsteady. According to stage directions in the score, which if they had been published in the program book might have startled the more sensitive in the audience, the women in the wild scenes of dissipation were both foul and fair; there is the [illegible] ures of Aubrey [illegible] Marionettes" enter.

But this Schlemihl settles down for a time, takes to himself a wife, "Slow and in a somewhat majestic manner." Some might think that "four horns" argued ill for his domestic happiness. She is, however, faithful and devoted. A child is born to them, and the man has to struggle for existence. The struggle is desperate. He falls sick. He rises at last; there is a brave endeavor, but who can contend with fate. One last effort and the wretch in his despair "lets himself glide towards Nirvana."

Here we have a program that might prejudice a hearer, even though he were not a believer in absolute music, against Reznicek's composition. It could be said of any modern symphony that the first movement represents a conflict between two contending forces, between a good and a bad spirit. But Reznicek is not content with a broad statement. He goes into details. Here is the orgy. There is no mistaking it. Here comes the wife; later comes the child, and so on. These details are disturbing. It would have been better if the composer had announced his purpose in a few lines and let each hearer fill out the biography as he himself heard, meditated, imagined.

There are beautiful, there are noble pages in this symphonic poem. The music towards the end is grandly eloquent, without taint of bombast, without a drooping in the sustained and lofty flight. Everywhere are proofs of uncommon technical skill, fancy, imagination. It is easy to say that now we are reminded of passages in Strauss's "Heldenleben"; that there are thoughts of Mahler; that Wagner of "Die Walkuere" suggested this or that idea; in the main the music is surprisingly original, indisputably individual. There are times when fantastical instrumentation becomes grotesque. Too many sudden contrasts, abrupt transitions of mood, no longer startle or thrill, but induce the hearer to long for a sequence of ideas, for a more logical connection.

The performance was most brilliant; the performance of the "Jupiter" symphony was one of incomparable beauty. Hearing the andante, the minuet and the wonderful finale played as they were yesterday one no longer questioned the famous and subtle saying of Rossini. When he was asked who was the greatest composer, he answered "Beethoven"; he then said, "But Mozart is the only one." Let the first movement pass with its second theme that reminds one of charming music in "Figaro's Marriage." The andante could have been written only by Mozart. The beauty of it is purely Grecian. There is spiritualized sensuousness; there is perfect form, exquisite proportion, euphony such as was heard on Prospero's Isle, i' th' air or th' earth, sounds and sweet airs.

Mr. Bauer gave a romantic reading of Beethoven's concerto, which in some respects, if not in all, is to be preferred to the "Emperor" concerto. There is surley nothing so impressive in the latter as the Andante of the wourth, with its strange recitative for strings and the poetic improvisations of the piano in response. I do not see how this concerto could have been better played by pianist or orchestra. Mr. Bauer did not attempt to modernize the music in any way. The melodic phrases were sung in an enchanting manner, the passage work was delightfully clear and full of color; the responses in the Andante were gently poetic, quietly emotional; while the Finale was elegantly jocose. All in all, an admirable interpretation.

The orchestra will be away next week. The program of the concerts of Dec. 11, 12. will be as follows: Beethoven, symphony in F major, No. 8; Stravinsky, "Fireworks"; Haydn, 'cello concerto in D major; Schumann, overture to "Genoveva." Mr. Josef Malkin will be the solo 'cellist.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

NOVEMBER 28,

REZNICEK NUMBER CONCERT FEATURE

Composer's "Schlemihl" Finely Given by Symphony Orchestra.

The concert by the Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon was another case of an admirable program admirably interpreted. The second hearing of the Reznicek "Schlemihl," proved even more interesting than its initial presentation last spring. The marked merit of the composition and its practically flawless presentation rather inclined one to close his eyes to the wisdom of such works. Reznicek's story is not exactly ideal.

Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, following as it did after the somewhat strenuous "Schlemihl" was like passing from a storm to a harbor of peace. The contrast could scarcely have failed to make an impression.

Dr. Muck adopted a somewhat unusual course when he placed his soloist, Harold Bauer, at the end of the program. However the combination of Mr. Bauer and the Beethoven G major concerto as one not to be missed so practically everybody in the hall stayed to give Mr. Bauer the most enthusiastic recalls. The pianist was at his best and played in that modest, artistic way which has made him such a general favorite.

There will be no concerts the coming week as the orchestra will be on its second southern trip.

TRAVELER,

NOVEMBER 24,

FRITZ KREISLER TELLS OF WOUND RECEIVED IN FIGHT

NEW YORK, Nov. 24—Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian violinist who served as a lieutenant in the 3d Kratz regiment and was wounded in battle near Lemberg, reached New York today on the steamer Rotterdam. He was accompanied by his wife, who served as a Red Cross nurse in the Austrian army.

"I was wounded on the night of Sept. 16," said Mr. Kreisler. "While resisting a charge of Russian Cossacks, I was knocked down by a horse. As the rider passed over me, he sank his lance into my right thigh. It caught in my coat and before he could withdraw it I shot and killed him. I lay in the trench for hours until I was found."

Mrs. Kreisler saw duty in German and Austrian Red Cross hospitals. She came into personal contact with the American Red Cross units, and she said that they were receiving unbounded praise everywhere.

"I was told by both German and Austrian surgeons that the American nurses could do 20 times the work their own nurses could, and their system of handling wounded was simply wonderful.

"As to wounds, I found the Russian bullets were the most humane, and as foes the Russians were exceptionally courteous. While I was working in the Austrian hospitals I saw and talked with Emperor Francis Joseph many times. He frequently visits the wounded and gives his attention to officers and private soldiers alike."

BOSTON AMERICAN,

NOVEMBER 24, 1914.

VIOLINIST KREISLER LAID COSSACK LOW

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—Fritz Kreisler, the famous Austrian violinist, who was a lieutenant in the Third Gratz Yeoman Regiment of the Austrian army, and was wounded in the fighting around Lemberg early in September, arrived here today on the liner Rotterdam and gave his own account of what had happened.

"For three days we had been fighting in the trenches," said Kreisler. "Our troops were worn out, cold and hungry. In the dead of night the Cossacks made a surprise attack upon us. I was asleep in the bottom of a trench at the time and the hoofs of one of the horses struck me, stunning me. A second Cossack, seeing that I was an officer, charged at me with his lance. I managed to draw my pistol and fired. I guess the Cossack will not take part in any more attacks. My wounds were painful, but not dangerous. I knew my wife was working as a Red Cross nurse in some hospital and I started out to find her. I wandered from hospital to hospital until I finally located her near Vienna. There I remained until I regained my health."

Mrs. Kreisler, who accompanied her husband, declared that Russians are humane fighters and that the bullets make clean wounds. There have never been any allegations that the Russians used soft-nosed cartridges.

Henry Vandyck, United States minister to Holland, who is returning on a furlough because of trouble with his eyes, had written out a brie statement, in which he said:

"When the madness that began th war has spent itself I hope Americ will have a good part to play in th restoration of a lasting peace wher in all the peoples of the world grea and small shall rejoic together. Then the nightmare of blood will be over and the palace of peace wil have its opportunity."

GLOBE—SATURDAY

NOVEMBER 21,

STRAUSS' ITALIAN FANTASIA PLAYED

Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody Abounds in Color.

Heinrich Warnke, Solo 'Cellist, in Two Pieces by Dvorak.

Dr Muck's Symphony program yesterday was a singularly attractive one. The Italian fantasia that marked the budding of the young Strauss into romanticism at the incitation of his learned friend Ritter is of more than merely historical or prophetic value. Ravel's distinctive "Spanish Rhapsody," made known first at one of Mrs Hall's now missed concerts, Mr Longy conducting, now first played by the larger orchestra, abounded in color. Mr Warnke, the soloist of the day, played two pieces by Dvorak, with ingratiating tone and style and with a far greater security in intonation than has sometimes rewarded him.

Paul Scheinpflug, the composer of the overture to a Shaksperian comedy, by a recent letter of his published in last week's Musical America, is now held a prisoner of war by the Russians near Archangel. He had conducted symphony concerts at Majorenhof, near Riga, after the declaration of hostilities. The letter was written to the directors of the Bluethner Orchestra in Berlin, of which he is the conductor-elect. He assures the committee of his diligence in composing a new work, with Germany's heroic fight as its theme, to mark his return to Berlin, and begs them to defer his installation.

Strauss' fantasia, conventional in comparison to the tone forms that followed, must have seemed the music of an idol-breaker, a heretic, in 1887. When Cesar Franck brought out his sublime symphony in D, there was a member of the Institute of the French National Conservatory that repudiated the work because it contained a part for the English horn. Not as a survival of any lingering traditional hostility to the English, but Beethoven had written symphonies without the aid of an English horn. And this in the year of grace, 1889.

At 23 in this series of tone pictures of Italian scenes and life, Strauss pointed the direction of his course. Certain pages could easily be spared as in the third movement, "On the Shore of Sorrento"; the themes reasonably do not betray the virile invention of the later Strauss, but the rising contrapuntist, the master colorist, the weaver of sensuously beautiful melody, had begun to cast his shadow before him. A youth of 23, able to conceive the poetic introduction to the same third movement, and to score its sustained harmonies with such clearness, with such understanding of woodwind and horns—how admirably Strauss wrote for his father's instrument—is not to be found today. Now we begin by writing orchestral enigmas that few care to play and fewer to hear. Strauss owes his subsequent brilliant daring no less to his boyhood's classic underpinning than to Ritter's awakening.

The paraphrasing on the popular Italian song, "Funiculi, Funicula," sung by the opulent and pulchritudinous Carmen Melis at the Sunday night concerts at the Opera House to the mad delight of the audience, plausibly might have evoked hisses for its daring in the late '80s. The independence in the treatment of the different choirs of instruments, the striking counterpoint, the assertive rhythms, the authoritative manner of handling his materials all command admiration even today.

Ravel's rhapsody contains representative pages of modern French orchestral music—the bold, irresitible dance malaguena, the atmospheric prelude to the night, the varied kaleidoscope of the fair with its animated scenes and musical toys. Scheinpflug's overture to a Shaksperian comedy has Elizabethan character, in light gayety, humor and pomp. Dvorak's two pieces for cello—the first of the nature of an obligato for the solo instrument—have melodic simplicity and measures of decorative embellishment rather than emotional significance, but they were played with artistic appreciation by Mr Warnke and the orchestra.

The program next week will be Reznicek's "Schlemihl," Mozart's symphony in C major and the G major piano concerto of Beethoven, Harold Bauer soloist.

BOSTON POST,

NOVEMBER 28,

'SCHLEMIHL' MODERN, BUT IS NOT NEW

Von Reznicek Piece at the Symphony—Bauer Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

Emil von Rez [illegible]

[illegible] hearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The "Jupiter" symphony of Mozart, and the G-major piano concerto of Beethoven, with Harold Bauer as soloist, completed the programme.

THEME IS OF TODAY

In more than one sense is Renicek's "symphonic biography" modern. In the first place, it is redolent of the idioms of other living composers of Germany, notably Richard Strauss. In the scond place, and this is important in a sociological, if not also in an artistic connection, the theme is emphatically of today. Von Reznicek has written, even as Richard Strauss has written, an immense autobiography in tones, but the plot is not, in the former instance, that of a hero merely disgusted with the world, martyrized in his search for the ideal. Reznicek's hero, presumsumably himself, is a modern man, "pursued by misfortune."

And what is this mismortune? The misfortune, the deadly foe of the struggler, is the lack of that which, as Balzac said, was as necessary to the young man of the 19th century as armor was to him in the 16th—money! Discouraged by perpetual contact and struggle with necessity, his spirit dulled by his mundane environment, the poor wretch whose life has been only a succession of failures commends his soul to God, and permits himself to "glide toward Nirvana." And this plot is by far the most modern and the most original feature of the tone-poem.

Granted that there are some fine pages, that the theme of the man, though its character and its announcement are not unremindful of Strauss, is vigorous and complete; that there are striking passages in the section which corresponds to a scherzo; that the adagio contains some music of real beauty and that the last pages are solemn and sincere—granted all this, it remains that the music is essentially unoriginal, the music is not of an individual, but of a school, and this music, in its proportions and its workmanship, displays many of the most objectionable features of modern German composition.

The work is too long, it is gradiose, Hugoesque without the genius of a Hugo or a Strauss to make the thing picturesque and palatable; over-orchestrated, swollen with a mass of detail which tends to obscure the main lines of the composition. There are instances of beautiful instrumentation, but there is too much instrumentation. In the course of two-thirds of the piece the composer, apparently, has employed every instrumental device that he can think of, and has to hark back and repeat some of his combinations verbatim.

This is undoubtedly sincere music, but it takes more than sincerity to make a great composer. The score gives the impression of much labor, and neither the mid-night oil nor the proverbial bootstrap were absent during its composition. When one great man appears he does so at the expense of the individualities of a thousand mediocrities. There is not air enough in the world for the strong and the weak. For one Strauss, a hundred lesser composers shall perish.

Great Performance of "Jupiter"

The incomparable symphony of Mozart could not have had a more advantageous setting. The symphony played yesterday is beyond peradventure one of the seven wonders of musical literature. As it was said of Thalberg that he was the greatest pianist and of Liszt that he was the only pianist, so it may well be said of Mozart, in this and others of his greatest works, that whereas, even in the case of a Beethoven, one is keenly conscious of spirit struggling through clay; in the case of Mozart there is no clay.

Only the talent completely without alloy could have written this symphony, if only for the reason that a lesser man would have been perplexed and embarrassed in attempting to handle ideas so great and so many. There is little under heaven more ineffably tender and consoling than the slow movement of this symphony, as there is little music so drunken with inspiration as the finale. It is a rapturous outpouring of creative genius, only comparable in its exuberance and its glory to some radiant picture by an Italian artist of the 15th or 16th century, some picture that shows a sky of cherubim proclaiming the glory of God.

Now, it is easy to discuss such a performance as the very brilliant performance of Reznicek's tone-poem, but it is not so easy to speak of the interpretation of a Mozart symphony, because it takes so much more comprehension to percieve all of the beauty and the art in a symphony of Mozart that the reviewer of average ability may well beware of proclaiming his opinions regarding its proper interpretation. It is enough to say here that Dr. Muck, far better acquainted with the symphony than any reviewer, made the music eloquent to many as it had never been before. One may listen to a masterpiece for many years, and suddenly hear it for the first time, but with this experience the interpreter of the music has necessarily much to do.

Almost as fine an experience was Mr. Bauer's romantic and poetical interpretation of the concerto of Beethoven, which stands apart from all of the other works of Beethoven in this form, and is to us preferable even to the great "Emperor" concerto. The serenity of this music, which, indeed, passes understanding, the wondrous middle movement, in which the strings and the piano respond to each other, and the sportive play of beautiful ideas in the finale, are almost unmatched, even in the music of Beethoven.

And in its technic the G major concerto stands apart from the others. The orchestration is exceedingly light, clear, transparent. The piano part is written in an as equally modest manner [illegible] thus a lightness of touch, an [illegible] though the [illegible]

[illegible] upon paper is a mood of joyful contemplation that makes the work occupy only a second place, in this respect after the "Jupiter" symphony. It is as if the prophet of the 19th century were beholding with emotions too profound for boisterous utterance a new heaven and a new earth. In few, indeed, of his masterpieces was Beethoven so inspired, so incredibly original, so filled with awe and joy in the presence of the mystery of nature.

Mr. Bauer's performance was thrice admirable. It should also be said, that in spite of the modest scoring, there is perhaps no concerto in which one discovers a more intimate union of orchestral and solo instruments, and here Dr. Muck was remarkable. At the close of the performance there was an ovation for the soloist.

JOURNAL—

MUCK TO DIRECT WAGNER PROGRAM

Pension Fund Concert at Symphony Hall Tomorrow.

At the Symphony Orchestra's pension fund concert in Symphony Hall tomorrow afternoon Dr. Muck will conduct a performance of Wagner's music. This is something he seldom does except at the Royal Opera or at Bayreuth. His fame as a Wagnerian interpreter, combined with the fame of the orchestra, make these rare all-Wagner programs a veritable feast for Boston music-lovers.

The program tomorrow will comprise the overtures and preludes of six of the music-dramas and the funeral music from "Gotterdammerung." Dr. Muck places these works in chronological order so that it is possible in listening to the music to gain a very clear idea of the growth and development of Wagner's genius from the time he wrote "Rienzi" up to the culminating point of his creation, which is found in "Parsifal."

The order of the works is as follows: Overtures to "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhauser," the preludes to "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "The Mastersingers," the funeral music from "Gotterdammerung" and the prelude to "Parsifal." Dr. Muck will use the Paris version of the "Tannhauser" overture, with the bacchanale of Venusberg.

TRANSCRIPT,

NOVEMBER 23 1914

THE ROUND OF CONCERTS

WAGNER AND DR. MUCK FOR THE PENSION FUND

The Overtures and Preludes from "Rienzi" Through "Parsifal" Played Again and in the Usual Eloquent Fashion by the Symphony Orchestra—Mme. Lerner Reappears with Her Familiar Distinctions—The Pachmann-Like Quality in Her Touch and Tone—Week-End Episodes

TWICE a year the public of Greater Boston is asked to contribute to the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra, and upon these occasions programmes designed to attract others than subscribers to the regular season must and should be offered. In spite of the statement by a New York critic several seasons ago that the Wagner "wave" had passed, Greater Boston is still ready once a year to hear not only a Wagner programme, but one particular Wagner programme—that in which all his preludes and two dramatic excerpts are assembled and presented in chronological order.

It is to be taken for granted that at the Pension Fund concerts the men of the orchestra outdo themselves; it is to be taken for granted that at Dr. Muck's hands the works of Wagner receive an incomparable interpretation. Many wish that Dr. Muck were willing to play Wagnerian excerpts at the regular concerts of the orchestra; in the face of his expressed opinion that operatic music has no place in the concert hall, many feel that, since Wagnerian excerpts are freely placed on concert programmes by other conductors, and since adequate operatic performances of Wagner's later works take place in Boston seldom or never, it would be better to hear excerpts carefully selected and artistically rendered by Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra than to hear random excerpts under less favorable circumstances. Be that as it may, surely the cleverly arranged programme which has become a familiar feature of the Pension Fund concerts sets forth Wagner and his music in a favorable and very special way.

An ordinary performance of the "Rienzi" overture gives an impression as flat and banal as that caused by much of the language in Bulwer-Lytton's romance on the same subject. Years ago Dr. Muck showed us that a slower tempo and more care as to details of expression and phrasing could transform an old bugbear of the concert-room into an artistic composition. Is this result wholly Wagner, or has Dr. Muck read into a childish work greater depth of thought than the composer's development was capable of when he wrote this overture? There is no question but that Wagner was deeply moved by the character and [illegible] sincerely sought adequately to express his feelings; therefore, despite some crudity of treatment, Wagner is entitled to the benefit of what ever doubt may arise concerning his power to compose "deep" music during that youthful period.

On the other hand, how immature in many details the "Rienzi" overture is, becomes evident with the opening bars of the "Flying Dutchman" overture. Externally pleasing but under-expressive themes have given way to bare but characterizing motives, brilliant "treatment" in the conventional sense to still more brilliant tone-painting, noise to power, melodrama to drama. The growth from the earlier work to the later is enormous.

In the overture to "Tannhäuser" there is in part a return to pleasing but inexpressive music, in part to dramatically highly suggestive music. The popular "Pilgrims' Chorus" is deservedly liked for its lyrically attractive melody, and later, when this melody peters out, harmonic interest comes to the rescue; but what word does it suggest, what emotion does it arouse? Immediately afterward, the opening measures of the Venusberg are graphically suggestive, but the "hymn to Venus" can hardly be called significant music. Yesterday, fortunately, the return of the Pilgrims' Chorus, with its unhappy suggestion of a psalm-tune at a camp-meeting, was omitted to make way for the Bacchanale (Paris version).

Everyone knows that the Paris Bacchanale was composed by Wagner seventeen years after the completion of "Tannhäuser"; it dates from about the same period as "Tristan and Isolde." Upon the germ of sensual suggestiveness present in the early Venusberg music, Wagner built up a wild orgy of sustained horror and feverish restlessness. In the extraordinary close, the fury seems to have spent itself, and in the torpid silence which ensues the curious insistence of C-sharp followed by B over a descending bass recalls (intentionally or not—who knows?) the Pilgrims Chorus like a faint memory of the world outside to the infatuated minstrel in the Venusberg.

An intermission divided the concert, perhaps designedly, into two periods: The first, that of the young Wagner, bursting with new ideas, unable to restrain himself from healthy demonstrativeness; the second, that of the mature composer, with still greater ideas his servants not his masters, no longer "showing off" because he no longer needed to do so.

London critics once called the "Lohengrin" prelude "meaningless noise"; nowadays it is played at "pop" concerts to gather a crowd when wine and beer prove insufficiently attractive. In sixty years a piece of music may thus change mightily; happy its composer if the change is for the better.

The "Meistersinger" prelude is in itself a great work; as the creation of a composer addicted to the gloomy philosophy of Schopenhauer it is a "give-away." The remark of a well known musician that "Meistersinger" is the only opera in good repute in which nobody gets killed, has point. This sunny and whole-hearted work, as expansive and radiant as the good Sachs himself, is almost our only modern example of sustained cheerfulness and manly optimism.

Many would have enjoyed hearing the "Love-Death" appended to the "Tristan" prelude, but the "Love-Death" demands the last word of a concert. Wagner's concert close for the "Tristan" prelude usually seems perfunctory, a sudden letting-down of the tension; in these days of free tonality, an audience ought not to be shocked at a conductor's ending this prelude with the pizzicato G's which lead into the first act. Yesterday, however, Dr. Muck succeeded in warming the concert close to its task in such a manner that the customary bathos was pleasantly absent.

To some of us, the closing scene of "Götterdämmerung," from the moment when Brünnhilde enters the stage, is the sublimest passage in all music, and the funeral music of Siegfried is its close second. Nowhere else is sombre grandeur so eloquently yet concisely expressed. Yesterday the tubas were somewhat lacking in tone; the players, who are regularly hornists, used horn mouthpieces, evidently fearing that tuba mouthpieces would hurt their embouchure for their usual duties. This unfortunate circumstance is nobody's fault, since special players of Wagner tubas are not to be had. In all other respects, the performance was exceptionally fine.

After Wagner the fighter, Wagner the amorist, Wagner the pessimist—and even Wagner the optimist—then Wagner the mystic. Who could have prophecised of the stormy youth or the passionate man that in his old age he would produce this serene, tender, dispassionate "Parsifal?" It was a fittingly peaceful ending to a tragic and intense life; the presence at the end of yesterday's programme of the "Parsifal" prelude well symbolized this last stage of its composer's career, and sent the thoughtful to their homes reflecting, as was fitting, upon this out of all of Wagner's many phases.

Mr. Gericke once gave an agreeable programme consisting wholly of Dvořák's works. Programmes wholly of Brahms, of Strauss and others have also given pleasure. With almost all of the men whom one can enjoy for a whole afternoon or evening one nevertheless soon becomes conscious of mannerisms, of the limitations which are the seamy side of individuality. Even with Beethoven a programme consisting wholly of his works, however delightful, however inspiring, over-emphasizes Beethoven's virtues at the expense of others which are missed. With Bach and Wagner alone is one perpetually conscious not merely of a great individual, but of a whole man; their personalities are complete, if they have limitations they do not bring them to our attention. In truth, they are great not because of, rather in spite of, their powerful individuality; they master us because they are universal.

P. G. C.

[57]

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A LIGHT PROGRAMME VARIOUSLY "UNIFIED"

NOV. 21

Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody", with the Suggestion of the New Spain of the Parisian Composers and Their Characteristic Procedure with It—The Young Strauss and His Italian Fantasia—Mr. Warnke and His 'Cello Pieces

DR. MUCK is capable of making such onerous programmes as that which he destins for New York a fortnight hence, whereon Sibelius's exacting fourth symphony and Reznicek's huge tone-poem, "Schlemihl," stand side by side and there is no explanation of them. He is also capable of assembling five such engaging pieces as made the list for the Symphony Concert yesterday and setting his hearers to amusing speculation as to the underlying principle by which he had "unified" them. Strauss wrote his symphonic fantasia, "From Italy," in his young years; Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" is relatively youthful work; and so also is Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy by Shakspeare." So, perhaps, was the programme "unified." It might have been "unified" again by its tonal geography, so to say; since Strauss was setting down his impressions of Italy, Ravel had fastened his imagination on Spain and Scheinpflug walked abroad in the merry and fantastic country—quite as real as the Italy of 1886 or the Spain of 1907—of Shakspeare's comedies. Finally, it was a light programme, as programmes at the Symphony Concerts go, and if lightness was the unifying principle, it accounted for the inclusion of the two 'cello pieces by Dvorâk that Mr. Warnke played with the orchestra — an adagio called "Woodland Rest" and a rondo, otherwise untitled. They were not youthful work; they were innocent of all tonal geography, unless it was a suggestion of the narrow region that the repertory of the violoncello traverses, but they were light.

Moreover, each came ingratiatingly to the ear; they had a mild measure of fancy; and after the manner of a concerto in little they displayed the two voices of the violoncello and the tone and technique of the violoncellist. He and it were broadly songful in the adagio with the rich, warm, suave and edgeless tone that Mr. Warnke habitually summons—never heavy, never thick, never candied with the excess of sentiment that is the pitfall of instrument and player in sustained melody. In the rondo, the 'cello did often caper through its higher tones and in abrupt transition in and out of them. Then, by itself, it is not so good to hear; but Mr. Warnke saved the day for it because his lightness of hand hid all trace of effort and his bright and flowing tone averted all shrillness. Mr. Warnke has unusual fineness of ear for the tone of the 'cello and for its euphonies with that of the other instruments and that sensibility halos his technical achievement and the bravura music that he plays. No wonder his audience heard him gladly, while he himself, if not his pieces, fitted into the "youthful" programme. The relentless programme-book set his age at forty-three and his years of service with the orchestra at nine. Yet he seems as young as he was when he joined it.

Ravel's excursion into tonal geography was the most interesting of the three, because it was obviously a journey into the Spain of the newest generation of Parisian composers. Ravel, like Laparra before him in the music-drama, "La Habanera" which was sung twice or thrice at our defunct Opera House, will have none of the old romantically conventionalized Spain—the Spain that is "literary" and theatrical and that speaks out of such "Spanish" music as Massenet's in the battle of "Le Cid," and, if the truth must be told, from more pages than one of Bizet's "Carmen." These realists do not even spare Chabrier's "España"; to them it is only music of the old conventionalized rhythms and "appropriate" tonal colors made vital by the composer's energy and opulence. (Yet he visited the Spain of the eighties, note-book in hand). They have even been heard to speak despitefully of Debussy's "Iberia," as these same rhythms and colors vivified once more by a highly individual imagination and expert harmonic and instrumental strokes. (Possibly they forget in these sayings the penetrating and illusive beauty of the song of the oboe in "The Perfumes of the Night.") Their Spain is a melancholy land of bare bleak expanses, of still and solitary patios, of stark lights and shadows. Up and down it, walk sombre and brooding figures against a background of distant and broken sounds—sometimes the rhythm of a dance, sometimes a fragment of a mournful and brooding melody, or again the remote echoes of some crass tumult of the folk. The rhythms do not stir these figures; the melodies move them not; once and again the tumult draws them and then the composers who would set in tones their vision of this glamorless Spain write such music as that of the first scene of "La Habanera" or the finale of Ravel's rhapsody.

With vision of such a Spain, and with dexterous use of the familiar harmonic and instrumental procedures of the newer French music, Ravel has written his rhapsody, that from beginning to end, except in freedom of form, is anything but rhapsodic. It begins in a "Prelude to the Night"—music that evokes the distant sounds, the still and tremulous atmosphere, the melancholy mood, and the pungent air of this newly-imagined Spain. The listener hears with the ear of one of these solitary and brooding figures unless he is over-occupied with the harmonic and instrumental detail, the divisions and the juxtapositions, the incessant "pointing" by which Ravel imparts his mood and suggestion. The distant sounds seem to take shape in the ghost of a malaguena—fragments of a melody shrilly piped, broken rhythms that beat feebly, gather strength, and fall away again; a drowning and brooding bass, the melan-[illegible]ings of an English horn [illegible]

ish rush of the dance into [illegible]. The Habanera into which the music now flows is akin. Languorously and brokenly it comes out of the distance; in melancholy it gathers rhythm and melody; its syncopations seem the mockery of itself. Its sensuousness is acrid, as becomes this new Spain of the composers—this Spain the musical speech of which is the speech of the new composers of Paris. It needs their stripped and sharpset timbres, their piercing modulations, their graphic juxtapositions, their thin-edged chords.

Then the tumult, as though out of the distance it were coming to whirl into itself the listening and the brooding figures—rhythms that beat hard and clear upon the ear and then twist into each other in the rising confusion of sound; melodies that for a moment have shape and body and then disappear jangling; orchestral sound and fury as of the din of a people's fete; mocking stillnes and melancholy, though the voice of instruments must denote them; and then the tumult again and unmistakably colored, as it has been more than once, in this finale, according to the conventions of Spanish music. Grant this newly-visioned Spain—and every composer has his right to his premises—and Ravel's music is vivid with suggestion and atmosphere. The observation that—as the composers say—evoked the vision becomes the transmitting imagination that imparts it. The musical means as surely and illusively fulfil their purpose—and tax the virtuosity of the conductor and the orchestra to the utmost. The rhapsody, like the performance, was a tour de force in a narrowly specialized genre.

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seemed in retrospect a frank, open broadly human, universally appealing music. There is not a trace of youth in Ravel's piece, except in the date on the title page and, maybe, in his unwavering fidelity to his visioned Spain and the tonal speech he has found for it. Strauss's, on the other hand, abounds in hints of the early twenties in which he wrote it and time, as usual, has not been kind to these youthful sins of excess. Now, after almost thirty years, not a few measures in the fantasia sound tinged, emphasizing the disparity between the sonorous and the resterating voice and the idea and the emotion behind. In all this early music, Strauss often suggests the young athlete of tones, strong, sinewry, in perfect condition, master of himself in all things but one—an inclination to test and prove his powers somewhat too insistently. There are lengths in these impressions of Italy in which Strauss is no more than taking his exercise with his music and adding nothing to the sum of its contents or to the force of its suggestion. On the other hand, the pieces that preceded the symphonic fantasia were little else than this exercise, whereas in it imagination kindled by more than zest of young resource and agility, and emotion newly awakened and deeply touched, have their play.

Strauss wrote his earliest pieces as so much adept music-making. He wrote the symphonic fantasia because Italy had filled him with sensations that he was eager to transmute into tunes. They were not novel sensations. He had seen the dazzling shimmer of Italian seas in the sunshine and heard the voice of wistful Italian song rising solitary over them. He had joyous tumult of Naples on a fete day. He had looked upon Roman ruins and felt their suggestion of vanished might. He had seen the bare expanses that they dot bathed in a light and heat that seemed to magnify the desolate emptiness. Ten thousand travellers in Italy have received these sensations and mused over them. But Strauss, already the born composer, sprang to highly individual expression of them in tones.

MONITOR, BOSTON,
NOVEMBER 21, 1914

TRAVEL MOTIVE DOMINATES DR. MUCK'SPROGRAM

Unity Brought About by Thought of Peregrination, Contrast by Diversity of Lands Visited — Heinrich Warnke as Soloist

SYMPHONY HALL—Fifth public rehearsal, Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck conductor; Heinrich Warnke, violoncello soloist. The program: Strauss, symphonic fantasia, "From Italy"; Dvorak, two pieces for violoncello and orchestra, "Woodland Rest" and rondo; Ravel, "Spanish Rhapsody"; Scheinpflug, overture to a comedy of Shakespeare.

Musical travel was the subject with which Dr. Muck entertained his listeners this week. Peregrination was the idea common to his four numbers. A week in Central Italy, a romantic hour in the woods of Nowhere Land, a night and a day in Southern Spain and finally an excursion to Shakespeare's England gave the concert not only motion and color but also that other quality sought by orchestral program-builders with great zeal, unity.

It can hardly be proved that the sojourn of Richard Strauss in Rome and Naples in his formative days awoke his descriptive, lyric or dramatic powers to virile action. His fantasia, "From Italy," seems more like an effort to prove himself a Roman and as good a [illegible] than an inspiration to picture the Campagna, the Forum, the Sorrento cliffs or the streets of Naples in tone. Technically the work is masterful, quite as much so as the compositions which have brought Strauss his fame. But it lacks his peculiar expressiveness, probably because it is wholly pictorial. Strauss to be himself must have a hero. He has succeeded in giving his valuation on society best when he has had a dramatic figure for his subject. Fortunately he early found himself as a portrait maker through his "Don Juan." From the time he put the tone poem on a basis of character study in this work to his "Don Quixote," he almost never missed the mark.

Without much question Strauss erred both in the selection and in the arrangement of his subject matter for the fantasia. The two opening divisions, meditating on the Campagna and the ruins of Rome, do not give the work a proper symphonic start. It is not a safe procedure for a composer to work to a climax by beginning in contemplative mood and gradually awakening to actualities, and, as in this piece, to trivialities. There must be a strong statement of purposes at the outset, or listeners do not approve. In the third section, on Sorrento, the interest grows. In the last division, on Neapolitan street life, it is at its height. But this movement is not of the type that belongs at the end of a long symphonic piece. It is the part in which the composer comes forward as a humorist and it would be far more acceptable, according to musical canons, as an inside division. Strauss in his later works tried all sorts of musical trifling, such as the use of the song, "Funiculi," illustrates, but he always did it in the right place.

Ravel's trip to Spain was a delight from beginning to end. The end, indeed, was too close to the beginning. The piece had its full value as an example of striking orchestral style, played on the same program with the inert Strauss music. Ravel is doubtless at present the most attractive writer of the modern French school. It is a question whether in the end he will please as he does now, for his methods are not his own but Debussy's and the originator of musical methods is likely to prove the one who uses them to most lasting effect. This is not always so, however. For the orchestral successors of Liszt have won more acclaim with his methods than he ever won.

The composer of the "Spanish Rhapsody" has applied the Debussy scheme of tone coloring with irresistible charm. His pieces make their way without opposition. Even four years ago the rhapsody, when first played in Boston by the Boston Orchestral Club, stood out as an appealing work from among other modern French works that seemed to have novelty of sound as their whole end and aim. The "Prelude to the Night," with which the rhapsody begins, is not far from an outright imitation of Debussy. The difference is that Debussy invented this type of nocturne, and there was the end of it, while Ravel incorporated it in an intelligible pictorial plan.

In a way the subject-matter of the Ravel work parallels that of the Strauss work, beginning contemplatively and growing gradually to concern itself with action and people. The Ravel climax of "The Fair" corresponds to the Strauss climax of "Folk Life." But Ravel is writing in the form of a suite, Strauss in that of a symphony. The difference between the effect of the two pieces shows that the fundamental requirements of form hold through all changes of orchestral style. Strauss never tried to unsettle them after his experience with his "From Italy." No Parisian, like Ravel, would ever think of trying such a thing anyway.

Mr. Warnke gave the house delight with the two Dvorak songs for violoncello and orchestra. In the "Woodland Rest" and rondo studies, Dvorak treats the stringed instrument of bass and tenor range to make its sound pleasing. He writes for the hearer, not for the display of the player's virtuosity. There are few solo violoncello performances that do not have their moments of tunelessness, owing to the untamable manners of the instrument. There could be no such moments in the two Dvorak pieces with the orchestral accompaniment the composer has given them.

The Scheinpflug piece was brilliantly read. There is no musical form lasting into the twentieth century from the nineteenth that has more vitality than the overture. The work of the modern German is worthy of a high place in the repertory. It should win room close to the familiar compositions in the overture form of Weber and Wagner.

BOSTON POST,
NOVEMBER 21,

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL PLEASING

Dr. Muck's Program of Superlative Interest

BY OLIN DOWNES

One of the most entertaining programmes ever offered by Dr. Muck was that of yesterday, the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Heinrich Warnke was the soloist.

The programme was as follows: Symphonic Fantasia, "Aus Italien," Richard Strauss; "Rhapsodie Espagnole," Maurice Ravel; "Waldesruhe," and Rondo for 'cello, Dvorak; overture to a comedy of Shakspere, Paul Scheinpflug.

SUPERLATIVE INTEREST

The music was a superlative interest; what orchestra and what conductor would have been capable of doing it greater justice? Strauss' symphonic fantasia is the work of a young and highly gifted composer, not, perhaps, entirely out of his scholastic swaddling-clothes, inclined to develop his ideas rather too conscientiously and sometimes at greater length than is necessary, but nevertheless a young man full of romaniticism and musical ideas of genuine beauty.

Ravel's music is less subjective than that of Strauss. It is tone-painting. Its harmonic idioms are those of the mature Ravel, not the Ravel who started in the footsteps of Debussy. Ravel has undoubtedly taken some suggestions of value from the older man. So much is hardly to be controverted, but he has evolved a style which has become of late years more and more personal. It is possible to go too far in comparing musical impressions with those gained from the contemplation of other arts, but perhaps it is not too far-fetched to say that Ravel's music has a sheer brilliancy and vibrancy of color not unakin to that of the paintings of Monet and other colorists of the same period and tendencies.

A chord which is undeniably ugly on paper is played by the orchestra, and lo, the effect is one of shimmering beauty. The music must be judged somewhat by the standards of an impressionistic picture.

Exterior Music

It is what might be called exterior music. There is a hard brilliancy, an audacious emphasis of contrast in the music of Ravel, that leads one to think of him as a painter of things for the sake of such effects, rather than an individual of strongly subjective emotions. Strauss wrote his "Impressions of Italy" from quite a different standpoint. Ravel expressed his "Impressions of Spain," and his Spain is far from the gayly colored and charmingly romantic Spain of Bizet, or yet the somewhat Parisian Spain of Emmanuel Chabrier. It is a Spain of cruder colors and more violent contrasts than either, and in this, probably, is far more faithful to the impressions actually communicated by the landscapes of that country. Consider the "Prelude a la nuit," the sense of black shadows and grotesque shapes, the even macabre suggestion of this movement.

It is in the final movement that Ravel's orchestra, as one might say, swarms with life. There is overwhelming vigor and extravagant humor in this piece. The orchestra fairly crackles and blazes with all sorts of effects. The movements of a crowd, the shouts of dancers, are continually present to the ears. And is this merely the music of a clever Frenchman? Is it only a box of orchestral tricks, a sterile succession of phrases which are not ideas, but pegs upon which to hang bizarre harmonies and unheard orchestra combinations? We think better of the music.

Marvel of Style

The Rhapsodie Espagnoele is at least a marvel of style and of technical attainment. It dazzles us. Sufficient for the day is that, and for tomorrow—we are not concerned with tomorrow! We are here concerned with a reviewers ideas of Ravel's music, which was heartily applauded.

I could not hear Mr. Warnke's performance, but I am informed on good authority he played with unwonted warmth of style, with unusual purity of intonation and without exagerating the character of the very pleasing compositions he interpreted.

The 'cellist may well be as modest as that, for the literature of the 'cello is not so brilliant or so abundant that he need tax his hearers overlong, beautiful as his tone may be.

Schienpflug's overture is a very happy contribution to Shakspearian music. One need not speculate as to which comedy it was intended for, to enjoy this music and feel its spirit. Some say that "Twelfth Night" was the piece the composer had in mind. Why not "The Merry Wives of Windsor"? Why not any pleasant play that Shakspeare penned? It is good [illegible]

MONITOR
NOVEMBER, 21.

QUIRKS AND DIFFICULTIES OF OBOE PLAYING SET FORTH BY GEORGES LONGY FOR MONITOR

To be a successful oboe player, a man must first of all be a good carpenter; next he must be a musician. Thus Georges Longy, the solo oboist of the Boston Symphony orchestra and the leader of the Longy Club of wind instrument players, spoke of his craft to a Monitor man who went to see him about his plans for the winter and to ask him to tell some of his experiences.

The distinguished artist was in his library at his desk and had just summarized for the visitor the work of the Longy Club in the 14 seasons it has been giving concerts. That story was compact, all in evidence in a few pages of a notebook which he held open before him, and in two shelves of folio music, the instrumental parts of his repertory, standing in a bookcase beside him. Closing the notebook on the page of last year's programs and starting from the room, "I will show what I mean," he said, "when I call myself a carpenter."

He returned bringing a big drawer, which he set down on his study table. It was filled with tools, including pincers, files and blades. In one corner were thin, yellow strips of wood in three-inch lengths; in another were many cork-bound conical tubes, about equal in size to a goosequill below the plume. The outfit looked as though it belonged somewhere between a watchmaker's table and a joiner's bench.

Strips of Cane Used

Reaching in, Mr. Longy jogged the drawer. One of the yellow splinters slid under something that looked like itself turned to steel. One of the little tubes rolled with the uneven course of things that taper and was swallowed in the jaws of a pair of pliers. They were just the objects the oboist wanted to illustrate his point. Catching them up and pointing first to the sliver of wood, "That is one of a great number of strips of cane," he explained, "which I sawed and split from a stalk last summer when I was at leisure. It will take its turn sometime to be shaped into a reed for my oboe. It is dry and stiff now and cannot be bent double, as it must be. The bending is a difficult operation and can be done only by the use of water to soften the fibers."

From the drawer Mr. Longy picked a reed that had been through the bending process, doubled back on itself in the middle, across the grain, with the shiny side of the cane outward. It showed no sign of splitting down the grain. It showed no sign of a fiber strained to breaking. The half inch of edge where the bend came was straight and was square with the length. Moreover the halves did not spring back from the bend to an angle, but lay flat against each other.

Mr. Longy next inserted the little quill-like tube between the free ends and wound a string around them to indicate the process of tying reed and tube fast together.

Accurate Cutting Needed

In a compartment of the drawer were a number of tubes with reeds bent over one end and bound tight to the cork overlay. Anybody could see that they were tips for the oboe half way on the road to readiness. Mr. Longy picked out one of them. "Now the precarious part of the work begins," he noted. "This edge where the reed is bent has to be cut across accurately to make the opening through which I blow."

There was room for a question here, why two short reeds were not tied, end to end, to save all the trouble of the bending and the lateral cut. If two parallel strips of cane were required for the oboe mouthpiece, why were they not fitted on there to begin with? But further explanations implied that an exact parallel condition of the two vibrant planes was necessary and that it could be obtained only through the bending, tying and cutting processes.

Another inevitable question, of less obvious answer was asked. Why should the oboist not let some instrument maker do all this work for him?

"I only wish it could be so," was the reply. "But no instrument maker can shape an oboist's reeds for him. Neither can one oboe player do it for another. A player must do this himself, fitting the ends precisely to his mouth. What I have shown is only the start. After the reed is fastened to the tube, the [illegible] edge has to be cut open with great [illegible] when the two strips have to be [illegible] just alike."

Here Mr. Longy illustrated by taking a tip that had been opened, placing it on a block and chafing off fine shavings with a thin knife blade. "In this way," he noted, the two halves are worked to about an equal thickness. After that they have to be changed a little here and there to suit the player's own mechanism of tone production, his lips."

Tone Production Secured

Mr. Longy repeated that unless he were a sufficient artisan to do the whole job, from splitting the cane from the stalk down to paring to the right thickness the two reeds through which he sends his breath in playing, he never could secure his tone production. He added that with all the skill he had acquired, he could not make tips that would be of more than indifferent service to anybody else. Where good work is done, he insisted, the oboist always prepares his own reeds.

A question which could not help intruding itself right here was why a reed job once done should not settle the oboist's difficulties for a good while.

"A new reed is needed," the artist replied, "for every important change of style in the oboe player's program. A reed that would do well in a symphony of Mozart would not do at all in a tone poem of Strauss. Whenever a new piece of music is announced to be played at the Symphony concerts I do not think, 'Well, now, how shall I play this?' Oh no! My first thought is, 'How shall [illegible] make a reed that will be right for it?' [illegible] cannot take the music home with me a[illegible] begin practising it at once, as a violinis[illegible] a flute player or a horn player can. [illegible] have to get out my tools and take pe[illegible]haps half a week perfecting a tip for m[illegible] instrument. When that is done I c[illegible] begin to practise my part."

Instrument Considered

After all this about the mere mout[illegible]piece of the oboe, Mr. Longy made tw[illegible] or three comments on the instrume[illegible] itself. It seems that the warmest tin[illegible] of the orchestral color system is un[illegible]conquerable for more than one reason[illegible] The tone that comes from Arcadia i[illegible] rare to obtain, simple though it is t[illegible] the ear. The task of the modern music[illegible] maker to tame the melody of Sicilian idyllic times has not been easy. His struggle to snatch the pastoral pip[illegible] from the rude hands that first contrive[illegible] it is far from being a victory. Neithe[illegible] nineteenth nor twentieth century invention has helped him much to shake o[illegible] the bucolic grasp.

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Thus Strauss' "From Italy" was a long way from Italy. The composer showed his ignorance when he mistook "Funicoli-Funicola" for an Italian folk-song. "Santa Lucia" is the folk-song of Naples, although Denza's song has been warbled from every Neapolitan throat. Possibly a third-of-a-century of such continual use may have made "Funicoli-Funicola" into a folk-song, but even then we do not enjoy having this thoroughly Neapolitan dish served up "A L'Allemande." Beer and Vino Vesuvio do not blend well. The Finale of the Italian symphony treats the street-song to progressions and developments that would astound anyone dwelling within a hundred miles of the volcano it celebrates.

But "Aus Italien" is interesting to the modern student as showing Richard Strauss first setting out on the path which led him to the heights of modern orchestral composition. Before this he had kept pretty close to the Brahms fold, and his one symphony which preceded this was quite strait-laced and formal. That he went much further in "Don Quixote," in "Heldenleben," and most especially in orchestral mountain-peak "Death and Transfiguration," cannot be denied, but it is interesting to watch this vein in its inception.

And, after all, "From Italy" is a strong work in its own right, particularly when it is so superbly played as it was yesterday afternoon. The first movement, "On the Campagna," gains tremendously on closer acquaintance, but we cannot quite understand the explosions of the second movement, "Amid Rome's Ruins"; perhaps they were blasting among the ruins, or possibly they were bombarding them. The long reverie, "At Sorrento," showed that Debussy has not got a monopoly of delicacy in tone-painting.

But in the Finale, as above hinted, we could not find as much of the true Naples, as is discovered in the first act of Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna." After all, it takes an Italian to do this kind of [illegible] Yet we have reve-been so [illegible] with "From Italy" as upon this occasion. That the audience shared this favorable impression was evident from the ensuing enthusiasm.

The concert was exciting almost from beginning to end. Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody needs a trifle more of garlic. It was not as thoroughly denationalized as Strauss' "Italy," but we did not find any Hidalgos or dark-eyed Senoritas concealed in its measures. Spain and Scotland seem to be the two countries whose music the outsiders try to appropriate chiefly. Scotland has been raided by Beethoven, Schumann, Franz, Bruch, Mendelssohn, Volkmann, and an entire band of Germans, while all the nations, as witness Rimski-Korsakoff, Chabrier, Dvorak, Ravel, Moszkowski, etc., etc., are descending upon Spain. We should prefer an occasional real Spanish composer upon the programme even though composers of Spain and Italy are as yet remarkably scarce in the orchestral field. But this little Suite of Ravel's had many merits. It was brief, and it might have been entitled "Some experiments in modern scoring." Almost all through the four movements there was a quaint reiteration of a four-noted figure in downward scale-progression. The fury of the Malaguena was supplemented with still greater fury at the final fair, in which xylophone, tamborine, and muted trumpets were heaped upon each other in wild dance rhythms. The work was a series of impressionist sketches, eccentric, but graphic. It was a very interesting exhibit of modern scoring, well worth playing and well worth studying, even if the Habanera did not obliterate Bizet.

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TRANSCRIPT,

NOVEMBER 18,

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT THE PENSION FUND

The Symphony Orchestra's Own Charity and the Administration of It — Henry Russell on His Way to Boston — The Concert of the Apollo Club—Humperdinck's Wartime Opera—Items and Impressions

TWICE a year the Symphony Orchestra reminds the town that it has a Pension Fund, the income of which falls to retired or disabled members of the band. In this fashion the public of the Symphony Concerts and the community at large have come to realize, albeit rather hazily, that there is such a fund for such a purpose. More clearly both have learned out of long and pleasurable experience that the increase of the fund is the occasion of two concerts each year in which orchestra and conductor may be heard outside the regular course of their weekly works at Symphony Hall. Moreover, in these days of Dr. Muck's conductorship, they may be heard in music that seldom appears on the programmes of the regular concerts, viz.: overtures, preludes and other fragments from the operas and the music-dramas of Wagner. These, in Dr. Muck's convinced view, are intrinsically music of the theatre and so should have small place in symphony concerts. If he is to play them at all outside an opera house, he would keep them for some special and singular concert like those for the Pension Fund. Besides, these overtures, preludes and fragments at his hands and the hands of the orchestra usually win a numerous audience and the fund profits proportionally. Accordingly, the three overtures, the four preludes and the tonal apotheosis of Siegfried from "Götterdämmerung" are to be played once more next Sunday afternoon for the increase of the Pension Fund. Timely for a public that hardly knows the beginnings, the purpose and the workings of "The Boston Symphony Orchestra Pension Institution" comes this account of it from the pages of Mr. Howe's newly published sketch of the history of the orchestra:

"In the memorandum, 'In re the Boston Symphony Orchestra,' which Mr. Higginson wrote in 1881, before the first concert was given, it has been seen that the question of a Pension Fund was already presenting itself for consideration. The answer to it was deferred, but in 1903, at the instance of Mr. Gericke, it was definitely made in the establishment of the 'Boston Symphony Orchestra Pension Institution.' The officers of this body are a board of seven directors elected annually by the members, and three trustees chosen by the directors. The members are divided into four classes, the first of which contains persons not employed as musicians, and not liable to dues or entitled to any financial benefits. Classes II., III. and IV. are made up of musicians who have joined the orchestra, respectively, when over thirty years of age, when between twenty-five and thirty, and when under twenty-five. Their annual dues are graded accordingly, between $37.50 and $30. All members pay an initiation fee of $50. The dues may be paid in weekly instalments deducted from their salaries and transferred directly to the treasurer of the Pension Institution.

"The maximum pension payable to retired members of the orchestra is $500. There are two funds, the permanent, in charge of the trustees, and the general, in charge of the directors. Out of these are paid, respectively, the benefits due to persons whose membership has terminated before ten years have elapsed, and all other benefits. The Pension-Fund Concerts given by the orchestra have been the chief source of income. One-third of the proceeds of all these concerts—the first of which occurred March 1, 1903—is paid to the permanent fund, two-thirds to the general. For the year ending Oct. 31, 1913, the total receipts from these concerts was $6639.70. In that year the income from securities of the permanent fund and invested general fund was $6976.07. In the same period the thirty-one pensions paid to members of the institution and their families, for whom careful provision is made in the bylaws, amounted, in sums from less than $100 to the maximum of $500, to $11,074.35.

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EVENING RECORD.

NOVEMBER 21

STRAUSS' ITALY AT SYMPHONY

PROGRAMME.

Strauss. "From Italy," Symphonic Fantasia.
Ravel. "Spanish Rhapsody."
Dvorak. Waldesruhe and Rondo, for violoncello.
Soloist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke.
Scheinpflug. Overture to a Shakespearian comedy.

Not only were several nations represented in this list of composers (German, French and Bohemian), but almost each one of the composers tried to masquerade in the costume of some other nation. Thus Richard Strauss endeavored to become Italian, Ravel Spanish, and Scheinpflug Old English. We do not always sympathize with this kind of musical Puss-in-the-corner, for the foreigner never writes as one to the manner born, says Louis C. Elson in his Symphony review in The Advertiser.

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BOSTON JOURNAL

NOVEMBER 21,

SYMPHONY PLAYS STRAUSS FINELY

Those who dodged last week's Symphony concerts, fearing Sibelius bearing gifts of acidulous themes and chaotic climaxes, returned yesterday to hear the more popular music to be found in Richard Strauss' youthful "Italian Symphony," in two Dvorak titbits for solo 'cello and orchestra and in Scheinpflug's vivacious "Overture to a Comedy in Shakespeare." They also heard Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" played for the first time at these concerts, and they rather liked the fourth movement of the suite. The other movements, which are of an ultra-modern character, suggested Mars or Saturn quite as much as Spain. There was faint applause for them from some revolutionary spirits in the back of the hall.

Strauss' fantasy on Italian impressions contains some of the Bavarian genius' finest tone painting. The first movement, "On the Campagna," is especially vivid and poetical. Dr. Muck and the orchestra received an ovation for their beautiful interpretation of the work. Warm applause also rewarded Mr. Warnke for his skilful and sympathetic playing of Dvorak's 'cello pieces, "Waldesruhe" and the "Rondo," both of which have been absent from Symphony program for many years.

The same program will be given again tonight.

Next week the soloist will be Harold Bauer. The program will comprise Reznicek's "Schlemihl," Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Beethoven's G major concerto for piano and orchestra.

BOSTON JOURNAL—

NOVEMBER 23

ADD HUNDREDS TO SYMPHONY FUND

Wagner Concert in Aid of Pension Attracts Big Audience.

Many hundreds of dollars were added yesterday to the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—exactly how many no one would say for publication—through the Wagner concert given by the orchestra yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall.

On this occasion everything is contributed gratis. Maj. Henry L. Higginson, founder of the orchestra, contributes the hall. Saturday night, when Maj. Higginson went to his seat at the regular Symphony concert, he was greetd by a fanfare from the orchestra, which took this way of publicly testifying to his generosity and also of taking part in the major's numerous 80th birthday celebrations.

The audience yesterday filled all but a comparatively few seats down front on the floor. Such an outpouring in what is generally regarded as an off year was quite remarkable. But there was an extraordinarily attractive all-Wagner program, to be conducted by Dr. Muck, one of the foremost Wagner interpreters of the day, and to be played by the finest orchestra in the land. These preludes and overtures to the Wagner operas miss some of their atmospheric effects when performed outside of the Opera House; but, just as Henry Irving and Ellen Terry gave one of their most effective performances of "The Merchant of Venice" at West Point in ordinary traveling dress, so these excerpts from the great music-dramas gave great pleasure yesterday, even without coryphees dancing to the music of the bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," and without a stage spectacle to go with the titanic funeral music accompanying Siegfried to the pyre in "The Dusk of

Dr. Muck does not favor performing Wagner music outside the Opera House, but without such concessions as he made yesterday there would be scant opportunity to hear this wonderful music in Boston. This is what made the concert so rare a treat to the music-lover.

The program included the "Rienzi" and "Flying Dutchman" overtures, the prelude and bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," the "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan und Isolde" and "Parsifal" preludes and the dirge from "Die Goetterdaemmerung."

BOSTON GLOBE—

NOVEMBER 23,

PENSION FUND AIDED.

Symphony Orchestra the Host at Symphony Hall.

Wagnerian Program Evokes Warm Applause From Large Audiance.

Symphony Hall was comfortably filled yesterday afternoon at the concert given by the Symphony Orchestra in aid of its pension fund. It was a wholly enjoyable occasion, the audience being promptly, enthusiastically responsive, and the orchestra very evidently enjoyed the afternoon.

The program was uncompromisingly Wagnerian, nothing else being even looked at, but it was Wagner in his more merciful moods, when an occasional lapse into melody gave average human nature a chance; glimpses of Parnassus.

The list included: Overture to "Reinzi"; overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; prelude and bacchanale from "Tannhauser" (Paris version); prelude to "Lohengrin"; prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; prelude to "Tristan and Isolde"; Siegfried funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods"; prelude to "Parsifal."

Of the performance of the orchestra, conducted as it was by Dr Karl Muck, there is, of course, no occasion now to speak. The foregoing are undoubtedly among the things the players have "by heart" and the playing of which comes as nearly to being a real pleasure to the executants as any music can be.

Under these circumstances the, at times, let us say "profound" passages were given with an ease and swing that on a lower musical plane are given to a marching tune by regiments en route. It was an occasion where the ordinary music lover can revel, hearing something done with the highest artistry that is somewhat short of the full-fledged "Symphony" program and yet far above the effervescent "Pops" confections.

As has been said, the audience was most enthusiastic, the "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin" and "Mastersingers" particularly evoking warm, delighted applause.

BOSTON HERALD.

NOVEMBER 23.

FIRST PENSION FUND CONCERT

Symphony Orchestra's Program Made Up of Overtures and Preludes by Wagner.

The first of the two annual concerts for the benefit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Pension Fund was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program, as several times in previous years, was made up of overtures and preludes from the music dramas of Wagner. It has come to be well understood in Boston that Dr. Muck, the conductor, holds that these works, if performed at all outside the opera house, should be reserved for some special occasion, such as is afforded by these semi-annual concerts.

The audience yesterday was large and warmly responsive. Many were present who hear the orchestra only at intervals, but far the greater number were regular Symphony attendants who availed themselves of the opportunity to hear the orchestra in a Wagner program. Although the Pension Institution, established in 1903, has a system of graded dues and initiation fees, these concerts are the chief source of income. The public profits from the stable relations which the fund helps the players to maintain with the orchestra, and the enthusiasm yesterday was both a tribute to the quality of the performance and a demonstration of loyalty to the musicians.

The numbers were arranged in chronological sequence, beginning with the overture to "Rienzi," and continuing with the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," and the prelude and bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," using the Paris version. This ended the first part, and the conductor called the entire orchestra to their feet to acknowledge the applause.

In the second part were the prelude to "Lohengrin," the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," the prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," the Siegfried funeral music from the "Dusk of the Gods" (the third day of "The Ring of the Nibelungs"), and the prelude to "Parsifal."

been so highly impressed with "From Italy" as upon this occasion. That the audience shared this favorable impression was evident from the ensuing enthusiasm.

The concert was exciting almost from beginning to end. Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody needs a trifle more of garlic. It was not as thoroughly denationalized as Strauss' "Italy," but we did not find any Hidalgos or dark-eyed Senoritas concealed in its measures. Spain and Scotland seem to be the two countries whose music the outsiders try to appropriate chiefly. Scotland has been raided by Beethoven, Schumann, Franz, Bruch, Mendelssohn, Volkmann, and an entire band of Germans, while all the nations, as witness Rimski-Korsakoff, Chabrier, Dvorak, Ravel, Moszkowski, etc., etc., are descending upon Spain. We should prefer an occasional real Spanish composer upon the programme even though composers of Spain and Italy are as yet remarkably scarce in the orchestral field. But this little Suite of Ravel's had many merits. It was brief, and it might have been entitled "Some experiments in modern scoring." Almost all through the four movements there was a quaint reiteration of a four-noted figure in downward scale-progression. The fury of the Malaguena was supplemented with still greater fury at the final fair, in which xylophone, tamborine, and muted trumpets were heaped upon each other in wild dance rhythms. The work was a series of impressionist sketches, eccentric, but graphic. It was a very interesting exhibit of modern scoring, well worth playing and well worth studying, even if the Habanera did not obliterate Bizet.

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EVENING RECORD.

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Ravel. "Spanish Rhapsody."
Dvorak. Waldesruhe and Rondo, for violoncello.
Soloist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke.
Scheinpflug. Overture to a Shakespearian comedy.

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Mr. Heinrich Warnke is always a welcome performer in these programmes. He has a pure and sympathetic tone and conquers all technical difficulties with a serenity that is classical. His two numbers were not of the most advanced type, but they were interesting and the first was romantic and well-contrasted with the second. The first, however, "Waldesruhe," came dangerously near the line of sentimentality, even if it served well to display Mr. Warnke's pure tones. The second had more technique, and at its end Mr. Warnke was recalled with much enthusiasm and then recalled again. But both pieces lost somewhat by being placed upon the spiciest programme that we have had for a long time.

Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Shakespearian Comedy" keeps one guessing. What comedy can it be? The brutal critic can answer off-hand—"Much Ado About Nothing," but the work really has something to say. Not every German composer is so conscientious about England's tunes as Scheinpflug shows himself to be. He goes back to the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book and digs out an old Allemande by Giles Farnaby, and works this up in fine style; so that he deserves credit at least for historical accuracy. He makes good play with the deeper wood-wind instruments, especially bassoons and English horns, and here too there is some degree of historic purport, since the English horn was originally a shepherd's pipe in ante-Shakespearian days.

If we must saddle a particular comedy upon this overture we would choose "The Merry Wives of Windsor," whose prattling geniality and practical jokes seem in some degree reflected here. We fancy that we detect the burly Falstaff in more than one episode. The scoring is for a large modern orchestra, although we cannot find any startling effects of tone-color evolved; the best touches are in the old-fashioned bassoons, oboes and English horns. We are glad that the work is not one of the modern tone-puzzles. It would have seemed sad to have seen Shakespeare stretched upon the rack of 20th century dissonances.

BOSTON JOURNAL

NOVEMBER 21,

SYMPHONY PLAYS STRAUSS FINELY

Those who dodged last week's Symphony concerts, fearing Sibelius bearing gifts of acidulous themes and chaotic climaxes, returned yesterday to hear the more popular music to be found in Richard Strauss' youthful "Italian Symphony," in two Dvorak titbits for solo 'cello and orchestra and in Scheinpflug's vivacious "Overture to a Comedy in Shakespeare." They also heard Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" played for the first time at these concerts, and they rather liked the fourth movement of the suite. The other movements, which are of an ultra-modern character, suggested Mars or Saturn quite as much as Spain. There was faint applause for them from some revolutionary spirits in the back of the hall.

Strauss' fantasy on Italian impressions contains some of the Bavarian genius' finest tone painting. The first movement, "On the Campagna," is especially vivid and poetical. Dr. Muck and the orchestra received an ovation for their beautiful interpretation of the work. Warm applause also rewarded Mr. Warnke for his skilful and sympathetic playing of Dvorak's 'cello pieces, "Waldesruhe" and the "Rondo," both of which have been absent from Symphony program for many years.

The same program will be given again tonight.

Next week the soloist will be Harold Bauer. The program will comprise Reznicek's "Schlemihl," Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Beethoven's G major concerto for piano and orchestra.

BOSTON JOURNAL-

NOVEMBER 23

ADD HUNDREDS TO SYMPHONY FUND

Wagner Concert in Aid of Pension Attracts Big Audience.

Many hundreds of dollars were added yesterday to the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—exactly how many no one would say for publication—through the Wagner concert given by the orchestra yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall.

On this occasion everything is contributed gratis. Maj. Henry L. Higginson, founder of the orchestra, contributes the hall. Saturday night, when Maj. Higginson went to his seat at the regular Symphony concert, he was greetd by a fanfare from the orchestra, which took this way of publicly testifying to his generosity and also of taking part in the major's numerous 80th birthday celebrations.

The audience yesterday filled all but a comparatively few seats down front on the floor. Such an outpouring in what is generally regarded as an off year was quite remarkable. But there was an extraordinarily attractive all-Wagner program, to be conducted by Dr. Muck, one of the foremost Wagner interpreters of the day, and to be played by the finest orchestra in the land. These preludes and overtures to the Wagner operas miss some of their atmospheric effects when performed outside of the Opera House; but, just as Henry Irving and Ellen Terry gave one of their most effective performances of "The Merchant of Venice" at West Point in ordinary traveling dress, so these excerpts from the great music-dramas gave great pleasure yesterday, even without coryphees dancing to the music of the bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," and without a stage spectacle to go with the titanic funeral music accompanying Siegfried to the pyre in "The Dusk of

Dr. Muck does not favor performing Wagner music outside the Opera House, but without such concessions as he made yesterday there would be scant opportunity to hear this wonderful music in Boston. This is what made the concert so rare a treat to the music-lover.

The program included the "Rienzi" and "Flying Dutchman" overtures, the prelude and bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," the "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan und Isolde" and "Parsifal" preludes and the dirge from "Die Goetterdaemmerung."

BOSTON GLOBE-

NOVEMBER 23,

PENSION FUND AIDED.

Symphony Orchestra the Host at Symphony Hall.

Wagnerian Program Evokes Warm Applause From Large Audience.

Symphony Hall was comfortably filled yesterday afternoon at the concert given by the Symphony Orchestra in aid of its pension fund. It was a wholly enjoyable occasion, the audience being promptly, enthusiastically responsive, and the orchestra very evidently enjoyed the afternoon.

The program was uncompromisingly Wagnerian, nothing else being even looked at, but it was Wagner in his more merciful moods, when an occasional lapse into melody gave average human nature a chance; glimpses of Parnassus.

The list included: Overture to "Reinzi"; overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; prelude and bacchanale from "Tannhauser" (Paris version); prelude to "Lohengrin"; prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; prelude to "Tristan and Isolde"; Siegfried funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods"; prelude to "Parsifal."

Of the performance of the orchestra, conducted as it was by Dr Karl Muck, there is, of course, no occasion now to speak. The foregoing are undoubtedly among the things the players have "by heart" and the playing of which comes as nearly to being a real pleasure to the executants as any music can be.

Under these circumstances the, at times, let us say "profound" passages were given with an ease and swing that on a lower musical plane are given to a marching tune by regiments en route. It was an occasion where the ordinary music lover can revel, hearing something done with the highest artistry that is somewhat short of the full-fledged "Symphony" program and yet far above the effervescent "Pops" confections.

As has been said, the audience was most enthusiastic, the "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin" and "Mastersingers" particularly evoking warm, delighted applause.

BOSTON HERALD.

NOVEMBER 23.

FIRST PENSION FUND CONCERT

Symphony Orchestra's Program Made Up of Overtures and Preludes by Wagner.

The first of the two annual concerts for the benefit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Pension Fund was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program, as several times in previous years, was made up of overtures and preludes from the music dramas of Wagner. It has come to be well understood in Boston that Dr. Muck, the conductor, holds that these works, if performed at all outside the opera house, should be reserved for some special occasion, such as is afforded by these semi-annual concerts.

The audience yesterday was large and warmly responsive. Many were present who hear the orchestra only at intervals, but far the greater number were regular Symphony attendants who availed themselves of the opportunity to hear the orchestra in a Wagner program. Although the Pension Institution, established in 1903, has a system of graded dues and initiation fees, these concerts are the chief source of income. The public profits from the stable relations which the fund helps the players to maintain with the orchestra, and the enthusiasm yesterday was both a tribute to the quality of the performance and a demonstration of loyalty to the musicians.

The numbers were arranged in chronological sequence, beginning with the overture to "Rienzi," and continuing with the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," and the prelude and bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," using the Paris version. This ended the first part, and the conductor called the entire orchestra to their feet to acknowledge the applause.

In the second part were the prelude to "Lohengrin," the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," the prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," the Siegfried funeral music from the "Dusk of the Gods" (the third day of "The Ring of the Nibelungs"), and the prelude to "Parsifal."

ADVERTISER
NOVEMBER 23

ALL-WAGNER PROGRAMME

SPLENDID PERFORMANCE AT PENSION FUND CONCERT

Conductor and Orchestra Repeatedly Applauded, Yet Hall Was Not Filled.

Now that opera in Boston is suffering from financial debility and nervous prostration it becomes less a duty toward that fine body of musicians who form our Symphony Orchestra than a rare privilege, to attend the Pension Fund Concert (for some time it seemed as if we were to be denied all opportunity this season). It offers to many their only opportunity of hearing—outside the regular Symphony concerts—Wagner's orchestral music given in so complete and illuminating a manner as by our unsurpassed conductor and orchestra. Dr. Muck, in such a programme as yesterday's, at Symphony Hall, gave more orchestral numbers from Wagner's operas than he has given during any one of his Symphony seasons of twenty-four concerts. The great enthusiasm of the audience explains and confirms the choice of Wagner programmes for so large a percentage of the Pension Fund concerts!

Yesterday's music presented in a condensed form, we might say, the life history of Wagner as composer, and the quintessence of his music. The long drawn trumpet calls in "Rienzi," which opened the concert, not only serve as a summons to the attendant Romans, but call before our waiting imagination a vision of the superbly varied array of the characters to follow. The Flying Dutchman with his ominous phrases and Senta aglow with the love and exaltation of her sacrifice; Tannhauser craving the delirium of sensual joy in the Venusberg—saved by the saintly Elizabeth; Lohengrin enveloped in the mystic atmosphere of the grail; the pomp and ceremony, the good cheer, of the Meistersingers; the fated passion of Tristan and Isolde; the fearless Siegfried and noble Brunhilde, engulfed in the shadows of the Gotterdamerung; the spiritual yearning and love of Parsifal—these, and many more that are to take substance in the glowing sonorities of the orchestra, flash before the mind's eye: a marvelous array that lives clothed in musical tones of joy, grace, or grim tragedy; the creatures of the wonderful fecundity of Wagner's creative powers.

How gloriously our orchestra enters into the spirit of the work under the inspired guidance of Dr. Muck, master of rhythm and climax! Where else may we hear, rising and falling like the movement of the sea, the noble cantilena of the andante in "Rienzi"—that little considered work—given with such unity and purity of tone? What rare loveliness of the violins in the high positions of the Lohengrin Prelude; how the woodwind choir of the "Dusk of the Gods" colors the thought of the composer with tones of sadness or portent and the brass resounds strength without harshness in its sonorous "klang"; with what incomparable virtuosity the whole orchestra whirls through the frenzied intricacies of the "Bacchanale"!

So perfectly blended and balanced were these excellences that we could forget them in the rarer pleasure of absorption in the spiritual atmosphere of "Parsifal." It has been said that here Wagner shows signs of failing mentality—would that others might "fail" as gloriously and have such a conductor and orchestra as interpreter!

Nowhere in the world could Sunday's performance be surpassed, and yet—must we say it—the hall was not filled!

TRANSCRIPT,
NOVEMBER 23,

THE ROUND OF CONCERTS

WAGNER AND DR. MUCK FOR THE PENSION FUND

The Overtures and Preludes from "Rienzi" Through "Parsifal" Played Again and in the Usual Eloquent Fashion by the Symphony Orchestra—Mme. Lerner Reappears with Her Familiar Distinctions—The Pachmann-Like Quality in Her Touch and Tone—Week-End Episodes

TWICE a year the public of Greater Boston is asked to contribute to the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra, and upon these occasions programmes designed to attract others than subscribers to the regular season must and should be offered. In spite of the statement by a New York critic several seasons ago that the Wagner "wave" had passed, Greater Boston is still ready once a year to hear not only a Wagner programme, but one particular Wagner programme—that in which all his preludes and two dramatic excerpts are assembled and presented in chronological order.

It is to be taken for granted that at the Pension Fund concerts the men of the orchestra outdo themselves; it is to be taken for granted that at Dr. Muck's hands the works of Wagner receive an incomparable interpretation. Many wish that Dr. Muck were willing to play Wagnerian excerpts at the regular concerts of the orchestra; in the face of his expressed opinion that operatic music h[illegible] no place in the concert hall, [illegible] that since Wagnerian excerpts are freely placed on concert programmes by other conductors, and since adequate operatic performances of Wagner's later works take place in Boston seldom or never, it would be better to hear excerpts carefully selected and artistically rendered by Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra than to hear random excerpts under less favorable circumstances. Be that as it may, surely the cleverly arranged programme which has become a familiar feature of the Pension Fund concerts sets forth Wagner and his music in a favorable and very special way.

An ordinary performance of the "Rienzi" overture gives an impression as flat and banal as that caused by much of the language in Bulwer-Lytton's romance on the same subject. Years ago Dr. Muck showed us that a slower tempo and more care as to details of expression and phrasing could transform an old bugbear of the concert-room into an artistic composition. Is this result wholly Wagner, or has Dr. Muck read into a childish work greater depth of thought than the composer's development was capable of when he wrote this overture? There is no question but that Wagner was deeply moved by the character and ideals of Rienzi, and that in his opera he sincerely sought adequately to express his feelings; therefore, despite some crudity of treatment, Wagner is entitled to the benefit of what ever doubt may arise concerning his power to compose "deep" music during that youthful period.

On the other hand, how immature in many details the "Rienzi" overture is, becomes evident with the opening bars of the "Flying Dutchman" overture. Externally pleasing but under-expressive themes have given way to bare but characterizing motives, brilliant "treatment" in the conventional sense to still more brilliant tone-painting, noise to power, melodrama to drama. The growth from the earlier work to the later is enormous.

In the overture to "Tannhäuser" there is in part a return to pleasing but inexpressive music, in part to dramatically highly suggestive music. The popular "Pilgrims' Chorus" is deservedly liked for its lyrically attractive melody, and later, when this melody peters out, harmonic interest comes to the rescue; but what word does it suggest, what emotion does it arouse? Immediately afterward, the opening measures of the Venusberg are graphically suggestive, but the "hymn to Venus" can hardly be called significant music. Yesterday, fortunately, the return of the Pilgrims' Chorus, with its unhappy suggestion of a psalm-tune at a camp-meeting, was omitted to make way for the Bacchanale (Paris version).

Everyone knows that the Paris Bacchanale was composed by Wagner seventeen years after the completion of "Tannhäuser"; it dates from about the same period as "Tristan and Isolde." Upon the germ of sensual suggestiveness present in the early Venusberg music, Wagner built up a wild orgy of sustained horror and feverish restlessness. In the extraordinary close, the fury seems to have spent itself, and in the torpid silence which ensues the curious insistence of C-sharp followed by B over a descending bass recalls (intentionally or not—who knows?) the Pilgrims' Chorus like a faint memory of the world outside to the infatuated minstrel in the Venusberg.

An intermission divided the concert, perhaps designedly, into two periods: The first, that of the young Wagner, bursting with new ideas, unable to restrain himself from healthy demonstrativeness; the second, that of the mature composer, with still greater ideas his servants not his masters, no longer "showing off" because he no longer needed to do so.

London critics once called the "Lohengrin" prelude "meaningless noise"; nowadays it is played at "pop" concerts to gather a crowd when wine and beer prove insufficiently attractive. In sixty years a piece of music may thus change mightily; happy its composer if the change is for the better.

The "Meistersinger" prelude is in itself a great work; as the creation of a composer addicted to the gloomy philosophy of Schopenhauer it is a "give-away." The remark of a well known musician that "Meistersinger" is the only opera in good repute in which nobody gets killed, has point. This sunny and whole-hearted work, as expansive and radiant as the good Sachs himself, is almost our only modern example of sustained cheerfulness and manly optimism.

Many would have enjoyed hearing the "Love-Death" appended to the "Tristan" prelude, but the "Love-Death" demands the last word of a concert. Wagner's concert close for the "Tristan" prelude usually seems perfunctory, a sudden letting-down of the tension; in these days of free tonality, an audience ought not to be shocked at a conductor's ending this prelude with the pizzicato G's which lead into the first act. Yesterday, however, Dr. Muck succeeded in warming the concert close to its task in such a manner that the customary bathos was pleasantly absent.

To some of us, the closing scene of "Götterdämmerung," from the moment when Brünnhilde enters the stage, is the sublimest passage in all music, and the funeral music of Siegfried is its close second. Nowhere else is sombre grandeur so eloquently yet concisely expressed. Yesterday the tubas were somewhat lacking in tone; the players, who are regularly hornists, used horn mouthpieces, evidently fearing that tuba mouthpieces would hurt their embouchure for their usual duties. This unfortunate circumstance is nobody's fault, since special players of Wagner tubas are not to be had. In all other respects, the performance was exceptionally fine.

After Wagner the fighter, Wagner the amorist, Wagner the pessimist—and even Wagner the optimist—then Wagner the mystic. Who could have prophecised of the stormy youth or the passionate man that in his old age he would produce this serene, tender, dispassionate "Parsifal?" It was a fittingly peaceful ending to a tragic and intense life; the presence at the end of yesterday's programme of the "Parsifal" prelude well symbolized this last stage of its composer's career, and sent the thoughtful to their homes reflecting, as was fitting, upon this out of all of Wagner's many phases.

Mr. Gericke once gave an agreeable programme consisting wholly of Dvorak's works. Programmes wholly of Brahms, of Strauss and others have also given pleasure. With almost all of the men whom one can enjoy for a whole afternoon or evening one nevertheless soon becomes conscious of mannerisms, of the limitations which are the seamy side of individuality. Even with Beethoven a programme consisting wholly of his works, however delightful, however inspiring, over-emphasizes Beethoven's virtues at the expense of others which are missed. With Bach and Wagner alone is one perpetually conscious not merely of a great individual, but of a whole man; their personalities are complete, if they have limitations they do not bring them to our attention. In truth, they are great not because of, rather in spite of, their powerful individuality; they master us because they are universal.

P. G. C.

RECORD.
NOVEMBER 23

MAJ. HIGGINSON HONORED AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

An unusual but most effective tribute to Maj. Henry L. Higginson, in honor of his 80th birthday, was that at Symphony Hall.

Frederick P. Cabot had suggested that it would be an appropriate and graceful thing to have some recognition of the anniversary at the concerts founded by Maj. Higginson, and the idea was seconded with enthusiasm by their conductor, Dr. Karl Muck.

No sooner had the hall filled and the doors closed for Saturday night's performance than Dr. Muck rapped for silence and Mr. Cabot stepped to the front. Addressing Mr. Higginson, who sits in the centre aisle, he said:—

"Mr. Higginson, in these concerts you have given to each of us a wonderful revelation of beauty and joy, and we, the listeners, join with the orchestra in this greeting and expression of love and gratitude."

Dr. Muck then signalled the drummer, and the orchestra expressed their feelings with the time honored German "tusch."

The whole audience immediately rose to their feet, applauding vociferously. Maj. Higginson contented himself with repeatedly bowing his acknowledgments.

From BULLETIN
Address Providence, R. I.
Date NOV 1 [illegible]

HAROLD BAUER, PIANIST, TO PLAY WITH SYMPHONY

Famous Artist to be Soloist at Second Concert.

Harold Bauer, one of the greatest pianists in America this year, will be the soloist at the second Boston Symphony concert which will be given in Infantry Hall next Tuesday evening. He is no stranger to Providence; in fact, the greater part of his artistic career in the last 12 years has been spent in America, where his superb playing has been thoroughly appreciated. He has won popular fame as an interpreter of the later classical writers and the early romanticists, particularly Beethoven and Schumann, and at this concert he is to play the Fourth Concerto of Beethoven in G-major. The fourth and fifth concertos are imperishable monuments to the genius of the composer, and they demand the highest type of artist, such as Bauer is, to do them justice.

The Symphony will be Brahms's Second in D-major. The time has long since past when the public looked askance at Brahms as the most austere figure in modern music. His four symphonies are played continually to ever-increasing appreciation. In the Second, which Dr. Muck will play here there is no element of austerity. It is all sunshine and green fields; a succession of lovely melodies worked out with masterful art. Such a keen critic of music as Felix Weingartner says that he regards this as the best of Brahms's Symphonies. At any rate, the work is one of great beauty and has always brought great success to the Symphony Orchestra.

There will be only three numbers on the programme, the Symphony, the Concerto and finally the magnificent Overture to "Egmont" by Beethoven. Beethoven wrote a considerable amount of incidental music to Goethe's tragedy of "Egmont." He was urged to this task largely by his desire to bring himself to the notice of the great poet, who was to Beethoven nothing less than a demigod. The songs are often sung and are the most successful that Beethoven wrote. The Overture is a superb masterpiece of the expression of the tragic in music. The programme in its proper order is as follows: Brahms, Symphony in D-major No. 2; Beethoven, Concerto for pianoforte in G-major, No. 4; Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont."

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

THE principal musical event of this week will be the second concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday evening, at which the soloist will be Harold Bauer, the pianist, who is well and favorably known here.

The following evening the Cathedral Glee Club will give a concert in Memorial Hall, and there will also be the usual church programmes and meetings of musical clubs to interest a large number.

The opening of the Steinert Course the past week was most successful, and a concert by Sousa's Band pleased the popular taste, so that while the musical season is not so crowded as in some years, it is fairly well under way and promises to hold a good deal of interest for several weeks to come.

It is regrettable that the veteran Arion Club, after so long and honorable a career, should be facing the alternative of suspension or disbandment, unless popular support is forthcoming. The city has too few of such assets as the Arion Club to be able to afford to lose such an organization.

* * *

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall next Tuesday evening will be devoted to Beethoven and Brahms. The latter will be represented by his Symphony in D-major No. 2, and Beethoven by his Fourth Concerto in G-major and his "Egmont" Overture. The soloist will be Harold Bauer, the pianist.

Brahms's Symphony in D-major is familiar to patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city, for it has been played here a number of times. It is, without a doubt, the most popular of the four symphonies that Brahms wrote and is now one of the most popular works in symphonic literature. The symphony was composed probably in the summer of 1877 and it had its first performance in December of that year. Fourteen months later it was played in Boston. It is a work which shows Brahms in one of his most congenial moods, making free use of melodic ideas, without the web of polyphony which characterized his first symphony. Brahms's first symphony has been called an epic, and this, his second, a fairy tale.

The Concerto in G-major by Beethoven, which Bauer will play, was written in 1806 and was performed by the composer at a private subscription concert in Vienna in March, 1807. The first public performance was the following year. By many it is preferred to the Concerto in E-flat major, so-called the "Emperor."

The final number, the overture to Goethe's "Egmont," stands among the three or four really great overtures that the world possesses.

Harold Bauer

Soloist with Boston Symphony Orchestra This Week.

[6]

ADVERTISER
NOVEMBER 23

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On the other hand, how immature in many details the "Rienzi" overture is, becomes evident with the opening bars of the "Flying Dutchman" overture. Externally pleasing but under-expressive themes have given way to bare but characterizing motives, brilliant "treatment" in the conventional sense to still more brilliant tone-painting, noise to power, melodrama to drama. The growth from the earlier work to the later is enormous.

In the overture to "Tannhäuser" there is in part a return to pleasing but inexpressive music, in part to dramatically highly suggestive music. The popular "Pilgrims' Chorus" is deservedly liked for its lyrically attractive melody, and later, when this melody peters out, harmonic interest comes to the rescue; but what word does it suggest, what emotion does it arouse? Immediately afterward, the opening measures of the Venusberg are graphically suggestive, but the "hymn to Venus" can hardly be called significant music. Yesterday, fortunately, the return of the Pilgrims' Chorus, with its unhappy suggestion of a psalm-tune at a camp-meeting, was omitted to make way for the Bacchanale (Paris version).

Everyone knows that the Paris Bacchanale was composed by Wagner seventeen years after the completion of "Tannhäuser"; it dates from about the same period as "Tristan and Isolde." Upon the germ of sensual suggestiveness present in the early Venusberg music, Wagner built up a wild orgy of sustained horror and feverish restlessness. In the extraordinary close, the fury seems to have spent itself, and in the torpid silence which ensues the curious insistence of C-sharp followed by B over a descending bass recalls (intentionally or not—who knows?) the Pilgrims' Chorus like a faint memory of the world outside to the infatuated minstrel in the Venusberg.

An intermission divided the concert, perhaps designedly, into two periods: The first, that of the young Wagner, bursting with new ideas, unable to restrain himself from healthy demonstrativeness; the second, that of the mature composer, with still greater ideas his servants not his masters, no longer "showing off" because he no longer needed to do so.

London critics once called the "Lohengrin" prelude "meaningless noise"; nowadays it is played at "pop" concerts to gather a crowd when wine and beer prove insufficiently attractive. In sixty years a piece of music may thus change mightily; happy its composer if the change is for the better.

The "Meistersinger" prelude is in itself a great work; as the creation of a composer addicted to the gloomy philosophy of Schopenhauer it is a "give-away." The remark of a well known musician that "Meistersinger" is the only opera in good repute in which nobody gets killed, has point. This sunny and whole-hearted work, as expansive and radiant as the good Sachs himself, is almost our only modern example of sustained cheerfulness and manly optimism.

Many would have enjoyed hearing the "Love-Death" appended to the "Tristan" prelude, but the "Love-Death" demands the last word of a concert. Wagner's concert close for the "Tristan" prelude usually seems perfunctory, a sudden letting-down of the tension; in these days of free tonality, an audience ought not to be shocked at a conductor's ending this prelude with the pizzicato G's which lead into the first act. Yesterday, however, Dr. Muck succeeded in warming the concert close to its task in such a manner that the customary bathos was pleasantly absent.

To some of us, the closing scene of "Götterdämmerung," from the moment when Brünnhilde enters the stage, is the sublimest passage in all music, and the funeral music of Siegfried is its close second. Nowhere else is sombre grandeur so eloquently yet concisely expressed. Yesterday the tubas were somewhat lacking in tone; the players, who are regularly hornists, used horn mouthpieces, evidently fearing that tuba mouthpieces would hurt their embouchure for their usual duties. This unfortunate circumstance is nobody's fault, since special players of Wagner tubas are not to be had. In all other respects, the performance was exceptionally fine.

After Wagner the fighter, Wagner the amorist, Wagner the pessimist—and even Wagner the optimist—then Wagner the mystic. Who could have prophecised of the stormy youth or the passionate man that in his old age he would produce this serene, tender, dispassionate "Parsifal?" It was a fittingly peaceful ending to a tragic and intense life; the presence at the end of yesterday's programme of the "Parsifal" prelude well symbolized this last stage of its composer's career, and sent the thoughtful to their homes reflecting, as was fitting, upon this out of all of Wagner's many phases.

Mr. Gericke once gave an agreeable programme consisting wholly of Dvorak's works. Programmes wholly of Brahms, of Strauss and others have also given pleasure. With almost all of the men whom one can enjoy for a whole afternoon or evening one nevertheless soon becomes conscious of mannerisms, of the limitations which are the seamy side of individuality. Even with Beethoven a programme consisting wholly of his works, however delightful, however inspiring, over-emphasizes Beethoven's virtues at the expense of others which are missed. With Bach and Wagner alone is one perpetually conscious not merely of a great individual, but of a whole man; their personalities are complete, if they have limitations they do not bring them to our attention. In truth, they are great not because of, rather in spite of, their powerful individuality; they master us because they are universal.

P. G. C.

RECORD.
NOVEMBER 23

MAJ. HIGGINSON HONORED AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

An unusual but most effective tribute to Maj. Henry L. Higginson, in honor of his 80th birthday, was that at Symphony Hall.

Frederick P. Cabot had suggested that it would be an appropriate and graceful thing to have some recognition of the anniversary at the concerts founded by Maj. Higginson, and the idea was seconded with enthusiasm by their conductor, Dr. Karl Muck.

No sooner had the hall filled and the doors closed for Saturday night's performance than Dr. Muck rapped for silence and Mr. Cabot stepped to the front. Addressing Mr. Higginson, who sits in the centre aisle, he said:—

"Mr. Higginson, in these concerts you have given to each of us a wonderful revelation of beauty and joy, and we, the listeners, join with the orchestra in this greeting and expression of love and gratitude."

Dr. Muck then signalled the drummer, and the orchestra expressed their feelings with the time honored German "tusch."

The whole audience immediately rose to their feet, applauding vociferously. Maj. Higginson contented himself with repeatedly bowing his acknowledgments.

From BULLETIN
Address Providence, R. I.
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HAROLD BAUER, PIANIST, TO PLAY WITH SYMPHONY

Famous Artist to be Soloist at Second Concert.

Harold Bauer, one of the greatest pianists in America this year, will be the soloist at the second Boston Symphony concert which will be given in Infantry Hall next Tuesday evening. He is no stranger to Providence: in fact, the greater part of his artistic career in the last 12 years has been spent in America, where his superb playing has been thoroughly appreciated. He has won popular fame as an interpreter of the later classical writers and the early romanticists, particularly Beethoven and Schumann, and at this concert he is to play the Fourth Concerto of Beethoven in G-major. The fourth and fifth concertos are imperishable monuments to the genius of the composer, and they demand the highest type of artist, such as Bauer is, to do them justice.

The Symphony will be Brahms's Second in D-major. The time has long since past when the public looked askance at Brahms as the most austere figure in modern music. His four symphonies are played continually to ever-increasing appreciation. In the Second, which Dr. Muck will play here there is no element of austerity. It is all sunshine and green fields; a succession of lovely melodies worked out with masterful art. Such a keen critic of music as Felix Weingartner says that he regards this as the best of Brahms's Symphonies. At any rate, the work is one of great beauty and has always brought great success to the Symphony Orchestra.

There will be only three numbers on the programme, the Symphony, the Concerto and finally the magnificent Overture to "Egmont" by Beethoven. Beethoven wrote a considerable amount of incidental music to Goethe's tragedy of "Egmont." He was urged to this task largely by his desire to bring himself to the notice of the great poet, who was to Beethoven nothing less than a demigod. The songs are often sung and are the most successful that Beethoven wrote. The Overture is a superb masterpiece of the expression of the tragic in music. The programme in its proper order is as follows: Brahms, Symphony in D-major No. 2; Beethoven, Concerto for piano forte in G-major, No. 4; Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont,"

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THE principal musical event of this week will be the second concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday evening, at which the soloist will be Harold Bauer, the pianist, who is well and favorably known here.

The following evening the Cathedral Glee Club will give a concert in Memorial Hall, and there will also be the usual church programmes and meetings of musical clubs to interest a large number.

The opening of the Steinert Course the past week was most successful, and a concert by Sousa's Band pleased the popular taste, so that while the musical season is not so crowded as in some years, it is fairly well under way and promises to hold a good deal of interest for several weeks to come.

It is regrettable that the veteran Arion Club, after so long and honorable a career, should be facing the alternative of suspension or disbandment, unless popular support is forthcoming. The city has too few of such assets as the Arion Club to be able to afford to lose such an organization.

* * *

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall next Tuesday evening will be devoted to Beethoven and Brahms. The latter will be represented by his Symphony in D-major No. 2, and Beethoven by his Fourth Concerto in G-major and his "Egmont" Overture. The soloist will be Harold Bauer, the pianist.

Brahms's Symphony in D-major is familiar to patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city, for it has been played here a number of times. It is, without a doubt, the most popular of the four symphonies that Brahms wrote and is now one of the most popular works in symphonic literature. The symphony was composed probably in the summer of 1877 and it had its first performance in December of that year. Fourteen months later it was played in Boston. It is a work which shows Brahms in one of his most congenial moods, making free use of melodic ideas, without the web of polyphony which characterized his first symphony. Brahms's first symphony has been called an epic, and this, his second, a fairy tale.

The Concerto in G-major by Beethoven, which Bauer will play, was written in 1806 and was performed by the composer at a private subscription concert in Vienna in March, 1807. The first public performance was the following year. By many it is preferred to the Concerto in E-flat major, so-called the "Emperor."

The final number, the overture to Goethe's "Egmont," stands among the three or four really great overtures that the world possesses.

Harold Bauer

Soloist with Boston Symphony Orchestra This Week.

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It is said that the musical-knitting practice has been encouraged by zealous philanthropists who have urged that not a moment be wasted which might be spent in doing work for the war sufferers of Europe. This is all praiseworthy, no doubt, but there is another side to the question. Real music lovers have their rights, and these rights are already sufficiently violated by various unavoidable conditions and the inconsiderate behavior of selfish individuals. Should the annoyances be increased by scattering indefatigable knitters throughout every audience? Forsooth, there is a place for knitting, and knitting should be kept in its place, which is distinctly not a concert hall.

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Symphony in D-major, No. 2, Beethoven; Concerto for pianoforte in G-major, No. 4, Beethoven; overture to "Egmont," Beethoven.

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BAUER'S PLAY
FEATURES CO

Symphony Programme Devoted to Well-Known Masterpieces.

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It is vastly to the credit of any orchestra to be able to infuse such interest into a programme, the numbers of which have been played again and again during its career, that the audience in leaving the hall should be enthusiastic over the concert, and speak with pleasure of the beauty of the programme.

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And there has also been a curious likeness in the programmes in which the second symphony by Brahms has figured. Both in 1910 and in 1913, the last two times it has been played here, it has been accompanied by the Weber overture to "Euryanthe" (which, by the way, was played at the last concert here) and a pianist has been the assisting soloist; Ernest Hutcheson at the earlier and Norman Wilks at the later concert. Both those concerts were somewhat overlong by the addition of a prelude, eliminated by the management wisely in the programme last evening, which was arranged in the following order:

Symphony No. 2 in D-major, Op. 73......Brahms
I. Allegro non troppo.
II. Adagio non troppo.
III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino.
IV. Allegro con spirito.
Concerto in G-major, No. 4, for Pianoforte, Op. 58 ....Beethoven
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante con moto.
III. Rondo: Vivace.
Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84..... ....Beethoven

The second symphony by Brahms seems bound to live indefinitely, since it grows in favor with each hearing, and in the beauty of its themes, worked out in strength of contrast to an artistic unity, is one of the most interesting masterpieces of the composer.

It is doubtful if it has often received a finer interpretation than was given last evening from the opening notes of the wind instruments to the vigor and spirit of the brilliant close.

The marked contrast of the four movements; the pastoral repose of the first allegro; the mystery of the adagio; the elfin beauty and vivacity of the allegretto and the reminiscent beauty of the final allegro, were handled with a skill that made one feel that Brahms builded better than his contemporaries realized when he finished the symphony in 1877.

Separated from the symphony by a short intermission came the concerto in G-major for piano, played by Harold Bauer, who has before this won the favor of Providence audiences.

Never, however, has he played with greater insight or more rhythmical beauty than he displayed in his presentation of the concerto that is as full of fascination as when it was first given to the public over a century ago.

Since Mr. Bauer's last appearance here, he has gained in maturity and control, and lost nothing in technical brilliancy. The rippling delicacy of his touch where delicacy was required, the clarity of his chords and the beauty of his tone-color, together with his sympathy with the orchestra made his performance especially enjoyable, and the applause that marked the ending of the first movement, was as nothing compared to the outburst that greeted him before the last note died away. Again and again he was forced to return and bow his acknowledgmen to the plaudits of the audience.

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The Egmont overture, which has bee heard here many times and oft, complete the programme with brilliancy, an brought the concert to a timely close.

At the third concert on Dec. 29, Mme. Schumann-Heink is to be the soloist.

A. W. C.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
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SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT SATISFACTORY

Boston Orchestra Rendered Familiar Slections Admirably and Bauer, the Pianist, Better Than Ever.

Another large audience filled Infantry Hall last evening for the second concert of the present season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The programme was entirely instrumental, the soloist being Harold Bauer, the celebrated pianist. There were only three numbers and each was of considerable length and yet the arangement was far from tiresome and there was no lack of variety. There is, of course, a certain virtue in a programme that is diversified by vocal music as a change from the purely instrumental, and yet such an arrangement as that of last evening is very enjoyable because of the excellence of every number and the wide difference in the character of the selections.

Some criticism might be made that Dr. Muck repeats his selections too often, but there are works that will bear almost infinite repetition and besides there are always new hearers every year and these should be given the opportunity to enjoy these masterpieces of great composers which old timers may have had often. The programme follows:

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II. Adagio non troppo.
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IV. Allegro con spirito.
Concerto in G-major, No. 4, for pianoforte, Op. 58..................Beethoven
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante con moto.
III. Rondo; Vivace.
Overture to Gotehe's "Egmont," Op. 84 ....Beethoven

There was a time when Brahms was considered the most austere among his fellows, but that time has long since passed and it is recognized now that that opinion was based upon false premises. This second symphony especially shows how wrong was that belief for this music is full of beauty and awakens thoughts of the sunny and bright things of life. It is full of melody that lingers in the ears and charms the sensibilities. It is by no means new to symphony patrons in this city for it has been played here several times and always with full appreciation and marked enjoyment. It ranks high among the symphonies of musical literature and is to many the most enjoyable of the four that he wrote. It has been called a fairy tale and if it is not quite light and airy enough to merit that term it is certainly full of beauty and wins enthusiastic recognition whenever it is played.

The music is of a quiet kind, meditative at times and at others joyous in its nature, but throughout of a refreshing rather than an exciting quality. There is a graceful movement and even the finale, though more lively, is not as fiery and stormy as is the case in most instrumental selections. The themes are smooth and melodious and the development natural and graceful. It was rendered with entire sympathy and complete conception of the motive of the composer.

The other selection by the orchestra was the overture to "Egmont" by Beethoven. This ranks among the best pieces of tragic music. It stands easily among the greatest overtures in the history of music and it was rendered with masterly skill and delicacy of interpretation by the orchestra. It formed an appropriate close to an evening of pleasure.

Dr. Muck showed once more his thorough control over his musicians, conducting in a masterly manner and bringing out all the values of his orchestra.

The soloist, Harold Bauer, has often been heard in this city and is always welcome. His admirers are legion and he has won them not alone by his skill that passes unchallenged, but also by the absence of anything akin to sensationalism in his manner and his method of playing. He ever exhibits the most excellent taste and freedom from mannerisms in his playing while his interpretation of a wide variety of musical selections is beyond criticism.

His number last night, the Fourth Concerto of Beethoven, is a selection which only the best of musical artists would attempt to play but which was rendered with ease and characteristic expression by Bauer. He received the applause he deserved at the conclusion of his work and responded with becoming modesty but marked evidence of pleasure at the enthusiastic approval of the audience.

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D

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA GIVES FINE PROGRAMME

Harold Bauer's Playing Features Entertainment.—Brahms and Beethoven Are Represented in Two Orchestral Numbers with

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A. W. C.

[62]

From TRIBUNE

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date

Established

SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT SATISFACTORY

Boston Orchestra Rendered Familiar Slections Admirably and Bauer, the Pianist, Better Than Ever.

Another large audience filled Infantry Hall last evening for the second concert of the present season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The programme was entirely instrumental, the soloist being Harold Bauer, the celebrated pianist. There were only three numbers and each was of considerable length and yet the arangement was far from tiresome and there was no lack of variety. There is, of course, a certain virtue in a programme that is diversified by vocal music as a change from the purely instrumental, and yet such an arrangement as that of last evening is very enjoyable because of the excellence of every number and the wide difference in the character of the selections.

Some criticism might be made that Dr. Muck repeats his selections too often, but there are works that will bear almost infinite repetition and besides there are always new hearers every year and these should be given the opportunity to enjoy these masterpieces of great composers which old timers may have had often. The programme follows:

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The music is of a quiet kind, meditative at times and at others joyous in its nature, but throughout of a refreshing rather than an exciting quality. There is a graceful movement and even the finale, though more lively, is not as fiery and stormy as is the case in most instrumental selections. The themes are smooth and melodious and the development natural and graceful. It was rendered with entire sympathy and complete conception of the motive of the composer.

The other selection by the orchestra was the overture to "Egmont" by Beethoven. This ranks among the best pieces of tragic music. It stands easily among the greatest overtures in the history of music and it was rendered with masterly skill and delicacy of interpretation by the orchestra. It formed an appropriate close to an evening of pleasure.

Dr. Muck showed once more his thorough control over his musicians, conducting in a masterly manner and bringing out all the values of his orchestra.

The soloist, Harold Bauer, has often been heard in this city and is always welcome. His admirers are legion and he has won them not alone by his skill that passes unchallenged, but also by the absence of anything akin to sensationalism in his manner and his method of playing. He ever exhibits the most excellent taste and freedom from mannerisms in his playing while his interpretation of a wide variety of musical selections is beyond criticism.

His number last night, the Fourth Concerto of Beethoven, is a selection which only the best of musical artists would attempt to play but which was rendered with ease and characteristic expression by Bauer. He received the applause he deserved at the conclusion of his work and responded with becoming modesty but marked evidence of pleasure at the enthusiastic approval of the audience.

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau

From BULLETIN

Address Providence, R. I.

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A. W. C.

7

From BULLETIN
Address Providence, R. I.
Date

Knitting to Music.

All industrious old ladies who have become addicted to one of the traditional pastimes of later life will probably have a keen desire to emigrate to Boston, for it is said that in recent days in that centre of culture and industry "a number of women have been noticed knitting during the musical performances in Symphony Hall and elsewhere." Perhaps nowhere but in Boston would this unique combination be possible. Let the habit once become popular and it is easy to imagine the women of Boston putting on their galoshes and starting for the concert with their knitting, with keen premonitory thrills of doubled pleasure.

It is said that the musical-knitting practice has been encouraged by zealous philanthropists who have urged that not a moment be wasted which might be spent in doing work for the war sufferers of Europe. This is all praiseworthy, no doubt, but there is another side to the question. Real music lovers have their rights, and these rights are already sufficiently violated by various unavoidable conditions and the inconsiderate behavior of selfish individuals. Should the annoyances be increased by scattering indefatigable knitters throughout every audience? Forsooth, there is a place for knitting, and knitting should be kept in its place, which is distinctly not a concert hall.

The First Established and Most Complete
Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
V 15 191
Date

Chief among the musical even coming week will be con course of six conc Symphony Orchest

Harold Bauer, by pianist in America thi soloist. Bauer is no s dence; in fact, the gre artistic career in the last been spent in America, whe superb playing has been thoroughly appreciated. His modesty of demeanor and the lack of all the sensational elements in his playing and actions have won for him a huge body of warm friends and admirers. Bauer's playing is characterized by continence and fine taste. He s won popular fame as an interpreter of the laten classical writers and the early romanticists, particularly Beethoven and Schumann, and at this concert he is to play the Fourth Concerto of Beethoven in G-major. The Fourth and Fifth Concertos are imperishable monuments to the genius of the composer and they demand the highest type of artist, such as Bauer is, to do them justice.

The Symphony will be Brahms's Second in D-major. The time has long since past when the public looked askance at Brahms as the most austere figure in modern music. His four symphonies are played continually to ever increasing appreciation. Certainly in the Second, which Dr. Muck will play here, there is no element of austenity. It is all sunshine and green fields; a succession of lovely melodies worked out with masterful art. Such a keen critic of music as Felix Weingartner says that he regards this as the best of Brahms's symphonies and much better than any of Schumann's symphonies. At any rate, the work is one of great beauty and has always brought great success to the Symphony Orchestra. A week ago in New York it was played and few soloists receive such applause as the orchestra had from its New York audience when it had finished playing it.

There will be only three numbers on the programme, the Symphony, the Concerto and finally the magnificent overture to "Egmont," by Beethoven. Beethoven wrote a considerable amount of incidental music to Goethe's tragedy of "Egmont." He was urged to this task largely by his desire to bring himself to the notice of the great poet who was to Beethoven nothing less than a demigod. The songs are often sung and are among the most successful that Beethoven wrote. The overture is a superb masterpiece of the expression of the tragic in music. The programme in its proper orden is as follows:

Symphony in D-major, No. 2, Beethoven; Concerto for pianoforte in G-major, No. 4, Beethoven; overture to "Egmont," Beethoven.

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

BAUER'S PLAYING FEATURES CONCERT

Symphony Programme Devoted to Well-Known Masterpieces.

AUDIENCE IS ENTHUSIASTIC

Brahms and Beethoven Represented in Two Orchestral Numbers with Famous Pianist as Assisting Featu e of Finely Rendered Offerings. Many Encores Demanded.

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per Cutting Bureau

BULLETIN
Providence, R. I.

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[62]

STORY OF MAJOR HIGGINS

Few Know Details of Famous Bostonian's Gallant Part in Desperate

Tribute paid by General Stephen M. Weld to Major Henry Lee Higginson on the occasion of the recent birthday dinner given in the latter's honor.

"I would give five years of my life to carry on my face the distinguishing mark of bravery and personal contact with the enemy that he bears. It is a badge of courage which everyone must envy him. Since the war his life has shown that the man was the duplicate of the young man with ability, tenacity and courage."

How Major Henry L. Higginson Received the Red Badge of Courage

"How did Major Henry Lee Higginson receive the sabre cut on his face?"

Few people know the story—for the modesty of the gallant soldier prevents his allusion to his own deeds.

The Sunday Post tells today the tale—the thrilling tale of how Boston's eminent banker, patron of music and philanthropist practically fought his way through desperate cavalry charges and proved his courage and his sterling worth years before he took his place as one of the first citizens of Boston.

The war record of Major Higginson reveals the young manhood of as dashing an officer as ever wore the blue uniform of Uncle Sam.

And it was not merely one engagement that proved Higginson a valiant soldier but at least a half-dozen hand-to-hand encounters.

It was June 17, 1863, that Henry Lee Higginson and companions received a baptism of fire from the hands of the Confederates that will long live in the history of the First Massachusetts Cavalry. This regiment served in so many engagements that it only once assembled as a unit, and that was at Readville, where it entrained for the front.

At the village of Aldie in Virginia the regiment had halted on the outskirts of the town to water their horses in a small stream. Firing was heard shortly after the men had stopped.

The fire was located as coming from behind a stone wall in the village. General Kilpatrick, riding up to the regiment, ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Curtis to send men up towards the wall to find out how much of a force of the enemy was located there.

Captain Lucius M. Sargent's squadron was the force that was designated to perform the duty, and he sent Lieutenant George M. Fillebrown, now a messenger in the Massachusetts State House, and his platoon in skirmishing order against the enemy.

Captain Sargent followed with the rest of the command to drive the enemy from the wall, but with instructions not to go beyond a certain house that General Kilpatrick pointed out to him.

Lieutenant Fillebrown's platoon advanced under heavy fire and obliqued across a road to the stone wall and drove the Confederates from this cover.

There appeared to be a force of about 30 men that were doing the firing. After they fled the platoon commenced to retire to the regiment.

Ordered to Warn Curtis

As they retired the Confederates received reinforcements from the Second Virginia Cavalry, which had been posted at Aldie to watch for the coming of Federal cavalry.

Captain Sargent's squadron came up with Lieutenant Fillebrown's platoon and the two bodies at once charged the enemy.

In the heat of the charge Captain Sargent forgot to stop at the house pointed out by his general and pursued the enemy beyond.

Colonel Curtis, commanding the regiment, seeing this, ordered Major Higginson to ride to him and stop him from going further. Major Chamberlain (afterwards warden of the Charlestown State prison), who had just returned from sick leave but had not reported for duty, was present with the regiment and went with Major Higginson.

These two officers reached the head of Captain Sargent's squadron and were carried forward in the rush.

The squadron had driven the enemy back on its reserves and returned to rally their scattered men when the enemy suddenly advanced in considerable force.

In the confusion of the charge the men of Captain Sargent's squadron could not present a solid front, as they had been pursuing scattered parties of the enemy. In the retreat Major Higginson, Captain Sargent, Lieutenant Fillebrown, Sergeant Martin and one private were isolated from the rest of their men and a bloody fight at close quarters with the enemy resulted.

Fought Hand to Hand

The retired slowly, firing as they went, and when their ammunition was exhausted, sabres were drawn and a hand to hand encounter ensued. It was dozens against one and the little band was charged time and time again by the enemy, but the party, barely a corporal's guard, drove them off each time.

The smoke hung heavy and Major Higginson's group was successfully escaping, when Major Higginson's horse was so badly wounded that it could carry him no further, and the little band stopped to fight the enemy at close quarters.

The Confederates were instantly upon them. Sabres flashed and pistols were fired point blank into their faces.

Almost immediately every man was wounded, Major Higginson in three places by pistol shot and sabre wounds, one cruel blow laying open his cheek and a pistol ball lodging near his spine.

Captain Sargent dropped apparently dead, lying upon his side, the blood streaming from his mouth, quite unconscious. Lieutenant Fillebrown was shot through the body, as was also the private, and Sergeant Martin had his head cut open by a sabre.

The rest of the squadron in the meanwhile, hearing the firing of the little party, rallied and charged the woods where they were in the heat of the duel. Their move was successful and they dispersed the enemy, who were practically riding over the bodies of Higginson and his comrades.

Escape as Squadron Charged

Again the squadron was surrounded by the enemy and while they were fighting, the wounded officers, singly and in twos, made their escape into the Union lines, practically falling into the arms of their comrades more dead than alive.

Every man recovered, although none of them became well men. All suffered from the old wounds in after years.

While this was the fight that gave Major Higginson the scar that he will carry to his grave, and was probably the hottest that he had engaged in in the entire year, he had won his shoulder straps for being under fire long before this.

He had participated in many skirmishes and engagements, but perhaps his bravery that proclaimed him as "Higginson, the Soldier," was best attained at Pocotaligo, S. C., on May 28, 1862.

Drawn Up Prepared for a "Forlorn Hope" Charge

Major Higginson and one company of his command formed part of a column that had crossed from Beaufort island and reconnoitered towards Pocotaligo. This was the first real field duty of this company and the excitement was intense. They knew that the enemy were in much superior numbers and the outcome every man well knew meant death for the majority of them.

The command was advanced by the road to the town and was drawn up expecting to charge into a settlement called Sardon's Corner.

Major Gleason, now the boarding officer at the Long wharf office of the customs service in Boston, told a Sunday Post reporter the story this way:

"I was drawn up at the side of Major Higginson at the head of the column. He never looked right —but the men with sabres draw awaiting his command to charge sensed that not a man would back from that charge. I nev such exhilaration in my life. man we felt as if we could have the whole Confederacy.

"We awaited the word, a bloo gagement was before us. Th pense was awful, but not a ma ered.

"Then came the awakening. derly galloped to us with an countermanding the movement general had learned the place well protected that a charge not succeed."

Still this was a victory fo ginson and his men. They had that they did not lack courage; the soldier of '61 these men ha credited as having stood the made good.

A Strict Disciplinarian, But Always at the

The secret of the men of son's command being ready t and dare all for their comma not come from flattery and words showered on them.

Higginson was rated as on sternest disciplinarians th served under the American fl than one soldier who did not in his saddle when on parade flat of Higginson's sabre on

Just as quickly would the s light on the breast of an of

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and brother officers who served with Major Henry Lee Higginson in the Massachusetts Cavalry in the Civil war.

On left is Lieutenant G. H. Teague, in centre Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and on right Captain E. A.

(A Brady photograph. Copyright, 1911, Patriot Pub. Co. Reproduced from "The Photographic History of the Civil War" by mission of the Review of Reviews Co.)

Captain Charles Francis Adams is the eminent Massachusetts citizen and historian, son of the former minister to England and a descendent of President Adams. His squadron was in the fight when Major Higginson was wounded.

Colonel Lowell, in his letter to Major Crowninshield of June 20, 1863, as quoted in his "Life and Letters," wrote of that fight:

"The First Massachusetts Cavalry had a severe fight at Aldie on Wednesday afternoon. Captain Sargent and Lieutenant Davis (not Henry) reported killed—Major Higginson wounded in four places, not seriously—Lieutenant Fillibrown wounded—Jim Higginson captured—loss killed, wounded and missing, 160 out of 320, according to Major Hig son, who is at Alexandria— this is evidently a mistake. loss in prisoners is great, beca Adams' squadron was dismoun and was supposed to be ported by the Fourth New Y which neglected to support at proper moment and left our lows unprotected." "Jim" ginson was the brother of He

War-time picture of Major Henry L. Higginson.

1914

ON'S SABRE CUT

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SUNDAY HERALD, NOVEMBER 29, 1914.

FRITZ KREISLER TELLS OF FIGHTING IN TH

Wounded Violinist Says Horrors of the War Call Forth Man's Nobility as Well as His Brutality.

PHOTO © AIMÉ DUPONT

FRITZ KREISLER

SHORTLY after the outbreak of the European war news was received in this country that Fritz Kreisler, one of the world's greatest violinists, had joined the Austrian regiment of which he was a member and had gone to the front. Kreisler is well known in Boston and the news was received with great regret, which was intensified when a report came that he had been killed. Although this was only in the form of a rumor, there were many people who believed it, and the thousands of music lovers who did not quite credit it were nevertheless confirmed in their anxiety for the safety of the artist. Later came the definite news that he had been wounded before Lemberg and removed to a hospital, which, under the circumstances, was good news.

Fritz Kreisler and his American wife walked down the gangplank of a Dutch steamer last Tuesday and landed safe in America.

As nearly as it can be pieced together, this is what Fritz Kreisler told of his experiences as a soldier and his resulting reflections:

"After having given concerts in France and Germany during the summer, I was on my way from Switzerland with Mrs. Kreisler when I learned of the declaration of war between Austria and Servia. As I am an officer in the 3d infantry regiment of the landsturm, I immediately went to Vienna and reported. We spent two weeks there and at Gratz in preparation and then my regiment was ordered to the neighborhood of Lemberg, in Galicia. We got to the fighting line about Aug. 16.

"Our orders here were to hold our positions at any cost—and you know what that means. We were two army corps to seven of the Russians, and our task was to hold them back until our re-enforcements came up. That means fighting day and night without rest.

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[65]

SUNDAY HERALD, NOVEMBER 29, 1914.

FRITZ KREISLER TELLS OF FIGHTING IN TH

Wounded Violinist Says Horrors of the War Call Forth Man's Nobility as Well as His Brutality.

PHOTO © AIMÉ DUPONT

FRITZ KREISLER

SHORTLY after the outbreak of the European war news was [illegible] ritz Kreisler, one of the world's greatest violinists, had joined the Austrian regiment of which he was a member and had gone to the front. Kreisler is well known in Boston and the news was received with great regret, which was intensified when a report came that he had been killed. Although this was only in the form of a rumor, there were many people who believed it, and the thousands of music lovers who did not quite credit it were nevertheless confirmed in their anxiety for the safety of the artist. Later came the definite news that he had been wounded before Lemberg and removed to a hospital, which, under the circumstances, was good news.

Fritz Kreisler and his American wife walked down the gangplank of a Dutch steamer last Tuesday and landed safe in America.

As nearly as it can be pieced together, this is what Fritz Kreisler told of his experiences as a soldier and his resulting reflections:

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GHTING IN THE AUSTRIAN TRENCHES

Finds That Bitter Hatred for Enemy Is Tempered When Meeting Face to Face in Battle.

PHOTO © AIMÉ DUPONT

FRITZ KREISLER

"I have seen acts of the most tender sympathy and kindness, and real heroism, with my own eyes, go hand-in-hand with grim, stalking war.

"For instance, it was good to see that the hatred of one foe for another was only an impersonal thing. In the mass we hated our enemy, but as soon as we were confronted with him in person, all was kindness to the individual. I have seen emaciated Austrian soldiers—and I well know how long it had been since they had had enough to eat—hand a crust of bread to a Russian prisoner.

"Then there were innumerable little incidents of the honoring of bravery in a foe. We took one trench, for instance, after the enemy had put up a gallant fight. The first act was a salute to the foe in acknowledgment of his bravery. And there were the little things like returning the arms of an officer who had fought well but been forced to surrender by the fortunes of war.

"There were all those fine flowers of courtesy to show that, perhaps, after all, it was not utterly brutal and primeval, but that finer feelings had survived and been culivated.

"I remember once that a Russian officer tottered out of one of their trenches waving a rag on the end of his sword. The firing ceased. He came to our lines. Under his arm was a bottle of wine. He said he had had nothing to eat for five days and could stand it no longer, and proposed that we exchange some bread for his wine. We scraped together some mildewed pieces of bread and gave them to him. He stumbled back to his lines. He had spoken to us and we to him, and I remember we gave him a handful of cigarettes for his comrades. When he got back to his trenches the firing was resumed, but there had been an unofficial truce for twenty minutes.

"The next morning, I am sorry to say, I stumbled across his dead body.

"The acts of heroism were innumerable, of course. I remember a case where three soldiers were sent with a very important message to the division commander, in the hope that one of them would get through. They had to cross an open space where they were exposed to a heavy fire, and progress was impeded by barbed-wire entanglements charged with electricity. They had to cut their way through this with insulated wire cutters. Two of them were shot dead. The third found himself nearly through when his arm, which had been shot badly, caught in the entanglement and he could not get it out. Thereupon the soldier drew his bayonet and finished the work the enemy's fire had begun, amputating his arm himself. He got clear and delivered his message.

Saved by His Orderly.

"I have seen artillery caught in an exposed place and the horses killed. The men who tried to work the guns were shot down; then the non-commissioned officers went, and, finally, there were none left but the officers to fire the guns. But they kept at it. The instances of devotion of soldiers to officers under fire were numerous.

"Without doubt, I owe my life to my orderly. The trenches my regiment was holding were rushed by the Cossacks on the night of Sept. 6. The cavalry only dares attack intrenched infantry at night, when they have some protection from rifle fire. It was about 11:30 when they attacked us.

"I can remember being hit by one horse and knocked down. While I lay I saw a second Cossack reach down to finish me. He got me in the hip, but as he struck me I fired my revolver. I remember seeing him fall and the riderless horse gallop on. Then I became unconscious.

"My orderly retired with the rest of the company. After the fighting had moved on he came back and started to look for me, using a pocket flash lamp to examine the faces of the dead and wounded. He says that several times he was nearly caught by Cossack patrols, but escaped by dropping to the ground, where he was taken for wounded or dead. He found me about 3 A. M., so I must have been lying there about nine hours.

Vienna's War-Time Mood.

"The report of my death originated through a mistake of the surgeon. Next to me in the hospital was lying a man who was dying. After the surgeon had looked at him an officer in the hospital said, 'Did you know that was Kreisler, the violinist?' The surgeon thought he referred to my neighbor, and when he unfortunately died, reported my death.

"I was in the hospital three weeks after reaching Vienna. Then I took the cure at the sulphur springs near Carlsbad. After this a commission of surgeons examined me and pronounced me unfit for further military duty. My trampled shoulder has healed and does not bother me much now. I suppose I will always retain at least a stiffness in my leg, however."

At the doorway the interviewer, who had caught Mrs. Kreisler alone, endeavored to find out how her husband had distinguished himself.

"He didn't do anything more than anyone else," she said: "just what they were all doing, their duty. But there was one thing. The men of his company, before he left, expressed their gratitude for his special consideration of them. It seems he had a habit of doing outpost duty for some of them. There were several other sick ones who ate at his dinner at his own request, and on the march he carried the equipment of another. He argued that they were under a disadvantage in having heavy knapsacks to carry, and he was stronger and better able to bear fatigue anyway."

All of which adds something to the picture of the great violinist as a soldier.

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TIMES
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

An early work of Richard Strauss will be the principal item in the programme of the second Boston Symphony concert to be given in the Academy of Music next Friday evening, under the joint auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. This is the symphonic fantasy, "From Italy," in which Strauss gives the first real evidence of what afterwards was to become his wide departure from the musical conventions and traditions of the past. After its first performance in Munich in 1887, Strauss wrote to his uncle:

E, 1884

"The performance of my Italian fantasia has evoked a great uproar here—general stupefaction and rage—because I now begin to go my own way, provide my own form and cause lazy persons mental perplexity." The last movement, which is a bit wild, and is built on the Neapolitan folk life, called forth some sharp hissing, which pleased Strauss tremendously, for he wrote to von Bulow, "it marked the first step toward independence." But this was twenty-seven years ago, and what displeased the conservatives then is "milk for babes" now.

The soloist will be Harold Bauer, pianist, who then makes his first appearance of the season. He will play the fourth concerto of Beethoven in G major. The final number will be Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

From PRESS
Address: New York City
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Boston Symphony Concerts.

The second pair of Boston Symphony concerts will be given in Carnegie Hall on next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. Dr. Muck will be unusually generous in novelties, for there will be a work new to New York on each programme and Thursday evening's symphony has been heard so little and is of such unusual interest that it may be regarded almost as a novelty. The

Es, 1884

Thursday evening programme will be as follows:

Symphony in A minor, No. 4 .... Sibelius
Symphonic Biography, "Schlemihl" .... Reznicek
(First time in New York.)
Overture to a Comedy by Shakespeare, Scheinpflug

The incidental tenor role in Reznicek's "Schlemihl" will be sung by Paul Draper.

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(First time in New York.)
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From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date NOV 2 9 1914

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1884

Reznicek, who for a number of years has played a more or less important role in music in Austria and Germany, is best known in this country as the composer of the successful opera, "Donna Diana," the overture of which is often found on orchestral programmes. He has composed other works, some of which have been played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but up to the writing of his "satirical" symphony, "Der Sieger," "Schlemihl" was quite the most important piece he had written for orchestra. It was first performed at the third concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Oskar Fried, in Berlin, December 18, 1912. Since then it has been played in Munich and Vienna, and last April in Boston. Reznicek has obviously taken Richard Strauss, in a general way, for his model. The work demands an orchestra of largest size, includes a short solo for tenor voice, and may employ an organ. Its title is misleading in so far as there is no connection with Peter Schlemihl, the hero of Chamisso's familiar tale, who lost his shadow. Reznicek has made his own analysis and says that this poem is intended to portray in tones the life and fate of a modern man pursued by misfortune, who goes to destruction in the conflict between his ideal and material existence.

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"And thus, as the years go on, one feels that the time is growing short, and, if he is going to get things done, he must be about it. Bad economy; but it does get things done.

"Was the country more democratic when I was a young man? I do not think it can be doubted that it was. Things were simpler then—complicated as they looked to young eyes.

"I have spoken of how earnestly we thought and felt about the questions which were confronting the country then; there is just as much and more for us to think of to-day. We have said that we can get along without kings and emperors and dukes to rule us; that we can govern ourselves. Well, let's do it.

"That is a job which is going to require enormous thought and patience and effort, and even sacrifice. Democracy is anything but simple, and if you young men can see a way out of our labor difficulties, you will be cleverer fellows than we have been.

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"For myself, I look for a way out of the difficulty by profit-sharing. What both sides, laborer and capitalist, need to remember is that we are all in this thing together, and that neither can get along without the other. We're all going in the same procession, and whether we go to heaven or to smash, we'll all go together."

Major Higginson is asked, in conclusion, what word he has for the plain, work-a-day young men who have their way to make and their livings to earn to-day—to the men who, in short, make up the Boston of which he is accounted the leading citizen.

"Just this," replies the major: "Let each make the best use of the chance he has, and do the best he can in the circumstances in which he is placed. Better them if he can; but remember that the only asset anybody has is character.

"No single person amounts to much. I don't amount to much, and you don't amount to much. We are only little pebbles on a great beach where there are plenty more. It is all together that we count."

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Address: New York City
Date NOV 2

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GHTING IN THE AUSTRIAN TRENCHES

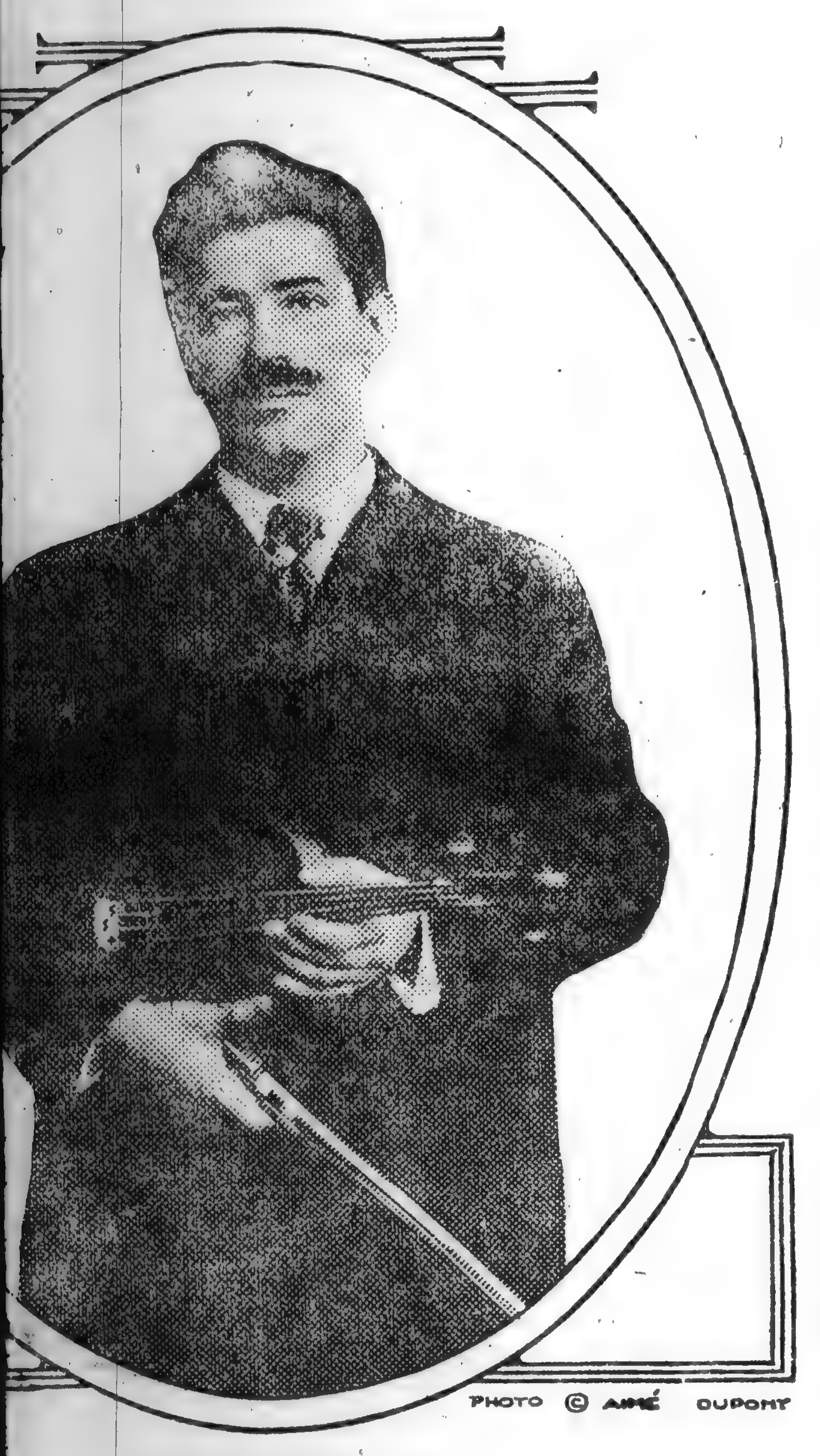

PHOTO © AIMÉ DUPONT

FRITZ KREISLER

Finds That Bitter Hatred for Enemy Is Tempered When Meeting Face to Face in Battle.

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"I have seen people whose houses stood in the way of our artillery fire and therefore had to be razed, put the torch to the houses cheerfully themselves. I, too, lost everything I had invested in the regions touched by the fighting.

"Before the war we thought the human race had deteriorated. We often said so. We thought it had gone tango mad and destroyed itself in frivolities. But the war proved among all the nations engaged that the race is just as sturdy as it ever was. There is that side to it.

"I have seen acts of the most tender sympathy and kindness, and real heroism, with my own eyes, go hand-in-hand with grim, stalking war.

"For instance, it was good to see that the hatred of one foe for another was only an impersonal thing. In the mass we hated our enemy, but as soon as we were confronted with him in person, all was kindness to the individual. I have seen emaciated Austrian soldiers—and I well know how long it had been since they had had enough to eat—hand a crust of bread to a Russian prisoner.

"Then there were innumerable little incidents of the honoring of bravery in a foe. We took one trench, for instance, after the enemy had put up a gallant fight. The first act was a salute to the foe in acknowledgment of his bravery. And there were the little things like returning the arms of an officer who had fought well but been forced to surrender by the fortunes of war.

"There were all those fine flowers of courtesy to show that, perhaps, after all, it was not utterly brutal and primeval, but that finer feelings had survived and been culivated.

"I remember once that a Russian officer tottered out of one of their trenches waving a rag on the end of his sword. The firing ceased. He came to our lines. Under his arm was a bottle of wine. He said he had had nothing to eat for five days and could stand it no longer, and proposed that we exchange some bread for his wine. We scraped together some mildewed pieces of bread and gave them to him. He stumbled back to his lines. He had spoken to us and we to him, and I remember we gave him a handful of cigarettes for his comrades. When he got back to his trenches the firing was resumed, but there had been an unofficial truce for twenty minutes.

"The next morning, I am sorry to say, I stumbled across his dead body.

"The acts of heroism were innumerable, of course. I remember a case where three soldiers were sent with a very important message to the division commander, in the hope that one of them would get through. They had to cross an open space where they were exposed to a heavy fire, and progress was impeded by barbed-wire entanglements charged with electricity. They had to cut their way through this with insulated wire cutters. Two of them were shot dead. The third found himself nearly through when his arm, which had been shot badly, caught in the entanglement and he could not get it out. Thereupon the soldier drew his bayonet and finished the work the enemy's fire had begun, amputating his arm himself. He got clear and delivered his message.

Saved by His Orderly.

"I have seen artillery caught in an exposed place and the horses killed. The men who tried to work the guns were shot down; then the non-commissioned officers went, and, finally, there were none left but the officers to fire the guns. But they kept at it. The instances of devotion of soldiers to officers under fire were numerous.

"Without doubt, I owe my life to my orderly. The trenches my regiment was holding were rushed by the Cossacks on the night of Sept. 6. The cavalry only dares attack intrenched infantry at night, when they have some protection from rifle fire. It was about 11:30 when they attacked us.

"I can remember being hit by one horse and knocked down. While I lay I saw a second Cossack reach down to finish me. He got me in the hip, but as he struck me I fired my revolver. I remember seeing him fall and the riderless horse gallop on. Then I became unconscious.

"My orderly retired with the rest of the company. After the fighting had moved on he came back and started to look for me, using a pocket flash lamp to examine the faces of the dead and wounded. He says that several times he was nearly caught by Cossack patrols, but escaped by dropping to the ground, where he was taken for wounded or dead. He found me about 3 A. M., so I must have been lying there about nine hours.

Vienna's War-Time Mood.

"The report of my death originated through a mistake of the surgeon. Next to me in the hospital was lying a man who was dying. After the surgeon had looked at him an officer in the hospital said, 'Did you know that was Kreisler, the violinist?' The surgeon thought he referred to my neighbor, and when he unfortunately died, reported my death.

"I was in the hospital three weeks after reaching Vienna. Then I took the cure at the sulphur springs near Carlsbad. After this a commission of surgeons examined me and pronounced me unfit for further military duty. My trampled shoulder has healed and does not bother me much now. I suppose I will always retain at least a stiffness in my leg, however."

At the doorway the interviewer, who had caught Mrs. Kreisler alone, endeavored to find out how her husband had distinguished himself.

"He didn't do anything more than anyone else," she said: "just what they were all doing, their duty. But there was one thing. The men of his company, before he left, expressed their gratitude for his special consideration of them. It seems he had a habit of doing outpost duty for some of them. There were several other sick ones who ate at his dinner at his own request, and on the march he carried the equipment of another. He argued that they were under a disadvantage in having heavy knapsacks to carry, and he was stronger and better able to bear fatigue anyway."

All of which adds something to the picture of the great violinist as a soldier.

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

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Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
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"The performance of my Italian fantasia has evoked a great uproar here—general stupefaction and rage—because I now begin to go my own way, provide my own form and cause lazy persons mental perplexity." The last movement, which is a bit wild, and is built on the Neapolitan folk life, called forth some sharp hissing, which pleased Strauss tremendously, for he wrote to von Bulow, "it marked the first step toward independence." But this was twenty-seven years ago, and what displeased the conservatives then is "milk for babes" now.

The soloist will be Harold Bauer, pianist, who then makes his first appearance of the season. He will play the fourth concerto of Beethoven in G major. The final number will be Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

E, 1884

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Es, 1884

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k, 1884

BOSTO[illegible] DECEMBER 6

HOW GREAT WAR HITS FA

Eugene Ysaye, With Three Sons at Front, Loses Home in Fall of Ostend, but Saves

Eugene Ysaye, Belgian violinist, driven out of Ostend when the Germans invaded the territory.

Efrem Zimbalist, Russion violinist, who is forced to stay in New York because of the war.

The European war has demanded a heavy toll of world-famous violinists.

Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian master of the violin, has three sons in the war, and he himself has lost a $50,000 home in the fall of Ostend.

Jacques Thibaut, premier violinist of France, is in the French army, and not a word has come from his regiment, which is known to have been in the thickest of the fighting.

Fritz Kreisler is in America with his wife, after being wounded, but he still can play the violin as well as ever.

Mischa Elman and Efrem Zimbalist, two Russian boys who are in the front rank as violinists, are both held in New York by reason of the war.

Elman is living luxuriously during a $100,000 vacation of seven months, afforded because of the inability of people abroad to keep their contract with him.

Zimbalist is now playing in New York and probably will continue until the war is over.

The hardest sort of an experience fell to the lot of Ysaye.

A short time before the war the famous virtuoso purchased a villa at Knocke, near Ostend, and remained there even after the fall of Antwerp. It was not until the Germans etablished themselves at Ostend that he decided to leave his new home.

In telling of Ysaye's flight, some friends say that he and two companions managed to secure a small fishing boat to take them to Dunkirk. They spent the night in their little craft without food and with no protection from the weather.

Ysaye was able to bring away only a few belongings, but these included his priceless violin. He was forced to leave many beautiful objects of art and some unique mementoes collected during his triumphal appearances in every country of the world.

Jacques Thibaut, the greatest violinist in all France, seems to have been lost entirely. His regiment was known to have become engaged with the Germans about 250 miles from Paris and heavy losses have been reported from the section they were in when last heard from.

Mischa Elman, the youthful Russian artist, seems to have struck it luckiest from the war. All told the struggle will mean about $100,000 easy money for him and a long vacation.

Just now he is spending his time playing chess in New York and going to hear the masters. He plans to hear Kreisler next week and already has played the part of audience many times for his bosom friend, Efrem Zimbalist.

Elman Burning the Candle

Elman has sent for his relatives and will put them in a beautiful "up-town" residence, while he himself continues to occupy expensive bachelor quarters in a "down-town" hotel.

Fritz Kreisler, famous violinist, and wife, who tell of service on the Austrian battlefields. Kreisler was injured in battle with the Cossacks and his wife went along as nurse. From a recent photo taken at the front.

Although but 18 years old he has money to burn and is burning it.

Every morning sees him up early for a constitutional. Every afternoon he goes for a horseback ride in Central Park and then retires to his quarters for a game of chess. In musical circles these chess games have become famous.

WORLD

Address: New York City

Date NOV 29 1914

Establi

Boston Symphony.

An orchestral work new to this city will be on each of the concert programmes to be given next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Karl Muck's direction. In addition to this bit of generosity there will be a symphony at the Thursday concert, which has been so little heard here as to constitute a novelty. The first programme entire is as follows:

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Symphonic Biography, "Schlemihl"....Reznicek
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From MORNING TELEGRAPH

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rk, 1884

An early work of Richard Strauss will be the principal item in the programme of the second Boston Symphony concert to be given in the Academy of Music next Friday evening, Dec. 4, under the joint auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. This is his symphonic fantasy, "From Italy," and in this work Strauss gives the first real evidence of what afterward was to become his wide departure from the musical conventions and traditions of the past. Certainly for the modern hearer there is nothing particularly uncommon or difficult in this work. As a matter of fact, it is very melodious and according to modern standards very simple. "From Italy" is in four parts, the titles of which are, in the order in which they come: "On the Campagna," "Amid Rome's Ruins," "On the Shore of Sorrento" and "Neapolitan Folk-Life." The soloist will be the eminent pianist, Harold Bauer, who then makes his first appearance of the season. He will play the Fourth Concerto of Beethoven in G major. The final number will be Beethoven's Overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

HOW GREAT WAR HITS FA

Eugene Ysaye, With Three Sons at Front, Loses Home in Fall of Ostend, but Saves

Eugene Ysaye, Belgian violinist, driven out of Ostend when the Germans invaded the territory.

Efrem Zimbalist, Russion violinist, who is forced to stay in New York because of the war.

Fritz Kreisler, famous violinist, and wife, who tell of service on the Austrian battlefields. Kreisler was injured in battle with the Cossacks and his wife went along as nurse. From a recent photo taken at the front.

The European war has demanded a heavy toll of world-famous violinists.

Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian master of the violin, has three sons in the war, and he himself has lost a $50,000 home in the fall of Ostend.

Jacques Thibaut, premier violinist of France, is in the French army, and not a word has come from his regiment, which is known to have been in the thickest of the fighting.

Fritz Kreisler is in America with his wife, after being wounded, but he still can play the violin as well as ever.

Mischa Elman and Efrem Zimbalist, two Russian boys who are in the front rank as violinists, are both held in New York by reason of the war.

Elman is living luxuriously during a $100,000 vacation of seven months, afforded because of the inability of people abroad to keep their contract with him.

Zimbalist is now playing in New York and probably will continue until the war is over.

The hardest sort of an experience fell to the lot of Ysaye.

A short time before the war the famous virtuoso purchased a villa at Knocke, near Ostend, and remained there even after the fall of Antwerp. It was not until the Germans etablished themselves at Ostend that he decided to leave his new home.

In telling of Ysaye's flight, some friends say that he and two companions managed to secure a small fishing boat to take them to Dunkirk. They spent the night in their little craft without food and with no protection from the weather.

Ysaye was able to bring away only a few belongings, but these included his priceless violin. He was forced to leave many beautiful objects of art and some unique mementoes collected during his triumphal appearances in every country of the world.

Jacques Thibaut, the greatest violinist in all France, seems to have been lost entirely. His regiment was known to have become engaged with the Germans about 250 miles from Paris and heavy losses have been reported from the section they were in when last heard from.

Mischa Elman, the youthful Russian artist, seems to have struck it luckiest from the war. All told the struggle will mean about $100,000 easy money for him and a long vacation.

Just now he is spending his time playing chess in New York and going to hear the masters. He plans to hear Kreisler next week and already has played the part of audience many times for his bosom friend, Efrem Zimbalist.

Elman Burning the Candle

Elman has sent for his relatives and will put them in a beautiful "up-town" residence, while he himself continues to occupy expensive bachelor quarters in a "down-town" hotel.

Although but 18 years old he has money to burn and is burning it.

Every morning sees him up early for a constitutional. Every afternoon he goes for a horseback ride in Central Park and then retires to his quarters for a game of chess. In musical circles these chess games have become famous.

ORLD

Address: New York City

Date

Establi

Boston Symphony.

An orchestral work new to this city will be on each of the concert programmes to be given next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Karl Muck's direction. In addition to this bit of generosity there will be a symphony at the Thursday concert, which has been so little heard here as to constitute a novelty. The first programme entire is as follows:

Symphony in A minor, No. 4..........Sibelius
Symphonic Biography, "Schlemihl".....Reznicek
(First time in New York.)
Overture to a Comedy by Shakespeare..Scheinpflug
(The incidental tenor solo in "Schlemihl" will be sung by Paul Draper.)

The Saturday afternoon programme is this:

Symphony Fantasy, "From Italy"..Richard Strauss
Symphony No. 4 in C major (in one movement). Ropartz
(First time in New York.)
Overture, "Egmont"..................Beethoven

From MORNING TELEGRAPH

Address: New York City

Date NOV 29 1914

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The second pair of Boston Symphony concerts will be given in Carnegie Hall next Thursday evening, December 3, and Saturday afternoon, December 5, respectively. Dr. Muck will be unusually generous in the matter of novelties, for there will be a work new to New York on each programme and on Thursday evening the symphony which will be played has been heard so little and is of such unusual interest that it may be regarded almost as a novelty. The Thursday evening programme will be as follows:

Symphony in A minor, No. 4, Sibelius; Symphonic Biography, "Schlemihl," (first time in New York), Reznicek; Overture to a comedy by Shakespeare, Scheinpflug.

The incidental tenor solo in Reznicek's "Schlemihl" will be sung by Paul Draper.

The programme for Saturday afternoon will be as follows:

Symphonic Fantasy, "From Italy," Richard Strauss; Symphony No. 4 in C major (in one movement), (first time in New York), Ropartz; Overture, "Egmont," Beethoven.

Address: New York City

Date

rk, 1884

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1914

MOUS VIOLINISTS

Violin—Kreisler Wounded but Still Able to Play

Jacques Thibaut, French violinist, who is reported killed in an engagement 250 miles from Paris (at left). Mischa Elman, Russian, now in New York as result of the war (at right).

Address: New York City

Date

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

AN early work of Richard Strauss will be the principal item in the programme of the second Boston Symphony concert to be given in the Academy of Music next Friday evening under the joint auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. This is his Symphonic Fantasy, "From Italy," and in the work Strauss gives the first real evidence of what afterward was to become his wide divergence from the musical conventions and traditions. eCrtainly for the modern hearer there is notihng particularly uncommon or difficult in this work. It is very melodious and according to modern standards very simple.

"From Italy" is in four parts, the titles of which are, in order, "On the Campagna," "Amid Rome's Ruins," "On the Shore in Sorrento" and "Neapolitan Folk Life.' In this work Strauss records musically the deep impressions he received in 1886 when he made his first trip to Italy. It was while he was there that he sketched the Fantasia. and it had its first performance at a subscription concert in the Odeon, Munich, March 2, 1887.

The soloist will be the eminent pianist, Harold Bauer, who then makes his first appearance of the season. He will play the Fourth Concerto of Beethoven, in G Major. The final number will be Beethovens Overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

The first chamber music concert of the season by the Flonzaley String Quartette under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute, will be given in the Music Hall, Academy of Music, this afternoon at half-past three o'clock. The remaining dates in this series of three concerts are January 24 and March 14. The programme this afternoon will be quartette in G major, Op. 17, No. 5, by Haydn; quartette in E flat major, Op. 30, by Tschaikowsky, and "intime, contenu" and "Rythmique," by Darius Milhaud (from the String Quartette).

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From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date 1 1914

Programme Books and Carnegie Hall.

CARNEGIE HALL is by many persons supposed to be one of the benefactions of the man after whom it is named. It is, on the contrary, run for profit on the strictest commercial lines. Joseph Pulitzer left the Philharmonic Society nearly a million dollars, but the interest on that sum is nearly all needed just to pay rent for the use of the hall for concerts and rehearsals. No one ha[illegible] right to complain of that; business is business; but one wonders why Mr. Carnegie, who has shown himself so very generous in other directions, does not add a most desirable benefaction by making this hall free to America's oldest and best orchestra. In any case, it ought to be possible to make an arrangement enabling the Philharmonic Society, and also the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to distribute their excellent programme books, which add so much to the enjoyment of most concert-goers, within the building, which distribution is now forbidden, for purely business reasons, connected with advertising. This, surely is unworthy of the chief concert hall in the American metropolis. The matter has been aggravated this season by a city ordinance forbidding the distribution of dodgers in the streets. In itself this is a most commendable measure, for it helps to keep the sidewalks clean; but it is unjust to apply this ordinance to the men who, for several years, have distributed the Philharmonic's and the Boston Orchestra's programme books from the street corner opposite the entrance to Carnegie Hall. These books are taken only by those who want to read them, and are never thrown on the sidewalk. They are now placed in a row near a building and the men who used to distribute them are still allowed to call attention to them. Even that privilege will, no doubt, be taken

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BROOKLYN EDIT

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
Date

Strauss' Great Work to Be Played Here

The work which first intimated to the world that Richard Strauss was an unusual genius will open the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be given in the Academy of Music on Friday evening, Dec. 4, under the auspicies of The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. This is his Symphonic Fantasy, "In Italy," in which the young Strauss sought, and with astounding success, to translate into tone the sensations he received during his first visit to that country.

The soloist at this concert will be Harold Bauer, the noted pianist, who will play Beethoven's Fourth Doncerto in G major. The other number on the programme will be Beethoven's

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From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date NOV 28 1914

At its Carnegie Hall concert next Thursday evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play, besides the fourth symphony of Sibelius and Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Shakespeare Comedy," a novelty composed by Reznicek and called "Schlemihl," a "symphonic biography." The Saturday afternoon programme will include Richard Strauss's symphonic fantasy, "From Italy," Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, and the fourth symphony of Ropartz, which the Philharmonic played yesterday. Reznicek's Schlemihl was first performed in Berlin two years ago. The composer is said to have taken Richard Strauss, in a general way, for his model. The work demands an orchestra of largest size, includes a short solo for tenor voice, and may employ an organ. Its title is misleading, in so far as there is no connection with Peter Schlemihl, the hero of Chamisso's familiar tale, who lost his shadow. Reznicek has made his own analysis, and says that this poem is intended to portray in tones the life and fate of a modern man pursued by misfortune, who goes to destruction in the conflict between his ideal and his material existence. In the course of the work the compo[illegible]trays the man at his b

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From SUN
Address: New York City.
Date NOV 29 1914

Dr. Muck at the first concert of the second pair of Boston Symphony concerts to be given in Carnegie Hall Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon will offer a work new to New York. This is Reznicek's Symphonic Biography, "Schlemihl," which will be played on Thursday evening. At the concert on Saturday afternoon Ropartz's Fourth Symphony in C major will be played. Of both of these works Dr. Muck gave the first performances in America—of the "Schlemihl" last April and of Ropartz's symphony last month in Boston. Of the two the "Schlemihl" is the more important. The work demands an orchestra of largest size and is played without pause; it is divided into four sections. Sibelius's interesting Fourth Symphony in A minor and Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy by Shakespeare" complete the Thursday night programme, while on Saturday afternoon besides the Ropartz symphony, which is in one movement, Richard Strauss's Symphonic Fantasy "In Italy" and Beethoven's "Egmont" will be played. The order of the two programmes is as follows: Sibelius, symphony in A minor, No. 4; Reznicek, symphonic biograph[illegible] "S[illegible]emihl" (first time in New York); Sch[illegible]g, Overture to a Comedy by Shakespeare. The incidental tenor solo in Reznicek's 'Schlemihl" will be sung by Paul Draper. Richard Strauss, symphonic fantasy, "From Italy"; Ropartz, symphony No. 4 in C major (in one movement); Beethoven, overture, "Egmont."

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date V 29 1914

NEW WORK BY REZNICEK.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will play at its concert Thursday evening a "symphonic biography" called "Schlemihl" by Reznicek, a composer who for a number of years has played a more or less important rôle in music in Austria and Germany. He is best known in this country as the composer of the opera, "Donna Diana," the overture of which is often found on orchestral programmes. He has composed other works, some of which have been played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but up to the writing of his "satirical" symphony, "Der Sieger," "Schlemihl" was the most important piece he had written for orchestra.

It was first performed at the third concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Oskar Fried, in Berlin, Dec. 18, 1912. Since then it has been played in Munich and Vienna, and last April in Boston.

Reznicek has obviously taken Richard Strauss, in a general way, for his model. The work demands an orchestra of largest size, includes a short solo for tenor voice, and may employ an organ. Its title is misleading in so far as there is no connection with Peter Schlemihl, the hero of Chamisso's familiar tale, who lost his shadow. Reznicek has made his own analysis and says that this poem is intended to portray in tones the life and fate of a modern man pursued by misfortune, who goes to destruction in the conflict between his ideal and his material existence. In the course of the work the composer portrays the man at his best and at his worst, carries him through a fantastical orgy, in the trio of which the figures of Aubrey Beardsley's pictures, "A Comedy of Marionettes," enter—the female dancer, the mad flute player, the leader and the marionette orchestra, the humpbacked dwarf, and the singing woman. Then he is restored to respectability. He has a wife. There is a love scene, a wedding, and a child appears; and then the old struggle begins over again.

The character of the haughty man, disdainful of outside help relying upon himself is not suited to the contemporaneous bustle. Desperate struggles and exhaustion—a short breathing spell—recollections of happy hours—sickness—forebodings of death—the only consolation — disaster has the upper

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
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Symphonie-Konzerte.

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From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 28 1914

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BOOKS NOT OF FICTION.

Dealing With History, Labor, Men, Monuments and Race Culture.

Among books of the moment appealing to special interests is "The Boston Symphony Orchestra" (Houghton-Mifflin Company), an historical sketch by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. The book is illustrated by portraits of leaders and concert-masters, pictures of the orchestra as a body at various periods, and, for a frontispiece, a photographic reproduction of a bust of the founder, Henry L. Higginson. Of great interest and value, in an appendix, is a list of soloists who have appeared with the orchestra during the whole period 1881-1913-14.

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Address: New York City.
Date NOV 29 1914

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The second pair of Boston Symphony Concerts will be given in Carnegie Hall next Thursday evening, December 3, and Saturday afternoon, December 5, respectively. Dr. Muck will be generous in the matter of novelties, for there will be a work new to New York on each programme, and on Thurs[illegible] the symphony which will be played has been heard so little and is of such unusual interest that it may be regarded almost as a novelty. The Thursday evening programme will be as follows:

Sibelius Symphony in A Minor, No. 4; Reznicek, symphonic biography, "Schlemihl" (first time in New York).Scheinpflug, overture to a comedy by Shakespeare; the incidental tenor solo in Reznicek's "Schlemihl" will be sung by Paul Draper. The programme for Saturday afternoon will be as follows: Richard Strauss, symphonic fantasy, "From Italy"; Ropartz, Symphony No. 4 in C Major (in one movement). (First time in New York.) Beethoven, overture, "Egmont."

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date NOV 28 1914

Esta 84

A noted Boston institution, the organization that took the place of the Great Organ in maintaining Boston's musical preeminence, has now been in existence for a third of a century and M. A. De Wolfe Howe writes its history in "The Boston Symphony Orchestra" (Houghton Mifflin Company.) It happens, too, that this year marks the completion of eighty years of life for Major Henry L. Higginson, the founder and steady supporter of the orchestra. The author gives a brief sketch of Major Higginson and his fondness for music, he gives some account of earlier instrumental efforts in Boston, though he is too young to remember the Mendelssohn Quintette, and then settles down to tell about the Symphony orchestra from its beginnings in 1881 under George Henschel. It is a straightforward, temperate account of an enterprise that has greatly advanced music in the United States, besides lifting Boston up into a higher sphere of its own. At the end are lists of the musicians who have taken part in the orchestra, whether as directors, soloists or simply members, with their term of service, and also lists of all the compositions the orchestra has rendered.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date 1 29 1914

York, 1884

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its second Brooklyn concert Friday evening in the Academy of Music. Harold Bauer, who will play Beethoven's Fourth Concerto, will be soloist. Among the numbers on the programme are Strauss's symphonic fantasy, "From Italy" and Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture.

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From TIMES
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From EVENING MAIL
Address: New York City.
Date NOV 28 1914

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At the end of the week come two concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the first with highly original programme, consisting of the Libelius fourth symphony, Reznicke's new "Schlemihl" and Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy by Shakespeare," and the second flanking the latest symphony of Guy Ropartz with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and the symphonic fantasy, "From Italy," by Richard Strauss.

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date DEC

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Though a programme note on Reznicek's "Schlemihl" says it has nothing to do with the case, a good many people who hear to-night's "symphonic biography" by the Bostonians are going to find an analogy to a minor character, *Schlemihl*, in Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," last seen recently at the Century.

Reznicek is an Austrian hitherto known as the composer of an opera, "Donna Diana," of which the overture is sometimes played. He has just written a "satirical" symphony, "Der Sieger." His "Schlemihl," first performed at the Berlin Philharmonic by Oskar Fried in December, 1912, has been heard at Munich and Vienna and last April in Boston. It calls for an orchestra of largest size, is continuous in four parts, has a short solo for tenor voice and may employ an organ. Its title is vague, as there is no direct connection with Peter Schlemihl, hero of Chamisso's story, who "lost his shadow."

In his own analysis the composer says he intended to portray the life and fate of "a modern man pursued by misfortune," who goes to destruction in the conflict between his ideal and his material existence. The music shows the man at his best and worst. It carries him through a fantastical orgy in which appear the figures of Aubrey Beardsley's pictures, "A Comedy of Marionettes," the female dancer, the mad flute player, conductor and marionette orchestra, the humpbacked dwarf, and singing woman.

Then he is restored to respectability. He has a wife. There is a love scene, a wedding, and a child appears, yet the old struggle begins over again. The character of the haughty man, disdainful of outside help, relying upon himself, is not suited to the contemporaneous bustle. There follow desperate struggles and exhaustion, a short breathing spell, recollections of happy hours, sickness and disaster, forebodings of death, the only consolation.

From abysmal depths rises the voice of fate, and there is a prayer. Once more, for the last time, the vanquished man raises himself to superhuman height, and then, seized with disgust, lets himself glide toward Nirvana.

Sibelius's interesting fourth symphony opens to-night's concert and Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy by Shakespeare" ends it.

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y. 1914
Date

Es 1884

A REAL MUSICAL TREAT.

Splendid Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

A novelty by a master, played by a master orchestra, is always appreciated, especially so when performed by such a splendid body as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and last night proved no exception to the rule. The symphonic phantasy, "From Italy," an early work of the German genius, Richard Strauss, had first call on the audience's attention and proved an agreeable surprise because of its freedom from the strange and not always agreeable orchestral innovations that are looked for in the work of Strauss.

This number consists of four movements, "On the Campagna," "Amid Rome's Ruins," "On the Shore of Sorrento" and "Neapolitan Folk Life." That the composer showed evidence of radical changes in musical form is clearly noticeable throughout the entire number, particularly in "Neapolitan Folk Life." Dr. Muck's reading was one of splendid precision and brought out every desired expressive note.

In this age of "artistic temperament," displayed by the master pianists of various nationalities, it is refreshing to sit through a number played by Harold Bauer, an eminent artist, absolutely devoid of everything excepting those qualities that tend to bring out the highest achievements of piano playing. Mr. Bauer was the soloist last night and performed the extremely difficult Fourth Concerto of Beethoven in magnificent style. His technique was a revelation in exacting precision and the poetic and sympathetic Beethoven lost nothing in his interpretation.

The concert concluded with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, long familiar to concert devotees. Like many other of that master's earlier works, this number is beautiful in its melodic construction and it is hardly necessary to say that the Boston Symphony performed it splendidly.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City. 1914
Date

Estal 1884

BOSTON ORCHESTRA PLAYS EXCELLENTLY

Programme Slightly Better than That of Last Thursday.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra deserves well of the New York public. Its concerts have always given unlimited and well considered pleasure to all music lovers, and have been red letter events of the musical season. Yet there must be reason for pause when we consider the two last programmes Dr. Muck has vouchsafed us. The musical observers have already spoken of the one of Thursday evening—the one of yesterday afternoon was only slightly more inspiriting. Needless to say, the band played with all its wonted excellence, and Dr. Muck held the will of his musicians obedient to his slightest nod. Of this part of the afternoon only praise can be spoken.

As on Thursday, there were only three numbers on the programme. Richard Strauss's none too interesting or important Symphonic Fantasia "From Italy" opened the afternoon, then came Ropartz's Fourth Symphony, the programme concluding with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture. It was stated on the programme that the Ropartz symphony was receiving its first performance in New York. The ways of conductors are past finding out, as are their reasons for repeating works. It is sufficient to say that this particular symphony received its first New York performance last week by the Philharmonic Orchestra, Mr. Stransky thus beating out Dr. Muck. As to the value of this triumph there might be various opinions.

The Ropartz symphony is altogether in the vein of César Franck, without the Belgian composer's incisiveness of spirit. Played in only one movement, it fails to make any marked differentiation between its various parts, with the result that at the end the listener is very much at a loss as to what it is all about. It possesses, indeed, not a little melodic invention, yet the invention smells too much of the lamp to be altogether free and spontaneous. Clever as it is in its technical mastery, it seems doubtful whether it possesses the sweep or originality of idea to make it a permanent adition to the concert halls. However, this, like all else, is in the lap of the gods. By giving it, Dr. Muck at least proved his belief in the neutrality of art.

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From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City

Date NOV 2 9 1914

Symphonie-Konzerte.

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From AMERICAN
Address: New York City.

Date [illegible]14

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

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York, 1884

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Address: New York City

Date 3 1914

A noted Boston institution, the organization that took the place of the Great Organ in maintaining Boston's musical preeminence, has now been in existence for a third of a century and M. A. De Wolfe Howe writes its history in "The Boston Symphony Orchestra" (Houghton Mifflin Company.) It happens, too, that this year marks the completion of eighty years of life for Major Henry L. Higginson, the founder and steady supporter of the orchestra. The author gives a brief sketch of Major Higginson and his fondness for music, he gives some account of earlier instrumental efforts in Boston, though he is too young to remember the Mendelssohn Quintette, and then settles down to tell about the Symphony orchestra from its beginnings in 1881 under George Henschel. It is a straightforward, temperate account of an enterprise that has greatly advanced music in the United States, besides lifting Boston up into a higher sphere of its own. At the end are lists of the musicians who have taken part in the orchestra, whether as directors, soloists or simply members, with their term of service, and also lists of all the compositions the orchestra has rendered.

Estal 184

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

TIMES

From
Address: New York City

Date 1 29 1914

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its second Brooklyn concert Friday evening in the Academy of Music. Harold Bauer, who will play Beethoven's Fourth Concerto, will be soloist. Among the numbers on the programme are Strauss's symphonic fantasy, "From Italy" and Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture.

York, 1884

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

TIMES

From
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Date 1 29 1914

The second pair of Boston Symphony concerts will be given in Carnegie Hall Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon, respectively. Dr. Muck will present a work new to New York on each programme. The Thursday evening programme will include Sibelius's Symphony in A minor, No. 4; Reznicek's "Symphonic Biography," "Schlemihl," first time in New York; and Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy by Shakespeare." The incidental tenor solo in Reznicek's "Schlemihl" will be sung by Paul Draper. The programme for Saturday afternoon will comprise Richard Strauss's Symphonic Fantasy, "From Italy"; Roparts's Symphony No. 4 in C (in one movement), first time in New York. and Beethoven's Overture, "Egmont."

Esta 1884

Complete

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING MAIL
Address: New York City.

Date

At the end of the week come two concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the first with highly original programme, consisting of the Libelius fourth symphony, Reznicke's new "Schlemihl" and Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy by Shakespeare," and the second flanking the latest symphony of Guy Ropartz with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and the symphonic fantasy, "From Italy," by Richard Strauss.

E 1884

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City

Date

Though a programme note on Reznicek's "Schlemihl" says it has nothing to do with the case, a good many people who hear to-night's "symphonic biography" by the Bostonians are going to find an analogy to a minor character, *Schlemihl*, in Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," last seen recently at the Century.

Reznicek is an Austrian hitherto known as the composer of an opera, "Donna Diana," of which the overture is sometimes played. He has just written a "satirical" symphony, "Der Sieger." His "Schlemihl," first performed at the Berlin Philharmonic by Oskar Fried in December, 1912, has been heard at Munich and Vienna and last April in Boston. It calls for an orchestra of largest size, is continuous in four parts, has a short solo for tenor voice and may employ an organ. Its title is vague, as there is no direct connection with Peter Schlemihl, hero of Chamisso's story, who "lost his shadow."

In his own analysis the composer says he intended to portray the life and fate of "a modern man pursued by misfortune," who goes to destruction in the conflict between his ideal and his material existence. The music shows the man at his best and worst. It carries him through a fantastical orgy in which appear the figures of Aubrey Beardsley's pictures, "A Comedy of Marionettes," the female dancer, the mad flute player, conductor and marionette orchestra, the humpbacked dwarf, and singing woman.

Then he is restored to respectability. He has a wife. There is a love scene, a wedding, and a child appears, yet the old struggle begins over again. The character of the haughty man, disdainful of outside help, relying upon himself, is not suited to the contemporaneous bustle. There follow desperate struggles and exhaustion, a short breathing spell, recollections of happy hours, sickness and disaster, forebodings of death, the only consolation.

From abysmal depths rises the voice of fate, and there is a prayer. Once more, for the last time, the vanquished man raises himself to superhuman height, and then, seized with disgust, lets himself glide toward Nirvana.

Sibelius's interesting fourth symphony opens to-night's concert and Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy by Shakespeare" ends it.

Establis

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y. 14

Date

A REAL MUSICAL TREAT.

Splendid Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

A novelty by a master, played by a master orchestra, is always appreciated, especially so when performed by such a splendid body as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and last night proved no exception to the rule. The symphonic phantasy, "From Italy," an early work of the German genius, Richard Strauss, had first call on the audience's attention and proved an agreeable surprise because of its freedom from the strange and not always agreeable orchestral innovations that are looked for in the work of Strauss.

This number consists of four movements, "On the Campagna," "Amid Rome's Ruins," "On the Shore of Sorrento" and "Neapolitan Folk Life." That the composer showed evidence of radical changes in musical form is clearly noticeable throughout the entire number, particularly in "Neapolitan Folk Life." Dr. Muck's reading was one of splendid precision and brought out every desired expressive note.

In this age of "artistic temperament," displayed by the master pianists of various nationalities, it is refreshing to sit through a number played by Harold Bauer, an eminent artist, absolutely devoid of everything excepting those qualities that tend to bring out the highest achievements of piano playing. Mr. Bauer was the soloist last night and performed the extremely difficult Fourth Concerto of Beethoven in magnificent style. His technique was a revelation in exacting precision and the poetic and sympathetic Beethoven lost nothing in his interpretation.

The concert concluded with Beethoven's 'Egmont" overture, long familiar to concert devotees. Like many other of that master's earlier works, this number is beautiful in its melodic construction and it is hardly necessary to say that the Boston Symphony performed it splendidly.

Es 1884

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City. 4

Date

BOSTON ORCHESTRA PLAYS EXCELLENTLY

Programme Slightly Better than That of Last Thursday.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra deserves well of the New York public. Its concerts have always given unlimited and well considered pleasure to all music lovers, and have been red letter events of the musical season. Yet there must be reason for pause when we consider the two last programmes Dr. Muck has vouchsafed us. The musical observers have already spoken of the one of Thursday evening—the one of yesterday afternoon was only slightly more inspiriting. Needless to say, the band played with all its wonted excellence, and Dr. Muck held the will of his musicians obedient to his slightest nod. Of this part of the afternoon only praise can be spoken.

As on Thursday, there were only three numbers on the programme. Richard Strauss's none too interesting or important Symphonic Fantasia "From Italy" opened the afternoon, then came Ropartz's Fourth Symphony, the programme concluding with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture. It was stated on the programme that the Ropartz symphony was receiving its first performance in New York. The ways of conductors are past finding out, as are their reasons for repeating works. It is sufficient to say that this particular symphony received its first New York performance last week by the Philharmonic Orchestra, Mr. Stransky thus beating out Dr. Muck. As to the value of this triumph there might be various opinions.

The Ropartz symphony is altogether in the vein of César Franck, without the Belgian composer's incisiveness of spirit. Played in only one movement, it fails to make any marked differentiation between its various parts, with the result that at the end the listener is very much at a loss as to what it is all about. It possesses, indeed, not a little melodic invention, yet the invention smells too much of the lamp to be altogether free and spontaneous. Clever as it is in its technical mastery, it seems doubtful whether it possesses the sweep or originality of idea to make it a permanent adition to the concert halls. However, this, like all else, is in the lap of the gods. By giving it, Dr. Muck at least proved his belief in the neutrality of art.

Estal 1884

From POST

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Date 5 1914

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Dr. Muck believes that the war cannot fail to have, in the end, a strongly beneficial influence on the artistic production of Europe. In a conversation with Olin Downes, printed in *Musical America*, he expressed the opinion that the primal verities would be felt once more. Simplicity, sincerity, music which appears because it must appear, music which is farthest from fad or the desire for pecuniary gain, may reasonably be anticipated. And he broke off: "But what is the use? Who will want music for the next hundred years in Europe? They will want houses, and food. Where will it end?"

If the war does not mend musical matters in the direction indicated by Dr. Muck, Germany will indeed be in a sorry plight. The type of *Kultur* worshipped in that country to-day seems to have killed real creativeness. At present there exist in the large cities cliques swearing by Strauss, Reger, or Schönberg, and whoever does not flock with them has no opportunity. Dr. Muck is an admirer of Grieg's friend and biographer, Schjelderup, two of whose pieces he conducted in Boston a few years ago. He now has in hand his symphonic poem on Ibsen's "Brand," which he likes. He does not like the "Five Orchestral Pieces" of Schönberg, but will have them played in Boston because some want to hear them.

About 30,000 addresses of musicians are included in the thirtieth annual issue of Max Hesse's "Deutscher Musikerkalender," just published in Leipzig. There are no French or English addresses, but this, evidently, is not an omission due to hostile feeling, for the Russian and Belgian musicians are included.

Newspaper Cutting

From STANDARD UNION

Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEC 5 1914

Date

1884

BAUER APPLAUDED WITH BOSTONIANS

Sedate Programme of Beethoven and Strauss Played at the Academy.

SYMPHONIC FANTASY HEARD

Damrosch Orchestra Gives Matinee Concert.

Having been raked over the coals of critical fire for using the most wonderful orchestral instrument in the world to play such novelties as Sibelius' Fourth Symphony and Reznicek's "Schlemihl" at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Manhattan concert on Thursday, Dr. Karl Muck, for his Brooklyn concert at the Academy of Music last night, came back to well tried and favorite numbers, which could not possibly give offense, nor yet could arouse a tornado of discussion. His programme included Richard Strauss' symphonic fantasy "From Italy," Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont" and Beethoven's concerto in G major for the piano.

To find Strauss enlisted with Beethoven as a composer of the well tried in music is to bring into prominence the change that a few years has wrought in the reception of his work. Not long ago the "madman of music" shared the same fate that now greets Reznicek and Sibelius. The number played last night does not come in the category of pieces that aroused resentment here, although at its first performance in Munich the composer was regarded as "quite mad."

If last night's programme did not arouse discussion, neither did it arouse much enthusiasm. The audience, which, as usual, filled the house, was apathetic. The applause was perfunctory, except for the assisting pianist, Harold Bauer, who played the concerto. Although there was never any musical necessity of a soloist at the Boston Symphony concerts, there is an undoubted public demand for one, and it is usually upon the performer that the applause is lavished.

Mr. Bauer is a veteran player with a big reputation. Although a sincere artist, authoritative in his playing, at times, as last night, he becomes ponderous in his touch and yields to the temptation of over-emphasis, lingering rather too long on notes, and, in heavily chorded passages, sometimes blurring his tone.

The orchestra played as usual, that is superlatively well. In the Strauss fantasy, it was hard to discover the reason for the original cry of "madman" directed against the composer, except for his daring in taking the old "Funiculi, funicula" Italian folk song as his theme in the last movement, "Neapolitan folk life" and the somewhat inconclusive construction of the third movement, "On the Shores of Sorrento." This section of the fantasy shows the flash of real genius that illumines most of Strauss'

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All the beauty and majesty of the work was brought out by the musicians yesterday afternoon; the sudden contrasts between plaintive themes and themes of victory; the deep despair of the "Marcia Funebra" and the gay abandon of the scherzo and trio movements of the work, and the grand finale, which is in itself almost an impassioned percoration on heroism.

The orchestra was assisted by Alma Gluck, whose soft, velvet-toned voice was used with excellent art in the flowing legato passages of an aria from Mozart's "Die Entfurhrung aus dem Seraglio." Mme. Gluck sang also a group of three songs by Charpentier, "Les Cloches Felees," "Priere" and "Chevaux de Bois." In the last of the three she had an opportunity to display her dramatic ability.

In addition to the symphony the orchestra played a series of British folk song and dance settings by Percy Grainger. The first, "Molly on the Shore," was a lilting Irish reel, in which the "fiddle" effect characteristic of this type of music was maintained throughout with great success. The "Irish Tune" number, with its haunting touch of melancholy, was based on an old tune from County Derry. The last number of the series was a "Shepherd's Hey," one of the Morris dance tunes, given with a dash and flourish that seemed to take the house by storm.

The concluding number of the programme was a suite, "Reflets d'Allemagne," by Florent Schmitt. Mr. Damrosch summed the piece up well when he announced it as a tourist's impressions of Germany, being a combination of German goodfellowship and French charm—"an out-of-date combination in these stirring times," he added. The suite was in three waltz themes, entitled "Nuremberg," "Dresden" and "Munich."

Newspaper Cutting

From Daily Eagle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Date DEC [illegible] 1914

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BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

Early German Music Welcomed. Bauer as Piano Soloist.

When Collins wrote his ode beginning "When Music, heavenly maid, was young," he must have been listening to Beethoven's "Pianoforte Concerto in G," which was the chief feature of the Boston Symphony programme at the Academy of Music last night. In these modern days music is not always a "heavenly maid," by any means. Often she is an earthly jade, most reprehensible when she is most fascinating. But "heavenly" is exactly the word for this concerto. It has a beauty which holds the hearer without being colored with what is commonly called "emotional appeal." Its delicate and exquisite texture is for the mind rather than for the nerves, and that ethereal, other worldly effect was heightened last night by the restrained and very beautiful performance of its piano part by Harold Bauer. His playing had the most perfect clarity and he never sacrificed quality of tone to quantity. He was content not to get more out of the piano than Beethoven put into it, and as Beethoven wrote for a very primitive type of instrument, that speaks volumes for Mr. Bauer's artistic conscience. The result was a perfectly blended and balanced performance. Dr. Muck is at his happiest when he is conducting his orchestra in association with soloists, and its mastery of delicate shading and beautiful tone was never in happier evidence than in its conjunction with Bauer last evening.

The programme, on the whole, was the best balanced one which Dr. Muck has given here for a long time. He has given many more attractive compositions than any single work in last evening's programme. He has an unhappy faculty, at times of arranging his selections so as to produce either too great monotony or else lack of balance or harmony among the parts, but last night he created a harmonious whole, which was yet not monotonous.

Beethoven's "Concerto" was preceded by Strauss' symphonic fantasia, "From Italy," which was written when the composer was 22 years old, and had not yet begun to wave the red flag of musical anarchy, and it was followed by Beethoven's broad and stirring overture to "Egmont," which even holds people who do not associate it with the revolt of the Netherlanders from Spanish oppression. Perhaps some hearers would have preferred the "Meistersinger' 'overture to this by Beethoven in this particular place, but what we got was fine, and the audience wash appy.

A non-neutral citizen wrote to The Eagle yesterday a "prediction" that "the applause will not be passionate," "and added that 'made in Germany' is a label that is not popular here at present." On the contrary, the programme was extremely well liked, and for a reason which this correspondent may have realized after he heard the music more fully than he did from reading German names of composers. For this music was born before the day of war lords. It represents the real spirit and the true culture of the German people before their rulers became obsessed with the dream of world conquest. There is the tragedy of war, but none of the lust of conquest in the Beethoven overture. The Strauss fantasie was written before he had fallen under the influence of Nietsche. It voiced the joy and rest of a tour in Italy when the youth's strength had been overstrained; its pictures of the beauty of Sorento and the gayety of the streets of Naples have little relation with the later music, which does express modern German thought and the spirit, which, as many outside observers believe, was the cause of the present war. We have not reached the pass where one must be a champion of the Kaiser in order to enjoy Beethoven. And let us not accuse Dr. Muck of trying to put world politics into his programme, so long as he gives us such music as that of last evening.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau

From TIMES

Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

14

Date

Establ

MUSIC NOTES OF INTEREST

Bostons Heard in Splendid Concert.

"LOHENGRIN" TO-NIGHT

Schumann-Heink Recital and Other Attractions.

The programme rendered last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music differed widely from that which the same organization presented on Thursday in Manhattan. On the latter occasion, two much-discussed works of very modern tendencies formed the chief feature. Last night Strauss' symphonic fantasy "From Italy" and Beethoven's "Egmont," were the chief offerings. It goes without saying, that as usual, perfection characterized these renditions and there was no lack of appreciation.

Yet the question might well be asked why Conductor Dr. Karl Muck failed to bring his new discoveries to this borough. Without going into the merits of the compositions in question, and without paying the slighteste attention to the criticism which almost burned holes into the music columns of the Manhattan newspapers, the Brooklyn Times contends that local concerts should be characterized by every conceivable novelty which our great conductors bring to this country. It is a great mistake to presume that the people across the river are the only ones who are able to sit in judgment on these matters, nor do we suspect for a single moment that Dr. Muck considers it unsafe to bring innovations into the land on this side of the subway terminals.

No matter what critics may say, it is certainly fair to assume that with the works of Sibelius and Reznicek must possess considerable merit or Dr. Muck would never consider them worthy of production. That much being settled, why must Brooklyn wait until every other part of the country has heard the new pieces?

Harold Bauer, the pianist, played Beethoven's G major concerto and abundant applause was given the soloist. He played with his usual sincerity and authority, and if he showed an inclination to be ponderous at times, this tendency did not mar the merit of the performance for the audience.

From STAATS-ZEITUNG

Address: New York City

DEC 7 - 1914

Date

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Bei den Boſtonern hörte ich am Samstag Nachmittag in Carnegie Hall die Ropartz'ſche Vierte Symphonie, die wir am 27. November als Novität bei den Philharmonikern gehört hatten, zum zweitenmale, und zwar mit ſtärkerer Würdigung der Muſik, die diesmal vollere Wirkſamkeit entfaltete. Eine einzige Anhörung iſt für ein modernes Werk nicht viel, daher das Urtheil unter ſolchen Umſtänden nothwendigerweiſe ein proviſoriſches ſein muß. Wenn mich der Komponiſt auch diesmal nicht davon überzeugen

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[illegible] hat, ſo erſchien mir ſein Werk doch gut balanzirt, vor allem ehrlicher Ueberzeugung voll und von ſehr anerkennenswerther Technik. Die Orcheſtrirung iſt vielfarbig, intereſſant, faſt nie überladen. Ich fand diesmal noch mehr als das erſtemal, daß es ein Fehler war, das Werk in einem einzigen Satz zuſammenzudrängen. Auf dieſe Enge in der Architektonik, in den allzu intim zuſammengefügten Kontraſten liegt es meiner Anſicht nach in erſter Linie, wenn das Werk bei einem erſten Anhören einen wenig kongruenten und balanzirten Eindruck macht. Geſpielt wurde es von den Boſtonern, daſſelbe gilt auch von Strauß ſymphoniſcher Phantaſie „Aus Italien" und der „Egmont"-Ouverture, mit voller Meiſterſchaft.

H.

From AMERICAN

Address: New York City

DEC 6 - 1914

Date

Est 1884

BOSTONIANS GIVE CONCERT FULL OF RICH MELODIES

Ropartz's C-Major Symphony Wins Great Favor at Its Second Hearing.

There was as great an amount of charm in yesterday afternoon's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall as there was lack of that quality in the Thursday evening concert by the same organization. In the one case there was the comfort of melody beautifully developed; in the other was the test of discord enlarged until nerves were outraged and left quivering.

To a certain extent Dr. Muck redeemed himself by his selections for yesterday's programme. He gave Strauss' "From Italy," symphonic fantasia; Ropartz C major symphony; and Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

MELODIOUS STRAUSS WORK.

The Strauss work was written at a time when that since-sensational composer was still under the spell of mellifluous influences, which means that the revolutionary spirit manifested in "Salome," "Elektra" and various modern tone poems had not then manifested itself. The orchestra illustrated its most genial mood in each of the four movements, displaying a superb tone quality, perfect balance in the different choirs and ensemble work that was a model of accuracy and solidity.

Dr. Muck had expected to introduce the Ropartz Symphony to New York, but he was anticipated by about a week, for Mr. Stransky and the Philharmonic Society presented it on November 27. A second hearing in even so short a time disclosed many beauties which were not realized at the earlier hearing. Though the symphony is played without a pause and lasts three-quarters of an hour, it held the interest from start to finish.

INFLUENCE OF FRENCH SCHOOL.

Mr. Ropartz shows in this work leanings toward the modern French school of composition, which influence he has used in moderation. There is poetic tunefulness and haunting harmony aplenty in the three unseparated movements. These he developed in an interesting and pleasing manner and on rather conventional lines, but never by any chance did he seek or acquire anything other than an artistic and laudable result. The Boston men played the work skilfully and effectively.

From EVENING SUN

Address: New York City

Date

1884

French Ropartz's fourth symphony, if not a "first time in New York," was the first of its nationality on Karl Muck's list at Carnegie Hall to-day. The Boston Symphony men were adding Strauss's "From Italy" and Beethoven's "Egmont." They will return here Jan. 7 and 9 with their first soloist, Fritz Kreisler.

From EVENING TELEGRAM

Address: New York

Date DEC 6 1914

At their second matinee in Carnegie Hall this season yesterday afternoon the famous Boston Symphony played the fourth symphony of the French composer Ropartz, which was performed here last week by the Philharmonic. This essentially modern [illegible] its moments of

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The orchestra was assisted by Alma Gluck, whose soft, velvet-toned voice was used with excellent art in the flowing legato passages of an aria from Mozart's "Die Entfurhrung aus dem Seraglio." Mme. Gluck sang also a group of three songs by Charpentier, "Les Cloches Felees," "Priere" and "Chevaux de Bois." In the last of the three she had an opportunity to display her dramatic ability.

In addition to the symphony the orchestra played a series of British folk song and dance settings by Percy Grainger. The first, "Molly on the Shore," was a lilting Irish reel, in which the "fiddle" effect characteristic of this type of music was maintained throughout with great success. The "Irish Tune" number, with its haunting touch of melancholy, was based on an old tune from County Derry. The last number of the series was a "Shepherd's Hey," one of the Morris dance tunes, given with a dash and flourish that seemed to take the house by storm.

The concluding number of the programme was a suite, "Reflets d'Allemagne," by Florent Schmitt. Mr. Damrosch summed the piece up well when he announced it as a tourist's impressions of Germany, being a combination of German goodfellowship and French charm—"an out-of-date combination in these stirring times," he added. The suite was in three waltz themes, entitled "Nuremberg," "Dresden" and "Munich."

Newspaper Cutting

From Daily Eagle, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Address
Date

purpose.

rk, 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

Early German Music Welcomed. Bauer as Piano Soloist.

When Collins wrote his ode beginning "When Music, heavenly maid, was young," he must have been listening to Beethoven's "Pianoforte Concerto in G," which was the chief feature of the Boston Symphony programme at the Academy of Music last night. In these modern days music is not always a "heavenly maid," by any means. Often she is an earthly jade, most reprehensible when she is most fascinating. But "heavenly" is exactly the word for this concerto. It has a beauty which holds the hearer without being colored with what is commonly called "emotional appeal." Its delicate and exquisite texture is for the mind rather than for the nerves, and that ethereal, other worldly effect was heightened last night by the restrained and very beautiful performance of its piano part by Harold Bauer. His playing had the most perfect clarity and he never sacrificed quality of tone to quantity. He was content not to get more out of the piano than Beethoven put into it, and as Beethoven wrote for a very primitive type of instrument, that speaks volumes for Mr. Bauer's artistic conscience. The result was a perfectly blended and balanced performance. Dr. Muck is at his happiest when he is conducting his orchestra in association with soloists, and its mastery of delicate shading and beautiful tone was never in happier evidence than in its conjunction with Bauer last evening.

The programme, on the whole, was the best balanced one which Dr. Muck has given here for a long time. He has given many more attractive compositions than any single work in last evening's programme. He has an unhappy faculty, at times of arranging his selections so as to produce either too great monotony or else lack of balance or harmony among the parts, but last night he created a harmonious whole, which was yet not monotonous.

Beethoven's "Concerto" was preceded by Strauss' symphonic fantasia, "From Italy," which was written when the composer was 22 years old, and had not yet begun to wave the red flag of musical anarchy, and it was followed by Beethoven's broad and stirring overture to "Egmont," which even holds people who do not associate it with the revolt of the Netherlanders from Spanish oppression. Perhaps some hearers would have preferred the "Meistersinger' 'overture to this by Beethoven in this particular place, but what we got was fine, and the audience wash appy.

A non-neutral citizen wrote to The Eagle yesterday a "prediction" that "the applause will not be passionate," "and added that 'made in Germany' is a label that is not popular here at present." On the contrary, the programme was extremely well liked, and for a reason which this correspondent may have realized after he heard the music more fully than he did from reading German names of composers. For this music was born before the day of war lords. It represents the real spirit and the true culture of the German people before their rulers became obsessed with the dream of world conquest. There is the tragedy of war, but none of the lust of conquest in the Beethoven overture. The Strauss fantasie was written before he had fallen under the influence of Nietsche. It voiced the joy and rest of a tour in Italy when the youth's strength had been overstrained; its pictures of the beauty of Sorento and the gayety of the streets of Naples have little relation with the later music, which does express modern German thought and the spirit, which, as many outside observers believe, was the cause of the present war. We have not reached the pass where one must be a champion of the Kaiser in order to enjoy Beethoven. And let us not accuse Dr. Muck of trying to put world politics into his programme, so long as he gives us such music as that of last evening.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau

TIMES
ss: Brooklyn, N. Y.

MUSIC NOTES OF INTEREST

Bostons Heard in Splendid Concert.

"LOHENGRIN" TO-NIGHT

Schumann-Heink Recital and Other Attractions.

The programme rendered last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music differed widely from that which the same organization presented on Thursday in Manhattan. On the latter occasion, two much-discussed works of very modern tendencies formed the chief feature. Last night Strauss' symphonic fantasy "From Italy" and Beethoven's "Egmont," were the chief offerings. It goes without saying, that as usual, perfection characterized these renditions and there was no lack of appreciation.

Yet the question might well be asked why Conductor Dr. Karl Muck failed to bring his new discoveries to this borough. Without going into the merits of the compositions in question, and without paying the slighteste attention to the criticism which almost burned holes into the music columns of the Manhattan newspapers, the Brooklyn Times contends that local concerts should be characterized by every conceivable novelty which our great conductors bring to this country. It is a great mistake to presume that the people across the river are the only ones who are able to sit in judgment on these matters, nor do we suspect for a single moment that Dr. Muck considers it unsafe to bring innovations into the land on this side of the subway terminals.

No matter what critics may say, it is certainly fair to assume that with the works of Sibelius and Reznicek must possess considerable merit or Dr. Muck would never consider them worthy of production. That much being settled, why must Brooklyn wait until every other part of the country has heard the new pieces?

Harold Bauer, the pianist, played Beethoven's G major concerto and abundant applause was given the soloist. He played with his usual sincerity and authority, and if he showed an inclination to be ponderous at times, this tendency did not mar the merit of the performance for the audience.

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
DEC 7 - 1914
Date

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Bei den Boſtonern hörte ich am Samstag Nachmittag in Carnegie Hall die Ropartz'ſche Vierte Symphonie, die wir am 27. November als Novität bei den Philharmonikern gehört hatten, zum zweitenmale, und zwar mit ſtärkerer Würdigung der Muſik, die diesmal vollere Wirkſamkeit entfaltete. Eine einzige Anhörung iſt für ein modernes Werk nicht viel, daher das Urtheil unter ſolchen Umſtänden nothwendigerweiſe ein proviſoriſches ſein muß. Wenn mich der Komponiſt auch diesmal nicht davon überzeugen [illegible], daß er ein Meiſterſtück geſchaffen hat, ſo erſchien mir ſein Werk doch gut balanzirt, vor allem ehrlicher Ueberzeugung voll und von ſehr anerkennenswerther Technik. Die Orcheſtrirung iſt vielfarbig, intereſſant, faſt nie überladen. Ich fand diesmal noch mehr als das erſtemal, daß es ein Fehler war, das Werk in einem einzigen Satz zuſammenzudrängen. Auf dieſe Enge in der Architektonik, in den allzu intim zuſammengefügten Kontraſten liegt es meiner Anſicht nach in erſter Linie, wenn das Werk bei einem erſten Anhören einen wenig kongruenten und balanzirten Eindruck macht. Geſpielt wurde es von den Boſtonern, daſſelbe gilt auch von Strauß ſymphoniſcher Phantaſie „Aus Italien" und der „Egmont"-Ouverture, mit voller Meiſterſchaft.

H.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
DEC 6 - 1914
Date

Est 1884

BOSTONIANS GIVE CONCERT FULL OF RICH MELODIES

Ropartz's C-Major Symphony Wins Great Favor at Its Second Hearing.

There was as great an amount of charm in yesterday afternoon's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall as there was lack of that quality in the Thursday evening concert by the same organization. In the one case there was the comfort of melody beautifully developed; in the other was the test of discord enlarged until nerves were outraged and left quivering.

To a certain extent Dr. Muck redeemed himself by his selections for yesterday's programme. He gave Strauss' "From Italy," symphonic fantasia; Ropartz C major symphony; and Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

MELODIOUS STRAUSS WORK.

The Strauss work was written at a time when that since-sensational composer was still under the spell of mellifluous influences, which means that the revolutionary spirit manifested in "Salome," "Elektra" and various modern tone poems had not then manifested itself. The orchestra illustrated its most genial mood in each of the four movements, displaying a superb tone quality, perfect balance in the different choirs and ensemble work that was a model of accuracy and solidity.

Dr. Muck had expected to introduce the Ropartz Symphony to New York, but he was anticipated by about a week, for Mr. Stransky and the Philharmonic Society presented it on November 27. A second hearing in even so short a time disclosed many beauties which were not realized at the earlier hearing. Though the symphony is played without a pause and lasts three-quarters of an hour, it held the interest from start to finish.

INFLUENCE OF FRENCH SCHOOL.

Mr. Ropartz shows in this work leanings toward the modern French school of composition, which influence he has used in moderation. There is poetic tunefulness and haunting harmony aplenty in the three unseparated movements. These he developed in an interesting and pleasing manner and on rather conventional lines, but never by any chance did he seek or acquire anything other than an artistic and laudable result. The Boston men played the work skilfully and effectively.

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date

E 1884

French Ropartz's fourth symphony, if not a "first time in New York," was the first of its nationality on Karl Muck's list at Carnegie Hall to-day. The Boston Symphony men were adding Strauss's "From Italy" and Beethoven's "Egmont." They will return here Jan. 7 and 9 with their first soloist, Fritz Kreisler.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York
Date 6 1914

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At their second matinee in Carnegie Hall this season yesterday afternoon the famous Boston Symphony played the fourth symphony of the French composer Ropartz, which was performed here last week by the Philharmonic. This essentially modern [illegible] with its moments of

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date DEC 3 - 19

BOSTON ORCHESTRA PRESENTS ROPARTZ

Symphony No. 4 in C Major Occupies 32 Minutes of Programme.

"EGMONT" OVERTURE PROVES REFRESHING

Strauss's Fantasia, "From Italy," Also Heard Under Dr. Muck's Direction.

As Josef Stransky already had produced Ropartz's symphony No. 4 in C major on Friday afternoon of last week, Dr. Muck's purpose of giving that work its first hearing in New York at yesterday's matinee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra came to naught.

But the long and tiresome composition was not replaced by another selection. Placed between Strauss's symphonic fantasia, "From Italy," and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, it occupied thirty-two weary minutes and proved quite as somniferous as at the excellent performance given by the Philharmonic Orchestra.

Of course the Boston Symphony Orchestra played as euphoniously as ever under Dr. Muck's masterly direction. But even playing so perfect cannot always make inspiring what is depressing. The only offering that refreshed and exhilarated the listener was the "Egmont" overture, which brought the concert to a close.

There seems to be a tendency in certain quarters to stir up feeling against Dr. Muck, though unquestionably he stands in the very forefront of his profession, and such a programme as he offered yesterday furnishes a useful pretext. Bearing in mind, however, the experiences of Anton Seidl, Arturo Toscanini and Gustav Mahler this would hardly be the first time men of such distinction in the world of music have aroused bitter opposition in New York.

From
Address: New York City
Date

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Dr. Muck Conducts a Programme of Little Importance.

The afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall yesterday was attended by a very large audience, which seemed not always sure of anything except that it was listening to good playing. The programme comprised Richard Strauss's suite, "Aus Italien", Guy Ropartz's C major symphony and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture. The house programme stated that the Ropartz symphony was to be played for the first time in New York, but it is only a few days since the Philharmonic Society performed it.

The second hearing of the work was pleasing, but it did not deepen the impression made by the first. It is good music, but has no great utterance to make. The French always write elegantly and even aristocratically. They have much judgment, taste and technic. Incidentally their music is usually urban. It smacks of Paris, and there is little in it except in the intermezzo to suggest rural France, and even then one wonders whether Ropartz had seen the peasants anywhere except out of the window of a train between Nancy and the capital. However, it is a pleasing symphony and it was beautifully played. Dr. Muck seemed to love it in a fatherly way and he conducted it with much tenderness.

There appears to be no particular reason why the Strauss suite should be played in these days. It is poor stuff and it does not represent the composer's best powers. It has very little to say, it says it weakly, and it takes too much time to do it. Without doubt, after the comparatively small results of the first two numbers the Beethoven overture must have made most hearers happy.

The two concerts of this second visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have left the admirers of the organization in an unhappy frame of mind. If the amiable Dr. Muck has lost his love for New York it is our misfortune, but it will perhaps be a help to the local orchestras. Let us hope that the distinguished conductor will favor us next time with a little Mozart.

Newspaper Cutting

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
DEC 6 19
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With last night devoted to opera, a the Boston Symphony Orchestra at t Academy on Friday evening with wonted large attendance, in addition the many private entertainments f "budding" debutantes, last week was o of the gayest thus far on the win calendar.

Prominent among the latest recruits the debutante ranks was Miss Helen Sanger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cary Sanger, who was introduced on Thursday at her parents' home, No. 10 Montague terrace. Miss Sanger and her mother were assisted by a bevy of the former's contemporaries and classmates at the Brooklyn Heights Seminary. Among them were Miss Eva Mall, Miss Marjorie Piper, Miss Gertrude Thurston, Miss Francis Coutts, Miss Cecilia Brewster, Miss Adelaide Moffatt, Miss Elizabeth Thayer, Miss Marion Wrigley, Miss Frances Dudley, Miss Katherine Dana, Miss Mabel Haynes, Miss Mary Dunnell, Miss Ruth Jenks, Miss Katherine eKtcham, Miss Cecilia Brewster, Miss Drusilla Cravens, Miss Louise Ruxton and Miss Elizabeth Thayer.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
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Dr. Muck's Men, Not the Music, Win Applause

Uninteresting Compositions Form Greater Part of Programme in Carnegie Hall.

What yesterday afternoon's audience at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall thought of the programme's chief novelty, Mr. Joseph Ropartz's Fourth Symphony, was expressed by the slight applause which followed its performance. It was first played in this city by the Philharmonic Society ten days ago. Its effect is best described by the comment of one ardent concertgoer yesterday who said;—

"It seemed very long when first I heard it, but to-day it seemed even longer. It must be a work that grows."

The audience was moved to desultory applause, and after this had died away some one started it again, as if it were an afterthought or a belated compliment to the orchestra's playing of the tedious score by the modern Frenchman. The work has few moments of beauty and few themes that interest, so its charm yesterday was in the skill with which it was played.

Of little interest, too, was Mr. Richard Strauss' "From Italy," which is an early work and is neither really Strauss nor good red herring. His later works show him a master of effects, while "From Italy" has only one movement, the third, that is of interest to present day audiences. If Dr. Karl Muck, the orchestra's conductor, delights in Dr. Strauss' music, as so many do, why not present a later work of the mature musician? Here again, however, the playing of the orchestra and not the composition was the thing, all except the trumpet break in the early part.

Newspaper Cutting

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
DEC 4 - 191
Date

Boſ ner Symphonie=Orcheſter.

Die Boſtoner ſpielten geſtern unter Dr. ck's Leitung ein recht dunkel gefärbtes ogramm in Carnegie Hall, das die abſchreckend häßliche Vierte Symphonie von ibelius mit ihren revoltirenden Kakophonien und ſonſtigen Häßlichkeiten brachte und als Novität ein „ſymphoniſches Lebensbild“ in einem Satz von Reznicek bot, das, „Schlemihl“ benannt, gänzlich in Strauß'ſchem Fahrwaſſer ſegelt, in einigen ſchönen Epiſoden jedoch auch eigene Laute nicht verleugnet. Ein ausführlicherer Bericht muß des Tyrannen „Raummangel“ wegen dem morgigen Blatt vorbehalten werden.

H.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York
Date DEC 4 191

Brangaene.

New York might well consider itself fortunate musically last night with Toscanini at the opera and Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall.

It was a programme of novel music that the Bostonians played, beginning with Sibelius' "Fourth Symphony," a work of unusual tonalities and generally sombre tone colors, which was played here on an earlier occasion. Then followed an attempt by Reznicek, a Viennese composer, to tell in musical terms the biography of Schlemihl, that legendary man who sold his shadow to the devil. Paul Draper's brief incidental solo near the end of this "Symphonic Biography" was the most intelligible feature of it. There was no misunderstanding Mr. Draper's clear cut German diction. Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Shakespearian Comedy" completed a programme which, however puzzling its musical content might be, was admirably played by the Boston musicians.

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date

Last evening's Boston Symphony concert in Carnegie Hall was like living next door to a music conservatory. Two solid hours of the most radical cacophonies of latter-day despots of din left 3,000 New Yorkers rather stunned with novelty. The splendid house slumped in its chairs, buried its heads in programme books. It laughed itself awake at the "vivace" of Sibelius's symphony, which ends in a question mark, calling Dr. Muck out again at the close. It made the band stand up with him after the new Reznicek "Schlemihl," and it rushed for its carriages after the last "Comedy Overture" of Scheinpflug.

From the first note of the Sibelius puzzle, the clarity of the big bass-fidd see-saw, like the Volga boatmen's "Ay Ouchnem," was unlike anything heard when the Finlander's fourth symphony was produced here once before. Take from Sibelius his "tarn helm" of rude mystery, and nothing remains. His tragic attempt to reproduce the voices of nature in the rugged iron-frost of a Northern clime falls to pieces under the melting sunlight of such interpretation. There was one instant of dramatic fury that struck fire in the "largo" episode.

The new "Schlemihl" was a different story, or would have been if there had never arisen a tone-poet before Reznicek by the name of Richard Strauss. The Austrian successor was original at least in a great orchestral groan and grand organpoint to which his hero died. Till then, the man "Schlemihl" led a "Heldenleben" of a life. He caroused to "Lieber Augustin," danced with the puppets of Aubrey Beardsley's Theatre Impossible—the books told that—married a mid-Victorian wife to the wedding march from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer's Night Dream" and heard the baby call "Papa" and "Mamma" in big George Longy's oboe. Paul Draper, hidden behind a celesta, sang the prayer after battle and sudden death.

Because the Boston Symphony is one of the big institutions of art in America its packed audiences are very jealous of their opportunities to hear what is going forward in the world on its five visits each year. Too much of a good thing last evening got the house by the ears. If Dr. Muck would read the programmes that Theodore Thomas played to this public he might see why his subscribers ask for less novelty at one dose, instead of more. Alfred Hertz and Dr. Dernburg stood up in a box throughout the "Schlemihl" number and smiled to see every man doing

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City.
Date

New Symphony Program Heard

MODERN music occupied the attention of the subscribers to last evening's concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. But it was modern music in its most unpleasant inharmonic form. Dr. Muck fairly outdid his former efforts in his endeavor to keep his audiences informed of the latest trend of contemporaneous composers.

There were but three numbers on the programme: Sibelius's symphony No. 4; Reznicek's "Schlemihl," a symphonic biography for orchestra, tenor and organ; and Scheinpflug's overture to a comedy of Shakespeare.

From SUN
Address NEW YORK CITY
Date DEC 4

BOSTON ORCHESTRA PLAYS A NOVELTY

An Ambitions Attempt at Psychology in Music Made by Reznicek.

PORTRAYS FATE OF MAN

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second evening concert of the present season at Carnegie Hall last night. The programme comprised Sibelius's fourth symphony, Reznicek's "Schlemihl" and Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare." The Sibelius composition was first played here by the Symphony Orchestra of this city under the direction of Walter Damrosch and gave rise to some diverse comments. The Scheinflug composition also had been heard before last evening, but Reznicek's work, which he calls a "symphonic biography," was a novelty.

The title of the work is in a sense arbitrary, because the music is not related to Chamisso's story of Peter Schlemihl, the man who lost his shadow. Reznicek tells us that his composition is intended to portray in music the life and fate of a modern man who is destroyed by the conflict between his ideal and his material existence. This man he essays to exhibit to us at his best and his worst. He even rushes him through Aubrey Beardsley's "Comedy of Marionettes," with its female dancer, flute player, marionette orchestra, humpbacked dwarf and singing woman.

The man becomes respectable and marries. There is a child. But the man suffers from too much ego. He struggles, rests, remembers happier hours, gets sick, sees approaching death, struggles some more, and finally in sheer disgust disappears in the beyond.

This is a not inconsiderable programme, which seems to aim at beating Richard Strauss at his own game. At any rate it appears to unite elements which enter into the schemes of that musician's "Til Eulenspiegel," "Don Juan" and "Death and Apotheosis."

It is unnecessary to enter into any extended comment on Reznicek's performance of his self-appointed task. His composition disclosed a picture of a good man laboring prodigiously, not without intellect, not without art, not without feeling, but alas! without ideas. The influence of Strauss—himself as much a "demnition product" as Waly Dad on the city wall—lies upon the whole composition. Its uglinesses are of the familiar stopped trumpet variety and its beauties are created by permitting fundamental harmonies to emerge occasionally from the general refuse heap.

But this symphonic biography is not worth discussion. It has all been done before, done better and done with a nearer simulation of dignity. During the performance of the weird and difficult Sibelius symphony and this Reznicek disturbance the audience was palpably bored, but it rendered its unfailing tribute of applause to the splendid playing of the orchestra. The Scheinpflug overture was a relief to those who remained to hear it. Every one will sincerely hope that the stern moods of Dr. Muck will pass away and that he will cease trying to educate New York to enjoy such dreadful things as the Reznicek composition.

Newspaper

From PRESS
Address: New York City
DEC 4
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BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES A NOVELTY

Reznicek's "Schlemihl" Is Heard by Audience Which Packs Carnegie Hall.

For the first concert of its second pair of New York concerts the Boston Symphony, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, last night presented an unusual programme before an audience which, as ever, packed Carnegie Hall. It would be interesting to know if the reception which it got would have been the same had any but the celebrated Dr. Muck ventured to put it forward. At best, it must be recorded, it was a severe strain on any but the most erudite listener.

Sibelius's Fourth Symphony in A minor was the first of the three numbers. In this work the composer, to quote a critic writing at its first New York performance, "has parted company with himself" and followed an entirely new track. To say it is very modern will convey some idea as to its character. True it is some of the harmonies are enough to distract any but a disciple of Schoenberg, even though they are brought to a well handled close. But the dominant note seems to

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BOSTON ORCHESTRA PRESENTS ROPARTZ

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Symphony No. 4 in C Major Occupies 32 Minutes of Programme.

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Newspaper Cutting

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From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
DEC 4 1914
Date

Esta

Boſ…ner Symphonie-Orcheſter.

Die Boſtoner ſpielten geſtern unter Dr. …ck's Leitung ein recht dunkel gefärbtes …ogramm in Carnegie Hall, das die abſchreckend häßliche Vierte Symphonie von Sibelius mit ihren revoltirenden Kakophonien und ſonſtigen Häßlichkeiten brachte und als Novität ein „ſymphoniſches Lebensbild“ in einem Satz von Reznicek bot, das, „Schlemihl“ benannt, gänzlich in Strauß'ſchem Fahrwaſſer ſegelt, in einigen ſchönen Epiſoden jedoch auch eigene Laute nicht verleugnet. Ein ausführlicherer Bericht muß des Tyrannen „Raummangel“ wegen dem morgigen Blatt vorbehalten werden.

H.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York
Date DEC

Brangaene.

New York might well consider itself fortunate musically last night with Toscanini at the opera and Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall.

It was a programme of novel music that the Bostonians played, beginning with Sibelius' "Fourth Symphony," a work of unusual tonalities and generally sombre tone colors, which was played here on an earlier occasion. Then followed an attempt by Reznicek, a Viennese composer, to tell in musical terms the biography of Schlemihl, that legendary man who sold his shadow to the devil. Paul Draper's brief incidental solo near the end of this "Symphonic Biography" was the most intelligible feature of it. There was no misunderstanding Mr. Draper's clear cut German diction. Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Shakespearian Comedy" completed a programme which, however puzzling its musical content might be, was admirably played by the Boston musicians.

1884

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date

Esta

Last evening's Boston Symphony concert in Carnegie Hall was like living next door to a music conservatory. Two solid hours of the most radical cacophonies of latter-day despots of din left 3,000 New Yorkers rather stunned with novelty. The splendid house slumped in its chairs, buried its heads in programme books. It laughed itself awake at the "vivace" of Sibelius's symphony, which ends in a question mark, calling Dr. Muck out again at the close. It made the band stand up with him after the new Reznicek "Schlemihl," and it rushed for its carriages after the last "Comedy Overture" of Scheinpflug.

From the first note of the Sibelius puzzle, the clarity of the big bass-fidd see-saw, like the Volga boatmen's "Ay Ouchnem," was unlike anything heard when the Finlander's fourth symphony was produced here once before. Take from Sibelius his "tarn helm" of rude mystery, and nothing remains. His tragic attempt to reproduce the voices of nature in the rugged iron-frost of a Northern clime falls to pieces under the melting sunlight of such interpretation. There was one instant of dramatic fury that struck fire in the "largo" episode.

The new "Schlemihl" was a different story, or would have been if there had never arisen a tone-poet before Reznicek by the name of Richard Strauss. The Austrian successor was original at least in a great orchestral groan and grand organ-point to which his hero died. Till then, the man "Schlemihl" led a "Heldenleben" of a life. He caroused to "Lieber Augustin," danced with the puppets of Aubrey Beardsley's Theatre Impossible—the books told that—married a mid-Victorian wife to the wedding march from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer's Night Dream" and heard the baby call "Papa" and "Mamma" in big George Longy's oboe. Paul Draper, hidden behind a celesta, sang the prayer after battle and sudden death.

Because the Boston Symphony is one of the big institutions of art in America its packed audiences are very jealous of their opportunities to hear what is going forward in the world on its five visits each year. Too much of a good thing last evening got the house by the ears. If Dr. Muck would read the programmes that Theodore Thomas played to this public he might see why his subscribers ask for less novelty at one dose, instead of more. Alfred Hertz and Dr. Dernburg stood up in a box throughout the "Schlemihl" number and smiled to see every man doing his duty in the trenches in what sounded like real war.

84

Date

Estab

New Symphony Program Heard

384

MODERN music occupied the attention of the subscribers to last evening's concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. But it was modern music in its most unpleasant inharmonic form. Dr. Muck fairly outdid his former efforts in his endeavor to keep his audiences informed of the latest trend of contemporaneous composers.

There were but three numbers on the programme: Sibelius's symphony No. 4; Reznicek's "Schlemihl," a symphonic biography for orchestra, tenor and organ; and Scheinpflug's overture to a comedy of Shakespeare.

From SUN
Address NEW YORK CITY
Date DEC 4

BOSTON ORCHESTRA PLAYS A NOVELTY

An Ambitions Attempt at Psychology in Music Made by Reznicek.

PORTRAYS FATE OF MAN

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second evening concert of the present season at Carnegie Hall last night. The programme comprised Sibelius's fourth symphony, Reznicek's "Schlemihl" and Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare." The Sibelius composition was first played here by the Symphony Orchestra of this city under the direction of Walter Damrosch and gave rise to some diverse comments. The Scheinflug composition also had been heard before last evening, but Reznicek's work, which he calls a "symphonic biography," was a novelty.

The title of the work is in a sense arbitrary, because the music is not related to Chamisso's story of Peter Schlemihl, the man who lost his shadow. Reznicek tells us that his composition is intended to portray in music the life and fate of a modern man who is destroyed by the conflict between his ideal and his material existence. This man he essays to exhibit to us at his best and his worst. He even rushes him through Aubrey Beardsley's "Comedy of Marionettes," with its female dancer, flute player, marionette orchestra, humpbacked dwarf and singing woman.

The man becomes respectable and marries. There is a child. But the man suffers from too much ego. He struggles, rests, remembers happier hours, gets sick, sees approaching death, struggles some more, and finally in sheer disgust disappears in the beyond.

This is a not inconsiderable programme, which seems to aim at beating Richard Strauss at his own game. At any rate it appears to unite elements which enter into the schemes of that musician's "Til Eulenspiegel," "Don Juan" and "Death and Apotheosis."

It is unnecessary to enter into any extended comment on Reznicek's performance of his self-appointed task. His composition disclosed a picture of a good man laboring prodigiously, not without intellect, not without art, not without feeling, but alas! without ideas. The influence of Strauss—himself as much a "demnition product" as Waly Dad on the city wall—lies upon the whole composition. Its uglinesses are of the familiar stopped trumpet variety and its beauties are created by permitting fundamental harmonies to emerge occasionally from the general refuse heap.

But this symphonic biography is not worth discussion. It has all been done before, done better and done with a nearer simulation of dignity. During the performance of the weird and difficult Sibelius symphony and this Reznicek disturbance the audience was palpably bored, but it rendered its unfailing tribute of applause to the splendid playing of the orchestra. The Scheinpflug overture was a relief to those who remained to hear it. Every one will sincerely hope that the stern moods of Dr. Muck will pass away and that he will cease trying to educate New York to enjoy such dreadful things as the Reznicek composition.

Newspaper

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date DEC 4

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES A NOVELTY

rk, 1884

Reznicek's "Schlemihl" Is Heard by Audience Which Packs Carnegie Hall.

For the first concert of its second pair of New York concerts the Boston Symphony, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, last night presented an unusual programme before an audience which, as ever, packed Carnegie Hall. It would be interesting to know if the reception which it got would have been the same had any but the celebrated Dr. Muck ventured to put it forward. At best, it must be recorded, it was a severe strain on any but the most erudite listener.

Sibelius's Fourth Symphony in A minor was the first of the three numbers. In this work the composer, to quote a critic writing at its first New York performance, "has parted company with himself" and followed an entirely new track. To say it is very modern will convey some idea as to its character. True it is some of the harmonies are enough to distract any but a disciple of Schoenberg, even though they are brought to a well handled close. But the dominant note seems to [illegible] unrest, [illegible] sustained to the last bar. It was given a splendid reading, it goes without saying.

Novelty of the Programme.

Following the Sibelius came Reznicek's "Schlemihl," the novelty of the programme, which is best described in the German words "symphonisches Lebensbild." By comparison with the task before the composer who sets himself to compose a portrait in tones the matter of writing a musical biography is simple, and the composer of "Schlemini" was quite equal to his task.

In analyzing his own work Reznicek said that this symphonic poem had nothing to do with the Peter Schemihl of the Chamisso story, who lost his shadow. It is intended only to portray the fate "of a modern man pursued by misfortune, who goes to destruction in the conflict between his ideal and his material existence." That he accomplished what he set out to do was the opinion of most of the hearers last night, especially those who had the programme notes to guide them.

There are some really beautiful passages in the work and some of a stirring quality of real worth. The prayer, a tenor solo, sung last night by Paul Draper, is Goethe's "Wanderers Nachtlied." With the organ accompaniment it makes an effective prelude to the final theme. When it is heard again probably it will be welcome on New York programmes.

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From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date
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BOSTON ORCHESTRA WINS AUDIENCE

Schienpflug's 'Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare' Saves Programme.

OTHER NUMBERS TECHNICALLY FINE

Sibelius's Fourth Symphony and Reznicek's "Biography" Brilliantly Played.

The Orchestra from Boston came to us again last night, and Carnegie Hall held an audience such as gathers there only when Major Higginson's musicians honor us with their presence. It was an audience which contained all that is most brilliant in New York's musical public; it came hoping and expecting to be conquered—and despite the programme it was conquered, solely by the magnificent playing of the band under Dr. Muck's baton.

It must be said at the outset that the programme was one of the dullest ever given by Dr. Muck at a Boston Symphony concert. It contained only three numbers, of which only the last, Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare," brought happiness. This overture was a bright and very characteristic composition into which is worked a charming English melody of the sixteenth century. It sent the audience away happy, and almost willing to forgive the boredom which had gone before. The two preceding numbers were Sibelius's Fourth Symphony and Reznicek's "Schlemihl," a symphonic biography for full orchestra, tenor solo and organ.

We have made a larger acquaintance with Sibelius's music since he first charmed us with his "Finlandia" and his early symphonies. His music, based on incidents in the Finnish epic, "Kalewala," has aroused a sincere admiration for his genius as an interpreter of the national spirit in music. But his fourth symphony is still repellent, or we are still rebellent. It still seems to us that if it is not it ought to be irritating to all who have not made it a point to see beauty and significance in every kind of expression in the art, provided it departs sufficiently far from the accepted canons of taste. This is one of the affectations which will no doubt be rooted out of music as one of the results of the cataclysm through which civilization is passing now. After it will come a greater tranquillity of thought, a sincerer devotion to æsthetic principles, less arrogant assertion of the privilege of doing what one pleases, based on the notion that the layman is an ignoramus and the critic a pedant, and that an artist needs only say that he feels it to be right to do as he is doing, and that, if an observer disputes his right to paint a red house with blue pigments, the observer simply does not see with artist's eyes.

The latest of Sibelius's symphonies is crude and rude in its thematic material, and in its harmonization seems purposely designed to pain the ears of its hearers. As was said here a year and a half ago, it is an individual expression beyond question, but it will be hard for anyone to believe that the composer wrote it because it was the voice of any æsthetical or emotional

1914
rk, 1884

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ance [illegible] in it might be explained [illegible] ground that it was designed to be delineative of outward incident, like some of the "Kalewala" music, but unless this explanation be adopted and the programme confessed it must leave the mind of the normal listener in a maze.

Needless to say, the great band gave it a splendid performance, a performance which brought out most effectively the technical excellencies of the work and the composer's mastery of orchestral effect. The audience gave the symphony only a polite reception.

The Reznicek "Symphonic Biography" was very much in the school of Richard Strauss. It portrayed the "life and fate of a modern man pursued by misfortune, who goes to destruction in the conflict between his ideal and his material existence," and portrayed it in the usual mood of flambuoyant pessimism so prevalent in musical Germany of to-day. It was in spirit a sort of compound of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," "Don Juan" and "Symphonia Domestica." It possessed some melodic inspiration, which was overwhelmed by a mass of Straussian dissonances, and it was in addition entirely too long. In fact, there seemed altogether too much ado about a very uninteresting character, the chief merit of the composition being its sense of orchestral technical mastery.

The tenor solo in the composition was sung by Mr. Paul Draper. Why Mr. Draper should have been selected to sing it must have roused much wonder.

H. E. K.

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date 4 1914
Established:

DREARY PROGRAMME BY BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Second Evening Concert Tedious—Reznicek's Symphonic Biography Has First Hearing.

Musically, last evening's Boston Symphony Orchestra concert in Carnegie Hall was unspeakably dreary.

The first fifty minutes of wasted musical effort was devoted to Jean Sibilius's fourth symphony, in A minor, which received its American premiere at a New York Symphony Orchestra concert on March 2, 1913.

Following the symphony was the first performance in this city of Emil Nikolaus Reznicek's symphonic biography, entitled "Schlemihl." Declaring in his own analysis of the work that it has nothing to do in any way with Chamisso's Schlemihl, who has been embodied in "The Tales of Hoffmann," the Austrian composer explains that his music is intended to depict, in tones, the life of a modern man pursued by misfortune, who goes to destruction in the conflict between his ideal and his material existence.

Played without pause between the four sections, the composition is frankly descriptive and filled with constant contrasts that serve the intended purpose.

The music portrays the first haughty bearing of man, then destiny, his strayings and debauchery, and his struggles toward downfall. The close brings a prayer for peace, in which a tenor solo is introduced.

Were this symphonic biography shorter it might gain in value.

A performance that did not show the orchestra at its best included the added services of an organist and Paul Draper, whose singing of the prayer was weak in voice and style. The final work on the programme was Scheinpflug's overture to a Shakespeare comedy.

From HERALD
Address: New York City.
Date DEC 4 - 1914
Est 188

Strange Things Told in Music by Boston Men

Reznicek's "Symphonic Biography," Played by Orchestra, Depicts a Humpback, a Dancer and a Disgusted Man.

Advocates of modern music got their fill of unusual harmonies and orchestral effects at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert in Carnegie Hall last night. Dr. Karl Muck chose three works of the most modern style of presentation. The fourth symphony of the Finnish composer Sibelius, with which the programme began, is already known in this city, having been introduced to this country by the New York Symphony Orchestra last year. It is a strange work, dissonant but not so highly colored as the majority of modern things.

The real novelty of the evening was a new work by a Viennese composer, Reznicek, called "Schlemihl," a symphonic biography. As with many late compositions, it was played without pause and was so long as to tax the nerves of many hearers whose taste does not run toward dissonance. At first it seemed a disconnected succession of episodes. Perhaps that is what the composer meant it to be.

In his own analysis printed in the programme notes Reznicek gives some of the

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[illegible] he meant [illegible]. Among them there appear the [illegible] man, straying [illegible] a fantastical orgy, a female dancer, a mad flute player, a humpbacked dwarf, a love scene and a man seized with disgust who lets himself glide toward Nirvana.

How all of that could be expressed musically without seeming to wander in treatment occasionally is a wonder. There were entrancing fragments of music amidst the harsh sounding of the brass section and lound beating of drums. There were thrilling climaxes, such as the one directly following the incidental vocal solo which was sung by Mr. Paul Draper, who has shown himself before now equal to almost any task requiring perfect intonation in chromatic works. He did his little work well.

The symphonic biography as a whole in spite of its beauties, some of which were suggestive of more than one of Germany's composers, did not give the impression of being a unified whole. Sometimes the orchestral effects seemed to have been used simply to display the composer's ingenuity rather than to bring out pictorial effects.

Scheinpflug's overture to a comedy of Shakespeare was the third and last work played. The playing of the orchestra was excellent, all that could be desired, but the amount of applause which followed the numbers would indicate that there were many in the audience who would prefer to hear Dr. Muck and his men play more of the classics than of present day novelties.

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From [redacted] TIMES
Address: New York City
Date DEC 4 - 1914
rk, 1884

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Concert of Modern Music by Sibelius, Reznicek, and Schienpflug.

Dr. Muck put the audience at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert last evening in Carnegie Hill to probably the severest test it has ever been subjected to, of its capacity to absorb new music. The result was scarcely less than a proof of iron endurance. His programme was made up of three modern compositions—Jean Sibelius's fourth symphony in A minor, Emil Reznicek's "symphonic biography," as he calls it, "Schlemihl," and Paul Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakepeare." Of these the first and last had been heard in New York before, but were at least unfamiliar to most of the listeners and new perhaps to many.

Sibelius's symphony was played in March, 1913, by the New York Symphony Orchestra. It was at that time scarcely intelligible to many of its listeners; last evening it was no more so. Its four movements are strangely disjointed, fragmentary, thin in substance. It was remarked when it was first heard here that it signifies a sudden and complete departure of the composer from all his previous musical ideals as they have been represented in other of his orchestral compositions known to New York.

It seems still hemmed in with doubts of his own raising; uncertainties, half-hearted attempts, beginnings without issue. His themes are long and diffuse, but they are developed with little progress toward any definite result, vaguely, with an irresolute touch. They are dropped and something else taken up; they vanish mysteriously and leave no sign. The movements wander on and expire like a candle blown out. Their substance and method are wholly rhapsodical. The second, an "allegro molto vivace," begins somewhat more coherently than the others, with a rhythmically striking theme in the feeling of a scherzo, but the mists soon gather around it, and it vanishes into nothingness with an abruptness that leaves the audience for several seconds bewildered. The composer gathers himself finally in the third movement for a strong and eloquent passage, and again in the last movement, but they are very brief, and he returns to his wandering unisons, his fragmentary reiterations.

The instrumentation is very light and transparent. There are "modern" effects of the "whole tone scale." The themes are often presented in imitation by one and another choir with a harmonic background thin to the verge of barrenness. They are set against each other in biting dissonances with perfect unconcern. The performance was a remarkably finished one and the analysis of the work to which Dr. Muck's reading subjected it seemed to lay bare its thinness pitilessly.

The symphony, at least, gives the impression of being the work of a musical personality, however, misdirected. Reznicek's long "symphonic biography," "Schlemihl," however is the pretentious and bombastic attempt of a commonplace imitator of Strauss. The elaborate framework of a "programme," given by the composer in detail, is such as Strauss uses with infinitely greater talent. Some of the themes, such as that which opens the work, representing "the man," show their source without much guile. There is the whole outfit of biographical detail, which the music pursues with a fidelity purely literary, wholly incompatible with a real musical significance.

It is full of the conventional signs, signals, and earmarks of the musician bent more on a programme than on music, and without the talent to produce a plausible compatibility between them. At the end "the word" must be allowed to enter, to give full expression to the climax; and Mr. Paul Draper sang the short solo which is a setting of Goethe's "Wanderer's Nachtlied." The orchestra played the work with great finish and with elaborate bravura.

Scheinpflug's overture was played here by the Boston Orchestra, under Max Fiedler's direction, in March, 1909, when it gave pleasure as a clever piece of musical humor, with traits of a true comic spirit.

From EVENING GLOBE
Address: New York City.
Date DEC 4 - 1914
Esta 884

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

At the first of its second pair of concerts in Carnegie Hall last night the Boston Symphony Orchestra was tuned to the pitch of its perfections. Perhaps it is too much to expect the perfections of any orchestra in the world at the very beginning of a season, but of the Boston Orchestra we do. The performance of its first pair of concerts here a few weeks ago was so nearly all of what we have grown accustomed to expect that the performance last night, with the excitement of its transparent fire, was almost a surprise.

The Fourth Symphony of Sibelius, which headed the programme, was played for the first time by this orchestra two years ago in Boston. Any one who had heard the two performances might well have wondered at the clarity with which all that is so beautifully mysterious in this music had at last been embodied. In the first performance there was the groping of a life in a mist. In the performance last night the symphony seemed like a cloud of evaporating sculpture. Neither performance was obscure, and in neither performance did the symphony itself seem less profound with the questioning shapes of life that cannot be answered. The Fourth Symphony of Sibelius is a supreme invitation to revery.

Individual as this music is and as rich as it is in innovations, it does not belong to the so-called music of the future. It is not Cubist music and it is not Futurist music, though it has been called such by critics who see in Cubism and Futurism only something which they cannot see through. The Fourth Symphony of Sibelius is organically connected with the traditional forms, but it is completely free from the traditional rhetoric of music, the dramatic emphasis which is the birthmark of self-consciousness, the gesture of climax. The symphony of introspection, it is never the soliloquy of the theatre. A little like a maniac, it talks to itself; it is the lonely solo of lonely thought; it is the only solipsist in art. And so the tones of eloquence are all quite naturally absent.

Intensity of mood seems to strangle the tone instead of releasing it, and in the place of a fortissimo there is continually the effect of exploding into silence. The ending of the second movement is the most mysteriously sudden effect that I know in music. It comes like sudden death to a man who is thinking only of living, not merely without preparation, without even the pause of recognition. It makes the anticlimax of life itself.

The second number was the "Schlemihl," by Reznicek, a brilliant and moving piece of programme music which had here its first performance in New York. This work is not without reminiscences of Strauss and Wagner, but is none the less fresh with its own individuality, full of vivacity and novel coloring. Certain passages for the harps did much by a queer brittle effect of splintered sound to show a new way to deal with an instrument that needs to be desentimentalized. Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare" brought the concert to a close with a systematic mingling of modern Germany and Elizabethan England.

From Daily Eagle, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Address DEC 4 - 1914
Date
Es 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY LECTURE

Mason's Analysis of Concert to Be Given Tonight.

In his lecture recital last evening on the programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert, which will be given tonight, Daniel Gregory Mason, first took up Richard Strauss's "Aus Italien," his symphonic fantasia, which was written in 1886 when the composer was twenty-two years old. It marked the transition from his classical to his "poetic" or "realistic" style. His earlier works, influenced chiefly by Brahms, followed the traditional forms, such as the sonata form, based on a systematic arrangement of melodies. At the time "Aus Italien" was written, Strauss was dissatisfied with these forms, and began, under the influence of his friend, Alexander Ritter, to work in the direction which Berlioz and Liszt had indicated — "programme music" — based on a free evolution of themes. Mr. Mason pointed out that his great success in this experiment depended in no small measure on his thorough training in traditional methods. The lecturer then played parts of the first and third movements of the work, "In the Campagna," and "By Sorrento's Strand."

Beethoven's "Piano Concerto in G," it was suggested, also contained in its second movement an example of the same style of "poetic" or definitely expressive musical ideas. In illustration, the movement was played in full.

The lecture closed with an exposition and performance of Beethoven's Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," which constitutes the third number on tonight's programme. Mr. Mason played with sureness of touch and sympathetic understanding and was warm applauded. The recital was gi the lecture hall, Academy of under Institute auspices.

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Novelty of the Programme.

Following the Sibelius came Reznicek's "Schlemihl," the novelty of the programme, which is best described in the German words "symphonisches Lebensbild." By comparison with the task before the composer who sets himself to compose a portrait in tones the matter of writing a musical biography is simple, and the composer of "Schlemini" was quite equal to his task.

In analyzing his own work Reznicek said that this symphonic poem had nothing to do with the Peter Schemihl of the Chamisso story, who lost his shadow. It is intended only to portray the fate "of a modern man pursued by misfortune, who goes to destruction in the conflict between his ideal and his material existence." That he accomplished what he set out to do was the opinion of most of the hearers last night, especially those who had the programme notes to guide them.

There are some really beautiful passages in the work and some of a stirring quality of real worth. The prayer, a tenor solo, sung last night by Paul Draper, is Goethe's "Wanderers Nachtlied." With the organ accompaniment it makes an effective prelude to the final theme. When it is heard again probably it will be welcome on New York programmes.

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From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date

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From WORLD
Address: New York City
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Following the symphony was the first performance in this city of Emil Nikolaus Reznicek's symphonic biography, entitled "Schlemihl." Declaring in his own analysis of the work that it has nothing to do in any way with Chamisso's Schlemihl, who has been embodied in "The Tales of Hoffmann," the Austrian composer explains that his music is intended to depict, in tones, the life of a modern man pursued by misfortune, who goes to destruction in the conflict between his ideal and his material existence.

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Novelty of the Programme.

Following the Sibelius came Reznicek's "Schlemihl," the novelty of the programme, which is best described in the German words "symphonisches Lebensbild." By comparison with the task before the composer who sets himself to compose a portrait in tones the matter of writing a musical biography is simple, and the composer of "Schlemihl" was quite equal to his task.

In analyzing his own work Reznicek said that this symphonic poem had nothing to do with the Peter Schemihl of the Chamisso story, who lost his shadow. It is intended only to portray the fate "of a modern man pursued by misfortune, who goes to destruction in the conflict between his ideal and his material existence." That he accomplished what he set out to do was the opinion of most of the hearers last night, especially those who had the programme notes to guide them.

There are some really beautiful passages in the work and some of a stirring quality of real worth. The prayer, a tenor solo, sung last night by Paul Draper, is Goethe's "Wanderers Nachtlied." With the organ accompaniment it makes an effective prelude to the final theme. When it is heard again probably it will be welcome on New York programmes.

Full of Novel Twists and Turns.

An "overture to a comedy of Shakespeare," by Paul Scheinpflug, completed the list. It is a brilliantly scored piece, light and melodious, and full of novel twists and turns. The amusing ending, when the Glockenspiel does an unexpected trick, leaves a pleasant impression.

The band played with its usual superb finish and charm. It is noticeable, somehow, that the players seem to enjoy their work, which may be responsible for the perfect ensemble.

From TRIBUNE
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BOSTON ORCHESTRA WINS AUDIENCE

Schienpflug's 'Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare' Saves Programme.

OTHER NUMBERS TECHNICALLY FINE

Sibelius's Fourth Symphony and Reznicek's "Biography" Brilliantly Played.

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ance [illegible] in it might be explained on the ground that it was designed to be delineative of outward incident, like some of the "Kalewala" music, but unless this explanation be adopted and the programme confessed it must leave the mind of the normal listener in a maze.

Needless to say, the great band gave it a splendid performance, a performance which brought out most effectively the technical excellencies of the work and the composer's mastery of orchestral effect. The audience gave the symphony only a polite reception.

The Reznicek "Symphonic Biography" was very much in the school of Richard Strauss. It portrayed the "life and fate of a modern man pursued by misfortune, who goes to destruction in the conflict between his ideal and his material existence," and portrayed it in the usual mood of flambuoyant pessimism so prevalent in musical Germany of to-day. It was in spirit a sort of compound of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," "Don Juan" and "Symphonia Domestica." It possessed some melodic inspiration, which was overwhelmed by a mass of Straussian dissonances, and it was in addition entirely too long. In fact, there seemed altogether too much ado about a very uninteresting character, the chief merit of the composition being its sense of orchestral technical mastery.

The tenor solo in the composition was sung by Mr. Paul Draper. Why Mr. Draper should have been selected to sing it must have roused much won-

H. E. K.

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In his own analysis printed in the programme notes Reznicek gives some of the things he meant to depict. Among them there appear the vicious man, straying in a fantastical orgy, a female dancer, a mad flute player, a humpbacked dwarf, a love scene and a man seized with disgust who lets himself glide toward Nirvana.

How all of that could be expressed musically without seeming to wander in treatment occasionally is a wonder. There were entrancing fragments of music amidst the harsh sounding of the brass section and lound beating of drums. There were thrilling climaxes, such as the one directly following the incidental vocal solo which was sung by Mr. Paul Draper, who has shown himself before now equal to almost any task requiring perfect intonation in chromatic works. He did his little work well.

The symphonic biography as a whole in spite of its beauties, some of which were suggestive of more than one of Germany's composers, did not give the impression of being a unified whole. Sometimes the orchestral effects seemed to have been used simply to display the composer's ingenuity rather than to bring out pictorial effects.

Scheinpflug's overture to a comedy of Shakespeare was the third and last work played. The playing of the orchestra was excellent, all that could be desired, but the amount of applause which followed the numbers would indicate that there were many in the audience who would prefer to hear Dr. Muck and his men play more of the classics than of present day novelties.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

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Mr. Bauer has trod the way of all great pianists and of the few great ones now living. Year by year he has diminished in virtuosity and grown greater in poetic eloquence, in true feeling, in making his technique an instrument and not an end. He was never an advertised prodigy; his reputation grew steadily as an artist and as an artist alone. That is perhaps the reason why the topmost gallery was not crowded last night. There is nothing superficial, nothing meretricious about Mr. Bauer's playing, nothing to attract any but the truest lovers of music.

Last night he played a difficult concerta, and one particularly ungrateful to the prodigy type of pianist. In the greater part of the first movement the piano is executing delicate embroideries about the smooth and shining cloth of the orchestra's weaving. In the combined andante and rondo the piano comes into its own, but even there Mr. Bauer kept it in the swing of the orchestra, making his instrument a necessary complement of the whole.

It is not that Mr. Bauer ever lacked technique. The perfection of each separate note, the sureness of phrasing, the finely intelligent reading of the score which he made last night, are all proof that in a question of technique Mr. Bauer is with the masters. But he knows that the great thing is to make each separate item of feeling felt, just as it is necessary to give each note its place. His accents in the cantabile passages were made with artistic righteousness, and his fire in the rondo was gloriously stirring.

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The concerto came in the middle of the program, but it sent the Brahms symphony into far oblivion, and made it very hard to listen even to Beethoven's own "Egmont." It is now exactly four weeks since Doctor Muck led the "Eroica" symphony here, but the memory of its splendor has not died out. That memory made the intellectual melodies of Brahms seem almost pathetically unreal. Melodies there were, but they were not rich, not informed with gracious spirit, except for the allegretto.

And admitting that in its graciousness there is a touch of life, there remains the distinction that Brahms' dance is a ballet, an intellectual diversion, pretty to look at, but it does not draw the feet of the hearer into its swing. And to dance one should listen with the feet, not with the ear. When Beethoven wrote dances, they were human, like the fox-trot. Brahms' dance is a ballet.

It was this mental quality of the symphony which tinged the whole evening and removed it by an appreciable step from the former triumphs of the Boston Symphony. Of Doctor Muck's graceful, powerful leading there is no need to say again what is so well known—that it is one of the highest pleasures vouchsafed us. It has been said that the Boston Symphony is the finest single instrument given a man to play upon—and Doctor Muck is the happy man who deserves that honor. But the orchestra was not at its noblest last night, except in the concerto. Even the stressful "Egmnot" did not lift it to abnormal heights. And one has learned to expect the very highest from these players. That explains why their sustained and even glory was not so effective last night. They could do the mosaic of raindrops in the symphony, and the powerful emotion of the "Egmont," but they had no music which called for perfection of feeling as well as for perfection of art.

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But Sibelius is far from this clan of blatant dabblers in puerile futilities. He is a composer of music and not a mere illustrator of a literary fabric whose texture would be beneath the contempt of a tenth-rate pseudo-philosophic literarian.

Sibelius has an imagination that finds its expression in music alone, in distinctively individual, intensely subjective music. He has absorbed the many inventions of the Frenchmen of the day, but he gives them forth according to his own purposes. The complexities of his utterance are hidden within the structure of this music, whilst the speech itself is admirably simple, eloquently simple.

This is music that finds its roots entwined among the principles that dominated the music of Johann Sebastian Bach. But its message to a modern audience is a voice from life itself, the life of the period, the sanely materialistic, aristocratically spiritual philosophy of the few. It is the gospel of futility in all save the single human manifestation of beauty.

Dr. Muck played the Sibelius symphony with much clarifying attention to detail, with a penetrative account of its rhythmic necessities and enlightening variety of tempo and dynamics, but there might have been more vigor, more emphasis upon its expression of brooding hopelessness. The orchestra played it with conviction. Of particular beauty were the many passages amounting almost to solo features as played by the several first instruments.

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"Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare," by Scheinpflug Closes Programme.

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The habitual Manhattan concert-goer had, of course, heard the symphony once before. He was inclined, therefore, to be more apathetic if in no respect more tolerant. When Mr. Damrosch escorted his New York orchestra through its maze of Finnish idiosyncrasies in the early part of 1913 he created a courteous attentiveness by an apology a priori. He requested, well-nigh implored, his audience, to strive their best to meet this symphony they were about to hear half way—as far as they could! One had to hear all sorts of things with a brave heart. Why not, therefore, Sibelius? He was so evidently sincere about it that the audience did its utmost to be nice.

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At the hands of Dr. Muck and his virtuose musicians the contour and plan of the four movements became vastly clearer. There was the progress, you see, of a second hearing, coupled with every interpretive advantage. For one listener at least the work lost something of its first Kalevaler mysticism through the fact that it baffled him no longer. As heard last night it seemed nothing more nor less than a broadening and enlargement of that Swan song, sang throughont the concert halls of Europe, in the middle nineties, at the very outest of this Finnish composer's career. (Even in the timing of a Swan song, you perceive, there was an inversion.) It remains, however, a work of metaphysical sincerity with certain taut moments, closely defining something that may be that elusive fourth dimension. On the sense of the fourth dimension will it rely for fugitive responsiveness, until general public taste moves one peg further.

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Portrayed With Real Fervor.

The booklet calls it "sinking into Nirvana"—but Nirvana is reabsorption in the Supreme—not cessation through failure. The hero's mightiest effort, ere his relinquishment is here portrayed with a real fervor of exultation.

Closing this Boston Symphony concert there was played an "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare"—name of comedy undivulged, Sheinpflug, the composer, is familiar to many concertgoers through his "Fruehling ein Kampf und Lehenslied." The overture of last evening is like a blending of Cubism and the art of Maxfield Parrish.

The effect of the concert as an entirety was profound in one direction or the other, according to the conservatism or rebellious individualism of the listener.

Miss Beatrice, Gjertsen, an American who is Chamberlain-Singer and a member of the Grand Ducal Court Opera at Weimar, gave a vocal recital at Aeolian Hall in the evening, having been preceded in the same type of diversion by Miss Florence Austin

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pictures of the Harvard-Yale game showing Coolidge's 9 yard run for a touchdown were an added feature.

Boston Symphony Concert.

A program made up of three numbers, long favorites with local audiences, and a soloist who has already won a strong following among music-lovers here made the popular success of last night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy a foregone conclusion. Beethoven, in two of his most stirring moods, represented by the fourth concerto for piano and the Egmont overture, and Brahms in the most melodic of his symphonies, the second, in D major, were the offerings. In all of them Dr. Muck's thorough leadership over his men was again apparent, as it has been ever since he assumed control of the organization, and his musicianly and temperamental reading of the scores was characteristic of him at his best.

Harold Bauer, the soloist, has grown steadily in his art since his first appearances here. The Beethoven concerto demands both technic and sympathetic understanding of the highest order, and to say that Mr, Bauer gave an interpretation that was in all ways satisfactory sums up his ability with no conservative praise. Contrasted with an unusual strength and resonant power is a limpid pianissimo fitly comparable to the traditional purling of brooks, with a mastery of all of the moods between. There is nothing sensational in his playing; it is sincere and well considered and colored throughout with a studiousness that is scholarly, without being even remotely pedantic.

In both the overture and the symphony the orchestra again demonstrated that it possesses a tonal quality that cannot be matched by any other organization that appears here. This is largely due unquestionably to the fact that it is financially able to own instruments that are masterpieces of the makers' art and that are unrivalled by any other similar collection in this country, but instruments alone are not sufficient to achieve the results that have given the Boston musicians their standing. The thorough training, the many years through which they have been playing as a body and the careful selection of men of proved ability all go to produce the qualities that have won them such a large following here and elsewhere.

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"Tristan" Sung at the Opera; Boston Band in New Music

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The challenge was quite indubitably apparent, for Dr. Muck presented three works which the greater part of those who listened found to be terra incognita. One of these works had never before been heard in New York, another only once, in March, 1913, and the third also only once, at a performance of the Boston Orchestra during the conductorship of Max Fiedler. All, moreover, are compositions of the last few years and embody the most modern of modernism in structure and orchestration and general scheme.

The three compositions were the Fourth Symphony of Jan Sibelius, Emil Nikolaus von Reznicek's "Schlemihl, a Symphonic Biography," and Paul Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare."

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pictures of the Harvard-Yale game showing Coolidge's 93 yard run for a touchdown were an added feature.

Boston Symphony Concert.

A program made up of three numbers, long favorites with local audiences, and a soloist who has already won a strong following among music-lovers here made the popular success of last night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy a foregone conclusion. Beethoven, in two of his most stirring moods, represented by the fourth concerto for piano and the Egmont overture, and Brahms in the most melodic of his symphonies, the second, in D major, were the offerings. In all of them Dr. Muck's thorough leadership over his men was again apparent, as it has been ever since he assumed control of the organization, and his musicianly and temperamental reading of the scores was characteristic of him at his best.

Harold Bauer, the soloist, has grown steadily in his art since his first appearances here. The Beethoven concerto demands both technic and sympathetic understanding of the highest order, and to say that Mr. Bauer gave an interpretation that was in all ways satisfactory sums up his ability with no conservative praise. Contrasted with an unusual strength and resonant power is a limpid pianissimo fitly comparable to the traditional purling of brooks, with a mastery of all of the moods between. There is nothing sensational in his playing; it is sincere and well considered and colored throughout with a studiousness that is scholarly, without being even remotely pedantic.

In both the overture and the symphony the orchestra again demonstrated that it possesses a tonal quality that cannot be matched by any other organization that appears here. This is largely due unquestionably to the fact that it is financially able to own instruments that are masterpieces of the makers' art and that are unrivalled by any other similar collection in this country, but instruments alone are not sufficient to achieve the results that have given the Boston musicians their standing. The thorough training, the many years through which they have been playing as a body and the careful selection of men of proved ability all go to produce the qualities that have won them such a large following here and elsewhere.

[73]

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date DEC 4 - 1914

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Dr. Muck's Revenge.

Dr. Carl Muck is not in sympathy with the cubists and futurists in music. Why then did he dismay, bore, and ruffle his large audience in Carnegie Hall last night by inflicting on it nearly two hours of the dullest and most bizarre music of the cubist-futurist school? Judging by the remarks he made when he came back from Berlin a few weeks ago, one might fancy that he did this in order to get even with at least some of the Americans for siding with the Allies. It is more likely, however, that he has put this music on his programmes because he was sharply censured in Boston last season for *not* doing this very thing. If this is the explanation, he was justified in having his revenge by playing this sort of stuff in *Boston;* but why make New Yorkers suffer for the insistence and challenge of H. T. Parker and other Bostonians?

It is pretty safe to say that very few of those who heard the fourth symphony of Sibelius as rendered by Walter Damrosch on March 2, 1913, in Aeolian Hall, were anxious to hear it again. It was played last night in a much more polished manner, it is needless to say; but the music seemed as incoherent, empty, dull, and pointless as before. Here and there there were a few bars of striking harmony, or of lovely orchestral coloring usually reminiscent of Wagner; but as a whole this symphony did not deserve the honor of being performed by so splendid an orchestra as the Boston Symphony. There was little applause, and, during the ten-minute intermission following it, many of the most loyal subscribers were in open mutiny. More than a dozen of them expressed themselves to the present writer in emphatic language as to the deplorable waste of time. "I have only five opportunities every year to enjoy the Boston Orchestra," said one, "and I don't want to hear such stuff." "Dr. Muck," said another, "is not a good programme-maker, but this one is the limit." "He is abusing his privilege," said a third; and a fourth exclaimed: "He ought to let Stransky make his programmes."

The following number threw the audience from the fryingpan into the fire. The Sibelius symphony was, at any rate, the work of a composer who, by his earlier works, established his claims to originality; but the so-called "symphonic biography" called "Schlemihl," by Emil Nikolaus von Reznicek, which was presented as a novelty, proved to be, as the "programme" provided by its composer led one to anticipate, an imitation of the methods, tricks, and frills of Richard Strauss. What these methods, tricks, and frills are everybody knows. One of them is to soak the audience in vinegar or brine for ten minutes, and then, by contrast, enchant everybody by treating it to a few bars of sugar-water, which, under ordinary conditions, would seem insipid. Another is to suddenly introduce in the midst of the cacophony a few bars of a folksong. In this case it was "O du lieber Augustin." But the most ingenious of these tricks is, after straining the endurance of the audience to the limit, to build up at the end a stupendous, thrilling climax of sound, involving all the orchestral forces, which inevitably overwhelms the audience and makes it burst out into loud applause. That happened last night; and it was only fair that the orchestra should be made to rise for its superb performance of a work which, it is to be hoped, will not be again inflicted on a New York audience.

PUBLIC LEDGER
Philadelphia
DEC

Bauer Plays With Symph

The program of the Boston Symp at the Academy last night was all piece. A fine air of high and seriou tention marked the work of condu orchestra and soloist. Doctor Muck ducted first the second symphony Brahms. Then Harold Bauer played, w the orchestra, the third concerto of Beethoven, and the program ended with the Beethoven overture to Goethe's "Egmont." All of it was done with irreproachable excellence.

Mr. Bauer has trod the way of all great pianists and of the few great ones now living. Year by year he has diminished in virtuosity and grown greater in poetic eloquence, in true feeling, in making his technique an instrument and not an end. He was never an advertised prodigy; his reputation grew steadily as an artist and as an artist alone. That is perhaps the reason why the topmost gallery was not crowded last night. There is nothing superficial, nothing meretricious about Mr. Bauer's playing, nothing to attract any but the truest lovers of music.

Last night he played a difficult concerta, and one particularly ungrateful to the prodigy type of pianist. In the greater part of the first movement the piano is executing delicate embroideries about the smooth and shining cloth of the orchestra's weaving. In the combined andante and rondo the piano comes into its own, but even there Mr. Bauer kept it in the swing of the orchestra, making his instrument a necessary complement of the whole.

It is not that Mr. Bauer ever lacked technique. The perfection of each separate note, the sureness of phrasing, the finely intelligent reading of the score which he made last night, are all proof that in a question of technique Mr. Bauer is with the masters. But he knows that the great thing is to make each separate item of feeling felt, just as it is necessary to give each note its place. His accents in the cantabile passages were made with artistic righteousness, and his fire in the rondo was gloriously stirring.

Doctor Muck's part in the concerto was not less fine. The modulation of orchestral tones which he accomplished, always thinking of the music and not of orchestra or soloist, was perfect. And when, on two occasions, he swung the orchestra into the stride of the piano, after a long cadenza, the effect was of such surpassing beauty that it was almost too much to bear.

The concerto came in the middle of the program, but it sent the Brahms symphony into far oblivion, and made it very hard to listen even to Beethoven's own "Egmont." It is now exactly four weeks since Doctor Muck led the "Eroica" symphony here, but the memory of its splendor has not died out. That memory made the intellectual melodies of Brahms seem almost pathetically unreal. Melodies there were, but they were not rich, not informed with gracious spirit, except for the allegretto.

And admitting that in its graciousness there is a touch of life, there remains the distinction that Brahms' dance is a ballet, an intellectual diversion, pretty to look at, but it does not draw the feet of the hearer into its swing. And to dance one should listen with the feet, not with the ear. When Beethoven wrote dances, they were human, like the foxtrot. Brahms' dance is a ballet.

It was this mental quality of the symphony which tinged the whole evening and removed it by an appreciable step from the former triumphs of the Boston Symphony. Of Doctor Muck's graceful, powerful leading there is no need to say again what is so well known—that it is one of the highest pleasures vouchsafed us. It has been said that the Boston Symphony is the finest single instrument given a man to play upon—and Doctor Muck is the happy man who deserves that honor. But the orchestra was not at its noblest last night, except in the concerto. Even the stressful "Egmnot" did not lift it to abnormal heights. And one has learned to expect the very highest from these players. That explains why their sustained and even glory was not so effective last night. They could do the mosaic of raindrops in the symphony, and the powerful emotion of the "Egmont," but they had no music which called for perfection of feeling as well as for perfection of art.

From EVENING JOURNAL
Address: New York City
Date

Established: Lo

"Tristan" Sung at the Opera; Boston Band in New Music

The Boston Symphony audienc popularly credited with being Ne York's musical elect, went forth fror the orchestra's concert at Carnegi Hall last evening with a more or les frank bepuzzlement on its face and i its speech, and possibly some unbetokened inner questionings. The audience was not quite sure whether it or Dr. Karl Muck, who provided a programme of bristling challenge, was at fault.

The challenge was quite indubitably apparent, for Dr. Muck presented three works which the greater part of those who listened found to be terra incognita. One of these works had never before been heard in New York, another only once, in March, 1913, and the third also only once, at a performance of the Boston Orchestra during the conductorship of Max Fiedler. All, moreover, are compositions of the last few years and embody the most modern of modernism in structure and orchestration and general scheme.

The three compositions were the Fourth Symphony of Jan Sibelius, Emil Nikolaus von Reznicek's "Schlemihl, a Symphonic Biography," and Paul Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare."

If Dr. Muck strove for the element of contrast in this programme, he builded perhaps better than he knew, for the line was so sharply drawn between the Sibelius symphony and the Reznicek "biography" as to become a demarcation that put an end to interest in the latter. After five minutes of Reznicek, one cursed the whole tribe of programmatists in music, from the good but irritating Abbe Liszt down to the newest worker in this vineyard of chaff.

But Sibelius is far from this clan of blatant dabblers in puerile futilities. He is a composer of music and not a mere illustrator of a literary fabric whose texture would be beneath the contempt of a tenth-rate pseudo-philosophic literarian.

Sibelius has an imagination that finds its expression in music alone, in distinctively individual, intensely subjective music. He has absorbed the many inventions of the Frenchmen of the day, but he gives them forth according to his own purposes. The complexities of his utterance are hidden within the structure of this music, whilst the speech itself is admirably simple, eloquently simple.

This is music that finds its roots entwined among the principles that dominated the music of Johann Sebastian Bach. But its message to a modern audience is a voice from life itself, the life of the period, the sanely materialistic, aristocratically spiritual philosophy of the few. It is the gospel of futility in all save the single human manifestation of beauty.

Dr. Muck played the Sibelius symphony with much clarifying attention to detail, with a penetrative account of its rhythmic necessities and enlightening variety of tempo and dynamics, but there might have been more vigor, more emphasis upon its expression of brooding hopelessness. The orchestra played it with conviction. Of particular beauty were the many passages amounting almost to solo features as played by the several first instruments.

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Boston Symphony Concert.

Far different from the melodies of Schubert and the harmonious motions of ancient Greece were the discordant modernisms presented on the same stage in the evening by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck chose to open his programme with the futuristic fourth symphony of Sibelius, which had already been given a half-hearted trial by one of the New York orchestras.

It is difficult to tell just what the Finnish composer is trying to express in this work. The first two movements are utterly incoherent, full of experiments and tentative suggestions of "motifs" and harmonies, but never arriving at any definite means of articulation.

The third and fourth movements, however, contain passages of real beauty, all the more impressive because of their deliberately ugly surroundings.

The symphony as a whole is bewildering, but compels a desire for further hearings. It may be assumed that the orchestra played it well, although a thousand mistakes might easily have been made without being detected.

Reznicek's "symphonic biography," "Schlemihl," was given its first New York performance. This elaborate piece of programme music fairly eclipsed the symphony in the forcefulness of its melodic ideas, the dramatic power of its whole conception and the masterly skill of its instrumentation.

A novel device was the introduction of a short tenor solo near the close, bringing out in actual words the final episode in the story illustrated by the composition.

The programme ended with Schinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare," a Teutonic cultivation of an old English melody. Altogether a pretty heavy meal to be taken at one sitting, Dr. Muck!

rk, 1884

From MORNING TELEGR
Address: New York City
Date DEC 4 -

BOSTON SYMPHONY OFFERS THE ULTRA

Programme of Last Evening Opened With the Fourth Symphony of Sibelius.

A "SYMPHONIC BIOGRAPHY"

"Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare," by Scheinpflug Closes Programme.

By STANLEY OLMSTED.

The second seasonal programme of the Boston Symphony offered at Carnegie Hall would no doubt strike many listeners as aptly timed with the promised exhibition of paintings by Matisse. Since men have made music at all there has always been perhaps a majority who has failed to find accord and sympathy with whatever in each era has been deemed ultra.

The listening majority of the now differs no whit from the listening majority who once found Beethoven an irritating enigma and musical Sphinx's riddle. Last night one heard annihilating condemnation of Sibelius in the ten minutes' intermission following the rendition of his Symphony No. 4 in A minor.

The habitual Manhattan concert-goer had, of course, heard the symphony once before. He was inclined, therefore, to be more apathetic if in no respect more tolerant. When Mr. Damrosch escorted his New York orchestra through its maze of Finnish idiosyncrasies in the early part of 1913 he created a courteous attentiveness by an apology a priori. He requested, well-nigh implored, his audience, to strive their best to meet this symphony they were about to hear half way—as far as they could! One had to hear all sorts of things with a brave heart. Why not, therefore, Sibelius? He was so evidently sincere about it that the audience did its utmost to be nice.

No Longer Baffling.

At the hands of Dr. Muck and his virtuose musicians the contour and plan of the four movements became vastly clearer. There was the progress, you see, of a second hearing, coupled with every interpretive advantage. For one listener at least the work lost something of its first Kalevaler mysticism through the fact that it baffled him no longer. As heard last night it seemed nothing more nor less than a broadening and enlargement of that Swan song, sang throughont the concert halls of Europe, in the middle nineties, at the very outest of this Finnish composer's career. (Even in the timing of a Swan song, you perceive, there was an inversion.) It remains, however, a work of metaphysical sincerity with certain taut moments, closely defining something that may be that elusive fourth dimension. On the sense of the fourth dimension will it rely for fugitive responsiveness, until general public taste moves one peg further.

The second offering of the evening, "Schlemihl," characterized as a "Symphonic Biography" and composed by Emil Nipolaus von Reznicek, requires the composer's own analysis, printed in the Boston Symphony booklet, and impracticable here. It was played in New York for the first time. It will be best remembered after a single hearing by an episode of unusual, and even unique orchestral grandeur, just preceding the gliding closing chords wherein the programmatic hero sinks into Devachan.

Portrayed With Real Fervor.

The booklet calls it "sinking into Nirvana"—but Nirvana is reabsorption in the Supreme—not cessation through failure. The hero's mightiest effort, ere his relinquishment is here portrayed with a real fervor of exultation.

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Philadelphia
DEC 1914

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From BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date DEC 1 - 1914

Es 1884

Boston Symphony

Harold Bauer Piano Soloist at Second Concert of Season

WITH Harold Bauer as the piano soloist, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second concert of the season at the Academy of Music last evening, presenting a program of three numbers on which Brahms and Beethoven were the only composers represented. The symphony, which opened the program, was the No. 2, in D major, of Brahms, already played here this season by the Philadelphia Orchestra, at its opening concerts on October 16 and 17. It is most necessary to draw a comparison between the two interpretations. Both are notable. That given last evening under Dr. Karl Muck's direction was a high plane of orchestral excellence, not only in the skill employed in its unfolding, but as a great composition radiated by a truly musical elucidation.

The conducting of Dr. Muck at times seem almost phlegmatic in its repose and unpretentiousness. Always it has meaning and deep significance, however, devoid of emotion as it may appear to be, and the results attained speak for themselves. One feels that he has accomplished all that he deems necessary in rehearsal, and that so sure is he of what his musicians will do, and the unfaltering competency with which they will do it, that no stressful exhibition of leadership is required.

The second symphony of Brahms is essentially melodious, with so much of simplicity and poetic charm that it has not inappropriately been called "Pastoral," though with no assurance that the composer had any such appellation in mind. It has not the epic grandeur of the profoundly significant first, but to the average listener its appeal probably is even more direct, and last night's audience was visibly impressed by its buoyant beauty. If there were especial heights in the interpretation, the lovely adagio, with its deep-toned introduction by the soulful 'cellos, and the joyful abandon of the graceful scherzo, like sunshine after shadows, might be mentioned, although the virtuoso quality of the orchestra, in its unity of tone like one great instrument, was demonstrated throughout.

Mr. Bauer's piano playing is of the sort that impresses by its ease while it charms by its fluency and beauty. He was heard last evening in Beethoven's Concerto in G major, No. 4, and while the composition is not titanic in power, it is alluring in its melodiousness, and one need not ask to hear it more sympathetically played. Bauer is wholesome as well as artistic, with his big round face and mass of curly hair, and there is nothing of the freak about him either in his personality or his playing.

Technically he is supreme and temperamentally both poetic and impressive. Flawless execution and purity of tone mark his bravura passages, an evidence of his true musicianship being the fact that, even in fortissimo measures, he does not wear through the velvet that seems to cover the strings when he plays. Big effects he may get, but beauty of tone never vanishes, and the most sensitive ear never suffers. His success last night was pronounced and fully deserved.

Sustaining the spirit of melody that was the keynote of the performance, was the concluding number, Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont," which, however has enough of the dramatic to present a fitting climax. The third concert of the Boston Orchestra's series of five will be given on Monday evening, January 3, when Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, is to be the soloist.

Evening

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address Philadelphia
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY TONIGHT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra returns tonight for its second concert at the Academy of Music. This is the 30th season of the Boston organization in Philadelphia, and it is late in the day for any new thing to be said of them. The assisting artist will be Harold Bauer, who is modestly called an "admirable pianist" by the press agent. This is quite in keeping with Mr. Bauer's genius, which is quiet and restrained and poetically fine. There has never been a bit of sensation connected with Mr. Bauer's name, and the repute he now enjoys is a tribute to merit alone. Mr. Bauer will play the fourth concerto of Beethoven, a work which will be heard again, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, when Harold Randolph will play it. Dr. Muck begins his program with Brahm's second symphony, and ends it with the Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

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From RECORD
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BOSTON SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck's Conductorship at Its Best. Bauer's Pianism.

The beautifully-balanced program offered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Academy of Music, last night, commanded the admiration of the large audience. Brahms' D Major Symphony, Beethoven's piano concerto in G Major and the Beethoven Overture "Egmont," formed a perfect arrangement for the practical musician, and must have been equally interesting to the musical amateur. Brahms' D Major Symphony belongs to the great works of this character and is unfailing in its appeal, both melodically and in a constructive sense. Dr. Muck's conducting of this symphony, while along traditional lines, is sufficiently original to keep attention constantly alert. In listening to the performance as it shows Muck's master

E 1884

value of every [illegible] its relative place in the building of the whole, one is bound to feel that Muck's knowledge of Bach must be great, for from Bach only can be learned the sort of musicianship possessed by this extraordinary leader.

When Harold Bauer plays all other pianists appear stilted and almost meaningless. His interpretation of the Beethoven Concerto in G Major is a classic. Unquestionably, it loses much of its Teutonic character, but when the concerto is made to shine and scintillate in its more delicate and fanciful garb, one can only be grateful for the absence of the thunderous style usually accorded a Beethoven concerto. Bauer is a really great pianist and so thoroughly original in everything he does that he can almost be said to have created a new school of piano playing. His manners are as ingenious as those of a child and just as captivating. If he could only be induced to play one of his wonderful recitals in Philadelphia the musical season would take on new importance. The program concluded with a noble reading of the Egmont Overture.

Pianist Heard in Recital

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From INQUIRER
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Es

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Brahms' Second Symphony Feature of Its Last Evening's Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the second in its current series of local concerts under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck at the Academy of Music last evening when Brahms' beautiful second symphony was the principal feature of the program. One could have wished that some other choice had been made for the second was played by Mr. Stokowski at the opening performance of the present season. It is difficult to account in any satisfactory way for the frequency of these duplications. It will be remembered that when the Boston organization was here a month ago it played the Eroica symphony of Beethoven which had been given only a few days before by the New York Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, and no year passes without one or more similar repetitions. Are they merely fortuitous coincidences? Such is the only explanation of them which those who are in a position to speak with authority will ever vouchsafe and it must be said that this explanation is not convincing. What seems more likely is that one conductor wishes to show how much more impressively he can interpret such and such a composition than some other.

However, the second symphony of Brahms is such a lovely work that it is, perhaps, ungracious to quarrel with the circumstances under which it was heard last night, especially in view of the very admirable manner in which it was played under Dr. Muck's inspiring baton. It was an exquisite performance in the beauty of its tone, the refinement of its finish, the clearness of its analysis and the eloquence of its expression, and the enjoyment which it afforded the large and intelligently appreciative audience which was privileged to hear it was unbounded. All the intricacies of a complicated score were unerringly unraveled and it is easy to believe that every effect which the composer had in mind was entirely realized. After the symphony came Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in G major, played with masterly ability and a perfect comprehension of its contents by Mr. Harold Bauer, a modest, unassuming artist who without any adventitious aid, by merit alone, has won recognition as one of the great pianists of the day, and a splendid reading of the Egmont overture closed the proceedings.

CITY WINS AWARD

From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date DEC 1

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN FINE GERMAN PROGRAM

Ultra-Classical Works of Brahms and Beethoven Mark Second Concert

HAROLD BAUER AT PIANO

Continually Enchanting Timbre of String Choir, Unattainable by Others, a Feature

GERMAN music of ultra-classical type was played at the Boston Orchestra's second concert of the season at the Academy of Music last evening. Brahms, with his fine D major symphony, Beethoven, with his dramatic "Egmont" overture and suave yet masterful G major

and orchestra—this was the "Germany-over-all" program, with the always efficient and thoroughly capable Harold Bauer—half German, half English—to convey to entranced ears the witchery of Beethoven's most melodious and divinely poetic concerto.

There was little to note in the instrumental rendering of Brahm's highly academic composition, aside from the continually enchanting timbre of the string choir—a quality unattainable by other orchestras not so profusely equipped with costly instruments. "It's the fiddle that does it," as Ysaye remarked when asked to explain his grandiose tonality.

Herr Direktor Muck always has his orchestral force well in hand and under precise control when a Brahms symphony is in question. Brahms' works are peculiarly for musicians—all save this second symphony, which might have been writen by Beethoven himself. It was performed with artistic sympathy, reverent care and entire respect for the composer's theories of interpretation, as also was Beethoven's stormy interpretation in music of Goethe's passionate poem.

There is no living pianist to whom Harold Bauer need yield precedence; and, moreover, his lofty position in his own sphere of interpretative art is due to no arts of puffery under shrewd management, nor to individual eccentricities sedulously exploited. As Bauer played this most melodious of concertos—one of the few in which the hammered strings are never tortured—so might the great composer have played it in Vienna more than a century ago.

The second movement—a thing of beauty that is a joy forever alike to layman and professional—was played with a refinement of artistic feeling and a fluency of effortless technique seldom heard and seen in these days of concert-hall empiricisms. Mr. Bauer is of that rarest class of pianists—a genuine artist, down to the very fingertips.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address Philadelphia
Date

E 1884

HAROLD BAUER WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY

Beethoven Concerto and Overture Introduced by Brahms' Second Symphony

The name of Harold Bauer stands for the best—and only the best—in musical literature, and the fourth piano concerto of Beethoven he chose to play with Boston Symphony, to the delight of the crowded Academy last evening, is one that some players do not care for, since it so pitilessly takes the measure of the performer. There is nothing of the self-advertiser about last evening's soloist. He took his place at the piano as unaffectedly as he would in his own music room, and addressed himself to his task in sincere and sober fashion, wholly free from meretricious artifice.

Mr. Bauer does not distort nor exaggerate. He never projected violent dynamics outside the frame of the tonal picture. He played into, as well as with, the orchestra; he shared their sense of rhythm and maintained their pace.

One of the striking features was the perfect clearness, not merely of themes and phrases, but of every note. However rapid, nothing was flurried, nothing failed in crystalline articulation, and each finger seemed to have the independent strength and flexibility of the whole wrist.

When one hand was playing the even balance of power was maintained as though both were on the keyboard. The digital technique was supplemented by a rarely skilful and intelligent use of the pedals.

For the less versatile piano of his own era, Beethoven indicated that in the Andante movement the soft pedal should be used all the time; Mr. Bauer knew exactly how to construe this injunction, and in large measure the singing tones that lingered after the percussion came from the adroitness with which the pedals were controlled. The Rondo, at a dizzy pace, rippled and overflowed with the joy of living, and throughout one's admiration was divided between the technique and the true, fine sentiment that at all points informed the playing. The cadenza fitted the context, and still had its own melodiously resolute, creative individuality. The entrance of the orchestra upon the protracted closing trill of the cadenza was a miracle of deftness. There were many recalls.

The Second symphony of Brahms has won its place in high favor with discerning modern audiences. It seems strange that it was ever received with disaproval. Mr. Howe tells us, in his recently published history of this orchestra, that during the first performance of the Third Brahms symphony in erudite Boston, "the audience left the hall in hundreds." How fresh and vital, how buoyantly lyrical in quality this Second symphony seemed last night, with the exquisite stopped horns of the first movement, the blended 'cellos of the Adagio, the playful woodwind of the Allegretto, and the spirited finale! After a recall, Mr. Muck placed both hands on Concermeister Witek's shoulders and the men stood in their places.

The concert ended with Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont." If it is not among the heart-reaching, soul-searching products of the master's hand, it made, at any rate, an energetic and picturesque coda for the program. Kreisler plays at the next concert on Jan

[74]

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date DEC 1 - 1914

Es 1884

SECOND CONCERT BOSTON SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck Presents Fine Program, with Harold Bauer Soloist.

PROGRAM.

Brahms—Symphony No. 2, in D Major, Op. 73
Beethoven—Concerto in G Major, No. 4, for Pianoforte, Op. 58
Beethoven—Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84
Conductor........**Dr. Karl Muck**
Soloist....................Harold Bauer

The Boston Symphony gave their second concert of the season at the Academy of Music last evening, with Harold Bauer as the soloist. There was a carefully arranged program which conformed well, the Orchestra playing Brahms' luscious Symphony No. 2, while the pianist the brilliant Beethoven Concerto in G. Major, the concluding number being Beethoven's Overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

The Brahms No. 2 is in many respects the finest of the great efforts of the German composer. It is distinctly in his style, yet it has a general appeal to others than the confirmed Brahmsites. It is easily understandable and makes a strong appeal in its every note. It is hard to pick out which of the four movements present the most luscious melody, for its one succession of brilliant orchestra passages from beginning to end.

Orchestra's Fine Response.

Dr. Muck was in exceptionally good form last evening, and his Orchestra responded admirably. There was perfection in every note, and nothing finer in the way of concerted playing could be desired. The Allegretto movement, one of the fullest and best things of the composer's symphonies, was read with especial care to make its various themes emphatic, and the fine exhibition of brass in this movement leaves a lasting impression of the horn choir of the Orchestra.

Mr. Bauer could have chosen nothing better than the Concerto in G to show his finished art, and his playing was at all times masterly, but especially so in the long scale passages of the andante movement, and strikingly pleasing was the way he emphasized the staccato theme of this movement. He has an easy and graceful way of playing which adds much to the fine effects produced, and his work was very much appreciated and applauded.

The next concert by the Boston Symphony will be given on Monday evening, January 4, when Fritz Kreisler will be the soloist.

Cutting Bureau in the World

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date NOV 29 1914

Establis

BAUER WILL PLAY AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Early Work of Richard Strauss to Be Principal Item on the Program.

Harold Bauer, pianist, will be the soloist at the next Boston Symphony concert, on Tuesday, December 1, at the National Theater, at 4:30 o'clock.

An early work by Richard Strauss will be the principal item in the program of this second concert. This is his Symphonic Fantasy, "From Italy," and in this work Strauss gave the first real evidence of what afterward was to become his wide departure from the musical conventions and traditions of the past. Certainly for the modern hearer there is nothing particularly uncommon or difficult in this work. As a matter of fact, it is very melodious, and, according to modern standards, very simple.

His Symphonic Fantasy, "From Italy," is in four parts, the titles of which are, in the order in which they come: "On the Campagna," "Amid Rome's Ruins," "On the Shore of Sorrento," and "Neapolitan Folk-Life." In this work he records musically the deep impressions he received in 1886 when he made his first visit to Italy. It was while he was in Italy that he sketched out the Fantasia, and it had its first performance at a subscription concert in the Odeon, Munich, March 2, 1887.

At the performance of Tuesday Bauer will play the fourth concerto of Beethoven in G major. The final number will be Beethoven's Overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

…ewspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

Boston Symphony

Harold Bauer Piano Soloist at Second Concert of Season

WITH Harold Bauer as the piano soloist, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second concert of the season at the Academy of Music last evening, presenting a program of three numbers on which Brahms and Beethoven were the only composers represented. The symphony, which opened the program, was the No. 2, in D major, of Brahms, already played here this season by the Philadelphia Orchestra, at its opening concerts on October 16 and 17. It is most necessary to draw a comparison between the two interpretations. Both are notable. That given last evening under Dr. Karl Muck's direction was a high plane of orchestral excellence, not only in the skill employed in its unfolding, but as a great composition radiated by a truly musical elucidation.

The conducting of Dr. Muck at times seem almost phlegmatic in its repose and unpretentiousness. Always it has meaning and deep significance, however, devoid of emotion as it may appear to be, and the results attained speak for themselves. One feels that he has accomplished all that he deems necessary in rehearsal, and that so sure is he of what his musicians will do, and the unfaltering competency with which they will do it, that no stressful exhibition of leadership is required.

The second symphony of Brahms is essentially melodious, with so much of simplicity and poetic charm that it has not inappropriately been called "Pastoral," though with no assurance that the composer had any such appellation in mind. It has not the epic grandeur of the profoundly significant first, but to the average listener its appeal probably is even more direct, and last night's audience was visibly impressed by its buoyant beauty. If there were especial heights in the interpretation, the lovely adagio, with its deep-toned introduction by the soulful 'cellos, and the joyful abandon of the graceful scherzo, like sunshine after shadows, might be mentioned, although the virtuoso quality of the orchestra, in its unity of tone like one great instrument, was demonstrated throughout.

Mr. Bauer's piano playing is of the sort that impresses by its ease while it charms by its fluency and beauty. He was heard last evening in Beethoven's Concerto in G major, No. 4, and while the composition is not titanic in power, it is alluring in its melodiousness, and one need not ask to hear it more sympathetically played. Bauer is wholesome as well as artistic, with his big round face and mass of curly hair, and there is nothing of the freak about him either in his personality or his playing.

Technically he is supreme and temperamentally both poetic and impressive. Flawless execution and purity of tone mark his bravura passages, an evidence of his true musicianship being the fact that, even in fortissimo measures, he does not wear through the velvet that seems to cover the strings when he plays. Big effects he may get, but beauty of tone never vanishes, and the most sensitive ear never suffers. His success last night was pronounced and fully deserved.

Sustaining the spirit of melody that was the keynote of the performance, was the concluding number, Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont," which, however has enough of the dramatic to present a fitting climax. The third concert of the Boston Orchestra's series of five will be given on Monday evening, January 3, when Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, is to be the soloist.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address Philadelphia

Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY TONIGHT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra returns tonight for its second concert at the Academy of Music. This is the 30th season of the Boston organization in Philadelphia, and it is late in the day for any new thing to be said of them. The assisting artist will be Harold Bauer, who is modestly called an "admirable pianist" by the press agent. This is quite in keeping with Mr. Bauer's genius, which is quiet and restrained and poetically fine. There has never been a bit of sensation connected with Mr. Bauer's name, and the repute he now enjoys is a tribute to merit alone. Mr. Bauer will play the fourth concerto of Beethoven, a work which will be heard again, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, when Harold Randolph will play it. Dr. Muck begins his program with Brahm's second symphony, and ends it with the Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

Es 1884

TIPPE[illegible] STILL FARTHER

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck's Conductorship at Its Best. Bauer's Pianism.

The beautifully-balanced program offered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Academy of Music, last night, commanded the admiration of the large audience. Brahms' D Major Symphony, Beethoven's piano concerto in G Major and the Beethoven Overture "Egmont," formed a perfect arrangement for the practical musician, and must have been equally interesting to the musical amateur. Brahms' D Major Symphony belongs to the great works of this character and is unfailing in its appeal, both melodically and in a constructive sense. Dr. Muck's conducting of this symphony, while along traditional lines, is sufficiently original to keep attention constantly alert. In listening to the performance as it shows Muck's mast…

…value of every theme and its relative place in the building of the whole, one is bound to feel that Muck's knowledge of Bach must be great, for from Bach only can be learned the sort of musicianship possessed by this extraordinary leader.

When Harold Bauer plays all other pianists appear stilted and almost meaningless. His interpretation of the Beethoven Concerto in G Major is a classic. Unquestionably, it loses much of its Teutonic character, but when the concerto is made to shine and scintillate in its more delicate and fanciful garb, one can only be grateful for the absence of the thunderous style usually accorded a Beethoven concerto. Bauer is a really great pianist and so thoroughly original in everything he does that he can almost be said to have created a new school of piano playing. His manners are as ingenious as those of a child and just as captivating. If he could only be induced to play one of his wonderful recitals in Philadelphia the musical season would take on new importance. The program concluded with a noble reading of the Egmont Overture.

Pianist Heard in Recital

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

they ask.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Brahms' Second Symphony Feature of Its Last Evening's Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the second in its current series of local concerts under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck at the Academy of Music last evening when Brahms' beautiful second symphony was the principal feature of the program. One could have wished that some other choice had been made for the second was played by Mr. Stokowski at the opening performance of the present season. It is difficult to account in any satisfactory way for the frequency of these duplications. It will be remembered that when the Boston organization was here a month ago it played the Eroica symphony of Beethoven which had been given only a few days before by the New York Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, and no year passes without one or more similar repetitions. Are they merely fortuitous coincidences? Such is the only explanation of them which those who are in a position to speak with authority will ever vouchsafe and it must be said that this explanation is not convincing. What seems more likely is that one conductor wishes to show how much more impressively he can interpret such and such a composition than some other.

However, the second symphony of Brahms is such a lovely work that it is, perhaps, ungracious to quarrel with the circumstances under which it was heard last night, especially in view of the very admirable manner in which it was played under Dr. Muck's inspiring baton. It was an exquisite performance in the beauty of its tone, the refinement of its finish, the clearness of its analysis and the eloquence of its expression, and the enjoyment which it afforded the large and intelligently appreciative audience which was privileged to hear it was unbounded. All the intricacies of a complicated score were unerringly unraveled and it is easy to believe that every effect which the composer had in mind was entirely realized. After the symphony came Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in G major, played with masterly ability and a perfect comprehension of its contents by Mr. Harold Bauer, a modest, unassuming artist who without any adventitious aid, by merit alone, has won recognition as one of the great pianists of the day, and a splendid reading of the Egmont overture closed the proceedings.

CITY WINS AWARD

From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN FINE GERMAN PROGRAM

Ultra-Classical Works of Brahms and Beethoven Mark Second Concert

HAROLD BAUER AT PIANO

Continually Enchanting Timbre of String Choir, Unattainable by Others, a Feature

GERMAN music of ultra-classical type was played at the Boston Orchestra's second concert of the season at the Academy of Music last evening. Brahms, with his fine D major symphony, Beethoven, with his dramatic "Egmont" overture and suave yet masterful G major

and orchestra—this was the "Germany-over-all" program, with the always efficient and thoroughly capable Harold Bauer—half German, half English—to convey to entranced ears the witchery of Beethoven's most melodious and divinely poetic concerto.

There was little to note in the instrumental rendering of Brahm's highly academic composition, aside from the continually enchanting timbre of the string choir—a quality unattainable by other orchestras not so profusely equipped with costly instruments. "It's the fiddle that does it," as Ysaye remarked when asked to explain his grandiose tonality.

Herr Direktor Muck always has his orchestral force well in hand and under precise control when a Brahms symphony is in question. Brahms' works are peculiarly for musicians—all save this second symphony, which might have been writen by Beethoven himself. It was performed with artistic sympathy, reverent care and entire respect for the composer's theories of interpretation, as also was Beethoven's stormy interpretation in music of Goethe's passionate poem.

There is no living pianist to whom Harold Bauer need yield precedence; and, moreover, his lofty position in his own sphere of interpretative art is due to no arts of puffery under shrewd management, nor to individual eccentricities sedulously exploited. As Bauer played this most melodious of concertos—one of the few in which the hammered strings are never tortured—so might the great composer have played it in Vienna more than a century ago.

The second movement—a thing of beauty that is a joy forever alike to layman and professional—was played with a refinement of artistic feeling and a fluency of effortless technique seldom heard and seen in these days of concert-hall empiricisms. Mr. Bauer is of that rarest class of pianists—a genuine artist, down to the very fingertips.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address Philadelphia

Date

HAROLD BAUER WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY

Beethoven Concerto and Overture Introduced by Brahms' Second Symphony

E 1884

The name of Harold Bauer stands for the best—and only the best—in musical literature, and the fourth piano concerto of Beethoven he chose to play with Boston Symphony, to the delight of the crowded Academy last evening, is one that some players do not care for, since it so pitilessly takes the measure of the performer. There is nothing of the self-advertiser about last evening's soloist. He took his place at the piano as unaffectedly as he would in his own music room, and addressed himself to his task in sincere and sober fashion, wholly free from meretricious artifice.

Mr. Bauer does not distort nor exaggerate. He never projected violent dynamics outside the frame of the tonal picture. He played into, as well as with, the orchestra; he shared their sense of rhythm and maintained their pace.

One of the striking features was the perfect clearness, not merely of themes and phrases, but of every note. However rapid, nothing was flurried, nothing failed in crystalline articulation, and each finger seemed to have the independent strength and flexibility of the whole wrist.

When one hand was playing the even balance of power was maintained as though both were on the keyboard. The digital technique was supplemented by a rarely skilful and intelligent use of the pedals.

For the less versatile piano of his own era, Beethoven indicated that in the Andante movement the soft pedal should be used all the time; Mr. Bauer knew exactly how to construe this injunction, and in large measure the singing tones that lingered after the percussion came from the adroitness with which the pedals were controlled. The Rondo, at a dizzy pace, rippled and overflowed with the joy of living, and throughout one's admiration was divided between the technique and the true, fine sentiment that at all points informed the playing. The cadenza fitted the context, and still had its own melodiously resolute, creative individuality. The entrance of the orchestra upon the protracted closing trill of the cadenza was a miracle of deftness. There were many recalls.

The Second symphony of Brahms has won its place in high favor with discerning modern audiences. It seems strange that it was ever received with disaproval. Mr. Howe tells us, in his recently published history of this orchestra, that during the first performance of the Third Brahms symphony in erudite Boston, "the audience left the hall in hundreds." How fresh and vital, how buoyantly lyrical in quality this Second symphony seemed last night, with the exquisite stopped horns of the first movement, the blended 'cellos of the Adagio, the playful woodwind of the Allegretto, and the spirited finale! After a recall, Mr. Muck placed both hands on Concermeister Witek's shoulders and the men stood in their places.

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Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

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Dr. Muck Presents Fine Program, with Harold Bauer Soloist.

Es 1884

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Beethoven—Concerto in G Major, No. 4, for Pianoforte, Op. 58
Beethoven—Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84
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Soloist......................Harold Bauer

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…Cutting Bureau in the World

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.

Date

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Establisl

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At the performance of Tuesday Bauer will play the fourth concerto of Beethoven in G major. The final number will be Beethoven's Overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 2 1914

BAUER AND MUCK TRIUMPH.

Soloist and Orchestra Leader Deeply Sympathetic in Concert Here.

The second concert of the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at the New National Theater yesterday afternoon, under Dr. Karl Muck, was all in the spirit of joy and sunshine, and the playing of the Beethoven concerto in G major by the eminent pianist, Harold Bauer, brought together a combination of artists who seem sympathetic in every degree, for the finish and detail that make up the superb art of Harold Bauer also govern the work of Dr. Muck in his handling of this splendid orchestra.

The symphonic fantasia "From Italy," of Richard Strauss, was doubly interesting, for it was played with the greatest beauty, and it also showed the impressionistic mind of the composer, so different in this is he from the Strauss of today, who paints tone pictures in such lurid colors. It is an early work, and seems the faithful impress of a holiday in that land of blue sky, soft breezes, and lovely nature, sunny Italy. He paints placid nature in "On the Campagna," with a lyric beauty and melodiousness that he must have felt deeply, it is so pastoral, and open and serene. One wonders how how he felt "Amid Rome's Ruins," for it has a festive spirit and a touch of martial joy. With an interlude, where pipers pipe, and the strings and winds of the orchestra played with rare beauty, he resolves it into a joyous triumph. "On the Shore of Sorrento," is all nature music, which, in its purity and melodiousness makes one understand why Italy is the land of song; while the festival of the finale completed the picture by revealing a town "en fete."

Such a concerto as the Beethoven, No. 4, seems to show just what an artist can do. It reveals every nuance in its reiterated phrases, and every variety of shading and tone. It enables one to see into the art as it stands, and Harold Bauer was master in his giving of every beautiful detail. His pearly tone and clarity were woven throughout the figures of the allegro, and his commanding passages were big art work, contrasting tellingly with the exquisite feeling and beauty of his melodies. The rugged introduction of the andante by the orchestra led into some solo passages of the piano of deep feeling and mellow tone, and the closing piano phrase to a kind of funeral march of the orchestra was most impressive. Throughout the rondo the piano showed great virtuosity, but the figures were full of meaning, and the vital accents, and the lyric quality of the cadenza interwove great art with sheer music beauty.

The program closed with the Beethoven "Egmont" overture given with the same skill and fineness that characterized the entire concert.

J. MACB.

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From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 2 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYS "AUS ITALIEN"

Washington Admirers Hear Novel Strauss Composition at New National Theater.

Dr. Muck yesterday afternoon at the New National Theater afforded Washington admirers of the Boston Symphony Orchestra an opportunity of hearing Richard Strauss' first excursion into realism. This was Strauss' Symphony Fantastique, "Aus Italien," a musically pictorial record of some of the composer's impressions on a visit to Italy.

This initial expedition of Strauss into the realm of the concrete was made while he was a young man—about twenty—and it is exceedingly interesting to note how quickly and surely his genius "found itself" in this new field of musical expression.

The third movement, "On the Shore of Sorrento," makes vivid through, both harmonic and rhythmic means, the motion of the sea and a wonderful transparency. The device of widely-separated moving intervals of tone, makes vivid a remarkable impression of depth. The chaotic crossing and recrossing of fragmentary themes in the movement explained as "Rome's Ruins" is significant, but of less definite pictorial value than the Sorrento movement. The "Campagnia" movement is not, especially clear, except as to a prevalence of dreary progressions. The "Neapolitan Folk Life" is full of a volatile excitable expression easily imagined as portraying the subject.

Quite antithetic in musical thought was the concerto of Beethoven for piano, No. 4, Mr. Harold Bauer at the solo instrument. With a luxurious opulence of technique and endless variety of touch Mr. Bauer made resplendent all the wealth of formal beauty of this concerto. In the second movement Mr. Bauer was remarkably fine in the beautiful way in which he worked out the tender themes for the piano in contrast with the bold manly vigor of the orchestral work in an unusual dialogue between orchestra and solo instrument.

The program closed with a fine rendering of Beethoven's overture to Egmont.

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 2

Boston Symphony's Concert Is Interesting

The scond concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Director Dr. Karl Muck in charge, and Harold Bauer as soloist, was given yesterday afternoon at the National Theater.

While there was in no measure wild applause at the end of th efirst number, the symphonic fantasia, "From Italy," of Richard Strauss, the audience was deeply intereseted, perhaps almost as deeply interested as that first audience which heard this symphony. Certainly the same spirit prevailed, but, whereas the first audience was perfectly frank in expressing its disapproval, the audience of yesterday first warmly congratulated Dr. Muck on his masterly interpretation, and then sat back to discuss excitedly whether or not they "liked" and "understood" the Strauss music.

Harold Bauer, whom one always thinks of first as a great teacher, a maker of musicians, played the Beethoven concerto No. 4 with a sympathy and understanding both for the work itseld and the movements of the orchestra, that brought him no undecided applause. His tone work was a revelation of clarity.

The last number on the program was another Beethoven number, the overture to "Egmont."

F. Y.

Eagles to Elect.

From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 2 1914

Smart Set at Concert.

The second Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at the National Theater yesterday attracted a large and smart audience. The British Ambassador and Lady Spring-Rice were guests of Mrs. Slater, who had one of the stage boxes, and whose party included also Miss Gwynn. The Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and Mme. Dumba occupied a box across the house, and with them were Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt and Mrs. Clarence Wilson. Gen. and Mrs. Crozier entertained a box party, as did also Mr. and Mrs. Eisner. Mrs. James McMillan, who had a stage box, entertained a party, including Mrs. Rollins Morse, the Misses Patten, Mrs. Hugh McMillan, of Denver, and Mrs. Preston Gibson. With Mrs. Edward McLean, in her box, were Mrs. John Wilkins, Mrs. Clarence Moore, and Viscountess de Sibour. Mrs. Calderon Carlisle's guests in her box included Capt. and Mrs. John Gibbons, Miss Lee, Mr. Thomas Spring-Rice, and Mr. Harold Randolph, of Baltimore. Mrs. I. T. Mann's guests in her box included Mrs. Walter Wells and Mrs. William Barret Ridgely. Among others in the audience were the Swedish Minister and Mme. Ekengren, Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, Gen. and Mrs. Wotherspoon, Admiral and Mrs. Richardson Clove the Rev. Dr. Roland Cotton Smith, M Arnold Hague, Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendel Miss Rosalie Stang, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, Mrs. Julian James, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Putnam Birnie, Mrs. S. B. Williamson, Gen. and Mrs. Andrews, the Rev. and Mrs. Ward Denys, Miss Gwendolin Denys, Mr. and Mrs. J Biddle, Mrs. James Harlan, Miss H lan, Mrs. William Goddard, Mrs. Nel Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Russell, M Thomas Carter, Mrs. Charles T. Thon son, Miss Isabella Hagner, Miss Elli Mrs. Charles Howry, Mrs. Sidney B lou, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Davi Mrs. W. H. Wilmer, Miss Sargent, M Caroline Ogden Jones, Mrs. Frederi McGuire, Mrs. Buckner Randolph, M Frederica Morgan Cameron, M George E. Pickett, Mrs. Charles Richardson, Mr. Samuel Pilson, and M Cuno Rudolph.

From News
Address Baltimore Md
DEC 2 - 1914
Date

BAUER SOLOIST AT SECOND SYMPHONY

HAROLD BAUER

Harold Bauer, the pianist, will be the soloist at the second Boston Symphony concert of the season at the Lyric tonight. He will play the great Beethoven Concerto in G major for piano and orchestra.

Dr. Muck has selected as the opening number the beautiful Brahms Symphony No. 2 in D major, which was played here only a few weeks ago at the first of the New York Symphony Orchestra's three concerts. The other instrumental number, Scheinpflug's "Overture to a Comedy by Shakespeare," is a new composition, and has never been heard in Baltimore. One of the episodes is developed from an English melody of the Sixteenth Century. The overture is its composer's fifteenth work, and is said to be extremely interesting.

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 2

Boston Symphony Concert.

Harold Bauer, the eminent pianist, was the assisting soloist at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at the New National Theater yesterday afternoon, playing the Beethoven "Concerto, No. 4" for the piano. Richard Strauss' symphony fantastique, "Aus Italien," and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture were the orchestral numbers. A large audience expressed its satisfaction in the characteristic way.

From EVENING NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date DEC 3 - 1914

SYMPHONY PROGRAM IS DISAPPOINTING

Brahms' Work Heard Here Only Few Weeks Ago; Bauer As Soloist.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which took place last night, was by no means so successful as its predecessor. We do not, however, for a moment mean to suggest that there was any inferiority in the performance: indeed, only a very dyspeptic musician could pick any holes either in the playing of the orchestra or in that of the soloist of the occasion, Harold Bauer.

The fault lay once again in the construction of the program. Dr. Muck has several times before displayed a maladroitness almost amounting to genius in the making up of his programs, and that of last night was

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That the Boston Symphony Orchestra is by far the greatest of present-day orchestras in America, at least, is apparent the more one has the opportunity to compare it and its work with that of other orchestras. It is also plain that its conductor, Dr. Muck, is chiefly responsible for this musical superiority, for more musical truth is revealed orchestrally under his direction than in any other orchestra now playing here. The remainder of the responsibility rests upon his orchestra. His men play like thinking creatures and not like automatons. An enormous proportion of this country's musical education is due to this organization, and no evil fate ever should be allowed to overtake it.

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Bauer's playing was in keeping with the concerto. Even though it was disappointing in a degree to hear the Boston Orchestra play the same Brahms' symphony last night which another orchestra played here about one month ago, Baltimore probably lost nothing in reality, it was played in a manner so far superior. Its reception showed that Brahms is becoming understood gradually but surely.

It is one of the paradoxes of musical art that music which suggests best the most obvious is the least understood by the general public. Music which is often positively meaningless or shockingly astonishing is liked more readily. Here is the pitfall and where the study of the meaning of music begins. Musical art, like other things, can express mainly only one thing—that is qualities. As soon as composers begin to write music which, they say, expresses a bump on a log or a family quarrel or a man wearing a gold-mesh nightrobe; just then the mission of musical art disappears and a grotesque burlesque appears.

Brahm's music is true art expression of qualities in the ripest manner of the present, in his own way. Last night's symphony showed this plainly. Mention of this work should not leave unnoticed the particularly enjoyable third movement. Its theme and opening treatment is one of the most exquisite bits of modern music.

It is not surprising that the great works of Brahms and of others should miss and have missed general comprehension at times. Understanding music depends upon two things, the personal character of the listener and the amount of his musical education. It is one of the great things in favor of art appreciation that it doe not fail of some appeal through lac of particular art education. This is one of the proofs that music is expressive of qualities and not of physically tangible things. What musical appreciation does depend upon chiefly is the susceptibility of the emotions and depth of character, the mental constitution which can find "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

What [illegible] it except the innate longing for expression of the thoughts, which they instinctively know music expresses, that brings judges, lawyers, physicians, scientists, clergymen and all men of habitual thought to our local symphony orchestra concerts night after night? These men have seen and know the world and its possibilities, and their regular attention to music, which cannot be other than sincere, testifies to the power of the art and the fact that it has something for them which they go to get. It is wonderful!

Because of the impressions created musicians as a whole would prefer to have the best music last in a concert. However, partly to accommodate the natural strain upon the perceptive faculties, not alone of musical laymen, but of musicians themselves, what is oftenest the best music is placed at the beginning of the program and music of decreasingly serious vein thereafter.

It is quite possible, although uncomfortable, for even the best musicians to accommodate themselves to this—it must be said—unnatural arrangement. It is certainly good policy for them to do so, if they increase the general interest in music thereby. The disagreeable part of it is that by this system the plane of artistic excellence is usually lower at the end than at the beginning of the concert. This is an unspeakably repulsive condition to anyone, and time must remedy it.

With conditions as they are, however, and that is usually the best way to meet them, musicians have their cue without looking further. It is to learn how to express sincerely in music the more joyful qualities of life. Musical literature is singularly deficient in this respect. It is either solemn or tragic, for the most part. How to be humorous or even pleasant when serious is a thing few of them have learned. They are usually so austere when serious.

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J. MacB.

BOSTON JOURNAL

DECEMBER 11

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In view of Mr. Bauer's notable performance of the Beethoven G major concerto at the last Boston concerts, it was regrettable that the Cambridge audience could not hear such an ideal interpretation of that great concerto. Yet it is characteristic of the catholicity of Mr. Bauer's taste and the broadness of his repertoire that, unlike some soloists who repeat with parrot-like accuracy the same piece in every place they play, Mr. Bauer should play, as he has in the last week or two, the Brahms D minor concerto in New York, the Beethoven in Boston and the Saint-Saens in Cambridge.

Mr. Ballantine's prelude was written originally as part of incidental music to Hermann Hagedorn's play, "The Delectable Forest," which was given at Radcliffe in 1912. The prelude was rewritten by Mr. Ballantine while he was staying at the MacDowell colony in Peterboro, N. H., and was performed there last summer at the MacDowell festival, being very favorably received at that time.

The prelude has a charmingly fanciful character. The ideas are imaginative and the scoring is delicate and picturesque. There is considerable variety of thematic material. The composition as a whole seemed to lack coherence in the development of the material and a broader treatment of the themes.

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ADVERTISER.

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A WILDLY MODERN WORK BY STRAVINSKY GIVEN

Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and Haydn's Violoncello Concerto Played by Josef Malkin.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Beethoven. Eighth Symphony. F major.
Stravinsky. "Fireworks."
Haydn. Violoncello Concerto.
Soloist, Mr. Josef Malkin.

As usual with Dr. Muck, he surrounded his modern tonal wounds with classical poultices. Beethoven came before Stravinsky and Haydn after him. But even with these antidotes the modern tonal coruscations and explosions entitled "Fireworks" seemed anarchistic enough. Was it not of Whistler's painting entitled "Fireworks" that Ruskin wrote—"He has thrown a pot of paint at the head of the public"? (I quote from memory and may be mistaken in the exact sentence.) In this bit of fire-worship Stravinsky hurls a whole orchestra at the head of the public and calls it music. The effects of flame are more musically done in Wagner's "Feuerzauber," or even in Strauss' "Feuersnoth."

But viewed as a bit of musical impressionism, or perhaps sensationalism, the "Fireworks" were interesting enough. Of course there was a very large orchestra employed and there was mastery of many striking tonal effects. One could hear the pin-wheels, the flashes, and (very decidedly) the final bombs. The work is very short also, which is a rare virtue in modern music. It was performed with a technique that swept everything before it, but the musical content seemed very slight. What some of the brass dissonances meant we could not imagine, unless the man who lit the pieces had burnt his fingers and made a few resultant remarks. But the excitement of the short composition made amends for the absence of true music.

Beethoven's eighth symphony was quite another story. In these present days no self-respecting composer would write a symphony less than an hour-and-a-half in length, nor with an orchestra of less than thirty different parts, nor dealing with anything less than abject despair or a universal cataclysm. And here is this old fogy presenting a symphony less than half-an-hour in length, with about a dozen parts (sometimes less), and actually tuneful, genial and playful. We may ask in indignation—"Is this Music?" Are we to be entertained, pleased and refreshed by a Symphony? Are we to be thus trifled with by tunes and melodious sequences? The Irish echo answers—"We are!" and, what is more, the audience seemed to heartily enjoy the work.

The reading of it was commendable. The chattering themes of the first movement were merry enough, and the woodwind (oboe and flute) were dainty in the closing theme here. But the bassoons deserve the chief praise in this work. In one sense the bassoon was Beethoven's favorite instrument. He always enjoyed writing for it when he was in that free and easy mood that he graphically called "aufgekhoepft"—"unbuttoned," and, therefore, this work may almost be called a bassoon concerto. With comical gravity, these instruments gave their octave figure in the coda of the first movement, and in the last movement the duet of bassoons and kettledrums (odd combination) was quaintly effective.

In the slow movement, which is not slow in this instance (Allegretto Scherzando), the pretty little dialogue between violins and violoncellos was charmingly given, and the brusque manner in which the contrabasses bit off the innocent flutes was made as grotesque as possible. Altogether it was an example of the almost lost art of enjoyment in Music.

The contrabasses, which play an important part in this symphony, did excellent work. The only possible fault to be found was that the shading was sometimes too extreme. It made the work seem inflated. We prefer this little symphony in a quieter, simpler style.

Haydn's Violoncello Concerto was somewhat less striking to the modern ear. It had neither the modern technique nor the modern orchestral combinations. The first object of a true concerto ought to be orchestral. The perfect concerto is a three-movement symphony with a thread of solo work interwoven. Taken from this standpoint the literature of the violoncello is very defective. There are not many real violin concertos, but violoncello concertos are as rare as white blackbirds.

But the work demanded pure tone, sympathetic quality, good phrasing and a generally clean-cut style, and these qualities Mr. Josef Malkin brought to it. There were several long orchestral passages (tutti) in the old-fashioned style, and there was a flavor of Mozart (Leporello in "Don Giovanni") in the first movement.

The solo work, as above intimated, was excellent,—the best violoncello playing that we have had in these concerts for a very long while. Mr. Malkin, our new violoncellist in the orchestra, is certainly a great artist on his instrument. The warm, sympathetic tone in the Haydn passages was commendable, while in the long cadenza there was plenty of modern display, such as runs and skips, some superb double-stopping, and some nobly broad work on the C string.

At the end Mr. Malkin was recalled over and over again; in fact he awakened the chief enthusiasm in a concert where there was very much applause throughout.

Schumann's "Genoveva" overture is practically all that survives in the concert-room (or in theatre) of that undramatic opera. And this overture is dramatic from beginning to end. Right daintily did the violins give the delicate lace-work of the beginning. We firmly believe that no orchestra in the world possesses such a noble string band as we have in our Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was odd to listen to the diminished chords of the ninth in the opening of the work, as picturing evil. Nowadays Strauss, Rezenicek & Co. would give something infinitely more ear-splitting for such a purpose.

Dr. Muck read the work with fine abandon, and pictured the struggle of evil and innocence, and the final triumph of the lovers, with earnest power. It was a beautiful ending to a very enjoyable concert, which was of reasonable length and did not crush the auditor as some of the longer and more ambitious ones sometimes do.

[76]

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BOSTON JOURNAL—

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Generally speaking, much of Beethoven's music is about as expressive in the present day as a vast expanse of pure, white marble. His piano concerto in G major, played last night by Harold Bauer, is one example. His piano concerto in E flat major is another, and there are many others, not only by Beethoven, but by other classic composers.

It is quite right that these should be heard occasionally, so as to preserve the acquaintance with them; but positive enjoyment of them by the many is impossible, partly because they were written in the musical manner of expression of bygone days and partly because they never expressed such a great number of ideas. Those who live in the past think there is nothing like them; but, they cease to be all-satisfying to those who are trying to live in the present, who are trying to live a complete life, to keep abreast of the times and to find full expression for their ever-changing complex attitudes and methods of thinking. It is quite possible that even Brahms, who expresses the present so richly, will appear in this manner in the years to come.

Bauer's playing was in keeping with the concerto. Even though it was disappointing in a degree to hear the Boston Orchestra play the same Brahms' symphony last night which another orchestra played here about one month ago, Baltimore probably lost nothing in reality, it was played in a manner so far superior. Its reception showed that Brahms is becoming understood gradually but surely.

It is one of the paradoxes of musical art that music which suggests best the most obvious is the least understood by the general public. Music which is often positively meaningless or shockingly astonishing is liked more readily. Here is the pitfall and where the study of the meaning of music begins. Musical art, like other things, can express mainly only one thing—that is qualities. As soon as composers begin to write music which, they say, expresses a bump on a log or a family quarrel or a man wearing a gold-mesh nightrobe, just then the mission of musical art disappears and a grotesque burlesque appears.

Brahm's music is true art expression of qualities in the ripest manner of the present, in his own way. Last night's symphony showed this plainly. Mention of this work should not leave unnoticed the particularly enjoyable third movement. Its theme and opening treatment is one of the most exquisite bits of modern music.

It is not surprising that the great works of Brahms and of others should miss and have missed general comprehension at times. Understanding music depends upon two things, the personal character of the listener and the amount of his musical education. It is one of the great things in favor of art appreciation that it doe not fail of some appeal through lac of particular art education. This is one of the proofs that music is expressive of qualities and not of physically tangible things. What musical appreciation does depend upon chiefly is the susceptibility of the emotions and depth of character, the mental constitution which can find "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

What is it except the innate longing for expression of the thoughts, which they instinctively know music expresses, that brings judges, lawyers, physicians, scientists, clergymen and all men of habitual thought to our local symphony orchestra concerts night after night? These men have seen and know the world and its possibilities, and their regular attention to music, which cannot be other than sincere, testifies to the power of the art and the fact that it has something for them which they go to get. It is wonderful!

Because of the impressions created musicians as a whole would prefer to have the best music last in a concert. However, partly to accommodate the natural strain upon the perceptive faculties, not alone of musical laymen, but of musicians themselves, what is oftenest the best music is placed at the beginning of the program and music of decreasingly serious vein thereafter.

It is quite possible, although uncomfortable, for even the best musicians to accommodate themselves to this—it must be said—unnatural arrangement. It is certainly good policy for them to do so, if they increase the general interest in music thereby. The disagreeable part of it is that by this system the plane of artistic excellence is usually lower at the end than at the beginning of the concert. This is an unspeakably repulsive condition to anyone, and time must remedy it.

With conditions as they are, however, and that is usually the best way to meet them, musicians have their cue without looking further. It is to learn how to express sincerely in music the more joyful qualities of life. Musical literature is singularly deficient in this respect. It is either solemn or tragic, for the most part. How to be humorous or even pleasant when serious is a thing few of them have learned. They are usually so austere when serious.

When this is done then there will be no excuse for decrease in the tone of a concert as it progresses. Musical progress then may pass from one extreme to another of emotion without loss of character. Last, but by no means least, music, as a means of expression, will have made its scope at least equal to that of language.

J. N. H.

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long-suffering and mild in her attitude
erved her in some of the visiting con-
protests have been registered against
attitude of apparent indifference that it seems an apt moment
them. These protests were precipitated by the last Boston symphony concert when the same symphony was played by them that the New York Symphony Orchestra had given the week before. This is, in some ways, an interesting happening, for it gives music lovers an opportunity of comparing the interpretations of two conductors; but, on the other hand, it is to be deplored here for the reason that we have in all but fourteen symphony concerts this year, and we need to have our musical outlook broadened by them.

There is so large a literature of music of the symphonic order with which we are totally unfamiliar that it would seem almost obligatory that we ask for these compositions on our program. This, however, is not a matter for the visiting conductor to handle alone, it is really a local responsibility, and one that needs attention. In the matter of art the Fine Arts Society sees to it that the season's output is representative of both the best in art, and of current art—to show us whither we are tending. Mr. O. G. Sonneck, who is in charge of the music department of the Library of Congress, outlined a scheme some years ago whereby music might also have a "vigilance committee" of representative musicians and music patrons to cooperate with the visiting orchestras by suggesting to them the compositions we most desire to hear.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has just been playing a novelty, the Ropartz fourth symphony, which has proved of interest elsewhere, and Dr. Muck no doubt would have gladly given it to us had he known that we desired it. Several seasons ago, out of a season of fifteen symphony concerts, we heard the fifth symphony of Beethoven played four times. It is to avert such a repetition that these protests are cited, and if the responsibility is ours, let us assume it, or at least let our needs be known.

J. MacB.

BOSTON JOURNAL
DECEMBER 11

SYMPHONY PLAYS A NEW PRELUDE

An interesting novelty was brought out in Sanders Theatre last night at the Cambridge concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was entitled "Prelude to the Play, 'The Delectable Forest,'" and was composed by Edward Ballantine, who is an instructor in the department of music at Harvard.

The rest of the program was made up of the Brahms Second Symphony and the seldom played Saint-Saens piano concerto in C minor, brilliantly performed by Harold Bauer.

In view of Mr. Bauer's notable performance of the Beethoven G major concerto at the last Boston concerts, it was regrettable that the Cambridge audience could not hear such an ideal interpretation of that great concerto. Yet it is characteristic of the catholicity of Mr. Bauer's taste and the broadness of his repertoire that, unlike some soloists who repeat with parrot-like accuracy the same piece in every place they play, Mr. Bauer should play, as he has in the last week or two, the Brahms D minor concerto in New York, the Beethoven in Boston and the Saint-Saens in Cambridge.

Mr. Ballantine's prelude was written originally as part of incidental music to Hermann Hagedorn's play, "The Delectable Forest," which was given at Radcliffe in 1912. The prelude was rewritten by Mr. Ballantine while he was staying at the MacDowell colony in Peterboro, N. H., and was performed there last summer at the MacDowell festival, being very favorably received at that time.

The prelude has a charmingly fanciful character. The ideas are imaginative and the scoring is delicate and picturesque. There is considerable variety of thematic material. The composition as a whole seemed to lack coherence in the development of the material and a broader treatment of the themes.

The orchestra played the prelude delightfully and the composition evidently made a most favorable impression, receiving long-continued and enthusiastic applause.

DECEMBER 12
ADVERTISER.

THE SYMPHONY THIS WEEK

A WILDLY MODERN WORK BY STRAVINSKY GIVEN

Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and Haydn's Violoncello Concerto Played by Josef Malkin.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Beethoven. Eighth Symphony. F major.
Stravinsky. "Fireworks."
Haydn. Violoncello Concerto.
Soloist, Mr. Josef Malkin.

As usual with Dr. Muck, he surrounded his modern tonal wounds with classical poultices. Beethoven came before Stravinsky and Haydn after him. But even with these antidotes the modern tonal coruscations and explosions entitled "Fireworks" seemed anarchistic enough. Was it not of Whistler's painting entitled "Fireworks" that Ruskin wrote—"He has thrown a pot of paint at the head of the public"? (I quote from memory and may be mistaken in the exact sentence.) In this bit of fire-worship Stravinsky hurls a whole orchestra at the head of the public and calls it music. The effects of flame are more musically done in Wagner's "Feuerzauber," or even in Strauss' "Feuersnoth."

But viewed as a bit of musical impressionism, or perhaps sensationalism, the "Fireworks" were interesting enough. Of course there was a very large orchestra employed and there was mastery of many striking tonal effects. One could hear the pin-wheels, the flashes, and (very decidedly) the final bombs. The work is very short also, which is a rare virtue in modern music. It was performed with a technique that swept everything before it, but the musical content seemed very slight. What some of the brass dissonances meant we could not imagine, unless the man who lit the pieces had burnt his fingers and made a few resultant remarks. But the excitement of the short composition made amends for the absence of true music.

Beethoven's eighth symphony was quite another story. In these present days no self-respecting composer would write a symphony less than an hour-and-a-half in length, nor with an orchestra of less than thirty different parts, nor dealing with anything less than abject despair or a universal cataclysm. And here is this old fogy presenting a symphony less than half-an-hour in length, with about a dozen parts (sometimes less), and actually tuneful, genial and playful. We may ask in indignation—"Is this Music?" Are we to be entertained, pleased and refreshed by a Symphony? Are we to be thus trifled with by tunes and melodious sequences? The Irish echo answers—"We are!" and, what is more, the audience seemed to heartily enjoy the work.

The reading of it was commendable. The chattering themes of the first movement were merry enough, and the woodwind (oboe and flute) were dainty in the closing theme here. But the bassoons deserve the chief praise in this work. In one sense the bassoon was Beethoven's favorite instrument. He always enjoyed writing for it when he was in that free and easy mood that he graphically called "aufgekhoepft"—"unbuttoned," and, therefore, this work may almost be called a bassoon concerto. With comical gravity, these instruments gave their octave figure in the coda of the first movement, and in the last movement the duet of bassoons and kettledrums (odd combination) was quaintly effective.

In the slow movement, which is not slow in this instance (Allegretto Scherzando), the pretty little dialogue between violins and violoncellos was charmingly given, and the brusque manner in which the contrabasses bit off the innocent flutes was made as grotesque as possible. Altogether it was an example of the almost lost art of enjoyment in Music.

The contrabasses, which play an important part in this symphony, did excellent work. The only possible fault to be found was that the shading was sometimes too extreme. It made the work seem inflated. We prefer this little symphony in a quieter, simpler style.

Haydn's Violoncello Concerto was somewhat less striking to the modern ear. It had neither the modern technique nor the modern orchestral combinations. The first object of a true concerto ought to be orchestral. The perfect concerto is a three-movement symphony with a thread of solo work interwoven. Taken from this standpoint the literature of the violoncello is very defective. There are not many real violin concertos, but violoncello concertos are as rare as white blackbirds.

But the work demanded pure tone, sympathetic quality, good phrasing and a generally clean-cut style, and these qualities Mr. Josef Malkin brought to it. There were several long orchestral passages (tutti) in the old-fashioned style, and there was a flavor of Mozart (Leporello in "Don Giovanni") in the first movement.

The solo work, as above intimated, was excellent,—the best violoncello playing that we have had in these concerts for a very long while. Mr. Malkin, our new violoncellist in the orchestra, is certainly a great artist on his instrument. The warm, sympathetic tone in the Haydn passages was commendable, while in the long cadenza there was plenty of modern display, such as runs and skips, some superb double-stopping, and some nobly broad work on the C string.

At the end Mr. Malkin was recalled over and over again; in fact he awakened the chief enthusiasm in a concert where there was very much applause throughout.

Schumann's "Genoveva" overture is practically all that survives in the concert-room (or in theatre) of that undramatic opera. And this overture is dramatic from beginning to end. Right daintily did the violins give the delicate lace-work of the beginning. We firmly believe that no orchestra in the world possesses such a noble string band as we have in our Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was odd to listen to the diminished chords of the ninth in the opening of the work, as picturing evil. Nowadays Strauss, Rezenicek & Co. would give something infinitely more ear-splitting for such a purpose.

Dr. Muck read the work with fine abandon, and pictured the struggle of evil and innocence, and the final triumph of the lovers, with earnest power. It was a beautiful ending to a very enjoyable concert, which was of reasonable length and did not crush the auditor as some of the longer and more ambitious ones sometimes do.

Globe
Dec 12, 1914

WEDDING FIREWORKS.

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The marriage of Rimsky-Korsakoff's daughter to M. Steinberg, as celebrated by Igor Stravinsky, was a brief and flamboyant occasion. Old shoes, rice and other by-products have been thrown after young, struggling brides and grooms, but fireworks rarely.

Whether Mr Stravinsky entertained a sly joke in characterizing the feminine qualities of his teacher's daughter—he himself had been a married man these two years—or the nature of her husband, the records do not say. According to the music by which Dr Muck added the name of the revolutionary young Russian to the programs of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday, the wedding ceremony presaged a brilliant future. The piece should also become known to campaign managers who believe in the good old political methods of torchlight parades and red fire.

The New York Philharmonic Orchestra had given us the first hearing of this ephemeral bit of composition, which bears the name "Fireworks" and in New York there are those who pride themselves upon the brilliance of Mr Stransky's readings. It is true he permitted more powder to be consumed than did Dr Muck, and as a result there were moments after the first bombardment of skyrockets when some of the set-pieces—the portraits of the bride and groom—blazed in the quiet ecstasy of conjugal bliss, and exhibited some harmonic and orchestral coloring that reflected credit on Mr Stravinsky.

Thematically, there is little to be taken seriously. There are musical figures caught and developed, now spinning as pinwheels, now in flight as blazing arrows, which are not without significance to the imaginative. But can this music be said to have true brilliance? Mr Brock, the London manufacturer of fireworks, when called in to a private performance for expert and serious judgment, found the number graphic and pictorial. No doubt he reflected that it would stimulate sales in the fireworks business.

Apropos of his choice, what sort of person would Reznicek have called into consultation over his "Schlemihl"? Had the symphonic poem of the dirigible balloon appeared, would Count Zeppelin have decided whether or not it was too far above the people's heads? But Mr Stravinsky's fireworks long since burnt themselves out. They made a pretty blaze with new prismatic colors and inspire a desire to hear later music from his ballets.

Josef Malkin, the new associate solo cellist of the orchestra, played for his first appearance here Haydn's concerto in D major. Apparently nervous during the earlier part of the first movement, he gained in confidence and authority and gave an excellent account of himself. His tone is not large, nor is it particularly sensuous, least of all in the A string, but it is expressive. His intonation, while not always secure yesterday, shows his ear and technic normally to be dependable. He accomplished many beautiful things in phraseology, choosing to leave this charming old music in its own form and of its own period. The slow movement was sung with true musical feeling and a well schooled bow, and in passages of bravura and embellishment he was admirable. Mr Malkin was warmly applauded.

The symphony was Beethoven's eighth, played with characteristic virtuosity, nor should Dr Muck's beautiful accompaniment of the concerto be passed by. Schumann's overture to "Genoveva" was the program's final number.

Next week Miss Florence Hinkle, the justly admired concert soprano, unique in beauty of voice and intelligence, will be the soloist in the "Voi che sapete" from "The Marriage of Figaro" and the Ave Maria from "The Cross of Fire." The orchestra numbers will be Wagner's "Faust" Overture, Schoenberg's Five Pieces for Orchestra and Haydn's Symphony in G major, No. 6.

BOSTON JOURNAL—
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NEW 'CELLIST IS WARMLY GREETED

This week's Symphony soloist, Josef Malkin, is one of the new members of the orchestra, who shares the first 'cello desk with Heinrich Warnke. There was evidence of nervousness in his playing yesterday, but generally his tone was bright, though not big; his style smooth and graceful, his skill ample and at times brilliant, his treatment of lyric passages sympathetic. The usual large audience applauded him long and fervently. Evidently there were many present who love to hear the 'cello, even though the music written for the instrument is seldom inspiring.

Mr. Malkin is new to Boston, but he appeared in New York as soloist five years ago, during his career as a virtuoso. In Berlin, some years ago, he was a member of the trio presided over by the present concert-master of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Witek. He indeed is a welcome addition to a

Mr. Malkin chose the Haydn concerto in D major for his Boston debut. It is a favorite with 'cellists, if not with the public. The other numbers on the program, which will be heard again tonight, are Beethoven's eighth symphony, Stravinsky's "Fireworks" and Schumann's "Genoveva" overture.

The Stravinsky tone picture is an ingenious bit of symphonic realism introduced to Bostonians a few weeks ago by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. To some it might suggest a lively Fourth of July scene on the Common, with the conflict of bands, the whirr and whiz of pinwheels and rockets and the buzz of a great crowd. With the progress of realism in the realm of music there is every reason to hope for a musical setting of a Harvard-Yale football game in the course of another season or two. Here is an opportunity for aspiring Harvard composers to set forth the boom of field goals, the roar of the fans, the frenetic glee of the snake dance.

There was a joyous performance of the cheerful Beethoven symphony and a brilliant reading of the Schumann overture.

The program for next week's concerts will comprise Wagner's "Faust Overture," Schoenberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra," Haydn's sixth symphony, and solos by Miss Hinkle, the soprano.

HERALD.
DECEMBER 12

7TH PUBLIC SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Stravinsky's "Fireworks," in Which Are Bombs, but No Pin Wheels, Played.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The seventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Josef Malkin, violoncellist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 8, F major.....Beethoven
"Fireworks" ....Stravinsky
Concerto in D major for violoncello.... Haydn
Overture to "Genoveva"........Schumann

When Stravinsky's "Fireworks" was produced in New York by the Russian Symphony Orchestra four years ago, the New York Tribune denounced it as "an aesthetic outrage." There was no need of this savage characterization. The piece is a harmless one written for the marriage of Rimsky-Korsakoff's daughter. It was a wedding present, probably not returnable or exchangeable.

"There'll be fireworks, but you won't see them." There may be fireworks in Stravinsky's composition, but it takes a vivid imagination to hear them. The explosive bombs were unmistakable, but with the most honorable intention we could not hear musical pin wheels, flower pots, Roman candles, Bengal lights, set pieces or rockets worthy the name. Mr. Brock of London, a pyrotechnist, was more fortunate. He was solemnly invited to deliver a judicial opinion as an expert. He was delighted. The music appealed to him and he saw all sorts of things. In his opinion he contrived to refer to the firework displays of his own firm, so Stravinsky's piece may have benefited at least two or three persons. It is no small thing to have pleased a pyrotechnist.

We have not yet heard the music of the real Stravinsky, who si hailed by some as the musical wonder of the age; who is as much discussed as is Arnold Schoenberg. It would have been fairer to this unusual and sincere composer if a suite from one of his ballets had been put on the program. The audience would have gained a better idea of this extraordinary man's music.

Mr. Malkin, the successor of Mr. Urack in the orchestra, played here for the first time. He is a virtuoso of high rank. While his tone is not sensuous, oily or impressive, it was sympathetic in the Adagio, which is the most tolerable movement of Haydn's concerto. He has a fluent technic, plays without self-importance, and in this periwigged music he displayed sound musicianship and fine taste. Thus he made a very favorable impression. But is not the time past for violoncello concertos in a Symphony concert? A little of the violoncello as a solo instrument goes a long way; a concerto in three movements seems interminable, even without formidable cadenzas.

Dr. Muck conducted an admirable performance of Beethoven's eighth symphony. Was Beethoven in jesting mood when he described this symphony as a "little one?" Rather let it for originality and striking effects be reckoned among the great ones. We have never heard a better performance of the work than that of yesterday. Especially to be noted was the treatment of the "working-out" section of the first movement. The capriciousness of Beethoven's fancy in this symphony, the captivating capriciousness of genius, was revealed, not by a force and personal interpretation, but by allowing Beethoven to have his say in his own manner. After all there is truth in the old saw: It takes a genius to understand a genius. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Wagner, a "Faust" overture; Mozart, "Voi Che Sapete" (Miss Florence Hinkle); Schoenberg, five pieces for orchestra (first time in Boston); Bruch, "Ave Maria," from "The Cross of Fire" (Miss Hinkle); Haydn, symphony in G major, "The Surprise."

BOSTON POST,
DECEMBER 12

BEETHOVEN FEATURE BY SYMPHONY

"Fireworks," a Virtuoso Piece, Enjoyed; New Cellist Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

The public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, introduced as a soloist Mr. Joseph Malkin, second cellist of the orchestra. Igor Strawinsky's virtuoso piece for orchestra, "Fireworks," was played for the first time at these concerts. The piece was introduced in Boston by Mr. Stransky and the New York Philharmonic, who played it last Nov. 1 in Symphony Hall. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and the Genoveva overture of Schumann completed the programme.

BEETHOVEN THE FEATURE

The feature of the concert was neither the musicianly performance of Mr. Malkin nor the exceedingly brilliant performance of Strawinsky's showpiece, nor yet could it have been the romantic music of Schumann. When all is said, when a thousand scores of a hundred composers, schools and periods have been heard, the figure that towers head and shoulders above all others is and will probably remain for generations to come, that of Beethoven.

The performance, of which it is difficult to speak in anything but superlatives, brought the fact home with especial force. It also brought home the supreme tonal beauty and clarity and brilliancy and Promethean power of the Beethoven orchestra.

Secret Died With Beethoven

The secret of this force and power, and its complete representation by means of an orchestra small beside that of the orchestra ordinarily employed today, died with Beethoven. One can perceive the admirable balancing of tone, the economy of weans with which the most original effects are introduced; one can analyze to his heart's content the working of the machinery that Beethoven put in motion, but this is far from discovering the truth of the matter. There is no better illustration of the inexplicable manner in which the inspiration of a great artist glorifies the letter until the letter itself becomes pure spirit. There are the instruments, known to other composers of Beethoven's day than himself; there is the scoring which is apparently child's play by the side of a score of Tristan or Zarathustra. But, like no other orchestra, the Beethoven orchestra is as the mystery of nature in repose, or the elements themselves at play. A gigantic spirit inhabits it.

Gets "True 'Cello Tone"

Mr. Malkin is an unusually capable 'cellist. Others have shown a tone of more sensuous beauty, but his tone is big, though rough, and this is the tone, we beieve, commonly spoken of as the "true 'cello tone." All right, then, it is the true 'cello tone. A prettier tone, a more ladyfied tone, is not, we presume, a true 'cello tone. Again all right.

Mr. Malkin's intonation was admirably true; he was wholly master of his music; he played with the utmost appreciation of its style and with due deference to the wishes of the composer, and he was heartily applauded.

Display of Virtuosity

The performance of Strawinsky's music presented the piece to better advantage than its performance by the Philharmonic Orchestra. Dr. Muck's tempi are more effective, and give more continuity as well as contrast to the music, and there was more conspicuous virtuosity on the part of the players. The piece is a tour de force on the part of a gifted and precocious youth and not without fantasy and humor of a realistic description.

This, too, pleased the audience, Strawinsky was encored, as had been Mr. Walkin, Dr. Muck, Beethoven.

HE BOSTON GLOBE
NOVEMBER 25.

KREISLER NEAR DEATH IN COSSACK CHARGE

Violinist, Limping From Wound, Tells of Peril.

His Revolver Saved Him After Being Borne Down Under a Horse.

NEW YORK, Nov 24—Violin virtuosos are supposed to be incapable of withstanding the slightest shock, but Fritz Kreisler, who arrived in New York today with his American wife, is a striking exception, for he limped from a lance wound in his thigh and smiled because he had retaliated by killing a Cossack when fighting with the Austrian Army, in which he is a lieutenant.

In the trenches before Lemberg the violinist first saw action and received the wound that incapacitated him and brought the Austrian authorities to the realization that he was far too valuable to be sacrificed. So he is here, limping along with the aid of a stout cane and full of assurance that a thigh wound has nothing whatever to do with his ability to play the violin.

"I had been in the trenches before Lemberg for four days before the Cossacks made the charge that put me out of action," said Mr Kreisler on board the Rotterdam.

"We had all been on duty for four days without rest when the charge came. It occurred at about midnight, and they came in such numbers that our rifle fire and machine guns never checked them for an instant. Whenever the volleys from the rifles or the stream of lead from the machine guns would cut a hole in their ranks there were more men behind only too eager to fill the gaps.

"Then they were on us. Just as one Cossack came at me, I fired and his horse crumpled under him. I went down with the horse and for a moment was stunned by the force of the fall. Then the horse rolled off me and I found that my right leg had been pierced by the Cossack's lance.

"I didn't have time to think of my wound, be it large or trifling, for the Cossack was trying to free his saber from the confusion of trappings. We closed and for a few moments it was a question which of us would first get his sword or revolver into action. I was lucky and killed him.

"The charge had swept our trench clean of every living soul, and I could find no one to help me. I called feebly but soon forgot, and when I revived I was in the hospital at Lemberg."

It was Mrs Kreisler who told how her husband's servant had gone back to the trench and found Mr Kreisler and brought him to the hospital. Even when he was in the hospital Mrs Kreisler did not know her husband's whereabouts until she chanced to walk by his cot. She was doing duty as a Red Cross nurse.

Mrs Kreisler then saw her husband for the first time in two months, for she had received no direct word from him after he had joined his regiment early in August.

She praised the work of the American nurses in the Austrian Red Cross and said that the Russians were now known throughout the Austrian Army as being humane fighters and fair to their foe.

Mrs Kreisler has come to this country for a series of concerts.

Glob
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NEW 'CELLIST IS WARMLY GREETED

This week's Symphony soloist, Josef Malkin, is one of the new members of the orchestra, who shares the first 'cello desk with Heinrich Warnke. There was evidence of nervousness in his playing yesterday, but generally his tone was bright, theugh not big; his style smooth and graceful, his skill ample and at times brilliant, his treatment of lyric passages sympathetic. The usual large audience applauded him long and fervently. Evidently there were many present who love to hear the 'cello, even though the music written for the instrument is seldom inspiring.

Mr. Malkin is new to Boston, but he appeared in New York as soloist five years ago, during his career as a virtuoso. In Berlin, some years ago, he was a member of the trio presided over by the present concert-master of the Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Witek. He indeed is a welcome addition to a

Mr. Malkin chose the Haydn concerto in D major for his Boston debut. It is a favorite with 'cellists, if not with the public. The other numbers on the program, which will be heard again tonight, are Beethoven's eighth symphony, Stravinsky's "Fireworks" and Schumann's "Genoveva" overture.

The Stravinsky tone picture is an ingenious bit of symphonic realism introduced to Bostonians a few weeks ago by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. To some it might suggest a lively Fourth of July scene on the Common, with the conflict of bands, the whirr and whiz of pinwheels and rockets and the buzz of a great crowd. With the progress of realism in the realm of music there is every reason to hope for a musical setting of a Harvard-Yale football game in the course of another season or two. Here is an opportunity for aspiring Harvard composers to set forth the boom of field goals, the roar of the fans, the frenetic glee of the snake dance.

There was a joyous performance of the cheerful Beethoven symphony and a brilliant reading of the Schumann overture.

The program for next week's concerts will comprise Wagner's "Faust Overture," Schoenberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra," Haydn's sixth symphony, and solos by Miss Hinkle, the soprano.

HERALD.
DECEMBER 12

7TH PUBLIC SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Stravinsky's "Fireworks," in Which Are Bombs, but No Pin Wheels, Played.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The seventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Josef Malkin, violoncellist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 8, F major......Beethoven
"Fireworks"......................Stravinsky
Concerto in D major for violoncello....Haydn
Overture to "Genoveva".........Schumann

When Stravinsky's "Fireworks" was produced in New York by the Russian Symphony Orchestra four years ago, the New York Tribune denounced it as "an aesthetic outrage." There was no need of this savage characterization. The piece is a harmless one written for the marriage of Rimsky-Korsakoff's daughter. It was a wedding present, probably not returnable or exchangeable.

"There'll be fireworks, but you won't see them." There may be fireworks in Stravinsky's composition, but it takes a vivid imagination to hear them. The explosive bombs were unmistakable, but with the most honorable intention we could not hear musical pin wheels, flower pots, Roman candles, Bengal lights, set pieces or rockets worthy the name. Mr. Brock of London, a pyrotechnist, was more fortunate. He was solemnly invited to deliver a judicial opinion as an expert. He was delighted. The music appealed to him and he saw all sorts of things. In his opinion he contrived to refer to the firework displays of his own firm, so Stravinsky's piece may have benefited at least two or three persons. It is no small thing to have pleased a pyrotechnist.

We have not yet heard the music of the real Stravinsky, who si hailed by some as the musical wonder of the age; who is as much discussed as is Arnold Schoenberg. It would have been fairer to this unusual and sincere composer if a suite from one of his ballets had been put on the program. The audience would have gained a better idea of this extraordinary man's music.

Mr. Malkin, the successor of Mr. Urack in the orchestra, played here for the first time. He is a virtuoso of high rank. While his tone is not sensuous, oily or impressive, it was sympathetic in the Adagio, which is the most tolerable movement of Haydn's concerto. He has a fluent technic, plays without self-importance, and in this periwigged music he displayed sound musicianship and fine taste. Thus he made a very favorable impression. But is not the time past for violoncello concertos in a Symphony concert? A little of the violoncello as a solo instrument goes a long way; a concerto in three movements seems interminable, even without formidable cadenzas.

Dr. Muck conducted an admirable performance of Beethoven's eighth symphony. Was Beethoven in jesting mood when he described this symphony as a "little one?" Rather let it for originality and striking effects be reckoned among the great ones. We have never heard a better performance of the work than that of yesterday. Especially to be noted was the treatment of the "working-out" section of the first movement. The capriciousness of Beethoven's fancy in this symphony, the captivating capriciousness of genius, was revealed, not by a force and personal interpretation, but by allowing Beethoven to have his say in his own manner. After all there is truth in the old saw: It takes a genius to understand a genius. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Wagner, a "Faust" overture; Mozart, "Voi Che Sapete" (Miss Florence Hinkle); Schoenberg, five pieces for orchestra (first time in Boston); Bruch, "Ave Maria," from "The Cross of Fire" (Miss Hinkle); Haydn, spmphony in G major, "The Surprise."

BOSTON POST,
DECEMBER 12

BEETHOVEN FEATURE BY SYMPHONY

"Fireworks," a Virtuoso Piece, Enjoyed; New Cellist Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

The public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, introduced as a soloist Mr. Joseph Malkin, second cellist of the orchestra. Igor Strawinsky's virtuoso piece for orchestra, "Fireworks," was played for the first time at these concerts. The piece was introduced in Boston by Mr. Stransky and the New York Philharmonic, who played it last Nov. 1 in Symphony Hall. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and the Genoveva overture of Schumann completed the programme.

BEETHOVEN THE FEATURE

The feature of the concert was neither the musicianly performance of Mr. Malkin nor the exceedingly brilliant performance of Strawinsky's showpiece, nor yet could it have been the romantic music of Schumann. When all is said, when a thousand scores of a hundred composers, schools and periods have been heard, the figure that towers head and shoulders above all others is and will probably remain for generations to come, that of Beethoven.

The performance, of which it is difficult to speak in anything but superlatives, brought the fact home with especial force. It also brought home the supreme tonal beauty and clarity and brilliancy and Promethean power of the Beethoven orchestra.

Secret Died With Beethoven

The secret of this force and power, and its complete representation by means of an orchestra small beside that of the orchestra ordinarily employed today, died with Beethoven. One can perceive the admirable balancing of tone, the economy of weans with which the most original effects are introduced; one can analyze to his heart's content the working of the machinery that Beethoven put in motion, but this is far from discovering the truth of the matter. There is no better illustration of the inexplicable manner in which the inspiration of a great artist glorifies the letter until the letter itself becomes pure spirit. There are the instruments, known to other composers of Beethoven's day than himself; there is the scoring which is apparently child's play by the side of a score of Tristan or Zarathustra. But, like no other orchestra, the Beethoven orchestra is as the mystery of nature in repose, or the elements themselves at play. A gigantic spirit inhabits it.

Gets "True 'Cello Tone"

Mr. Malkin is an unusually capable 'cellist. Others have shown a tone of more sensuous beauty, but his tone is big, though rough, and this is the tone, we beieve, commonly spoken of as the "true 'cello tone." All right, then, it is the true 'cello tone. A prettier tone, a more ladyfied tone, is not, we presume, a true 'cello tone. Again all right.

Mr. Malkin's intonation was admirably true; he was wholly master of his music; he played with the utmost appreciation of its style and with due deference to the wishes of the composer, and he was heartily applauded.

Display of Virtuosity

The performance of Strawinsky's music presented the piece to better advantage than its performance by the Philharmonic Orchestra. Dr. Muck's tempi are more effective, and give more continuity as well as contrast to the music, and there was more conspicuous virtuosity on the part of the players. The piece is a tour de force on the part of a gifted and precocious youth and not without fantasy and humor of a realistic description.

This, too, pleased the audience, Strawinsky was encored, as had been Mr. Walkin, Dr. Muck, Beethoven.

HE BOSTON GLOBE
NOVEMBER 25.

KREISLER NEAR DEATH IN COSSACK CHARGE

Violinist, Limping From Wound, Tells of Peril.

His Revolver Saved Him After Being Borne Down Under a Horse.

NEW YORK, Nov 24—Violin virtuosos are supposed to be incapable of withstanding the slightest shock, but Fritz Kreisler, who arrived in New York today with his American wife, is a striking exception, for he limped from a lance wound in his thigh and smiled because he had retaliated by killing a Cossack when fighting with the Austrian Army, in which he is a lieutenant.

In the trenches before Lemberg the violinist first saw action and received the wound that incapacitated him and brought the Austrian authorities to the realization that he was far too valuable to be sacrificed. So he is here, limping along with the aid of a stout cane and full of assurance that a thigh wound has nothing whatever to do with his ability to play the violin.

"I had been in the trenches before Lemberg for four days before the Cossacks made the charge that put me out of action," said Mr Kreisler on board the Rotterdam.

"We had all been on duty for four days without rest when the charge came. It occurred at about midnight, and they came in such numbers that our rifle fire and machine guns never checked them for an instant. Whenever the volleys from the rifles or the stream of lead from the machine guns would cut a hole in their ranks there were more men behind only too eager to fill the gaps.

"Then they were on us. Just as one Cossack came at me, I fired and his horse crumpled under him. I went down with the horse and for a moment was stunned by the force of the fall. Then the horse rolled off me and I found that my right leg had been pierced by the Cossack's lance.

"I didn't have time to think of my wound, be it large or trifling, for the Cossack was trying to free his saber from the confusion of trappings. We closed and for a few moments it was a question which of us would first get his sword or revolver into action. I was lucky and killed him.

"The charge had swept our trench clean of every living soul, and I could find no one to help me. I called feebly but soon forgot, and when I revived I was in the hospital at Lemberg."

It was Mrs Kreisler who told how her husband's servant had gone back to the trench and found Mr Kreisler and brought him to the hospital. Even when he was in the hospital Mrs Kreisler did not know her husband's whereabouts until she chanced to walk by his cot. She was doing duty as a Red Cross nurse.

Mrs Kreisler then saw her husband for the first time in two months, for she had received no direct word from him after he had joined his regiment early in August.

She praised the work of the American nurses in the Austrian Red Cross and said that the Russians were now known throughout the Austrian Army as being humane fighters and fair to their foe.

Mrs Kreisler has come to this country for a series of concerts.

[77]

EVENING RECORD, NOVEMBER 24

Violinist Kreisler Tells of His Experiences in the War How He Killed a Cossack

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian violinist, who served as a lieutenant in the Third Kratz Regiment and was wounded in battle near Lemberg, reached New York today on the steamer Rotterdam. He was accompanied by his wife, who served as a Red Cross nurse in the Austrian army.

"I was wounded on the night of Sept. 16," said Mr. Kreisler. "While resisting a charge of Russian Cossacks I was knocked down by a horse. As the rider passed over me he sank his lance into my right thigh. It caught in my coat and before he could withdraw it I shot and killed. I lay in the trench for hours until I was found."

Mrs. Kreisler saw duty in German and Austrian Red Cross hospitals. She came into personal contact with the American Red Cross units, and she said that they were receiving unbounded praise everywhere.

"I was told by both German and Austrian surgeons that the American nurses could do 20 times the work that their own nurses could, and that their system of handling wounded was simply wonderful.

"As to wounds, I found that the Russian bullets were the most humane, and as foes the Russians were exceptionally courteous. While I was working in the Austrian hospitals I saw and talked with Emperor Francis Joseph many times."

NEW YORK TRIBUNE,

NOVEMBER 6,

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT CARNEGIE HALL

Orchestral Friends from "Hub" Opening Series of Concerts.

In the progress of the score of years during which the Boston Symphony has bestowed its benisons on New York the vocabulary of praise has been thoroughly exhausted; so has that of description and critical analysis.

It is only when the splendid body of musicians introduces a new work, or its conductor discloses a different conception of a familiar work from that held by his colleagues at the head of local organizations that the reviewer can get away from a simple record or a revamping of old utterances. It has become impossible even to chronicle growth in local appreciation of the visitors, for, so far as it can be measured by the attendance, that reached its limit some time ago.

When all the seats in a vast room like Carnegie Hall are subscribed for a year in advance the tale does not admit of many sequels. Nor is it necessary to popular knowledge that reiterations be made of the circumstances that the audiences have come to represent the fine flavor of New York's music lovers.

What, then, needs be said, or shall be said, of the first concert of the Bostonians, wh'ch took place last night? Not much. The men were gladly seen, were gladly heard, and Dr. Muck was enthusiastically greeted when he came upon the stage, but more enthusiastically when he turned to bow his acknowledgments for the expressions of delight which followed the performance of Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony, which opened the programme. Thereafter the general happiness grew with what it fed on—Brahms's variations as a theme by Haydn, Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" and Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," that truly German opera which Signor Toscanini selected for this season's Metropolitan list to bridge the chasm between Beethoven and Wagner. All the old opulence of tone, all the old technical precision, all the old harmonic brilliancy and clarity with which the public is familiar, was again in evidence, and the concert was a period of æsthetic refreshment and mental uplift.

H. E. K.

RECORD.

DECEMBER 12

THE SYMPHONY THIS WEEK

Beethoven. Eighth Symphony. F major.
Stravinsky. "Fireworks."
Haydn. Violoncello Concerto.
Soloist, Mr. Josef Malkin.

As usual with Dr. Muck, he surrounded his modern tonal wounds with classical poultices. Beethoven came before Stravinsky and Haydn after him. But even with these antidotes the modern tonal coruscations and explosions entitled "Fireworks" seemed anarchistic enough. Was it not of Whistler's painting entitled "Fireworks" that Ruskin wrote—"He has thrown a pot of paint at the head of the public"? (I quote from memory and may be mistaken in the exact sentence.) In this bit of fire-worship Stravinsky hurls a whole orchestra at the head of the public and calls it music. The effects of flame are more musically done in Wagner's "Feuerzauber," or even in Strauss' "Feuersnoth," says Louis C. Elson in his Symphony review in The Advertiser.

But viewed as a bit of musical impressionism, or perhaps sensationalism, the "Fireworks" were interesting enough. Of course there was a very large orchestra employed and there was mastery of many striking tonal effects. One could hear the pin-wheels, the flashes, and (very decidedly) the final bombs. The work is very short also, which is a rare virtue in modern music. It was performed with a technique that swept everything before it, but the musical content seemed very slight. What some of the brass dissonances meant we could not imagine, unless the man who lit the pieces had burnt his fingers and made a few resultant remarks. But the excitement of the short composition made amends for the absence of true music.

Haydn's Violoncello Concerto was somewhat less striking to the modern ear. It had neither the modern technique nor the modern orchestral combinations. The first object of a true concerto ought to be orchestral. The perfect concerto is a three-movement symphony with a thread of solo work interwoven. Taken from this standpoint the literature of the violoncello is very defective. There are not many real violin concertos, but violoncello concertos are as rare as white blackbirds.

But the work demanded pure tone, sympathetic quality, good phrasing and a generally clean-cut style, and these qualities Mr. Josef Malkin brought to it. There were several long orchestral passages (tutti) in the old-fashioned style, and there was a flavor of Mozart (Leporello in "Don Giovanni") in the first movement.

The solo work, as above intimated, was excellent,—the best violoncello playing that we have had in these concerts for a very long while. Mr. Malkin, our new violoncellist in the orchestra, is certainly a great artist on his instrument. The warm, sympathetic tone in the Haydn passages was commendable, while in the long cadenza there was plenty of modern display, such as runs and skips, some superb double-stopping, and some nobly broad work on the C string.

At the end Mr. Malkin was recalled over and over again; in fact he awakened the chief enthusiasm in a concert where there was very much applause throughout.

MONITOR,

DECEMBER 12,

NEW SYMPHONY CELLIST MAKES BOW AS SOLOIST

Josef Malkin Plays Haydn Concerto — Dr. Muck Presents Stravinsky Number and the Beethoven Eighth Symphony

SYMPHONY HALL—Seventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor, afternoon of Dec. 11. The program: Beethoven, eighth symphony in F major, op. 93; Stravinsky, "Fireworks," op. 4 (first time at the Symphony concerts); Haydn, concerto in D major for violoncello (Josef Malkin, soloist); Schumann, overture to "Genoveva," op. 81.

Returning from a tour to New York and the other cities of its monthly southern circuit, the orchestra brought to the entertainment of the home public about as simple a program as it ever offers. The close attention of the listeners and their warm applause indicated that music which is meditative rather than exciting still has its days of favor. Perhaps to a few the selection by the new composer, Stravinsky, was exhilarating. If so, they must have been influenced by something they had read about the Russian beforehand, or they must have been persuaded into a mood of admiration by the title of his piece.

The picture is on the whole a pretty mild study in tonal pyrotechnics. Perhaps there was a little more flare to it on Friday than on the afternoon, early in the season, when the Philharmonic Society of New York produced it in Symphony hall; but if there was, the season must have been that the orchestral sky was [illegible] the second performance than at the first. There was Straussian dissonance hanging heavily over the scene at the original display. A Beethoven atmosphere was more indulgent to the Stravinsky rockets. It let the colors glint and the sparks prick their best.

In one respect Stravinsky excels all other masters of saltpeter pageantry. Civic committees should study his example and save expense. He makes his show short and he does not try for impossible climaxes.

The most significant part of the entertainment which Dr. Muck presented in his first December program was the Haydn concerto for violoncello, with a new player of his appointment, Mr. Malkin, as soloist. Mr. Malkin proved to be an admirable artist, one who can make an affected type of composition interesting and an attractive solo instrument charming. Mr. Malkin, with Dr. Muck's help, of course, very nearly made the concerto sound like a symphony. He almost merged the violoncello into the orchestra, so that there was one purpose, and that an honestly expressive one, in the music.

The new violoncellist's tone is rich and full of sentiment. His execution is smooth, his phrasing instinct with intellectual and emotional quality. In his playing he keeps the thread of the composer's thought. He holds each idea of the melody clearly related to its context. Necessarily such a performer has the attention of his listeners. Mr. Malkin should make a signal success of a richly characterized role, like that which Richard Strauss has given to the solo violoncello in his tone poem of "Don Quixote."

Dr. Muck is invariably appealing in his readings of Beethoven. And there are always pages of this master in which he is surpassingly brilliant, or rather say human. They are likely to be the ones in which the kindliness and cheerfulness of the composer shine out most conspicuously. There are passages of such quality in the allegretto of the eighth symphony, and Dr. Muck found them. He has not always evoked the fine moments of exaltation that await a conductor in the scores of Schumann. But he brought them into evidence in the "Genoveva" overture. One reason for this may have been that he directed with a moderate beat, and that he tried no forced effects. Perhaps the "Genoveva" was a little under-practised, but it was none the less pleasant to hear, as though the interpretation were here and there improvised.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

DECEMBER 12, 1914.

UNUSUAL PROGRAM AT THE SYMPHONY

Stravinsky's "Fireworks" Given for the First Time, Fails to Impress.

In the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven Stravinsky's "Fireworks," Haydn's Violoncello Concerto and Schumann's "Genoveva' 'overture Dr. Muck offered an interesting, if not always impressive, program in comparatively brief compass at yesterday afternoon's Symphony concert. Stravinsky has brevity as the chief recommendation for his offering. It makes unusual demands upon the orchestra, which were finely met, but after it is all over the listener cannot very well help wondering if the effort was worth while.

Coming as it did, after the Beethoven number, the audience had an excellent opportunity to compare rare merit with mediocrity. Beethoven is likewise brief, but speaks so eloquently that one would have welcomed more. Josef Malkin, a newcomer this year to the first 'cellists, succeeding Otto Urack, was heard to excellent advantage in the concerto and was recalled time and again at its close. The overture afforded another fine opportunity of hearing the incomparable string band of the orchestra.

Boston Post
December 14, 1914

3200 HEAR KREISLER AT HIS BEST

Wounded Violinist Is More Than Ever the Artist

BY OLIN DOWNES

Fritz Kreisler, the musical man of the hour, played to an audience of more than 3200 yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The stage was filled with seats, with only an open aisle from the door that opened on the platform to the piano; the aisles were choked with people. Mr. Kreisler is now, apparently, at the very zenith of his powers. Very few violinists, who also stand so high as artists, can command such a following. The hall would have been packed if Mr. Kreisler had not taken part in the present war, had not actually received wounds in the trenches, and if there had not been curiosity to see whether he would limp or not when he came on the platform. He has packed Symphony Hall before this. But he had had, from the press agent's point of view, the one necessary experience to place him on a par, in the eye of the public, with Mr. Paderewski, as an artist of sensational popularity.

SUSPICION OF LIMP

It is good to say that with all this, Mr. Kreisler is today more than ever a great artist. If his experience in the battlefield had had anything to do with his disposition or his performance, it was that the experience had removed the last lingering vestige of softness, or sentimentality, with which envious artists and austere critics have sometimes credited him. There was in his walk the faintest suspicion of a limp, as he came on the stage, and was applauded for minutes before he could begin to play, but it was obvious that instead of making the play to the gallery that many a well-known virtuoso would not have disdained to make, Mr. Kreislen was bent upon doing away with personalities and placing his art wholly at the service of the composer. He was more than ever modest in his bearing, more than ever careful to present only the appearance of an uncommonly well-groomed individual, come to play to an audience of ladies and gentlemen. The same attitude was evident in his performance.

More Virile Than Ever

Mr. Kreisler had made an excellent programme. The "A major" sonata of Handel; the "Devil's thrill" sonata of Tartini; the Bach "Chaconne" represented the first and the serious half of his list. Two later groups consisted of small pieces by Schumann, Gluck, Mozart, Dvorak-Kreisler, Kreisler, Paganini. It would be easy to decant on familiar characteristics of Mr. Kreisler's performances, which have before this endeared him to his public, but it would not be necessary. The old warmth and unrivalled beauty of tone, the refinement, the sentiment which yesterday never degenerated into sentimentality, the unqualified technical mastery and the sober musicianship which one was forced to praise in previous seasons, when Mr. Kreisler appeared at his greatest, was always in evidence on this occasion. He is a more serious, more virile player than ever. There was not a moment when he was less than a great artist who had taken a step higher than any he had taken before in his art—a man to elevate, not to pander to public taste. Witness, for only one thing, the surpassing art of the performance of Paganini's 24th caprice!

Gives Encores

The audience followed Mr. Kreisler, absorbed, through every note of his performances. He charitably refrained from encores until his last group. At the end of the concert many flocked to the stage, and there was the expectant group outside the stage door to see a virtuoso get into a carriage.

However distasteful this may have been to Mr. Kreisler, it could not detract from the value of his performances within, and he played encores far into the afternoon before the audience consented to leave the hall.

EVENING RECORD, NOVEMBER 24

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H. E. K.

RECORD.

DECEMBER 12

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MONITOR,

DECEMBER 12,

NEW SYMPHONY CELLIST MAKES BOW AS SOLOIST

Josef Malkin Plays Haydn Concerto — Dr. Muck Presents Stravinsky Number and the Beethoven Eighth Symphony

SYMPHONY HALL—Seventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor, afternoon of Dec. 11. The program: Beethoven, eighth symphony in F major, op. 93; Stravinsky, "Fireworks," op. 4 (first time at the Symphony concerts); Haydn, concerto in D major for violoncello (Josef Malkin, soloist); Schumann, overture to "Genoveva," op. 81.

Returning from a tour to New York and the other cities of its monthly southern circuit, the orchestra brought to the entertainment of the home public about as simple a program as it ever offers. The close attention of the listeners and their warm applause indicated that music which is meditative rather than exciting still has its days of favor. Perhaps to a few the selection by the new composer, Stravinsky, was exhilarating. If so, they must have been influenced by something they had read about the Russian beforehand, or they must have been persuaded into a mood of admiration by the title of his piece.

The picture is on the whole a pretty mild study in tonal pyrotechnics. Perhaps there was a little more flare to it on Friday than on the afternoon, early in the season, when the Philharmonic Society of New York produced it in Symphony hall; but if there was, the reason must have been that the orchestra[illegible]sky was clearer at the second performance than at the first. There was Straussian dissonance banging heavily over the scene at the original display. A Beethoven atmosphere was more indulgent to the Stravinsky rockets. It let the colors glint and the sparks prick their best.

In one respect Stravinsky excels all other masters of saltpeter pageantry. Civic committees should study his example and save expense. He makes his show short and he does not try for impossible climaxes.

The most significant part of the entertainment which Dr. Muck presented in his first December program was the Haydn concerto for violoncello, with a new player of his appointment, Mr. Malkin, as soloist. Mr. Malkin proved to be an admirable artist, one who can make an affected type of composition interesting and an attractive solo instrument charming. Mr. Malkin, with Dr. Muck's help, of course, very nearly made the concerto sound like a symphony. He almost merged the violoncello into the orchestra, so that there was one purpose, and that an honestly expressive one, in the music.

The new violoncellist's tone is rich and full of sentiment. His execution is smooth, his phrasing instinct with intellectual and emotional quality. In his playing he keeps the thread of the composer's thought. He holds each idea of the melody clearly related to its context. Necessarily such a performer has the attention of his listeners. Mr. Malkin should make a signal success of a richly characterized role, like that which Richard Strauss has given to the solo violoncello in his tone poem of "Don Quixote."

Dr. Muck is invariably appealing in his readings of Beethoven. And there are always pages of this master in which he is surpassingly brilliant, or rather say human. They are likely to be the ones in which the kindliness and cheerfulness of the composer shine out most conspicuously. There are passages of such quality in the allegretto of the eighth symphony, and Dr. Muck found them. He has not always evoked the fine moments of exaltation that await a conductor in the scores of Schumann. But he brought them into evidence in the "Genoveva" overture. One reason for this may have been that he directed with a moderate beat, and that he tried no forced effects. Perhaps the "Genoveva" was a little under-practised, but it was none the less pleasant to hear, as though the interpretation were here and there improvised.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

DECEMBER 12, 1914.

UNUSUAL PROGRAM AT THE SYMPHONY

Stravinsky's "Fireworks" Given for the First Time, Fails to Impress.

In the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven Stravinsky's "Fireworks," Haydn's Violoncello Concerto and Schumann's "Genoveva' 'overture Dr. Muck offered an interesting, if not always impressive, program in comparatively brief compass at yesterday afternoon's Symphony concert. Stravinsky has brevity as the chief recommendation for his offering. It makes unusual demands upon the orchestra, which were finely met, but after it is all over the listener cannot very well help wondering if the effort was worth while.

Coming as it did, after the Beethoven number, the audience had an excellent opportunity to compare rare merit with mediocrity. Beethoven is likewise brief, but speaks so eloquently that one would have welcomed more. Josef Malkin, a newcomer this year to the first 'cellists, succeeding Otto Urack, was heard to excellent advantage in the concerto and was recalled time and again at its close. The overture afforded another fine opportunity of hearing the incomparable string band of the orchestra.

Boston Post
December 14, 1914

3200 HEAR KREISLER AT HIS BEST

Wounded Violinist Is More Than Ever the Artist

BY OLIN DOWNES

Fritz **Kreisler**, the musical man of the **hour, played** to an audience of **more than 3200** yesterday afternoon in **Symphony Hall**. The stage was filled **with seats, with** only an open aisle from **the door** that opened on the platform to the piano; the aisles were choked with people. Mr. Kreisler is now, apparently, at the very zenith of his powers. Very few violinists, who also stand so high as artists, can command such a following. The hall would have been packed if Mr. Kreisler had not taken part in the present war, had not actually received wounds in the trenches, and if there had not been curiosity to see whether he would limp or not when he came on the platform. He has packed Symphony Hall before this. But he had had, from the press agent's point of view, the one necessary experience to place him on a par, in the eye of the public, with Mr. Paderewski, as an artist of sensational popularity.

SUSPICION OF LIMP

It is good to say that with all this, Mr. Kreisler is today more than ever a great artist. If his experience in the battlefield had had anything to do with his disposition or his performance, it was that the experience had removed the last lingering vestige of softness, or sentimentality, with which envious artists and austere critics have sometimes credited him. There was in his walk the faintest suspicion of a limp, as he came on the stage, and was applauded for minutes before he could begin to play, but it was obvious that instead of making the play to the gallery that many a well-known virtuoso would not have disdained to make, Mr. Kreisler was bent upon doing away with personalities and placing his art wholly at the service of the composer. He was more than ever modest in his bearing, more than ever careful to present only the appearance of an uncommonly well-groomed individual, come to play to an audience of ladies and gentlemen. The same attitude was evident in his performance.

More Virile Than Ever

Mr. Kreisler had made an excellent programme. The "A major" sonata of Handel; the "Devil's thrill" sonata of Tartini; the Bach "Chaconne" represented the first and the serious half of his list. Two later groups consisted of small pieces by Schumann, Gluck, Mozart, Dvorak-Kreisler, Kreisler, Paganini. It would be easy to decant on familiar characteristics of Mr. Kreisler's performances, which have before this endeared him to his public, but it would not be necessary. The old warmth and unrivalled beauty of tone, the refinement, the sentiment which yesterday never degenerated into sentimentality, the unqualified technical mastery and the sober musicianship which one was forced to praise in previous seasons, when Mr. Kreisler appeared at his greatest, was always in evidence on this occasion. He is a more serious, more virile player than ever. There was not a moment when he was less than a great artist who had taken a step higher than any he had taken before in his art—a man to elevate, not to pander to public taste. Witness, for only one thing, the surpassing art of the performance of Paganini's 24th caprice!

Gives Encores

The audience followed Mr. Kreisler, absorbed, through every note of his performances. He charitably refrained from encores until his last group. At the end of the concert many flocked to the stage, and there was the expectant group outside the stage door to see a virtuoso get into a carriage.

However distasteful this may have been to Mr. Kreisler, it could not detract from the value of his performances within, and he played encores far into the afternoon before the audience consented to leave the hall.

FRITZ KREISLER GETS A WELCOME

Austrian Violinist Amply Compensates for Agonies Suffered at Small Concerts.

"AIDA" FOR ITALIAN HOSPITAL

Miss Geraldine Farrar as Mme. Butterfly and Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler at Aeolian Hall.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Fritz Kreisler, the greatest of living violinists, Austrian, soldier and patriot, made his New York reappearance yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Many of his good friends were under the impression that his advent on the concert platform would be the signal for an impassioned demonstration semi-political in nature, and therefore of rousing and provocative proportions. To the honor of New York be it said that hitherto all attempts to poison music and the fine arts with the gall of the present quarrels and discontents have proved failures, in whatever sense they originated. Mr. Kreisler is something more than an Austrian, and an approved gallant soldier. He is one of the most accomplished and celebrated of contemporaneous artists, and as such he was received by the composite audience, which in overflowing numbers had assembled to greet him. The applause had no political significance. No one was provoked into counter demonstrations.

I have a horror of violin recitals, similar to that which a convict might feel for the gallows. What are they? Imagine them. Think of a long hall filled with ill-dressed women and frizzy-haired moon-eyed men looking as if they had been temporarily and grudgingly relieved of the duty of minding the baby.

The audience room is dingy and half-dark, or oppressively gaudy.

The submissive chain-gang, knouted by the particular concert agent who is managing the entertainment, files dismally in. These carry with them an air of shabby and suburban depression that soon fills the hall like a mist or Bermondsey fog. Critics enter furtively and take up a position near an emergency exit. The violinist's friends rush to and fro, as the friends of an artist at a concert always do, with the bewildered squeaking and fidgetiness of semi-decapitated porkers.

Desolate Music Lovers.

The lover of music looks at the programme before him. Deeper and deeper he sinks into despondency. The composers who have written violin music are well represented. They are over-represented. There is a sonata which will last forty minutes. There is another which will last three-quarters of hour. Sometimes there is a sonata by a composer or devil. In this case the sonata will be longer than ever and more than venomous in the fatigue it inflicts. The violinist appears. He or she has studied with Mons this or Herr the other. He saws away. A scrawny tubercolotic thread of sound makes itself heard. The intonation is false or jejune. The rill of talent is puny to the point of pathos. You turn uneasily in your leather chair. You think enviously of the unforced and spontaneous joy with which certain naive spirits in other quarters of the town are contemplating the broad and native humors of Lydia Lollipop and her Brunette Burlesquers. But you know this thought is treason. You indulge in the mild and ineffective, but still just criticism of fretful sleep. The violinist flits across the landscape of your feverish dreams—a restless and pitiable figure, sawing and sawing and sawing and sawing away. You are awakened by a louder squeak, by applause, and then the miscreant encouraged begins all over again.

Next morning you open your newspaper and you read a long review of the funeral, described in the serio-pomposo style, with references to "double stopping," "passage work," "cadenzas" and other uses of the Dead Sea jargon and technical cant which are supposed to give a certain influence and majesty to the dreary drizzle of the hack musical scribblers.

Gatti's Cruel Jibe.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza in a moment of uncharacteristic impetuosity once described the writer of these lines as a "philosophic professor who laughed at everything." I do not know, and I do not suppose anybody cares, what I laugh at. But if I laugh at bad violin recitals it is because, like Figaro in Beaumarchais's delicious comedy, I do not wish to cry.

Nothing, of course, of that which I have had to say about the violin vermin who infest society and the smaller music halls has anything but a most indirect relation to Mr. Kreisler's recital. He reminded me of those who have inflicted so much suffering on me by being so different to them. He helped me to forget the noxious tribe. The quality of Mr. Kreisler's tone must be described as noble. He seems to be playing—let me express it this way—a heroic violin and producing [illegible] sounds that ordinary violinists [illegible] educe from it than the de- can no more [illegible] of Baal could educe fire [illegible] priests [illegible] I am told that tone [illegible]thingness [illegible] cannot be taught; that it is in the nature of a gift with which the violinist is endowed by nature.

XXVII

I did not hear all Mr. Kreisler's programme. But I did hear the Handel sonata in A major that led it. In the interpretation of this sort of music Mr. Kreisler is unapproachable. He has the purity, the sensibility, the taste and the balance of the classicist. And none of us is sufficiently degraded by the stupider and more affected of the Strepitist school not to enjoy the tender and lofty simplicities of George Frederic.

Oh! for a few more Kreislers.

If the Allies had got him, they would have kept him and made him play to them.

But Charlie Ellis got him.

The importance of Mr. Kreisler's recital perhaps overshadowed the presence of Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, as the Opera "Madama Butterfly" was given with Miss Farrar in the title part and "Aida" was heard in the evening as a special performance for the benefit of the Itaiian Hospital.

The usual scenes of mild pro-Italian enthusiasm prevailed.

RANS[illegible]RIPT,

, DECEMBER 12.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

STRAVINSKY, BEETHOVEN AND A NEW 'CELLIST

"Fireworks" as an Introduction to the Russian's Music — Beethoven's "Little Symphony" Perfectly Played — Mr. Malkin's Good Parts—The Work That Dr. Muck Is Doing

STRAVINSK'S orchestral jeu d'esprit, "Fireworks," filled as much as ten minutes of the Symphony Concerts yesterday afternoon. It is not an important or an interesting piece in itself, except to the curious about instrumentation and those that like to hunt out of an eminent composer's early work the germ of the achievements that have subsequently made him eminent. Outside imagination and ingenuity with instrumental timbres, individual fancy in delineative scheme and a characteristic brevity and concentration, "Fireworks" in no wise represents the matured composer of "The Fire-Bird," "Petrouchka," "The Sacrament of the Spring" and "The Nightingale," whose music has stirred such long and bitter debate in Europe between those that call it "an æsthetic outrage" and those that believe it epoch-making in its qualities and its influence. Stravinsky will not be truly represented in the repertory of the Symphony Orchestra nor will its audiences understand his present place and prestige in Europe until Dr. Muck adds to it the symphonic suites arranged respectively from "The Fire-Bird" and "Petrouchka" or, following the example of a Parisian conductor, plays the music of "The Sacrament of the Spring" as though it were a concert-piece.

"Fireworks," indeed, which went the round of European concerts several years ago, is no more than a youthful composer's exercise of his invention, skill and courage in harmony and instrumentation and of his delineative and daring fancy. Tonal pinwheels whirl in the air in figures for the wind choir; bombs burst resoundingly in the brass; flower-pots flare and rockets describe their glowing paths and rain down their showers of stars in the general play of harmonic and instrumental color, accent and suggestion. The ear hears, as the eye from a distance might see, the glow and glare of fireworks, the changeful and confused figures that they outline upon the darkness and the reflected and uncanny light that they shed upon shadowy objects. Here and there are songful measures as though Stravinsky had suddenly remembered that the piece was a decoration for the wedding of Miss Rimsky-Korsakoff; they make momentous contrast; they please the ear; and they contribute naturally to the cohesion and continuity of the piece. In essentials, however, it is only impressionistic tone-picturing, dependent altogether upon vivid and pliant rhythms, harmonic and instrumental color and a measure of half-fantastic and half-realistic imagination. It is also a terse and direct music. All these qualities pass for granted in Stravinsky's ballets and in his opera; while out of them shine his more striking and innovating straits, like his experiments with all tonalities and with none, his laying of sharp stroke beside sharp stroke; his command of impinging rhythms and of the vividest of instant delineation; his stark realism at one extreme and his super refinement at the other. Yesterday, Dr. Muck read out an introductory paragraph from the book of Stravinsky. The next time, he should open and expound a whole chapter. "Fireworks" is belated nowadays.

Yet passing trifle as the little piece was, the preparation of it had required hours of study and hours of rehearsal on the part of Dr. Muck and the orchestra. There is many a conductor who would have played it in public after he and the band had run once or twice through it. Dr. Muck prefers another way. For weeks, he has kept the score where he could scrutinize and ponder it at will. Hour upon hour, he has rehearsed the different choirs of the orchestra in their parts; and he has been as diligent in the practice of the whole band. For himself, he must discover the pace, the rhythms, the accents, the phrasings, the shadings that shall give the music the very voice and quality that the composer has designed for it. Dr. Muck would imagine both with and for Stravinsky.

Clear at last, in his own mind—or at least as clear as he can hope to be—the conductor then sets to the infusing of all that he has willed and imagined into his orchestra. He can take for granted the technical skill, ingenuity and imagination of his eager and loyal men. They can be trusted to perfect those virtues for themselves. Yet he must practise them so that the turnings of the smallest tonal pin- vinsky's design and make its due effect in the progress and the sum of his picturing. He must not overlook the flare of a single flower-pot or the whiz of a single rocket. And he must adjust all this tonal suggestion to the recurring measures of short-breathed nuptial song.

Then shall the music stand apprehended and revealed in its design and color, its form and substance, its imagery and expression and orchestra and conductor become as the divining and imparting voices of the composer. Then also will the listeners say that "they flung off the piece magnificently"; the reviewers write another of the appropriate clichés with perhaps a word about "the genius" of Dr. Muck. As a matter of fact in hours of application and by the exercise of many a faculty of mind, imagination, technical skill and professional intuition, the conductor and his men have literally worked out their performance of the piece. In ten minutes it is past; in ten days it is forgotten; their final reward is the satisfaction of work done to the utmost by all the standards of artistic honor. And the audience, being human, sits entertained.

It was so again with the performance of Beethoven's "little symphony" in F and of Schumann's overture to his opera, "Genoveva," that severally began and ended an unusually short, light and amusing concert. The sensitive and practised listener might almost hold his breath over the exquisite lightness and evenness of rhythm with which conductor and men played the ticking allegretto of the symphony; or at the dart of phrase after phrase out of the light and merry tumult of the finale. The filigree of the wood-winds—those arabesques that were almost an idiosyncrasy with Beethoven—became as light and lovely tracery in tones melting in and out of the air rather than written on it. The strings, the wood-winds, the brass even, moulded and fused their phrases, throughout the symphony, as though they were expert and intuitive Mozartean singers, singing Beethoven's instrumental song. The murmuring beginning of the finale sounded like the rustle of fancy: in a moment as in a little leap, it rushed into the full and songful sunshine of the rondo at play with itself in the lightest and merriest of return and suspension. Dr. Muck and the orchestra touched each with the lightest and the surest of fingers. The trumpets, so warm, so mellow and yet so brilliant, were almost thrilling to hear in the free and brightly rhythmed course of the minuet; and even the beat of the drums beneath brought its momentary delight. The balance and yet the individuality of the choirs and even of the separate instruments was perfection itself. As perfect was the smoothness, the roundness, the melting euphonies of the little jetting phrases with which Beethoven has strewn the first allegro, as though in sheer zest of his capricious fancy. In turn, the voice of the orchestra in Schumann's overture was the voice of shadowy and romantic mystery, of ardent and romantic passion against the fitful glamors, like the horn-calls, of romantic fantasy. Not until near the end does Schumann flag. Again, the performance had every technical virtue—in the higher sense that implies sensibility of mind and imagination as well as practised skill and taste—but as these virtues had been the means to the illusion of abstract tonal beauty and of the play of fancy upon it in the symphony, so now in the overture they were the instruments of a dramatizing, characterizing and poetizing eloquence.

No less than with Stravinsky's "ultra-modern" piece, such virtue and such illusion with the classics spring from ceaseless work and the minutest of pains until the glorifying end of such revelation as the audience received yesterday has been accomplished and made to wear the semblance of spontaneity itself. Nay, with these same classics, already familiar in their larger design, substance and manner to conductor and orchestra, there is the more opportunity for that mingled exactness, fluidity and perfection of detail upon which both in rehearsals and in concerts Dr. Muck has been more than usually insistent this year. He would have each choir and each player in the orchestra as perfect a master of the moulded and melting phrase as an idealized singer. His ear has become as sensitive and exacting for flawless symmetries and euphonies as Mr. Gericke's used to be. He has infused yet more deeply and finely into his men his own sensibility to rhythm and control of it. He holds them to the subtlest of inflections; he would have them do little miracles of graduated and blended shadings. And they, stirred by such a tireless and adroit pursuit of perfection, have come to share in it. Week after week Dr. Muck draws nearer and nearer to the goal that, after all, will as steadily recede before him—an absolute and ideal perfection of performance from the smallest detail to the largest eloquence and both and all between fused into a flawlessly adjusted whole. Therein lies the twofold secret of his preëminence as a conductor. He has the attributes of interpretative genius, and he will trust nothing to chance. He can impart music in all the manifold range of its voice and give it characteristic and eloquent utterance. Yet into the sum of this eloquence he can also weave a surpassing felicity and perfection of detail. And again his audiences take all this fine and rare and passionate achievement for granted. Sometimes the listener wonders whether Dr. Muck does not conduct for himself and his ideal.

Between Stravinsky's and Schumann's pieces, Mr. Malkin, the new first 'cellist of the orchestra, played Haydn's concerto—not the most interesting of music in itself yet perennial for the opportunity it offers to a sensitive and poised virtuoso. Mr. Malkin is indeed an accomplished violoncellist of high and just repute in Germany where he has played in operatic and symphonic orchestras and in concerts of his own and where that eager amateur of music and that cultivated man in many an art, General Hellmuth von Moltke, the chief of the General Staff, did much to smooth his way to his just deserts. The nervousness that is the tradition of a debut at the Symphony Concerts, especially when the "soloist' rises from his place in the orchestra, beset Mr. Malkin for a time. Once clear of it, he showed himself the expert and responsive master of his music and his instrument that he is. He shuns excess in all things. He does not exaggerate the sensuous quality of the tone of the 'cello in instrumental song; no more with laborious showiness does he set his bow a-capering and his strings a-vibrating through technical feats done that an audience may wonder at them. His tone is clear and pure, continent and rounded, of an exceptional lightness, fineness and suppleness in arabesque, ornament and figuration for its own sake. It is even in runs; fleet at need; and suave and sensitive in transition. In such quiet song as that of the slow movement, Mr. Malkin carried the melody, phrased and colored it, as though he felt the cool and gentle beauty of this old music and the finer capabilities of his instrument with it and would by not a whit exaggerate them into merely sensuous pleasings. Yet time and again he added his little touches of individual detail as in his artful use of a vibrato. From end to end of the concerto his sense of style with his music and his instrument commended him and finesse and sensibility spoke out of his playing. As Mr. Noack is to the violins so Mr. Malkin promises to be to the violoncellos.

H. T. P.

The New Symphony 'Cellist

Horner Photo

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Josef Malkin

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16,

Schoenberg's Music Stoutly Championed

The Five Pieces for the Next Symphony Concerts in Clear and Warm Survey

By P. G. Clapp

ON Friday and Saturday of this week, Arnold Schönberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra" will be heard for the first time in Boston, at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Probably fifty or more of the audience have already heard Schönberg's string quartet, which "The Flonzaleys" played here last winter; possibly a dozen have heard the "Five Pieces" in Chicago or elsewhere; perhaps two or three have studied or heard others of his works. Yet there is no doubt that most of the audience will have made up their minds for or against Schönberg—probably the latter—before Dr. Muck raises his baton to begin the first piece.

Two Points of View

Arnold Schönberg's compositions are not familiar in this country; they have not needed to be. His free use of more dissonance than his predecessors was long ago dwelt upon by overworked pressmen eager once again to cause the hair of a jaded public to stand on end; reportorial emphasis on lack of triads and resolutions duly impressed worthy souls who knew not the meaning of either term; aspersions as to the sanity of Schönberg were made, proved by reference to his music, and believed by people who had not heard the passages in question. As a result, Schönberg exists today for the American public as a freak, and audiences assemble to learn if he is as shocking, ugly, absurd, or what you please, as he is represented.

In the face of such exploitation, it is perhaps a dangerous undertaking to attempt quietly and without sensationalism to point out certain unpretentious but lasting virtues in Schönberg's work, to attempt coolly and impartially to appraise his qualities of style, not with regard to its "headline value," but with regard solely to its artistic achievement. The public seldom dares to question a derogatory review of a new piece, but it is nearly always sceptical when a critic speaks well of a new work which on first hearing has failed to attract. Moreover, just as our fathers quailed before the terms "heretical" or "atheistic," and our elder brothers before the term "socialistic," so we crumple at the thought of being caught admiring anything "freakish" or "abnormal."

It is always easier to pooh-pooh than to analyze, and the former attitude takes better with the crowd. Nevertheless, so much has been said against Schönberg that a little in his favor cannot do any harm; I therefore intend here to speak of his style in general and of the "five pieces for orchestra" in particular, deliberately trying so far as possible to take his part, share his point of view, and make plain such good qualities as in a two-years' study of this and other works by Schönberg have become apparent. As to whether he is freakish, abnormal or insane, that is his private affair, and he must make the best of it without help or hindrance from his reviewers; our critical duty ends when we have estimated his music on its merits.

Schoenberg and Dissonance

The greatest emphasis has been laid upon Schönberg's unprecedented fondness for what to the ear of the average concert-goer are harsh dissonances. He does not obtain his dissonant effects as Debussy does, with secondary seventh and ninth chords and the occasional use of the whole-tone scale; or as d'Indy sometimes does, with variants of these chords in which one or two elements are raised or lowered—"altered" is the technical term. He freely uses chords with not four or five, but nine or ten, independent constituents, and progresses from one of these chords to another in a manner which is not so much contradictory to the accepted harmonic practice as it is different from it. To account theoretically for this novel procedure, Schönberg has devised a system of chord-structure based on superimposed perfect fourths instead of the customary superimposed alternate major and minor thirds. To a mathematician, this system is interesting, musically, it is harmless and of little significance, for sooner or later someone would have used all the chords intuitively, or at least would have worked them out for purposes of expression without regard to their theoretic import.

Really, this question of dissonance is not so vital as one might be led to suppose. Repeated laboratory experiments as well as the experience of the concert-going public have proved that the external unpleasantness of any dissonance, no matter how harsh, disappears with frequent repetition. One may therefore assume that in ten or twenty years we shall have to judge Schönberg on other issues. Indeed, Schönberg undoubtedly uses these dissonances, not to shock us, but to express his ideas, and if his own ears had not already become at least reconciled to them, he would not have used them. As to the theory which he announces concerning them, let us not on that account repudiate his works; many creative artists of high rank have held absurd theories, and good theories never yet saved a mediocre man from mediocre creation. In my studies of Schönberg's scores I have never been particularly annoyed by his dissonances; they come about easily, even smoothly, and they never seem dragged in by the heels—of the would-be sentimental harmonies which we hear every day in popular songs.

Music of Mood

The first thing needful in a musical composition is that the composer shall have something to say; the second—a much wider matter—is that his style shall be adapted to his ideas and that it shall be technically adequate. Schönberg from his earliest published music seems to have shown himself preëminently a portrayer of moods. From small songs, rather overloaded with detail of the type nowadays pigeon-holed as "subtle," he made his way to chamber music, in which he proved himself an easy master of the sort of formal treatment indicated by Liszt in his more radical pieces—that is to say, the symphonic form condensed into one long movement, in which the usual elements appear, but not in the usual set order. After the string quartets and the sextet—the latter a marvel of beauty—Schönberg turned to the form consisting of a long series of episodes making a complete cyclic work. His tone-poem, "Pélléas and Mélisande," shows this tendency, and also shows that Schönberg is distinctly a mood-painter rather than a dramatist or a musical psychologist. Inevitably he turned to the small unified piece as the form in which he could do best; with practice he has become expert at packing into a short sketch-like form a mood and several developments of it.

The kind of mood which he chooses to portray should be a much more serious problem to the conventional hearer than the dissonances that have received so much attention. It is remarkable that in our young art of music the kind and quality of emotion which makes melodrama ridiculous to us holds so respected a position; we have not yet outgrown in music the schoolboy conception of heroism and the schoolgirl conception of love. About Schönberg personally I know nothing, but I observe that his compositions express the moods which might come to a man of sensitive perceptions and versatile thought, given to solitary reflections, more or less isolated in point of view. Quiet intensity, a love of rich and complex colors, elusive light and shade, gentle melancholy with occasional touches of impassive bitterness, sympathetic tenderness, and receptivity to nature are frequent in his compositions; on the other hand, outbursts of angry pride, willingness to dally with the fantastic and the horrible, and a grim realization of the cruel side of nature are also frequently in evidence. With so sophisticated an artist, even thoughts are felt and even feelings are thought out; naturally with the naiver emotions, sublime and otherwise, which every magazine-reader presumes to call by their first names, Schönberg has little or nothing to do.

Method Again

Of Schönberg's use of dissonance I have already spoken. Two simultaneous harmonic systems, neither of them using "triads" are frequent; three such simultaneous systems are to be found here and there, and I can think of one passage in which there are four. Such treatment must, of course, depend upon contrapuntal vitality to be effective, and it can be said that Schönberg's counterpoint is always alive and knows where it is going. Schönberg is also a colorist in orchestration; he knows the tonal quality of each instrument, and combines different qualities marvellously. For many he will seem to be over-fond of muted brass, and some of his climaxes are probably too thick with detail.

The thematic snatches—there are but few long themes—in these five orchestral pieces are all well characterized, and stand out distinctly. This fortunate quality is due to pronounced and individualized rhythm, and to easily remembered intervals and tone-colors. The formal treatment is free but very firmly knit; it is said that Schönberg consciously aims at a "purely thematic" structure—that is, music in which not only the principal themes themselves, but all accompaniment figures besides have thematic value and are developed—and this end he very nearly attains. His sense of climax and proportion can be ranked perfect; very remarkable is his knack of brevity, which enables him to write a complete and highly developed piece of only a few minutes' duration. The whole five of these pieces cannot exceed twenty-five minutes in performance.

The Five Pieces in Detail

The first piece, though without key-signature, is recognizably in D minor. A brief, sharply rhythmic motive in 3-8 time is announced at once by 'celli, clarinets, reinforced in the second and third measures by oboes, over descending runs for contrabassoon and contrabass clarinet. There ensue short passages of a restless and sinister character alternating with slower passages of melancholy pleading. Bassoons establish a drone bass of D, A, C-sharp; 'celli, later violas and still later violins play a long theme (4-8 time) in which the restless spirit prevails. The 3-8 motive repeatedly interrupts, and the two are varied and developed with rhythmic figures derived from the drone bass to a frantically shrieking climax. An orchestral storm now breaks forth in which the 4-8 rhythm predominates; the long theme in original and derived forms is treated contrapuntally over an accompaniment based upon the 3-8 motive. There is a quieting down, and a return to 3-8 time. The drone bass is reëstablished; bits of the 3-8 motive chatter in the woodwind; an echo of the 4-8 theme rumbles obstinately below; the descending run from the introduction is heard again; muted trombones roar the drone bass while the obstinate echo of the 4-8 theme dies protestingly away.

Contrasts

If the first piece is wild, grotesque, without hope, and horrible, the second is gentle, melancholy, almost amorous, with more than a suggestion of the forest and of a lonely man in it. A plaintive melody is given out by 'celli and continued by flutes, English horn and clarinet over acrid harmonies of muted brass; the tonality again is D minor. A soft rustling is heard from the woodwind; the plaintive melody is partly repeated. A new melody of tender and amorous character is introduced by viola, imitated contrapuntally by other instruments, and developed at some length. In an episode, celesta and flutes reiterate an accompaniment figure, and more and more woodwind instruments pick up a little running motive. The amorous melody is developed in conjunction with the running motive. At the end the original plaintive melody crowds out the celesta and flute figure, and there is a discouraged subsidence of the amorous theme.

Tone-Picturing?

Schönberg publishes no programme with the third piece, and probably had none in mind, but the piece is to me inseparable from a curious effect of light and waves which I once saw while watching the Irish Channel from the British coast. The hot summer sunlight was filtered and diffused through a gray fog until it seemed to come from no specific direction; after glowing like gold and silver from above and around, it was reflected in innumerable reds and greens from sluggish ripples slowly moving over the surface of an oily sea. This third piece opens with vague harmonies, alternating in a slow rhythm between two groups of instruments; later come little ripples, with less sluggish alternation of the harmony-carrying groups; the climax is such a tonal ripple spreading through the whole orchestra (still pianissimo!); the close is a return to the original harmonies.

Contrast Again

The fourth piece is again wild, restless. A series of shrieks and a grotesque fanfare for muted horns are followed by pleading harmonies, with gloomy rumblings below. An energetic motive leads into a relatively long development section, in which the foregoing motives are developed in keen and biting opposition to a point just short of a climax. The pleading harmonies are heard again; then a terrifying crescendo leads to a crash and a chord dying away while the grotesque fanfare is momentarily parodied.

The Lyric Close

In the fifth and last piece, Schönberg drops his relentless development of motives in favor of a flowing, rather lyrical structure in which individual instrumental voices are constantly introducing little melodic and counter-melodic snatches, producing a charming and elusive effect of tossing the focal point of interest from one instrument to another. The first portion of the piece is gentle, tranquil, not wholly free from melancholy but on the whole gracefully and quietly happy. A descending figure for 'cello answered by bass tuba changes the mood to a suggestion of foreboding. A long crescendo, steadily more and more agitated leads to a sub-climax based on the descending figure. Ghostly harmonies follow. Bass, clarinet and bassoon have a complaining melody, and there is another crescendo, based on the descending figure. A fortissimo climax, shrill and discordant, suggestive of protest and despair, follows; there is a melancholy diminuendo, and the piece ends with an unresolved suspension which is like an unanswered question.

Schoenberg and His Hearers

So much for as sympathetic a brief in behalf of Schönberg as facilities permit. If I have persistently praised him in this advance analysis of his style and of the pieces which we are about to bear, I am sure that I may be forgiven; there is certainly an advance opinion unfavorable to Schönberg, and it is only fair that someone should unearth and display his virtues. An impartial critical estimate is another matter. Is Schönberg what is commonly called a "great composer"?

Critics and public may quiet themselves about the influence of his harmonic procedure. Frequent performances of his music sometime and somewhere will smooth the sharp edges of his dissonances; but his style will hardly become standard. It is a significant fact that today no good parody of this style is obtainable, except the unconscious parodies furnished by his would-be imitators. I doubt if his idiosyncrasies will be incorporated wholesale à la Wagner into the daily musical idiom any more than Chopin's were, although he may, and I hope will, exercise such an indirect influence as Chopin did, in respect to counteracting the ever-present tendency of composers toward a lazy admission of the commonplace into details of otherwise noble pieces. In the main, however, his style is too closely adapted to his personal selection of ideas to express ever to be successfully imitated.

As to these ideas which Schönberg chooses to express, will he ever appeal to the general public with them? Probably not; the commuter element in music will never find him "human" enough. In literature there frequently have been, in music there will undoubtedly be, individual men who by virtue of their unusual points of view, fantastic imagination, lack of interest in everyday affairs and preoccupation remote thoughts and things interest the general public little or not at all. In literature, Lafcadio Hearn was such a writer; a comparison be[illegible] him and Schönberg may seem somewhat lame, as all such comparisons must be, but at least it is better than a comparison between Schönberg and Chopin, who expressed popular emotions in an individual way.

Schönberg, then, will eventually be recognized by a small public, who, it is to be hoped, will not misstate the accident of their sympathy with the thought and style of this unusual writer for a proof of mental superiority over the rest of mankind, but will prize his music as an extra delight in life which their good fortune permits them to enjoy. The rest of the public will fail to enjoy this music, not because of shortcomings either in the works or on the part of the public, but because Schönberg concerns himself with moods and fancies which few people happen personally to have experienced. In the meantime, fairness demands that his works be publicly performed, and heard in as unprejudiced an attitude as possible. Too loud a laugh at the unfamiliarity of his style would speak the vacant mind.

Cellist

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BOSTON POST,

DECEMBER 19,

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE LAUGHING

Schonberg's 'Five Pieces' Inspire Smiles and Horror

BY OLIN DOWNES

Yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, at the eighth rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, a polite and well-intentioned audience laughed outright as the first of Arnold Schonberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra" was played for the first time in this city. The other four pieces appeared to excite only wonder and bewilderment. After the last had come to an end some 10 isolated Schonbergers applauded persistently for a few minutes in one corner of the hall.

DR. MUCK BOWS TO PLAYERS

Dr. Muck's gestures had spoken for themselves. He had rapped peremptorily on his conductor's desk as he opened the score. He had raised his baton, as each piece came to an end without resting on any chord familiar to anyone in the audience, and proceeded without a pause and rather grimly to the next "piece," and at last he bowed several times to his orchestra, as to courageous, skillful colleagues, who had performed a difficult and dangerous task, and ignoring a few well-meant handclaps from the audience, marched off the stage, apparently in an unamiable frame of mind.

No one need have been surprised at this. Dr. Muck, in response to the oft-repeated persuasions of some admirers of Schonberg, one of the latest composers to make a sensation in Europe, had finally decided to play music for which, it is said, he has little admiration, for the sake of any who might wish to hear it. The strain of the rehearsals must have been considerable, since the music is not only intricate in its rhythms and its polyphony, but also, for the most part, very ugly. That it was possible to rehearse it at all with any results is at least as much of a wonder to us as rehearsals of Richard Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" must have seemed to nearly everyone back in the '70s.

Curiosity About the Music

There was much curiosity about this music, although curiosity of a rather sensational order. It was known that of all masters of discord that Europe has produced in the last 50 years, Schonberg was one of the most extreme in his tendencies. There had been reports of rioting in concert-halls of Germany, at performances of his works, before the Flonzaley Quartet performed Schonberg's string quartet, op. 7, last season in this city. The quartet was liked here. In Chicago, where the "Five Orchestral Pieces" were performed last year, there was either amusement or, as yesterday afternoon in the lobbies, outspoken irritation with such music.

This music, for the greater part, sounds very horrible. The sonorities of the orchestra are so intense in pitch and quality that it is a physically taxing experience for the ear. At a first hearing, the only pieces which conveyed any definite impression to this reviewer were the third, an impressionistic effect of pronounced individuality, and, if you can look at it that way, of a very subtle beauty; and the fourth piece, a piece which really communicates sensations of terror, or horror. The first piece appeared to ordinary ears, untuned to the intensities of Schonberg, simply laughable, and so it was received. The last piece was also very terrible, physically hurtful—and this is but sober statement of fact.

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It should be added, that at first hearing much music now accepted has seem very ugly and very incomprehensible; that Schonberg's music, with all its strangeness, gives the impression of sincerity and clearly defined intention on the part of the composer. Furthermore, Schonberg has long since proven his technical acquirements as a composer. For ourselves, we can only say that at present this music is so disagreeable that, whatever its merits, we cannot find the courage to wish to hear it again. At the best, it appears as the music of raw and tortured nerves.

For us this music, however original and masterly in workmanship, is exceedingly unhealthy and disagreeable, having neither the grandeur of cleansing tragedy, nor the uplift of a great composition that makes all men akin.

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The use of the aerophore enabled the bass tuba player in Wagner's overture to play the opening phrase for the tuba with a real, sustaining legato—not, after all, that the phrase became particularly more eloquent by virtue of the mechanical assistance of the machine that pumped air into the big horn while the player was refilling his lungs, but it is a comfort to know that the wishes of a composer are being obeyed! The romanticism and the psychological quality of much of this music was the orchestral treat of the afternoon.

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By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Wagner—A Faust Overture.
Mozart—Aria, "Voi che Sapete."
Soloist, Miss Florence Hinkle.
Schoenberg—Five Pieces for Orchestra.
Bruch—"Ave Maria" from "The Cross of Fire."
Haydn—Symphony in G major.

A programme which ranged from the most conservative to the most radical music. Next to "Romeo and Juliet," "Faust" has inspired the most music of any play ever written, and it has been treated in the most diverse fashions imaginable. Schumann and Boito steered pretty close to Goethe's original; Berlioz sent the hero to eternal damnation; Gounod made him simply the lover and betrayer of Gretchen and added a Liebel that the original Faust would have scorned; Liszt makes his best effects with Marguerite; and Wagner leaves her out of the picture almost altogether.

Wagner's Faust as depicted in the overture given yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall, is a rather discontented gentleman somewhat addicted to the deepest brass instruments. Nevertheless, the Faust Overture is a dignified work and was read in an excellent manner; it probably has never been so well given in Boston, and its dramatic power made a deep impression.

Then came a pleasing vocalist, Miss Florence Hinkle, with the suave and rather Chesterfieldian love-song "Voi che Sapete." Compared with the erotic songs of Wagner or Richard Strauss, this is rather sedate amativeness, it is iced passion, but it is music, pure, delightful music, and it exhibits the bel canto as none of the modern vocal composers can do.

Miss Hinkle sang this with just the smooth, tender effect that the song demanded, and made a decidedly good impression with it, although we would have preferred a deeper and broader voice in this particular song. Her second number was more of a novelty, being the "Ave Maria" by that belated Mendelssohn—Max Bruch. This is from the "Fiery Cross" by Sir Walter Scott, and reminds us that Bruch, who is the mildest mannered gentleman in the world, delights in songs of war as much as did Tyrtaeus of old, and takes to Scottish subjects as if he had been brought up on Haggis.

He is always melodic, in spite of his martial instincts, and he is utterly out of sympathy with the ultra-modern dissonances and cataclysms. Miss Hinkle sang this number with much sweetness. Perhaps it was intended to be one of the bandages to bind up the wounds of Schoenberg. Miss Hinkle's intonation was of the purest and she gives Canto Spianato in a perfect manner. She was recalled over and over again with real enthusiasm.

Yet the number itself is not one of Bruch's greatest arias. His "Penelope weaving a garment," from "Odysseus," or "Ingsborg's Klage," from "Frithjof," would have been more worth while, but since Miss Hinkle sang charmingly it seems hypercritical to object to her choice. Only we would have wished the best numbers of this intelligible school to have been placed beside the modern selections of this programme.

But now we must reluctantly speak of, as we still more reluctantly listened to, the vagaries of the musical radical, Arnold Schoenberg. His fine orchestral pieces had one only merit—brevity. Parts of them were not any more coherent than the tuning-up of the orchestra, which preceded them, that is to the average auditor. The earnest student can find coherency after studying the printed page many times, but the auditor never. It was Huxley, we believe, who once said that music was beginning to demand more of the brain than it was capable of giving, and Schoenberg's problems fearfully illustrate this fact; they depart from the true function of music.

The first and fourth of these orchestral pieces are ugly beyond anything we have yet heard even in modern music, yet they had a weird power that was undeniable. It has been said that it is difficult to score a noise well. Schoenberg has certainly succeeded in doing this. There were passages that suggested a bomb in a poultry-yard, cackles, shrieks, caterwauls, and then—crash!! That any orchestra could possibly play such a work speaks well for modern technique; but then, per contra, they might put in a few hundred false notes and nobody would be the wiser.

Yet a few, a very few, were pleased with these numbers, one musician saying that the harmonic fragments blended successfully into rhythmic life, vigor, and interesting variety, that the mosaics were woven into striking effects, and finding the presentiments of terrific evil absolutely awe-inspiring in the first movement,—the very fabric of a wild, disordered and tumultuous vision.

For ourselves, we can only say that our ears and mind and soul are sealed against any such impressions; we think this music the acme of artistic wrong-doing. We thank Dr. Muck for presenting the five numbers, and the orchestra for their great labor in studying them. It is only right that we should hear these radical phases, in order to judge for ourselves, but we are glad that the ordeal is past and the task done.

As usual, Dr. Muck swatted the ultra-modern blows with sterling, intelligible, classical music. In this concert the musical apologies for the temporary tonal dementia were Haydn, Mozart and Bruch, but even these could not quite neutralize the awful memories of Schoenberg. There are some who will accept this wild nightmare simply because they can detect a few grains of sense and logic in it; these fragments gain a fictitious value by their contrast with the irrational or fiercely ugly parts and are tremendously over-rated. We repeat our conviction that no man can invent a new religion so foolish but that he will win a few adherents, and no composer can write a work so absurd but that a few of the musical gropers or malcontents will cling to it.

A Haydn symphony closed the proceedings amicably.

HERALD. SATURDAY.

DECEMBER 19.

MISS HINKLE SHOWS SKILL AS SOLOIST

Symphony Orchestra's Playing of Schoenberg Pieces Received with Dignity.

By PHILIP HALE.

The eighth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

A Faust Overture.......................Wagner
"Voi che Sapete".......................Mozart
Five pieces for orchestra:
Presentiments, The Past, The Changing Chord, Peripteia, The Obbligato Recitative.......................Schoenberg
First time in Boston.
"Ave Maria" from "The Cross of Fire" Bruch
Symphony in G (The Surprise).........Haydn

Bill Nye said, many years ago, that the music of Wagner was better than it sounded. Arnold Schoenberg says today that his own music is better than it sounds.

The pieces played yesterday are extraordinary. It is easy to say that the composer is a maniac or a poseur. Neither statement would be accurate. Those who have read his treatise on harmony know that he is a man of unusual knowledge, force, originality. Those who heard his quartet last season know that he can write music of uncommon beauty and towering imagination in a more familiar form.

It would also be easy to say that when Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel" was first performed in Boston, the majority in the audience thought the music chaotic, incomprehensible and the composer mad. Today, in comparison with Schoenberg's pieces, this symphonic poem is as clear as music by Haydn. Remember, too, that when Debussy's "Nocturnes" were played twice in succession at Chickering Hall they were thought to be incomprehensible.

These instances will not answer the objectors to Schoenberg. What is to be said of his five pieces? Personal impressions are interesting chiefly to the person impressed. No two persons hear music in the same way. I could make little out of the first and the fifth pieces. There are fine moments in "The Past" and "The Changing Chord"; beautiful suggestions of mood; strangely beautiful effects of color. Nor is the fourth piece wholly inexplicable. To argue for or against this music, which might be of another planet, after even several hearings, would be presumptuous and foolish. It took many Bostonians, well acquainted with orchestral and chamber compositions, a long time to familiarize themselves with the idiom of Cesar Franck, and later with that of Debussy. These composers, however, are not so fundamentally radical, anarchistic, as Schoenberg.

Thomas Hardy in that noble prose epic, the description of Egdon Heath, asks if the exclusive reign of orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. "The new vale of Temple may be a gaunt waste in Thule; human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a somberness distasteful to our race when it was young. * * * The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the mournful sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain, will be all of nature that is absolutely consonant with the moods of the [illegible] thinking among mankind. And ultimately, to the commonest tourist spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle gardens of South Europe are to him now, and Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand dunes of Scheveningen."

When Schoenberg's Five Pieces were performed for the first time in London, and in Chicago, there were scenes of outspoken disapproval. Yesterday the behavior of the audience was highly creditable to Boston. There was smiling; there was giggling at times; there was applause. Nobody rose to remonstrate. Nothing was thrown at Dr. Muck and the orchestra. There was no perturbation of Nature to show that Schoenberg's pieces were playing: the sun did not hasten its descent; there was no earthquake shock. It was as it should have been in Boston.

Miss Florence Hinkle has a beautiful voice which she uses with rare skill. The Canzona of Cherubino, sensuous in its suppressed passion, should be sung by a darker voice to gain full effect. It served yesterday to display the art of Miss Hinkle in sustained and flawless song. The lyrical measures of Bruck's "Ave Maria," conventionally suave, were sung with unexaggerated emotion, and the singer gave dramatic importance to the agitated passages that in themselves are of a perfunctory and meaningless nature. It has been said by some that Miss Hinkle is a cool, impassive singer. They probably mean by this that she is not spasmodic and hysterical. Seldom at Symphony concerts of late years has there been such a delightful display of pure vocal art as that of yesterday.

Dr. Muck gave an eloquent reading of the Faust overture in which there are hints at the Wagner to come. The symphony of Haydn, admirably performed, is not among his most interesting.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Franck, Chorale in A minor for organ; Volbach, symphony in B minor (first time here); Bach, pastorale from the Christmas oratorio; Liszt, March of the Three Kings; Weber, overture to "Der Freischuetz."

BOSTON JOURNAL—

DECEMBER 19, 1914.

HISSES FOR NEW SYMPHONY MUSIC

Much Laughter and a Little Applause for Pieces by Schoenberg.

Hisses and laughter and a little applause attended the performance of Schoenberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra," at the Symphony concert yesterday. Altogether it was an extraordinary and perhaps unprecedented demonstration; but the cause was as unusual as the effect.

These five pieces have been called Futurist music. Schoenberg himself, who is a 40-year-old Austrian, now living in Berlin, denies the soft impeachment about Futurism. He says that he writes in his own way and to please himself. Yesterday was the first time any of his music obtained a hearing at a Symphony concert, but the "Five Pieces" had previously been played in other cities, on both sides of the ocean, and here and there stood up prophets to declare Schoenberg one of the great tone painters of the times. There was a little ripple of applause yesterday for the third piece, which is entitled "The Changing Chord," and which suggested the impressionistic pastels of Debussy and Ravel. But generally this new music was not taken seriously. It will be played again tonight, and probably for the last time while Dr. Muck is conductor of the Symphony Orchestra.

Fun for the Audience

Here are the effects noted yesterday in the audience: No. 1, "Presentiments," very amusing; No. 2, "The Past," not quite so amusing, but still puzzling; No. 3, "The Changing Chord," somewhat impressive and poetical; No. 4, "Peripetaia," disgustingly maudlin, and to be hissed; No. 5, "The Obbligato Recitative," also rather impressive, and certainly not as funny or offensive as Nos. 1 and 4.

At its best or clearest the music suggested the most fantastic flights of the new French school. At its worst or wildest it evoked suggestions of Chinese burlesque. This may be the music of the future, or it may be nothing but the work of an arch-humorist who dares to perpetrate classic jokes. It raises havoc with rules and traditions. Perhaps Schoenberg is an inspired musical psychologist living ahead of his time, or perhaps he is an inspired comedian. Unquestionably most of the people at Symphony Hall yesterday found him as funny as a clown in a circus.

Delightful Contrasts

Miss Florence Hinkle sang delightfully, with charming voice and style, Mozart's "Voi che sapete" and Bruch's "Ave Maria," and the orchestra played Wagner's "Faust" overture, which had a bizarre sound to older generations, and Haydn's "Surprise" symphony.

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There was much curiosity about this music, although curiosity of a rather sensational order. It was known that of all masters of discord that Europe has produced in the last 50 years, Schonberg was one of the most extreme in his tendencies. There had been reports of rioting in concert-halls of Germany, at performances of his works, before the Flonzaley Quartet performed Schonberg's string quartet, op. 7, last season in this city. The quartet was liked here. In Chicago, where the "Five Orchestral Pieces" were performed last year, there was either amusement or, as yesterday afternoon in the lobbies, outspoken irritation with such music.

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HERALD. SATURDAY.

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Symphony in G (The Surprise) .... Haydn

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BOSTON JOURNAL—

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Miss Florence Hinkle sang delightfully, with charming voice and style, Mozart's "Voi che sapete" and Bruch's "Ave Maria," and the orchestra played Wagner's "Faust" overture, which had a bizarre sound to older generations, and Haydn's "Surprise" symphony.

next Friday afternoon

BOSTON POST,

DECEMBER 19.

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE LAUGHING

Schonberg's 'Five Pieces' Inspire Smiles and Horror

BY OLIN DOWNES

Yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, at the eighth rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, a polite and well-intentioned audience laughed outright as the first of Arnold Schonberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra" was played for the first time in this city. The other four pieces appeared to excite only wonder and bewilderment. After the last had come to an end some 10 isolated Schonbergers applauded persistently for a few minutes in one corner of the hall.

DR. MUCK BOWS TO PLAYERS

Dr. Muck's gestures had spoken for themselves. He had rapped peremptorily on his conductor's desk as he opened the score. He had raised his baton, as each piece came to an end without resting on any chord familiar to anyone in the audience, and proceeded without a pause and rather grimly to the next "piece," and at last he bowed several times to his orchestra, as to courageous, skillful colleagues, who had performed a difficult and dangerous task, and ignoring a few well-meant handclaps from the audience, marched off the stage, apparently in an unamiable frame of mind.

No one need have been surprised at this. Dr. Muck, in response to the oft-repeated persuasions of some admirers of Schonberg, one of the latest composers to make a sensation in Europe, had finally decided to play music for which, it is said, he has little admiration, for the sake of any who might wish to hear it. The strain of the rehearsals must have been considerable, since the music is not only intricate in its rhythms and its polyphony, but also, for the most part, very ugly. That it was possible to rehearse it at all with any results is at least as much of a wonder to us as rehearsals of Richard Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" must have seemed to nearly everyone back in the '70s.

Curiosity About the Music

There was much curiosity about this music, although curiosity of a rather sensational order. It was known that of all masters of discord that Europe has produced in the last 50 years, Schonberg was one of the most extreme in his tendencies. There had been reports of rioting in concert-halls of Germany, at performances of his works, before the Flonzaley Quartet performed Schonberg's string quartet, op. 7, last season in this city. The quartet was liked here. In Chicago, where the "Five Orchestral Pieces" were performed last year, there was either amusement or, as yesterday afternoon in the lobbies, outspoken irritation with such music.

This music, for the greater part, sounds very horrible. The sonorities of the orchestra are so intense in pitch and quality that it is a physically taxing experience for the ear. At a first hearing, the only pieces which conveyed any definite impression to this reviewer were the third, an impressionistic effect of pronounced individuality, and, if you can look at it that way, of a very subtle beauty; and the fourth piece, a piece which really communicates sensations of terror, or horror. The first piece appeared to ordinary ears, untuned to the intensities of Schonberg, simply laughable, and so it was received. The last piece was also very terrible, physically hurtful—and this is but sober statement of fact.

Music of Tortured Nerves

It should be added, that at first hearing much music now accepted has seem very ugly and very incomprehensible; that Schonberg's music, with all its strangeness, gives the impression of sincerity and clearly defined intention on the part of the composer. Furthermore, Schonberg has long since proven his technical acquirements as a composer. For ourselves, we can only say that at present this music is so disagreeable that, whatever its merits, we cannot find the courage to wish to hear it again. At the best, it appears as the music of raw and tortured nerves.

For us this music, however original and masterly in workmanship, is exceedingly unhealthy and disagreeable, having neither the grandeur of cleansing tragedy, nor the uplift of a great composition that makes all men akin.

Miss Hinkle's Singing

[illegible] other important features of this [illegible] were the superb singing of Miss Hinkle and Dr. Muck's [illegible] but imaginative reading of the "Faust" overture of Wagner — it is true that the "Surprise" symphony of Haydn seemed very stupid. Miss Hinkle sang the "voi che sapete" of Mozart and the "Ave Maria" from Max Bruch's "Cross of Fire." In the first aria she showed unsurpassable purity of tone and of style, and she made the rather bombastic music of Bruch great by her splendid voice and her dramatic interpretation. On this music she conferred the grandeur to which it aspires and which it does not, in itself, achieve. No finer singing has been heard in seasons at a Symphony concert.

The use of the aerophore enabled the bass tuba player in Wagner's overture to play the opening phrase for the tuba with a real, sustaining legato—not, after all, that the phrase became particularly more eloquent by virtue of the mechanical assistance of the machine that pumped air into the big horn while the player was refilling his lungs, but it is a comfort to know that the wishes of a composer are being obeyed! The romanticism and the psychological quality of much of this music was the orchestral treat of the afternoon.

ADVERTISER.

DECEMBER 19

THE SYMPHONY THIS WEEK

AN EXCRUCIATING NOVELTY BY SCHOENBERG PLAYED

Wagner, Mozart, Bruch and Haydn Also Programmed — Miss Florence Hinkle, Soloist.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Wagner—A Faust Overture.
Mozart—Aria, "Voi che Sapete."
Soloist, Miss Florence Hinkle.
Schoenberg—Five Pieces for Orchestra.
Bruch—"Ave Maria" from "The Cross of Fire."
Haydn—Symphony in G major.

A programme which ranged from the most conservative to the most radical music. Next to "Romeo and Juliet," "Faust" has inspired the most music of any play ever written, and it has been treated in the most diverse fashions imaginable. Schumann and Boito steered pretty close to Goethe's original; Berlioz sent the hero to eternal damnation; Gounod made him simply the lover and betrayer of Gretchen and added a Liebel that the original Faust would have scorned; Liszt makes his best effects with Marguerite; and Wagner leaves her out of the picture almost altogether.

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Fritz Kreisler will be the soloist at the New Year's concerts, with the Mendelssohn concerto as his selection. The other attractive feature will be Liszt's "Faust" symphony, with Paul Draper and the Apollo Club assisting.

BOSTON GLOBE—
DECEMBER 19.

FUTURISTIC MUSIC.

Schoenberg's Absurdities Introduced to Boston.

Miss Hinkle Displays an Art Rare Among Singers.

Until yesterday, Arnold Schoenberg had been known in this town through public performance only by his quartet in D minor, played a season ago by the Flonzaley Quartet. Although it was recognized as an extraordinary composition, those who heard were warned that this, an early work of this arch-revolutionist, was but orthodox and traditional beside the daring of his later years.

Dr Muck, who steadily has repudiated Schoenberg and all his works, suddenly reconsidered his ways. Deciding to initiate this public without more ado into the wierd mysteries of the sounds which in Berlin have precipitated riots, he brought out at yesterday's Symphony rehearsal, Schoenberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra" of 16. They bear the subtitles, 1, Presentiments; 2, The Past; 3, The Changing Chord; 4, Peripeteia; 5, The Obligato Recitative.

It may be noted that Wagner's "Faust" overture began the program, that Haydn's Surprise symphony ended it, and that Miss Florence Hinkle, that admirable soprano, whose beauty of voice, soundness of technic, fine intelligence and musical taste make her unique among all her sisters, appeared for the first time as soloist at these concerts.

Laws Tossed Aside.

To what degree the five labels upon the Schoenberg piece aided the hearers to perceive a pressure or lack of musical structure or of emotional content, it is difficult to say. The composer has denied the stigma of "futurism," and contends that he writes "naturally," that his idiom is his individual expression of feeling, and that it is grossly misunderstood by many, chiefly by those obnoxious persons called critics.

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May she continue to use discretion when of necessity she sings dramatic episodes, as in the middle portion of Bruch's Ave Maria ("The Cross of Fire") and gain by her intelligence the effects some lyric singers might attempt by violence of voice.

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People who have seen Wagner, Brahms, Strauss and Debussy come, do not need to be informed how an audience took its first hearing of the orchestral Schoenberg. But those who have not yet grown into the pleasures of Symphony concerts, the schoolboys and schoolgirls who will be the listeners of the next decade, they ought to be told how the "Five Pieces" fared when new. Knowing it, they may be stimulated to champion the cause of a tone hero whose loneliness today makes Wagner's loneliness a generation ago look the very picture of sociability. They will be interested to read and remember that the "Five Pieces," when produced in Boston the second year after their publication, were received in the first part with laughter and in the middle and concluding parts with cold applause.

They must be reminded that the "Five Pieces" were read by a conductor who is perhaps the greatest humorist holding the baton today—one who was never known to miss the point in a passage of orchestral satire, whether the writer of it was Haydn or Strauss, but one who never made light of a serious page in any score that lay open on the desk before him. So, if the house laughed at the playing of number one of the "Five," it is possible there was something to laugh at. Schoenberg's fugue in the first number, like Beethoven's in the scherzo of the fifth symphony, may be intended as a little piece of musical merriment; or his writing here, with the best meaning on his part, may be just silly, ludicrous and absurd.

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Performances of revolutionary music are, after all, rare in musical experience. Conductors put pieces of revolutionary tendencies into the repertory, and take them out again. But tendencies are not achievements. Conductors bring on the scene composers who represent modern schools, and lead them off again. But a representative of a school is a far different thing from the originator of one. Only a few times in his career can a conductor present music that is out and out new, music that attempts a reform in melodic and harmonic method, music of such strange sound as to take listeners completely by surprise.

The occurrence is rare and always writes itself in large letters into musical annals. The absorbing chapter in the career of any master composer is the one which deals with the public reception of his most individual work. And every locality where the music is performed contributes, one early, another late, to the story. The valuation, such as it is, put by the Boston audience on the "Five Pieces" goes toward the sum of opinion about Schoenberg as a portrayer of the life of the times.

To tell how the new artist paints his picture is no difficult task. A technical analysis of the "Five Pieces" is not an essentially different undertaking from one of a Brahms symphony. The Schoenberg harmonic effects imply much that has hitherto been forbidden by the theorists, much that has been regarded as possible, but not advisable for a composer to use, and much that it was not supposed any composer would ever think of trying. The formal singing quality that has always been prescribed for melody is gone. Themes are keyless. They are like the humming improvisations of children. Even the maxim that what sounds well is right, on which composers for the last half century and more have stood, is abandoned. Schoenberg's maxim rather is: Whatever sounds, is right. Graciousness of melody and beauty of chord combination have no expressive value for him.

All the explanations are easy enough to make, both on the positive and the negative side. But they are really beside the point. The question is, does this music of the "Five Pieces" tell modern society anything about itself?

No amount of individual study and speculation will ever answer that question. It can be answered only in the reaction of the music on audiences. The music is not yet, strictly speaking, in existence. It will find itself and will command review when the public, consisting of all the musical communities of Europe, America and elsewhere, sets earnestly about hearing it and pondering its author's intentions.

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Wagner's Faust as depicted in the overture given yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall, is a rather discontented gentleman somewhat addicted to the deepest brass instruments. Nevertheless, the Faust Overture is a dignified work and was read in an excellent manner; it probably has never been so well given in Boston, and its dramatic power made a deep impression, says Louis C. Elson in the Advertiser.

Then came a pleasing vocalist, Miss Florence Hinkle, with the suave and rather Chesterfieldian love-song ,"Voi che Sapete." Compared with the erotic songs of Wagner or Richard Strauss, this is rather sedate amativeness, it is iced passion, but it is music, pure, delightful music, and it exhibits the bel canto as none of the modern vocal composers can do.

Miss Hinkle sang this with just the smooth, tender effect that the song demanded, and made a decidedly good impression with it, although we would have preferred a deeper and broader voice in this particular song.

But now we must reluctantly speak of, as we still more reluctantly listened to, the vagaries of the musical radical, Arnold Schoenberg. His five orchestral pieces had one only merit—brevity. Parts of them were not any more coherent than the tuning-up of the orchestra, which preceded them, that is to the average auditor. The [illegible] can find coherence after studying the printed page many times, but the auditor never. It was Huxley, we believe, who once said that music was beginning to demand more of the brain than it was capable of giving, and Schoenberg's problems fearfully illustrate this fact; they depart from the true function of music.

The first and fourth of these orchestral pieces are ugly beyond anything we have yet heard even in modern music, yet they had a weird power that was undeniable. It has been said that it is difficult to score a noise well. Schoenberg has certainly succeeded in doing this. There were passages that suggested a bomb in a poultry-yard; cackles, shrieks, caterwauls, and then—crash!! That any orchestra could possibly play such a work speaks well for modern technique; but then, per contra, they might put in a few hundred false notes and nobody would be the wiser.

Yet a few, a very few, were pleased with these numbers, one musician saying that the harmonic fragments blended successfully into rhythmic life, vigor, and interesting variety, that the mosaics were woven into striking effects, and finding the presentiments of terrific evil absolutely awe-inspiring in the first movement,—the very fabric of a wild, disordered and tumultuous vision.

For ourselves, we can only say that our ears and mind and soul are sealed against any such impressions; we think this music the acme of artistic wrong-doing. We thank Dr. Muck for presenting the five numbers, and the orchestra for their great labor in studying them. It is only right that we should hear these radical phases, in order to judge for ourselves, but we are glad that the ordeal is past and the task done.

FLORENCE HINKLE

Cesar Franck, played by the or- John P. Marshall; Volbach's symphony in B minor, the pastorale from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," the "March of the Three Holy Kings," from Liszt's oratorio, "Christus," and Weber's "Der Freischuetz" overture.

Fritz Kreisler will be the soloist at the New Year's concerts, with the Mendelssohn concerto as his selection. The other attractive feature will be Liszt's "Faust" symphony, with Paul Draper and the Apollo Club assisting.

BOSTON GLOBE—
DECEMBER 19.

FUTURISTIC MUSIC.

Schoenberg's Absurdities Introduced to Boston.

Miss Hinkle Displays an Art Rare Among Singers.

Until yesterday, Arnold Schoenberg had been known in this town through public performance only by his quartet in D minor, played a season ago by the Flonzaley Quartet. Although it was recognized as an extraordinary composition, those who heard were warned that this, an early work of this arch-revolutionist, was but orthodox and traditional beside the daring of his later years.

Dr Muck, who steadily has repudiated Schoenberg and all his works, suddenly reconsidered his ways. Deciding to initiate this public without more ado into the wierd mysteries of the sounds which in Berlin have precipitated riots, he brought out at yesterday's Symphony rehearsal, Schoenberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra" of 16. They bear the subtitles, 1, Presentiments; 2, The Past; 3, The Changing Chord; 4, Peri-Peteia; 5, The Obligato Recitative.

It may be noted that Wagner's "Faust" overture began the program, that Haydn's Surprise symphony ended it, and that Miss Florence Hinkle, that admirable soprano, whose beauty of voice, soundness of technic, fine intelligence and musical taste make her unique among all her sisters, appeared for the first time as soloist at these concerts.

Laws Tossed Aside.

To what degree the five labels upon the Schoenberg piece aided the hearers to perceive a pressure or lack of musical structure or of emotional content, it is difficult to say. The composer has denied the stigma of "futurism," and contends that he writes "naturally," that his idiom is his individual expression of feeling, and that it is grossly misunderstood by many, chiefly by those obnoxious persons called critics.

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ON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1914

Symphony Concert

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

SCHOENBERG'S NOTORIOUS PIECES PLAYED

No "Incident" Disturbs the Performance—Music of Mood and Vision Transmitted in a New and Strange Medium — The Residue Left—Miss Hinkle's Exquisite Singing and Dr. Muck and the Orchestra Variously Eloquent

ALL things go for granted at the Symphony Concerts—even the music of Arnold Schönberg. In Vienna, Berlin and Munich, audiences have "manifested" over it so energetically that in the double din of applause and hisses it could not be heard for itself—an eminently satisfactory outcome to the unshakably prejudiced but sorely disappointing to the merely open-minded. In dull-witted but usually well-mannered London, the five pieces for orchestra that Dr. Muck and his men played yesterday afternoon, provoked boos, as though the customs of the British gallery in the theatre were passing to the floor of British concert-rooms. In Chicago a year ago some guffawed showily at these same five pieces; others stamped with disapproving feet; and many mouthed bitter adjectives in a loud and firm voice. Yet here at our Symphony Concerts nothing was likely to happen over Schönberg's music and nothing—or almost nothing—did actually happen. Few in this town take music or the performance of music, so eagerly and seriously as to show unseemly excitement over either in public; while a breach of good manners at a Symphony Concert is unthinkable, although some ears believed they heard once yesterday a modest and timid hiss.

A few tittered at the close of the first of the five pieces; many seemed to listen intently to the next two and to receive an impression not wholly disagreeable from them; the merest of minorities frankly and courageously applauded all five; the great majority simply read the programme-book as it is the custom to do when one is not interested at the Symphony Concerts. In the ensuing intermission one and another spluttered opprobrious adjectives with the intonations of those that lay down the law; many bore public witness to the fineness of their musical sensibilities by recounting the unpleasant sensations the music had stirred in them; many more asked suavely the time-honored question for such occasions: "Now what do you really think?" with the stress on "really." As usual the query encouraged candor and sincerity in the answer; and a few very young students of music at Harvard audibly approved Dr. Muck's tempi with the music—a rare condescension on their part. In a word, as such things usually go in the ironies of this perverse world, "the day" proved to be no "day" at all.

Of course, here and there, a dogmatic voice declared that Schönberg's five pieces ought never—an emphatic and somewhat over-used word—to have been played at the Symphony Concerts. Yet there seems to be no very valid reason why they should not have been heard at least once there, while more than one might be cited to justify a single performance. Schönberg shares with the other innovators in the music of the hour, the virtue of compact brevity and the whole five pieces consumed no more than twenty-five minutes out of the forty-eight hours that in a year each series of Symphony Concerts fills. They made but one out of the hundred-odd items that strew the programmes from October to May. As no one could possibly crave the music of Schönberg all day and every day, so no one, except a few reviewers, need have listened to it for even twenty-five minutes on a single occasion unless he so willed, with or without foreknowledge (which must have been widespread) of its singularities.

By those same singularities, as the truth is, the five pieces have made much stir in the world, awakened many curiosities, kindled many warm and combative debates. It is one of the clear obligations of the Symphony Orchestra and its successive conductors to keep the public of the concerts informed as to the course of music in the immediate hour. To do so, with the utmost openmindedness and catholicity, has become one of its policies, traditions and glories. If it were agreed that Schönberg's five orchestral pieces were merely freakish sensation-mongering, then Dr. Muck might reasonably and rightfully have overlooked them. But it is by no means so agreed. Whether the hearer honestly enjoys or honestly resents them or whether he follows them only with curiosity and interest, the substance, the form, the idiom, the purpose and the suggestion of the pieces are all signs of the times in music and clear evidence of new tendencies and efforts with it. The pieces disclose also a composer of highly individual mind and spirit. From Vienna to Chicago, they have stirred serious study and debate. All these seem Schönberg's valid titles to performance.

As Schönberg has his right to performance on the stage of Symphony Hall, so he has his right to open-mindedness in the auditorium. Like the music of every other composer from Mozart to Mahler, his pieces can only invite once more the old, old inquiry: what has he sought to do; by what means has he done it; and what is the sum of the achievement and the pleasure that it yields or fails to yield to those that hear it. First of all, with or without the title that Schönberg finally affixed, the five orchestral pieces are clearly suggestion and epitome of mood and vision in tones. The composer releases in music a mood or an image that has laid hold upon his mind and sensibilities that he may so communi[illegible] and the sensations awakened in him [illegible] for their æsthetic pleasure. [illegible] his first piece, "Presenti-[illegible] hearing and with all his singularities of procedure more in the way than in any of the rest, except the last, it was possible to infer that he was imparting a mood of over-wrought foreboding—tortured, fitful, fantastic, super-sensitive. The second piece is entitled "The Past" and there is no mistaking its mood of musing memories with, again, a supersensitive imagination at play upon them. The third Schönberg entitles, as though he were a Whistler in tones, "The Changing Chord." It seems in the hearing a clear suggestion in tones of the softest of visioned colors in the softest of undulations and it is relatively easy to the quickened imagination to receive its suggestion. The fourth piece—"Peripetera," or "continual goings and comings"—less clearly communicates mood and vision, but it may plausibly be of whirling, warring, wailing wraiths swept on phantasmal tempests. The fifth piece—"The Obbligato Recitative"—seemed almost wholly baffling yesterday—now wistful, now nervous and now acrid play with scraps and snatches of what, perchance, might have been a melancholy melody. The mood, the imagery, is of haunting wisps of vision.

In sum, then, Schönberg writes music of mood and vision and in at least three, and maybe four, of the five pieces, does succeed in communicating a plausible imagery to his hearer at the moment as he must do in the swift commerce of music in the concert-room. And in every sense, the imagery is very tense, nervous and concentrated. That is to say Schönberg, like many another of the innovating composers of our time, would make music yet more sensitively, intimately, and concentratedly expressive of the mood, vision and impulse behind than it has ever been before. He would have the directest, the fullest and the most minute and elastic transmission of his sensations that the hearer may feel the self-expression in them and maybe find also a persuasive beauty or a fantastic and devouring power.

Then enter the means of transmission and in more senses than one discordance. Schönberg weaves his music from little motives or scraps of motives that very rarely have any clear thematic profile; he weaves it with chords that few men, if any, have ever before fashioned or set side by side; he weaves it also in a kind of hurtling, stinging or pricking counterpoint full of strange conflicts, contacts and clangors; he weaves it as by impulse with no thought of prescription or precedent and yet with a certain formal sense as in the evolution of the motives that can be traced on the engraved page. Tonality and returns to tonality he knows not. He also weaves it and fashions it with a very acute and imaginative sensibility to instrumental timbres and to harmonic suggestion and with a very keen, diversified and imaginative sense of rhythm. His rhythms are almost the cohering element in his music; in his instrumental and harmonic color lies almost the whole of its suggestion. In a single hearing at least, very few of his motives in themselves arrest the ear or kindle answering sensation. Moreover in the use of all his strange transmitting means, Schönberg lays on and spares not. In a word, again, like most of the innovating composers of the younger generation, he would free music from almost every prescription except the directest, fullest and most sensitive expression of the thought, the impulse, the vision and the mood that they have begotten. To gain this end he would expand harmonic possibilities and tonal relations to the utmost. Music is not and cannot remain a static art; its speech changes with each generation; it has always been pushing forth into the unknown that in time becomes the actual and the accepted. Rightly or wrongly Schönberg and the rest believe they have found their paths to it, though the end of the journey be far away and its vicissitudes many.

Yet for the time being, until the average ear has rejected these new means of transmission or has accepted them as it ultimately did with Beethoven's or Wagner's, with Debussy's and d'Indy's, they stand almost fatally in the way of the composer that uses them. His music can evoke no answering and pleasurable sensations in us, no quickening of mind and stirring of emotion, because his speech conveys so little to those that hear, so revolts them or so touches their sense of the ludicrous and the incongruous. Those who have laughed at Schönberg's music have as yet their measure of justification. Those whom it revolts by its strangeness, its present ugliness, its insistent and arrogant disregard of almost every familiar procedure are in still better case. As justified and more are those that say they can make nothing of it, because its speech conveys nothing to them; because the five orchestral pieces talk no musical sense. To homines, tot sententiæ, and in this case with reason for each unless they fall away into the mere blind and bitter adjectives of dislike, prejudice and self-righteousness.

It is possible for a composer, using so strange and repellent a medium, to command a beauty or a power of idea and imagination and a passion or a felicity in expression of himself that shall reconcile his hearers to the means of transmission and persuade them that these means do but assure and heighten the end. So Beethoven and Wagner, so d'Indy and Debussy, so Strauss and Mahler conquered ears and spirits. So in turn must Schönberg and our other innovators conquer—if they are ever to conquer at all. Moreover, while the conquest is in progress or is even beginning, they must now and then suggest to our ears, struggling with these means, the sensation of the beauty, the power, the passion or the felicity, the imaginative and the emotional impulse that lies behind.

Such a sensation of beauty of mood and of corresponding utterance did come to some ears yesterday out of the motives or melodies and the exquisite harmonic and instrumental coloring of the piece called "The Past," that they perfumed with the aroma of dear memories held in gentle musing. Such a sensation rose again from the undulating rhythms, the iridescent and opalescent coloring, the whole glamor of beauty about the tone-picture called "The Changing Chord." Medium or no medium, both these pieces had their poetry of tones. Again in those whirling and warring wraiths in their fantasmal and shrieking tempest dwelt the suggestion of a wild and fantastic power; and it was present again, though not so clearly, in the piece of torturing and racing bodements. So far at least does Schönberg lead his hearers into his new paths; farther with the best will in the world, few of us may go with him; nor can so much as one of us say whether these or any other of the pathways of the innovating men be the road which the music of the next generation is to traverse. Some new course it is likely, by all the precedent of the past, to take and even the balked explorers do music their service.

TRANSCRIPT, DECEMBER 15,

Programmes from Dr. Muck

Dr. Muck has now put together his programmes for the Symphony Concerts through Jan. 22 and 23, when half the series will be done and made a single change in the programme already announced for the concerts on Dec. 25 and 26. On those days, Mr. Noack will not play Lalo's "Spanish Symphony" for violin as the original schedule stood. Instead, two purely orchestral numbers will replace the concerto—the "March of the Three Holy Kings" from Liszt's oratorio of "Christus" and a fragment from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio." Two pieces will divide the programme for the concerts of Jan. 1 and 2—Liszt's "Faust" symphony with the final chorus sung by the Apollo Club, and Mendelssohn's concerto for violin and orchestra with Mr. Kreisler to play the solo part. Needless, almost to say, Liszt's symphony is one of the masterpieces of delineative and characterizing music wherein the symphonic continuity and tonal suggestion of Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles go hand in hand and the composer has been vivid in visualizing themes and in animating and defining development. One movement falls to Faust; one to Gretchen; one, charged with tonal ironies, to Mephistopheles; while for ending is a setting of Goethe's chorus about the "woman-soul." The whole symphony is music in which Dr. Muck and the orchestra in their present estate should excel themselves.

There will be no Symphony Concerts on Jan. 8 and 9, when the orchestra will be in New York. At the succeeding concerts of Jan. 15 and 16, two novel pieces by Oskar Fried, the conductor and the composer of Berlin, stand on the programme—a Double Suite for string orchestra and an Adagio and Scherzo for wind choir, two harps and kettle-drums. Finally, at the concerts of Jan. 22 and 23, Dr. Muck will conduct for the first times in Boston in Strauss's tone-poem, "Zarathustra." Here in detail are the two new programmes. For Jan. 15 and 16:

Symphony No. 1, in C minor..............Brahms
Double Suite for String Orchestra—Adagio and Scherzo for Wind Choir, Two Harps and Tympani..............Fried
Overture to the Opera, "The Magic Flute" Mozart
For Jan. 21 and 22:
Symphony No. 1, in E minor..............Sibelius
Tone-Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra"...Strauss
Overture, "Leonora," No. 3............Beethoven

TRANSCRIPT. DECEMBER 23,

Dr. Muck and His New York Public

A Final Word in the Debate Over His Programmes There

A LETTER was recently published in the daily columns of The Times from a distressed subscriber to the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra that gives, unintentionally, no doubt, a false impression of Dr. Muck's programmes. The S O S signal sent out then was caused by the programme performed on the evening of Dec. 3, when two rather long and difficult pieces, difficult for listeners as well as for players, were presented in succession. The Times on that occasion remarked that the programme put the listeners to a severe test, as it did. It seemed that it might have been better for the audience, as well as for the new compositions themselves, if some relief or contrast had been afforded by putting them on different programmes and joining them to some work more familiar, and hence easier of access, even though in the modern style. It would have given the new pieces themselves a better chance of being appreciated by causing less strain upon the listener's receptive capacity, entirely without regard to their own intrinsic values.

But the correspondent went on to intimate that Dr. Muck's course in programme making for New York has "relegated Bach, Beethoven and Brahms to the discard." It is certain that nothing is further from the great conductor's intention than to do anything of the sort. It is certain that his own love and sympathies go out very strongly to the music of the classical masters, and the more modern who have not severed all allegiance to the past. It would doubtless not be wrong to surmise that [illegible] holds it in infinitely higher esteem th[illegible] the vast majority of the music called today "modern"—much of which will unquestionably be tomorrow dead or counted among the wreckage of a tide already receded.

There is no need of a personal inquiry to establish such a belief. The fact that Dr. Muck is a great musician, of the finest and most sensitive feeling, a conductor of enormous knowledge and experience, one who performs the music of the classical masters with a devotion so great, an instinct so unerring, with results so fruitful in beauty and so exactly filled with the spirit that imbues them, would alone be enough to suggest that he has no purpose to relegate such works to the "discard." But something more tangible establishes the fact, and that is the record of his New York programmes. This shows that Dr. Muck has been far from devoting his New York concerts to modern music. Without going back to his first term of two years as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, consider the programmes he has given in New York since his return to the direction of the orchestra in the autumn of 1912. In the season of 1912-13 he put on them twelve classical pieces—from Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Weber, and Schumann. In the season of 1913-14 there were eleven such numbers—from Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms. In the four concerts of the current season there have already been five—from Beethoven, Brahms, and Weber.

Dr. Muck, like all other symphonic conductors, is confronted with difficulties and dilemmas in the planning of a large number of programmes for a season's work. No conductor in these days can stand aloof from modern music, whatever may be his personal likes or dislikes. It is indisputably his duty to give his audiences a showing of the best, the most characteristic, the most influential, of such music, or what may seem so from day to day. Stagnation, decay, dry rot, await the organization and the director that are not alive to this duty. No doubt even distressed letter writers would willingly grant this contention, which is hardly a contention in the sense of having much recognizable opposition.

Nor has New York ever been a place where there was any vociferous demand for conservatism or any potent and obstructive unwillingness to hear the new. The honorable history of the Philharmonic Society is a proof of it, and the record of its programmes, from 1842 to the present day, is a monument of the liberal minds and progressive spirits of its conductors, and its audiences as well. It need not again be recalled how much of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, was heard here for the first time in America when there was some, and even considerable, doubt about them; how Berlioz was given a full and free hearing in New York before he had it in Paris; how, when Carl Bergmann, conducting the Philharmonic, was told that his audiences didn't like the abundance of Wagner he was giving them (when Wagner was worse than strongly suspect), he answered, "Den dey must hear him till dey do"; or how Theodore Thomas used to lie in wait for the newest publications of Brahms, Dvorák, Tschaikowsky, Strauss and other living and creating spirits, or how he and Dr. Leopold Damrosch contested for the first performance of a new work by Brahms.

There is no reason to believe that the liberality supporting and approving all this has been extinguished in New York. But there are more ways of killing a cat than by smothering her in butter. Such protests as there are against Dr. Muck's "modern" performances will probably be found directed more against the methods of admixture in his programmes than against the total amounts, or proportions of modern and classical works contained in them. It is certain that the classics are not relegated to the "discard," or even to the background. [Richard Aldrich in the New York Times

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BOSTON JOURNAL. DECEMBER 26,

SYMPHONY PLAYS FESTAL PROGRAM

Volbach Novelty Proves to Be an Antidote for Schoenberg.

Dr. Muck's Christmas program was as comforting to the Symphony audience yesterday afternoon as black coffee or chartreuse. It was melodious, conservative, free from psychological problems and the dissonance that comes with the new music and hacks the ear. A perfect symphonic after-dinner offering!

The Yuletide program, which will be performed again tonight, comprises the Cesar Franck chorale in A minor, for organ alone, played by John P. Marshall; Fritz Volbach's symphony in B minor, which has never been played here before and which will probably not evoke any urgent requests to have it played again; the shepherds' music from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," the "March of the Three Holy Kings," from Liszt's oratorio, "Christus," and Weber's sparkling "Der Freischuetz" overture.

The Volbach symphony is of a festal, conventional character. The performance of it was roundly applauded yesterday. It served as a sort of antidote for the Schoenberg cryptograms of a week ago.

Next week's program is announced as being "in many respects the most important that Dr. Muck will give this

ON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1914

Symphony Concert

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

SCHOENBERG'S NOTORIOUS PIECES PLAYED

No "Incident" Disturbs the Performance—Music of Mood and Vision Transmitted in a New and Strange Medium — The Residue Left—Miss Hinkle's Exquisite Singing and Dr. Muck and the Orchestra Variously Eloquent

ALL things go for granted at the Symphony Concerts—even the music of Arnold Schönberg. In Vienna, Berlin and Munich, audiences have "manifested" over it so energetically that in the double din of applause and hisses it could not be heard for itself—an eminently satisfactory outcome to the unshakably prejudiced but sorely disappointing to the merely open-minded. In dull-witted but usually well-mannered London, the five pieces for orchestra that Dr. Muck and his men played yesterday afternoon, provoked boos, as though the customs of the British gallery in the theatre were passing to the floor of British concert-rooms. In Chicago a year ago some guffawed showily at these same five pieces; others stamped with disapproving feet; and many mouthed bitter adjectives in a loud and firm voice. Yet here at our Symphony Concerts nothing was likely to happen over Schönberg's music and nothing—or almost nothing—did actually happen. Few in this town take music or the performance of music, so eagerly and seriously as to show unseemly excitement over either in public; while a breach of good manners at a Symphony Concert is unthinkable, although some ears believed they heard once yesterday a modest and timid hiss.

A few tittered at the close of the first of the five pieces; many seemed to listen intently to the next two and to receive an impression not wholly disagreeable from them; the merest of minorities frankly and courageously applauded all five; the great majority simply read the programme-book as it is the custom to do when one is not interested at the Symphony Concerts. In the ensuing intermission one and another spluttered opprobrious adjectives with the intonations of those that lay down the law; many bore public witness to the fineness of their musical sensibilities by recounting the unpleasant sensations the music had stirred in them; many more asked suavely the time-honored question for such occasions: "Now what do you really think?" with the stress on "really." As usual the query encouraged candor and sincerity in the answer; and a few very young students of music at Harvard audibly approved Dr. Muck's tempi with the music—a rare condescension on their part. In a word, as such things usually go in the ironies of this perverse world, "the day" proved to be no "day" at all.

Of course, here and there, a dogmatic voice declared that Schönberg's five pieces ought never—an emphatic and somewhat over-used word—to have been played at the Symphony Concerts. Yet there seems to be no very valid reason why they should not have been heard at least once there, while more than one might be cited to justify a single performance. Schönberg shares with the other innovators in the music of the hour, the virtue of compact brevity and the whole five pieces consumed no more than twenty-five minutes out of the forty-eight hours that in a year each series of Symphony Concerts fills. They made but one out of the hundred-odd items that strew the programmes from October to May. As no one could possibly crave the music of Schönberg all day and every day, so no one, except a few reviewers, need have listened to it for even twenty-five minutes on a single occasion unless he so willed, with or without foreknowledge (which must have been widespread) of its singularities.

By those same singularities, as the truth is, the five pieces have made much stir in the world, awakened many curiosities, kindled many warm and combative debates. It is one of the clear obligations of the Symphony Orchestra and its successive conductors to keep the public of the concerts informed as to the course of music in this immediate hour. To do so, with the utmost openmindedness and catholicity, has become one of its policies, traditions and glories. If it were agreed that Schönberg's five orchestral pieces were merely freakish sensation-mongering, then Dr. Muck might reasonably and rightfully have overlooked them. But it is by no means so agreed. Whether the hearer honestly enjoys or honestly resents them or whether he follows them only with curiosity and interest, the substance, the form, the idiom, the purpose and the suggestion of the pieces are all signs of the times in music and clear evidence of new tendencies and efforts with it. The pieces disclose also a composer of highly individual mind and spirit. From Vienna to Chicago, they have stirred serious study and debate. All these seem Schönberg's valid titles to performance.

As Schönberg has his right to performance on the stage of Symphony Hall, so he has his right to open-mindedness in the auditorium. Like the music of every other composer from Mozart to Mahler, his pieces can only invite once more the old, old inquiry: what has he sought to do; by what means has he done it; and what is the sum of the achievement and the pleasure that it yields or fails to yield to those that hear it. First of all, with or without the title that Schönberg finally affixed, the five orchestral pieces, are clearly suggestion and epitome of mood and vision in tones. The composer releases in music a mood or an image that has laid hold upon his mind and sensibilities that he may so communi[illegible]t and the sensations awakened in him [illegible] hearers for their æsthetic pleasure. [illegible] his first piece, "Presenti[illegible] hearing and with all his singularities of procedure more in the way than in any of the rest, except the last, it was possible to infer that he was imparting a mood of over-wrought foreboding—tortured, fitful, fantastic, super-sensitive. The second piece is entitled "The Past" and there is no mistaking its mood of musing memories with, again, a supersensitive imagination at play upon them. The third Schönberg entitles, as though he were a Whistler in tones, "The Changing Chord." It seems in the hearing a clear suggestion in tones of the softest of visioned colors in the softest of undulations and it is relatively easy to the quickened imagination to receive its suggestion. The fourth piece—"Peripetera," or "continual goings and comings"—less clearly communicates mood and vision, but it may plausibly be of whirling, warring, wailing wraiths swept on phantasmal tempests. The fifth piece—"The Obbligato Recitative"—seemed almost wholly baffling yesterday—now wistful, now nervous and now acrid play with scraps and snatches of what, perchance, might have been a melancholy melody. The mood, the imagery, is of haunting wisps of vision.

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Overture, "Leonora," No. 3...........Beethoven

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Dr. Muck and His New York Public

A Final Word in the Debate Over His Programmes There

A LETTER was recently published in the daily columns of The Times from a distressed subscriber to the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra that gives, unintentionally, no doubt, a false impression of Dr. Muck's programmes. The S O S signal sent out then was caused by the programme performed on the evening of Dec. 3, when two rather long and difficult pieces, difficult for listeners as well as for players, were presented in succession. The Times on that occasion remarked that the programme put the listeners to a severe test, as it did. It seemed that it might have been better for the audience, as well as for the new compositions themselves, if some relief or contrast had been afforded by putting them on different programmes and joining them to some work more familiar, and hence easier of access, even though in the modern style. It would have given the new pieces themselves a better chance of being appreciated by causing less strain upon the listener's receptive capacity, entirely without regard to their own intrinsic values.

But the correspondent went on to intimate that Dr. Muck's course in programme making for New York has "relegated Bach, Beethoven and Brahms to the discard." It is certain that nothing is further from the great conductor's intention than to do anything of the sort. It is certain that his own love and sympathies go out very strongly to the music of the classical masters, and the more modern who have not severed all allegiance to the past. It would doubtless not be wrong to surmise that [illegible] holds it in infinitely higher esteem th[illegible] the vast majority of the music called today "modern"—much of which will unquestionably be tomorrow dead or counted among the wreckage of a tide already receded.

There is no need of a personal inquiry to establish such a belief. The fact that Dr. Muck is a great musician, of the finest and most sensitive feeling, a conductor of enormous knowledge and experience, one who performs the music of the classical masters with a devotion so great, an instinct so unerring, with results so fruitful in beauty and so exactly filled with the spirit that imbues them, would alone be enough to suggest that he has no purpose to relegate such works to the "discard." But something more tangible establishes the fact, and that is the record of his New York programmes. This shows that Dr. Muck has been far from devoting his New York concerts to modern music. Without going back to his first term of two years as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, consider the programmes he has given in New York since his return to the direction of the orchestra in the autumn of 1912. In the season of 1912-13 he put on them twelve classical pieces—from Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Weber, and Schumann. In the season of 1913-14 there were eleven such numbers—from Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms. In the four concerts of the current season there have already been five—from Beethoven, Brahms, and Weber.

Dr. Muck, like all other symphonic conductors, is confronted with difficulties and dilemmas in the planning of a large number of programmes for a season's work. No conductor in these days can stand aloof from modern music, whatever may be his personal likes or dislikes. It is indisputably his duty to give his audiences a showing of the best, the most characteristic, the most influential, of such music, or what may seem so from day to day. Stagnation, decay, dry rot, await the organization and the director that are not alive to this duty. No doubt even distressed letter writers would willingly grant this contention, which is hardly a contention in the sense of having much recognizable opposition.

Nor has New York ever been a place where there was any vociferous demand for conservatism or any potent and obstructive unwillingness to hear the new. The honorable history of the Philharmonic Society is a proof of it, and the record of its programmes, from 1842 to the present day, is a monument of the liberal minds and progressive spirits of its conductors, and its audiences as well. It need not again be recalled how much of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, was heard here for the first time in America when there was some, and even considerable, doubt about them; how Berlioz was given a full and free hearing in New York before he had it in Paris; how, when Carl Bergmann, conducting the Philharmonic, was told that his audiences didn't like the abundance of Wagner he was giving them (when Wagner was worse than strongly suspect), he answered, "Den dey must hear him till dey do"; or how Theodore Thomas used to lie in wait for the newest publications of Brahms, Dvoràk, Tschaikowsky, Strauss and other living and creating spirits, or how he and Dr. Leopold Damrosch contested for the first performance of a new work by Brahms.

There is no reason to believe that the liberality supporting and approving all this has been extinguished in New York. But there are more ways of killing a cat than by smothering her in butter. Such protests as there are against Dr. Muck's "modern" performances will probably be found directed more against the methods of admixture in his programmes than against the total amounts, or proportions of modern and classical works contained in them. It is certain that the classics are not relegated to the "discard," or even to the background. [Richard Aldrich in the New York Times

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BOSTON JOURNAL
DECEMBER 26,

SYMPHONY PLAYS FESTAL PROGRAM

Volbach Novelty Proves to Be an Antidote for Schoenberg.

Dr. Muck's Christmas program was as comforting to the Symphony audience yesterday afternoon as black coffee or chartreuse. It was melodious, conservative, free from psychological problems and the dissonance that comes with the new music and hacks the ear. A perfect symphonic after-dinner offering!

The Yuletide program, which will be performed again tonight, comprises the Cesar Franck chorale in A minor, for organ alone, played by John P. Marshall; Fritz Volbach's symphony in B minor, which has never been played here before and which will probably not evoke any urgent requests to have it played again; the shepherds' music from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," the "March of the Three Holy Kings," from Liszt's oratorio, "Christus," and Weber's sparkling "Der Freischuetz" overture.

The Volbach symphony is of a festal, conventional character. The performance of it was roundly applauded yesterday. It served as a sort of antidote for the Schoenberg cryptograms of a week ago.

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ON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1914

Symphony Concert

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

SCHOENBERG'S NOTORIOUS PIECES PLAYED

No "Incident" Disturbs the Performance—Music of Mood and Vision Transmitted in a New and Strange Medium — The Residue Left—Miss Hinkle's Exquisite Singing and Dr. Muck and the Orchestra Variously Eloquent

ALL things go for granted at the Symphony Concerts—even the music of Arnold Schönberg. In Vienna, Berlin and Munich, audiences have "manifested" over it so energetically that in the double din of applause and hisses it could not be heard for itself—an eminently satisfactory outcome to the unshakably prejudiced but sorely disappointing to the merely open-minded. In dull-witted but usually well-mannered London, the five pieces for orchestra that Dr. Muck and his men played yesterday afternoon, provoked boos, as though the customs of the British gallery in the theatre were passing to the floor of British concert-rooms. In Chicago a year ago some guffawed showily at these same five pieces; others stamped with disapproving feet; and many mouthed bitter adjectives in a loud and firm voice. Yet here at our Symphony Concerts nothing was likely to happen over Schönberg's music and nothing—or almost nothing—did actually happen. Few in this town take music or the performance of music, so eagerly and seriously as to show unseemly excitement over either in public; while a breach of good manners at a Symphony Concert is unthinkable, although some ears believed they heard once yesterday a modest and timid hiss.

A few tittered at the close of the first of the five pieces; many seemed to listen intently to the next two and to receive an impression not wholly disagreeable from them; the merest of minorities frankly and courageously applauded all five; the great majority simply read the programme-book as it is the custom to do when one is not interested at the Symphony Concerts. In the ensuing intermission one and another spluttered opprobrious adjectives with the intonations of those that lay down the law; many bore public witness to the fineness of their musical sensibilities by recounting the unpleasant sensations the music had stirred in them; many more asked suavely the time-honored question for such occasions: "Now what do you really think?" with the stress on "really." As usual the query encouraged candor and sincerity in the answer; and a few very young students of music at Harvard audibly approved Dr. Muck's tempi with the music—a rare condescension on their part. In a word, as such things usually go in the ironies of this perverse world, "the day" proved to be no "day" at all.

Of course, here and there, a dogmatic voice declared that Schönberg's five pieces ought never—an emphatic and somewhat over-used word—to have been played at the Symphony Concerts. Yet there seems to be no very valid reason why they should not have been heard at least once there, while more than one might be cited to justify a single performance. Schönberg shares with the other innovators in the music of the hour, the virtue of compact brevity and the whole five pieces consumed no more than twenty-five minutes out of the forty-eight hours that in a year each series of Symphony Concerts fills. They made but one out of the hundred-odd items that strew the programmes from October to May. As no one could possibly crave the music of Schönberg all day and every day, so no one, except a few reviewers, need have listened to it for even twenty-five minutes on a single occasion unless he so willed, with or without foreknowledge (which must have been widespread) of its singularities.

By those same singularities, as the truth is, the five pieces have made much stir in the world, awakened many curiosities, kindled many warm and combative debates. It is one of the clear obligations of the Symphony Orchestra and its successive conductors to keep the public of the concerts informed as to the course of music in this immediate hour. To do so, with the utmost openmindedness and catholicity, has become one of its policies, traditions and glories. If it were agreed that Schönberg's five orchestral pieces were merely freakish sensation-mongering, then Dr. Muck might reasonably and rightfully have overlooked them. But it is by no means so agreed. Whether the hearer honestly enjoys or honestly resents them or whether he follows them only with curiosity and interest, the substance, the form, the idiom, the purpose and the suggestion of the pieces are all signs of the times in music and clear evidence of new tendencies and efforts with it. The pieces disclose also a composer of highly individual mind and spirit. From Vienna to Chicago, they have stirred serious study and debate. All these seem Schönberg's valid titles to performance.

As Schönberg has his right to performance on the stage of Symphony Hall, so he has his right to open-mindedness in the auditorium. Like the music of every other composer from Mozart to Mahler, his pieces can only invite once more the old, old inquiry: what has he sought to do; by what means has he done it; and what is the sum of the achievement and the pleasure that it yields or fails to yield to those that hear it. First of all, with or without the title that Schönberg finally affixed, the five orchestral pieces, are clearly suggestion and epitome of mood and vision in tones. The composer releases in music a mood or an image that has laid hold upon his mind and sensibilities that he may so communi- [illegible] it and the sensations awakened in him [illegible] hearers for their æsthetic pleasure. [illegible] his first piece, "Presenti- [illegible] hearing and with all his singularities of procedure more in the way than in any of the rest, except the last, it was possible to infer that he was imparting a mood of over-wrought foreboding—tortured, fitful, fantastic, super-sensitive. The second piece is entitled "The Past" and there is no mistaking its mood of musing memories with, again, a supersensitive imagination at play upon them. The third Schönberg entitles, as though he were a Whistler in tones, "The Changing Chord." It seems in the hearing a clear suggestion in tones of the softest of visioned colors in the softest of undulations and it is relatively easy to the quickened imagination to receive its suggestion. The fourth piece—"Peripetera," or "continual goings and comings"—less clearly communicates mood and vision, but it may plausibly be of whirling, warring, wailing wraiths swept on phantasmal tempests. The fifth piece—"The Obbligato Recitative"—seemed almost wholly baffling yesterday—now wistful, now nervous and now acrid play with scraps and snatches of what, perchance, might have been a melancholy melody. The mood, the imagery, is of haunting wisps of vision.

In sum, then, Schönberg writes music of mood and vision and in at least three, and maybe four, of the five pieces, does succeed in communicating a plausible imagery to his hearer at the moment as he must do in the swift commerce of music in the concert-room. And in every sense, the imagery is very tense, nervous and concentrated. That is to say Schönberg, like many another of the innovating composers of our time, would make music yet more sensitively, intimately, and concentratedly expressive of the mood, vision and impulse behind than it has ever been before. He would have the directest, the fullest and the most minute and elastic transmission of his sensations that the hearer may feel the self-expression in them and maybe find also a persuasive beauty or a fantastic and devouring power.

Then enter the means of transmission and in more senses than one discordance. Schönberg weaves his music from little motives or scraps of motives that very rarely have any clear thematic profile; he weaves it with chords that few men, if any, have ever before fashioned or set side by side; he weaves it also in a kind of hurtling, stinging or pricking counterpoint full of strange conflicts, contacts and clangors; he weaves it as by impulse with no thought of prescription or precedent and yet with a certain formal sense as in the evolution of the motives that can be traced on the engraved page. Tonality and returns to tonality he knows not. He also weaves it and fashions it with a very acute and imaginative sensibility to instrumental timbres and to harmonic suggestion and with a very keen, diversified and imaginative sense of rhythm. His rhythms are almost the cohering element in his music; in his instrumental and harmonic color lies almost the whole of its suggestion. In a single hearing at least, very few of his motives in themselves arrest the ear or kindle answering sensation. Moreover in the use of all his strange transmitting means, Schönberg lays on and spares not. In a word, again, like most of the innovating composers of the younger generation, he would free music from almost every prescription except the directest, fullest and most sensitive expression of the thought, the impulse, the vision and the mood that they have begotten. To gain this end he would expand harmonic possibilities and tonal relations to the utmost. Music is not and cannot remain a static art; its speech changes with each generation; it has always been pushing forth into the unknown that in time becomes the actual and the accepted. Rightly or wrongly Schönberg and the rest believe they have found their paths to it, though the end of the journey be far away and its vicissitudes many.

Yet for the time being, until the average ear has rejected these new means of transmission or has accepted them as it ultimately did with Beethoven's or Wagner's, with Debussy's and d'Indy's, they stand almost fatally in the way of the composer that uses them. His music can evoke no answering and pleasurable sensations in us, no quickening of mind and stirring of emotion, because his speech conveys so little to those that hear, so revolts them or so touches their sense of the ludicrous and the incongruous. Those who have laughed at Schönberg's music have as yet their measure of justification. Those whom it revolts by its strangeness, its present ugliness, its insistent and arrogant disregard of almost every familiar procedure are in still better case. As justified and more are those that say they can make nothing of it, because its speech conveys nothing to them; because the five orchestral pieces talk no musical sense. To homines, tot sententiæ, and in this case with reason for each unless they fall away into the mere blind and bitter adjectives of dislike, prejudice and self-righteousness.

It is possible for a composer, using so strange and repellent a medium, to command a beauty or a power of idea and imagination and a passion or a felicity in expression of himself that shall reconcile his hearers to the means of transmission and persuade them that these means do but assure and heighten the end. So Beethoven and Wagner, so d'Indy and Debussy, so Strauss and Mahler conquered ears and spirits. So in turn must Schönberg and our other innovators conquer—if they are ever to conquer at all. Moreover, while the conquest is in progress or is even beginning, they must now and then suggest to our ears, struggling with these means, the sensation of the beauty, the power, the passion or the felicity, the imaginative and the emotional impulse that lies behind.

Such a sensation of beauty of mood and of corresponding utterance did come to some ears [illegible] out of the motives or melodies and the exquisite harmonic and instrumental coloring of the piece called "The Past," that they perfumed with the aroma of dear memories held in gentle musing. Such a sensation rose again from the undulating rhythms, the iridescent and opalescent coloring, the whole glamor of beauty about the tone-picture called "The Changing Chord." Medium or no medium, both these pieces had their poetry of tones. Again in those whirling and warring wraiths in their fantasmal and shrieking tempest dwelt the suggestion of a wild and fantastic power; and it was present again, though not so clearly, in the piece of torturing and racing bodements. So far at least does Schönberg lead his hearers into his new paths; farther with the best will in the world, few of us may go with him; nor can so much as one of us say whether these or any other of the pathways of the innovating men be the road which the music of the next generation is to traverse. Some new course it is likely, by all the precedent of the past, to take and even the balked explorers do music their service.

TRANSCRIPT.

DECEMBER 15.

Programmes from Dr. Muck

Dr. Muck has now put together his programmes for the Symphony Concerts through Jan. 22 and 23, when half the series will be done and made a single change in the programme already announced for the concerts on Dec. 25 and 26. On those days, Mr. Noack will not play Lalo's "Spanish Symphony" for violin as the original schedule stood. Instead, two purely orchestral numbers will replace the concerto—the "March of the Three Holy Kings" from Liszt's oratorio of "Christus" and a fragment from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio." Two pieces will divide the programme for the concerts of Jan. 1 and 2—Liszt's "Faust" symphony with the final chorus sung by the Apollo Club, and Mendelssohn's concerto for violin and orchestra with Mr. Kreisler to play the solo part. Needless, almost to say, Liszt's symphony is one of the masterpieces of delineative and characterizing music wherein the symphonic continuity and tonal suggestion of Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles go hand in hand and the composer has been vivid in visualizing themes and in animating and defining development. One movement falls to Faust; one to Gretchen; one, charged with tonal ironies, to Mephistopheles; while for ending is a setting of Goethe's chorus about the "woman-soul." The whole symphony is music in which Dr. Muck and the orchestra in their present estate should excel themselves.

There will be no Symphony Concerts on Jan. 8 and 9, when the orchestra will be in New York. At the succeeding concerts of Jan. 15 and 16, two novel pieces by Oskar Fried, the conductor and the composer of Berlin, stand on the programme—a Double Suite for string orchestra and an Adagio and Scherzo for wind choir, two harps and kettle-drums. Finally, at the concerts of Jan. 22 and 23, Dr. Muck will conduct for the first times in Boston in Strauss's tone-poem, "Zarathustra." Here in detail are the two new programmes. For Jan. 15 and 16:

Symphony No. 1, in C minor	Brahms
Double Suite for String Orchestra—Adagio and Scherzo for Wind Choir, Two Harps and Tympani	Fried
Overture to the Opera, "The Magic Flute"	Mozart
For Jan. 21 and 22:	
Symphony No. 1, in E minor	Sibelius
Tone-Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra"	Strauss
Overture, "Leonora," No. 3	Beethoven

TRANSCRIPT.

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But the correspondent went on to intimate that Dr. Muck's course in programme making for New York has "relegated Bach, Beethoven and Brahms to the discard." It is certain that nothing is further from the great conductor's intention than to do anything of the sort. It is certain that his own love and sympathies go out very strongly to the music of the classical masters, and the more modern who have not severed all allegiance to the past. It would doubtless not be wrong to surmise that he holds it in infinitely higher esteem than the vast majority of the music called today "modern"—much of which will unquestionably be tomorrow dead or counted among the wreckage of a tide already receded.

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Next week's program is announced as being "in many respects the most important that Dr. Muck will give this

season. It is [illegible] up of Liszt's "Faust" symphony and Mendelssohn violin concerto, with Fritz Kreisler a soloist. These will be Kreisler's only appearances with the orchestra in Boston this season. In the performance of the Liszt number the Apollo Club will assist, and Paul Draper will sing the tenor solo.

Dr. Muck has come into possession of a new version of the "Faust" symphony made by Liszt while the composer was visiting the Wagners. There are only two copies of this revised score, one in Bayreuth and the other in Boston. To a considerable extent, therefore, the symphony will take on the importance of a novelty coming from the pen of one of the foremost musicians of the nineteenth century.

BOSTON GLOBE—

DECEMBER 26,

CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

Volbach Symphony Work of Pleasing Conventionality.

Yuletide Music by Bach and Liszt—Mr Marshall Organ Soloist.

Dr Muck's choice of a symphony at the Christmas concert yesterday afternoon was that of an honest, melodious work, constructed according to well tried and reputable methods; music of no startling display of originality, yet able to afford pleasure to conventional ears, to those which have not forgotten that the tonal art was reared to lusty youth upon a diatonic scale.

Fritz Volbach, who is a German, avowed and unashamed, in this B-minor symphony, now played for the first time in Boston, permits a series of augmented triads to lift their heads in the woodwind in the last movement, cautiously, it may be ironically or even with contempt. He had written music to proceed a half hour and more without allusion to the scale whose intervals are beloved by the modern Frenchmen. It is said that Mr Weingartner's new overture, lately played in Vienna, disclosed the "Marseillaise" in a distorted, caricatured manner, to the great delight of the Viennese.

Volbach's symphony might have been written by any industrious, well-schooled student of orthodox German composition. His study of church music may account for his fondness for the chorale. There is little evidence of the gifts in perception, accent and color of the man who writes as by nature for the theatre. There is little sense of absorbing or tragic conflict, psychic or physical. There is a perfunctory display of pomp with organ and brasses upon a theme of flatulent praise; there is a tendency toward obvious development in sequence, and who shall say this is not flattering to the layman, who upon hearing one phrase answer to another says within himself that he expected it would be so. There is sentiment expressed in a homely, wholesome manner, frank and unashamed, and there is the suggestion, for the greater part, of the genial thought of a man who still could find pleasure in simple things and would gladly bring the same to others.

The first movement has good material, treated in a sane manner, simply, yet without dullness. The vein is well sustained. The ideas show elasticity in substance, and in disposition. The scherzo shows something of imagination. Greater variety, a more communicating lightness of touch would overtake and capture the charm which now is seen for fleeting moments, particularly in the melodic or rhythmic profile of a phrase. The slow movement begins well. There is a remote suggestion harmonically of Charpentier in "Louise," but it vanishes. This section is too long. The contrasting portion gains little from the melody for oboe against clarinet's counterpoint, although both were played admirably by Mr Longy and Mr Sand.

The last movement is not well balanced. The opening hymn is heavy and the entrance of the fugal section seems incongruous rather than the means of contrast. Invention does not fly with an even wing throughout. The first movements are preferable. It is not music to make the jaded sit up. It says only what some already have said, and what more have said less well.

John P. Marshall, the official organist of the orchestra, played Cesar Franck's chorale in A minor for organ alone and was received cordially by the audience. Bach's "Shepherds" music from the Christmas oratorio, Liszt's march of the Three Holy Kings from "Christus" reflected the spirit of the day, particularly the tenderness, simplicity and devotion of the Bach, as Dr Muck played it. The Weber overture to "Der Freischuetz" furnished the program.

BOSTON HERALD.

DECEMBER 26,

NINTH PUBLIC SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Volbach Symphony, Played for First Time, Suited to Festival Occasion.

By PHILIP HALE.

The ninth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. Mr. John P. Marshall, organist of the orchestra, was the soloist. There were many vacant seats, for the [illegible] Christmas. The [illegible] was as follows:

Chorale in A minor, for organ alone.... Cesar Franck
Symphony in B minor, Op. 33......Volbach
Symphony (Shepherds' Music) from the Christmas Oratorio.............J. S. Bach
March of the Three Holy Kings, from "Christus".............................Liszt
Overture to "Der Freischuetz"......Weber

Volbach's symphony was played here for the first time. He was known here as a composer by his "Raphael," mood pictures inspired by three of the painter's Madonnas. This "Raphael," performed at a Handel and Haydn concert in 1905, made little impression. Volbach, organist, conductor, is music director of the university at Tubingen. Before going to Tubingen he exercised his profession in Berlin and Mayence. He is a philosopher, or should be, for he studied philosophy at Heidelberg and Bonn, and the latter university gave him the degree of Dr. Phil. He has written biographies of musicians, books about music and analyses of compositions.

The Symphony in B minor was performed at a music festival of German musicians at Stuttgart in 1909. The music is eminently suited to a festival occasion. It has all the requisites for immediate popularity. It is tuneful in an obvious manner. The rhythms are not complete. The harmonic scheme does not irritate or shock the conservative. There is the suggestion of a waltz in the scherzo; there is a pretty solo for the oboe and there is solo work for the first violin; the triangle, the harp, and the organ are introduced. "My darling, what would'st thou have more?"

There is a show of energy in the first movement. The scherzo easily makes friends, and the most interesting instrumentation of the work is found in this movement. The Adagio is suavely melodious with conventional climaxes, with the tune for oboe, beautifully played yesterday by Mr. Longy, and in this movement is the one imaginative harmonic stroke. The introduction to the finale, in which the organ is brought into play, begins with the "Hallelujah" intoned by the brass. The chant grows into a hymn, and the chant furnishes thematic material for the finale, which, of course, ends with the hymn and a sonorous Amen, "played by the full strength of the company."

The symphony suited the holiday perhaps better than a more modern work would have done; modern, not in the matter of chronology, but in ideas. The music is fluent, at times plausibly imposing, of respectable workmanship. It is without true vitality.

Mr. Marshall showed sure technic and excellent taste in registration by his performance of Franck's Chorale, written in the year of the composer's death. It is one of three, which are to be ranked among his noblest works. They are in the great variation form, in which Franck followed Bach and the Beethoven of the latter years. These Chorales reveal the fervor, the spiritual ecstasy, the mysticism, also the human tenderness that characterize the music of this great and humble man.

Whenever we hear the Shepherd's music of Bach, we recall with pleasure the Pastoral in "The Messiah." The latter is so simple, so direct, so appealing. And what is to be said of Liszt's March of the Three Holy Kings Gaspar, Melchior and the black bearded Balthazar? The march theme in the Berliozian manner is fascinating until the reminder of favorite figures in Liszt's Rhapsodies almost persuades the hearer that the three kings all marched to Bethlehem from Hungary, and not from Nubia, Saba, and Tarsus. The pages that picture the apparition of the star and the presentation of the gifts to the Infant Jesus are not conspicuous as pictorial or emotional.

Some have called Liszt insincere in his "religious" music. The reproach is hardly justified. It would be fairer to say that in many of his professedly sacred compositions his musical ideas are sparse and thin. Whatever his own religious fervor may be, it does not convert the unbeliever. The expression of majesty is often bombastic; the expression of adoration and awe is often only maundering and mawkishness.

The program of the concerts next week will include Liszt's "Faust" symphony and Mendelssohn's violin concerto. A chorus from the Apollo Club and Mr. Paul Draper, tenor, will assist in the performance of the symphony. Dr. Muck will use a score with emendations and additions made by Liszt shortly before his death. These changes have not been published and the version will be used for the first time. Mr. Kreisler will play the concerto.

DAILY ADVERTISER.

DECEMBER 26

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APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME FINELY PLAYED

Volbach's Symphony Heard for the First Time in Boston—The "Freischutz" Overture.

PROGRAMME.

Cesar Franck—Chorale in A minor for organ alone.
Soloist, John P. Marshall.
Fritz Volbach—Symphony in B minor.
(First time in Boston.)
J. S. Bach—Shepherds' Music from the "Christmas Oratorio."
Liszt—March of the Three Holy Kings, from "Christus."
Weber—Overture to Der Freischutz.

Through our Symphony Orchestra we have so far this season kept quite closely [illegible] with the work of living com[illegible]

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Dr. Muck generously presented the "music lovers," who deserted their holiday dinners, with a Christmas gift in the form of a "Symphony in B minor," by Fritz Volbach, a novelty, as Christmas presents must be now-a-days. Volbach, a modern living today in Tubingen, presents his thought and feeling in a form free from involution or singularity. He does not distort our musical vocabulary, but neither does he add to, or clarify, it. He is up to date and can talk in sounds of clanging brass as well as another, but his musical idiom is familiar and we understand the thought and feeling of the "Symphony," the man and what he reveals, as much as one may from the limited acquaintance of a first hearing.

The Symphony is large and vigorous in its conception and is, as a whole, free from pettiness or triviality. The composer is able to sustain a mood for a long period of time without tiring his hearers—a mark of power in itself. In his orchestration the choirs are well blended in a body of tone which, while not ultra-modern in its harmonies and ensemble, shows the modern use of brass with, at times, cutting effect, though without the snarls of "stopped" instruments. He uses the solo instruments with justness and discretion; as the English horn in the first movement, but the melody is not of rare or haunting quality here, nor throughout the work.

The opening of the "Presto" is vigorous and arresting in its strongly accented drum-beats, while the "Trio" had a novel touch of color in the embroidery of triangle and flutes, though the movement proved somewhat tiresome because of its too obviously symmetrical plan. The third movement—"Adagio"—the most satisfactory as a whole—is a long sustained mood of dignified, flowing melody Handelian in character: scholarly work and marked by feeling. The theme is interrupted twice by an episode for oboe against clarinet in counterpoint—not very arresting in melody or color. The final movement is too broken in continuity of line. It has effective movements, as in the introductory powerful crescendo for orchestra and organ leading to the "Hallelujah"; this unfortunately reminds us that Handel and Beethoven also wrote a "Hallelujah" somewhat better. If longer sustained, the last fortissimo repetition of the "hymn" and "Amen" would have made a more powerful ending.

This Symphony feels like "programme music," and it may picture, as someone has said, "man's suffering and redemption." If so it hardly seems dramatic and poignant enough for such a theme. It is a serious, earnest work but it will hardly be classed among the great symphonies.

The Christmas spirit of the concert was sounded in Franck's organ "Chorale"—written during the last year of the master's life—it is suffused with devotional feeling and austere musical beauty that is only surpassed by that other great master of the organ, Bach, with whom he had something in common. Both clung tenaciously to their ideals, and had the hardihood to see something more in music than the means of earning a livelihood; both were great organists, composers for the instrument and masters of counterpoint. Mr. Marshall with skilled hand and sympathetic mind gave a reading appreciative of the grave and subjective character of the "Chorale."

Bach is more human and less mystic than Franck, who could never have written the "Shepherds' Music from the Christmas Oratorio," for he lacked appreciation of that quaint and homely quality that so naively, yet so skilfully, colors and shapes the music. Bach was a tone poet—not one of the long-haired kind of the "shock your grandmother school" of today—but one who could spread an atmospheric tone over a composition that envelops it from start to finish. His use of the English horns (substituted for the obsolete oboi d'amore), the shepherds' pipe of the orchestra, here creates the pastoral atmosphere of rustic simplicity and devoutness of the shepherds "watching their flocks by night." Later composers have followed Bach's lead—Schumann in Manfred, Wagner in the first act of Tannhauser, Rossini in the William Tell Overture, Berlioz in the Symphonie Fantastique—in using the English horn as the shepherd's pipe. And how beautifully the strings and oboes of the orchestra did their part, interchanging and singing the never ceasing melody without undue stress, or striving for effect, which would mar the cantabile flow and primitive simplicity of the music.

The whole orchestra had its opportunity in Liszt's "March of the Three Kings"; a beautiful pageant planned with skill and imagination, opening with nocturnal suggestions and mystery in the pizzicati of the contrabasses, growing in richness and color as the march theme is taken up by the different instruments (what an effective piece of color when the bassoons have the theme!) until in the finale its orchestration becomes luscious and its feeling rhapsodical. "Der Freischutz," perennially fresh and brilliant, improves with acquaintance. Once more we heard with undiminished pleasure the mellow tones of the difficult horn quartette (played without a slip) singing the poetic "hymn." The contrabasses plucked the pizzicato "A" presaging evil—a masterly touch—the drum beats sounded their ominous portent; the trombones mocked the lovely figure of Agatha's song. These gems of tone, color and melody were fused by conductor and men into a whole breathing romance.

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the clarinet theme of [illegible]—an eerie touch—as well as to invest the melody with a poetry enhanced by his own ideas of tempo.

Dr. Muck has not always been praised for his programmes, though the growth of appreciation in this direction has been steady, if gradual, but all must acknowledge that this for Christmas was most skillfully put together. After the devout prayer of Franck we had the earnest exhortation of Volbach; the contemplative beauty of Bach, followed by the pageantry of Liszt; closing with the fireside romance of Weber—a fascinating tale of chivalry and the supernatural, the triumph of love and virtue: a fitting and happy ending to the concert and to Christmas 1914.

F. J. F.

BOSTON POST,

DECEMBER 26,

SYMPHONY PERFORMS NEW WORK

Volbach Given Hearing—Mr. Marshall the Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

Should a new symphony be played at an orchestral concert on a holiday? How many will come to the concert? And what will the critics say? These are serious questions. Who will be the best judge of the new music, the snarling, unfed gentleman in Row F or the complacent fat man, the complacent individual—"that man who has just come in, my dear"—who rolls into his seat, listens in a state of happy torpor, and thinks well of the day, the dinner, the far-off music of which an echo now and then filters through his ears?

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Yesterday afternoon at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Volbach's Symphony in B minor was played for the first time in Boston. This symphony in four movements, traditional in form and substance, was performed for the first time in 1909. If one had been told instead, "1840" it would not have been any harder to believe. Weber's "Freischutz," overture, composed in 1820, was after all the most modern music on the programme, music that custom never stales. Volbach, an unknown figure in this country, born in the Rhine-land in 1861, might just as well have written his work in 1840 as 1909. It is positively Mendellsohnish.

Cursed With Fluency

The composer is cursed with fluency, and an awesome respect for the word "verboten." He is, academically speaking, a master of form. There is a scherzo which suggests Schumann. There is a finale after the manner of Liszt, the ceremonial blatting forth of a chorale theme, drums booming, alarms of trumpets! There she goes. This is stale romanticism of the 50's and before. Musical archaology with a vengeance!

The first movement of the symphony is the most valuable in its material, and concise in its working out. The scherzo is not disagreeable. But enormous cuts could be made in the slow movement and in the finale without detracting from their value. Volbach appears, in this score, to have written in what now appears to be the most advanced and reckless and experimental stage in the history of modern music, as though he were a Gotz or a Gade—we had almost said, a Sterndale Bennet—but leave the gentleman in peace. The organ came in loudly in the finale of the symphony, and everyone was pleased.

Mr. Marshall Soloist

Mr. Marshall, organist of the orchestra, opened the concert by playing as a solo the organ chorale in A-minor of Cesar Franck. He could hardly have chosen a more interesting piece of music (new to the great majority of Symphony patrons) or a composition more suited to the occasion. Mr. Marshall's performance appreciated the qualities of this beautiful and mystical music. He did not distort Franck's music, but in matters of registration as well as interpretation, placed himself entirely at the service of the composer. The brilliant opening measures were intoned with authority and fire, and there were a hundred delicate values in the passages of a gentler character, but there was no affectation, precocity, no endeavor to make surprising effects at the expense of a masterly composition for the organ. It was high time that Franck's music were better known to concert audiences than it is now. The organist and others, who interest themselves in producing such music deserve especial thanks.

Compositions still more suggestive of the day were the "Symphony" from Bach's "Christmas oratorio;" the "March of the Three Holy Kings" from Liszt's oratorio "Christus;" and Weber's Freischutz" overture. Liszt's music, for the greater part, is pictur-season." It is [illegible] up of Liszt's "Faust" symphony and Mendelssohn's violin concerto, with Fritz Kreisler as soloist. These will be Kreisler's only appearances with the orchestra in Boston this season. In the performance of the Liszt number the Apollo Club will assist, and Paul Draper will sing the tenor solo.

Dr. Muck has come into possession of a new version of the "Faust" symphony made by Liszt while the composer was visiting the Wagners. There are only two copies of this revised score, one in Bayreuth and the other in Boston. To a considerable extent, therefore, the symphony will take on the importance of a novelty coming from the pen of one of the foremost musicians of the nineteenth century.

BOSTON GLOBE—

DECEMBER 26,

CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

Volbach Symphony Work of Pleasing Conventionality.

Yuletide Music by Bach and Liszt—Mr Marshall Organ Soloist.

Dr Muck's choice of a symphony at the Christmas concert yesterday afternoon was that of an honest, melodious work, constructed according to well tried and reputable methods; music of no startling display of originality, yet able to afford pleasure to conventional ears, to those which have not forgotten that the tonal art was reared to lusty youth upon a diatonic scale.

Fritz Volbach, who is a German, avowed and unashamed, in this B-minor symphony, now played for the first time in Boston, permits a series of augmented triads to lift their heads in the woodwind in the last movement, cautiously, it may be ironically of even with contempt. He had written music to proceed a half hour and more without allusion to the scale whose intervals are beloved by the modern Frenchmen. It is said that Mr Weingartner's new overture, lately played in Vienna, disclosed the "Marseillaise" in a distorted, caricatured manner, to the great delight of the Viennese.

Volbach's symphony might have been written by any industrious, well-schooled student of orthodox German composition. His study of church music may account for his fondness for the chorale. There is little evidence of the gifts in perception, accent and color of the man who writes as by nature for the theatre. There is little sense of absorbing or tragic conflict, psychic or physical. There is a perfunctory display of pomp with organ and brasses upon a theme of flatulent praise; there is a tendency toward obvious development in sequence, and who shall say this is not flattering to the layman, who upon hearing one phrase answer to another says within himself that he expected it would be so. There is sentiment expressed in a homely, wholesome manner, frank and unashamed, and there is the suggestion, for the greater part, of the genial thought of a man who still could find pleasure in simple things and would gladly bring the same to others.

The first movement has good material, treated in a sane manner, simply, yet without dullness. The vein is well sustained. The ideas show elasticity in substance, and in disposition. The scherzo shows something of imagination. Greater variety, a more communicating lightness of touch would overtake and capture the charm which now is seen for fleeting moments, particularly in the melodic or rhythmic profile of a phrase. The slow movement begins well. There is a remote suggestion harmonically of Charpentier in "Louise," but it vanishes. This section is too long. The contrasting portion gains little from the melody for oboe against clarinet's counterpoint, although both were played admirably by Mr Longy and Mr Sand.

The last movement is not well balanced. The opening hymn is heavy and the entrance of the fugal section seems incongruous rather than the means of contrast. Invention does not fly with an even wing throughout. The first movements are preferable. It is not music to make the jaded sit up. It says only what some already have said, and what more have said less well.

John P. Marshall, the official organist of the orchestra, played Cesar Franck's chorale in A minor for organ alone and was received cordially by the audience. Bach's Shepherds' music from the Christmas oratorio, Liszt's march of the Three Holy Kings from "Christus" reflected the spirit of the day, particularly the tenderness, simplicity and devotion of the Bach, as Dr Muck played it. The Weber overture to "Der Freischuetz" furnished the program.

BOSTON HERALD.

DECEMBER 26,

NINTH PUBLIC SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Volbach Symphony, Played for First Time, Suited to Festival Occasion.

By PHILIP HALE.

The ninth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. Mr. John P. Marshall, organist of the orchestra, was the soloist. There were many vacant seats, for the [illegible] Christmas. The [illegible]

as follows:

Chorale in A minor, for organ alone.... Cesar Franck
Symphony in B minor, Op. 33......Volbach
Symphony (Shepherds' Music) from the Christmas Oratorio............J. S. Bach
March of the Three Holy Kings, from "Christus" ....Liszt
Overture to "Der Freischuetz".......Weber

Volbach's symphony was played here for the first time. He was known here as a composer by his "Raphael," mood pictures inspired by three of the painter's Madonnas. This "Raphael," performed at a Handel and Haydn concert in 1905, made little impression. Volbach, organist, conductor, is music director of the university at Tubingen. Before going to Tubingen he exercised his profession in Berlin and Mayence. He is a philosopher, or should be, for he studied philosophy at Heidelberg and Bonn, and the latter university gave him the degree of Dr. Phil. He has written biographies of musicians, books about music and analyses of compositions.

The Symphony in B minor was performed at a music festival of German musicians at Stuttgart in 1909. The music is eminently suited to a festival occasion. It has all the requisites for immediate popularity. It is tuneful in an obvious manner. The rhythms are not complete. The harmonic scheme does not irritate or shock the conservative. There is the suggestion of a waltz in the scherzo; there is a pretty solo for the oboe and there is solo work for the first violin; the triangle, the harp, and the organ are introduced. "My darling, what would'st thou have more?"

There is a show of energy in the first movement. The scherzo easily makes friends, and the most interesting instrumentation of the work is found in this movement. The Adagio is suavely melodious with conventional climaxes, with the tune for oboe, beautifully played yesterday by Mr. Longy, and in this movement is the one imaginative harmonic stroke. The introduction to the finale, in which the organ is brought into play, begins with the "Hallelujah" intoned by the brass. The chant grows into a hymn, and the chant furnishes thematic material for the finale, which, of course, ends with the hymn and a sonorous Amen, "played by the full strength of the company."

The symphony suited the holiday perhaps better than a more modern work would have done; modern, not in the matter of chronology, but in ideas. The music is fluent, at times plausibly imposing, of respectable workmanship. It is without true vitality.

Mr. Marshall showed sure technic and excellent taste in registration by his performance of Franck's Chorale, written in the year of the composer's death. It is one of three, which are to be ranked among his noblest works. They are in the great variation form, in which Franck followed Bach and the Beethoven of the latter years. These Chorales reveal the fervor, the spiritual ecstasy, the mysticism, also the human tenderness that characterize the music of this great and humble man.

Whenever we hear the Shepherd's music of Bach, we recall with pleasure the Pastoral in "The Messiah." The latter is so simple, so direct, so appealing. And what is to be said of Liszt's March of the Three Holy Kings Gaspar, Melchior and the black bearded Balthazar? The march theme in the Berliozian manner is fascinating until the reminder of favorite figures in Liszt's Rhapsodies almost persuades the hearer that the three kings all marched to Bethlehem from Hungary, and not from Nubia, Saba, and Tarsus. The pages that picture the apparition of the star and the presentation of the gifts to the Infant Jesus are not conspicuous as pictorial or emotional.

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Mr. Marshall, organist of the orchestra, opened the concert by playing as a solo the organ chorale in A-minor of Cesar Franck. He could hardly have chosen a more interesting piece of music (new to the great majority of Symphony patrons) or a composition more suited to the occasion. Mr. Marshall's performance appreciated the qualities of this beautiful and mystical music. He did not distort Franck's music, but in matters of registration as well as interpretation, placed himself entirely at the service of the composer. The brilliant opening measures were intoned with authority and fire, and there were a hundred delicate values in the passages of a gentler character, but there was no affectation, precocity, no endeavor to make surprising effects at the expense of a masterly composition for the organ. It was high time that Franck's music were better known to concert audiences than it is now. The organist and others, who interest themselves in producing such music deserve especial thanks.

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At the first Philadelphia concert of Nikisch's final season, Mr. Howe tells us, "the audience numbered 3000, of whom 700 were obliged to stand." At home, the increasing patronage outgrew the dimensions of Music Hall, and by a popular subscription of $400,000 the new Symphony Hall on the Fenway was opened October 15, 1900. Owen Wister wrot an ode for the occasion, from which th author quotes at length as expressive of "the unworded feeling" of many.

Among the Philadelphians named in the list of soloists with this great band we find David Bispham, Geraldine Farrar, Florence Hinkle, Olga Samaroff (Mrs. Stokowski), who has appeared 26 times; Abbie Whinnery, now a successful teacher here; Evan Williams (on five occa

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Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon the second matinée performance this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given. The programme contained the infrequently played "Aus Italien" of Richard Strauss, the new symphony of Ropartz, and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture. The Strauss work is an early one, dating back to 1886. The composer himself says it is a transition work, between the old and new styles. It is an effective work, nevertheless, not so involved, either in content or technique, as his later works. It shows the power of pictorial inventiveness, and a certain gift of melody, like some of his songs. That the composer did not cultivate this side of his talent is his misfortune—and ours as well. There are charming moments in this symphonic fantasia—"From Italy"—and it has much more musical interest than some of his later works that are heard more frequently. The "Ropartz" symphony did not, as erroneously stated in the programme, have its first performance in New York. It is, as the first performance of the Philharmonic indicated, rather a long drawn out symphonic poem than a symphony. But the composer has given us no "programme." Nevertheless, it seems to be hardly "solid" enough for a symphony. There are beautiful themes and melodies therein, however, and needless to say, Dr. Muck and his men made the most of them. Dr. Muck differs radically from Mr. Stransky in his ideas of tempo, it may be said in passing. For example, the composer has marked the first movement "Allegro moderato." Dr. Muck emphasizes the *allegro*, Mr. Stransky the *moderato*. The latter seems to be the more logical, besides being more in keeping with the spirit of the music. The "Allegretto" in the middle of the second section was also played by Dr. Muck at a faster pace than Mr. Stransky took it. There is no question of technical perfection of the playing of the orchestra in either case; both performances seemed as near perfection as a human instrument is capable. The "Egmont" overture seemed too slow; this may be entirely a matter of taste, however. But it seems hardly fast enough for an "allegro," as Dr. Muck took it. The programme as a whole—or taken singly—was far and away more interesting than the programme of Thursday night.

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At the first Philadelphia concert of Nikisch's final season, Mr. Howe tells us, "the audience numbered 3000, of whom 700 were obliged to stand." At home, the increasing patronage outgrew the dimensions of Music Hall, and by a popular subscription of $400,000 the new Symphony Hall on the Fenway was opened October 15, 1900. Owen Wister wrot an ode for the occasion, from which th author quotes at length as expressive o "the unworded feeling" of many.

Among the Philadelphians named in the list of soloists with this great band we find David Bispham, Geraldine Farrar, Florence Hinkle, Olga Samaroff (Mrs. Stokowski), who has appeared 26 times; Abbie Whinnery, now a successful teacher here; Evan Williams (on five

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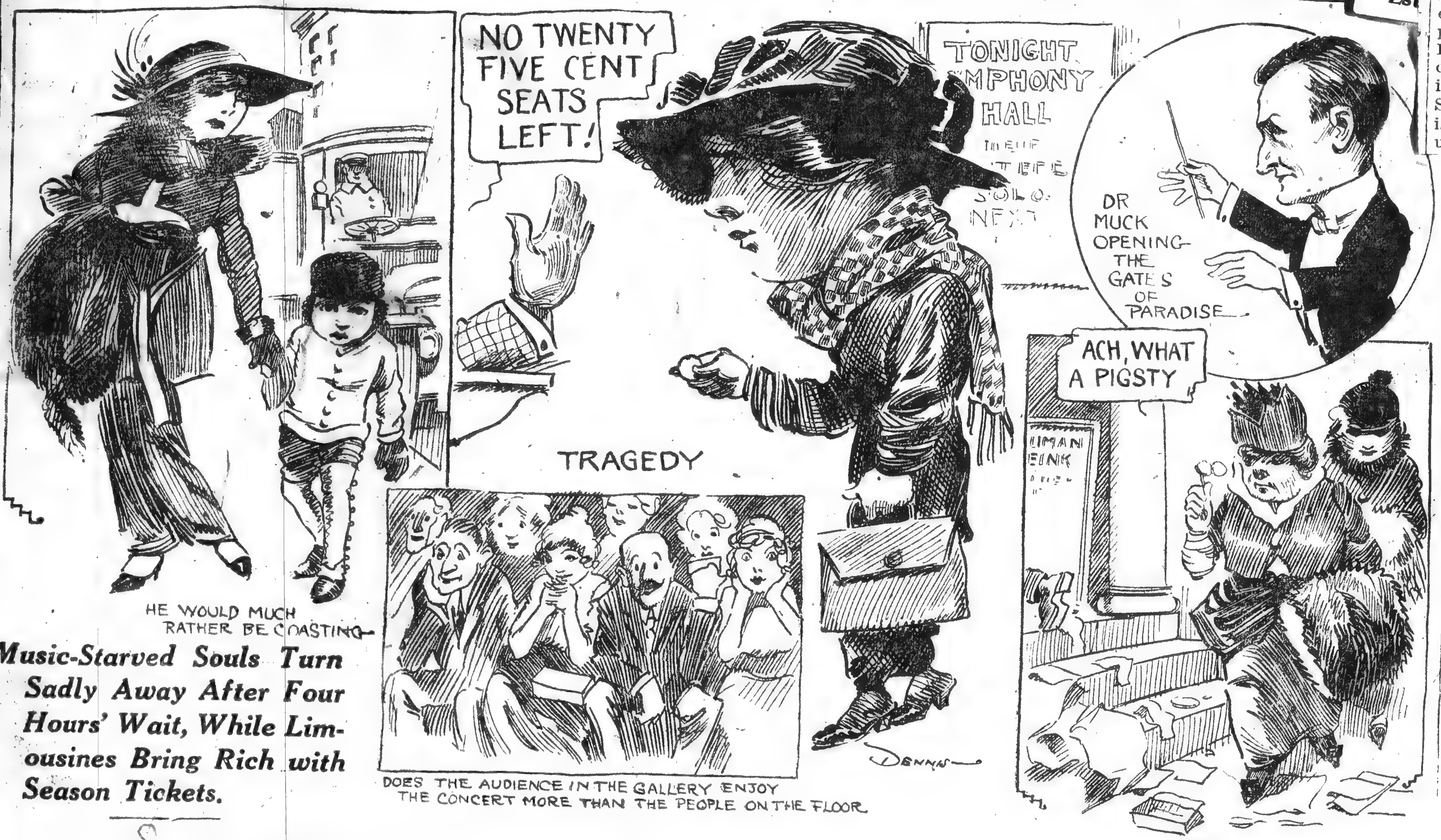
EVENING POST
New York City
DEC 7 - 1914

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon the second matinée performance this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given. The programme contained the infrequently played "Aus Italien" of Richard Strauss, the new symphony of Ropartz, and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture. The Strauss work is an early one, dating back to 1886. The composer himself says it is a transition work, between the old and new styles. It is an effective work, nevertheless, not so involved, either in content or technique, as his later works. It shows the power of pictorial inventiveness, and a certain gift of melody, like some of his songs. That the composer did not cultivate this side of his talent is his misfortune—and ours as well. There are charming moments in this symphonic fantasia—"From Italy"—and it has much more musical interest than some of his later works that are heard more frequently. The "Ropartz" symphony did not, as erroneously stated in the programme, have its first performance in New York. It is, as the first performance of the Philharmonic indicated, rather a long drawn out symphonic poem than a symphony. But the composer has given us no "programme." Nevertheless, it seems to be hardly "solid" enough for a symphony. There are beautiful themes and melodies therein, however, and needless to say, Dr. Muck and his men made the most of them. Dr. Muck differs radically from Mr. Stransky in his ideas of tempo, it may be said in passing. For example, the composer has marked the first movement "Allegro moderato." Dr. Muck emphasizes the *allegro*, Mr. Stransky the *moderato*. The latter seems to be the more logical, besides being more in keeping with the spirit of the music. The "Allegretto" in the middle of the second section was also played by Dr. Muck at a faster pace than Mr. Stransky took it. There is no question of technical perfection of the playing of the orchestra in either case; both performances seemed as near perfection as a human instrument is capable. The "Egmont" overture seemed too slow; this may be entirely a matter of taste, however. But it seems hardly fast enough for an "allegro," as Dr. Muck took it. The programme as a whole—or taken singly—was far and away more interesting than the programme of Thursday night.

Miniature Tragedies on Steps of Symphony Hall; Bitter Disappointments as Doors to Gallery C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By LAURIE HILLYER

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When the lobby opens at 1:30 the crowd, in an orderly zigzag file, begins to enter the doors. Each holds a quarter, which enables him to pass the doorkeeper, receive a program and choose a seat in the upper gallery.

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From AMERICAN
Address. Baltimore, Md.
DEC 2 - 1914

BOSTON SYMPHONY TONIGHT.

The second Boston Symphony concert will be given in the Lyric Theater this evening at 8:15 o'clock. The soloist will be Harold Bauer, the eminent pianist. The program comprises Brahms' Second Symphony in D major, Beethoven's Fourth Concerto for Piano in G major and Scheinpflug's Overture to a Comedy by Shakespeare. The last named work is a novelty and one of more than usual interest.

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date DEC 6 - 1914

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Music by Strauss, Ropartz and Beethoven at Afternoon Concert.

Dr. Muck gave another programme chiefly of modern music at the afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday. It comprised Strauss's "symphonic fantasia," "Aus Italien"; J. Guy Ropartz's fourth symphony, and Beethoven's overture to "Egmont." By an unusual slip, the programme book announced Ropartz's symphony as played then for the first time in New York. It was first given here by the Philharmonic Society on Nov. 27.

The symphony scarcely re-enforced the effect it made on its first hearing a fortnight ago. It still seems to be written in sincerity and conviction by a man under the influence of César Franck's strong individuality. This appears not only in outward form, in the use of a "generating theme" and the manner in which it is made to contribute to the material of the work, but to some extent in harmonic scheme and in melodic line. And yet, this music shows a physiognomy of its own, though not a commanding one, nor does it seem to denote a deep and essential originality. It is admirably made, with a technical command of the orchestra that is made contributory to a true symphonic structure, not exploited in the search of new and strange effects.

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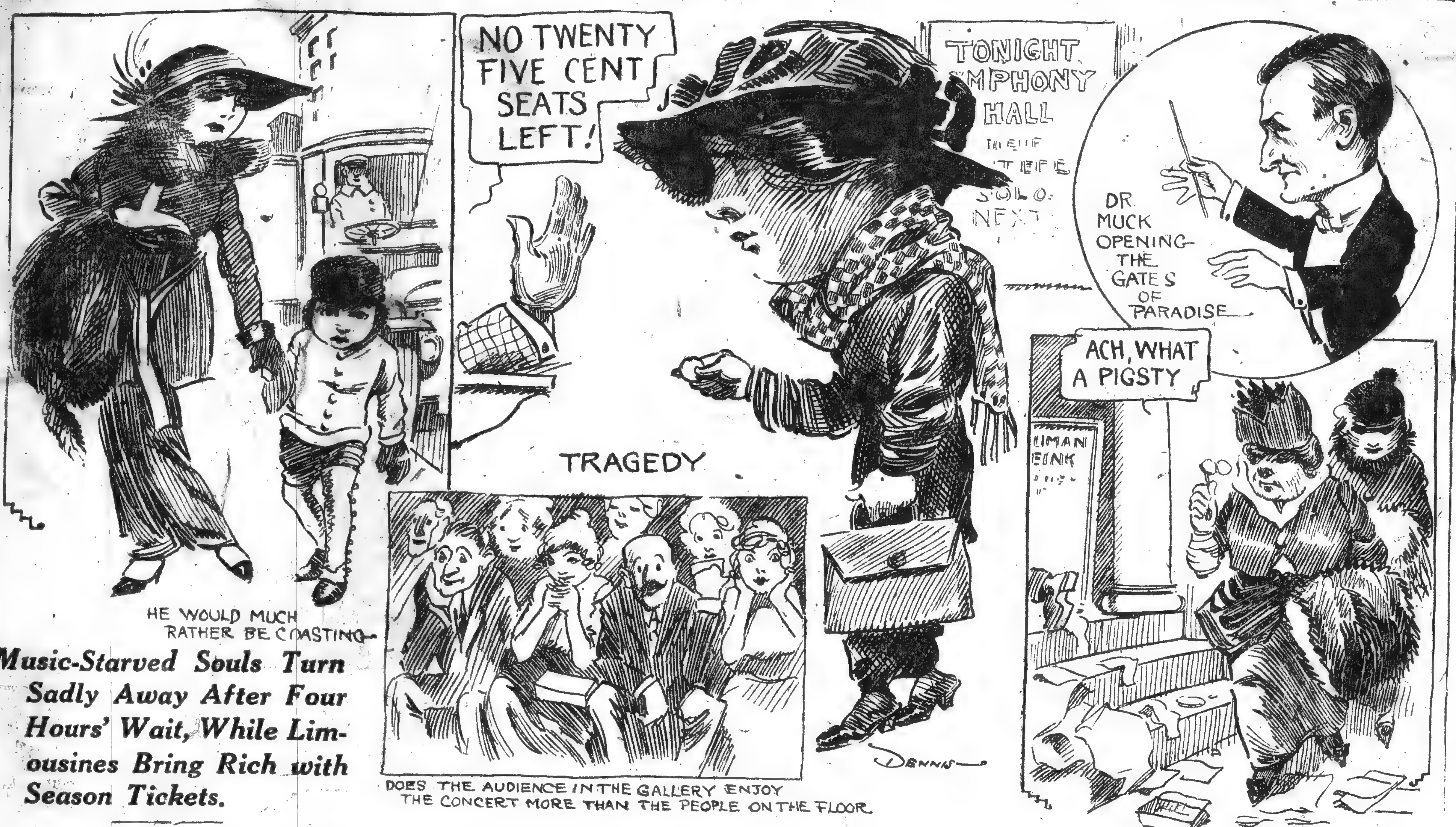
The orchestra played this piece with a marvelous finish, an exquisite representation of all the color schemes and thematic elaborations imagined by the young composer. So, too, it did the symphony of Ropartz. It is hard to imagine either composition played with a nearer approach to what the composers must have conceived for their music. They were both much applauded.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

THE BOSTON TRAVELER, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1914.

Miniature Tragedies on Steps of Symphony Hall; Bitter Disappointments as Doors to Gallery Close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I wonder if the audience in the gallery enjoys the concert more thai the people on the floor?

They have waited on the windy steps for a period twice as long as the cor t lasts. Some have gone without luncheon and—far from arriving in lin nes—walked miles to save carfare. With the raising of Dr. Muck's bai ey know " 's t with the world."

RICAN
e ltimore, Md. DEC 2 - 1914

MPHONY TONIGHT.

Boston Symphony conven in the Lyric Theag at 8:15 o'clock. The e Harold Bauer, the t. The program com- Second Symphony in thoven's Fourth Con- 884 in G major and Schere to a Comedy by e last named work one of more than

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11.

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[86]

From
Address: New York City
Date DEC 20 1914
Est

"Euryanthe" and Some Suggestions From Yesterday's Performance—Weber and Wagner—Dr. Muck's Programmes.

A COMPARISON was suggested in these columns recently between Beethoven's "Fidelio" and Weber's "Euryanthe," as being two acknowledged masterpieces of operatic art that have always needed a certain amount of effort and labor to keep them upon the stage. Neither has ever been what corresponds in the operatic world—if anything in the operatic world does correspond—to the literary "best sellers." Both are profoundly admired by those whose attention is turned to the deeper things in operatic art; and by such "Fidelio," at least, is passionately loved. Neither has ever been able to gain and retain the facile popularity or arouse the contagious enthusiasm that other operas have, some of these numbered among the very greatest, others among the less than great in very varying measure.

The reason for this is not altogether easy to sound. Some say it is to be sought in the libretto; but operas with poor librettos have lived to an operatic immortality. Mozart's "Magic Flute" is not usually considered to have a good libretto, yet the opera is still very much alive, and gives enormous pleasure. The libretto of "Il Trovatore" is generally given up as quite incomprehensible; but the tingling vitality of Verdi's music has never allowed it to disappear long from operatic repertoires. So, too, with the libretto of "Fidelio"; it can hardly be called in all respects a fine one, and was laboriously tailored and retailored by Beethoven's collaborators in his efforts to give it a lasting place on the stage. The music he has put into it has made it immortal, but aloof. There can be no question that the libretto of "Euryanthe" is as poor as can be found; several of the turning points of the plot, crucial scenes of the opera, are inconceivably silly and pointless, and the verse in which it is written is of the feeblest sentimentality and poverty of diction. Yet it would be rash to say that "Euryanthe" was moribund at the present time, even though it may not appeal with irresistible force to the operatic public of this day. There is that in Weber's music which the ineptitude of Frau von Chezy cannot kill.

If operas were dependent, then, on beautifully written librettos, many that have succeeded would not have done so. Weber's music has always found warm admirers. The overture is a concert piece of never-fading brilliancy and beauty. Schumann declared the music of the opera to be Weber's "heart's blood, the noblest he could give." Wagner disapproved of certain features of it; of the treatment of the recitative, of which there is much, and of the choruses. But the opera made a profound impression on him, as he has himself eagerly admitted and as his own works still more clearly show. Weber is to be heard in the earliest complete opera of Wagner we possess, "Die Feen," and in no uncertain tones; and thence onward for a long time.

Probably many were struck in yesterday's performance of "Euryanthe" by the deep indebtedness of "Tannhäuser," and to a certain degree of "Lohengrin," to "Euryanthe." The second act of "Tannhäuser" is full of it; more, perhaps, in the general dramatic situation and the dramatic and musical development than in the actual musical invention, yet here, too, there is still a great deal that may be said to root in "Euryanthe." There are resemblances that may have brought an involuntary smile to old operagoers; that caused one such to remark that "Euryanthe" seemed to be stolen from the first and second acts of "Tannhäuser," and still another to declare that if a composer of the present day were found owing so much to a predecessor as Wagner owed to Weber he would be plainly charged with plagiarism.

⁂

But this, after all, does not matter. The great genius takes his own where he finds it, like Molière, even if it be in the works of another genius; only then he is not always able to carry out Voltaire's principle, "Quand on vole, il faut tuer," as Handel did with considerable success. Wagner's glory is no less and Weber's is all the great- [illegible] The significant thing is that [illegible]the" occupies an important a place in the history of music as the chief transition point toward the newer style, the dramatic revolution in opera that Wagner seized upon and carried forward, if not completed, in his own works. In this respect "Euryanthe" differs from "Fidelio," which marked no attempt at innovation and undertook to give no new direction to the development of lyric drama, either consciously or unconsciously. "It marks no epoch; it is only eternal," as Mr. Althorp wrote of it. Beethoven took one particular operatic style as he found it, and filled its forms and outlines with the richest outpourings of his genius. Weber deliberately intended to make "Euryanthe" something different and more potent in dramatic music than what had gone before it. His remark about it quoted here a week ago will bear repetition after a rehearing of the opera: "'Euryanthe' is a purely dramatic attempt, making its effect only through the union and co-operation of all the sister arts, and certainly without effect if deprived of their aid."

Even those who could not submit wholly to the spell of the opera could not fail to feel the sincerity and intensity of the expression, the dramatic force of many of its scenes, the intention disclosed to make the music not a decoration and an adornment of the stage, but the very essence and embodiment of all that goes on there. It is written with passion, tenderness, and a really noble aspiration.

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If "Euryanthe" does not hold its own now in the very admirable, spirited, and sumptuous representation that is given of it at the Metropolitan, the cause must be sought in the specific quality of the music itself. Weber, a genius, was neither a Beethoven nor a Wagner. His music will to some sound old-fashioned. There will be those to whom some of its phrases and accents, with many that are of imperishable beauty and potency, will appeared mannered and monotonous, for all the rhythmic energy that fills the work. There is such a thing as the "Weber flourish" that may pall on some. And most of all will be felt the lack of variety, freedom, and emotional power in the harmony. Weber's harmonic sense in "Euryanthe," as in his work in general, was not on a level with other elements of his inspiration. The modern listener after a time begins to long for something further afield than the tonic, dominant, sub-dominant, and diminished seventh.

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A letter was recently published in the daily columns of THE TIMES from a distressed subscriber to the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra that gives, unintentionally, no doubt, a false impression of Dr. Muck's programmes. The S O S signal sent out then was caused by the programme performed on the evening of Dec. 3, when two rather long and difficult works—difficult for listeners as well as for players—were presented in succession. THE TIMES on that occasion remarked that the programme put the listeners to a severe test, as it did. It seemed that it might have been better for the audience, as well as for the new compositions themselves, if some relief or contrast had been afforded by putting them on different programmes and joining them to some work more familiar, and hence easier of access, even though in the modern style. It would have given the new works themselves a better chance of being appreciated by causing less strain upon the listener's receptive capacity, entirely without regard to their own intrinsic values.

But the correspondent went on to intimate that Dr. Muck's course in programme making for New York has "relegated Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms to the discard." It is certain that nothing is further from the great conductor's intention than to do anything of the sort. It is certain that his own love and sympathies go out very strongly to the music of the classical masters, and the more modern who have not severed all allegiance to the past. It would doubtless not be wrong to surmise that he holds it in infinitely higher esteem than the vast majority of the music called today "modern"—much of which will unquestionably be tomorrow dead or counted among the wreckage of a tide already receded.

There is no need of a personal inquiry to establish such a belief. The fact that Dr. Muck is a great musician, of the finest and most sensitive feeling, a conductor of enormous knowledge and experience, one who performs the music of the classical masters with a devotion so great, an instinct so unerring, with results so fruitful in beauty and so exactly filled with the spirit that imbues them, would alone be enough to suggest that he has no purpose to relegate such works to the "discard." But something more tangible establishes the fact, and that is the record of his New York programmes. This shows that Dr. Muck has been far from devoting his New York concerts to modern music. Without going back to his first term of two years as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, consider the programmes he has given in New York since his return to the direction of the orchestra in the Autumn of 1912. In the season of 1912-13 the following "classical" works were performed (giving, in the spirit of this discussion, that appellation to some music formerly denied it.)

Suite in D major	Bach
Symphony in G minor	Mozart
Symphony No. 3	Beethoven
Symphony No. 8	Beethoven
Overture, "Egmont"	Beethoven
Overture, "Leonora," No. 3	Beethoven
Symphony No. 2	Brahms
Variations on a theme by Haydn	Brahms
Overture, "Academic Festival"	Brahms
Overture, "Euryanthe"	Weber
Overture, "Der Freischütz"	Weber
Overture, "Genoveva"	Schumann

In the season of 1913-14 these works of the same designation appear:

Concerto for two wind choirs and string orchestra	Handel
Symphony No. 2 in D major	Haydn
Symphony No. 6 in G major	Haydn
Symphony in E flat major	Mozart
"Haffner" Serenade	Mozart
Overture, "The Magic Flute"	Mozart
Symphony No. 1	Beethoven
Symphony No. 5	Beethoven
Symphony No. 7	Beethoven
Symphony No. 4	Brahms
"Tragic" Overture	Brahms

In the four concerts already given this season the following have been played:

Symphony No. 3	Beethoven
Overture, "Egmont"	Beethoven
Symphony No. 2	Brahms
Variations on a theme by Haydn	Brahms
Overture, "Euryanthe"	Weber

These lists do not include the solo numbers drawn from the classical literature, of which there were many and which, of course, leavened the programmes as much as works for orchestra alone would do.

⁂

Dr. Muck, like all other symphonic conductors, is confronted with difficulties and dilemmas in the planning of a large number of programmes for a season's work. No such conductor in these days can stand aloof from modern music, whatever may be his personal likes or dislikes. It is indisputably his duty to give his audiences a showing of the best, the most characteristic, the most influential, of such music, or what may seem so from day to day. Stagnation, decay, dry rot, await the organization and the director that are not alive to this duty. No doubt even distressed letter writers would willingly grant this contention, which is hardly a contention in the sense of having much recognizable opposition.

Nor has New York ever been a place where there was any vociferous demand for conservatism or any potent and obstructive unwillingness to hear the new. The honorable history of the Philharmonic Society is a proof of it, and the record of its programmes from 1842 to the present day, is a monument of the liberal minds and progressive spirits of its conductors and its audiences as well. It need not again be recalled how much of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, was heard here for the first time in America when there was some, and even considerable, doubt about them; how Berlioz was given a full and free hearing in New York before he had it in Paris; how, when Carl Bergmann, conducting the Philharmonic, was told that his audiences didn't like the abundance of Wagner he was giving them, (when Wagner was worse than strongly suspect,) he answered, "Den dey must hear him till dey do"; or how Theodore Thomas used to lie in wait for the newest publications of Brahms, Dvorak, Tschaikowsky, Strauss, and other living and creating spirits, or how he and Dr. Leopold Damrosch contested for the first performance of a new work by Brahms.

There is no reason to believe that the liberality supporting and approving all this has been extinguished in New York. But there are more ways of killing a cat than by smothering her in butter. Such protests as there are against Dr. Muck's "modern" performances will probably be found directed more against the methods of admixture in his programmes than against the total amounts, or proportions, of modern and classical works contained in them. It is certain that the classics are not relegated to the "discard," or even to the background.

RICHARD ALDRICH.

From POST
Address: New York City
DEC 26
Date
Esta

German Cacophony in Boston.

DR. MUCK makes no secret of the fact that, patriot though he be, he draws the line at the works of the German cacophonist, Arnold Schönberg. Nevertheless, yielding to the wishes of certain persons, he put on his last programme that composer's "Five Pieces for Orchestra." The result was that, after the first of them, "a polite and well-intentioned audience laughed outright," while "the other four pieces excited on wonder and bewilderment," as Olin Downes wrote in the Boston *Post*. Speaking of the group as a whole, Mr. Downes says:

> This music, for the greater part, sounds very horrible. The sonorities of the orchestra are so intense in pitch and quality that it is a physically taxing experience for the ear. At a first hearing, the only pieces which conveyed any definite impression to this reviewer were the third, an impressionistic effect of pronounced individuality, and, if you can look at it that way, of a very subtle beauty; and the fourth piece, a piece which really communicates sensations of terror, or horror. The first piece appeared to ordinary ears, untuned to the intensities of Schönberg, simply laughable, and so it was received. The last piece was also very terrible, physically hurtful—and this is but sober statement of fact.

At the same concert the orchestra played Wagner's "Faust" overture, concerning which the same critic wrote:

> The use of the aerophore enabled the bass tuba player in Wagner's overture to play the opening phrase for the tuba with a real, sustaining legato—not, after all, that the phrase became particularly more eloquent by virtue of the mechanical assistance of the machine that pumped air into the big horn while the player was refilling his lungs, but it is a comfort to know that the wishes of a composer are being obeyed!

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has so far cost Major Higginson $900,000, and he now expends on it about $40,000 a year. Mayor Curley stated in a recent speech that Major Higginson will ultimately leave a round million to the orchestra. Eben Jordan is said to have spent $500,000 on the Boston Opera Company.

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date
Est 1884

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From PRESS
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From AMERICAN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
914
Date
Est 884

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

A rare treat is promised the musical public of Baltimore at the third Boston Symphony concert, which will be given in the Lyric Theater Wednesday evening, January 6. Fritz Kreisler, who will be the soloist, will play Beethoven's great concerto in D major. A performance of this concerto by Kreisler, with an accompaniment by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, will be a memorable event. The orchestral numbers will be Wagner's A Faust Overture, Guy Ropartz's new Fourth Symphony and the Egmont overture of Beethoven.

From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date DEC 27 1914

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"Her voice has a rich quality, nor in the upper register do the tones become pale or shrill. It is an emotional, appealing voice that at once arrests the attention of the hearer. She sang Mignon's romance with genuine feeling, and was not too playful in the song of the recall. Let us hope that she will be heard again. Voices like hers are not common, and her ingenuous bearing is ingratiating."

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MONITOR,
JANUARY 2,

FRITZ KREISLER WITH SYMPHONY AS THE SOLOIST

Orchestra With Assistance of the Apollo Club and Paul Draper Plays Liszt's "Faust" Symphony as the Other Number

SYMPHONY HALL—Tenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Jan. 1. The program: Liszt, "Faust" symphony (Apollo Club and Paul Draper, tenor, assisting); Mendelssohn, concerto in E minor for violin (Fritz Kreisler, soloist).

Mr. Kreisler gave a brilliant performance of the solo part of the Mendelssohn piece, as was his duty. If anybody can make acceptable a form of composition which belongs to past epochs, it is he. If the violin concerto—a type of composition which nearly all modern composers have discarded—is worth reviving, it is under the circumstances of this rehearsal. The flourish and show of a visiting artist is somewhere near justified when the work is of the extraordinary quality of the Friday soloist's.

Happily the Symphony concert public as a whole does not find its chief pleasure in exhibitions by artists who travel about the country with a gripsack full of sweet tunes. At the tenth rehearsal the intermission [illegible] to the [illegible] appreciation for orchestral music, the men's abilities in interpretation and the conductor's judgment and skill. If any visitors were present from far away, they got a better idea of musical Boston and of the Symphony orchestra than they could have got at any other concert this season.

The leading work on the program was by the composer who is being understood as the most important one of the nineteenth century, as more important than Beethoven, because he opened up possibilities for 50 years of progress, whereas Beethoven only brought to culmination the ideas of the music writers who preceded him. The version of the work presented was one which the composer sketched as an improvement over his first score and did not have time to publish. The day demanded the best of the Symphony men and it received their best.

Now as to what that best is. Let it be judged by the reading of the "Faust" symphony as a whole. Let no allowance whatever be made on the ground that the symphony is anything short of a masterpiece of composition. Let Liszt be taken for granted as doing his part thoroughly. If anything was lacking to a perfect result, let the orchestra answer for it.

It was to be expected that the orchestra would be pleasing in the second part of the work, the part which depicts the character of Marguerite. That division of the symphony, even in the days when Liszt was considered a manufacturer of noise and an advocate of structural confusion, could be made to charm an audience by the most Beethovenish of orchestras. Containing many of the traits of the slow movement of classic symphonies, it could easily be given persuasion and appeal. The third section of the work, in which the figure of Mephistopheles is projected on the scene, was a greater challenge. It could hardly have been a surprise to listeners that Dr. Muck and his men gave a triumphant reading of this portion of Liszt's composition. For in it satire has free rein. And laughter, whether of the merry or the grim kind, never fails of its value in Symphony orchestra interpretations.

But how about the first section of this piece, the one which gives the picture of the title character? Here, the general purpose from the standpoint of formal composition is clear enough. The opening "Faust" episode is an allegro movement, just as the first part of any symphony would be. It is as carefully held within allegro lines as the second and third divisions are kept within andante and scherzo lines and as is the closing choral portion within regular finale lines. The problem for the orchestra, then, was to interpret with power that portion of the symphony in which the composer expressed himself the most intellectually.

Analysts have agreed that intellectual is about as good a single word as is to be found to describe the content of an allegro, just as they have agreed on sentimental and humorous as the words that answer broadly to describe the two inside divisions of a four-movement work. Though the word intellectual comes into the case with some awkwardness of gait, it does what is wanted of it when it gets there.

Now the Symphony orchestra on Friday afternoon was conspicuously less telling in the "Faust" section than in the "Marguerite" and "Mephisto" sections and in the choral close. It failed, that is to say, to meet to the full the severest test which the composer offered. And it is right here that the Boston Symphony orchestra has fallen below again and again. Not in execution. For nothing could be asked better than the playing of the notes. But mechanism, however important and interesting in music, is not thought.

Accurate delivery of the lines by the various groups of instruments in a piece where theme counts for so much as in the opening movement of the "Faust" symphony is a delightful thing. But it does not pass for thorough reading of the music. The rendering of allegro parts of symphonies has been admirably done of late at the concerts, but it has not been done with intellectual enthusiasm on the part of the performers. Such parts of symphonies were better done five years ago. But everybody knows that it went against the grain to have things so. The members of an organization for which pretty tall assertions, like "first of its kind in the world," are made, seem to be better satisfied when they do their task competently as artisans than they used to be when they tried to do it purposefully as men.

TRANSCRIPT,
JANUARY 4,

LISZT, MUCK AND KREISLER

An Audience at the Symphony Concert of Saturday Stirred as It Has Rarely Been in Long Memories—The Bettered Violinist

MR KREISLER was more nearly himself than he had been on Friday afternoon when he repeated Mendelssohn's concerto for violin before an audience that had evidently come in high expectation of his playing of it and in as high of the performance of Liszt's "Faust Symphony" by Dr. Muck and the orchestra. For once—and yet it is no so unfamiliar a happening at Symphony Hall—the box office turned scores of purchasers away because there were no more places. For once, too—and again it was not so unusual an incident—the applause at the end of the symphony was in just measure with the performance. Not four, as on Friday, but five and six times was Dr. Muck recalled, more moved than he has ever shown himself publicly in Boston, and full of eagerness to pass over the plaudits to the men of the band and to the choristers of the Apollo Club. In long recollection, no Symphony Concert has more stirred an audience and, as some were saying as they departed, Dr. Muck's eagerly expected version of "Zarathustra" is only three weeks away. Again hearers had come to listen to symphonic music and risen from it as from music-drama. Fortunate the act of an opera that could so fill the stage and so possess the auditorium as did the "Gretchen" movement under Dr. Muck's hand. Through the lights of romance, too evasive for the machinery of opera houses to summon, they that listened not only heard voices, but saw figures and scene. It was stageless music evoking what music of the stage often fails to do. And so indeed throughout all the two-fold masterpiece of composer and conductor.

As for Mr. Kreisler he played through the first movement of the concerto with far more of the recreating fire with which he can make "passage-work" sound like improvisation and bring a melody into being as by gathering impulse of music and violin, than he could summon on Friday. Then he was content with masterful exposition; on Saturday he added the feeling that vitalizes statement with imagination. In the second movement again, he plied, as he did not on Friday, those subtleties of expression, like the adroit use of a delicately vibrant tone and an equal adroit spinning of transitions, that made Mendelssohn's sentimental song seem the expression of a beauty it had awakened in Mr. Kreisler and that was of him only.

ADVERTISER,
JANUARY 2

THE SYMPHONY OF THIS WEEK

PROGRAMME OF PLEASING CONTRAST PERFORMED

A "Revised" Faust and Mendelssohn's Concerto—The Apollo Club Chorus Sings.

PROGRAMME.
Liszt—A Faust Symphony.
Chorus from the Apollo Club.
Mr. Paul Draper, tenor.
Mendelssohn—Concerto in E minor for violin.
Mr. Fritz Kreisler, soloist.

The "Faust Symphony," heard in Boston several times—indeed, it was performed here with chorus before our orchestra was founded—underwent a change at Liszt's hands during one of his last visits to Wagner's home in Bayreuth. The composer, even as did the philosopher of the poem, poured a new elixir of life into his Faust's veins. It was this rejuvenated symphony that Dr. Muck, the orchestra and 50 members of the Apollo Club presented to a Boston audience for the first time yeste day afternoon at Symphony Hall.

The original score of the work was stolen from Liszt and there were, at that time, those who wished it had never been recovered. The "elect" here have hardly received the earlier Faust Symphony with favor—nay with even the tolerance they have graciously extended to far more mediocre work—if we are to judge from the following gentle encomiums bestowed upon it: It is a "musical nightmare"; "vulgarly blatant"; "a fantastic composition"; "a miracle of dulness"; "musical spasms"; "desperately wearisome"; "a colossal bore", and last, but not least, this gem of criticism—"It has great color, thought, imagination, but it is dull." "Dead for a ducat Horatio!" But behold, the resilient "Faust" appears once more for a hearing and will live long after our little pens have ceased to write for, or against, it.

Liszt, beginning his career with a kiss from Beethoven, acclaimed in Europe as king of pianists, a dazzling virtuoso, died without receiving the prize he most dearly desired—recognition as a great composer. With unusual fortitude a complaint rarely passed his lips though once, during a rehearsal in the Bayreuth opera house, Wagner turned to him and said: "Now, papa, comes a theme which I got from you." Liszt replied bitingly: "Then one will at least hear it"—and we have heard it, to-day, at the beginning of the Faust Symphony! The work is intensely modern in accenting color, rather than form. In its variety of poetic moods it is the forerunner of modern symphonic tendencies, stimulating later men by its original use of thematic material, orchestral color and rhythmic inventiveness, and remain-

From SUN

Address: Baltimore, Md.

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The leading work on the program was by the composer who is being understood as the most important one of the nineteenth century, as more important than Beethoven, because he opened up possibilities for 50 years of progress, whereas Beethoven only brought to culmination the ideas of the music writers who preceded him. The version of the work presented was one which the composer sketched as an improvement over his first score and did not have time to publish. The day demanded the best of the Symphony men and it received their best.

Now as to what that best is. Let it be judged by the reading of the "Faust" symphony as a whole. Let no allowance whatever be made on the ground that the symphony is anything short of a masterpiece of composition. Let Liszt be taken for granted as doing his part thoroughly. If anything was lacking to a perfect result, let the orchestra answer for it.

It was to be expected that the orchestra would be pleasing in the second part of the work, the part which depicts the character of Marguerite. That division of the symphony, even in the days when Liszt was considered a manufacturer of noise and an advocate of structural confusion, could be made to charm an audience by the most Beethovenish of orchestras. Containing many of the traits of the slow movement of classic symphonies, it could easily be given persuasion and appeal. The third section of the work, in which the figure of Mephistopheles is projected on the scene, was a greater challenge. It could hardly have been a surprise to listeners that Dr. Muck and his men gave a triumphant reading of this portion of Liszt's composition. For in it satire has free rein. And laughter, whether of the merry or the grim kind, never fails of its value in Symphony orchestra interpretations.

But how about the first section of this piece, the one which gives the picture of the title character? Here, the general purpose from the standpoint of formal composition is clear enough. The opening "Faust" episode is an allegro movement, just as the first part of any symphony would be. It is as carefully held within allegro lines as the second and third divisions are kept within andante and scherzo lines and as is the closing choral portion within regular finale lines. The problem for the orchestra, then, was to interpret with power that portion of the symphony in which the composer expressed himself the most intellectually.

Analysts have agreed that intellectual is about as good a single word as is to be found to describe the content of an allegro, just as they have agreed on sentimental and humorous as the words that answer broadly to describe the two inside divisions of a four-movement work. Though the word intellectual comes into the case with some awkwardness of gait, it does what is wanted of it when it gets there.

Now the Symphony orchestra on Friday afternoon was conspicuously less telling in the "Faust" section than in the "Marguerite" and "Mephisto" sections and in the choral close. It failed, that is to say, to meet to the full the severest test which the composer offered. And it is right here that the Boston Symphony orchestra has fallen below again and again. Not in execution. For nothing could be asked better than the playing of the notes. But mechanism, however important and interesting in music, is not thought.

Accurate delivery of the lines by the various groups of instruments in a piece where theme counts for so much as in the opening movement of the "Faust" symphony is a delightful thing. But it does not pass for thorough reading of the music. The rendering of allegro parts of symphonies has been admirably done of late at the concerts, but it has not been done with intellectual enthusiasm on the part of the performers. Such parts of symphonies were better done five years ago. But everybody knows that it went against the grain to have things so. The members of an organization for which pretty tall assertions, like "first of its kind in the world," are made, seem to be better satisfied when they do their task competently as artisans than they used to be when they tried to do it purposefully as men.

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TRANSCRIPT,

JANUARY 4,

LISZT, MUCK AND KREISLER

An Audience at the Symphony Concert of Saturday Stirred as It Has Rarely Been in Long Memories—The Bettered Violinist

Mr KREISLER was more nearly himself than he had been on Friday afternoon when he repeated Mendelssohn's concerto for violin before an audience that had evidently come in high expectation of his playing of it and in as high of the performance of Liszt's "Faust Symphony" by Dr. Muck and the orchestra. For once—and yet it is no so unfamiliar a happening at Symphony Hall—the box office turned scores of purchasers away because there were no more places. For once, too—and again it was not so unusual an incident—the applause at the end of the symphony was in just measure with the performance. Not four, as on Friday, but five and six times was Dr. Muck recalled, more moved than he has ever shown himself publicly in Boston, and full of eagerness to pass over the plaudits to the men of the band and to the choristers of the Apollo Club. In long recollection, no Symphony Concert has more stirred an audience and, as some were saying as they departed, Dr. Muck's eagerly expected version of "Zarathustra" is only three weeks away. Again hearers had come to listen to symphonic music and risen from it as from music-drama. Fortunate the act of an opera that could so fill the stage and so possess the auditorium as did the "Gretchen" movement under Dr. Muck's hand. Through the lights of romance, too evasive for the machinery of opera houses to summon, they that listened not only heard voices, but saw figures and scene. It was stageless music evoking what music of the stage often fails to do. And so indeed throughout all the two-fold masterpiece of composer and conductor.

As for Mr. Kreisler he played through the first movement of the concerto with far more of the recreating fire with which he can make "passage-work" sound like improvisation and bring a melody into being as by gathering impulse of music and violin, than he could summon on Friday. Then he was content with masterful exposition; on Saturday he added the feeling that vitalizes statement with imagination. In the second movement again, he plied, as he did not on Friday, those subtleties of expression, like the adroit use of a delicately vibrant tone and an equal adroit spinning of transitions, that made Mendelssohn's sentimental song seem the expression of a beauty it had awakened in Mr. Kreisler and that was of him only.

ADVERTISER,

JANUARY 2

THE SYMPHONY OF THIS WEEK

PROGRAMME OF PLEASING CONTRAST PERFORMED

A "Revised" Faust and Mendelssohn's Concerto — The Apollo Club Chorus Sings.

PROGRAMME.

Liszt—A Faust Symphony.
Chorus from the Apollo Club.
Mr. Paul Draper, tenor.
Mendelssohn—Concerto in E minor for violin.
Mr. Fritz Kreisler, soloist.

The "Faust Symphony," heard in Boston several times—indeed, it was performed here with chorus before our orchestra was founded—underwent a change at Liszt's hands during one of his last visits to Wagner's home in Bayreuth. The composer, even as did the philosopher of the poem, poured a new elixir of life into his Faust's veins. It was this rejuvenated symphony that Dr. Muck, the orchestra and 50 members of the Apollo Club presented to a Boston audience for the first time yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall.

The original score of the work was stolen from Liszt and there were, at that time, those who wished it had never been recovered. The "elect" here have hardly received the earlier Faust Symphony with favor—nay with even the tolerance they have graciously extended to far more mediocre work—if we are to judge from the following gentle encomiums bestowed upon it: It is a "musical nightmare"; "vulgarly blatant"; "a fantastic composition"; "a miracle of dulness"; "musical spasms"; "desperately wearisome"; "a colossal bore", and last, but not least, this gem of criticism—"It has great color, thought, imagination, but it is dull." "Dead for a ducat Horatio!" But behold, the resilient "Faust" appears once more for a hearing and will live long after our little pens have ceased to write for, or against, it.

Liszt, beginning his career with a kiss from Beethoven, acclaimed in Europe as king of pianists, a dazzling virtuoso, died without receiving the prize he most dearly desired—recognition as a great composer. With unusual fortitude a complaint rarely passed his lips though once, during a rehearsal in the Bayreuth opera house, Wagner turned to him and said: "Now, papa, comes a theme which I got from you." Liszt replied bitingly: "Then one will at least hear it"—and we have heard it, today, at the beginning of the Faust Symphony! The work is intensely modern in accenting color, rather than form. In its variety of poetic moods it is the forerunner of modern symphonic tendencies, stimulating later men by its original use of thematic material, orchestral color and rhythmic inventiveness, and remair-

The "symphony" is not an embodiment in tone of Goethe's poem, but, rather, Liszt's own conception and characterization in the terms of another art of the three distinctive figures of Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles, with a closing apotheosis of the "woman-soul" by the "chorus Mysticus."

The first movement pictures Faust the world-weary searcher; racked by doubt; perplexed, querulous even, at the futility of his efforts to attain the goal. A masterly orchestra picture of the struggles of the unhappy philosopher. The blighting storm of pessimism is gradually dissolved; the inquiry theme loses its first strained, distorted form and soothed by the gentle influence of the presence of Gretchen "affettuoso poco andante" the music takes on hues of content, joy, pride as Faust triumphs over himself, breaking into an exultant march—full orchestra, yet the movement ends with sad inquiry.

There are some barren places in this movement.

The second movement, "Gretchen," is introduced by a musing prelude of flutes and clarinets—not especially noteworthy—leading to music pure and tender, characterizing the maiden, modestly sung by oboe to viola accompaniment and growing in loveliness until, when taken up by the clarinet, it becomes idyllic in its beauty. A repetition of the theme, glowing now and emotional, leads to the entrance of Faust with the familiar motive of the first "tone-picture," but now imbued with the contentment of his love for Marguerite. The movement ends with those entrancing harmonies of orchestration which Wagner knew how to use later in his own work!

The last movement, "Mephistopheles," unequalled of its kind, is a masterpiece of genius. Here is no lack of inspiration. The orchestra seethes and crackles with malevolent irony, turning the Faust theme into wry, distorted shapes. We know the piccolo is the instrument of Hades, but we never expected the innocent bassoon to speak in a voice raucous with sardonic irony, startling in effect, the voice of Satan himself! Sinister timbres course through the instruments; the Faust theme deformed in rhythm, intervals, orchestration, is whirled into blasphemous tumult, brought to a sudden stop by shimmerings of light in the violins and the appearance of the Gretchen motive in the oboe. The furious storm breaks out once more and is stilled forever by the reappearance of the Gretchen symbol. The majestic tones of the trombones are heard fortissimo; an expectant pause, then the solemn uplifting tones of organ and chorus singing "Alles Verganliche," slowly mounting in wonderful heavenward ascent, broken by the entrance of the tenor solo singing "the woman-soul draws us onward." The "transport" can never be sustained here without a voice of rarest musical beauty. This, with all his earnestness, Mr. Draper does not possess. The work ends in a climax, superb in its majesty and power.

The attention is kept alert, the pulses high throughout the course of this extraordinary masterpiece. It warms the blood, stirs the imagination, enwraps and whirls one along in the intensity of its mood and copious flow of changing harmonies and dissonances. We neither sit aloof in ennui nor, in mere cerebral admiration for cunningly turned phrases, or clever orchestration. Here is the complete Liszt with all his characteristics indelibly marked, to be liked or disliked, abhorred or revered. He is too strong to be ignored, or tolerated, so true lovers of music have expressed themselves in words strong either of dispraise or enthusiasm. Are there flaws in the masterpiece? No doubt, but there are spots on the sun and we do not cavil!

That "a masterpiece may need only be interpreted, to be condemned," will never be said of yesterday's performance. Dr. Muck gave a superb reading of the work, moulding its every phrase into the most expressive form; each tessera, clean cut in itself, contributory to the line, color and mass of the whole marvelous mosaic, a poetic-psychologic rhapsody. The chorus was excellent in volume and quality. Fortunate indeed is a composer to have his work given in such superb fashion. Fortunate the audience to have opportunity to hear such performance of the music. Never was a conductor more "en rapport" with a work; never an audience more appreciative!

With Kreisler we embarked on a voyage to the musical antipodes of Liszt—the Mendelssohn violin concerto. At first the image of the colossus of Weimar could not be effaced by the transparent stream of Mendelssohn's harmonies. The art of Mr. Kreisler finally triumphed, compelling with sweet insistence an attentive ear. Only a violinist of his genius could, under the circumstances, have so succeeded. Before the "andante" was reached we were completely under the spell of his magic bow evoking harmonies of sweet tranquility trembling at times to the verge of ecstasy. The tricksy, elf-like theme of the brilliant "allegro" sparkled with increased rapidity to a presto finale clear in its fingering. The violinist was most enthusiastically welcomed and applauded. He returns to us with the wizardry of old ennobled by a breadth of intuitive sympathy which adds to the personal note of the voice of humanity.

F. J. F.

BOSTON POST,

JANUARY 2,

DR. MUCK'S GREATEST TRIUMPH

Gives Masterly Reading of Liszt's "Faust" —Kreisler, Soloist

Yesterday afternoon, at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, the patrons of these concerts experienced a performance of Liszt's "Faust" symphony like no other performance of the work that had ever taken place in this city, and like very few performances of any work given in American concert halls. For the effect of this performance, upon the most indifferent hearer, one must search for a comparison among the festival plays and performances given occasionally in historic auditoriums of Europe. The nervous, prosperity-ridden American seldom knows such moments. Here we are accustomed to performances of great technical brilliancy, to a few orchestras of the very first rank, to world-famous singers and virtuosi, of whom we are hyper-critical, but it is seldom given us to attend an occasion when the most indifferent listener, as well as the most absorbed interpreter, is prostrate, for that hour at least, in the presence of art.

DR. MUCK'S ACHIEVEMENT

Interpreting this symphony, Dr. Muck stood on an incomparable height. Before such an achievement his greatest accomplishment on any previous occasion seems pale. The conductors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have been chosen with more and more care of late years, as the orchestra took its place in the very front rank of such organizations in the world. It was desired that no effort or expense should be spared to secure leaders worthy of the band and of the ideals of its founder and maintainer. Of those who have led the Boston orchestra, Dr. Muck probably stands at the head. His sterling musicianship, his commanding personality, his superb control of the orchestra, have enforced the realization of his purposes and standards. But the spell of yesterday's performance was due to more than exceptional ability as a leader and musicianship, or the most admirable skill and co-operation on the part of the players. It was an occasion when a great musician, consecrating every energy and every perception in him to his task, recreated the music, with the composer.

Its Greatness Revealed

Under Dr. Muck's baton the symphony of Liszt made an astonishing impression. At last it stood revealed in the full measure of its greatness, a prophetic masterpiece, one of the most significant tonal creations of the late 19th century. Never before in the experience of the hearer was Liszt at once so articulate and so loftily eloquent. Without doubt some of this articulateness and this surpassing eloquence was due to the fact that for the first time anywhere the "Faust" symphony was performed in the latest version of the work, which Liszt completed, as Dr. Muck was informed, about 1883.

Dr. Muck, in 1912, discovered the corrected score of the "Faust" symphony in Wagner's library at Wahnfried. He was given permission to perform this version, and it seems that with the most gratifying forethought he reserved the first performance for Boston.

Adds the Bass Clarinet

Liszt's emendations are said to be not extensive. They consist in the addition of the bass clarinet to Liszt's table of instruments employed for the symphony, in the rescoring of some passages, and in a number of not very extensive excisions, and in the extension of a passage in the last movement. The work has, however, unless the memory of the writer is wholly at fault, been made more brilliant in its coloring, more distinct in the contrasting of voices and tone-colors, and more concise. Some passages of repetition, pure and simple, have been removed, and the most important change, perhaps, is that the Gretchen music in the finale, which has been extended somewhat and made more impressive. This much for the letter. Dr. Muck conveyed the spirit as has no conductor before him.

It has been easy for those disposed that way to murmur respectful admiration for the subtlety and modernity of many passages of the "Faust" symphony, but the admiration on the part of the average concert-goer has been rather dutiful and skin-deep than a matter of genuine and deep-seated conviction. Yesterday all of the music seemed inevitable and unalterable.

Strikingly Developed

The themes themselves, in the first movement of a Wagnerish tinge, are uncommonly expressive, but never before had their development and transformation been made so intelligible and so striking. It is such performances which explain the prevalence of Liszt on the concert platform. How he has endured, and yet how long he has had to wait for his reward! With what originality and what daring did he compose his later works. The "Faust" symphony, consisting of three character sketches, "Faust," "Gretchen," "Mephistopheles," picture these characters, associates them, with a magic that the most gifted commentator on Goethe's poem might stand confounded before. Faust, his aspirations, his passions, his doubts, his romanticism, is portrayed in every phase of his being.

The Gretchen movement is one of the moments when Liszt, for a rarity, achieves a genuine simplicity. Nothing more naive, and more subtly touched with sensuous longing than this music! Nothing could be finer in the modern musical art, or more cunningly welded together, than that portion of the Gretchen movement, which suggests the vision of Faust, and the longing for lost delights, the supreme tenderness of one who has given all. Then it is impossible to avoid superlatives in speaking of the final movement, where the influence of Berlioz is most perceptible. It might be better to say, where Liszt comes nearest to Berlioz in his subject matter and in his style. There is the masterly irony and scorn with which the motives that illustrate phases of Faust character are parodied by the orchestra. There is the rebuking music of Marguerite, and following another storm of mockery and denial, the "chorus mysticus."

Apollo Club in Chorus

This passage was sung by the Apollo Club and Mr. Paul Draper was the solo singer. Aside from the fact that a chorus of twice the number of male voices could easily be used in this conclusion against the heavy orchestration, the performance of the singers was more than creditable, and will probably be still better this evening. Mr. Draper did all that could be done with his vocal material to carry out the wishes of conductor and composer, and this was much. Dr. Muck was indeed the soul and the brains of the performance and his very back said more than the majority of the willing faces in front of him. The reception of the work told more than words. When the last chord had sounded there was a second of absolute silence, and then the conductor, stormily applauded, was recalled again and again to the stage. It is not to the detriment of the soloist of the afternoon, and it is a very good sign for the popularity and understanding of great orchestral music, that the conductor, and hence the symphony, were applauded even more than Mr. Fritz Kreisler.

Kreisler the Soloist

Mr. Kreisler played the Mendelssohn violin concerto. It was as though he had been listening back of the stage to Liszt's music, and as though he himself felt how small a violin concerto, especially of the very fine but conventional workmanship of Mendelssohn, showed by the side of the great tone poem. For Mr. Kreisler, who performed in an excellent manner, usually makes a much deeper impression than he did on this occasion, and the concerto, of which the last two movements were the most effective, has been presented here to better advantage. That is all right. Mr. Kreisler is not nearly so much in need of public appreciation as Liszt's symphony, and it is well that many who came to applaud a justly esteemed virtuoso should have stayed, figuratively speaking, to pray before a great work of art. It was a performance which will be talked of for a long time to come, a performance which must have meant the realization of many things, the reward of many labors, to Major Higginson, listening in his chair.

BOSTON HERALD,
JANUARY 2.

10TH PUBLIC SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Liszt's 'Faust' Symphony Never Heard Here Before in Full Beauty—Kreisler Plays.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. A male chorus from the Apollo Club and Mr. Paul Draper, tenor, assisted in the performance of the symphony. Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, was the soloist. The program consisted of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony and Mendelssohn's concerto for the violin.

There have been performances of Liszt's symphony in Boston, with and without the final chorus, during the last 35 years, but the music was never heard here in its full beauty and dramatic power until yesterday. Nor was this due to the fact that Dr. Muck conducted from a score revised by Liszt a few years before his death, a score that hitherto had not been used in a concert hall and knows no publisher.

The glory is to Dr. Muck himself and the superb instrument on which he played, an instrument that included a chorus, which had been well prepared, and in the performance showed fine tonal quality and impressive volume. Dr. Muck was the first to make us realize and appreciate the organic whole, the imposing structure, the close relationship between the three movements, the dramatic characterization of Faust, Gretchen, Mephistopheles; and for the first time the final chorus had marked significance.

Not only was there constant evidence of the infinite pains taken in the rehearsal of the symphony; there was the poetic, the dramatic, the imaginative, ruling spirit that vivified the music and removed all thought of pedagogic drill.

The symphony is not so familiar that an audience would easily note the excisions, changes and strengthening of voices in the revision. Musicians themselves could note all the material changes only by comparison of the two scores. In the version of yesterday there is more color; voices that otherwise were obscured came to a hearing; measures of irritating repetition were omitted.

For the first time within our recollection the music itself made a deep impression on the audience. Maeterlinck in his essay on Silence remarks: "It any real communication can ever pass from one man to another." Music such as the Faust symphony fills this silence; it speaks the truth that otherwise would remain unspoken. In comparison with Liszt's characterization of Goethe's figures in the mighty drama, how paltry and contemptible appear the singing puppets of opera. It might be said that Liszt's maiden is more the ideal Gretchen than Goethe's. The themes alone evoke a vision of pure and pathetic maidenhood. The first movement portrays the inquiring, philosophic Faust, restless with the restlessness that vainly seeks satisfaction. It matters not whether Liszt borrowed the idea of Mephistopheles's bitter mockery of the Faust motives from Berlioz's "Episode in the Life of an Artist." Here he went beyond the earlier master. The metamorphoses are the expression of the Spirit that denies; they are the Fiend's arch-mock; witness the satanic irony in the transformation of Faust's triumphal motive, first given in its splendor to the brass; afterwards debased, humbled in the dust.

It would be impertinent after this amazing performance for one still obsessed by the symphony to speak of its historical importance, of its influence on Wagner in opera; of its influence on symphonic writers of modern and ultra-modern schools. There is music by Liszt that is sheer bombast; music that in sentiment is mawkish, puling; music that has the glitter and the sawdust of the circus; music that is artificially and pretentiously naive. For Liszt wrote much, and no composer has the birthright of plenary inspiration. The "Faust" symphony puts Liszt among the immortals.

Mr. Kreisler was warmly welcomed. It is to be regretted that he chose Mendelssohn's concerto. It is not one of the war-horses on which he rides securely to glory. Yesterday his performance of the first movement was rather perfunctory. In the remaining pages he showed qualities that have made him famous, and yet the music seemed as something exterior, not intimate, not convincing.

This, perhaps, was not so much the fault of the admirable violinist as it was that of the composer. The violinists say that the concerto is wonderfully made. They mean—for the violin. No doubt it is finely contrived, laboriously polished. The expression is smug. The music recalls an old portrait of Mendelssohn with his genial smile—when he was not listening to the music of another; with his voluminous shirt front and huge and glittering pin; also the picture of Mendelssohn by Aubrey Beardsley, priggish, impeccable, ready to talk affably with Queen Victoria's consort or to make a neat sketch of an admired view on the smoothest Bristol board.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of Jan. 15-16 will be as follows: Brahms, Symphony in C minor; Fried, Prelude and Double Fugue for strings; Adagio and Scherzo for wind instruments, two harps and kettle-drums; Mozart, Overture to "The Magic Flute."

BOSTON JOURNAL—
JANUARY 2,

CONCERT CROWNS MUSICAL SEASON

Conductor Muck and Fritz Kreisler Heroes of Rare Symphony Concert.

Either one of the two attractions at this week's Symphony concerts would suffice to make a phenomenal success. It is safe to say that the chief symphonic feature of the season is Liszt's "Faust Symphony," the revised version of which was played in America yesterday for the first time, and that the leading soloist of the year is Fritz Kreisler, who yesterday played the Mendelssohn concerto in E minor for the first time at the Symphony concerts. The concerto has been on a Symphony program every few years since 1882, but it has had no other such gifted interpreter as this crown prince of living violinists.

The result of this rare combination of attractions was a succession of ovations yesterday. Dr. Muck and the orchestra received one after the extraordinarily fine performance of Liszt's masterwork, which may be described as an opera without words; and Kreisler received another after his masterly performance of the capital concerto that Mendelssohn wrote for Ferdinand David seventy years ago.

On the whole, this tenth program of the season, which will be repeated to-night, has aroused more interest and more enthusiasm than Symphony Hall has witnessed since Dr. Muck came to Boston. Two absolutely sold-out houses prove the interest and the two ovations given yesterday proved the enthusiasm.

In the performance of the Liszt number, which is divided into three tone pictures, called "Faust," "Gretchen" and "Mephistopheles," the orchestra is assisted by Paul Draper, the tenor soloist, and the Apollo Club. These assistants won a fair share of the applause yesterday for their sympathetic and skilful singing. The symphony is filled with lyric beauties and graphic orchestral effects. The vocal part is a "Chorus mysticus," with solo, fitting into the dramatic finale. Dr. Muck's reading of the symphony was a perfect example of the conductor's art. Kreisler's beautiful performance crowned a concert of remarkable merit.

BOSTON GLOBE

JANUARY 2.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Fritz Kreisler Welcomed With Enthusiasm.

Liszt's 'Faust' Symphony in Revised Form for First Time.

Although yesterday's program at the Symphony concert consisted of only two numbers, a somewhat revised form of the "Faust" symphony by Liszt and the appearance of Fritz Kreisler as a soloist made the event one of unusual interest in the series. Liszt composed the symphony about 60 years ago and three years later added a chorus to the finale. Some 30 years ago he made changes, chiefly in the orchestration, and this score Dr Muck found at Bayreuth in 1912. The work in the revised state was performed yesterday for the first time here. A male chorus from the Apollo Club, Paul Draper, tenor soloist, assisted.

Three principal characters of Goethe's "Faust" are symbolized in the music, Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles, the representative themes, as is generally the case in musical picturing, indicating prominent phases of man or woman as the case may be. And any one familiar with the Faust legend can easily conjure up personal attributes of each outlined in beautiful melodic form.

The symphony, in parts and as a whole, is well known to concert patrons, and the changes in the score heard yesterday doubtless improved the portions revised, and to musicians and students these changes were specially interesting.

The general scheme has not been altered, but the orchestration has in some cases been developed more fully, and a new instrument is introduced.

The character motifs are splendid examples of "musical visualizing," for the changes in the moods of the three personages are worked out in a score teeming with beautiful orchestral combinations.

Faust's passion, intermingled with Gretchen's pure love and mocked in the Mephisto music; her innocence, tenderness, devotion, despair and redemption, and the diabolism of the arch fiend are set forth vividly, the background of impending fate cropping out frequently in the masures allotted to the heavier instrumental choirs.

The performance deserves high praise, the orchestra conquering with its usual skill the many difficulties in the score. The club sang the chorus with good effect and Mr Draper's solo work was commendable. The audience gave more than the traditional perfunctory applause.

Judging from the applause showered upon Fritz Kreisler before and during his performance, this great artist was to many the principal attraction of the afternoon. He was heard in the lovely Mendelssohn E minor concerto for violin.

At his recent recital in this city Kreisler demonstrated that his art was as wonderfully appealing as ever; something that sways auditors at will and which fortunately for the lovers of music has met with no deterioration by reason of war's demands.

The beauty of tone, celerity of execution, breadth and authority of interpretation and ever varying shades of expression were still in evidence throughout his performance.

Of course the brilliant cadenza and dazzling arpeggios and the dashing coda of the finale aroused the greater enthusiasm; but the passionate themes of the first movement and the allegro of the last exerted an appeal almost as potent. A masterly interpretation that seemingly was without a flaw. There will be no concerts this week, the orchestra being away on tour.

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Date DEC 2 9 1914

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BOOKS AND READING.

The anomaly of the development of Puritan Boston into a home of the best music does not escape the notice of M. A. DeWolfe Howe, historian of the music- organization for which the Hub is esp cially eminent. In his book on "T Boston Symphony Orchestra" (Hough Mifflin; $2 net), he recalls that "T earlier Puritans did little or nothing cultivate music." It was just a centu ago, upon the occasion of the c bration of the end of the war betw Great Britain and the United States, t Boston had its "first considerable orga zation of music-lovers." From vari sources, including the excellent choir the Park Street Church, a chorus was sembled for the singing of portions of "Creation," the "Messiah," and ot works appropriate to a peace jubilee, from this chorus the Handel and Haydn Society was formed in 1815. The step from this chorus to the world-famous Symphony may not seem so long when we are reminded that the Handel and Haydn Society was ambitious enough to write to Beethoven in 1323 to offer him a commission to write an oratorio especially for its use. Although the commission was never executed, an entry in one of the composer's note-books shows that he intended to do something about it. How primitive, nevertheless, was the taste of the time, abroad as well as here, is suggested by an incident at a public afternoon rehearsal in Boston by a Berlin orchestra about the middle of the century. One of the numbers was the "Railway Galop," composer forgotten, "during the playing of which a little mock steam-engine kept scooting about (by clockwork?) on the floor of the hall, with black cotton-wool smoke coming out of the funnel."

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From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 2 7

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Address: Providence, R. I.
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BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1915

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

LISZT'S "FAUST SYMPHONY" IN NEW REVELATION

A Performance by Orchestra, Chorus and Conductor That Transformed It Into Veritable and Puissant Music-Drama—The Mated Glories of Piece and Playing—The Contrasts of Mendelssohn and of Kreisler Not Altogether at His Best

FOR the first time in long recollection of Mr. Kreisler's many appearances in Boston, the violinist and his concerto were measurably af-faced, yesterday afternoon at the Symphony Concert, by the music and the performance that preceded them. Never before had Liszt's "Faust Symphony" sounded upon Bostonian ears as Dr. Muck, the orchestra and the chorus of the Apollo Club made it sound. Seldom before had Mendelssohn's concerto for violin, which Mr. Kreisler elected to play, sounded so thin, colorless and outmoded, of another musical generation and speech than ours, as it did in succession to such a piece enriched by such tonal eloquence. Never before, with orchestra, had Mr. Kreisler undertaken the concerto in Boston; he has long been fond of it; he plays it con amore; yet, as it seemed yesterday, he accomplished no more with it than might any violinist of the first rank. Perhaps the nervousness that seems the inevitable portion of eminent virtuosi when they return to the Symphony Concerts beset him; perhaps he was more than usually moved by the warmth of the audience toward him, by his consciousness of its high expectations, by reaction from the emotions of the performance of the symphony which he also had just heard; perhaps the strain of his military service and his wound has for the time lessened his self-poise and mastery. Clearly, he was not altogether himself in the first movement of the concerto; and he was no more than that self through the Andante and Finale. He did spin the filigree of the last movement with that fineness and suppleness of tone that makes it as a shining web upon the air and he and Dr. Muck were at one in the light play of the rhythms and the euphonies with which they blended Mendelssohn's delicate instrumental voices. Their two artistries were as delicate and the music kept the elegance, the charm, the fancy of its shimmering surface. There was not, there never has been, much within and the deftness of it all hardly veneers its hollowness.

Mr. Kreisler played the slow song with the grace of undulating tone, with the gentle play of sentiment, with the felicities of rounded phrase and insinuating transition that were to be expected of him. Yet the music sounded faded and lukewarm, and the ear heard it as the eye glances down a page of poetry that has outlived the time for which it was written artfully and honestly enough. Of course, Mr. Kreisler was dexterous and elegant with the "passage-work" of the first movement, that is to display the virtuoso's skill, the varied voice of his instrument and the composer's feeling for them. But the violinist, for once, did not fill the listening ear with the rhapsodic suggestion of invention and creation at play with themselves with which he usually transforms such passages. They remained fioritura and cadenza. The insinuating undulation, the exquisite softness and smoothness and sensibility that Mr. Kreisler can give his tone, when he is playing the music of sentiment and elegance, did serve him well through the songful passages of that wofully miscalled "Allegro Apassionato," and Dr Muck's accompaniment was like his solo voice. Yet somehow more than one listener heard them as he might sit before one of those "reconstitutions" of old stages and ancient ceremonies that theatres now and then attempt. It was all there, in its true aspect, voice and style, but the life that made it vital to its generation had faded and withered out of it. The philosophers of æsthetics say that style is the fine and sure preservative in the arts. But there must first be something to preserve beside amiable appropriateness and neat dexterity. Is there much more left in Mendelssohn's music of this concerto—unless Mr. Kreisler, as he may be this evening, is in the transfiguring vein?

Perhaps those of the audience that had their disillusion over Mendelssohn's concerto and their mild disappointments over Mr. Kreisler's playing of it, had expected the impossible after the possible—but long unaccomplished—had been at last achieved. Liszt's "Faust Symphony," by the testimony of almost every one of its pages to the eye that scans them with imagination and to the ear that hears them with feeling—even though they sound not— has long been a masterpiece in tones, a manifold and marvelous music-drama, the one transmutation of the first part of Goethe's poem into another medium that is wholly justified by the outcome. Liszt did better his music by his revision of it in his old age in the manuscript by which the scores and parts of yesterday had been altered. The bass-clarinet does make the motive of Faust more grave and sombre of voice than did the original bassoon; the vision of Gretchen does rise more luminously and poignantly out of the distraught and dissonant music of Mephistopheles's world for the clarification that Liszt effected in it; here and there he has heightened his harmonic and instrumental color; again he has cut away one and another of the prolixities to which he was prone in the heat of composition and repentant in the cooler mood of revisions. The changes do better the symphony; but it was not they that made it sound yesterday as it never had before.

To Dr. Muck and the orchestra, severa collectively, go the glory of the d were individual distinctions enc in the playing—for Mr. Maquarre with the part of the first flute; for Mr. Longy with the music of the oboe; for Mr. Witek and Mr. Férir when violin and viola became nearly solo instruments; for the whole group of horns; for the whole choir of the brass. Yet it was less of them with all their command of technique and tone, imagination and feeling that the listener thought than of the orchestra as a whole. When a band plays this "Faust Symphony," each and every man in it must become as an actor in tones—impersonating Faust through the first movement; Gretchen through the second; Mephistopheles through the third; and a spiritualized and acclaiming host through the measures of the finale. Nay, the whole orchestra became actors escaped from many a limitation that besets the actual player in music-drama on the stage. They have not to think of physical semblance or necessity; there are no requirements of the working theatre for them to meet; they act with their disembodied tones. Out of them rise the image of Faust and the stress of his spiritual struggles; they call Gretchen to life and to her love and her disillusion; they set Mephistopheles to his mockeries, whirl his train through its tumults and catch Faust within them; and they summon, as no stage might do, the vision of the end. Theirs is the disembodied, the sublimated essence of acting, the ideal representation of music-drama, wherein the spiritual substance escapes all material clog and cloud, wherein the means are fused—ever-present but ever-invisible—into the end that they achieve. The players of the Symphony Orchestra became such actors with Liszt's "Faust Symphony." They were masters of the technique and tone, that served them at every turn and obtruded not one of its perfections; they did little miracles of detail as though they were second and impulsive nature to them; they glowed with imagination and fire, with poetry and power and controlled them to do their communicating office; and above all, they were the voice of Dr. Muck as he was the voice of Liszt.

For the conductor was on his native and stimulating heath again, as he had never been before in such length and degree since he first came to the Symphony Concerts. He was leading again in music-drama; Liszt's symphony was the piece; the orchestra were the actors, and he was setting them both on what often seems the most thrilling stage of all—the stage of the imagination. There unrolls, as from the voices of such spirits of the air as Hardy imagined around his "Dynasts," the mysterious evocations with which Liszt summons his music-drama into being and his audience into stirred and responsive temper. The bass clarinet sounds the motive of Faust and he is alive upon the stage. Not a theme of Strauss has more vitalizing and graphic power. The drama as a music-drama at its fullest and finest should be, is a drama of spiritual passion and conflict. Its essential action is almost all within, and so may music, beyond any other expressive means, vision and speak it. The first movement of the symphony is the first act of the drama—the stress and the strivings within Faust's soul; his questionings and his longings; his vacillations and his self-tortures; his resolutions and his despair; the sensuous and romantic image—Gretchen—that begins to haunt him; the sweeps of passion, of the spirit and of the senses, through him; the exhaustion at the end that is sensuous yielding.

Similarly the second movement of the symphony is the second and contrasting act of the music-drama—the act of Gretchen. There is similar evocation, but of another voice and mood; there is a similar vitalizing motive for the girl; there are other themes that are the voice of her dreams and longings. Out of the first movement comes Faust; out of it comes the music of the haunting image, made now the music of gently ardent passion. It is as though the motives of the girl flowered under its fertilizing. . . . And Faust is gone, and Gretchen, forsaken, broods wistfully over the memories that are the pale and insistent phantoms of love forsworn. So softened and so ghost-like became her motive, and the motives of amorous ardors and the whole music. A whole opera may not so vividly and truly evoke Gretchen, or so distill into mind and heart the spiritual essence of her loving and losing. It is unhampered.

The third movement of the symphony, again, is the third act of the music-drama—the act of its hitherto invisible and puissant protagonest. Liszt has no need to evoke him gradually; he flings his Mephistopheles on his imaginary stage, chirtling and clattering out his ironies and denials, now almost jaunty in his intonations with them, now snapping them into biting rhythm and incisive phrase. It was a master-stroke—and a stroke hardly to be dared in the actual theatre—to make him the diabolical negation of all that had gone before and that he had prompted, to set him to the derision and the distortion of the music of the struggling and yielding Faust. A Mephistopheles worthy of his name and not unworthy of Goethe so treads the imaginary stage. He is in the full zest of his triumph; he seems almost to snap Faust into his music; he whirls him away, jeering still, into the revels of the friends that are now his true companions, into the play with the courtesans that are now his becoming lover. The tumult outstrips Berlioz's pandemonium,

biter as only Wagner's in the Venusberg was to bite, in the music of that day, with the tang of sensual frenzy. The music seems to hesitate as though it were at the climax to its drama; it quivers with the vision of Gretchen; it grins radiant with it. The shadows close in; the tumult dies; the mists of the Brocke left on the suffused chords; and out of the clear glow around as though it were the song of invisible voices, begins Liszt's mystical pæan to the saving woman-soul that he is fair to imagine—being a romantic—beck down evil under its white feet and sends us men who have done it heavenward and our prompting devils down to their underworld. More than once in the past, this music has not seemed to make climax to the symphony and the drama. Yesterday it seemed as magnificent peroration to it, as apocalyptic voices—though they were the natural voices of the Apollo Club and Mr. Draper singing as they have seldom sung before—in these hymns of an open heaven to a listening earth. The end of the "Faust Symphony" stood at last beside the close of "Götterdämmerung" or of d'Indy's "Fervaal" and was coequal with them.

(From a Photograph Hitherto Unpublished)

Kreisler as His Military Service Has Changed Him

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date JAN 3 - 1915

Symphonie-Konzerte.

Der Soliſt der beiden kommenden Konzerte der Boſtoner am kommenden Donnerstag Abend, reſp. Samstag Nachmittag iſt Fritz Kreisler, der am Donnerstag das Mendelsſohn'ſche Violinkonzert und am Sonntag die „Schottiſche Phantaſie" von Bruch zum Vortrag bringen wird. Dr. Muck hat, ſeinem Prinzip getreu, ſeinen Programmen Varietät zu verleihen, dieſe beiden Konzerte gänzlich den Klaſſikern gewidmet. Er dirigirt am Donnerstag Abend die Mozart'ſche „Jupiter"-Symphonie, Wagner's „Fauſt"-Ouverture und das „Siegfrieds-Idyll", und am Samstag Nachmittag Beethoven's Achte Symphonie, Schumann's „Genoveva"-Ouverture, die Bach'ſche Hirtenmuſik aus dem Weihnachts-Oratorium und Liszt's „Marſch der heiligen drei Könige" aus „Chriſtus".

TRANSCRIPT,

JANUARY 6.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

A CHORUS FOR THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Clear Need of Such an Addition to Its Forces and the Advantages It Would Bring—Forthcoming Concerts—Mr. Caruso's Visit to Monte Carlo—The Kaiser as Composer—Items and Opinions

UNTIL the Symphony Orchestra has a chorus actually attached to it or in its service at need, above any other obligation, it will not be the well-rounded concert-giving body, in the largest sense of the word, that it should be. In either alternative and whether the chorus be amateur, semi-professional, professional, or a just mixture of all three elements, it must be a chorus trained by the methods that have made the band what it is, amenable to its standards and subject to the strict control of the conductor or, in early rehearsals, his deputy. How much such a chorus, employed at intervals during the season, would add to the pleasures of the Symphony Concerts was plain in the performances last week of Liszt's "Faust Symphony," with the assisting choir of the Apollo Club. The audience rose to the chorus, as one of the essential elements in the performance only a little less than it rose to the predominating orchestra and the masterful conductor. What zest and pride of accomplishment the choir brought to its work under Dr. Muck was plain in its singing. What the conductor could accomplish with a chorus, had he one regularly at his disposal and under his training, set imagination and expectation tingling. And Liszt's "Faust Symphony" is only one of twenty pieces and more, classic, modern or contemporary, that can be performed only seldom or not at all at the Symphony Concerts for lack of a readily available and thoroughly practised chorus. They range from the Choral Symphony of Beethoven to the symphonies of Mahler; from Liszt's "Dante" to Delius's "Appalachia" and Debussy's "Sirens."

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H. T. P.

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1884

Newspaper Cutting Bureau

From EVENING JOURNAL
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Date

Est 1884

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OTHER CONC

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Date JAN 8 - 1915

Established 1884

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and Most Complete Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date JAN 8 1915

k, 1884

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Mozart and Wagner at the Third Concert—Fritz Kreisler the Soloist.

Dr. Muck made the programme of the third evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening entirely of music well known, probably to everybody in the audience—Mozart's symphony in C, called the "Jupiter," and "Eine Faust Ouvertüre" and the "Siegfried Idyll," by Wagner. Fritz Kreisler was the soloist, and he played Mendelssohn's violin concerto.

The playing of the orchestra was an unalloyed delight. It is not often that Mozart's music is heard so exactly in the spirit and intention of the composer, so overflowing in euphony, so perfect in the turn of every phrase, so exquisitely proportioned as a whole. Dr. Muck has in nothing else, perhaps, shown himself so consummate a master of the indefinable thing called "style" as in his reading of this symphony.

He sought for no effects other than those obviously inherent in the music itself; for no pathos, no exaggeration of contrast, no dramatic forcing of any note or any phrase; but he fathomed the subtle simplicity of Mozart by his refinement and complete clarification of all that is contained in the score. Every voice was exquisitely clear, and the polyphonic structure of the last movement was absolutely transparent; and yet this perfection of detail was made only to contribute to the beauty of the whole.

Equally remarkable in their different views was the performance of "A Faust Overture" in its dramatic and occasionally melodramatic spirit, and the "Siegfried Idyll" in its musing tenderness. The "Siegfried Idyll" sometimes seems long, but it hardly seems so when so intensive and vital a spirit is infused into it as was the case on this occasion.

Mr. Kreisler was in superb form, and played the concerto with refreshing vigor and energy, which detracted nothing from the suave and mellifluous style of the music, with warm and searching tone with plastic beauty of phrase, and all technical finish. Needless to say the audience was joyfully enthusiastic over the performance of both the orchestra and the soloists. Dr. Muck twice made the orchestra rise to accept the applause for itself, as he himself discreetly turned away.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date JAN 8 - 1915

1884

Boſtoner Symphonie-Orcheſter.

Dr. Muck bot geſtern Abend in Carnegie Hall ein Programm, mit dem man wohl zufrieden ſein konnte. Der gelungene Abend begann mit Mozart's ewig junger „Jupiter"-Symphonie, brachte ſodann in den prächtig kontraſtirenden Wagner'ſchen Kompoſitionen, der „Fauſt"-Ouverture und dem „Siegfried-Idyll" wundervolle Leiſtungen und erreichte den Höhepunkt in dem von Kreiſler unnachahmlich geſpielten Mendelsſohn'ſchen Violin-Konzert.

Die „Jupiter"-Symphonie fand ſeitens Muck's und des Orcheſters eine Ausführung, von deren ſchönheitsgetränkten Linien man nur in Superlativen ſprechen kann. Ich möchte aus dem Herrlichen das unvergleichlich fein gebrachte Menuetto und den letzten Satz mit ſeinem meiſterhaft beherrſchten kontrapunktiſchen Gewebe herausgreifen. Wie in einem einzigen Strom brauſte dieſe kriſtallklare, hoch ragende Kompoſition vor uns vorbei, und wenn Dr. Muck auf den begeiſterten Beifall hin das Orcheſter aufſtehen ließ, ſo war es nur der ſchuldige Tribut des ſiegreichen Heerführers für ſeine tapfere und leiſtungsfähige Armee.

Mächtig, in ihren grübleriſchen Zweifeln und der düſteren Grundſtimmung baute Muck die „Fauſt"-Ouverture vor uns auf, und den lieblichſten Kontraſt fand er in dem entzückend waldwebenartig vorgeführten „Siegfried-Idyll", das die zarteſten Stimmungen und Laute brachte. Auch da war der Beifall ſtürmiſch. Was

aber wollte [illegible] Erfolg Kreiſler's ſagen, der ſchon mit einer imponirenden Ovation empfangen wurde! Seine Interpretation des Mendelsſohn'ſchen Konzerts war ein Genuß ſondergleichen. Einen ſolchen Ton voll Süßigkeit und männlicher Kraft, eine ſo lückenloſe Kantilene, eine ſolch reſtloſe Meiſterſchaft des Techniſchen, das Ganze mit dem feinſten Duft der Romantik umwoben, — das kann uns nur Kreiſler ſchenken!

H.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
Date

Establi

FINE CONCERT BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck's Orchestra and Fritz Kreisler Delight Audience at Carnegie Hall—Mozart, Wagner, Mendelssohn Programme

WITH Dr. Muck leading his men through a musical maze of Mozart and Wagner and Fritz Kreisler intoning Mendelssohn's strains, it was predestined that the large audience which greeted the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall would have a pleasurable evening.

Kreisler was placed at the end of the programme and his marvelous and scholarly reading of Mendelssohn's E minor concerto was applauded loud and long.

The concerto is a grateful composition for the solo violinist, and combines the qualities of brilliancy, expressiveness and tender emotion.

Kreisler's interpretation revealed each charm and signification of the work. His art was disclosed with incisiveness, magnificent breadth of phrase, deep feeling and tonal quality that was a model of accuracy and richness.

The concert began with Mozart's C major (Jupiter) symphony, a work rarely heard and, as it was presented last evening, deserving more frequent performances. It contains much that is delightful and pleasing; much that is noble and dignified.

The musicians illustrated their finest skill in the progress of the four movements. Dr. Muck succeeded in securing a reading that was evenly balanced, eloquent and compelling.

There was especial interest in the performance of the last movement, which contains for its basic idea an old church tune that the composer tossed about among the various choirs until, enlarged and developed, it is taken up by the entire orchestra and overwhelms in its glorification. The Bostonians rose to the occasion and played impressively and artistically.

Wagner's "Faust" overture and "A Siegfried Idyl" were the other numbers, each of which was played in a manner that reflected credit of composer, musicians and conductor.

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date DEC 31 1914

k, 1884

By way of explaining some of the most curious programmes heard this year in New York, the Boston Symphony Orchestra makes official announcement that its two concerts to be given in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon of next week will be "devoted largely to the classics," thus following out the general scheme of its conductor in "alternating the character of his programmes." The apology is good for this time at least. At both concerts Fritz Kreisler will be the soloist, making his first appearances with any orchestra save that of the Metropolitan Opera House, with which he played two weeks since. The violinist gave his second solo recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday to another great crowd.

Kreisler's audiences continue to be the sensation of the season. Yesterday a local charity bought up the floor and boxes, reselling them at grand opera rates. The net profit to the Tuberculosis Clinic was nearly $6,000.

The Boston band, by the way, is playing at its home concert on New Year's Day the "Faust" Symphony of Liszt, using a new version, revised and changed by the composer in his last year. When the present conductor was in Bayreuth in 1912 he found in the library of Wahnfried, the home of Liszt's daughter, Cosimo Wagner, a score of the "Faust" with additions pencilled in the handwriting of Liszt.

Siegfried Wagner said his grandfather made these revisions about 188 and they had never been published. Many changes affect the orchestration, as where an "arioso" for bassoon is given to bass clarionet, which was not among Liszt's earlier instruments. The greatest change in the episode, "Mephistopheles," giving more promin

TRANSCRIPT,

JANUARY 6,

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From STAATS=ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date JAN 8 - 1915

1884

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TRANSCRIPT,

JANUARY 6,

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

A CHORUS FOR THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Clear Need of Such an Addition to Its Forces and the Advantages It Would Bring—Forthcoming Concerts—Mr. Caruso's Visit to Monte Carlo—The Kaiser as Composer—Items and Opinions

UNTIL the Symphony Orchestra has a chorus actually attached to it or in its service at need, above any other obligation, it will not be the well-rounded concert-giving body, in the largest sense of the word, that it should be. In either alternative and whether the chorus be amateur, semi-professional, professional, or a just mixture of all three elements, it must be a chorus trained by the methods that have made the band what it is, amenable to its standards and subject to the strict control of the conductor or, in early rehearsals, his deputy. How much such a chorus, employed at intervals during the season, would add to the pleasures of the Symphony Concerts was plain in the performances last week of Liszt's "Faust Symphony," with the assisting choir of the Apollo Club. The audience rose to the chorus, as one of the essential elements in the performance only a little less than it rose to the predominating orchestra and the masterful conductor. What zest and pride of accomplishment the choir brought to its work under Dr. Muck was plain in its singing. What the conductor could accomplish with a chorus, had he one regularly at his disposal and under his training, set imagination and expectation tingling. And Liszt's "Faust Symphony" is only one of twenty pieces and more, classic, modern or contemporary, that can be performed only seldom or not at all at the Symphony Concerts for lack of a readily available and thoroughly practised chorus. They range from the Choral Symphony of Beethoven to the symphonies of Mahler; from Liszt's "Dante" to Delius's "Appalachia" and Debussy's "Sirens."

In the memorandum that Mr. Higginson drafted thirty years ago about his purposes with the Symphony Orchestra, he seems to anticipate that it shall bear some share in the performance of choral music in Boston. As the event has proved, the orchestra has been able to do no more than till its own field and experiments in coöperation, like that under Mr. Fiedler with The Cecilia, have miscarried in method and result. The ways of our choral societies are not the ways of the orchestra and therein may lie one reason for the present indifference to choral music in this town and its generally low estate among us. But a chorus attached to the orchestra, directly dependent upon it, and keeping its ways and standards, would be only another and wiser fulfilment of Mr. Higginson's original plan. Perhaps it is too much to ask him to add such a chorus to the orchestra, but his ambition with it, like his benefactions to it, are inexhaustible. The expert and tireless management of the Symphony Concerts would find its way to organize such a chorus and Dr. Muck, engrossed in his work above all else and as inexhaustible in his ambition, would not hesitate long over the opportunity such an addition to his forces would afford him. Imagine two or three concerts a year of choral music with such an orchestra, chorus or conductor or imagine such a chorus bringing Beethoven's ninth symphony or Mahler's second and twenty other pieces besides within the range of the regular Symphony Concerts. Then in Boston choral music would be alive again.

H. T. P.

MONITOR,

JANUARY 11, 1915

A condition of things is developing in the vestibule of Symphony hall, resulting from the popularity of the Sunday afternoon concerts, that in all likelihood will not be allowed to continue. It is something that a law projected by a former city administration, but never urged on the state Legislature, would reach, had it been put through. The proper place for everybody to buy tickets for the concerts is at the box-office window, or other places authorized under the approval of both the public and the managers. A week ago there was some hawking of tickets in the vestibule by persons who had secured them beforehand at the window, evidently with the purpose to sell them at an advance in price. Yesterday there was a great deal of it.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

1884

FRITZ KREISLER, the Austrian violinist, will make his appearance as soloist at the third concert of the Boston Symphony in the Academy on Monday evening. He will play the Mendelssohn concerto in E minor. It is interesting to know that Mr. Kreisler regards this concerto of Mendelssohn as the most grateful work in the literature of the violin. Certain it is that it is one of the most melodious and one of the great public favorites. The orchestral numbers will be Sibelius' tone poem, "Finlandia," the Fourth Symphony in C major of Guy Ropartz and Schumann's overture, "Genoveva." Ropartz's Symphony will be heard here for the first time. It had its first performance in this country by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Muck in Boston last October and has been played by him with much success in several cities. Ropartz, who is the director of the Conservatory of Music of Nancy, is a man now nearly middle age and belongs to that group of French composers who got not only their instruction but their absolute inspiration from the great Belgian, Cesar Franck. Perhaps of all the men who studied with Franck and have since gained fame, Ropartz stands nearest his master. The symphony is played without pause and lasts about a half-hour.

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From EVENING JOURNAL
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KREISLER IS SOLOIST WITH BOSTON BAND

From the fury of the latter-day Reznriceks and Scheinpflugs, Dr. Karl Muck last night delivered us. The passing onslaught of his programme of a month since gave way to the more untroubled peace of less strifesome matters. For this first of the latest pair of Boston Symphony concerts in Carnegie Hall, Dr. Muck set his programmatic pendulum back to the Mozart of the great C major symphony, the Wagner of the "Faust" overture and the "Siegfried Idyll" and, with Fritz Kreisler as the solo performer, to the Mendelssohn violin concerto.

Nevertheless, in spite of the salt sea change that came over the spirit of Dr. Muck's programme, it can hardly be said that the evening held the true Boston Symphony thrill—for even Mr. Kreisler cannot impart excitement to Mendelssohn, and his playing of the concerto was as nearly perfect as things mortal are wont to be.

This was the great violinist's first appearance here this season with orchestra, and this particular orchestra audience, which achieves some manner of distinction, gave him a most warmly cordial greeting.

The Mendelssohn concerto can be treated with either a provocative nausea of sentimentality or with the empty superficiality of cocksure flippancy. There is also, quite naturally some measure of sincerity that falls between these two extremes. But it needs the towering talent of a true interpretative musician aptly to sound the exact shallows of the Mendelssohnian depths, or, more accurately stated, the exact depths of the Mendelssohnian shallows. This was Mr. Kreisler's accomplishment, with the most insinuatingly ingratiating violin tone that is to be heard to-day.

Dr. Muck, it seemed, did not appear to be enthuisastically enamored of his half-set Mozartean task. It was a severely chastened Mozart that he presented, most noticeably so in the first two movements of the symphony. It cannot be that Dr. Muck draws a line above the "Eroica" of Beethoven, setting all before within the "classic" rubric of musical sound for its own sake. Mozart's C major symphony is the humanity of Mozart, even if it be in the musical terms of his day. The thrill of Mozart's most human humanity, here no longer naive, was lacking in this interpretative outgiving.

Conductors toy industriously now and again with the Wagnerian "Eine Fause Ouvertuere," but the work can be made only mildly interesting. The fire of the "Tristan" period sought to warm over its ante-"Fliegende Hollaender" spirit and failed. Wagner (to use his own words) found "instrumental music" only a "mist" from which he escaped into the clearness of the drama." The mist is here still quite plainly perceptible, and even Dr. Muck's carefully considered reading did not dispel it.

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EVENING WORLD
New York City
JAN 8 - 1915

Fritz Kreisler Plays With the Boston Orchestra

By Sylvester Rawling.

DR. KARL MUCK'S programme for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's third Thursday concert at Carnegie Hall last night must have pleased alike the devout classicist and the lover of popular music among the subscribers. There had been some grumbling over the contents and arrangements of the previous programmes this season. This time Dr. Muck presented Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Wagner's "A Faust Overture" and "A Siegfried Idyl" and Mendelssohn's concerto in E minor for violin with Fritz Kreisler as soloist. The performance was one of rare beauty even by this premier.

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From
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JAN 8 1915

k, 1884

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KREISLER THE SOLOIST AT BOSTON SYMPHONY

Est

1884

Violinist Plays Mendelssohn Concerto Superbly—Orchestra Plays Finely.

Last evening's Boston Symphony Orchestra concert will linger long in the memories of the three thousand people who were in Carnegie Hall to hear it. There was first of all a fine programme, and next an equally fine interpretation of it. Finally came Fritz Kreisler, playing the violin with all the superlative skill which he has displayed this season.

Dr. Karl Muck began the performance with Mozart's majestic symphony in C major, the "Jupiter." He and his musicians presented this classically beautiful work with a breadth possible only in such an orchestra as the one from Boston. Each of the four movements was given with every characteristic revealed, and seldom has the tone of these instrumentalists been more plastic in combination or of greater purity.

Wagner's "Faust" overture and the same composer's "Siegfried Idyll," played one after the other, served in an interesting way to show the difference of methods this master employed at periods in his life widely remote. Both works were read with keen sympathy by Dr. Muck, but especial emphasis deserves to be placed upon the clear exposition of the poetic qualities of the "Idyll."

In the Mendelssohn E minor concerto for violin and orchestra Mr. Kreisler properly took his pre-eminent position. The Austrian has played the solo portion of this romantic and popular composition on other occasions in this city, though never with so marked a degree of finish or beauty and intensity of tone. From the opening movement, brilliantly given, to the last, Mr. Kreisler was at his best.

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KREISLER PLAYS WITH THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Performance Puts New Life Into Dr. Muck and His Players.

When Fritz Kreisler made his appearance last night in Carnegie Hall to play as the final contribution of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's third Thursday evening concert Mendelssohn's hackneyed Concerto in E minor he brought with him into the big auditorium an electrifying energy that until then had been conspicuously absent in the conducting of Dr. Karl Muck and the playing of his musicians.

It was not for the first time Dr. Muck performed in New York Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, Wagner's "Eine Faust Overtuere" and the "Siegfried Idyll." All the more evident, therefore, was it to those who could recall vividly his earlier achievements in the same music that the distinguished conductor brought far less vigor and vitality to his work than usual last night and failed to inspire his men to give of their best.

In the "Siegfried Idyll" he produced more satisfying results than in the two earlier selections, which suffered distinctly from lack of animation and emotional force. But one missed even in that beautifully inspired composition, which few can interpret as poetically as Dr. Muck does when he is in good spirits, the perfect precision, euphony and exquisite refinement characteristic of the Boston orchestra.

However, musicians are human beings, and it is hardly surprising that a man so thoroughly, so genuinely German as Dr. Muck, should have occasional spells of depression in these troublous times, even though he lives in the neutral atmosphere of the Hub.

Needless to say, Fritz Kreisler gave a masterly performance of the Mendelssohn concerto. It was a performance that infused new life and new interest into music that for many of us has become pallid and anaemic with age.

MAX SMITH.

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Establi

1884

Orchestra concerts begin again in earnest this week. There will be no less than eight. For its third pair of concerts here the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, in Carnegie Hall, on Thursday night and Saturday afternoon will present Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, as soloist at both concerts. On Thursday night he will play the Mendelssohn Concerto, and the orchestral numbers will be Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Wagner's "Faust" overture and the "Siegfried Idyl." On Saturday the selections will be Beethoven's Symphony No. 8, Schumann's overture, "Genoveva;" the shepherds' music from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, Liszt's "March of the Three Holy Kings" from "Christus," and Bruch's Scotch fantaisie for violin and orchestra.

* * *

Address: New York City
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Date

Boston Symphony.

The two concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon of this week will be devoted largely to the classics, thus following out Dr. Muck's scheme of alternating the character of his programmes. At both concerts Fritz Kreisler will be the soloist, making his first appearances in New York this season with orchestra. The programme for Thursday night is as follows:

Est

1884

Symphony in G major, "Jupiter"	Mozart
A Faust Overture	Wagner
A Siegfried Idyl	Wagner
Violin Concerto in E minor	Mendelssohn

The programme for Saturday afternoon will be as follows:

Symphony No. 8	Beethoven
Overature, "Genoveva"	Schumann
Shepherds' Music from the Christmas Oratorio	Bach
March of the Three Holy Kings from "Christus"	Liszt
"Scotch" Fantasia for violin and orchestra,	Bruch

A Revised Faust Symphony.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra played at its concerts in Boston last week the "Faust" Symphony of Liszt, and is using for the first time a verison of the work which was revised and changed by Liszt in his last years. When Dr. Muck was in Beyreuth in the summer of 1912 he found in looking through the library of Wahnfried, the home of the Wagners, a score of the "Faust" Symphony which bore many changes and additions penciled in the handwriting of the composer. Siegfried Wagner told him that Liszt had made these revisions about 1883 and that they had never been published. The score was given to Dr. Muck, with permission to perform the revised symphony if he should see fit, and this week in Boston is the first time he has used it.

In no way has Liszt changed the thematic contour, nor has he made serious changes in the development or the episodes. The changes, for the most part, affect the orchestration. Thus, early in "Faust" an arioso written originally for a bassoon is given to the bass clarinet, which was not at first in Liszt's table of instruments to be employed. Here and there wind instruments are introduced or reinforced for the sake of greater brilliance. Most of the changes are to be found in "Mephistopheles," where the "Vision of Gretchen" is made much more effective. There are excisions throughout the symphony; sometimes only a measure, sometimes more. Dr. Muck is of the opinion that the changes greatly benefit the work.

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Ests

Liszt's "Faust," with Revisions.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is playing at its concerts in Boston this week the "Faust" Symphony of Liszt, and is using, for the first time, a version of the work which was revised and changed by Liszt in his last year. When Dr. Muck was in Bayreuth in the summer of 1912 he found, in looking over the library of Wahnfried, the home of the Wagners, a score of the "Faust" Symphony which bore many changes and additions pencilled in the handwriting of the composer. Siegfried Wagner told him that Liszt had made these revisions about 1883, and they had never been published. The score was given to Dr. Muck, with permission to perform the revised symphony, if he should see fit, and this week in Boston is the first time he has used it. In no way has Liszt changed the thematic contour, nor has he made serious changes in the development of the episodes. The changes, for the most part, affect the orchestration. Thus, early in "Faust," an arioso written originally for a bassoon is given to the bass clarinet, which was not at first in Liszt's table of instruments to be employed. Here and there wind instruments are introduced, reinforced, or for the sake of greater brilliance. The greatest part of the changes is in "Mephistopheles," where the "Vision of Gretchen" is made much more effective. There are excisions through the symphony, sometimes only a measure, sometimes more. Dr. Muck is of the opinion that the changes greatly benefit the work. Can't we hear it in New York, too?

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City.
Date JAN 8 1915

Est

The Boston orchestra gave the first of its third pair of concerts last evening in Carnegie Hall, with Fritz Kreisler playing Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Dr. Muck very wisely placed the concerto at the end of the programme, permitting the great audience to indulge in an unlimited number of recalls for Mr. Kreisler. The superlative qualities of this artist's work again gave delight, while such a wonderfully sympathetic accompaniment as Dr. Muck gives the soloist—when there is one—is rarely heard anywhere.

The programme began with Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. The vigor and brilliance of the opening and closing movements, the lovely, flowing melody of the slow movement, the majestic rhythm of the minuetto—these were all delivered by the orchestra with superb precision and élan, and Dr. Muck bade his men rise to share the tremendous applause at the conclusion.

The remaining orchestral numbers were Wagner's "Faust" overture and his "Siegfried" idyl, this latter a marvel of tender, human lyrism that few besides this composer could have attained, and its full beauty was brought out in the conductor's reading.

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date JAN 8 1915

Est

84

That the Boston Symphony never does things by halves was shown at Carnegie Hall last night, when the orchestra "came back" in a classic Sabbath-calm after the storm of December novelties, and played not a note that hasn't been dry these thirty, sixty, ninety years. Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony earned gratitude at sight. It was divinely short, and the vivid finale was worth while. The band stood up after that, and stood again after Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," which with his less popular "Faust" overture was the nearest approach to modernism. Then the premier orchestra put itself in the background and proceeded to stage the prettiest Kreisler riot in four appearances of "unser Fritz" since he came from the wars.

Kreisler limped out on the stage to a tumult of applause. He chose to play the old Mendelssohn concerto, a thing of beauty so fragile, it seemed as if the artist were holding in his powerful hands a delicate rose, turning its gossamer petals to catch each glint of light. Again there was a runaway finish, for Kreisler took the last phrases at a dash that made the virtuoso wind choir turn somersaults to keep up. The house called him out more times than anybody cared to count.

Groups of people flocked toward the footlights, remembering last year's Paderewski encores. But Kreisler bowed and bowed, and fled away. He plays with the Bostonians in Brooklyn tonight, and at Carnegie Hall once more to-morrow.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City.
Date JAN 8 1915

BOSTON ORCHESTRA DELIGHTS HEARERS

k, 1884

Dr. Muck, as Usual, Conducts with Rare Skill — Kreisler's Playing Warmly Applauded.

The Boston Orchestra came to us again last night, and another audience that permitted of no vacant seats thronged Carnegie Hall.

Dr. Muck, as if in reply to the criticisms levelled at him for the boredom of his last two programmes, gave an evening devoted to works which all have been heard and enjoyed a hundred times. The "Jupiter" symphony of Mozart scarcely calls for extended comment in this day and generation. It suffices to say that it is one of the great symphonies of the world, and that in Dr. Muck it found a loving and admiring worshipper.

In the music of the classic the Boston Orchestra's leader is always at his best. He understands and possesses himself those qualities essential to the classic style—poise, balance, restraint, elegance of finish—no leader in the world is a greater master of these virtues than is Dr. Muck. He and his magnificent band gave ample evidence of that mastery in last night's symphony.

After the Mozart number came Wagner's "A Faust Overture" and the same composer's "A Siegfried Idyl."

The concluding number was the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto in E minor played by Fritz Kreisler. Mr. Kreisler was never in better form than last night, and when this is said what, indeed, remains? To assert that he played with technical mastery, that he uplifted his hearers by his lofty imagination, that he thrilled them with tones of ravishing beauty, may all be said by simply stating that Fritz Kreisler played.

And, what was more, he played last night to an audience which had not come to see an Austrian officer with a limp, but which had come to hear one of the two foremost living violinists. Eugene Ysaye is a Belgian, Fritz Kreisler an Austrian; but in art there are no boundaries of race or creed.

From
Address: New York City
JAN 8 191
Date

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN GREAT CONCERT

k, 1884

Fritz Kreisler Plays Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto With Unusual Beauty and Power.

MOZART'S 'JUPITER' HEARD

The third evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. The programme consisted of Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Wagner's "Eine Faust" overture and "Siegfried Idyl" and Mendelssohn's violin concerto. The solo violinist was Fritz Kreisler. It was a concert to be cherished in the memory not only because of the beauty of the music but for the spirit of devotion which dwelt in it.

That Dr. Muck is not in ebullient humor in these troubled times must be manifest to the most superficial observer. It is surmised that he deeply feels the trend of popular opinion in this country on the subject of the European war. It is a pity, if this be true, that he cannot keep in mind the incontestable fact that Americans are enthusiastically pro-Bach, pro-Mozart, pro-Haydn, pro-Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Wagner, and that New Yorkers are and will probably continue to be pro-Muck.

The distinguished conductor did his duty last evening, but he showed no cordiality in his demeanor toward his audience. Nevertheless the splendid instrument upon which he plays was heard with delight in the Mozart symphony, and with thrills in the overture, in which the conductor's artistic affections were wakened into quickness and communicative power.

The "Jupiter" symphony stays young and filled with vigor. Lacking all the imposing apparatus of the latest orchestral productions and moving along the thin lines of the early symphonic form, it none the less makes clear its proclamation of genius; and the massive strength of the fugue which amazed Mozart's contemporaries as an item of symphonic composition still demands applause.

Perhaps there may be a special and poignant significance in the "Siegfried Idyl" in these days when the brilliant and somewhat eccentric Cosima Liszt von Bülow Wagner is sinking into the final scenes of her life romance and the burden of Bayreuth has fallen upon the shoulders of the young Siegfried who was a babe in the time of the Franco-Prussian war. Certainly the music sounded intensely warm and personal last night and it was played with extreme beauty of tone and technic.

The placing of the solo number last on the programme was of course designed to keep the audience in the house till the last moment. Those who were for one reason or another compelled to leave before the performance was finished must have regretted it deeply. Mendelssohn's concerto is often performed, frequently played, and rarely enough interpreted; but Mr. Kreisler's delivery of the first movement (all that THE SUN recorder heard) was a masterpiece of eloquence. The violinist has never played this particular music with greater splendor of technical art, with a finer insight, nor with a more irresistible personal utterance. It was a great performance, and worthy of both the player and the composition.

Newspaper Cutting

From WORLD
Address: New York City

Date

Est 1884

KREISLER THE SOLOIST AT BOSTON SYMPHONY

Violinist Plays Mendelssohn Concerto Superbly—Orchestra Plays Finely.

Last evening's Boston Symphony Orchestra concert will linger long in the memories of the three thousand people who were in Carnegie Hall to hear it. There was first of all a fine programme, and next an equally fine interpretation of it. Finally came Fritz Kreisler, playing the violin with all the superlative skill which he has displayed this season.

Dr. Karl Muck began the performance with Mozart's majestic symphony in C major, the "Jupiter." He and his musicians presented this classically beautiful work with a breadth possible only in such an orchestra as the one from Boston. Each of the four movements was given with every characteristic revealed, and seldom has the tone of these instrumentalists been more plastic in combination or of greater purity.

Wagner's "Faust" overture and the same composer's "Siegfried Idyll," played one after the other, served in an interesting way to show the difference of methods this master employed at periods in his life widely remote. Both works were read with keen sympathy by Dr. Muck, but especial emphasis deserves to be placed upon the clear exposition of the poetic qualities of the "Idyll."

In the Mendelssohn E minor concerto for violin and orchestra Mr. Kreisler properly took his pre-eminent position. The Austrian has played the solo portion of this romantic and popular composition on other occasions in this city, though never with so marked a degree of finish or beauty and intensity of tone. From the opening movement, brilliantly given, to the last, Mr. Kreisler was at his best.

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m PRESS
lress: New York City

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KREISLER PLAYS WITH THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Performance Puts New Life Into Dr. Muck and His Players.

When Fritz Kreisler made his appearance last night in Carnegie Hall to play as the final contribution of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's third Thursday evening concert Mendelssohn's hackneyed Concerto in E minor he brought with him into the big auditorium an electrifying energy that until then had been conspicuously absent in the conducting of Dr. Karl Muck and the playing of his musicians.

It was not for the first time Dr. Muck performed in New York Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, Wagner's "Eine Faust Overtuere" and the "Siegfried Idyll." All the more evident, therefore, was it to those who could recall vividly his earlier achievements in the same music that the distinguished conductor brought far less vigor and vitality to his work than usual last night and failed to inspire his men to give of their best.

In the "Siegfried Idyll" he produced more satisfying results than in the two earlier selections, which suffered distinctly from lack of animation and emotional force. But one missed even in that beautifully inspired composition, which few can interpret as poetically as Dr. Muck does when he is in good spirits, the perfect precision, euphony and exquisite refinement characteristic of the Boston orchestra.

However, musicians are human beings, and it is hardly surprising that a man so thoroughly, so genuinely German as Dr. Muck, should have occasional spells of depression in these troublous times, even though he lives in the neutral atmosphere of the Hub.

Needless to say, Fritz Kreisler gave a masterly performance of the Mandelssohn concerto. It was a performance that infused new life and new interest into music that for many of us has become pallid and anaemic with age.

MAX SMITH.

Address: New York City

Date JAN 1915

Establi

Orchestra concerts begin again in earnest this week. There will be no less than eight. For its third pair of concerts here the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, in Carnegie Hall, on Thursday night and Saturday afternoon will present Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, as soloist at both concerts. On Thursday night he will play the Mendelssohn Concerto, and the orchestral numbers will be Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Wagner's "Faust" overture and the "Siegfried Idyl." On Saturday the selections will be Beethoven's Symphony No. 8, Schumann's overture, "Genoveva;" the shepherds' music from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, Liszt's "March of the Three Holy Kings" from "Christus," and Bruch's Scotch fantaisie for violin and orchestra.

* * *

Address: New York City

Date

Est 1884

Boston Symphony.

The two concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon of this week will be devoted largely to the classics, thus following out Dr. Muck's scheme of alternating the character of his programmes. At both concerts Fritz Kreisler will be the soloist, making his first appearances in New York this season with orchestra. The programme for Thursday night is as follows:

Symphony in G major, "Jupiter"	Mozart
A Faust Overture	Wagner
A Siegfried Idyl	Wagner
Violin Concerto in E minor	Mendelssohn

The programme for Saturday afternoon will be as follows:

Symphony No. 8	Beethoven
Overature, "Genoveva"	Schumann
Shepherds' Music from the Christmas Oratorio	Bach
March of the Three Holy Kings from "Christus"	Liszt
"Scotch" Fantasia for violin and orchestra,	Bruch

A Revised Faust Symphony.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra played at its concerts in Boston last week the "Faust" Symphony of Liszt, and is using for the first time a verison of the work which was revised and changed by Liszt in his last years. When Dr. Muck was in Beyreuth in the summer of 1912 he found in looking through the library of Wahnfried, the home of the Wagners, a score of the "Faust" Symphony which bore many changes and additions penciled in the handwriting of the composer. Siegfried Wagner told him that Liszt had made these revisions about 1883 and that they had never been published. The score was given to Dr. Muck, with permission to perform the revised symphony if he should see fit, and this week in Boston is the first time he has used it.

In no way has Liszt changed the thematic contour, nor has he made serious changes in the development or the episodes. The changes, for the most part, affect the orchestration. Thus, early in "Faust" an arioso written originally for a bassoon is given to the bass clarinet, which was not at first in Liszt's table of instruments to be employed. Here and there wind instruments are introduced or reinforced for the sake of greater brilliance. Most of the changes are to be found in "Mephistopheles," where the "Vision of Gretchen" is made much more effective. There are excisions throughout the symphony; sometimes only a measure, sometimes more. Dr. Muck is of the opinion that the changes greatly benefit the work.

From POST
Address: New York City

Date DEC 30 1914

Ests 84

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From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City.

Date JAN 8 1915

Esta

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The programme began with Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. The vigor and brilliance of the opening and closing movements, the lovely, flowing melody of the slow movement, the majestic rhythm of the minuetto—these were all delivered by the orchestra with superb precision and élan, and Dr. Muck bade his men rise to share the tremendous applause at the conclusion.

The remaining orchestral numbers were Wagner's "Faust" overture and his "Siegfried" idyl, this latter a marvel of tender, human lyrism that few besides this composer could have attained, and its full beauty was brought out in the conductor's reading.

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City

Date JAN 8 1915

Esta 84

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From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City.

Date JAN 8

BOSTON ORCHESTRA DELIGHTS HEARERS

E k, 1884

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From
Address: New York City

Date JAN

k, 1884

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN GREAT CONCERT

Fritz Kreisler Plays Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto With Unusual Beauty and Power.

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That Dr. Muck is not in ebullient humor in these troubled times must be manifest to the most superficial observer. It is surmised that he deeply reels the trend of popular opinion in this country on the subject of the European war. It is a pity, if this be true, that he cannot keep in mind the incontestable fact that Americans are enthusiastically pro-Bach, pro-Mozart, pro-Haydn, pro-Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Wagner, and that New Yorkers are and will probably continue to be pro-Muck.

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Newspaper Cutting

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date JAN 8 - 1915

Dr. Muck's Men Play Old Music as Well as New

Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony Elicits Much Applause at Boston Orchestra Concert.

Going from one extreme to another, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which at its last concerts here played music so modern that even the men of the orchestra admitted they did not know what it was all about, at its concert last night in Carnegie Hall gave as its principal number one of the oldest symphonies which find a place in modern programmes, the so-called "Jupiter" symphony of Mozart.

That the change in programme making was much to the taste of the audience was shown by the fact that the applause was so great that Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor, called upon the players to rise in acknowledgment, an unusual thing for the Boston Symphony.

Needless to say, the playing of the orchestra was all that could be asked. An old work, although thin in its orchestration, if played superlatively well can give more real enjoyment than a dozen from the modern school, as it is represented in the programmes of our orchestras.

The second work to be heard was Wagner's "Faust" overture, and the last the "Siegfried Idyl," after which the conductor again called on his men to rise to share the applause.

The soloist was Mr. Fritz Kreisler. His contribution was the familiar Mendelssohn violin concerto. His playing, as in his recitals, was much to the liking of the audience. He is known in his recitals as a player of small pieces, but he excels to the same degree in the big concertos.

Mr. Albert Chevrot, twenty-five years old, one of the flutists in the orchestra, was taken to Bellevue Hospital at midnight last night by Mr. Charles A. Ellis, business manager of the orchestra. Mr. Ellis said Mr. Chevrot had been acting strangely all day.

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date JAN 7 - 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY'S GOOD PROGRAMME

The Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Metropolitan Opera House with "Lohengrin" provided those persons known as music-lovers, yesterday evening, with plenty of wholesome entertainment.

The programme submitted to New York by Dr. Carl Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra the last Thursday on which they visited us aroused a storm of unfavorable comment and in some cases of irritated protest. But the selections put forward last night could not occasion any bitterness. Dr. Muck and his instrumentalists gave us Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, the Siegfried Idyll of Wagner, the same composer's far less attractive "Faust" overture and Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in E minor, with Fritz Kreisler as violinist.

The rendering of the "Jupiter" Symphony left nothing to be desired in the matter of majesty or beauty of outline and the practical value of the interpretation of the Siegfried "Idyll" was cordially recognized by the auditors. Mr. Kreisler's playing was greeted with the usual enthusiasm.

"Lohengrin," at the Metropolitan, presented no strikingly novel features. Mme. Destinn appeared as the heroine. Because of the indisposition of Carl Braun Basil Ruysdael took the part of Henry the Fowler. Jacques Urlus sang Lohengrin and Alfred Hertz conducted.

From
Address
Date 31 JAN

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Work by Ropartz—Ovation Given to Fritz Kreisler.

The novelty offered by Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, at the Boston Orchestra concert in the Academy of Music last night was a symphony by Ropartz, a disciple of Cesar Franck, the great Belgian composer. Like all modern orchestral writers, Ropartz has succeeded in conveying a vast and at times almost bewildering color and variety to his work without being at any time moving or impressive. His writings are said to be largely reflective of his master. If last night's example can be accepted as exhibiting Ropartz's usual style it might more truthfully be affirmed that his work reflects an assimilation of all the modernists, with sufficient originality to create a passing, if not deep, interest.

His manipulation of the orchestral body is at all times absorbing and never fails to entertain, even when the musical content seems barren and uninspired.

The remarkable performances of Sibelius' symphonic poem, "Finlandia," which preceded the symphony, presented a much-discussed work in so concise and intelligent a light that the impression usually given of incoherence and lack of form entirely disappeared, leaving the work revealed as of great beauty and clarity, and made on pronounced and very original lines.

The Schumann overture to "Genoveva," while well played, was, after all, only a means of entertaining the audience until the time for the real event of the evening, the appearance of Fritz Kreisler should arrive. The ovation given Kreisler was remarkable, even for this city, where he never lacks acclaim. Without any detraction from the well-known and universally recognized merits of the Mendelssohn E-minor concerto, it must be said that many would have preferred one of the other concertos. This feeling, however, on hearing Kreisler do the Mendelssohn, was replaced with thankfulness that he had chosen this especial work, for surely it was never played as he played it last night. One of the most musical and technically exacting things in violin literature, it has become slightly unpopular because it has been the showpiece of many an ambitious but deficient amateur. Kreisler was evidently bent on presenting the work in all its melodious and sparkling beauty. He more than accomplished this task. He left his audience dazzled by a display of technical skill and speed, and enraptured with a musicianship that was unfailing in its appeal. The audience fairly clamored for an encore, recalling this genius many times and showering him with plaudits and bravos until no question of his popularity and power could be raised. The orchestra was in its usual superb form, playing with that beautiful, easy tone and fluency of execution which it alone seems able to accomplish.

FLAG CAN'T SAVE HIS

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

BOSTON ORCHESTRA CONCERT

Enjoyed by Large Audience at Academy of Music Last Evening

The most salient and notable feature of the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra before a large audience at the Academy of Music under the direction of Mr. Karl Muck last evening was the appearance of Mr. Fritz Kreisler as the assisting artist of the occasion. He had elected to be heard in the Mendelssohn concerto, and never surely has this ingratiating music been more beautifully or brilliantly or eloquently rendered. It is music which has somewhat fallen out of favor these latter days, not so much with audiences as with artists, owing to the frequency of its performance and to the circumstance that it belongs to a school which is now regarded as old-fashioned, but it is no exaggeration to say that no more grateful or effective composition of its kind was ever written. It admirably exhibits all the best and most characteristic qualities of the instrument. Its capabilities in the way of brilliant execution are effectively tested and exposed in the two allegro movements, while the lovely, long drawn-out andante finely exemplifies what can be done with it in the way of legato and cantabile.

Of these various and varied opportunities the famous Austrian violinist, who was honored with a great reception when he stepped upon the stage, made the very most that was possible. His tone was as ample and as pure as ever. There was no impairment in his unsurpassed technique and his performance in its entirety was a masterpiece of emotional and intellectual interpretation which it was at once a delight and a privilege to hear. It made a profound impression upon the audience, which recalled the artist several times and would have insisted on an encore had it been permissible. For the rest the program was not one of the most interesting of the season. Its most important number was a novelty in the form of a symphony in one movement by the young French composer, Ropartz, which is written in the modern manner and which one would need to hear more than once before undertaking to appreciate.

Apparently the audience was pleased with it, but there were doubtless many present who would have preferred something less original and more familiar. Needless to say it was admirably played. Other things on the list were the "Finlandia" rhapsody of Jean Sibelius and Schumann's "Geneveva" overture.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date JAN

Orchestra's Pension Fund

When a man has devoted the best years of his life and endeavors to a public service, he is surely entitled to some recognition from those he has benefited when years have curtailed his usefulness in his chosen field.

It is assuredly this feeling that has led to the establishment of a pension fund for members of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Those only who follow music as a profession know how much of skill and knowledge and singleness of purpose go to make a player fit to take his place in a great symphony orchestra. They know also that the financial rewards are not great, certainly not great enough to permit a player to secure financial independence in old age, from his salary, with-

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the

From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date JAN 5

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KREISLER THE SOLOIST

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The composer has had a fecund career. He has been a pupil of Massenet and Franck, the tendencies of the latter tinging most of the texture of the work played by Dr. Karl Muck and his men here. But the score rises frequently to more masculine heights than any achieved by the writer of "The Mad Huntsman," this quality being especially noticeable in the use of the violins as a melodie background. The cycle, which is given without pause, evinces sometimes the influence of Wagner. Heroic, ascending inflections alternate with amusing wistfulness, decidedly a la Franck.

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From PRESS
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Date

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Soloist ....Fritz Kreisler

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PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

Newspaper Cutting ...

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date JAN 8 - 1915

Est... 884

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...LAG CAN'T SAVE HIS HERO...

From INQUIRER
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BOSTON ORCHESTRA CONCERT

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Establ... 884

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Of these various and varied opportunities the famous Austrian violinist, who was honored with a great reception when he stepped upon the stage, made the very most that was possible. His tone was as ample and as pure as ever. There was no impairment in his unsurpassed technique and his performance in its entirety was a masterpiece of emotional and intellectual interpretation which it was at once a delight and a privilege to hear. It made a profound impression upon the audience, which recalled the artist several times and would have insisted on an encore had it been permissible. For the rest the program was not one of the most interesting of the season. Its most important number was a novelty in the form of a symphony in one movement by the young French composer, Ropartz, which is written in the modern manner and which one would need to hear more than once before undertaking to appreciate.

Apparently the audience was pleased with it, but there were doubtless many present who would have preferred something less original and more familiar. Needless to say it was admirably played. Other things on the list were the "Finlandia" rhapsody of Jean Sibelius and Schumann's "Geneveva" overture.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

Orchestra's Pension Fund.

18

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884

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Orchestra's Pension Fund

When a man has devoted the best years of his life and endeavors to a public service, he is surely entitled to some recognition from those he has benefited when years have curtailed his usefulness in his chosen field.

It is assuredly this feeling that has led to the establishment of a pension fund for members of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Those only who follow music as a profession know how much of skill and knowledge and singleness of purpose go to make a player fit to take his place in a great symphony orchestra. They know also that the financial rewards are not great, certainly not great enough to permit a player to secure financial independence in old age, from his salary, with

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GLOBE

Practically all the principal orchestras of the world have such funds. They are almost universal in Europe and in the United States the Boston Symphony, the Chicago Symphony and the New York Symphony have all felt the necessity of establishing them. It has been calculated that the average time for which musicians are available as members of an orchestra of the first quality is about fifteen years, especially in the case of men who play brasses and woodwinds, and these years are necessarily the best of their lives.

The local fund has been but recently established and its necessity and purpose are not yet too well known. Graceful tribute and substantial assistance will be paid to it within the week. Olga Samaroff, who as the wife of Leopold Stokowski, the conductor, knows the situation intimately, is to devote the proceeds of her piano recital to the fund. Such timely and appropriate assistance may well inspire others to contribute

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AMERICAN
Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

ROPARTZ'S SYMPHONY GIVEN HERE BY MUCK

Modern French Work Is Piquant Novelty on Boston Orchestra Program

KREISLER THE SOLOIST

ESSENTIALLY of the modern French school is the fourth symphony in C major of Joseph Guy Marie Ropartz, director of the Nancy Conservatory of Music, which formed a piquant novelty on the Boston Symphony Orchestra's third program of the season at the Academy of Music last evening.

The composer has had a fecund career. He has been a pupil of Massenet and Franck, the tendencies of the latter tinging most of the texture of the work played by Dr. Karl Muck and his men here. But the score rises frequently to more masculine heights than any achieved by the writer of "The Mad Huntsman," this quality being especially noticeable in the use of the violins as a melodie background. The cycle, which is given without pause, evinces sometimes the influence of Wagner. Heroic, ascending inflections alternate with amusing wistfulness, decidedly a la Franck.

A dissonant dance measure and glittering harp accompaniments are two striking features of the latter movements. Despite its modernity, the symphony was well worth presenting. A second hearing would be welcomed.

For the second time this season, Fritz Kreisler appeared in the Academy last night. The great Austrian artist ended the program with a characteristically discerning and poetic reading of Mendelssohn's melodious concerto in E minor. He looked better than he did at his recital some weeks ago, and his playing of the three varied movements was a fresh revelation of his delicious tone, unapproachable technical accomplishments and complete lack of mannerism. Even after the orchestra had left the stage, the soloist was recalled by volleys of applause. The only other numbers on the short program were Sibelius' "Finlandia," in which the Boston organization's golden-throated brass choir spoke with orotund beauty, and the overture to Schumann's opera, "Genoveva," which was "killed," as a lyric drama, by its insane and tedious libretto.

MUSIC

The Ropartz symphony in C major, which will be played tonight by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was first played in this country by that organization at one of its regular concerts in Boston. It was later played in New York. It would seem that the Boston audience heard it with reserved gratification; it is plain that the New York critics heard it without any great degree of pleasure. In the orchestral score the critic of the Boston Tanscript found the influence of Cesar Franck in imagination, with the added resources and technical devices of later French music. The symphony is played without stop, but it is not overlong. Its

many solutions in advance, but the composer himself is so little known that a few things may be said of him without prejudice to the freshness of tonight's performance.

Philip Greeley Clapp, writing in the Boston Transcript, sketches the life of Guy Ropartz thus: He was born in Brittany in 1864, studied at various Catholic institutions and at the law school of Rennes. He then entered the Paris Conservatory as a pupil of Dubois and Massenet, but left there to study with Cesar Franck. Since 1894 he has been director of the Conservatory of Nancy. He is said to be fond of tennis and photography.

The insistence upon Ropartz as the nearest and greatest disciple of Franck—a position generally given to the director of the Schola Cantorum—is enough to make one suspicious. When Roman Rolland says that, except Bach, no composer has seen Christ so clearly as Cesar Franck, he says nothing about the Franckians. Ropartz himself has written with more sanity and less gush of Franck than most of the other disciples; he has not forgotten that the sweetness of Franck's religion was vigorous and worldly as well. In Ropartz the religion is not so evident; the sweetness occasionally is. Mr. Clapp writes: "Ropartz's feeling for beauty and atmosphere, his love of melody, his masterly instrumentation, his smooth workmanship, his artistic earnestness and sincerity are qualities too valuable to be underestimated." But he adds that they are qualities which may become monotonous after many hearings. Whether tonight's symphony partakes of these qualities, and in what degree, will be for the individual hearer to determine. There is more than one beauty in this world, and it is not to belittle Ropartz that one speaks of Franck. His is one absolute perfection; another method, another man with the same impassioned sincerity, may yield another perfection quite as absolute.

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN NEW SYMPHONY

Ropartz Composition an Interesting Novelty—Ovation to Fritz Kreisler.

PROGRAM.

Sibelius........."Finlandia," symphonic poem for orchestra. Op. 26, No. 7
Ropartz ....Symphony No. 4, C major (played without pause)
* First time in Philadelphia.
Schumann.Overture to "Genoveva." Op. 81
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Concerto in E minor for Violin. Op. 64.
Conductor ....Dr. Karl Muck
Soloist ....Fritz Kreisler

Many were turned away from the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at the Academy of Music last evening, the third of the season, and they missed a rare treat. It is always an exceptional privilege to hear Dr. Muck and his Boston musicians, but on this occasion, it was especially so. A most admirable program had been arranged in which Dr. Muck presented a novelty which was well worth hearing, and which was in strong contrast to the works usually given here.

Kreisler Given an Ovation.

Kreisler was the soloist and charmed as only he can, and with one of the most delightful of all concertos, Mendelssohn's E Minor. If any composer had in view the effect of a thrilling climax upon an audience, Mendelssohn must have had that in mind when he wrote the third movement, for in it he not only gives the player a chance to show the breadth of his art, but in an enticing melody that goes dancing along in wonderfully marked chords and in tantalizing harmony that simply holds the hearers spellbound. At the conclusion Kreisler was given a tremendous ovation, such an one that must have even surprised this master of the violin.

The New Symphony.

The new symphony was composed by Ropartz, a Frenchman, and it is peculiar in that it is played without pause. In fact there is no part of it that would permit of its being disconnected. It is a modern work, only a little more than three years old. It could hardly be considered ultra-modern, for from first to last it contains a combination of themes, or brief arias, which are worked into wonderful harmony. At times it might become a little tedious on account of its length, but it was kept from ever becoming mediocre last evening, by the spirited handling by Dr. Muck. All the choirs are utilized with almost equal prominence, and, as a whole, it was well worth a first hearing, but hardly of such intrinsic musical merit as to hold a firm place in the repertoire of an orchestra, even one so great as the Boston Symphony.

The first number on the program was Sibelius' colorful symphonic poem "Finlandia," and between the symphony and the soloist the Orchestra played Schumann's Overture to "Genoveva." Both of them were given with the usual ca that are all compositions by the Boston Orchestra. The next concert will take place on Monday evening, February 15.

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PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Bray, have returned to their home at Hatboro.

BOSTON SYMPHONY WITH FRITZ KREISLER

Great Violinist Heard in Mendelssohn Concerto, and Ropartz's Fourth Symphony Is Played.

PROGRAM

"Finlandia," symphonic poem	Sibelius
Fourth Symphony in C	Ropartz
"Genoveva," overture	Schumann
Concerto for violin	Mendelssohn

Whether expectancy of the soloist overhung the mood of the auditors or not, the forepart of the Boston Symphony concert at the Academy last evening felt lethargic and lacking in atmospheric electricity. The "Finlandia," with its splendid sweeping hymn, as of the mute anguish of an undertrodden people finding voice at last, gave the brasses an imperious heraldry, with resolute support from the double basses. The "Genoveva" overture, not Schumann in his highest estate, holds much of lyric picturesqueness and romantic feeling, and it received a painstaking, if not quite an enamored, reading at the hands of Doctor Muck and his men.

Heard for the first time in Philadelphia, the Ropartz symphony, in a single unpausing movement of half an hour's duration, was a little disappointing. It has plenty of movement; there is graceful and ingenious modulation; there is almost an embarrassment of riches in the way of thematic material and episode; but only at rare moments does it lay hold of the spirit with compelling emotional power. One of these movements comes with the song of the English horn in the slow portion. There is never a dissonant welter of sound; even at the storm-tossed climaxes the passion is "curbed and bitted with gentility"; but with all the manifest elegance and polished urbanity of the craftsmanship, one, somehow, misses the divine fire, and in the playing last night there seemed wanting a certain madness in the blood, a devil-may-care impetuousness, to give the spice of acridity, the stress of graphic accent to the meandering refinement of it all.

The real lift and inspiration of the concert came with Kreisler's still perceptibly limping and war-worn entrance upon the scene. His violin sang with the voice of an angel—and sometimes, in the double stops, it was as a celestial choir.

The soloist seemed to carry the orchestra along with him; one beautiful tune outflowed into another against a background of evident and unusual sympathy and marvelous precision under Doctor Muck's baton. "Allegro molto" was strictly interpreted to give a spirited pace to the opening movement. The cadenza quoted at one point the Bach chaconne, and was informed throughout by much of its spirit. The andante rose to a superb height with those upsoaring octaves of warm and luscious tone. It was as nobly inspired playing as one may expect to hear in this generation.

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: iadelphia, Pa.

1884

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From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

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RITZ KREISLER WITH THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Violinist Creates Unusual Enthusiasm at Concert of Organization at the Academy.

Fritz Kreisler, war veteran and wizard of the violin, served not only to draw more than a capacity house to the Academy last night, but to stir his audience to such a pitch of enthusiasm as is seldom seen over an orchestral soloist. In the terms of the track, the Boston Symphony Orchestra "also ran"—that is, it was their concert, but Kreisler's house.

The soloist limped from his service-wound more than he did at his recent recital. He seemed, during the pauses, to be in physical pain and looked drawn and unwell, but the moment he raised his violin all impression of weakness or nervousness vanished, and he was once more the virile, fiery, capable Kreisler of old. In the strength and certainty of his left hand his instrument became a toy that he could play with at will, its difficulties mere child's play and its intricacies only a part of the game to make it interesting. His frictionless bow seemed to caress resonance from the strings without touching them, and one could almost swear that the sound continued to come after the bow had stopped. His tone seemed smaller than usual, but it was perfection in its smoothness and clarity.

Hackneyed as is the Mendelssohn E minor concerto, it is so only because so many people play at it. Kreisler plays it. He does not take it as an exercise for an advanced pupil nor as something with which to show the cleverness of his technic. He becomes a part of it, throws his whole self into it, and the technic becomes lost in the amazing temperament of the artist. He took the first and last movements at tremendous tempos, quite at variance with anything that the average violinist dares, yet they lost none of their dignity thereby; it seemed, on the contrary, to be quite in keeping with the rushing mood of the player and swept his hearers along to a whirlwind climax that left them almost breathless at the end.

The orchestral part of the program was less interesting than those usually offered by Dr. Muck. Sibelius' splendid "Finlandia" poem was interpreted with all of the organization's accustomed mastery of tonal effects and proved a stirring performance, but the "Genoveva" overture of Schumann is by no means the most interesting of that composer's works, and the symphony, performed for the first time in this city, was too puzzling to be satisfying. It was by Joseph Guy Marie Ropartz, a living composer and former pupil of Cesar Franck. It is always unfair to judge of a symphony from a first hearing, but this one appeared to hold little promise of desire for closer acquaintance. It was fragile and "sketchy," suggesting many ambitious beginnings with no power to develop to adequate conclusions, the thematic episodes being at times naively attractive, but strung together with no cohesion and without clear progression toward an ultimate effect.

From BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

The Boston Orchestra

New Symphony by Ropartz and Fritz Kreisler as Soloist Are Features

FRITZ KREISLER as soloist and a new symphony by Guy Ropartz were the outstanding features of interest at the third concert of the local season by the Boston Orchestra at the Academy of Music last evening. An audience that strained the capacity of the house found little over which to vent its obvious desire to enthuse until the appearance in the closing number of the distinguished Viennese virtuoso, who, however, was greeted with a warmth of cordiality that became intensified into prolonged and tumultuous applause when he had finished playing Mendelssohn's famous concerto.

Kreisler's recent experiences with his regiment of Austrian Uhlans on the firing line, where he was wounded, are still plainly written on his countenance. He walks with a barely perceptible limp that betrays the tenderness of his injury, but there are lines in his face

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and certain nervous mannerisms while he is playing that are unfamiliar to his stalwart, almost heroic, stature. Whereas his bowing was once wont to be easy and gracefully swinging, almost seemingly nonchalant, it is now tense and meticulous. His gaze that used to roam over the auditorium, is now fixed upon his finger-board; his jaw is set with a contracted determination and occasionally there are convulsive jerkings of the head and neck during or following some particularly difficult passage.

But there is no diminution of the marvelous proficiency of the left hand, and the golden tone that sonorously pours from his instrument is greater, richer, more beautiful than ever. It is not given often to local audiences to hear such violin playing. Seemingly there are no depths, no shadows or high lights, no kind or quality of violin color that he is not master of.

Kreisler comes by his love of this concerto naturally. One might almost say that it is his especial heritage, having passed in a direct line from David, Mendelssohn's concertmeister at Leipsic, for whom it was written and by whom its technical difficulties were developed, to Joachim, his pupil, and then to Hellmesberger, early tutor of the present artist. It has suffered frequently at the hands of ambitious youth and so appears somewhat hackneyed to modern audiences, but, invested with the imagination and fire of Kreisler it takes on fresh inspiration.

Ropartz's symphony, No. 4, in C Major, is a work that will probably not live long in the memory of those who heard it. It was composed in 1910 and was played for the first time at a Lamoureux Concert in Paris in October, 1911. It served to introduce a composer who is little known on this side of the Atlantic, although he has some fame in France, being the director of the Conservatory at Nancy and, next to Vincent D'Indy, one of the most prominent disciples of Cesar Franck, whose style and peculiarities the symphony not only suggests, but clearly seems to imitate.

Played without a pause, and lasting for half an hour, the work displays the qualities of musicianship that appeal to the students of form and development rather than to the emotions of the auditor. There is a wealth of thematic invention and many lovely little melodies pursuing each other in refined abandon through the choirs, but none of the fire and vigor that catch the casual listener. The characteristic avoidance of certain tones in the scale in a manner that is almost pedantic; the employment of readily identifiable twists and figures in the phrasing; the allotment of the various voices, speak with the nomenclature of Franck so palpably that the nidividuality of the composer is virtually lost. It is Franck without Franck's coherence, and the audience seemed puzzled most of the time.

By far the most enjoyable purely orchestral number was Sibelius's tone poem, "Finlandia," which has been heard here before, but gains in interest with rehearing. Dr. Muck infused this eloquent outpouring of Finland's national spirit with fine feeling. The quaintly plaintive folk-song that is the chief theme was beautifully played by the woodwinds and the brasses, in the martial song at the opening and close, blended with a pureness of tone that is always notable in this organization.

The other number of the evening was Schumann's well-known overture to his operatic failure, "Genoveva." While mewhat old-fashioned and mawkishly still a work worth hearing, warmth

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From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.

Date

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Fritz Kreisler, Violinist, Will Appear with Boston Orchestra To-night.

Fritz Kreisler, the great Austrian violinist, will make his only appearance of the season in this city this evening as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its third concert in Infantry Hall at 8:15. Mr. Kreisler kindly consented on short notice to take the place of Madame Schumann-Heink, who had been announced as soloist. Madame Schumann-Heink is seriously ill in Chicago and it was impossible for her to come East.

The programme is as follows: Overture to "Genoveva," Schumann; symphony No. 4 C-major (played with pause; first time in Providence), Ropartz; variations on a theme by Joseph Haydn, Brahms; concerto for violin in E minor, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy; Overture, "Tannhauser," Wagner.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

Es 1884

MUSIC

It is not hard to disengage from the wealth of goodness brought by the Boston Symphony last night. Those particular blessings which made the evening glorious. They were the orchestra, its leader and its soloist. Beside these three the playing of a new symphony was almost an inconsidered trifle.

Not that the fourth symphony of Guy Ropartz is light as air. There are moments in it when one wishes it were; wishes that it possessed the tonic vigor of air instead of provoking murk in which it is produced. (Were the composer a Debussy-ite instead of a Franckian, one should call the latter atmosphere diatonic. The instant enthusiasm in which the symphony produced was al

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most negligible; in the course of its uninterrupted 30 minutes the program notes were almost as keenly followed by a goodly part of the audience as was the music.

Yet there is in this Ropartz composition a certain degree of beauty; there are appealing themes, generally unachieved or frustrated; there is an interesting, but not terrifying complexity of orchestration. The inevitable ascending question of the pseudo-Franckians is heard, but (unlike Franck's famous question in his symphony) the query is more importunate than dignified, more a complaint than a mediation. It is asked in the woodwind, to which the tragic composers are partial, but before it assumes any authority, it is elaborated almost out of existence in orchestration.

Deep feeling and high thinking seem equally absent in the symphony—sheer tonal beauty there is, but it is subordinated to the unsatisfactory emotion and the flaccid intellect which the symphony must express. And the fact that it was superbly played, the string and wind choirs being both at their best in it, makes one wonder whether even its obvious beauties do not owe their inspiration more to Boston than to Nancy.

Doctor Muck could not have expected that after the "Finlandia," as he led it, and the orchestra played, one could listen with patience and responsiveness to Ropartz. To Franck, yes eternally. To the Franckians, no. Because Doctor Muck's "Finlandia" had a wealth of human riches, had his own understanding, his thought and his inspiration. Conducting, as he does always, with seeming indifference, he evoked the music's own passion. His hand was not raised against, but with the music.

Let it be said with some finality that there is more than one greatness, more than one perfection in conducting music, and that Doctor Muck has come closer to one of these perfections than any other conductor whose measure we may now take. If that perfection is said to be cold, it will be remembered that such warmth as he brings from his orchestra is not often felt, if it be called unimaginative it will be remembered that such imaginings as he stirs are the guerdon of but two or three other conductors in our time. These things it has been called. But if you call it inhuman, you err. It is merely superhuman, at times, and splendidly human for the most. But to be truly human is a pleasure reserved, also for the few.

Among them is Mr. Kreisler, who played last night for the second time this season in Philadelphia. His is the art which leaves nothing to be said, yet it seems to demand that everything be said again. As to the conducting of Doctor Muck, it is the negation of everything weak, of everything febrile and excessive—of everything romantic, in fact. Yet neither is classical; the just term is humanistic. Because in them there is all passion, with a splendid dignity and discipline. Nothing is barred out; the world is accepted and ordered and made beautiful.

Mr. Kreisler played last night a concerto of Mendelssohn. Its allegro is of an extraordinary virtuosity; the impeccable technique of the artist took the cadenzas with a noble facility. But its second movement, tender and sentimental and moving, was played with such justness of feeling as to be heartbreaking. "There is a high breathlessness about auty which cancels lust and superstion," a poet and philosopher of our time s said. That beauty is Mr. Kreisler's.

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om BULLETIN
dress: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

1884

FRITZ KREISLER, the great Austrian violinist, will be the soloist at the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Academy of Music on Monday evening. He will play the Mendelssohn Concerto in E Minor, one of the great public favorites of the master.

The orchestral numbers will be Sibelius's tone poem, "Finlandia," the Fourth Symphony in C Major of Guy Ropartz and Schumann's Overture, "Genoveva." Ropratz's Symphony will be heard here for the first time. It had its first performance in this country by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Doctor Muck, in Boston, last October, and has been played by him with much success in several cities. Ropartz, who is the director of the Conservatory of Music of Nancy, is a man now nearly middle age and belongs to that group of French composers who got not only their instruction but their absolute inspiration from the great Belgian, Cesar Franck. The Symphony is played without pause and lasts about half hour.

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Fritz Kreisler is the soloist for the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Academy of Music tomorrow evening. He will play the Mendelssohn concerto in E Minor. It is interesting to know that Mr. Kreisler regards this concerto of Mendelssohn as the most grateful work in the literature of the violin.

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director of the Conservatory of

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PROGRAM

"Finlandia," symphonic poem..........Sibelius
Fourth Symphony in C...............Ropartz
"Genoveva," overture...............Schumann
Concerto for violin ....Mendelssohn

Whether expectancy of the soloist overhung the mood of the auditors or not, the forepart of the Boston Symphony concert at the Academy last evening felt lethargic and lacking in atmospheric electricity. The "Finlandia," with its splendid sweeping hymn, as of the mute anguish of an undertrodden people finding voice at last, gave the brasses an imperious heraldry, with resolute support from the double basses. The "Genoveva" overture, not Schumann in his highest estate, holds much of lyric picturesqueness and romantic feeling, and it received a painstaking, if not quite an enamored, reading at the hands of Doctor Muck and his men.

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From **EVENING TELEGRAM**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**

Date

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Violinist Creates Unusual Enthusiasm at Concert of Organization at the Academy.

Fritz Kreisler, war veteran and wizard of the violin, served not only to draw more than a capacity house to the Academy last night, but to stir his audience to such a pitch of enthusiasm as is seldom seen over an orchestral soloist. In the terms of the track, the Boston Symphony Orchestra "also ran"—that is, it was their concert, but Kreisler's house.

The soloist limped from his service-wound more than he did at his recent recital. He seemed, during the pauses, to be in physical pain and looked drawn and unwell, but the moment he raised his violin all impression of weakness or nervousness vanished, and he was once more the virile, fiery, capable Kreisler of old. In the strength and certainty of his left hand his instrument became a toy that he could play with at will, its difficulties mere child's play and its intricacies only a part of the game to make it interesting. His frictionless bow seemed to caress resonance from the strings without touching them, and one could almost swear that the sound continued to come after the bow had stopped. His tone seemed smaller than usual, but it was perfection in its smoothness and clarity.

Hackneyed as is the Mendelssohn E minor concerto, it is so only because so many people play at it. Kreisler plays it. He does not take it as an exercise for an advanced pupil nor as something with which to show the cleverness of his technic. He becomes a part of it, throws his whole self into it, and the technic becomes lost in the amazing temperament of the artist. He took the first and last movements at tremendous tempos, quite at variance with anything that the average violinist dares, yet they lost none of their dignity thereby; it seemed, on the contrary, to be quite in keeping with the rushing mood of the player and swept his hearers along to a whirlwind climax that left them almost breathless at the end.

The orchestral part of the program was less interesting than those usually offered by Dr. Muck. Sibelius' splendid "Finlandia" poem was interpreted with all of the organization's accustomed mastery of tonal effects and proved a stirring performance, but the "Genoveva" overture of Schumann is by no means the most interesting of that composer's works, and the symphony, performed for the first time in this city, was too puzzling to be satisfying. It was by Joseph Guy Marie Ropartz, a living composer and former pupil of Cesar Franck. It is always unfair to judge of a symphony from a first hearing, but this one appeared to hold little promise of desire for closer acquaintance. It was fragile and "sketchy," suggesting many ambitious beginnings with no power to develop to adequate conclusions, the thematic episodes being at times naively attractive, but strung together with no cohesion and without clear progression toward an ultimate effect.

From **BULLETIN**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**

Date

The Boston Orchestra

New Symphony by Ropartz and Fritz Kreisler as Soloist Are Features

FRITZ KREISLER as soloist and a new symphony by Guy Ropartz were the outstanding features of interest at the third concert of the local season by the Boston Orchestra at the Academy of Music last evening. An audience that strained the capacity of the house found little over which to vent its obvious desire to enthuse until the appearance in the closing number of the distinguished Viennese virtuoso, who, however, was greeted with a warmth of cordiality that became intensified into prolonged and tumultuous applause when he had finished playing Mendelssohn's famous concerto.

Kreisler's recent experiences with his regiment of Austrian Uhlans on the firing line, where he was wounded, are still plainly written on his countenance. He walks with a barely perceptible limp that betrays the tenderness of his injury, but there are lines in his face and certain nervous mannerisms while he is playing that are unfamiliar to his stalwart, almost heroic, stature. Whereas his bowing was once wont to be easy and gracefully swinging, almost seemingly nonchalant, it is now tense and meticulous. His gaze that used to roam over the auditorium, is now fixed upon his finger-board; his jaw is set with a contracted determination and occasionally there are convulsive jerkings of the head and neck during or following some particularly difficult passage.

But there is no diminution of the marvelous proficiency of the left hand, and the golden tone that sonorously pours from his instrument is greater, richer, more beautiful than ever. It is not given often to local audiences to hear such violin playing. Seemingly there are no depths, no shadows or high lights, no kind or quality of violin color that he is not master of.

Kreisler comes by his love of this concerto naturally. One might almost say that it is his especial heritage, having passed in a direct line from David, Mendelssohn's concertmeister at Leipsic, for whom it was written and by whom its technical difficulties were developed, to Joachim, his pupil, and then to Hellmesberger, early tutor of the present artist. It has suffered frequently at the hands of ambitious youth and so appears somewhat hackneyed to modern audiences, but, invested with the imagination and fire of Kreisler it takes on fresh inspiration.

Ropartz's symphony, No. 4, in C Major, is a work that will probably not live long in the memory of those who heard it. It was composed in 1910 and was played for the first time at a Lamoureux Concert in Paris in October, 1911. It served to introduce a composer who is little known on this side of the Atlantic, although he has some fame in France, being the director of the Conservatory at Nancy and, next to Vincent D'Indy, one of the most prominent disciples of Cesar Franck, whose style and peculiarities the symphony not only suggests, but clearly seems to imitate.

Played without a pause, and lasting for half an hour, the work displays the qualities of musicianship that appeal to the students of form and development rather than to the emotions of the auditor. There is a wealth of thematic invention and many lovely little melodies pursuing each other in refined abandon through the choirs, but none of the fire and vigor that catch the casual listener. The characteristic avoidance of certain tones in the scale in a manner that is almost pedantic; the employment of readily identifiable twists and figures in the phrasing; the allotment of the various voices, speak with the nomenclature of Franck so palpably that the nidividuality of the composer is virtually lost. It is Franck without Franck's coherence, and the audience seemed puzzled most of the time.

By far the most enjoyable purely orchestral number was Sibelius's tone poem, "Finlandia," which has been heard here before, but gains in interest with rehearing. Dr. Muck infused this eloquent outpouring of Finland's national spirit with fine feeling. The quaintly plaintive folk-song that is the chief theme was beautifully played by the woodwinds and the brasses, in the martial song at the opening and close, blended with a pureness of tone that is always notable in this organization.

The other number of the evening was Schumann's well-known overture to his operatic failure, "Genoveva." While somewhat old-fashioned and mawkishly romantic, it is still a work worth hearing, but only when played with more warmth than the orchestra gave it on this occasion.

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soloist with the chestra at its third concert in Hall at 8:15. Mr. Kreisler kind consented on short notice to take the place of Madame Schumann-Heink, who had been announced as soloist. Madame Schumann-Heink is seriously ill in Chicago and it was impossible for her to come East.

The programme is as follows: Overture to "Genoveva," Schumann; symphony No. 4 C-major (played with pause; first time in Providence), Ropartz; variations on a theme by Joseph Haydn, Brahms; concerto for violin in E minor, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy; Overture, "Tannhauser," Wagner.

From **PUBLIC LEDGER**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**

Date

MUSIC

It is not hard to disengage fr wealth of goodness brought by the Symphony last night. Those pa blessings which made the evenin ious. They were the orchestra, its leader and its soloist. Beside these three the playing of a new symphony was almost an inconsidered trifle.

Not that the fourth symphony of Guy Ropartz is light as air. There are moments in it when one wishes it were; wishes that it possessed the tonic vigor of air instead of provoking murk in which it is produced. (Were the composer a Debussy-ite instead of a Franckian, one should call the latter atmosphere diatonic. The instant enthusiasm in which the symphony produced was almost negligible; in the course of its uninterrupted 30 minutes the program notes were almost as keenly followed by a goodly part of the audience as was the music.

Yet there is in this Ropartz composition a certain degree of beauty; there are appealing themes, generally unachieved or frustrated; there is an interesting, but not terrifying complexity of orchestration. The inevitable ascending question of the pseudo-Franckians is heard, but (unlike Franck's famous question in his symphony) the query is more importunate than dignified, more a complaint than a mediation. It is asked in the woodwind, to which the tragic composers are partial, but before it assumes any authority, it is elaborated almost out of existence in orchestration.

Deep feeling and high thinking seem equally absent in the symphony—sheer tonal beauty there is, but it is subordinated to the unsatisfactory emotion and the flaccid intellect which the symphony must express. And the fact that it was superbly played, the string and wind choirs being both at their best in it, makes one wonder whether even its obvious beauties do not owe their inspiration more to Boston than to Nancy.

Doctor Muck could not have expected that after the "Finlandia," as he led it, and the orchestra played, one could listen with patience and responsiveness to Ropartz. To Franck, yes eternally. To the Franckians, no. Because Doctor Muck's "Finlandia" had a wealth of human riches, had his own understanding, his thought and his inspiration. Conducting, as he does always, with seeming indifference, he evoked the music's own passion. His hand was not raised against, but with the music.

Let it be said with some finality that there is more than one greatness, more than one perfection in conducting music, and that Doctor Muck has come closer to one of these perfections than any other conductor whose measure we may now take. If that perfection is said to be cold, it will be remembered that such warmth as he brings from his orchestra is not often felt, if it be called unimaginative it will be remembered that such imaginings as he stirs are the guerdon of but two or three other conductors in our time. These things it has been called. But if you call it inhuman, you err. It is merely superhuman, at times, and splendidly human for the most. But to be truly human is a pleasure reserved, also for the few.

Among them is Mr. Kreisler, who played last night for the second time this season in Philadelphia. His is the art which leaves nothing to be said, yet it seems to demand that everything be said again. As to the conducting of Doctor Muck, it is the negation of everything weak, of everything febrile and excessive—of everything romantic, in fact. Yet neither is classical; the just term is humanistic. Because in them there is all passion, with a splendid dignity and discipline. Nothing is barred out; the world is accepted and ordered and made beautiful.

Mr. Kreisler played last night a concerto of Mendelssohn. Its allegro is of an extraordinary virtuosity; the impeccable technique of the artist took the cadenzas with a noble facility. But its second movement, tender and sentimental and moving, was played with such justness of feeling as to be heartbreaking. "There is a high breathlessness about beauty which cancels lust and superstition," a poet and philosopher of our time has said. That beauty is Mr. Kreisler's.

From **BULLETIN**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**

Date

FRITZ KREISLER, the great Austrian violinist, will be the soloist at the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Academy of Music on Monday evening. He will play the Mendelssohn Concerto in E Minor, one of the great public favorites of the master.

The orchestral numbers will be Sibelius's tone poem, "Finlandia," the Fourth Symphony in C Major of Guy Ropartz and Schumann's Overture, "Genoveva." Ropratz's Symphony will be heard here for the first time. It had its first performance in this country by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Doctor Muck, in Boston, last October, and has been played by him with much success in several cities. Ropartz, who is the director of the Conservatory of Music of Nancy, is a man now nearly middle age and belongs to that group of French composers who got not only their instruction but their absolute inspiration from the great Belgian, Cesar Franck. The Symphony is played without pause and lasts about a half hour.

From
Address
Date

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director of Conservatory of

95

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY HAS KREISLER TO PLAY

Stokowski Will Offer Beethoven Works and Elena Gerhardt Will Sing.

PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION

Matinee Musical Club's Concert—Charles Anthony Here. Samaroff Recital.

Fritz Kreisler, the great Austrian violinist, will make his first appearance of the season with orchestra at the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Academy of Music tomorrow evening. He will play the Mendelssohn Concerto in E Minor. It is interesting to know that Kreisler regards this concerto of Mendelssohn as the most grateful work in the literature of the violin. Certain it is that it is one of the most melodious and one of the great public favorites.

The orchestral selections will be Sibelius' tone poem, "Finlandia," the Fourth Symphony in C major of Guy Ropartz and Schumann's overture. "Genoveva." Ropartz's Symphony will be heard here for the first time. It had its first performance in this country by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Muck, in Boston last October, and has been played with much success in several cities. Ropartz, who is the director of the Conservatory of Music of Nancy, is a man now nearly middle age and belongs to that group of French composers who got not only their instruction, but their absolute inspiration from the great Belgian, Cesar Franck. Perhaps of all the men who studied with Franck and have since gained fame, Ropartz stands nearest his master. The symphony is played without pause and lasts about a half-hour.

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wspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

POST

Washington, D. C.

The Boston Symphony concert, Fritz Kreisler as the soloist, attr an euthusiastic and fashionable audience which filled the National Theater yesterday afternoon. Mrs. James McMillan entertained a box party, her guests including Mrs. Philip Sheridan, Miss Patten, and Mrs. Preston Gibson. In Mrs. Calderon Carlisle's box were Mrs. Walter Bruce Howe, Mrs. Adolph Caspar Miller, Miss Rosalie Stang, Miss Patterson, and Miss Hegeman. Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh had with her in her box Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. David Jayne Hill, and her daughter, Miss Katherine Hill, and Miss Mott. Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt entertained a party in the German Ambassador's box. Gen. and Mrs. Crozier, Mr. and Mrs. Lisner, and Mrs. I. T. Mann also entertained box parties.. Among others in the audience were Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, Miss Yvonne Townsend, Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, Mrs. Julian James, Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell, Mrs. A. W. Greely, Miss Josephine Patten, Mrs. Joseph E. Kuhn, Mrs. Richard Ely, Mrs. George E. Wilder, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Clover, Mrs. S. B. Williamson, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. William A. Slater, Mrs. Mahlon Pitney, Mr. Arnold Hague, Mrs. Willis Van Devanter, Mrs. William L. Marshall, Miss Hagner, Mrs. William A. Hammond, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner Randolph, Miss Lee, Miss Virginia Miller, Mrs. Nelson Read Johnson, Miss Marian Van Buren, Mrs. David Kindleberger, Miss Pauline Kindleberger, Miss Frances Noyes, Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kirke Porter, Mrs. Frederick De Courcy Faust, Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard, Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. William Kearney Carr, Mr. and Mrs. George Eustis, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, Mrs. James Harlan, Miss Laura Harlan, Mrs. John Crayke Simpson, Miss Fogg, Mrs. Christian Heurich, Miss Keyser, Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe, Mrs. Randolph McKim, Mrs. George Becker, Mrs. John Culp, Mrs. Percy Quin, Mrs. John W. Davidge, Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Russell, Mrs. Israel Putman, Mrs. Edward Douglas White, Mrs. Hugh Wallace, Miss Schroeder, Mrs. John W. Weeks, the Swedish Minister and Mme. Ekengren, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, Mrs. James Parmelee, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Atherton, and Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilmer.

TIMES

Washington, D. C.

N 6 19

brilliant audience gathered yester afternoon for the Boston Symph Orchestra concert, at which Fri reisler was the soloist. Prince an rincess Hatzfeldt entertained a part the German ambassador's box; Mr homas F. Walsh had with her Mr urton Harrison, Mrs. David Jayne H and her daughter, Miss Katherin Hi and Miss Mott. Mrs. James McMilla was hostess at a box party, her guest including Mrs. Preston Gibson, Mrs. Philip Sheridan and Miss Patten. In Mrs. Calderon Carlisle's box were Mrs. Walter Bruce Howe, Mrs. Adolph Caspar Miller, Miss Rosalie Stang, Miss Patterson, and Miss Hegeman. Gen. and Mrs. Crozier, and Mr. and Mrs. Lisner also entertained box parties. Mrs. I. T. Mann had with her Mrs. John B. Henderson, Miss Baugher, Miss Henley and Miss Elizabeth Henry. Among others in the audience were Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, Miss Yvonne Townsend, Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, Mrs. Julian James, Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell, Mrs. A. W. Greely, Miss Josephine Patten, Mrs. Joseph E. Kuhn, Mrs. Richard Ely, Mrs. George E. Wilder, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Clover, Mrs. S. B. Williamson, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. William A. Slater, Mrs. Mahlon Pitney, Mr. Arnold Hague, Mrs. Willis Van Devanter, Mrs. William L. Marshall, Miss Hagner, Mrs. William A. Hammond, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner Randolph, Miss Lee, Miss Virginia Miller, Mrs. Nelson Read Johnson, Miss Marian Van Buren, Mrs. David Kindleberger, Miss Pauline Kindleberger, Miss Frances Noyes, Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kirke Porter, Mrs. Frederick De Courcy Faust, Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard, Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. William Kearney Carr, Mr. and Mrs. George Eustis, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, Mrs. James Harlan, Miss Laura Harlan, Mrs. John Crayke Simpson, Miss Fogg, Mrs. Christian Hemmick, Miss Keyser, Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe, Mrs. Randolph McKim, Mrs. George Becker, Mrs. John Culp, Mrs. Percy Quin, Mrs. John W. Davidge, Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Russell, Mrs. Israel Putman, Mrs. Edward Douglas White, Mrs. Hugh Wallace, Miss Schroeder, Mrs. John W. Weeks, the Swedish Minister and Mme. Ekengren, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, Mrs. James Parmlee, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Atherton, and Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilmer.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TIMES

Address: Washington, D. C.

Date AN 6 1915

KREISLER AUDIENCE FORGETS ITS DINNER

Boston Symphony Concert Is Productive of Unusual Tribute to Violinist.

Fritz Kreisler, soloist at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert, although he may not know it, received a higher compliment yesterday afternoon at the National Theater than is often accorded by Washington music lovers.

To understand the compliment one must know that the Boston Symphony never allows encores. Therefore, the house could hope to attain nothing in the way of music by a continued applause. Also, let it be understood, that Washington people, although firm upholders of the Boston Symphony, so much so that the concerts have become red-letter days in the social and musical calendar, are not so esthetic, but what they want their dinners when 6 o'clock comes.

As the hour hand creeps toward six a curious restlessness seizes the audience, and all over the theater hungry folk, or perhaps those to whom 6 o'clock is a call to duty, rise from their seats and make their way out with backward looks of regret.

The restlessness begins at 5:45, and continuous until 6. But yeserday al of the dinner engagements in the world and the thought of hungry children at home could not have called that audience away.

As a matter of fact, they calmly remained in the theater and applauded long after 6 o'clock! For at the fateful moment, 5:45, Fritz Kreisler was on the stage, and playing with even more beauty of tone and poise than ever before.

That he was glad to be in America, glad to have his violin under his chin, and to feel the unseen bond between himself and an audience eager for every note, was shown in every move.

The audience did not applaud so vociferously, they did not "make the house ring," but they gave a wonderfully impressive tribute, standing in their places, and applauding gently in a vain effort to show their appreciation of this return. All of this after 6 o'clock!

The symphony was Beethoven's Eighth, followed by the overture to "Genoveva," Schumann, opus 81. The numbers played by Kreisler were rich in material for the exploitation of tone and technique, Brahm's variations of a theme of Josef Hayln, opus 56a, and the Fantasia of Scottish Airs, for violin and orchestra, by Burch.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony will be given on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 16. Kreisler will be heard in concert at the same theater on the afternoon of January 26.

F. Y.

From TIMES

Address: Washington, D. C.

Date JAN 3 - 915

KREISLER COMES AS SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Austrian Violinist Will Play Here Tuesday With the Boston Orchestra.

Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian violinist, will make his first appearance of the season in this city as solosist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday afternoon at 4:30, in the National Theater. Mr Kreisler returned to the United states in the latter part of November, having been rischarged from the Austrian army after a short term of service.

During the past week he made his initial appearance in New York before a capacity audience that overflowed to the platform and scarcely allowed space for the piano and the violinist, himself. He will play Bruch's "Scotch Fantasy," arranged for violin and orchestra at the Tuesday concert.

phony will be the Eighth in

From EVENING SUN

Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date

The holidays being over, the musical life of Baltimore will now be resumed and the next few weeks promise to be weeks of no little activity in the realm of harmony.

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, will take place on Wednesday evening at the Lyric, when we will once more have the pleasure of hearing Fritz Kreisler, the great genius of the violin, who will paly the Beethoven violin concerto in D major. As he does not seem to be playing this work anywhere else this season one reads with interest that he is giving it here "at the request of the Baltimore musicians." As a result we are to have a program that opens with a Wagner overture and a modern French symphony and then harks back to the classics, an arrangement that is always more or less disconcerting.

The "Faust" overture by Wagner is particularly interesting, because of its scoring. You will recall, perhaps, that it begins with a long and difficult phrase played by the bass tuba and double basses. This is the famous phrase that no tuba player was ever able to play as it was written until the invention, a few years ago, of the aerophor, an artificial means of blowing wind instruments. Mr. Mattersteig, the tuba player of the Boston Orchestra, uses the aerophor continually, so that now the opening measures of the overture are played as they never could have been in Wagner's own time.

The Ropartz symphony in C major, which will be heard in Baltimore for the first time, is a work that Dr. Muck introduced to this country last October. It is very short, lasting but half an hour, and is played without pause, so it behooves the tardy to be in their places before it begins, else they will miss it entirely.

As I told you last week its composer is the head of the Conservatoire at Nancy. He is, however, a pupil of Cesar Frank and belongs to the little coterie of French composers who got so much inspiration from the great Belgian.

The violin concerto will be the last number on the program. It will be preceded, however, by the Beethoven "Egmont" overture.

From

Address Baltimore, Md.

Date

Symphony Orchestra To Be At Lyric January 6

It is a program of extraordinary interest that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play at its third concert in this city in the Lyric Theater next Wednesday evening, January 6. The soloist will be Fritz Kreisler, who a few weeks ago aroused such enthusiasm here by his recital, and he will play the Beethoven Concerto. This will be his only performance of the Beethoven Concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra this year.

The orchestral numbers will be Wagner's "A Faust Overture", Ropartz's Symphony in C major, No. 4, a novelty, and Beethoven's "Egmont Overture."

Ropartz's Symphony in C major, which will be heard in Baltimore for the first time, is a work which Dr. Muck introduced to this country last October. It is short, lasting but 30 minutes and is played without pause.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TRIBUNE

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date

SYMPHONY CONCERT AIDED BY KREISLER

Noted Violinist Added Greatly to Enjoyment Given by Boston Orchestra.

Despite the handicap of extremely bad weather there was a large audience at Infantry Hall last night for the third concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and all who attended were fully repaid for braving the rain and the icy sidewalks. As usual there was a warm welcome for the orchestra and an equally hearty greeting for Fritz Kreisler, the noted Austrian violinist, who was the soloist of the evening.

There was naturally much disappointment at the inability through illness of Mme. Schumann-Heink to fill her engagement to assist at this concert, for she is a favorite here and never fails to receive a flattering ovation when she comes. That disappointment, however, could hardly have been assuaged more completely than by the substitution of the great violinist. Mr. Kreisler is also no stranger to Providence music lovers and is always sure of an enthusiastic welcome when he plays in this city. That welcome was made the more hearty and cordial on this visit because of his recent serious service on the battlefield in the ranks of the army of his native land and the knowledge that he narrowly escaped death and still bears the wound of a bullet. The world loves a hero and there was consequently in the reception that was accorded the violinist last night not only recognition of his ability as a musician but also of his bravery as a soldier.

For the orchestra Dr. Muck, the director, had arranged a programme of great charm, the special feature of interest being the rendition for the first time in this city of the Fourth Symphony of Guy Ropartz. The composer is a Frenchman at the head of the Conservatoire of Nancy and a pupil of the noted Cesar Franck. He is generally regarded as the worthy successor of his teacher who left a deep impress on him by his teaching and influence. This symphony is much shorter than those usually played by the orchestra, being in one movement, and shows many characteristicts of the great teacher of the composer. It is smooth and melodious and decidedly pleasing in its composition and admirable in its execution at the hands of this orchestra. It has not the robust and sonorous quality that pertains to most other symphonies, but is in a lighter vein and its beauties are hidden and mo subtle.

In addition to the symphony, the orchestral numbers included Schuman's overture to "Genoveva," Brahm's; variations on a theme by Josef Haydn and Wagner's overture to "Tannhauser." These formed a marked contrast to the symphony and were listened to with tense interest and keen enjoyment. They gave variety to the programme and were fully appreciated by the audience.

Mr. Kreisler as his selection played Mendelssohn's Concerto for violin and orchestra in E-minor and his rendition showed that he has lost none of his cunning and skill with the violin. There was the same brilliant technique, sympathy of expression, keenness of perception and interpretation and richness of tone that always mark his work. The concerto, though not new to those who love the best in music, is always enjoyable and was received with hearty expressions of approval that brought the artist back to the stage four times before the audience was satisfied.

The programme in its proper order was as follows:

Schumann ..Overture to "Genoveva," Op. 81.
Ropartz ..Symphony No. 4, C-major (played without pause.)
First time in Providence.
Brahms ..Variations on Theme of Josef Raydn, Op, 56a.
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy..Concerto in E-minor, for Violin, Op. 64.
  I. Allegro molto appassionato.
  II. Andante.
  III. Allegretto non troppo, Allegro molto vivace.
Wagner ....Overture, "Tannhauser"

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY HAS KREISLER TO PLAY

Stokowski Will Offer Beethoven Works and Elena Gerhardt Will Sing.

PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION

Matinee Musical Club's Concert—Charles Anthony Here. Samaroff Recital.

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From POST

Address: Washington, D. C.

Date

Establis

The Boston Symphony concert, with Fritz Kreisler as the soloist, attracted an euthusiastic and fashionable audience which filled the National Theater yesterday afternoon. Mrs. James McMillan entertained a box party, her guests including Mrs. Philip Sheridan, Miss Patten, and Mrs. Preston Gibson. In Mrs. Calderon Carlisle's box were Mrs. Walter Bruce Howe, Mrs. Adolph Caspar Miller, Miss Rosalie Stang, Miss Patterson, and Miss Hegeman. Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh had with her in her box Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. David Jayne Hill, and her daughter, Miss Katherine Hill, and Miss Mott. Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt entertained a party in the German Ambassador's box. Gen. and Mrs. Crozier, Mr. and Mrs. Lisner, and Mrs. I. T. Mann also entertained box parties.. Among others in the audience were Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, Miss Yvonne Townsend, Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, Mrs. Julian James, Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell, Mrs. A. W. Greely, Miss Josephine Patten, Mrs. Joseph E. Kuhn, Mrs. Richard Ely, Mrs. George E. Wilder, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Clover, Mrs. S. B. Williamson, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. William A. Slater, Mrs. Mahlon Pitney, Mr. Arnold Hague, Mrs. Willis Van Devanter, Mrs. William L. Marshall, Miss Hagner, Mrs. William A. Hammond, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner Randolph, Miss Lee, Miss Virginia Miller, Mrs. Nelson Read Johnson, Miss Marian Van Buren, Mrs. David Kindleberger, Miss Pauline Kindleberger, Miss Frances Noyes, Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kirke Porter, Mrs. Frederick De Courcy Faust, Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard, Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. William Kearney Carr, Mr. and Mrs. George Eustis, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, Mrs. James Harlan, Miss Laura Harlan, Mrs. John Crayke Simpson, Miss Fogg, Mrs. Christian Heurich, Miss Keyser, Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe, Mrs. Randolph McKim, Mrs. George Becker, Mrs. John Culp, Mrs. Percy Quin, Mrs. John W. Davidge, Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Russell, Mrs. Israel Putman, Mrs. Edward Douglas White, Mrs. Hugh Wallace, Miss Schroeder, Mrs. John W. Weeks, the Swedish Minister and Mme. Ekengren, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, Mrs. James Parmelee, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Atherton, and Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilmer.

ES

Washington, D. C.

N 6 1915

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…ant audience gathered yester… …rnoon for the Boston Symph… …hestra concert, at which Fritz … was the soloist. Prince and … Hatzfeldt entertained a party … German ambassador's box; Mrs. … F. Walsh had with her Mrs. … Harrison, Mrs. David Jayne Hill …er daughter, Miss Katherin Hill, …Miss Mott. Mrs. James McMillan was hostess at a box party, her guests including Mrs. Preston Gibson, Mrs. Philip Sheridan and Miss Patten. In Mrs. Calderon Carlisle's box were Mrs. Walter Bruce Howe, Mrs. Adolph Caspar Miller, Miss Rosalie Stang, Miss Patterson, and Miss Hegeman. Gen. and Mrs. Crozier, and Mr. and Mrs. Lisner also entertained box parties. Mrs. I. T. Mann had with her Mrs. John B. Henderson, Miss Baugher, Miss Henley and Miss Elizabeth Henry. Among others in the audience were Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, Miss Yvonne Townsend, Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, Mrs. Julian James, Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell, Mrs. A. W. Greely, Miss Josephine Patten, Mrs. Joseph E. Kuhn, Mrs. Richard Ely, Mrs. George E. Wilder, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Clover, Mrs. S. B. Williamson, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. William A. Slater, Mrs. Mahlon Pitney, Mr. Arnold Hague, Mrs. Willis Van Devanter, Mrs. William L. Marshall, Miss Hagner, Mrs. William A. Hammond, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner Randolph, Miss Lee, Miss Virginia Miller, Mrs. Nelson Read Johnson, Miss Marian Van Buren, Mrs. David Kindleberger, Miss Pauline Kindleberger, Miss Frances Noyes, Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kirke Porter, Mrs. Frederick De Courcy Faust, Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard, Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. William Kearney Carr, Mr. and Mrs. George Eustis, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, Mrs. James Harlan, Miss Laura Harlan, Mrs. John Crayke Simpson, Miss Fogg, Mrs. Christian Hemmick, Miss Keyser, Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe, Mrs. Randolph McKim, Mrs. George Becker, Mrs. John Culp, Mrs. Percy Quin, Mrs. John W. Davidge, Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Russell, Mrs. Israel Putman, Mrs. Edward Douglas White, Mrs. Hugh Wallace, Miss Schroeder, Mrs. John W. Weeks, the Swedish Minister and Mme. Ekengren, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, Mrs. James Parmlee, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Atherton, and Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilmer.

Cutting Bureau in the World

MES

Washington, D. C.

AN 6 191

REISLER AUDIENCE FORGETS ITS DINNER

884

Boston Symphony Concert Is Productive of Unusual Tribute to Violinist.

Fritz Kreisler, soloist at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert, although he may not know it, received a higher compliment yesterday afternoon at the National Theater than is often accorded by Washington music lovers.

To understand the compliment one must know that the Boston Symphony never allows encores. Therefore, the house could hope to attain nothing in the way of music by a continued applause. Also, let it be understood, that Washington people, although firm upholders of the Boston Symphony, so much so that the concerts have become red-letter days in the social and musical calendar, are not so esthetic, but what they want their dinners when 6 o'clock comes.

As the hour hand creeps toward six a curious restlessness seizes the audience, and all over the theater hungry folk, or perhaps those to whom 6 o'clock is a call to duty, rise from their seats and make their way out with backward looks of regret.

The restlessness begins at 5:45, and continues until 6. But yeserday al of the dinner engagements in the world and the thought of hungry children at home could not have called that audience away.

As a matter of fact, they calmly remained in the theater and applauded long after 6 o'clock! For at the fateful moment, 5:45, Fritz Kreisler was on the stage, and playing with even more beauty of tone and poise than ever before.

That he was glad to be in America, glad to have his violin under his chin, and to feel the unseen bond between himself and an audience eager for every note, was shown in every move.

The audience did not applaud so vociferously, they did not "make the house ring," but they gave a wonderfully impressive tribute, standing in their places, and applauding gently in a vain effort to show their appreciation of this return. All of this after 6 o'clock!

The symphony was Beethoven's Eighth, followed by the overture to "Genoveva," Schumann, opus 81. The numbers played by Kreisler were rich in material for the exploitation of tone and technique, Brahm's variations of a theme of Josef Haydn, opus 56a, and the Fantasia of Scottish Airs, for violin and orchestra, by Burch.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony will be given on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 16. Kreisler will be heard in concert at the same theater on the afternoon of January 26.

F. Y.

GLOBE

Bureau in the World

gton, D. C.

JAN 8 . 91

R COMES AS PHONY SOLOIST

Austrian Violinist Will Play Here Tuesday With the Boston Orchestra.

Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian violinist, will make his first appearance of the season in this city as solosist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday afternoon at 4:30, in the National Theater. Mr Kreisler returned to the United states in the latter part of November, having been rischarged from the Austrian army after a short term of service.

During the past week he made his initial appearance in New York before a capacity audience that overflowed to the platform and scarcely allowed space for the piano and the violinist, himself. He will play Bruch's "Scotch Fantasy," arranged for violin and orchestra at the Tuesday concert.

The symphony will be the Eighth in F major, by Beethoven, and the other numbers are Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," and Brrams' variations on Haydn's "Chorale of St. Anthony.

Establi

The holidays being over, the musical life of Baltimore will now be resumed and the next few weeks promise to be weeks of no little activity in the realm of harmony.

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, will take place on Wednesday evening at the Lyric, when we will once more have the pleasure of hearing Fritz Kreisler, the great genius of the violin, who will paly the Beethoven violin concerto in D major. As he does not seem to be playing this work anywhere else this season one reads with interest that he is giving it here "at the request of the Baltimore musicians." As a result we are to have a program that opens with a Wagner overture and a modern French symphony and then harks back to the classics, an arrangement that is always more or less disconcerting.

The "Faust" overture by Wagner is particularly interesting, because of its scoring. You will recall, perhaps, that it begins with a long and difficult phrase played by the bass tuba and double basses. This is the famous phrase that no tuba player was ever able to play as it was written until the invention, a few years ago, of the aerophor, an artificial means of blowing wind instruments. Mr. Mattersteig, the tuba player of the Boston Orchestra, uses the aerophor continually, so that now the opening measures of the overture are played as they never could have been in Wagner's own time.

The Ropartz symphony in C major, which will be heard in Baltimore for the first time, is a work that Dr. Muck introduced to this country last October. It is very short, lasting but half an hour, and is played without pause, so it behooves the tardy to be in their places before it begins, else they will miss it entirely.

As I told you last week its composer is the head of the Conservatoire at Nancy. He is, however, a pupil of Cesar Frank and belongs to the little coterie of French composers who got so much inspiration from the great Belgian.

The violin concerto will be the last number on the program. It will be preceded, however, by the Beethoven "Egmont" overture.

From

Address Baltimore, Md.

Date

Symphony Orchestra To Be At Lyric January 6

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It is a program of extraordinary interest that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play at its third concert in this city in the Lyric Theater next Wednesday evening, January 6. The soloist will be Fritz Kreisler, who a few weeks ago aroused such enthusiasm here by his recital, and he will play the Beethoven Concerto. This will be his only performance of the Beethoven Concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra this year.

The orchestral numbers will be Wagner's "A Faust Overture", Ropartz's Symphony in C major, No. 4, a novelty, and Beethoven's "Egmont Overture."

Ropartz's Symphony in C major, which will be heard in Baltimore for the first time, is a work which Dr. Muck introduced to this country last October. It is short, lasting but 30 minutes and is played without pause.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TRIBUNE

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date

SYMPHONY CONCERT AIDED BY KREISLER

ork, 1884

Noted Violinist Added Greatly to Enjoyment Given by Boston Orchestra.

Despite the handicap of extremely bad weather there was a large audience at Infantry Hall last night for the third concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and all who attended were fully repaid for braving the rain and the icy sidewalks. As usual there was a warm welcome for the orchestra and an equally hearty greeting for Fritz Kreisler, the noted Austrian violinist, who was the soloist of the evening.

There was naturally much disappointment at the inability through illness of Mme. Schumann-Heink to fill her engagement to assist at this concert, for she is a favorite here and never fails to receive a flattering ovation when she comes. That disappointment, however, could hardly have been assuaged more completely than by the substitution of the great violinist. Mr. Kreisler is also no stranger to Providence music lovers and is always sure of an enthusiastic welcome when he plays in this city. That welcome was made the more hearty and cordial on this visit because of his recent serious service on the battlefield in the ranks of the army of his native land and the knowledge that he narrowly escaped death and still bears the wound of a bullet. The world loves a hero and there was consequently in the reception that was accorded the violinist last night not only recognition of his ability as a musician but also of his bravery as a soldier.

For the orchestra Dr. Muck, the director, had arranged a programme of great charm, the special feature of interest being the rendition for the first time in this city of the Fourth Symphony of Guy Ropartz. The composer is a Frenchman at the head of the Conservatoire of Nancy and a pupil of the noted Cesar Franck. He is generally regarded as the worthy successor of his teacher who left a deep impress on him by his teaching and influence. This symphony is much shorter than those usually played by the orchestra, being in one movement, and shows many characteristicts of the great teacher of the composer. It is smooth and melodious and decidedly pleasing in its composition and admirable in its execution at the hands of this orchestra. It has not the robust and sonorous quality that pertains to most other symphonies, but is in a lighter vein and its beauties are hidden and mo… subtle.

In addition to the symphony, the orchestral numbers included Schuman's overture to "Genoveva," Brahm's; variations on a theme by Josef Haydn and Wagner's overture to "Tannhauser." These formed a marked contrast to the symphony and were listened to with tense interest and keen enjoyment. They gave variety to the programme and were fully appreciated by the audience.

Mr. Kreisler as his selection played Mendelssohn's Concerto for violin and orchestra in E-minor and his rendition showed that he has lost none of his cunning and skill with the violin. There was the same brilliant technique, sympathy of expression, keenness of perception and interpretation and richness of tone that always mark his work. The concerto, though not new to those who love the best in music, is always enjoyable and was received with hearty expressions of approval that brought the artist back to the stage four times before the audience was satisfied.

The programme in its proper order was as follows:

Schumann ..Overture to "Genoveva," Op. 81.
Ropartz ..Symphony No. 4, C-major (played without pause.)
First time in Providence.
Brahms ..Variations on Theme of Josef Raydn, Op, 56a.
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy..Concerto in E-minor, for Violin, Op. 64.
I. Allegro molto appassionato.
II. Andante.
III. Allegretto non troppo, Allegro molto vivace.
Wagner ....Overture, "Tannhauser"

1884

884

The First Established and Most Comp
Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

It is always the policy of the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to have at least one very distinguished singer as soloist in its season in Providence. The inability of Mme. Schumann-Heink to appear here last Tuesday night undoubtedly caused disappointment to many lovers of good singing, but Mr. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, has made arrangements for the next concert which will more than repay the disappointment of the last. He has been able to secure the services for the concert which will be given Feb. 2 of Mme. Frieda Hempel, the prima donna coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Mme. Hempel, now that Sembrich has retired from opera, is the leading lyric soprano of the operatic stage to-day. She has had a career of extraordinary success in Berlin, London and New York. Her appearance here with the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be an event of unusual importance.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

FINE CONCERTS TO END YEAR

Third in the Series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Scheduled for Tuesday.

FRITZ KREISLER TO PLAY.

The Next Concert of the Steinert Series Will Be Given in Infantry Hall Dec. 31.

In local musical circles the announcement of the third in the series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will bring visions of a rare musical treat to a host of musical people of this city and its environs. The concert is to be given in Infantry Hall on Tuesday night, but contrary to expectations and announcement Mme. Schumann-Heinck, the famous contralto, will not be the soloist.

The reason for this is the sudden illness of Mme Schumann-Heinck.

Fritz Kreisler, the celebrated Austrian violinist, famous as the leading violinist of the world, however, has been engaged as the soloist, and will be heard in several numbers.

Fritz Kreisler's return to the concert stage from Europe, where he saw service and was wounded in the war—has stimulated interest in his work as never before, if this indeed, were possible.

As is well known this prince of violinists was miraculously saved from death on the battlefield of Lemberg and thrice happily recovered from a serious wound. At a recent concert in New York a vast throng, in Carnegie Hall, cheered him to the echo, as he limped upon the stage, and at the close of his performance, there was pandemonium.

For the orchestra on Tuesday night Dr. Muck has arranged a programme of great charm, the salient feature of which will be the first performance in Providence of the Fourth Symphony of Guy Ropartz, a Frenchman, and a pupil of the great Cesar Franck. The symphony is short and is in one movement. It is melodious in the best manner of French music and has no relationship to the dissonances of Debussy and his school.

The other numbers will be the "Genoveva," overture of Schumann, the "Tannhauser" overture of Wagner, and Brahm's great variations on a theme by Josef Haydn.

The programme in its proper order is as follows: Overture to "Genoveva," Op. 81, Schumann; Symphony, No. 4, C major (played without pause), Ropartz, first time in Providence; variations on a theme of Josef Haydn, Op. 56a, Brahms; overture, "Tannhauser," Wagner.

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

After a considerable period without any concerts of note, the coming week will be marked by two important musical events, in the third concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday evening and the third concert in the Steinert series on Thursday evening, which will end the year with more than the usual brilliancy from a musical standpoint.

* * *

As was announced yesterday, a sudden illness will prevent the appearance of Mme. Schumann-Heink at the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday evening in Infantry Hall. Her place will be filled by Fritz Kreisler, the celebrated Austrian violinist, to whose narrow escape from death in the European war is due his appearance in America. Fortunately, the wound which has incapacitated Mr. Kreisler for military service, has not impaired his ability as a violinist, and at this, his only appearance in this city this season, he will play the Mendelssohn Concerto for violin and orchestra in E-minor. This is expected to be Mr. Kreisler's only Providence appearance this season.

Notable in the interesting orchestral part of the programme will be the first performance in this city of the Fourth Symphony of Guy Ropartz. The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave this work its first performance in America at its second concert in Boston this season and has since played it with much success in other cities.

Ropartz is a Frenchman now approaching middle age, the head of the Conservatoire of Nancy. Like all the leading composers of France of his generation, he is a pupil of the great Cesar Franck, and is generally regarded as the true successor of that remarkable man. At any rate, Franck's teaching and influence have left a deeper impress on Ropartz than on any other of his school. His Fourth Symphony, which is short and is played without pause, has many of the characteristics of the composer's teacher. The curves of its melodies and the general orchestral treatment follow well along the lines laid out by the Belgian genius, and are decidedly pleasing to the ear.

The orchestral part of the programme is as follows: Schumann, Overture to "Genoveva," Op. 81; Ropartz, Symphony No. 4, C Major (played without pause), first time in Providence; Brahms, Variations on a Theme by Josef Haydn, op. 56a; Wagner, Overture, "Tannhauser."

* * *

From BULLETIN
Address Providence, R. I.
Date DEC 30 1914

FRITZ KREISLER IS FEATURE OF THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT

Noted Soldier-Violinist Wins Plaudits at Infantry Hall. New Composition by Ropartz, French Master, Given Here for First Time.

Seldom is it possible for a management to substitute one popular idol for another at short notice, but the announcement that Mme. Schumann-Heink was ill in Chicago and unable to fill her engagement to sing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its third concert in Infantry Hall last evening, contained also the news that in her place Fritz Kreisler, the eminent Austrian violinist, would play.

Probably no other soloist would have been able to compensate for the immeasurable regret felt for the absence of the beloved contralto; certainly no instrumentalist other than Mr. Kreisler could have won so spontaneous a welcome.

Added to the recognition always accorded to the favorite violinist was the warmth of greeting to one returned from the jaws of death, and as Mr. Kreisler stood waiting for the rolling waves of applause to subside, he must have been assured of his firm hold on the affection of music lovers in this city.

Of his performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto in E-minor, it seems futile to attempt to speak adequately. All the beauty of tone, brilliancy of technique and humanity of expression with which the public has become familiar in his playing, was evident, for which the sentiment brought about by the thought of what might have been gave an additional capacity for appreciation.

The concerto is a familiar one to concertgoers here, but every one knows the hold that old melodies have upon the heart, and the symmetrical structure and exquisite orchestration of the composition were never more beautifully demonstrated than in the performance last evening.

Mr. Kreisler in faultless tones expressed the individuality of thought and style in every phrase of the composer, perfectly supported by the orchestra under Dr. Muck in the passionate strains of the first movement, through the beautiful andante to the rippling vivacity of the finale.

The large audience gave expression to its undeniable satisfaction by applause so sustained that it kept Mr. Kreisler bowing his acknowledgment for a considerable space of time. Four times he was recalled after he had left the stage, before the resumption of the programme which in its proper sequence was as follows:

Schumann.....Overture to "Genoveva," Op. 81
Ropartz......Symphony No. 4, C-major (played without pause).
First time in Providence.
Brahms......Variations on a Theme of Josef Haydn, Op. 56a.
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy..Concerto in E-minor, for Violin, Op. 64.
I. Allegro molto appassionato.
II. Andante.
III. Allegretto non troppo,
Allegro molto vivace.
Wagner..............Overture, "Tannhauser"

If the public has clamored for novelty as well as for variety, both were accorded last evening, in the foregoing programme,; each of the composers represented, standing for a distinct form of musical utterance in the last century or more.

The overtures with which the programme began and ended were as different as the men by whom they were written, but were equally well played, the Tannhauser overture in its grandeur, offering a fitting anti-climax.

Of the Ropartz symphony it is difficult to speak with authority since eminent critics disagreed at its earliest productions. The composer, Joseph Guy Marie Ropartz, born in France in 1864, was, at the age of 30, nominated director of the Conservatory of Music at Nancy, France, a position he still holds.

The symphony, composed in 1910, was played for the first time from manuscript in Paris, Oct. 15, 1911. Boston heard it first played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in October of this year, and in November, the Philharmonic Society, under Josef Stransky, played it in New York.

Ropartz, called by Vincent d'Indy, "a born symphonic writer," is one of the true pupils of Cesar Franck, under whom he studied after 1872.

He has shown himself faithful to his master, although critics, as has been said, disagree as to his inspiration and individuality. The symphony in three movements, connected without obvious breaks, was played without pause, and differs from the classical model in the manner of its development and thematic treatment.

To one who looked seriously for beauty, there was much to be found in the underlying themes suggestive of French folk-song, though often overborne by the overwhelming dissonances. Its conviction and sincerity lead one to believe that the composer was influenced by some underlying poetic idea. But if so he kept it to himself and gave no suggestion of it in the title. It quite vividly conveyed to the imaginative a sense of an outdoor concourse, with little threads of melody heard at intervals, and then lost in an overpowering clamor of various moods.

The "cyclic" formula was followed with contrasts and interplay, through the ascents and descents of musical measures and delicately incisive melodies, but in less systematic manner than employed by Cesar Franck.

In the hands of Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra its interpretation was what it should be, and as the seeker finds what he looks for, those who looked for beauty did not go unsatisfied, although its rhythms and harmonies were not for those who had been conventionally brought up.

To them there could have been no greater contrast than was afforded in the opening measures of the "chorale" theme by Josef Haydn, which followed the symphony. Its simple dignity was impressively set forth before it was intricately embroidered and ingeniuosly interwoven with the individuality of Brahms in his "Variations."

The composer had a fondness for variations on the themes of other composers, as if he recognized the unused possibilities in them and desired to give them new life by his ingenuity in presenting the material in new aspects, and the eight variations on Haydn's theme with finale afforded an appreciable addition to last evening's programme, which was of somewhat unusual length.

The fourth concert, for which the soloist has not yet been announced, will be given on Tuesday evening, Feb. 2.

A. W. C.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

sale by all markets and groceries.

MME. SCHUMAN-HINK ILL.

Fritz Kreisler, Violinist, to Take Her Place at Symphony Concert.

Mme. Schaumann-Heink will be unable to appear as soloist at the third Boston Sympohny Concert in Infantry Hall next Tuesday evening and her place will be taken by Fritz Kreisler, the great Austrian violinist. C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra received word yesterday from the great contralto that she is ill in Chicago and can neither sing at her recital to-morrow in Sympthony Hall, Boston, nor with the Symphony Orchestra here. Mr. Ellis immediately gotinto communication with Mr. Kreisler in New York and secured his consent to act as substitute.

Naturally the illnes of Mme. Schaumann-Heink will cause some idisappointment. On the other hand it will give Providence an unexpected chance to hear the great Kreisler, who otherwise would not have played here this year. He will play the Mendelssohn Concerto. The orchestral numbers remain unchanged.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
Date JAN 10 1915

Dr. Muck and Fritz Kreisler in Concert

Dr. Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Fritz Kreisler, violinist, joined hands yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, to the delight and delectation of an enormous audience.

The famous conductor led his musicians in Beethoven's exquisite Eighth Symphony, the overture to Schumann's opera, "Genoveva," and Christmas music by Bach and Liszt.

The great Kreisler, looking ruddier and stronger than at his earlier appearances this year, played Bruch's Fantasia on Scottish airs.

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date JAN 10 19

UNUSUAL PROGRAMME BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Beethoven's Eighth Symphony Given—Kreisler as Soloist.

It was a programme in distinct contrast to those presented during his last appearance in New York which Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony, played before the usual crowded house in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Fritz Kreisler, as soloist, presented Bruch's Fantasie on Scottish Airs, for violin and orchestra, op. 46. It was a piece of comparative unimportance, although it was invested with much charm under Kreisler's vigorous bow.

Beethoven's Eighth symphony was the opening number and if the superlative Boston organization can be said to play one Beethoven symphony better than another, it must certainly be the eighth. Although this work is not Beethoven at his best, it nevertheless assumes a new dignity when Dr. Muck takes it in hand.

Entirely different in character were the following numbers: Schumann's "Genoveva" overture, the "Shepherd's Music" from Bach's Christmas oratorio and the "March of the Three Holy Kings" from the Liszt oratorio, "Christus."

Needless to say, whatever of beauty and power and eloquence is inherent in these works was brought out under Dr. Muck's baton.

After the Bruch Fantasie, Kreisler had to limp out on the platform many times to satisfy the enthusiastic crowd, who lingered in the hope of an encore

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Most Comp
Newspaper Cutting Bu

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date JAN 10 1915

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Mr. Kreisler Again Soloist at Second Concert.

The matinée concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday had a reminder of the recent Christmas season in two numbers of the programme—the Pastoral Symphony from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" and "The March of the Three Holy Kings," from Liszt's oratorio of "Christus." Bach's music was exquisitely played in a spirit of lovely tenderness and introspection. Liszt's march is not a very significant piece; the invention had something of Liszt's characteristic mediocrity, and there is repetition in it that makes wearisome what would otherwise be a tolerable fragment.

Besides these there was Schumann's nobly beautiful overture to his own opera of "Genoveva," and the symphony was Beethoven's eighth. Mr. Kreisler was again the soloist. He played Bruch's Fantasie on Scottish Airs, Op. 46, with robust spirit and tender feeling, with much tonal beauty and vigorous rhythm. The audience was again enormous, as large as the hall could accommodate, and there was deep appreciation and understanding of the orchestra's fine achievements and Dr. Muck's masterly conducting, as well as for Mr. Kreisler.

The First Established and Most Comp
Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

, 1884

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rom TRIBUNE
ddress: Providence, R. I.
Date
Established:

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Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

ork, 18

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From BULLETIN
Address Providence, R. I.
Date DEC

Est 34

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Probably no other soloist would have been able to compensate for the immeasurable regret felt for the absence of the beloved contralto; certainly no instrumentalist other than Mr. Kreisler could have won so spontaneous a welcome.

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II. Andante.
III. Allegretto non troppo, Allegro molto vivace.
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The overtures with which the programme began and ended were as different as the men by whom they were written, but were equally well played, the Tannhauser overture in its grandeur, offering a fitting anti-climax.

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Ropartz, called by Vincent d'Indy, "a born symphonic writer," is one of the true pupils of Cesar Franck, under whom he studied after 1872.

He has shown himself faithful to his master, although critics, as has been said, disagree as to his inspiration and individuality. The symphony in three movements, connected without obvious breaks, was played without pause, and differs from the classical model in the manner of its development and thematic treatment.

To one who looked seriously for beauty, there was much to be found in the underlying themes suggestive of French folk-song, though often overborne by the overwhelming dissonances. Its conviction and sincerity lead one to believe that the composer was influenced by some underlying poetic idea. But if so he kept it to himself and gave no suggestion of it in the title. It quite vividly conveyed to the imaginative a sense of an outdoor concourse, with little threads of melody heard at intervals, and then lost in an overpowering clamor of various moods.

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In the hands of Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra its interpretation was what it should be, and as the seeker finds what he looks for, those who looked for beauty did not go unsatisfied, although its rhythms and harmonies were not for those who had been conventionally brought up.

To them there could have been no greater contrast than was afforded in the opening measures of the "chorale" theme by Josef Haydn, which followed the symphony. Its simple dignity was impressively set forth before it was intricately embroidered and ingeniuously interwoven with the individuality of Brahms in his "Variations."

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A. W. C.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date
Estab

sale by all markets and groceries.

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From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
JAN 1
Date
Estab 84

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Entirely different in character were the following numbers: Schumann's "Genoveva" overture, the "Shepherd's Music" from Bach's Christmas oratorio and the "March of the Three Holy Kings" from the Liszt oratorio, "Christus."

Needless to say, whatever of beauty and power and eloquence is inherent in these works was brought out under Dr. Muck's baton.

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Most Comp
Newspaper Cutting Bu W
TIMES

From
Address: New York City
Date JAN 1
Esta 1884

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Besides these there was Schumann's nobly beautiful overture to his own opera of "Genoveva," and the symphony was Beethoven's eighth. Mr. Kreisler was again the soloist. He played Bruch's Fantasie on Scottish Airs, Op. 46, with robust spirit and tender feeling, with much tonal beauty and vigorous rhythm. The audience was again enormous, as large as the hall could accommodate, and there was deep appreciation and understanding of the orchestra's fine achievements and Dr. Muck's masterly conducting, as well as for Mr. Kreisler.

The First Established and Most Comp
Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

, 1884

It is always the policy of the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to have at least one very distinguished singer as soloist in its season in Providence. The inability of Mme. Schumann-Heink to appear here last Tuesday night undoubtedly caused disappointment to many lovers of good singing, but Mr. [illegible] the manager of the orchestra, has made arrangements for the next concert which will more than repay the disappointment of the last. He has been able to secure the services for the concert which will be given Feb. 2 of Mme. Frieda Hempel, the prima donna coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Mme. Hempel, now that Sembrich has retired from opera, is the leading lyric soprano of the operatic stage to-day. She has had a career of extraordinary success in Berlin, London and New York. Her appearance here with the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be an event of unusual importance.

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rom TRIBUNE
ddress: Providence, R. I.
Date

Established:

FINE CONCERTS TO END YEAR

Third in the Series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Scheduled for Tuesday.

FRITZ KREISLER TO PLAY.

The Next Concert of the Steinert Series Will Be Given in Infantry Hall Dec. 31.

In local musical circles the announcement of the third in the series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will bring visions of a rare musical treat to a host of musical people of this city and its environs. The concert is to be given in Infantry Hall on Tuesday night, but contrary to expectations and announcement Mme. Schumann-Heinck, the famous contralto, will not be the soloist.

The reason for this is the sudden illness of Mme Schumann-Heinck.

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The First Established and Most Complete
Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date JAN 6 - 1915

Boston Symphony Yesterday.

Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, was given an ovation upon his appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the New National Theater yesterday afternoon. His number was Max Bruch's "Fantasia on Scottish Airs." The orchestral numbers, rendered under, the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, were "Beethoven's Eigth Symphony," the Schumann overture to "Genoveva" and Brahms' "Variations on a Theme of Haydn." A large audience was present, with many standing.

, 1884

The First Established and Most Complete
Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TIMES
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date JAN 9 - 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY, WITH KREISLER AS SOLOIST

rk, 1884

Back from the war, pale and nervous, but an even greater master of his instrument than before, Fritz Kreisler acknowledged an ovation at the Academy of Music last night when he raised his bow to play Mendelssohn's Concerto for Violin in E minor, with Dr. Karl Muck's Boston Symphony accompanying. The work has been heard here so often, and by so many interpreters, that comparisons become permissible. There is not another of the violin's great who possesses the supreme ability to endow the concerto's mellow Andante with the spark of virility. We have heard the Allegro molte appassionata with as much emotional expression and the Allegretto non troppo and its mate, the Allegro molto vivace, with as much verve and technique. But it was the Andante that stood out as the evening's masterpiece; as a separate creation, as it were, that changed musical sentimentality into powerful appeal and mere melody into a message. Kreisler, still young and evidently still rising, has even now mastered all the specialties which, singly only, belong to one or another of his rivals. Perfect bowing, the tone absolute, unfailing directness in expression and nuancing—they are all his. What will be his next achievement?

The dignified Dr. Muck was in his own element with the two preceding orchestral numbers. Beethoven's "Eroica," over a hundred years old, and still the subject of discussion and analysis, began the concert. That it is not as dramatic as some of his other great symphonies, despite its Napoleonic theme, gave Dr. Muck the opportunity to remain faithful to traditional interpretation and refrain from the search after special effects, which is rather the rule in latter-day readings. The perfection of his strings came to full demonstration in the Allegro molto (Finale), while his chorus of sonorous wood-winds spelled impressive tragedy in the second movement's Funeral March. It would probably be unfair to say that, individually, the artists of the Boston stand on a higher plane than those of other orchestras. But in their ensemble work, in the absolute unity of their purpose and unfailing devotion to the spirit of their leader's conceptions, they stand alone.

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The First Established and Most Complete
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From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date JAN 11 1915

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Kreisler with Boston Orchestra.

1884

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From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date JAN 8 - 1915

MUSIC AND DRAMA

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When Mendelssohn's violin concerto had its first performance (Leipzig, March 13, 1845), Schumann is said to have remarked to Ferdinand David, the famous violinist who played it (and who also had added several to the list of concertos): "There, my dear David, we have at last the concerto *you* have so long been trying to compose!"

Seventy years is a long time for a concerto to live, but Mendelssohn's has stood the test of time well. Some of its ornamental trimmings may be antiquated (David had a hand in those), but its abundance of lovely melody makes the work of perennial interest. It seems hackneyed, of course, to regular concert-goers, but when it is played by Fritz Kreisler, as it was at Carnegie Hall last night, even that reproach is taken from it. He could make the C major scale sound poetic; he even succeeded in taking out of the final movement the taint of triviality which often mars Mendelssohn's rondos. He gave the andante the charm of real *bel canto*, and made of the first movement a genuine "allegro molto appassionato," as prescribed by the composer. His number came at the end, and the tumultuous applause lasted long after the orchestra had left the stage. Although there was no piano, the audience hoped to hear him play more—perhaps his new "Introduction and Scherzo" for violin alone; but in vain.

In the last movement of the concerto the orchestral accompaniment lacked precision, but everything else was done admirably, not only in the concerto, but in the numbers for orchestra alone, which were Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Wagner's "Faust Overture" and "Siegfried Idyl." The contrast between the sombre "Faust in Solitude," as Wagner called his overture, and the sunny "Idyl," which so exquisitely uses the most gloriously melody in the last act of the "Siegfried" drama, was well brought out by Dr. Muck, for he has entered deeply into the spirit of Wagner's creations, having long been one of the chosen ones at Bayreuth.

A German lexicographer a century ago wrote of Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony as "overpoweringly great, fiery, perfect, pathetic, sublime." To us, who know our Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and other masters of the nineteenth century, the words "fiery," "pathetic," and "sublime" seem ludicrously inapplicable to Mozart's merry work; but that it is "perfect" in its own way is undeniable. Sir Hubert Parry has succeeded in finding in the slow movement (slow for Mozart) "in parts, a considerable degree of passion, which brings it nearer to human sympathy than the other movements"; for, as he justly remarks, a "shade of sadness . . . is an element almost indispensable to strong human sympathy." The orchestra, under Dr. Muck's guidance, played this symphony so admirably that the players were applauded till they got up to bow, as also after the "Siegfried Idyl."

GLOBE
Address: New York City
Date JAN 8

Music.

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What an extraordinary maker of programmes is Dr. Muck! One week we are treated to so heavy a dose of so-called new music that subscribers to the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York write letters of expostulation and exhortation, making heavy the mail of the writers on musical subjects for the daily journals, and on the next visit of the orchestra dolls and hobby-horses are trotted out, petted toys of the musical nursery. We should, of course, be grateful for more novelties. Why not an interesting one, like the pieces of Arnold Schoenberg recently played in Boston? It becomes more and more evident that Schoenberg will not be heard in New York until he is as old-fashioned as Richard Strauss. In time he will probably be praised as the last of the great melodists. Meanwhile there is Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

This composer, save for the violin concerto, and an oratorio or two, belongs as much to the cafés now as, say, Irving Berlin. To make up for the neglect of the symphonies and piano pieces, the concerto is played somewhere or other in New York probably on an average of once a week. However, it is pretty music, and there is an excuse for a perfect performance of it. Herr Kreisler had élan in his bow last night, and he almost put soul and brain into the work, just as Sarah Bernhardt has often fashioned a tragedy out of a threadbare melodrama. And of course it would seem that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the only band in America which ever takes the trouble to rehearse the "accompaniment" to a concerto. It may seem ridiculous to put it down in black and white that Dr. Muck found new beauties in the score, but the facts were there. Cunning counter-themes were mercilessly exposed.

The programme began with an enchanting performance of Mozart's Jupiter symphony, which, of course, is noble music, in the sense that the Parthenon is noble architecture. Dr. Muck and his men consecrated the composer's intention in noble sound. In the middle of the evening two pieces by Wagner were played, the "Siegfried Idyl," which was first performed, we believe, under the window of Richard Wagner's Cosima shortly after her hero-named son was born, and the "Faust" overture, which is so seldom played that it would seem almost a novelty were it not for the fact that Wagner freely repeated himself as well as other composers.

And this is a reminder that Dr. Muck has recently given Boston a revised version of Liszt's "Faust" symphony. The revisions were made by the composer himself, but we believe that the music has not been vouchsafed to New York in this edition. Composers sometimes do better when they rewrite their works (witness the several overtures which Beethoven composed for "Fidelio").

Carnegie Hall, of course, was packed last evening, and the applause was frequent and hearty. Herr Kreisler's entrance was the occasion for an especial greeting.

From HERALD
Address: New York City JAN 9 - 1915
Date

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The Beethoven overtures, "Coriolanus" and "Leonore" No. 3, were heard and the symphony was the first of Schumann, called often the "Spring Symphony." It is a beautiful work and it is one well suited tot the temperament of its conductor, Mr. Josef Stransky.

From STANDARD UNION
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y. JAN 1915
Date

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Mr. Mason played the first movement throughout, but for the remainder of the symphony played only the themes of the second or funeral march, the scherzo, and the finale. The finale Mr. Mason described as a set of variations applied in a peculiar way, and he showed how in this Beethoven has taken the bass rather than the melody as the [illegible] for his variations, producing [illegible] elevated

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
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rk, 1884

Enthusiastic Reception Given Violinist at Boston Symphony Concert.

With Fritz Kreisler, violinist, as special soloist, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave the third of its local concerts of the season at the Lyric last night. The attendance was quite good in spite of the rain. Kreisler's reception was enthusiastic.

Ropartz' symphony No. 4, in C major, played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the first time in Baltimore, is a most interesting work—interesting of itself, outside of the fact that its composer was a pupil of the wonderful Cesar Franck, who was born in Belgium and lived and worked so long in France. It was by far the most enjoyable music of the concert. At first hearing, no part of it is as striking as the opening. Later parts, indeed, drag somewhat—due in some measure, perhaps, to the continuous construction of the work. Nevertheless, the music—generally speaking—is so rich, so sweet and pleasant, so satisfying, as to produce an effect of comfort from which one parts with reluctance.

Compared with Richard Wagner's mature works, his Faust Overture, which opened the concert last night, contains little which would suggest him as its author. It is rather wan music. In consideration of what he did for music afterward, it is amusing that he intended in this early composition to portray a soul weary of life.

A long Beethoven concerto at the end of the concert was quite enough of Beethoven for one concert without prefacing it with his Egmont overture. This overture is heard more than often enough in Baltimore, anyhow, considering all the good orchestral literature which never is heard here—and some of which other cities do hear. The overture at this time served admirably to tax the attention one wished to give the concerto. It is hard enough to awaken real general interest in a single antique without increasing the number at the same time.

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I. N. H.

[98]

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J. N. H.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

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1884

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Back from the war, pale and nervous, but an even greater master of his instrument than before, Fritz Kreisler acknowledged an ovation at the Academy of Music last night when he raised his bow to play Mendelssohn's Concerto for Violin in E minor, with Dr. Karl Muck's Boston Symphony accompanying. The work has been heard here so often, and by so many interpreters, that comparisons become permissible. There is not another of the violin's great who possesses the supreme ability to endow the concerto's mellow Andante with the spark of virility. We have heard the Allegro molte appassionata with as much emotional expression and the Allegretto non troppo and its mate, the Allegro molto vivace, with as much verve and technique. But it was the Andante that stood out as the evening's masterpiece; as a separate creation, as it were, that changed musical sentimentality into powerful appeal and mere melody into a message. Kreisler, still young and evidently still rising, has even now mastered all the specialties which, singly only, belong to one or another of his rivals. Perfect bowing, the tone absolute, unfailing directness in expression and nuancing—they are all his. What will be his next achievement?

The dignified Dr. Muck was in his own element with the two preceding orchestral numbers. Beethoven's "Eroica," over a hundred years old, and still the subject of discussion and analysis, began the concert. That it is not as dramatic as some of his other great symphonies, despite its Napoleonic theme, gave Dr. Muck the opportunity to remain faithful to traditional interpretation and refrain from the search after special effects, which is rather the rule in latter-day readings. The perfection of his strings came to full demonstration in the Allegro molto (Finale), while his chorus of sonorous wood-winds spelled impressive tragedy in the second movement's Funeral March. It would probably be unfair to say that, individually, the artists of the Boston stand on a higher plane than those of other orchestras. But in their ensemble work, in the absolute unity of their purpose and unfailing devotion to the spirit of their leader's conceptions, they stand alone.

Brahms' difficult and highly artistic variations on a theme by Haydn, formed the central portion of the programme. Taken from an unpublished collection of divertimenti for wind instruments by Haydn—to quote the annotator—the original score is entitled "Chorale St. Antoni." Haydn wrote the theme about 1782, and Brahms wrote the variations almost a century later. There are eight of them and a finale, divided by pauses of less than a minute each. There is not one but abounds in phrases of beauty and distinction and not one that does not impose some special Brahmsian difficulty upon the players. The rendition throughout was scholarly.

Last night's audience filled the house—a rare testimonial to the Bostonians in these times of musical hardship, and the musicians behind the banks of palms and flowers must have felt a gratifying sense of security from the storms of the present season.

rk, 1884

The First Established and Most Complete
Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City JAN 11 1915
Date

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Kreisler with Boston Orchestra.

At the Carnegie Hall concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Saturday afternoon, Fritz Kreisler played Max Bruch's "Fantasia on Scottish Airs," in which four melodies are introduced: "Auld Robert Morris," "There Was a Lad," "Who'll Buy My Caller Herrin'," and "Scots wha hae." It does not necessarily follow that a violinist who plays old Italian airs, or modern Viennese and Bohemian melodies entrancingly, will be equally happy with these Gaelic ditties, but Mr. Kreisler brought out their peculiar charms as eloquently as if he had worn kilts and played a bagpipe all his life. The orchestral programme included Beethoven's eighth—the "little" symphony, as he called it, in which Dr. Muck does not seem to be very much interested. At any rate, the first three movements were played in a rather perfunctory manner. The final allegro vivace, however, made amends, and the orchestra and its conductor were at their best in the remaining numbers: Schumann's "Genoveva" overture, the Shepherd's music from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," and the March of the Three Holy Kings from Liszt's oratorio, "Christus," which is not one of his most inspired works, yet contains much that is of interest. In the Bach piece the oboes proclaim an exquisite melody which brings tears to the eyes. It should be

1884

MUSIC AND DR

Kreisler and the Boston Orchestra.

When Mendelssohn's violin concerto had its first performance (Leipzig, March 13, 1845), Schumann is said to have remarked to Ferdinand David, the famous violinist who played it (and who also had added several to the list of concertos): "There, my dear David, we have at last the concerto *you* have so long been trying to compose!"

Seventy years is a long time for a concerto to live, but Mendelssohn's has stood the test of time well. Some of its ornamental trimmings may be antiquated (David had a hand in those), but its abundance of lovely melody makes the work of perennial interest. It seems hackneyed, of course, to regular concert-goers, but when it is played by Fritz Kreisler, as it was at Carnegie Hall last night, even that reproach is taken from it. He could make the C major scale sound poetic; he even succeeded in taking out of the final movement the taint of triviality which often mars Mendelssohn's rondos. He gave the andante the charm of real *bel canto,* and made of the first movement a genuine "allegro molto appassionato," as prescribed by the composer. His number came at the end, and the tumultuous applause lasted long after the orchestra had left the stage. Although there was no piano, the audience hoped to hear him play more—perhaps his new "Introduction and Scherzo" for violin alone; but in vain.

In the last movement of the concerto the orchestral accompaniment lacked precision, but everything else was done admirably, not only in the concerto, but in the numbers for orchestra alone, which were Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Wagner's "Faust Overture" and "Siegfried Idyl." The contrast between the sombre "Faust in Solitude," as Wagner called his overture, and the sunny "Idyl," which so exquisitely uses the most gloriously melody in the last act of the "Siegfried" drama, was well brought out by Dr. Muck, for he has entered deeply into the spirit of Wagner's creations, having long been one of the chosen ones at Bayreuth.

A German lexicographer a century ago wrote of Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony as "overpoweringly great, fiery, perfect, pathetic, sublime." To us, who know our Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and other masters of the nineteenth century, the words "fiery," "pathetic," and "sublime" seem ludicrously inapplicable to Mozart's merry work; but that it is "perfect" in its own way is undeniable. Sir Hubert Parry has succeeded in finding in the slow movement (slow for Mozart) "in parts, a considerable degree of passion, which brings it nearer to human sympathy than the other movements"; for, as he justly remarks, a "shade of sadness . . . is an element almost indispensable to strong human sympathy." The orchestra, under Dr. Muck's guidance, played this symphony so admirably that the players were applauded till they got up to bow, as also after the "Siegfried Idyl."

GLOBE
Address: New York City
Date JAN 8

Music.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

What an extraordinary maker of programmes is Dr. Muck! One week we are treated to so heavy a dose of so-called new music that subscribers to the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York write letters of expostulation and exhortation, making heavy the mail of the writers on musical subjects for the daily journals, and on the next visit of the orchestra dolls and hobby-horses are trotted out, petted toys of the musical nursery. We should, of course, be grateful for more novelties. Why not an interesting one, like the pieces of Arnold Schoenberg recently played in Boston? It becomes more and more evident that Schoenberg will not be heard in New York until he is as old-fashioned as Richard Strauss. In time he will probably be praised as the last of the great melodists. Meanwhile there is Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

This composer, save for the violin concerto, and an oratorio or two, belongs as much to the cafés now as, say, Irving Berlin. To make up for the neglect of the symphonies and piano pieces, the concerto is played somewhere or other in New York probably on an average of once a week. However, it is pretty music, and there is an excuse for a perfect performance of it. Herr Kreisler had élan in his bow last night, and he almost put soul and brain into the work, just as Sarah Bernhardt has often fashioned a tragedy out of a threadbare melodrama. And of course it would seem that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the only band in America which ever takes the trouble to rehearse the "accompaniment" to a concerto. It may seem ridiculous to put it down in black and white that Dr. Muck found new beauties in the score, but the facts were there. Cunning counter-themes were mercilessly exposed.

The programme began with an enchanting performance of Mozart's Jupiter symphony, which, of course, is noble music, in the sense that the Parthenon is noble architecture. Dr. Muck and his men consecrated the composer's intention in noble sound. In the middle of the evening two pieces by Wagner were played, the "Siegfried Idyl," which was first performed, we believe, under the window of Richard Wagner's Cosima shortly after her hero-named son was born, and the "Faust" overture, which is so seldom played that it would seem almost a novelty were it not for the fact that Wagner freely repeated himself as well as other composers.

And this is a reminder that Dr. Muck has recently given Boston a revised version of Liszt's "Faust" symphony. The revisions were made by the composer himself, but we believe that the music has not been vouchsafed to New York in this edition. Composers sometimes do better when they rewrite their works (witness the several overtures which Beethoven composed for "Fidelio").

Carnegie Hall, of course, was packed last evening, and the applause was frequent and hearty. Herr Kreisler's entrance was the occasion for an especial greeting.

ALD
New York City JAN 9 - 1915

BOSTON MUSICIANS HEAR PHILHARMONIC

Members of Symphony Orchestra Attend Concert Given by Rival Organization.

k, 1884

It is seldom that the Philharmonic Society gives a concert while the Boston Symphony Orchestra is in New York and, taking advantage of a chance to hear a rival organization, many members of the Boston orchestra were seen at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, where the Philharmonic orchestra played a programme from Beethoven and Schumann. The only thing that approached novelty was Beethoven's Triple Concerto, opus 56, for piano, violin, 'cello and orchestra. Miss Germaine Schnitzer played the piano part and the other performers were from the orchestra, Mr. Maximilian Pilzer, violinist, and Mr. Leo Schultz, 'cellist. While the ensemble playing was not always smooth and the work itself is not one of the best of Beethoven—even a great composer sometimes falls below his high average—it did give much enjoyment.

The Beethoven overtures, "Coriolanus" and "Leonore" No. 3, were heard and the symphony was the first of Schumann, called often the "Spring Symphony." It is a beautiful work and it is one well suited tot the temperament of its conductor, Mr. Josef Stransky.

From STANDARD UNION
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y. JAN 1915
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY PROGRAMME RECITAL

The programme to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the opera house of the Academy of Music, this evening, was considered in detail by Daniel Gregory Mason in an explanatory recital given in lecture hall last night under Brooklyn Institute auspices. Mr. Mason took up first the symphony, Beethoven's famous "Eroica" symphony, and devoted the first part of his programme to the first movement, the allegro con brio, analyzing each theme and pointing out characteristic rythms. This movement shows particularly the great pains and conscientiousness with which Beethoven always worked, he said, and he illustrated how the themes reveal Beethoven's power of evolving something exquisitely beautiful out of what at first appears commonplace. Beethoven unified all materials that came to him in a wonderful way.

Mr. Mason played the first movement throughout, but for the remainder of the symphony played only the themes of the second or funeral march, the scherzo, and the finale. The finale Mr. Mason described as a set of variations applied in a peculiar way, and he showed how in this Beethoven has taken the bass rather than the melody as the theme for his variations, producing music of a beautiful and elevated character.

, 1884

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rld

Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date JAN 7 1915

KREISLER WARMLY RECEIVED AT LYRIC

Enthusiastic Reception Given Violinist at Boston Symphony Concert.

rk, 1884

With Fritz Kreisler, violinist, as special soloist, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave the third of its local concerts of the season at the Lyric last night. The attendance was quite good in spite of the rain. Kreisler's reception was enthusiastic.

Ropartz' symphony No. 4, in C major, played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the first time in Baltimore, is a most interesting work—interesting of itself, outside of the fact that its composer was a pupil of the wonderful Cesar Franck, who was born in Belgium and lived and worked so long in France. It was by far the most enjoyable music of the concert. At first hearing, no part of it is as striking as the opening. Later parts, indeed, drag somewhat—due in some measure, perhaps, to the continuous construction of the work. Nevertheless, the music—generally speaking—is so rich, so sweet and pleasant, so satisfying, as to produce an effect of comfort from which one parts with reluctance.

Compared with Richard Wagner's mature works, his Faust Overture, which opened the concert last night, contains little which would suggest him as its author. It is rather wan music. In consideration of what he did for music afterward, it is amusing that he intended in this early composition to portray a soul weary of life.

A long Beethoven concerto at the end of the concert was quite enough of Beethoven for one concert without prefacing it with his Egmont overture. This overture is heard more than often enough in Baltimore, anyhow, considering all the good orchestral literature which never is heard here—and some of which other cities do hear. The overture at this time served admirably to tax the attention one wished to give the concerto. It is hard enough to awaken real general interest in a single antique without increasing the number at the same time.

Kreisler played the concerto well, and seemed to endure the long strain successfully. He showed his remarkable capabilities in many ways, especially in the unaccompanied double-note passages. His tone was firm and prompt. He earned the prolonged applause he received.

J. N. H.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From NEWS

Address Providence, R. I.

Date

Esta

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Wave on wave of enthusiastic loyal plause greeted Fritz Kriesler, the brill and beloved Austrian violinist, just cently returned from his native land the titanic struggle which is devastat the continent of Europe, as he appea before the packed audience in Infant hall at the head of the third Boston Sym phony concert of the winter season in th city.

The brilliant Austrian came to take the place left vacant by the sudden illness of Mme. Schumann-Heink in Chicago, who was to have been present last evening.

But much as the public was disappointed in the loss of the opportunity to hear once again the popular contralto, it was at the same time, and never more so than last night, overjoyed that the master of the violin who played before them last evening was once more able to be present, having escaped the bullets of the enemy at the front.

Never was the violinist of world-wide fame in better condition, and never, so it seemed, did he play with more pathos and skill than last evening, and the memory of what might have been, but for a merciful Something which prevented his being taken away, was a factor which seemed to enter the hearts of all who listened to the strains of such sweetness as it is given an audience to hear but few times in a life time.

Not only was the artist seemingly at his best last evening, but his work was up to his reputation as to technique. His performance of Mendelssohn's concerto in E-minor is beyond an adequate description, and to those who listened it were futile to attempt a description. The appreciation was manifacted in the manner in which the audience left little to be added. All of his work, which was supported by the orchestra, under Dr. Muck, was on a par with his past reputation, and a detailed description of the same would be but a futile attempt to do adequate justice to a man who has endeared himself to the hearts of the local and world-wide theatre-going and music-loving public.

The symphony orchestra itself last night, presenting as it did a varied program, calculated to suit all tastes, held up the rare ideals the Providence musical public have come to expect from it.

The fourth concert, for which the soloist has not yet been announced, will be given on Tuesday evening, Feb. 2.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From HERALD

Address: New York City

Date JAN 1 0 1915

Establ 1884

Mr. Kriesler Discards Violin to Stop Recalls

Even the audience at the Boston Symphony concerts, usually so sedate, was roused to an unwonted pitch of enthusiasm yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall than when Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, again, as on Thursday night, closed the programme with a spirited playing of Bruch's fantasia on Scottish airs.

After repeated recalls the audience insisted on remaining. Finally the artist appeared without his violin, the lights were lowered, and the audience, which had crowded every section of the auditorium left the hall slowly and reluctantly.

Even with a work of no greater distinction than the Bruch fantasia Mr. Kreisler proclaimed himself the consummate artist. Faultless intonation, unfaltering rhythm and the true fire of the artist were revealed in his performance.

There was a belated echo of Christmastide in the programme which Dr. Muck and his players presented, particularly i the Shepherds' music from Bach's Chris mas Oratorio and Liszt's March of th Three Holy Kings from his Christma Oratorio. The overture to Schumann's al most forgotten opera "Genoveva" precede these. It was played admirably.

To many listeners the greatest musica treat of the afternoon was Beethoven Eighth Symphony, with which the conce began. This compact and beautifully wri ten work, so replete with joyous feelin was given by the Boston players wi clarity of enunciation and great unanim ty of expression. Dr. Muck, the conducto gave an unimpeachable reading.

Dr. Muck gave his audience some of the music which he had prepared for his Christmas concerto in Boston a fortnight ago at the matinee in Carnegie Hall yesterday. The third and fourth numbers of the programme were the pastoral symphony from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" and the "March of the Three Kings," from Liszt's "Christus." Before these pieces came Beethoven's eighth symphony and Schumann's "Genoveva" overture, and after them Mr. Kreisler played the Scottish Fantasia by Bruch.

A happy idea this in the present case, of putting the solo number last on the programme. Mr. Kreisler, always a favorite with the public here, is this time doubly a hero by virtue of his having been (by report) killed by bomb in Nuremberg, guarded a bri in Vienna, wounded by a Cossack la in the trenches and achieved a numb of other adventures since his count undertook to help Germany in h mighty enterprise. His participati in the concert could not affect the a tendance, which is normally the mea ure of Carnegie Hall, but it could an did quicken the enthusiasm of th listeners. Under the circumstances hi artistic and patriotic admirers were able to indulge their transports of joy at seeing and hearing him to the full without protracting the concert of preventing the musicians from departing for home on schedule time.

What has been said a hundred times about the excellence of the Boston Orchestra's concert might be repeated here; unless Dr. Muck brings new or unfamiliar compositions, reviews of his concerts are all mere variations on an old theme.

H. E. K.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From MORNING TELEGRAPH

Address: New York City

Date JAN

Es

BOSTON SYMPHONY PLA

Fritz Kreisler and Harold

Heard in One Day.

The Boston Symphony Orchestr ducted by Dr. Carl Muck, gave i cert yesterday afternoon at C Hall. The presence of Fritz and the reputation of the orches sured a large attendance. Mr. K masterly style was shown i Bruch's fantasy on Scot's airs, a orchestra was at its best in the Symphony of Beethoven. There from Schumann and Li one of th

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From

Address: New York City

Date JAN 1 0 1915

Esta 1884

KREISLER PLAYS WITH BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Violinist Gives Brilliant Performance of Bruch's Scotch Fantasia.

The programme offered by Dr. Muck at the matinee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday in Carnegie Hall was of an entirely different selection from that presented at the organization's previous concert on Thursday evening. In plan, however, it again contained a classic symphony followed by music of the romantic and modern schools, and it again presented Fritz Kreisler as soloist.

The symphony was Beethoven's eighth. The other compositions for orchestra were Schumann's "Genoveva" overture, the "Shepherd's Music" from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" and the "March of the Three Holy Kings" from Liszt's oratorio "Christus." The composition played by Mr. Kreisler was Bruch's "Fantasia on Scottish Airs."

The Beethoven work, "The Little Symphony in F," fitted excellently into the scheme of music arranged for the afternoon's enjoyment. Vivacious in spirit, while clothed in a tonal garb of rare poetic loveliness and color, it never fails when presented with the subtle insight in interpretation asked for by its unique individuality to charm the ear and rest the mind. That it received such a presentation yesterday from the Boston men it is hardly necessary to state. It was one marked by rarest musicianly taste throughout. Lovely tonal qualities, exquisite finish in phrasing and clarity of general melodic lines were qualities among the leading features of the performance that went to make it a joy long to be remembered.

The Schumann overture served well to unite the two divisions of the programme. Thoroughly in the style of its composer, it was performed on a high plane of excellence. Of the Bach and Liszt numbers the hearing of the former met with a warmer response, though the latter, whose significance seems to be first of all in its title rather than music, afforded opportunity for admiring some matchless playing by the strings as well as remarkabl tone balance in the work done by th entire band

Mr. Kreisler's performance of th Scotch fantasy served to arouse new in terest for it. It is a work whose deliver usually must prove to be a thankless un dertaking except for the artist of highe rank. Severest demands in the accom plishment of accuracy of intonation alon serve to put the player to keenest tests a every turn in its playing aside from th many other difficulties in the requiremen of virtuosity that are offered by its scor

Mr. Kreisler approached his task wi a complete ease of manner most attracti to the moment and by the distinction his consummate art gave expressive value to his playing that was wholly remarkable. He played it with beautiful tone, fine accuracy of pitch and he imbued it with poetic feeling of high order. It was a delivery that furthermore contained much brilliant technic, though it delighted first of all by a captivating perfection in the delicacies of finish.

The First Established and Most Complete Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From STAATS-ZEITUNG

Address: New York City

Date JAN 1

E 1884

Am Samstag Nachmittag fand in Carnegie Hall ein Konzert der Boſtoner mit enthuſiaſtiſchem Erfolg ſtatt. Dr. Muck dirigirte Beethoven's Achte mit Herausholung des ganzen glänzenden Inhalts, namentlich auch des Humors und der feinen Grazie. Schumann's „Genoveva"-Ouverture, Bach's „Paſtorale" aus dem Weihnachts-Oratorium und Liszt's etwas äußerlicher „Marſch der Heiligen drei Könige" aus „Chriſtus" vervollſtändigten die Reihe der Orcheſtervorträge, aus denen ganz beſonders die hinreißend fein geſpielte Bach'ſche Nummer das Entzücken des Publikums erregte. Als Soliſt wirkte Herr Fritz Kreisler mit der unnachamlich friſch und virtuos geſpielten „Schottiſchen [illegible] Max Bruch mit, gefeiert [illegible]

H.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau

From Daily Eagle,

Address Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date JAN 9 - 1915

Est 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

Kreisler, Lame in Body, but Mighty in Spirit.

Kreisler is back from the war, much thinner, looking pale and worn and with a decided limp. But, thank heaven, the Russian bayonet missed the violinist's great bow arm, his fingers are not even stiffened and, most important of all, the spirit of the man is unbroken and noble as of old. He proved all those things, last night, at the concert of the Boston

[illegible] Academy, here he played the dear old Men elssohn Concerto, not like a soldier, it like a spirit of light. It is hard feel affection for a concerto, the ry qualities of display and difficulty which, in one aspect, concertos are itten tend to arouse wonder and miration while at the same time ey defeat that intimate liking which the root of the love of music. But e Mendelssohn violin concerto is an ception. He put into it melodies t haunt your ear like a Schubert g, and he caressed the violin in a for which violinists will be grate to the end of time. The audience on tiptoe for Kreisler, any way, when he sang that opening elody with the fine, clear, perfect e which is his distinguishing note, it settled back into a vast content, only to be broken by long breaths and feverish applause between the movements.

In the second movement, the feeling got pretty close to tears, so tender is the music and so deep and fine was its interpretation. The third movement reached a point of elegance in delivery which is seldom achieved, even by Kreisler. Mendelssohn's music invokes elegance and, last night, it received its due, and more than its due. At the close, there was an ovation for violinist and orchestra such as is seldom heard in staid Brooklyn. The orchestra players rushed from the stage, apparently to make it clear that Kreisler could not play again, but the audience called the violinist back time after time.

The concert up to that moment had been an excellent preparation. The first fifty-five minutes were filled with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, for inspiring which many of us are inclined to forgive Napoleon most of his sins. If only the man had been as noble as the music Beethoven wrote to celebrate his early ambitions! There are classicists who say that Dr. Muck fails to wake up for some of the old masterpieces, but, last night, they took it back and admitted that he did all that the most fervent Beethovenite could ask in bringing out the delicate shades of feeling and in setting forth the great symphony in all its manifold perfections.

Between the Symphony and the Concerto stood Brahms' "Variations on a Theme by Haydn," which went to show how much more popular Brahms might have been if he had only let somebody else write his tunes for him. The Haydn tune is lovely and the things Brahms does with it proved interesting, while at the same time they served as a foil for the emotional appeal of the music which preceded and followed. It seems foolish, at this late day, to keep on talking about the playing of the Boston orchestra, but surely a word is due to the men, as well as to Dr. Muck, for the loveliness of that Beethoven and for the beauty of the orchestral part of the Concerto. Kreisler might easily have sounded less perfect with another background.

The First Established and Most Complete Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From STANDARD UNION

Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date JAN 9 - 1915

shed:

HEARTY WELCOME FOR FRITZ KREISLER

Austrian Violinist, Back From the War, Plays at Academy With Boston Symphony.

CONCERTO SPLENDIDLY DONE

Dr. Muck's Programme Again Inspires Criticism.

With Fritz Kreisler assisting, the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night gave its third concert at the

Academy of Music. One of the largest audiences of the season was present and made a more brilliant appearance than even on opera nights. Every box was filled, and there were rows of standees.

Kreisler was undoubtedly the magnet that drew the crowd. It was his first appearance in Brooklyn since he returned from the war with a wound in his leg received while fighting as a lieutenant in the Austrian army. His now famous limp was again in evidence as he came on the stage. He was greeted with an ovation the like of which has seldom been accorded to an artist by a Brooklyn audience.

Kreisler played Mendelssohn's concerto for the violin in E minor, the number he had played the previous night in Manhattan. The conclusion of each movement was the signal for enthusiastic applause, and, at the end of the piece the great player was recalled half a dozen times. Once he reappeared carrying his violin and gave rise to hopes by the encore fiends he would play again. But the concerto was the last number on the programme and the house was in disorder with the audience preparing to go and no encore was given.

The concerto is a composition of fine and delicate texture and its silken threads were spun by Kreisler with a great variety of color and poetic imagination. His tone was of pure gold, dazzling in its brilliancy at times and again warm and rich.

Kreisler is a superb violinist, now in the full maturity of his artistic *growth.* The concerto was child's play for him, but he played with it as with a child he dearly loved.

Heroic Symphony Played.

The symphony was Beethoven's "Eroica," and Dr. Muck also had Brahms' variations on a theme by Haydn on the programme. Both were played as only the Boston orchestra can play such compositions. The Beethoven symphonies receive no more beautiful interpretations than at the hands of Dr. Muck, and last night's rendition of the "Eroica" was the result of a reading that bespoke keen intelligence and depth of feeling. The intricacies of the Brahms variations—more interesting to musicians than the average listener—were brought out in a manner that left room for nothing but admiration.

Admirable, however, as the playing of the orchestra was, again there was cause of complaint to Dr. Muck for the make-up of his programme. That it was devoted to hackneyed pieces once more is not the cause of resentment. The Boston conductor has apparently decided Brooklyn wants little besides the standard compositions—possibly he is right. It is the arrangement of such compositions on his programme that produces unsatisfactory results.

Each concert this season has produced the effect of a beautiful piece of statuary not quite complete—a head, a foot, an arm appear to be missing. The programme last night, ending with the violin concerto, did not appear to be finished. As far as any artistic balance went, it really was incomplete. Dr. Muck might well stay in New York a while and take lessons from Stransky or Damrosch on the art of programme building.

Splendid Damrosch Programme.

Yesterday afternoon he could have heard a splendid example of artistic programme building if he had attended the concert of the Symphony Society of New York in Aeolian Hall, Manhattan. There Conductor Damrosch opened with Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, which he followed by Sibelius' "The Swan of Tuonela." The second part of the programme began with Chopin's concerto in E minor for the piano, played by Josef Hoffman, and ended with a fragment from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe." Here the symphony came first, as Dr. Muck properly recognizes it should, but Damrosch did not make the mistake of leaving things hang in air with the concerto. A definite and inspiring conclusion was given to the concert by the Ravel number.

The appearance of Hoffman with the orchestra was his first in New York this year. A big audience, composed principally of women, was present. Like the Boston Orchestra's soloist, Kreisler, Hoffman is an artist who ranks at the top of his profession, stands shoulder to shoulder with Paderewski and is loved more than the great Pole by many people for his absence of affectation. His playing of the concerto yesterday was a performance of supreme artistic merit.

The Tschaikowsky symphony had its third performance this week, the other two being by the Philharmonic Society and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Another performance on Sunday by the Damrosch players will make a record number of four for one symphony in one week. It is an inspiring composition and its frequent repetition is deserved.

"The Swan of Tuonela" was heard at the first Brooklyn concert of the Boston Orchestra this year and the Ravel ballet music had an earlier performance in Damrosch's all-dance music programme. The two numbers are examples of the best of modern compositions and are of the sort in which the Symphony Society excels. The whole programme will be repeated Sunday.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From

Address Providence, R. I.

Date

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Wave on wave of enthusiastic loyal plause greeted Fritz Kriesler, the brilli and beloved Austrian violinist, just cently returned from his native land the titanic struggle which is devastat the continent of Europe, as he appea before the packed audience in Infant hall at the head of the third Boston Sym phony concert of the winter season in th city.

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Address: New York City

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau

From Daily Eagle,

Address Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date JAN 1915

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The First Established and Most Complete Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From STAATS-ZEITUNG

Address: New York City

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From STANDARD UNION

Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date JAN 1915

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CONCERTO SPLENDIDLY DONE

Dr. Muck's Programme Again Inspires Criticism.

With Fritz Kreisler assisting, the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night gave its third concert at the Academy of Music. One of the largest audiences of the season was present and made a more brilliant appearance than even on opera nights. Every box was filled, and there were rows of standees.

Kreisler was undoubtedly the magnet that drew the crowd. It was his first appearance in Brooklyn since he returned from the war with a wound in his leg received while fighting as a lieutenant in the Austrian army. His now famous limp was again in evidence as he came on the stage. He was greeted with an ovation the like of which has seldom been accorded to an artist by a Brooklyn audience.

Kreisler played Mendelssohn's concerto for the violin in E minor, the number he had played the previous night in Manhattan. The conclusion of each movement was the signal for enthusiastic applause, and, at the end of the piece the great player was recalled half a dozen times. Once he reappeared carrying his violin and gave rise to hopes by the encore fiends he would play again. But the concerto was the last number on the programme and the house was in disorder with the audience preparing to go and no encore was given.

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Admirable, however, as the playing of the orchestra was, again there was cause of complaint to Dr. Muck for the make-up of his programme. That it was devoted to hackneyed pieces once more is not the cause of resentment. The Boston conductor has apparently decided Brooklyn wants little besides the standard compositions—possibly he is right. It is the arrangement of such compositions on his programme that produces unsatisfactory results.

Each concert this season has produced the effect of a beautiful piece of statuary not quite complete—a head, a foot, an arm appear to be missing. The programme last night, ending with the violin concerto, did not appear to be finished. As far as any artistic balance went, it really was incomplete. Dr. Muck might well stay in New York a while and take lessons from Stransky or Damrosch on the art of programme building.

Splendid Damrosch Programme.

Yesterday afternoon he could have heard a splendid example of artistic programme building if he had attended the concert of the Symphony Society of New York in Aeolian Hall, Manhattan. There Conductor Damrosch opened with Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, which he followed by Sibelius' "The Swan of Tuonela." The second part of the programme began with Chopin's concerto in E minor for the piano, played by Josef Hoffman, and ended with a fragment from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe." Here the symphony came first, as Dr. Muck properly recognizes it should, but Damrosch did not make the mistake of leaving things hang in air with the concerto. A definite and inspiring conclusion was given to the concert by the Ravel number.

The appearance of Hoffman with the orchestra was his first in New York this year. A big audience, composed principally of women, was present. Like the Boston Orchestra's soloist, Kreisler, Hoffman is an artist who ranks at the top of his profession, stands shoulder to shoulder with Paderewski and is loved more than the great Pole by many people for his absence of affectation. His playing of the concerto yesterday was a performance of supreme artistic merit.

The Tschaikowsky symphony had its third performance this week, the other two being by the Philharmonic Society and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Another performance on Sunday by the Damrosch players will make a record number of four for one symphony in one week. It is an inspiring composition and its frequent repetition is deserved.

"The Swan of Tuonela" was heard at the first Brooklyn concert of the Boston Orchestra this year and the Ravel ballet music had an earlier performance in Damrosch's all-dance music programme. The two numbers are examples of the best of modern compositions and are of the sort in which the Symphony Society excels. The whole programme will be repeated Sunday.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

Newspaper Cutting Bureau

From
Address Providence, R. I.
Date

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HERALD
New York City
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Mr. Harold Bauer, one of the most eloquent of masters of music living, was heard in recital at Aeolian Hall.

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OSTON SYMPHONY CONC

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1884

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Heroic Symphony Played.

The symphony was Beethoven's "Eroica," and Dr. Muck also had Brahms' variations on a theme by Haydn on the programme. Both were played as only the Boston orchestra can play such compositions. The Beethoven symphonies receive no more beautiful interpretations than at the hands of Dr. Muck, and last night's rendition of the "Eroica" was the result of a reading that bespoke keen intelligence and depth of feeling. The intricacies of the Brahms variations—more interesting to musicians than the average listener—were brought out in a manner that left room for nothing but admiration.

Admirable, however, as the playing of the orchestra was, again there was cause of complaint to Dr. Muck for the make-up of his programme. That it was devoted to hackneyed pieces once more is not the cause of resentment. The Boston conductor has apparently decided Brooklyn wants little besides the standard compositions—possibly he is right. It is the arrangement of such compositions on his programme that produces unsatisfactory results.

Each concert this season has produced the effect of a beautiful piece of statuary not quite complete—a head, a foot, an arm appear to be missing. The programme last night, ending with the violin concerto, did not appear to be finished. As far as any artistic balance went, it really was incomplete. Dr. Muck might well stay in New York a while and take lessons from Stransky or Damrosch on the art of programme building.

Splendid Damrosch Programme.

Yesterday afternoon he could have heard a splendid example of artistic programme building if he had attended the concert of the Symphony Society of New York in Aeolian Hall, Manhattan. There Conductor Damrosch opened with Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, which he followed by Sibelius' "The Swan of Tuonela." The second part of the programme began with Chopin's concerto in E minor for the piano, played by Josef Hoffman, and ended with a fragment from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe." Here the symphony came first, as Dr. Muck properly recognizes it should, but Damrosch did not make the mistake of leaving things hang in air with the concerto. A definite and inspiring conclusion was given to the concert by the Ravel number.

The appearance of Hoffman with the orchestra was his first in New York this year. A big audience, composed principally of women, was present. Like the Boston Orchestra's soloist, Kreisler, Hoffman is an artist who ranks at the top of his profession, stands shoulder to shoulder with Paderewski and is loved more than the great Pole by many people for his absence of affectation. His playing of the concerto yesterday was a performance of supreme artistic merit.

The Tschaikowsky symphony had its third performance this week, the other two being by the Philharmonic Society and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Another performance on Sunday by the Damrosch players will make a record number of four for one symphony in one week. It is an inspiring composition and its frequent repetition is deserved.

"The Swan of Tuonela" was heard at the first Brooklyn concert of the Boston Orchestra this year and the Ravel ballet music had an earlier performance in Damrosch's all-dance music programme. The two numbers are examples of the best of modern compositions and are of the sort in which the Symphony Society excels. The whole programme will be repeated Sunday.

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Address: New York City

Date JAN 11 1915

Dr. Karl Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra charmed another crowded house at Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon by their playing of Beethoven's eighth symphony, Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," Bach's Shepherd's Music from the Christmas Oratorio, and Liszt's "March of the Three Holy Kings." Fritz Kreisler, as the violin soloist in Bruch's fantasia on Scotish airs, evoked a demonstration.

k, 1884

From

Address: New York City

Date JAN

Establish

Not only a book to delight and interest music lovers, but an important record and a contribution to American musical history, is to be found in M. A. de Wolf Howe's "historical sketch" entitled "The Boston Symphony Orchestra." It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, a book of 280 pages. From it may be learned just what Mr. Henry L. Higginson's intentions and ideals were when he established the orchestra thirty-three years ago, what he has thought and said about it, and something of the trials and tribulations—and, let us add, of the joys and satisfactions—that he has experienced in these years that have crowned his work with such brilliant success. It is given to few men to realize a youthful ambition in so full a measure, or, in doing so, to perform so fine and much-needed a service for their country. It is no small thing, it is a great thing, to have created the finest orchestra in the world, to have made an established place for it, and, even more, to have imposed the high ideals toward art that such an orchestra implies. Americans ought to, and it is gratifying to think that they do, rise up and call Mr. Higginson blessed for the miracle he has wrought.

All this is a more than twice-told tale, and Mr. Higginson is secure in the gratitude and admiration of every music-loving American. But it is well to have the record so detailed, so gracefully and interestingly, so authoritatively set down as it is in Mr. Howe's book. He writes with an intimate knowledge of the conditions and surroundings into which Mr. Higginson dropped his bomb thirty-three years ago—for it was bomb-like in the surprise and, to a certain extent, the consternation it caused. At this distance it may be safe to say what has been suggested before, that Boston is a peculiar place, and in some respects its reception of Mr. Higginson's offer was peculiar. Under the circumstances a certain amount of hostility was inevitable. Mr. Howe's sense of humor enables him to set in their proper light the frame of mind and the more or less excited and ruffled comments that the new orchestra and Georg Henschel, its new conductor, and some of their methods caused. This gift horse was inspected in the mouth more than once, and some of the results are now very amusing, even instructive.

There are personal narratives about the conductors — Messrs. Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch, Pauer, Gericke again, Muck, Fiedler, and again Muck; about the circumstances of their coming and departure, and of their work; and some of these men have [illegible]

From JOURNAL

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date

, 1884

KREISLER AT THIRD YMPHONY CONCERT

Soldier-Musician Wins Plaudits at Infantry Hall.

NEW SYMPHONY BY ROPARTZ

French Composer Now Living Heard Here for First Time.—Mme. Schumann-Heink's Engagement Filled by Famous Violinist Just Returned from European War.

Seldom is it possible for a management to substitute one popular idol for another at short notice, but the announcement that Mme. Schumann-Heink was ill in Chicago and unable to fill her engagement to sing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its third concert in Infantry Hall last evening, contained also the news that in her place Fritz Kreisler, the eminent Austrian violinist, would play.

Probably no other soloist would have been able to compensate for the immeasurable regret felt for the absence of the beloved contralto; certainly no instrumentalist other than Mr. Kreisler could have won so spontaneous a welcome.

Added to the recognition always accorded to the favorite violinist was the warmth of greeting to one returned from the jaws of death, and as Mr. Kreisler stood waiting for the rolling waves of applause to subside, he must have been assured of his firm hold on the affection of music lovers in this city.

Of his performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto in E-minor, it seems futile to attempt to speak adequately. All the beauty of tone, brilliancy of technique and humanity of expression with which the public has become familiar in his playing, was evident, for which the sentiment brought about by the thought of what might have been gave an additional capacity for appreciation.

The concerto is a familiar one to concertgoers here, but every one knows the hold that old melodies have upon the heart, and the symmetrical structure and exquisite orchestration of the composition were never more beautifully demonstrated than in the performance last evening.

Mr. Kreisler in faultless tones expressed the individuality of thought and style in every phrase of the composer, perfectly supported by the orchestra under Dr. Muck in the passionate strains of the first movement, through the beautiful andante to the rippling vivacity of the finale.

The large audience gave expression to its undeniable satisfaction by applause so sustained that it kept Mr. Kreisler bowing his acknowledgment for a considerable space of time. Four times he was recalled after he had left the stage, before the resumption of the programme which in its proper sequence was as follows:

Schumann.....Overture to "Genoveva," Op. 81
Ropartz [illegible]
[illegible]
Brahms.....Variations on a Theme of Josef Haydn, Op. 56a.
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy..Concerto in E-minor, for Violin, Op. 64.
I. Allegro molto appassionato.
II. Andante.
III. Allegretto non troppo, Allegro molto vivace.
Wagner...............Overture, "Tannhauser"

If the public has clamored for novelty as well as for variety, both were accorded last evening, in the foregoing programme,; each of the composers represented, standing for a distinct form of musical utterance in the last century or more.

The overtures with which the programme began and ended were as different as the men by whom they were written, but were equally well played, the Tannhauser overture in its grandeur, offering a fitting anti-climax.

Of the Ropartz symphony it is difficult to speak with authority since eminent critics disagreed at its earliest productions. The composer, Joseph Guy Marie Ropartz, born in France in 1864, was, at the age of 30, nominated director of the Conservatory of Music at Nancy, France, a position he still holds.

The symphony, composed in 1910, was played for the first time from manuscript in Paris, Oct. 15, 1911. Boston heard it first played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in October of this year, and in November, the Philharmonic Society, under Josef Stransky, played it in New York.

Ropartz, called by Vincent d'Indy, "a born symphonic writer," is one of the true pupils of Cesar Franck, under whom he studied after 1872.

He has shown himself faithful to his master, although critics, as has been said, disagree as to his inspiration and individuality. The symphony in three movements, connected without obvious breaks, was played without pause, and differs from the classical model in the manner of its development and thematic treatment.

To one who looked seriously for beauty, there was much to be found in the underlying themes suggestive of French folk-song, though often overborne by the overwhelming dissonances. Its conviction and sincerity lead one to believe that the composer was influenced by some underlying poetic idea. But if so he kept it to himself and gave no suggestion of it in the title. It quite vividly conveyed to the imaginative a sense of an outdoor concourse, with little threads of melody heard at intervals, and then lost in an overpowering clamor of various moods.

The "cyclic" formula was followed with contrasts and interplay, through the ascents and descents of musical measures and delicately incisive melodies, but in less systematic manner than employed by Cesar Franck.

In the hands of Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra its interpretation was what it should be, and as the seeker finds what he looks for, those who looked for beauty did not go unsatisfied, although its rhythms and harmonies were not for those who had been conventionally brought up.

To them there could have been no greater contrast than was afforded in the opening measures of the "chorale" theme by Josef Haydn, which followed the symphony. Its simple dignity was impressively set forth before it was intricately embroidered and ingeniuously interwoven with the individuality of Brahms in his "Variations."

The composer had a fondness for variations on the themes of other composers, as if he recognized the unused possibilities in them and desired to give them new life by his ingenuity in presenting the material in new aspects, and the eight variations on Haydn's theme with finale afforded an appreciable addition to last evening's programme, which was of somewhat unusual length.

The fourth concert, for which the soloist has not yet been announced, will be given on Tuesday evening, Feb. 2.

A. W. C.

BOSTON JOURNAL,

JANUARY 16,

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Moreover, it has become the custom for conductors to lavish upon the performance of it all their art and feeling, with the result that its performance is almost invariably attended by an ovation for conductor and orchestra. This was exactly what happened yesterday.

Dr. Muck's reading of it is clear and sympathetic, enthusiastic, yet reverential. Great expectations were aroused by the announcement that Dr. Muck would conduct it for the first time in nearly two years. In the interim it has been played here by the Philadelphia Orchestra, and with considerable success; but yesterday's performance was successful to a brilliant degree. The composition took on an epic grandeur worthy of comparison with that which distinguishes Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony, and the artists under Dr. Muck's baton, and especially the soloists, performed with zest and with the utmost beauty of effect.

Between the Brahms' masterpiece and Mozart's sparkling "Magic Flute" overture came two numbers by Oskar Fried, a composer now living in Berlin, and, to some extent, a protege of Dr. Muck. The prelude and double fugue for string orchestra was played once before under Dr. Muck's direction, but the adagio and scherzo for wind instruments, harps and kettledrums is new to Symphony programs. Fried's music is light and agreeable. The scherzo is particularly graceful and vivacious.

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While other matters claim respect and attention, the feature of the afternoon was Dr Muck's interpretation of Brahms' first symphony. There were the qualities of great interpretation—the penetrating sense of the emotional character of each movement, the regard for each as an organic structure, the keen perception of the dramatic element, of the lyric, of the nature of arioso as set off against recitative, the eloquent dynamic scale that made each bar a thing of relative value to the context, a strand in a moving tapestry in which all was woven to express the master design.

That there was clearness and euphony in the orchestral delivery of the parts was to be expected. Mr Witek's bars of melody with horn and oboe, Mr Longy's art and the polished phrasing of Mr Sand, the new clarinet, made the slow movement a song of virtuosi. It but remained for Dr Muck to read the work in an epic manner, with an elasticity which blended poetry with the heroic. Mozart's overture to "The Magic Flute" summed up the mozartian grace, elegance and the mozartian flourish.

The program next week will be a noteworthy one—Sibelius' first symphony, Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and Liszt's first concerto, with Mr Busoni soloist.

BOSTON POST.

JANUARY 16,

DR. MUCK TRIUMPHS ONCE MORE

GivesMaster-Reading of Brahms at Symphony

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Brahms C minor symphony, Oscar Fried's Prelude and Double Fugue for orchestra of strings, the same composer's Adagio and Scherzo for

concerts), and Mozart's overture to the opera "The Magic Flute," made the programme of the 11th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

ADMIRABLY PERFORMED

The performance of Brahms' symphony was admirable in every respect. There are those who continue to inveigh against this work and the music of Brahms in general, but the composer's position in symphonic music seems secure in spite of it all. In fact, the great symphony in C minor has become the war-horse of more than one great conductor, and also one of the popular symphonies of the modern orchestral repertoire. Audiences flock to hear it. Conductors find that the score offers material of never-ending interest for study and exposition. True, the instrumentation could be more brilliant here and there. Undoubtedly Brahms was too worshipful of the Beethoven orchestra, or else by nature so unalterably opposed to the endless richness of coloring brought about by Wagner and other contemporaries that he erred on the side of soberness and continence of coloring.

The C minor symphony would surely be more effective if certain passages were rescored. The same thing is true of some places in the ninth symphony of Beethoven, and of a hundred other orchestral master works besides. Who will rescore them? When such attempts have been made, it is found that the composer's secret died with him. Acts of unintentional vandalism are performed when the self-styled friend of the composer sets out to assist him in this manner.

Follows Brahm's Idea

The greatness of Dr. Muck's performance lay in the fact that while he revealed every possible nuance in the score, every bit of color, the last spark of dramatic fire, he did this in a spirit wholly subservient to the intentions of the composer. There was no thought of sensational effects. The number of wood wind players made certain wind parts, if memory serves, heavier and more effective than in the original score. With this exception, no reading could have shown a more faithful study of the score. Yet many a faithful student, in his reverence for the letter, loses the spirit of the music that he undertakes to interpret. In spite of his attention to the smallest details Dr. Muck was en rapport with the composer throughout. Rarely has he given a more finished and eloquent performance. The remarkable balance of technical, intellectual and emotional qualities which go to make his art have seldom been more warmly admired.

Oscar Fried's Music

The music, by Oscar Fried, has been heard before in this city. Dr. Muck produced the prelude and fugue here in 1907. The adagio and scherzo, heard for the first time at the Symphony concert, was produced by the Longy Club in 1905. The story of Fried's life is not less interesting than his music. Poverty-stricken, a Bohemian, an inveterate wanderer, Fried had travelled over much of Europe, often with only the soles of his shoes for a lodging place. He has been now a tramp on the highway, now a member of a musical organization of long and high standing. The prelude and fugue are melanchoy in their mood.

The music is very well put together, with strength and mastery. The adagio and scherzo are in romantic vein, rather Weberish in spirit. They were well received.

At the Symphony concerts of next week Mr. Busoni will be the soloist. There was apprehension that his vessel would not arrive in time. He will play Liszt's E-flat concerto. The orchestral numbers will be Sibelius's first symphony in A-minor, and Richard Straus' tone-poem, of which the orchestra has been making a fresh study, 'Thus Spake Zarathustra.'"

BOSTON POST,

JANUARY 15,

NEW HAND GUIDES THE SYMPHONY

Ernst Schmidt Proves Competency in Cambridge

The majority of those who attended the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Cambridge were unprepared for the surprise which awaited them when in place of Dr. Karl Muck, Ernst Schmidt, the newly appointed assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, took the conductor's stand.

Dr. Muck had been taken with a severe cold, and on the advice of his physician had decided to remain in his home for the evening rather than risk being further incapacitated for duty. Mr. Schmidt, with less than 12 hours' notice, conducted the perform-

A CAPABLE CONDUCTOR

He was quick to prove his sincerity and his marked ability for his task. He had to conduct the "Egmont" overture of Beethoven; the accompaniment of Beethoven's violin concerto, with Mr. Witek, concertmeister of the orchestra, as soloist, and the Surprise symphony of Haydn and Schumann's "Genoveva" overture. A programme not of too taxing a character for a conductor's first appearance, but a programme, nevertheless, compelling ability of the highest order to do the occasion justice. The accompaniment of the concerto was conducted by Mr. Schmidt, with the most admirable sympathy and attention to the needs of the soloist, with entire control of the orchestral body, with a very nice adjustment of tempi and tone values.

The virtue of Mr. Schmidt's performance lay especially in his quiet authority and control, and in the ability of the orchestra to perform its task satisfactorily. A glance here, a nod there, an occasional gesture of reminder were sufficient. The musicians felt themselves to be in competent hands; the conductor appreciated the capacities of the musicians with whom he had to deal.

Mr. Schmidt is farthest from the young conductor of talent and appetite for public applause. No one is less ostentatious than he on the stage. Last night on the stage he was entirely immersed in his task. Back of the stage, during the intermission, he was intent upon the score, refreshing his memory of Haydn's symphony and not more disposed to take his mind from the task before him. Mr. Schmidt is unquestionably an exceedingly competent conductor, a musician of experience and of authority because of his will to give all that can be given to the interpretation of the music.

The orchestral performances were solid and brilliant. With ample reason, Mr. Wittek was very warmly applauded for his solo. He gave, indeed, a thrice admirable interpretation of the work. The audience was a large one and quick to give signs of its approval.

ADVERTISER
JAN-16

THE SYMPHONY THIS WEEK

PROGRAMME THOROUGHLY CLASSICAL—NO SOLOIST

Brahms, Fried and Mozart the Contributors—Concert Thoroughly Enjoyable

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Brahms—First Symphony, C minor.
Fried—Prelude and double fugue for string orchestra.
Adagio and Scherzo for wind instruments, harps and kettle-drum.
Mozart—Overture to "The Magic Flute."

Entirely classical and entirely orchestral. We confess to being conservative enough to thoroughly enjoy just such a programme, when it is given by a really great orchestra. In such a concert we do not wish for the display of a solo singer, and the instrumental soloist only seems in place when he ceases to be an independent factor and merges himself in a really orchestral concerto.

We remember a time when Brahms's symphonies (and especially the first) were held to be beyond the comprehension of the average symphony auditor. Those were the paleolithic days of Musical Boston, when Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner were looked upon somewhat as the religious ascetic looks upon the world, the flesh and the gentleman who (according to Billy Sunday) holds Boston in his clutches. We are making musical history very quickly in these days, and Brahms is almost set back among the antiques by the tonal radicals of today.

Nevertheless, Dr. Muck has already shown us that Brahms can be made modern, dramatic, and even romantic. No one of the audience at the concert of his first season can ever forget how he made us sit up and thrill with astonishment and delight, when he read this first symphony, several years ago. He did something like this in yesterday's interpretation, although the element of surprise was no longer there, we had come to expect something great, and we certainly received it. We believe Dr. Muck's influence is so healthy that a good, long course of his symphony programmes may cure his auditors of the modern fever which is raging in music just now, an illness which causes a craving for the most indigestible stuff imaginable, and a departure from musical common sense.

There is nothing new to tell about the performance of the Brahms symphony. It was enjoyable, logical, beautiful music, and it was read in a manner that removed the work very far from the pedantry with which Brahms is sometimes (and not always unjustly) accused. One might speak a special word about the excellence of the brasses in the Intermezzo and in the great chorale of the finale. The first and last movements were the especial glory of the performance, and the string pizzicato of the Finale was finely given. At the end there was very great enthusiasm, and finally the orchestra was made to rise; but in this case the tribute was meant not to the musicians, great as they were, but to the soul of the orchestra—Dr. Muck.

After that there came a Fried double fugue. Let no one imagine that this is a citation from a Bill of Fare; Oskar Fried (if he has not yet been sent to the firing line) is in Berlin, where, if we may judge from Richard Strauss's Domestic Symphony, they have double fugues for breakfast. The double-barrelled fugue is a dangerous weapon to handle, yet it can sometimes be made attractive, as witness the

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What has become of the opera "Christopher Columbus," which Fried was reported a few years ago to be writing? It was to have been completed in 1913. Reinhardt was at work on the production. The entire action was to take place on board the explorer's ship. There was to be one act of three scenes, one of them containing a vision of Queen Isabella, who urges him on in the hour of discouragement. The Italian banker-baron, Franchetti, wrote an opera on this subject for the 400th anniversary of the discovery of the New World, celebrated at Genoa. It was given a short-lived revival by the Chicago company.

The two compositions heard yesterday were the "prelude and double fugue for grand orchestra of strings," op. 10, and the "adagio and scherzo for wind instruments, two harps and kettledrums," op. 2. The ideas in the latter are not of great consequence, nor does the treatment conceal signs of immaturity. The prelude and fugue shows Fried's fondness for the archaic in style. While disclosing also contrapuntal learning, it combines with it beauty of a high order. There is dignity, at times loftiness of thought. There is the touch of a man reticent, introspective, individual, not desiring nor bidding for general applause. While the performance of both was admirable, the richness, the incomparable tone quality of the strings was to be remarked.

While other matters claim respect and attention, the feature of the afternoon was Dr Muck's interpretation of Brahms' first symphony. There were the qualities of great interpretation—the penetrating sense of the emotional character of each movement, the regard for each as an organic structure, the keen perception of the dramatic element, of the lyric, of the nature of arioso as set off against recitative, the eloquent dynamic scale that made each bar a thing of relative value to the context, a strand in a moving tapestry in which all was woven to express the master design.

That there was clearness and euphony in the orchestral delivery of the parts was to be expected. Mr Witek's bars of melody with horn and oboe, Mr Longy's art and the polished phrasing of Mr Sand, the new clarinet, made the slow movement a song of virtuosi. It but remained for Dr Muck to read the work in an epic manner, with an elasticity which blended poetry with the heroic. Mozart's overture to "The Magic Flute" summed up the mozartian grace, elegance and the mozartian flourish.

The program next week will be a noteworthy one—Sibelius' first symphony, Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and Liszt's first concerto, with Mr Busoni soloist.

BOSTON POST,

JANUARY 16,

DR. MUCK TRIUMPHS ONCE MORE

GivesMaster-Reading of Brahms at Symphony

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Brahms C minor symphony, Oscar Fried's Prelude and Double Fugue for orchestra of strings, the same composer's Adagio and Scherzo for wind instruments, two harps and kett [illegible]

concerts), and Mozart's overture to the opera, "The Magic Flute," made the programme of the 11th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

ADMIRABLY PERFORMED

The performance of Brahms' symphony was admirable in every respect. There are those who continue to inveigh against this work and the music of Brahms in general, but the composer's position in symphonic music seems secure in spite of it all. In fact, the great symphony in C minor has become the war-horse of more than one great conductor, and also one of the popular symphonies of the modern orchestral repertoire. Audiences flock to hear it. Conductors find that the score offers material of never-ending interest for study and exposition. True, the instrumentation could be more brilliant here and there. Undoubtedly Brahms was too worshipful of the Beethoven orchestra, or else by nature so unalterably opposed to the endless richness of coloring brought about by Wagner and other contemporaries that he erred on the side of soberness and continence of coloring.

The C minor symphony would surely be more effective if certain passages were rescored. The same thing is true of some places in the ninth symphony of Beethoven, and of a hundred other orchestral master works besides. Who will rescore them? When such attempts have been made, it is found that the composer's secret died with him. Acts of unintentional vandalism are performed when the self-styled friend of the composer sets out to assist him in this manner.

Follows Brahm's Idea

The greatness of Dr. Muck's performance lay in the fact that while he revealed every possible nuance in the score, every bit of color, the last spark of dramatic fire, he did this in a spirit wholly subservient to the intentions of the composer. There was no thought of sensational effects. The number of wood wind players made certain wind parts, if memory serves, heavier and more effective than in the original score. With this exception, no reading could have shown a more faithful study of the score. Yet many a faithful student, in his reverence for the letter, loses the spirit of the music that he undertakes to interpret. In spite of his attention to the smallest details Dr. Muck was en rapport with the composer throughout. Rarely has he given a more finished and eloquent performance. The remarkable balance of technical, intellectual and emotional qualities which go to make his art have seldom been more warmly admired.

Oscar Fried's Music

The music, by Oscar Fried, has been heard before in this city. Dr. Muck produced the prelude and fugue here in 1907. The adagio and scherzo, heard for the first time at the Symphony concert, was produced by the Longy Club in 1905. The story of Fried's life is not less interesting than his music. Poverty-stricken, a Bohemian, an inveterate wanderer, Fried had travelled over much of Europe, often with only the soles of his shoes for a lodging place. He has been now a tramp on the highway, now a member of a musical organization of long and high standing. The prelude and fugue are melanchoy in their mood.

The music is very well put together, with strength and mastery. The adagio and scherzo are in romantic vein, rather Weberish in spirit. They were well received.

At the Symphony concerts of next week Mr. Busoni will be the soloist. There was apprehension that his vessel would not arrive in time. He will play Liszt's E-flat concerto. The orchestral numbers will be Sibelius's first symphony in A-minor, and Richard Straus' tone-poem, of which the orchestra has been making a fresh study, 'Thus Spake Zarathustra.'

BOSTON POST,

JANUARY 15,

NEW HAND GUIDES THE SYMPHONY

Ernst Schmidt Proves Competency in Cambridge

The majority of those who attended the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Cambridge were unprepared for the surprise which awaited them when in place of Dr. Karl Muck, Ernst Schmidt, the newly appointed assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, took the conductor's stand.

Dr. Muck had been taken with a severe cold, and on the advice of his physician had decided to remain at his home for the evening rather than risk being further incapacitated for duty. Mr. Schmidt, with less than 12 hours' notice, conducted the perform-

A CAPABLE CONDUCTOR

He was quick to prove his sincerity and his marked ability for his task. He had to conduct the "Egmont" overture of Beethoven; the accompaniment of Beethoven's violin concerto, with Mr. Witek, concertmeister of the orchestra, as soloist, and the Surprise symphony of Haydn and Schumann's "Genoveva" overture. A programme not of too taxing a character for a conductor's first appearance, but a programme, nevertheless, compelling ability of the highest order to do the occasion justice. The accompaniment of the concerto was conducted by Mr. Schmidt, with the most admirable sympathy and attention to the needs of the solist, with entire control of the orchestral body, with a very nice adjustment of tempi and tone values.

The virtue of Mr. Schmidt's performance lay especially in his quiet authority and control, and in the ability of the orchestra to perform its task satisfactorily. A glance here, a nod there, an occasional gesture of reminder were sufficient. The musicians felt themselves to be in competent hands; the conductor appreciated the capacities of the musicians with whom he had to deal.

Mr. Schmidt is farthest from the young conductor of talent and appetite for public applause. No one is less ostentatious than he on the stage. Last night on the stage he was entirely immersed in his task. Back of the stage, during the intermission, he was intent upon the score, refreshing his memory of Haydn's symphony and not more disposed to take his mind from the task before him. Mr. Schmidt is unquestionably an exceedingly competent conductor, a musician of experience and of authority because of his will to give all that can be given to the interpretation of the music.

The orchestral performances were solid and brilliant. With ample reason, Mr. Wittek was very warmly applauded for his solo. He gave, indeed, a thrice admirable interpretation of the work. The audience was a large one and quick to give signs of its approval.

ADVERTISER
JAN - 16

THE SYMPHONY THIS WEEK

PROGRAMME THOROUGHLY CLASSICAL—NO SOLOIST

Brahms, Fried and Mozart the Contributors—Concert Thoroughly Enjoyable

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Brahms—First Symphony, C minor.
Fried—Prelude and double fugue for string orchestra.
Adagio and Scherzo for wind instruments, harps and kettle-drum.
Mozart—Overture to "The Magic Flute."

Entirely classical and entirely orchestral. We confess to being conservative enough to thoroughly enjoy just such a programme, when it is given by a really great orchestra. In such a concert we do not wish for the display of a solo singer, and the instrumental soloist only seems in place when he ceases to be an independent factor and merges himself in a really orchestral concerto.

We remember a time when Brahms's symphonies (and especially the first) were held to be beyond the comprehension of the average symphony auditor. Those were the paleolithic days of Musical Boston, when Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner were looked upon somewhat as the religious ascetic looks upon the world, the flesh and the gentleman who (according to Billy Sunday) holds Boston in his clutches. We are making musical history very quickly in these days, and Brahms is almost set back among the antiques by the tonal radicals of today.

Nevertheless, Dr. Muck has already shown us that Brahms can be made modern, dramatic, and even romantic. No one of the audience at the concert of his first season can ever forget how he made us sit up and thrill with astonishment and delight, when he read this first symphony, several years ago. He did something like this in yesterday's interpretation, although the element of surprise was no longer there, we had come to expect something great, and we certainly received it. We believe Dr. Muck's influence is so healthy that a good, long course of his symphony programmes may cure his auditors of the modern fever which is raging in music just now, an illness which causes a craving for the most indigestible stuff imaginable, and a departure from musical common sense.

There is nothing new to tell about the performance of the Brahms symphony. It was enjoyable, logical, beautiful music, and it was read in a manner that removed the work very far from the pedantry with which Brahms is sometimes (and not always unjustly) accused. One might speak a special word about the excellence of the brasses in the Intermezzo and in the great chorale of the finale. The first and last movements were the especial glory of the performance, and the string pizzicato of the Finale was finely given. At the end there was very great enthusiasm, and finally the orchestra was made to rise; but in this case the tribute was meant not to the musicians, great as they were, but to the soul of the orchestra—Dr. Muck.

After that there came a Fried double fugue. Let no one imagine that this is a citation from a Bill of Fare; Oskar Fried (if he has not yet been sent to the firing line) is in Berlin, where, if we may judge from Richard Strauss's Domestic Symphony, they have double fugues for breakfast. The double-barrelled fugue is a dangerous weapon to handle, yet it can sometimes be made attractive, as witness the one in Mozart's [illegible] ("Kyrie Eleison"), or that other melodic double-header, "He sole on High," and "Glory to His Name," in Haydn's "Creation," but for all that the double-fugue is generally music for musicians, while the laity remain simply wondering if the parts will ever catch up with each other. As the fugue was for strings only, the finest part of our orchestra had an opportunity to prove once more that they are incomparably the best band of strings in this country, or probably in the world.

The double-fugue was not pedantic, but a good modern example of what can be done in this form which the older writers have used so copiously that new fugue subjects are impossible to invent. There was a degree of attractiveness in the work, when one considers the amount of learning displayed, the strict rules that had to be followed, but it was rather lugubrious at times. We fancy that, if given in New York, the Fried fugue would be roasted.

One may recall the boarder in a western mining town who begged the waiter to bring him the butter and the hairs on separate plates. Perhaps Dr. Muck was actuated by some such impulse, when, having served up the strings in one composition, he presented the woodwind in another. The Adagio and Scherzo reminded us, in their make-up, of the novelties in this field which M. Longy manages to unearth so constantly for the concerts of the club which bears his name, and we were not surprised to hear that the Longy Club had given it. But the work had more than woodwind instruments, it gave the rare combination of two harps and also a pair of Kettle-drums. It is high time that our Kettle-drummer should come into the limelight. He has thundered upon his calfskins most artistically for a long time, and has shown that even this single-toned instrument has a tone-color which is, let us say—striking.

We wish that sometime, just for the oddity of the thing, Dr. Muck might give Tausch's concerto for Kettle-drum, in which five of those instruments are played by a single performer, and, while he is about it, we might have Beethoven's almost vanished "Battle of Vittoria," which would also give the bass-drums a chance.

But in the Adagio and Scherzo the Kettle-drum was rather repressed than otherwise. Nor did we find anything remarkably new in the Adagio. The Scherzo, however, was agreeable music and displayed the unusual combination of three flutes, two oboes, clarinettes, bassoons and harps, and English horn, Bass clarinette, contra bassoons, and Kettle-drums, to good advantages. It was not, however, a work to grow very enthusiastic over, even while enjoying it.

At the end of the concert there came Mozart's exhilarating musical champagne, in the shape of the "Magic Flute overture." Here again is an instance of how learning and melody can meet on common ground. The non-musician hears only a charmingly chattering set of tunes, while the student finds the most symmetrical fugal exposition in the work. It is odd, by the way, that Mozart, even in "The Magic Flute," did not use the flute very prominently. He disliked the instrument and never would put it in the foreground as Mendelsshon did. This is true in spite of Mozart's concerto for Harp and Flute, which he wrote merely for money,—which he did not get.

Of course the reading of the overture was very brilliant. We always dissent, however, from the break-neck speed at which the opening fugal work is taken. Every great conductor takes it thus, yet we feel sure that Mozart would not have rushed it thus, but would have allowed some of its beauties to be better perceived by the auditor through the medium of a less helter-skelter tempo. But the overture made a very successful ending to a concert which proved that even a thoroughly classical list can be heartily enjoyed by the general public, after they have been trained to the hearing of good music.

TRANSCRIPT,
JANUARY 16,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

TWO GRAVE PIECES BY OSKAR FRIED

The Wild, Wayward and Contrasting Past and the Unusual Man Behind Them—Dr. Muck Summons Again the Latent Energy, Beauty and Emotion of Brahms's First Symphony—The Players and Their Share

IF Mahler had warmed to a proposal to become the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra when he was sounded in the matter not so many years ago, probably Oskar Fried would have come to Boston with him. Mahler, who already mistrusted his nervous strength, insisted upon an assistant and Mr. Fried was his clear preference. Nothing came of the negotiations and Mr. Fried went his conducting way in Berlin and Petrograd. He has his ambitions toward the Western world, but the likelihood is that we in Boston shall know him for long only by the two orchestral pieces that Dr. Muck, who has often stood his friend, included in the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. For a composer in his forty-fourth year, Mr. Fried has written relatively little, preferring to give his time and energy to the arts of the conductor, in which he is ambitious to excel. Moreover, his best and most characteristic music lies in choral pieces of the sort that almost never, nowadays, makes its way into our concerts. A setting of Zarathustra's "Trunkne Lied" for solo voices, mixed chorus and orchestra, first heard in Berlin through the efforts of Dr. Muck, made his reputation; and subsequently another choral piece, "Erntelied," for men's choir and full orchestra, confirmed it. Both are of large and intricate dimensions; both are written in a highly modern idiom with abounding imagination, ingenuity and large sweeps of power and both are severely exacting in performance. American choral societies—except the Mendelssohn Choir—would hardly succeed with them; where would they find a conductor able to grapple with them and what care their audiences for any presumptuous modern, were he Bach himself? No more likely of performance, unless Dr. Muck should some day be minded to it, is Mr. Fried's "Verklärte Nacht," a setting of Dehmel's lyric verses, that have kindled more than one composer, for alto, tenor and full orchestra—a piece that discloses his finer imaginings and artistries. And not a singer as yet of our recitals seems to know—or to esteem—his songs.

Thus must Mr. Fried's two purely orchestral pieces stand him in what stead they may in American ears and each happens to be written for a single instrumental choir, with or without contrasting and coloring voices. The Prelude and Double Fugue that Dr. Muck played yesterday is written for strings only; the Adagio and Scherzo that followed assembles only wind instruments and adds two coloring harps and rhythming kettle-drums to them. Both, besides, were written in Mr. Fried's earlier and less characteristic years. Yet one individualizing trait shines out of them and especially from the Double Fugue for strings. The exuberantly mounting Fugue is an old, old story, even when it is carried to such exhilarating heights as Reger attains at the end of his "Hiller Variations." The gravely marching, quietly expanding Fugue, developing as it were out of an inner life of its own, seeking a deep and austere beauty rather than merely superficial glow and sweep, is rarely written nowadays. Mr. Fried has written such a Fugue, that unfolds out of his stately, songful and warmly colored Prelude, conducted with Bach-like energy and pliancy in the weaving of its contrapuntal strands. He spins the Fugue with like suggestion of grave power and earnest intensity, with like large and various command of tonal progress and with a sober beauty of tonal color and contrasts. Akin, but less individual, is the Adagio for the wind choir and the harps—gravely songful, darkly colored against the brightening strings and warming in body and tint as it nears the Scherzo. The rhythming drum-beats, the high-voiced flutes and the shimmering harps work the transition and the music flows forward in capricious rhythm, suave phrase and pleasantly distributed color. Yet a Scherzo that is graver and quieter of voice and mood than most of its kind.

The wonder is—and yet not so strange in the contrasts of men's lives when at last they find the work that quickens, absorbs and "settles" them—the wonder is that Mr. Fried should write this grave, reflective music, subdued and inner-voiced, when the wild and wandering existence that he chose for his youth has long been one of the tales of Berlin and has made him almost a romantic figure among prosaic German composers. As a boy, he chafed under the restraints of "home life" in a middle-class household and, as soon as he half suspected that he had precocious talent with musical instruments, ran away, wandered here and there among the ring of towns and villages around Berlin, and lived by his young wits and playing upon fiddle and horn. Then he pushed farther afield, following the roads up and down Germany and even into Russia and Italy, taking whatever companions the day and the way brought him, and fiddling or blowing at his horn at any chance job that could put a mark or a lira or a rouble into his pocket. Before he was twenty, he had worked his way back to Frankfurt and somehow made himself an accomplished horn-player. Humperdinck discovered him in the orchestra of the Opera House, befriended and taught him; but he consorted too much with wild and wayward youth of both sexes and all ranks, to please his middle-aged and highly respectable mentor.

Finally, the restless Fried ran away again to Munich; there he began to feel his abilities and know ambition; and chance contacts and soon regular companionship with the free-minded, free-spoken and free-living poets and novelists and artists of the "Simplicissimus" circle began to stimulate him. They were young poets like Bierbaum; young playwrights, like Wedekind, and young artists like Theodor Heine, all eager to do new things and their own things in their own way. Fried began to flower in this atmosphere; he even wrote an opera in collaboration with Bierbaum, which ended when he also took the poet's divorced wife to himself. By this time he was uneasy in Munich; departed to Paris; nearly died there of destitution and illness; somehow found his feet; and made new and stimulating friendships among writers, musicians and artists. In the congenial glow of them, the impulse and the resources to compose grew stronger and stronger in him. He went back to Berlin; hid himself in the villages by the inlets of the Havel beyond the Grunewald—and worked.

The years at first lifted neither the obscurity nor the penury; but Fried held resolutely along his course, studying and ripening as well as composing. Gradually one and another musician and amateur of music—among them Dr. Muck—discovered him. The conductor finally brought "Das Trunkne Lied" to performance in spite of all the forces it required. It made Fried's reputation in a night. On the strength of it, and still befriended by Dr. Muck, he found work and made his way as a conductor until he now ranks well in his calling in Germany, in Russia and in Paris—a stout champion, as becomes a man of his fortunes, of the newer ways of music and of neglected composers that practise them in the pleasure of their own impulses and in the pain of their obscurity. He has composed himself meanwhile, still gravely and reflectively, with broadening and deepening powers. The old wildness has vanished, except that he is clearly a conductor of moods; that he will write only when the impulse stirs irresistibly in him and that he once spoke so despitefully of the Czar of Russia—temporarily his august master—that he was bundled forthwith across the frontier. But truth and legend of the wild and wandering youth and sudden flares, even now, of the old reckless fires, make him a singular and still rather [illegible] figure in the prosaic "musical

[illegible] Dr. Muck and the orchestra awaken the latent energy of the [illegible] draw from it what routine has [illegible] and overlooked, and rekindle it with what seems the passion of their playing, began and ended the concert—Brahms's symphony in C minor and the overture that Mozart wrote in strange and mysterious chords and in running and glinting fugue for his opera of "The Magic Flute." Across the rivers of the Elysian Fields, whither he long since passed from the nether world to which respectable and mistrustful Vienna consigned him, he deserved to hear the mellow sonorities of the proclaiming trombones; the depth and fulness of the whole orchestra flinging forth his chords, and the long, clear strands of his fugue, rich, warm and glowing as the orchestra spun them and their haloing harmonies. Yet, as Dr. Muck plays the overture, it sounds as a grave and mysterious music, as though under its brilliant Mozartean surface lay deeper Mozartean pools.

As of the symphony, in all the present repertory of the Symphony Orchestra there is no fuller instance of the ability of the conductor—and the band at his bidding—to release the latent energy, beauty and power of the music that they play. Who, except Mr. Nikisch of the conductors of our time in the symphony in Boston has so made his hearers feel the tremulous anticipation, the advance from shadowed into brightening beauty, the high march into exultant song of Brahms's finale? There is "head work" of the familiar Brahmsian calculation in the interstices of that same finale, but Dr. Muck and the men, by the sheer beauty of their tone, the sheer energy of their rhythms, and the sheer zest of their march, sweep upward and over it. Who, before him, and not even Mr. Nikisch himself, has so wakened the latent beauty of the manifold song of the slow movement in its resignation, its longings, its ascents and aspirations, music of the heart of a man to other men's hearts, exalting and purging them after the fashion of the antique tragedy?

And who has so written on our ears and imaginations and memories as has Dr. Muck, the seething beginning of the symphony, as out of the depths of a troubled spirit, the ascent and the descent, the murmurings, the expansions, the struggles of its two themes of human will in its strivings and of human illumination in resignation, if not content? Besides Brahms, when Tschaikowsky wrote of human hopes, effort, despairs and submission, he made tonal melodrama; Brahms in this first symphony wrought tonal tragedy, Sophoclean in its depths of beauty and its depths of power. The conductor's means—a steady heightening of the rhythms throughout the symphony; a steady energizing of its contrasts and its inner voices; as clear an enriching of its song and warming of its harmonic and instrumental colors; a sense of details that feels them as threads in a mental and emotional as well as a musical fabric; the far-flung design, the large cumulation. So far, the analyst; the rest, the heightening rest, is Dr. Muck's own divining genius. Rare it is, but hardly rarer than the whole-hearted devotion and the tireless zeal that are its instruments.

Instruments, too, of this genius, and gladly so, are the men of the orchestra, yet they bring also to the sum of its achievement their own individual and contributing talents. All Dr. Muck's sense of tonal beauty, euphony and significance, all his imaginative and imparting power with the music could not have made the first two movemnts of Brahms's symphony sound as they did but for the supplementing beauty and balance and expressiveness of Mr. Sand's clarinet or of the whole wind choir. Mozart's superb chords owed much to the mellow mastery of the three players of the trombones. And the kettle-drummer is far to seek to match Mr. Neumann in his sense of rhythm, in his feeling alike for the tonal underbeat and the tonal blow, in the range and surety of his skill; in his alert imagination for his instrument and its high place that composers, conductors and such virtuosi as he have given it in the whole musical design, the whole emotional and delineative fabric. He was a master-player of forthright power with Brahms yesterday and a master-player of delicate subtleties with Mr. Fried. Moreover, the Adagio and Scherzo have lain these five years on the shelves of the library awaiting such harpists as Mr. Holy and Miss White. If ever there was an orchestra in which all are for one and one for all, each in the fullest scope of his talents, it is the present Symphony Orchestra.

H. T. P.

MONITOR, BOSTON,
JANUARY 16,

FIRST SYMPHONY OF BRAHMS AND TWO OSKAR FRIED PIECES PLAYED BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

SYMPHONY HALL—Eleventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Jan. 15. The program: Brahms, first symphony in C minor; Fried, prelude and double fugue for orchestra of strings, and adagio and scherzo for wind instruments; Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute."

At last the time has come when a performance of the Brahms first symphony is just an ordinary event. Enough orchestra enthusiasms have originated and culminated since the composer was a subject of controversy with the Symphony concert public, to put his music in the plain old repertory classification. No flicker of argument is left about him. But this has come about only lately. For the work, right up to its last presentation in Boston, was regarded by listeners as something like the final test of their appreciation, and by the conductor as close to the supreme challenge of his talent as an interpreter. On Brahms' side it was the old story of a composer winning his way to the conviction of the public with the help of ardent champions, and of being left at the height of

[illegible] everything was changed. The revival was not conceived on the conductor's part as an occasion, but as a routine event. And the first symphony was far more enjoyable for it. Brahms was more human as a result of being treated like other people. No longer shouted aloud as the successor of Beethoven the Olympian, he became the very brother of Beethoven the man.

The symphony was allowed to play itself. The voices of the orchestra were persuaded, not driven. The belaboring hand which conductors have been accustomed to hold over the pages of the score was not in evidence. The themes of the four movements, therefore, instead of being thrashed into their places, were calmly summoned. And their behavior was correspondingly intelligible, agreeable and companionable. The opening number of the concert, far from being for everybody a job in appreciation, a week-end artistic lesson, was simply a assembling of delightful sonorities, a pageant of simple, orderly and attractive melodies.

Perhaps if Dr. Muck were asked how this came about, he would reply that it is his regular way, one week something hard for the audiences to listen to, the next week something easy. On the odd counts of the calendar, light music; on the even counts, heavy music. The seventh concert, familiar Beethoven; the eighth, incomprehensible Schoenberg; the ninth, the Volbach symphony of simple form; the tenth, the Liszt "Faust" symphony of unfathomed complexity; the eleventh, the straightforward Brahms symphony in C minor; the twelfth, the philosophic "Zarathustra" tone poem of Strauss. That is all clear enough in general. But few of those who attend the concerts from week to week would have been likely to pick out the Brahms symphony in C minor, though the composer's first effort in the larger forms of orchestral writing, as being an odd number selection. Plainly now it should be considered so. Even the second movement, once as ponderous an andante as could be found in the repertory, the heaviest work of Bruckner not excepted, must now be regarded as a fresh, bubbling inspiration. For such Dr. Muck and his men made it on Friday afternoon.

With propriety the two pieces by Fried were put on an odd number program. For while they were performed with great care and accuracy, they could not have given the orchestra much trouble in preparation. They are earnest works, indicating a more chastened mood in art than appears in most music of the modern German school. Fried seems to be more interested in the universal appeal of music than the local. If his powers should develop strongly in the direction indicated in the piece for strings and the piece for wind instruments, he might make a place with Schumann and Brahms. Evidently he would not belong to the strongly nationalistic side of German musical art, as represented by Wagner and Strauss. The thing needed for a judgment of his tendencies and abilities is a composition in which he assembles both halves of the orchestra.

one in Mozart's Requiem ("Kyrie Eleison"), or that other melodic double-header, "He sole on High," and "Glory to His Name," in Haydn's "Creation," but for all that the double-fugue is generally music for musicians, while the laity remain simply wondering if the parts will ever catch up with each other. As the fugue was for strings only, the finest part of our orchestra had an opportunity to prove once more that they are incomparably the best band of strings in this country, or probably in the world.

The double-fugue was not pedantic, but a good modern example of what can be done in this form which the older writers have used so copiously that new fugue subjects are impossible to invent. There was a degree of attractiveness in the work, when one considers the amount of learning displayed, the strict rules that had to be followed, but it was rather lugubrious at times. We fancy that, if given in New York, the Fried fugue would be roasted.

One may recall the boarder in a western mining town who begged the waiter to bring him the butter and the hairs on separate plates. Perhaps Dr. Muck was actuated by some such impulse, when, having served up the strings in one composition, he presented the woodwind in another. The Adagio and Scherzo reminded us, in their make-up, of the novelties in this field which M. Longy manages to unearth so constantly for the concerts of the club which bears his name, and we were not surprised to hear that the Longy Club had given it. But the work had more than woodwind instruments, it gave the rare combination of two harps and also a pair of Kettle-drums. It is high time that our Kettle-drummer should come into the limelight. He has thundered upon his calfskins most artistically for a long time, and has shown that even this single-toned instrument has a tone-color which is, let us say—striking.

We wish that sometime, just for the oddity of the thing, Dr. Muck might give Tausch's concerto for Kettle-drum, in which five of those instruments are played by a single performer, and, while he is about it, we might have Beethoven's almost vanished "Battle of Vittoria," which would also give the bass-drums a chance.

But in the Adagio and Scherzo the Kettle-drum was rather repressed than otherwise. Nor did we find anything remarkably new in the Adagio. The Scherzo, however, was agreeable music and displayed the unusual combination of three flutes, two oboes, clarinettes, bassoons and harps, and English horn, Bass clarinette, contra bassoons, and Kettle-drums, to good advantages. It was not, however, a work to grow very enthusiastic over, even while enjoying it.

At the end of the concert there came Mozart's exhilarating musical champagne, in the shape of the "Magic Flute overture." Here again is an instance of how learning and melody can meet on common ground. The non-musician hears only a charmingly chattering set of tunes, while the student finds the most symmetrical fugal exposition in the work. It is odd, by the way, that Mozart, even in "The Magic Flute," did not use the flute very prominently. He disliked the instrument and never would put it in the foreground as Mendelsshon did. This is true in spite of Mozart's concerto for Harp and Flute, which he wrote merely for money,—which he did not get.

Of course the reading of the overture was very brilliant. We always dissent, however, from the break-neck speed at which the opening fugal work is taken. Every great conductor takes it thus, yet we feel sure that Mozart would not have rushed it thus, but would have allowed some of its beauties to be better perceived by the auditor through the medium of a less helter-skelter tempo. But the overture made a very successful ending to a concert which proved that even a thoroughly classical list can be heartily enjoyed by the general public, after they have been trained to the hearing of good music.

TRANSCRIPT,
JANUARY 16,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

TWO GRAVE PIECES BY OSKAR FRIED

The Wild, Wayward and Contrasting Past and the Unusual Man Behind Them—Dr. Muck Summons Again the Latent Energy, Beauty and Emotion of Brahms's First Symphony—The Players and Their Share

IF Mahler had warmed to a proposal to become the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra when he was sounded in the matter not so many years ago, probably Oskar Fried would have come to Boston with him. Mahler, who already mistrusted his nervous strength, insisted upon an assistant and Mr. Fried was his clear preference. Nothing came of the negotiations and Mr. Fried went his conducting way in Berlin and Petrograd. He has his ambitions toward the Western world, but the likelihood is that we in Boston shall know him for long only by the two orchestral pieces that Dr. Muck, who has often stood his friend, included in the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. For a composer in his forty-fourth year, Mr. Fried has written relatively little, preferring to give his time and energy to the arts of the conductor, in which he is ambitious to excel. Moreover, his best and most characteristic music lies in choral pieces of the sort that almost never, nowadays, makes its way into our concerts. A setting of Zarathustra's "Trunkne Lied" for solo voices, mixed chorus and orchestra, first heard in Berlin through the efforts of Dr. Muck, made his reputation; and subsequently another choral piece, "Erntelied," for men's choir and full orchestra, confirmed it. Both are of large and intricate dimensions; both are written in a highly modern idiom with abounding imagination, ingenuity and large sweeps of power and both are severely exacting in performance. American choral societies—except the Mendelssohn Choir—would hardly succeed with them; where would they find a conductor able to grapple with them and what care their audiences for any presumptuous modern, were he Bach himself? No more likely of performance, unless Dr. Muck should some day be minded to it, is Mr. Fried's "Verklärte Nacht," a setting of Dehmel's lyric verses, that have kindled more than one composer, for alto, tenor and full orchestra—a piece that discloses his finer imaginings and artistries. And not a singer as yet of our recitals seems to know—or to esteem—his songs.

Thus must Mr. Fried's two purely orchestral pieces stand him in what stead they may in American ears and each happens to be written for a single instrumental choir, with or without contrasting and coloring voices. The Prelude and Double Fugue that Dr. Muck played yesterday is written for strings only; the Adagio and Scherzo that followed assembles only wind instruments and adds two coloring harps and rhythming kettle-drums to them. Both, besides, were written in Mr. Fried's earlier and less characteristic years. Yet one individualizing trait shines out of them and especially from the Double Fugue for strings. The exuberantly mounting Fugue is an old, old story, even when it is carried to such exhilarating heights as Reger attains at the end of his "Hiller Variations." The gravely marching, quietly expanding Fugue, developing as it were out of an inner life of its own, seeking a deep and austere beauty rather than merely superficial glow and sweep, is rarely written nowadays. Mr. Fried has written such a Fugue, that unfolds out of his stately, songful and warmly colored Prelude, conducted with Bach-like energy and pliancy in the weaving of its contrapuntal strands. He spins the Fugue with like suggestion of grave power and earnest intensity, with like large and various command of tonal progress and with a sober beauty of tonal color and contrasts. Akin, but less individual, is the Adagio for the wind choir and the harps—gravely songful, darkly colored against the brightening strings and warming in body and tint as it nears the Scherzo. The rhythming drum-beats, the high-voiced flutes and the shimmering harps work the transition and the music flows forward in capricious rhythm, suave phrase and pleasantly distributed color. Yet a Scherzo that is graver and quieter of voice and mood than most of its kind.

The wonder is—and yet not so strange in the contrasts of men's lives when at last they find the work that quickens, absorbs and "settles" them—the wonder is that Mr. Fried should write this grave, reflective music, subdued and inner-voiced, when the wild and wandering existence that he chose for his youth has long been one of the tales of Berlin and has made him almost a romantic figure among prosaic German composers. As a boy, he chafed under the restraints of "home life" in a middle-class household and, as soon as he half suspected that he had precocious talent with musical instruments, ran away, wandered here and there among the ring of towns and villages around Berlin, and lived by his young wits and playing upon fiddle and horn. Then he pushed farther afield, following the roads up and down Germany and even into Russia and Italy, taking whatever companions the day and the way brought him, and fiddling or blowing at his horn at any chance job that could put a mark or a lira or a rouble into his pocket. Before he was twenty, he had worked his way back to Frankfurt and somehow made himself an accomplished horn-player. Humperdinck discovered him in the orchestra of the Opera House, befriended and taught him; but he consorted too much with wild and wayward youth of both sexes and all ranks, to please his middle-aged and highly respectable mentor.

Finally, the restless Fried ran away again to Munich; there he began to feel his abilities and know ambition; and chance contacts and soon regular companionship with the free-minded, free-spoken and free-living poets and novelists and artists of the "Simplicissimus" circle began to stimulate him. They were young poets like Bierbaum; young playwrights, like Wedekind, and young artists like Theodor Heine, all eager to do new things and their own things in their own way. Fried began to flower in this atmosphere; he even wrote an opera in collaboration with Bierbaum, which ended when he also took the poet's divorced wife to himself. By this time he was uneasy in Munich; departed to Paris; nearly died there of destitution and illness; somehow found his feet; and made new and stimulating friendships among writers, musicians and artists. In the congenial glow of them, the impulse and the resources to compose grew stronger and stronger in him. He went back to Berlin; hid himself in the villages by the inlets of the Havel beyond the Grunewald—and worked.

The years at first lifted neither the obscurity nor the penury; but Fried held resolutely along his course, studying and ripening as well as composing. Gradually one and another musician and amateur of music—among them Dr. Muck—discovered him. The conductor finally brought "Das Trunkne Lied" to performance in spite of all the forces it required. It made Fried's reputation in a night. On the strength of it, and still befriended by Dr. Muck, he found work and made his way as a conductor until he now ranks well in his calling in Germany, in Russia and in Paris—a stout champion, as becomes a man of his fortunes, of the newer ways of music and of neglected composers that practise them in the pleasure of their own impulses and in the pain of their obscurity. He has composed himself meanwhile, still gravely and reflectively, with broadening and deepening powers. The old wildness has vanished, except that he is clearly a conductor of moods; that he will write only when the impulse stirs irresistibly in him and that he once spoke so despitefully of the Czar of Russia—temporarily his august master—that he was bundled forthwith across the frontier. But truth and legend of the wild and wandering youth and sudden flares, even now, of the old reckless fires, make him a singular and still rather [illegible] figure in the prosaic "musical

[illegible] as Dr. Muck and the orchestra awaken the latent energy of the music, draw from it what routine has crusted and overlooked, and rekindle it with what seems the passion of their playing, began and ended the concert—Brahms's symphony in C minor and the overture that Mozart wrote in strange and mysterious chords and in running and glinting fugue for his opera of "The Magic Flute." Across the rivers of the Elysian Fields, whither he long since passed from the nether world to which respectable and mistrustful Vienna consigned him, he deserved to hear the mellow sonorities of the proclaiming trombones; the depth and fulness of the whole orchestra flinging forth his chords, and the long, clear strands of his fugue, rich, warm and glowing as the orchestra spun them and their haloing harmonies. Yet, as Dr. Muck plays the overture, it sounds as a grave and mysterious music, as though under its brilliant Mozartean surface lay deeper Mozartean pools.

As of the symphony, in all the present repertory of the Symphony Orchestra there is no fuller instance of the ability of the conductor—and the band at his bidding—to release the latent energy, beauty and power of the music that they play. Who, except Mr. Nikisch of the conductors of our time in the symphony in Boston has so made his hearers feel the tremulous anticipation, the advance from shadowed into brightening beauty, the high march into exultant song of Brahms's finale? There is "head work" of the familiar Brahmsian calculation in the interstices of that same finale, but Dr. Muck and the men, by the sheer beauty of their tone, the sheer energy of their rhythms, and the sheer zest of their march, sweep upward and over it. Who, before him, and not even Mr. Nikisch himself, has so wakened the latent beauty of the manifold song of the slow movement in its resignation, its longings, its ascents and aspirations, music of the heart of a man to other men's hearts, exalting and purging them after the fashion of the antique tragedy?

And who has so written on our ears and imaginations and memories as has Dr. Muck, the seething beginning of the symphony, as out of the depths of a troubled spirit, the ascent and the descent, the murmurings, the expansions, the struggles of its two themes of human will in its strivings and of human illumination in resignation, if not content? Besides Brahms, when Tschaikowsky wrote of human hopes, effort, despairs and submission, he made tonal melodrama; Brahms in this first symphony wrought tonal tragedy, Sophoclean in its depths of beauty and its depths of power. The conductor's means—a steady heightening of the rhythms throughout the symphony; a steady energizing of its contrasts and its inner voices; as clear an enriching of its song and warming of its harmonic and instrumental colors; a sense of details that feels them as threads in a mental and emotional as well as a musical fabric; the far-flung design, the large cumulation. So far, the analyst; the rest, the heightening rest, is Dr. Muck's own divining genius. Rare it is, but hardly rarer than the whole-hearted devotion and the tireless zeal that are its instruments.

Instruments, too, of this genius, and gladly so, are the men of the orchestra, yet they bring also to the sum of its achievement their own individual and contributing talents. All Dr. Muck's sense of tonal beauty, euphony and significance, all his imaginative and imparting power with the music could not have made the first two movemnts of Brahms's symphony sound as they did but for the supplementing beauty and balance and expressiveness of Mr. Sand's clarinet or of the whole wind choir. Mozart's superb chords owed much to the mellow mastery of the three players of the trombones. And the kettle-drummer is far to seek to match Mr. Neumann in his sense of rhythm, in his feeling alike for the tonal underbeat and the tonal blow, in the range and surety of his skill; in his alert imagination for his instrument and its high place that composers, conductors and such virtuosi as he have given it in the whole musical design, the whole emotional and delineative fabric. He was a master-player of forthright power with Brahms yesterday and a master-player of delicate subtleties with Mr. Fried. Moreover, the Adagio and Scherzo have lain these five years on the shelves of the library awaiting such harpists as Mr. Holy and Miss White. If ever there was an orchestra in which all are for one and one for all, each in the fullest scope of his talents, it is the present Symphony Orchestra.

H. T. P.

MONITOR, BOSTON, JANUARY 16,

FIRST SYMPHONY OF BRAHMS AND TWO OSKAR FRIED PIECES PLAYED BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

SYMPHONY HALL—Eleventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Jan. 15. The program: Brahms, first symphony in C minor; Fried, prelude and double fugue for orchestra of strings, and adagio and scherzo for wind instruments; Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute."

At last the time has come when a performance of the Brahms first symphony is just an ordinary event. Enough orchestra enthusiasms have originated and culminated since the composer was a subject of controversy with the Symphony concert public, to put his music in the plain old repertory classification. No flicker of argument is left about him. But this has come about only lately. For the work, right up to its last presentation in Boston, was regarded by listeners as something like the final test of their appreciation, and by the conductor as close to the supreme challenge of his talent as an interpreter. On Brahms' side it was the old story of a composer winning his way to the conviction of the public with the help of ardent champions, and of being left at the height of

[illegible] everything was changed. The revival was not conceived on the conductor's part as an occasion, but as a routine event. And the first symphony was far more enjoyable for it. Brahms was more human as a result of being treated like other people. No longer shouted aloud as the successor of Beethoven the Olympian, he became the very brother of Beethoven the man.

The symphony was allowed to play itself. The voices of the orchestra were persuaded, not driven. The belaboring hand which conductors have been accustomed to hold over the pages of the score was not in evidence. The themes of the four movements, therefore, instead of being thrashed into their places, were calmly summoned. And their behavior was correspondingly intelligible, agreeable and companionable. The opening number of the concert, far from being for everybody a job in appreciation, a week-end artistic lesson, was simply a assembling of delightful sonorities, a pageant of simple, orderly and attractive melodies.

Perhaps if Dr. Muck were asked how this came about, he would reply that it is his regular way, one week something hard for the audiences to listen to, the next week something easy. On the odd counts of the calendar, light music; on the even counts, heavy music. The seventh concert, familiar Beethoven; the eighth, incomprehensible Schoenberg; the ninth, the Volbach symphony of simple form; the tenth, the Liszt "Faust" symphony of unfathomed complexity; the eleventh, the straightforward Brahms symphony in C minor; the twelfth, the philosophic "Zarathustra" tone poem of Strauss. That is all clear enough in general. But few of those who attend the concerts from week to week would have been likely to pick out the Brahms symphony in C minor, though the composer's first effort in the larger forms of orchestral writing, as being an odd number selection. Plainly now it should be considered so. Even the second movement, once as ponderous an andante as could be found in the repertory, the heaviest work of Bruckner not excepted, must now be regarded as a fresh, bubbling inspiration. For such Dr. Muck and his men made it on Friday afternoon.

With propriety the two pieces by Fried were put on an odd number program. For while they were performed with great care and accuracy, they could not have given the orchestra much trouble in preparation. They are earnest works, indicating a more chastened mood in art than appears in most music of the modern German school. Fried seems to be more interested in the universal appeal of music than the local. If his powers should develop strongly in the direction indicated in the piece for strings and the piece for wind instruments, he might make a place with Schumann and Brahms. Evidently he would not belong to the strongly nationalistic side of German musical art, as represented by Wagner and Strauss. The thing needed for a judgment of his tendencies and abilities is a composition in which he assembles both halves of the orchestra.

EVENING TRANSCRIPT,

JANUARY 23,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

STRAUSS'S "ZARATHUSTRA" FROM A NEW ANGLE

Dr. Muck's Very "Personal" Version of the Tone-Poem—His Transformation of It Into a Grave and Brooding Music of Human Longing—The Comforting Realities of Beethoven's "Leonore" and Sibelius's Passion for Expression

TO Dr. Muck, "Zarathustra" is a different music from what it has seemed to other conductors that have undertaken Strauss's tone-poem at the Symphony Concerts. He had not proceeded far, yesterday afternoon, with the introduction before it was clear that he was understanding, imagining and transmitting the piece as he apprehended and felt it, regardless of other conceptions and even of the precedents that now, after twenty years, are beginning to be traditions with Strauss's symphonic music. Audiences, the world over, are accustomed to hear the introduction to "Zarathustra" with the orchestra driven to the utmost of its powers—the pealing trumpets, the rolling organ, the up-swelling strings, piling sonority upon sonority and stress upon stress. Behold the epical and epochal dawn wherein Zarathustra, all-knowing and all-wise superman, arises in his wisdom and goes forth to enlighten his fellows. As Dr. Muck "read" the music, the piled sonorities became deepening solemnities, the trumpets spoke in calm majesty and not in excited proclamation; the strings, the whole orchestra quivered with the expectant intensity of the instant. The impression was of a grave and solemn music, unrolling the curtains of the world before the spirit of man. Not within long memory had the prelude to "Zarathustra" so sounded or so nearly deserved to be called sublime.

The tone-poem proceeded through the divisions that Strauss has labelled "Of the Dwellers in the Rear-World"; "Of the Great Longing"; "Of Joys and Passions"; "Of Science and Learning," and as it went its way, Dr. Muck's purpose and design, comprehension and illumination with the music became clearer and clearer. In sombre voice, dark colors and struggling rhythms went the passage of "the Rear World" in the Nietzschean nomenclature. But there was no thought to the hearer of Nietzsche and all his works; only of the spirit of man struggling out of the bewilderments, the mysteries, the strivings of the universe in which some power had placed him. The tonal darkness slowly cleared; the tonal struggle was slowly stilled. Then in the spirit of man awoke "The Great Longing"—for once the Nietzschean terms held good—to know himself, to search out these mysteries, to solve the riddles of existence and the universe. Again in long memory, never has this passage in "Zarathustra" had such gravely passionate and poignant voice. It seemed to rise out of the depths of the spirit of man; it stirred such depths in those that listened. At last "Zarathustra" was to be a tone-poem of brooding human longing, a spiritual music.

First, the spirit of man brooded over "The Joys and Passions" that might be the satisfactions and the solutions of its desires and gropings. They passed in the music as Dr. Muck felt and communicated it, like phantoms of thought and mood that left empty the human hands clutching at them. Still possessed by "The Great Longing," the human spirit brooded upon death and its mysteries, wistful yet a little soothed and so plaintive, remote, and gentle sounded what Strauss and Nietzsche label "The Grave Song." Brooding still, the human spirit sought the solutions and the soothings of learning, and Dr. Muck assembled and expanded the strands of the fugato as though he were laying dry tome and dry tome side by side until all the sum of human knowledge had been gathered. Never before has this passage in "Zarathustra" sounded, as Strauss surely intended it, so barren, sterile, so of the wastes of such human brooding.

Then on to the intermediary passage called in the Nietzschean terminology "Of the Convalescent." It mattered little what it was named. Still the music brooded; but it had begun to quiver with a strange and troubling expectancy. There was nervous preluding; there were glimmers and darts of tonal light; then flashing radiance; then the tremors, the hesitations, the mounting excitements of fulfilment and the music began its dance. The brooding human spirit had found release, solution, satisfaction as in a grave joy, as in a vision of all the phantoms that had haunted it moving in a rhythmed order and a clear calm light. The song swelled low and grave out of the dance and the great longing had become as the great tranquillity. Again, as never before, the music spoke in deep and spiritual voice. Then slowly the vision faded; the song died, and the human spirit sat once more brooding over the eternal mysteries and questionings. The final measures spoke the pity and the pang of its hopeless and baffling fate.

So to hear "Zarathustra" was like revelation equally of a finer, deeper and more spiritual content in Strauss's music than hitherto it had ever seemed to bear and of the divining and the transfiguring power of Dr. Muck's mind, imagination and spirit in play upon it. In all that he has done in the ears of his audiences in four long seasons and in half of another, never before has he wrought such a transforming feat, or one in which the transmitting medium seemed to surpass composer and music. Hitherto we have wn "Zarathustra" for the sonorous magnificence of the introduction; for the intricate polyphonic fabric that Strauss thereafter wove; for the tonal colors that brightened and darkened it; for the thematic manipulation that made the music seem as thought busy with abstraction; for the rhythmic excitement of the dance; for the broad unfolding of the midnight song; for the mystery and the tonal titillation of the end. So hearing, we have marvelled at the design and the detail, the purpose and the accomplishment of the tone-poem. We have counted Strauss in it as fain to be the superman of music on the Nietzschean model, to conceive it out of thought about abstractions rather than out of mood, emotion and vision; to make the course of these reflections follow the close-knit course of a symphonic poem; to suggest each turn of these broodings in harmonic, polyphonic or instrumental detail: and yet to stir emotion in those that heard. So, after theirmanner, have the conductors construed "Zarathustra." They have sought to make it as mighty and magnificent, as big and glowing, as variously intricate and eloquent as they might. For the playing of it should be their feat, too, as orchestral supermen.

Yesterday from end to end, from the solemn beginning to the piteous close, Dr. Muck kept "Zarathustra" a low-voiced, grave, sober-colored, brooding music. Even the mounting radiance of the vision of the world in rhythmed and dancing tranquillity, he scaled relatively low. Even the sonorous introduction was all solemn and shadowed splendors. Not once did he lay on his instrumental and harmonic colors with flaring and emphatic hand; not once did he stress the polyphonic intricacies, the sheer technical feats of Strauss in the music. He held those but as means to the composer's end. No more would he have his hearers heed his own marvellous weaving of the fugato; or his own or Mr. Witek's feats of rhythm with the mounting dance; or the whole rhythmic and thematic life that he infused into the music. Least of all would he make it grandiloquent and glaring, huge and heavy. "Zarathustra" rose from his hands as a profound, deeply spiritualized, gravely emotional tone-poem of the mind and the heart of man brooding over the mysteries of his existence and of the universe, and seeking in vision to sound them; stirred by the great longing and seeking in vision to soothe it.

So conceived and so transmitted, "Zarathustra" seemed very grave, beautiful, poignant and human music—a more spiritual music than ever before or since has come from Strauss's hand, a unique achievement in his manifold accomplishment and, perhaps, in all the accomplishment of music. Somewhere Mr. Newman has written of Strauss in "Zarathustra" as a "Titan in chains." Yesterday, if the music really be as Dr. Muck made it sound, the conductor broke the composer's bonds. It was Dr. Muck's "Zarathustra" rather than Strauss's, and yet without Strauss—and this strangely spiritualized Strauss—it could not have been. The conductor professes to care little for the composer's later tone-poems. And lo! he draws from "Zarathustra" what no man has ever divined there before and transfigures it. Twenty remarkable achievements of Dr. Muck will dwell longer in the memories of his hearers because they have been easier to grasp and feel; but none of them is to be compared in mental and spiritual fineness with this transformation of "Zarathustra." It is the grave, the solemn, the beautiful and the poignant epic of "The Great Longing" as our time has felt it and our music expressed it.

The rest of the concert was close-packed, too, but with more expected, plain-spoken and less-exacting matter. At the end, indeed, Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture brought the warm and comforting glow of a familiar reality. There it was—Florestan's air in the prison, the suspensive trumpet calls, the elation of "O Namenlose Freude," the solemn thanksgiving and all the rest—music-drama in vivid and eloquent epitome, compact with emotion, action in tones almost, so rich of instrumental song, so high in human power and with every one of its glories the brighter and fuller for the reciprocal eloquence that conductor and men brought to it. The masterpiece of overtures that would be music-drama in little. Even Wagner might not equal it.

How easily had Beethoven seemed to say all that he would to the utmost of its scope and to the utmost of his power and yet in the result by such simple, effortless, free and full-handed means. Strauss had needed the divining and the spiritualizing genius of a conductor, and endless care and pains besides, that his music might at last gain its true voice. And Sibelius, whose first symphony began the concert, seemed, as nowadays he always does in his long pieces, to be striving so intently for the power and poignancy of expression that, perhaps, is his master-passion. We look backward now at this symphony in E-minor as we could not when it came first to our ears. The terse brevity of the musical thoughts; the melodies beginning wan and hollow and wistful and rising out of brooding melancholy into passion and power; the rugged progressions; the acrid harmonies; the dark and fitful instrumental coloring; the striding or the surging rhythms; the wild and wayward mood of the music; its bursts of tonal rage and its recessions into tonal gloom—all these are familiar characteristics now of Sibelius's symphonies. It is the custom—it is hard to say why—to fit them into the aspects of Finnish and northern lights and landscape, into Finnish and viking mood and impulse. May they not as plausibly be the expression of an individual mind and imagination in which such traits and moods and feelings play, no more influenced by its environment than would be any moody, sensitive and observant spirit?

More than once yesterday in the course of the symphony a great passion of self-expression seemed to ring through the music, a great striving for an intensity of utterance that would always in its very nature be insatiable. So it is possible to hear the naked song of the clarinet at the tions, the passionate upbuildings of it at gling and broken rhythms, the recurring drum-rolls, the sudden upleapings of the instruments are all of this quest for intensified utterance. Of it again are the penetrating melodies, the melancholy mood, the angry turn upon them as though they were too inarticulate, of the music of the slow movement. The scherzo may be less northern wildness than the wildness and the weariness of this quest. And so, again, in the turbulence of the finale that would break its bonds of utterance and yet never quite snaps them, and rises to the full heights of the composer's will. In three symphonies, Sibelius used the old musical speech in his own way. In the fourth, again in his own way, he has turned to the new.

Perhaps, he did so because he believed that the old still refused him the intensity of self-expression that he craved and that in the new he might attain it. But with him, as with most that pursue it, the quest will have no end.

H. T. P.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

JANUARY 23, 1915

NATIONALISM FEATURE OF MUSIC PLAYED BY SYMPHONY AT ITS TWELFTH REHEARSAL

SYMPHONY HALL—Twelfth rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Jan. 22. The program: Sibelius, symphony No. 1 in E-minor, op. 39; Strauss, tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" (after Nietzache) op. 30; Beethoven, overture to "Leonora," No.

In an orchestral concert which presents works by composers of the present day two questions appeal to the listener's judgment. The first is as to how the pieces were interpreted. The second is as to the purport of the music itself. The two are so interlocked for the time being that they seem like one question. The general meaning of the composer and the particular reading of the conductor look like the same thing. But they are not. What the composer means in a symphonic work is the only point of final importance. Appraisal of the conductor is ordinarily well enough disposed of with a compliment for the phrasing here, an expression of doubt in regard to the speed there, and with other remarks that are appropriate where idea has to be presented through elaborate social machinery. For actually the performance of an orchestral conductor, for the moment so impressive, is nothing but the print, paper and binding of the book. It is not the book's message.

Whatever, then, is to be said in praise of Dr. Muck's reading of Sibelius, whatever in disparagement of his reading of Strauss, the two compositions remain to be considered for what they tell the modern world about itself. And, all external problems about them aside, the problem of the symphony as an example of thematic structure and of balanced and contrasted movements, together with the problem of the tone poem as an example of program music, probably the most striking trait of the pieces is their nationalism.

No more certain fact has evolved from the Symphony concerts, which from start to finish are an imported product in Boston, and necessarily so, since practically no genuinely native art in their formulas exist, than that European orchestral writers have been striving with all their might for the past generation to express the motives and aims of the countries in which they are citizens. If there has been any concept of music as an universal art, it has been exceptional. The music that holds its place in the repertory, the music that Bostonians like to hear, is that which is replete with nationalist feeling. It is music such as was on the program of Friday afternoon, music like the first symphony of Sibelius, the Russian or, provincially speaking, the Finn, and music like the tone poem of Strauss, the German.

The nationalist qualities of these two typical modern composers have been analized only casually. When it has been done, the emphasis has usually been put on mood rather than intention. The picturesque side has been brought to notice more than any other. The musical symbol has been turned into a verbal one, and so the chief question has been dodged. Sibelius has been a melancholy dreamer, brooding savagely over the instrumental tone scheme, ever devising some new translation for the word despair. Strauss has been a Wild Huntsman, chasing out of hiding harmonies and themes that nobody ever had the temerity to pursue before. He has been a splendid romanticist, a reckless satirist. He has been every commonplace thing that criticism could plausibly call him.

Meantime the public has heard the music and has got its impression of the purposes that impel it into existence, purposes that may be operative in their own country as well as in the countries in which Sibelius and Strauss live. The outcome for time to show is whether the listening is just a pleasure for the community in a certain epoch of its history; or whether it is a stimulation to a counter expression of national aims, through the tone art or some other art; or whether, finally, it is a contemplative protest against the employment of melody and harmony to restricted, fractional human ends.

BOSTON GLOBE—

JANUARY 23,

TWELFTH REHEARSAL.

Mr Busoni Not Yet Arrived in Boston.

"Zarathustra" and Sibelius' First Symphony Chief Numbers.

Mr Busoni had not arrived in this country in time to appear as soloist at the 12th Symphony Orchestra rehearsal yesterday afternoon. The "Leonore" overture No. 3 was substituted for the Liszt concerto he was announced to play. It was preceded by Sibelius' first symphony in E minor and Strauss' tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

The symphony is an hour long. Its prevailing mood is a serious one, for when are the moods of Mr Sibelius not serious? It is true that in the scherzo he falls into rude and boisterous merriment. There is dance rhythm and clumsily shod feet are heard. The peasants disport themselves with abandon, and one wonders whether the composer laughs at the country bumpkins or with them. There are the indefatigable nationalists, the friends and champions of the Finns, to whom all utterances of Sibelius are epic.

Art With the Clarinet.

The layman of moderate conservatism might wish all the pages wore as well as those which begin and end the symphony. The mournful song of the clarinet is not easily forgotten; majestically sombre, yet tender; of a color not satisfied elsewhere as in the chalumeau register of the clarinet. Mr Sand, zealous in experimentation with mouthpieces and reeds, has found a tone of admirable qualities, flexible, blending resonance with mellowness in good proportion, emotional and characteristic of the instrument. He phrased the passage in a truly improvisational vein, with a beautiful legato and subtlety of nuance.

The return of the theme as a glorified apotheosis for the orchestra at the close of the last movement is among the noblest passages of symphonic literature. There is the lofty beauty, the grandeur of vision, which few men since Beethoven have been able to contemplate with steady gaze. There is a strange discrepancy with portions of the scherzo, inconsequential passages in which the composer might have been inspired by Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture.

Accurate Performance.

It is not necessary to inquire into the precise relationship of Strauss' ponderous tone poem to the cryptic philosophy of Nietzsche. The whole problem of "program" music, the degree to which musical sounds may express or suggest concrete or abstract ideas, might be discussed with it as a basis. Zarathustra, the "superman," the "over" or "beyond man," may be the fiction of a brain and nervous system for which experience has blended asceticism with religious mysticism and tinctured both with morbidity. Strauss' conception of these phases of experience has illusion, at times potentiality, in any event it reveals the colossal musical brain, the amazing contrapuntal cleverness, the orchestral daring that can weave such a complex fabric of sound.

The performance was one upon which Dr Muck has expended much care and labor. There was brilliant virtuosity and the higher quality of imagination. To single out one section above another would be difficult, but the cool, calculating accuracy with which the fuge "Of Science" was built up through its conflicting rhythms was no less a feat of technic than the dazzling execution of other portions. The riddle remained unsolved. Strauss knew how far to preach Nietzsche's doctrine.

The orchestra will make a special Western trip next week.

BOSTON POST,

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STRAUSS AND MUCK AT ODDS

Symphony Far From Tradition in "Zarathustra"

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall was of the most exceptional interest: The First Symphony of Jean Sibelius, the tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" of Richard Strauss; the Third "Leonore" overture of Beethoven.

A SUPERB PERFORMANCE

The music of Sibelius, elemental, fierce and melancholy, seemed from another civilization than the present, and was given the finest possible performance by Dr. Muck and his players. The music of Strauss, come out of the very vortex of modern European culture, with all the characteristics of this culture, of the restlessness and sophistication of the age, yet informed with desperate heroism. The spiritual audacity of one of the heroes of this age was the most impressive of contrasts. Above all was Beethoven.

It is not possible to praise adequately the performance of Sibelius' symphony, or to give adequate thanks for new music of such simplicity and conviction and primeval power. For a first essay in the symphonic form, this work astonishes one by its strength and its sweep, its savor of wild northern nature, its sureness of touch and originality of thought. And then there is the glorious orchestral coloring, coloring which, on account of its beauty and its clearness and individuality, somewhat tarnished the brilliant orchestral dress of Strauss' tone poem.

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In brief, the essentially rhapsodic quality of the amazing music inspired by the singular rhapsody of Nietbsche, the temperamental qualities of Strauss music, and what is frequently the surpassing grandeur of his vision, were usually lacking. It is easy to believe, especially as one remembers Dr. Muck stamping on the platform at one moment of the performance, that this performance did not go wholly to his liking, and that the performance this evening will sound more spontaneous. It cannot be said that it sounded so yesterday.

With all the cerebral quality of Strauss, he has always seemed to us first a composer of a splendidly nervous temperament. That nervousness and incisiveness and that volcanic energy that flames in every measure of his music, and sweeps you from your feet as though a whirlwind had taken you in its arms, was not felt. Conviction seemed to us to be absent and never before had a work of indisputable audacity and inspiration sounded so empty, so like a mere box of orchestral tricks.

BOSTON HERALD.

JANUARY 23, 1915.

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Extraordinarily Romantic Work by Sibelius Played by Orchestra.

By PHILIP HALE.

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Nearly 10 years ago Mr. Gericke produced the second symphony of Sibelius, the one in D major. The composer was then unknown in Boston except by name. The reception of the work by the public was so cool that Mr. Gericke dropped Sibelius. Mr. Fiedler was favorably inclined toward the Finn, but he did not bring out the symphony in E minor. The performance of yesterday was the third under Dr. Muck, who put it on the program in 1907 and in 1912.

It is an extraordinarily romantic work; to us the most imaginative and effective of the three symphonies that have been performed here. M. Weber, for years the music critic of Le Temps, once wrote an article in which he proved neatly to his own satisfaction that there is no such thing in music as local color. He argued that when we find the contour of a melody, or some strange harmonies and unusual rhythms exotic, Persian, Egyptian, what you will, it is because we have been told that these musical characteristics are associated with some particular country; but a land is not to be musically described.

This depends a good deal on the hearer. The introduction to the third act of "Aida" may remind us of a sultry night on the Nide on account of what has gone before, the stage-setting and the entrance of Egyptian priest, princess, and slave. Perhaps we might not realize the loneliness and immeasurable distance of a Russian steppe from Borodin's orchestral piece, unless the word "Steppe" were in the title. Yet in either instance the music is peculiarly suited to the scene. So hearing the symphony of Sibelius, knowing that he is a Finn, knowing also something about the scenery of Finland, the history of that land, its sagas, and the "Kalevala," it is very easy to find the full, wild, tumultuous expression of what we conceive Finland to be in this music of Sibelius, and we find it here to a greater extent than in the second symphony, or in the fourth in which Sibelius seems to have wandered far from his country and his true self in search of strange gods and strange mental conditions. In this respect the first symphony is to be ranked with the violin concerto and "The Swan of Tuonela."

The first movement is surely one of the frankest and most emotional outpourings of the composer's soul. It might stand alone as a tragic overture, fiery, passionate, inexpressibly sad. There is only a slight taint of formalism, of pedantry, in this movement, the desire of a composer to show in his first symphony that he knows his counterpoint and all the tricks. In the second movement this fault is more noticeable, for it is more deliberate and more extended. It is as if the composer were saying to his audience: "Now I'll prove to you that I have studied diligently." These faults, however, are negligible when the sweep and pathos of the whole symphony are taken into consideration. The performance was superb.

Sibelius gives no program, no clue to the contents of his symphony. Strauss furnishes an introductory note, a passage from Nietzsche's book, to his "Zarathustra," and there are sub-captions in the score: "Of the Dwellers in the Rear World," "Of the Great Tearning," etc. He is reported as having said that he put "freely after Frieda, Nietzsche" in the title, because he would otherwise have been accused of translating Nietzsche's book into music with a view of doing the same thing later with Kant and Schopenhauer. When there are such guide-posts in a program-book, the hearer, if he is not content with simply listening to the music, is apt to take the wrong direction or miss a post to his utter confusion. "Where are we now? Is this the 'Grave Song' or the section about 'Science'?" There is no mistaking the "Dance Song," but we like to think the girls met by Zarathustra danced to a more seductive tune. The inherent cheapness of this tune—and Vernon Blackburn defined a tune as a melody that is overripe—is atoned for by the amazing treatment of it, and yesterday by the brilliance of the general performance and the remarkably incisive playing of the solo violin passages by Mr. Witek.

The introduction is impressive; the section "Of Science" sounds as though Strauss had wished to show the aridity and endlessness of much scientific teaching; the music towards the close is very beautiful, to be put by the side of a few pages of "Don Quixote" and the domestic symphony. As a work of pure art and a complete realization of a composer's intention no one of the so-called colossal tone-poems of Strauss equals "Till Eulenspiegel" or "Don Juan." With them and "Death and Transfiguration" Strauss ceased to be purely and constantly musical as a writer of symphonic poems. The close of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and Zarathustra speaks too much in Nietsche's poem and in Strauss's music—has been greatly admired as mystic, wonderful, an attempt to solve the riddle of the universe; but this riddle is not to be solved by sounds from piccolos, flute and a violin or two alternating with pizzicato notes of double basses.

Beethoven, for a comparatively small orchestra, wrote his "Leonore" overture No. 3 over a hundred years ago, a work that by the loftiness, the nobility of the ideas and by the dramatic expression still sways the hearer and purifies the passions.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of Feb. 5, 6 will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 4; Spohr, Concerto for string quartet with orchestra, op. 131 (first time at these concerts); Mahler, "Lays of a Travelling Journeyman" (Paul Draper, singer); Dvorak, "Carnaval" overture.

ADVERTISER.

JANUARY 23

THE SYMPHONY THIS WEEK

ONCE AGAIN A PURELY ORCHESTRAL PROGRAMME

Sibelius, Strauss and Beethoven Contributors—Busoni Not Able to Appear

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Sibelius. Symphony No. 1. E minor.
Strauss. "Also Sprach Zarathustra."
Beethoven. Leonore Overture, No. 3.

The best laid plans o' mice and orchestral conductors gang aft agley. Mr. Busoni was ill from the results of a tempestuous sea voyage. Perhaps he was fortunate in being sick, for to have given the Liszt E-flat concerto after an hour and three-quarters of modern music, and especially after the tonal shimmerings of Richard Strauss, might have been tempting Providence. We shall now hope to hear the great pianist under more favorable circumstances than these.

He was replaced by Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, No. 3, and even that, with the frenzied joy at its end, suffered somewhat from the juxta-position. But at least it was a good deal shorter than the Liszt concerto would have been. Therefore, while expressing the heartiest sympathy for Mr. Busoni in his temporary illness, we cannot but be pleased that he did not play on this particular occasion.

But one can rhapsodize over the instrumental works which formed this oddly made-up programme. To go from the fourth symphony of Sibelius, to this first one, was like going from Philip drunk to Philip sober. In the fourth symphony all seems experimental, while in the first there is definite attainment.

From the very beginning, where the clarinette has a theme of dreamy melancholy and loneliness, the attention is enchained. There is the Northern sadness in much of the work, but it reminds of Longfellow's

"Feeling of sadness and longing.
That is not akin to Pain,
And resembles Sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain."

This sadness seems to be a Scandinavian heritage in music and has its own great power. Yet the chief theme of the first movement is full of resolution and heroism and contrasted well with the brooding and mystery which reigned elsewhere. Muted horns suggested evil, and most sudden contrasts spoke of tragedy. A fine climax is worked up in the first movement and logically too, being well derived from preceding tonal material.

The Andante was less impressive in its complainings. But the Scherzo is a Finnish gem. It had all the heartiness and virility of the northern folk-dances, and the Trio with its horn passages was in fine contrast [illegible] performance was something to grow enthusiastic over. Even the kettle-drum seemed inspired when it rapped out the figure in the returning passage from the Trio to the Scherzo. As with the Brahms symphony of last week, the finale had many derivations from preceding movements, but this device of thematic transference has become quite usual in modern symphonies, although when Beethoven introduced it in the finale of his ninth symphony it was criticised. In spite of the often frenzied power, of the growls of the deep wood-wind, of the sudden contrasts and the unexpectedly soft pizzicato ending, we prefer the Sibelius Scherzo to this more unrestful movement, and we think the first movement the strongest part of the entire work. The Andante would also be very effective if it had less of sequence treatment.

But when a man can give such poetic and comprehensible thoughts as Sibelius does in this, we must hesitate in giving a verdict upon his more vague and less intelligible works. After studying this symphony we dare not pronounce a sure verdict upon his fourth symphony. We may dislike that work, but we cannot say with jaunty confidence, "It is bad," but rather, "We cannot understand it!" The performance yesterday afternoon aroused real enthusiasm and, as usual, the orchestra was obliged to rise in acknowledgment.

After this Zarathustra also spoke. That is he sometimes roared and he sometimes whispered. We have had this work now at least a dozen times and it is a retrospect full of meaning when we think of the appalling effect it first made, and how we now expect the Brobdignagian score as a matter of course. It has been said that the car can accustom itself to anything, and we have now passed Zarathustra and are chewing upon Schoenberg, who is a great deal more indigestible.

Our orchestra played the Strauss work magnificently. It is just as well that they tread these thorny paths frequently, if only that they may convince the New York critics that our musical organization is absolutely "hors concours." But we have seldom heard even our wonderful orchestra reach quite the level that marked the interpretation of the first part of this work. It was colossal in its powerful effects and beautiful in its more tender phrases. Organ and trumpet deserve especial words for the effects they produced. This man has something to say; he is not a mere modern musical eccentric. The work may be too long, and at times too abstruse, but the voice of genius is heard sometimes, amid the confusion. The performance was less unified in the last part of this tone-poem than in its majestic beginning.

It is singular how in such a large composition the feminine element is almost entirely absent, only appearing in the dance episode. The work will therefore not find great favor in the Suffragette ranks, and some day a female composer will give us—"Thus spoke Mrs. Zarathustra"—and by the way, she does speak, and with emphasis, in the Strauss family.

After this Beethoven's overture finished the concert. Had it been given as originally planned we believe it would have been nearly two hours and a half in length.

TRANSCRIPT,

, JANUARY 19,

News of the Symphony Orchestra—Concerts Cancelled and to Come

At last and in at least one piece, the Symphony Orchestra has gained in Dr. Muck's ears all the perfections of tone, balance and communicating eloquence that he seeks. The band did these things in its playing of Brahms's symphony in C minor last Friday and last Saturday and ever since, in private talk and beyond his wont, he has been warm in praise of them. On Saturday evening, in particular, when the audience had recalled him four times at the end of the symphony and brought the orchestra to its feet, he shook the concert-master, as its collective representative, heartily by the hand. Few frequenters of the concerts recall a similar circumstance.

When the Symphony Orchestra goes westward at the end of the month, it will pay its first visit to Wheeling in West Virginia. Thus does each year, especially in the Middle West, set new dots on the musical map.

By all report, Mr. Ernst Schmidt of the first violins of the Symphony Orchestra acquitted himself well, when he conducted, in the absence of Dr. Muck, at the concert in Cambridge last Thursday evening. His manner is quiet; he left much, and with reason, to the orchestra in the repertory pieces that made the programme, but not so much as to hide his clear understanding of the music, his elastic control of his forces, his regard for tonal balance and his excellent sense of pace and rhythm.

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A SUPERB PERFORMANCE

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It is not possible to praise adequately the performance of Sibelius' symphony, or to give adequate thanks for new music of such simplicity and conviction and primeval power. For a first essay in the symphonic form, this work astonishes one by its strength and its sweep, its savor of wild northern nature, its sureness of touch and originality of thought. And then there is the glorious orchestral coloring, coloring which, on account of its beauty and its clearness and individuality, somewhat tarnished the brilliant orchestral dress of Strauss' tone poem.

The composer might well have rejoiced in his spokesmen. In spite of the tumultuous inspiration of the music there are moments of indecision, more particularly in the slow movement, and of conventional procedures of composition in other movements, which are singularly at variance with the spirit of the work. In these cases the conductor came nobly to the rescue. If there was a weak joining place in the structure, its underlying spirit was made to bridge the gap. If some phrase was a little more commonplace than is usual with the later Sibelius, it was treated in such a manner that it was deeply impressive. Consider the broad and sad melody of the last moment—that melody which alternates with savage dance rhythms and music of the elements at play. Nothing could have been more moving than its treatment by Dr. Muck. A noble work, nobly interpreted. No wonder there was enthusiasm. The conductor was repeatedly called back to the stage. Finally the orchestra arose and bowed with him.

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This depends a good deal on the hearer. The introduction to the third act of "Aida" may remind us of a sultry night on the Nide on account of what has gone before, the stage-setting and the entrance of Egyptian priest, princess, and slave. Perhaps we might not realize the loneliness and immeasurable distance of a Russian steppe from Borodin's orchestral piece, unless the word "Steppe" were in the title. Yet in either instance the music is peculiarly suited to the scene. So hearing the symphony of Sibelius, knowing that he is a Finn, knowing also something about the scenery of Finland, the history of that land, its sagas, and the "Kalevala," it is very easy to find the full, wild, tumultuous expression of what we conceive Finland to be in this music of Sibelius, and we find it here to a greater extent than in the second symphony, or in the fourth in which Sibelius seems to have wandered far from his country and his true self in search of strange gods and strange mental conditions. In this respect the first symphony is to be ranked with the violin concerto and "The Swan of Tuonela."

The first movement is surely one of the frankest and most emotional outpourings of the composer's soul. It might stand alone as a tragic overture, fiery, passionate, inexpressibly sad. There is only a slight taint of formalism, of pedantry, in this movement, the desire of a composer to show in his first symphony that he knows his counterpoint and all the tricks. In the second movement this fault is more noticeable, for it is more deliberate and more extended. It is as if the composer [illegible] "Now I'll prove to you that I have studied diligently." These faults, however, are negligible when the sweep and pathos of the whole symphony are taken into consideration. The performance was superb.

Sibelius gives no program, no clue to the contents of his symphony. Strauss furnishes an introductory note, a passage from Nietzsche's book, to his "Zarathustra," and there are sub-captions in the score: "Of the Dwellers in the Rear World," "Of the Great Tearning," etc. He is reported as having said that he put "freely after Frieda, Nietzsche" in the title, because he would otherwise have been accused of translating Nietzsche's book into music with a view of doing the same thing later with Kant and Schopenhauer. When there are such guide-posts in a program-book, the hearer, if he is not content with simply listening to the music, is apt to take the wrong direction or miss a post to his utter confusion. "Where are we now? Is this the 'Grave Song' or the section about 'Science'?" There is no mistaking the "Dance Song," but we like to think the girls met by Zarathustra danced to a more seductive tune. The inherent cheapness of this tune—and Vernon Blackburn defined a tune as a melody that is over-ripe—is atoned for by the amazing treatment of it, and yesterday by the brilliance of the general performance and the remarkably incisive playing of the solo violin passages by Mr. Witek.

The introduction is impressive; the section "Of Science" sounds as though Strauss had wished to show the aridity and endlessness of much scientific teaching; the music towards the close is very beautiful, to be put by the side of a few pages of "Don Quixote" and the domestic symphony. As a work of pure art and a complete realization of a composer's intention no one of the so-called colossal tone-poems of Strauss equals "Till Eulenspiegel" or "Don Juan." With them and "Death and Transfiguration" Strauss ceased to be purely and constantly musical as a writer of symphonic poems. The close of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and Zarathustra speaks too much in Nietsche's poem and in Strauss's music—has been greatly admired as mystic, wonderful, an attempt to solve the riddle of the universe; but this riddle is not to be solved by sounds from piccolos, flute and a violin or two alternating with pizzicato notes of double basses.

Beethoven, for a comparatively small orchestra, wrote his "Leonore" overture No. 3 over a hundred years ago, a work that by the loftiness, the nobility of the ideas and by the dramatic expression still sways the hearer and purifies the passions.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of Feb. 5, 6 will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 4; Spohr, Concerto for string quartet with orchestra, op. 131 (first time at these concerts); Mahler, "Lays of a Travelling Journeyman" (Paul Draper, singer); Dvorak, "Carnaval" overture.

ADVERTISER.

JANUARY 23

THE SYMPHONY THIS WEEK

ONCE AGAIN A PURELY ORCHESTRAL PROGRAMME

Sibelius, Strauss and Beethoven Contributors—Busoni Not Able to Appear

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Sibelius. Symphony No. 1. E minor.
Strauss. "Also Sprach Zarathustra."
Beethoven. Leonore Overture. No. 3.

The best laid plans o' mice and orchestral conductors gang aft agley. Mr. Busoni was ill from the results of a tempestuous sea voyage. Perhaps he was fortunate in being sick, for to have given the Liszt E-flat concerto after an hour and three-quarters of modern music, and especially after the tonal shimmerings of Richard Strauss, might have been tempting Providence. We shall now hope to hear the great pianist under more favorable circumstances than these.

He was replaced by Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, No. 3, and even that, with the frenzied joy at its end, suffered somewhat from the juxta-position. But at least it was a good deal shorter than the Liszt concerto would have been. Therefore, while expressing the heartiest sympathy for Mr. Busoni in his temporary illness, we cannot but be pleased that he did not play on this particular occasion.

But one can rhapsodize over the instrumental works which formed this oddly made-up programme. To go from the fourth symphony of Sibelius, to this first one, was like going from Philip drunk to Philip sober. In the fourth symphony all seems experimental, while in the first there is definite attainment.

From the very beginning, where the clarinette has a theme of dreamy melancholy and loneliness, the attention is enchained. There is the Northern sadness in much of the work, but it reminds of Longfellow's

"Feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to Pain,
And resembles Sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain."

This sadness seems to be a Scandinavian heritage in music and has its own great power. Yet the chief theme of the first movement is full of resolution and heroism and contrasted well with the brooding and mystery which reigned elsewhere. Muted horns suggested evil, and most sudden contrasts spoke of tragedy. A fine climax is worked up in the first movement and logically too, being well derived from preceding tonal material.

The Andante was less impressive in its complainings. But the Scherzo is a Finnish gem. It had all the heartiness and virility of the northern folk-dances, and the Trio with its horn passages was in fine contrast. The performance was something to grow enthusiastic over. Even the kettle-drum seemed inspired when it rapped out the figure in the returning passage from the Trio to the Scherzo. As with the Brahms symphony of last week, the finale had many derivations from preceding movements, but this device of thematic transference has become quite usual in modern symphonies, although when Beethoven introduced it in the finale of his ninth symphony it was criticised. In spite of the often frenzied power, of the growls of the deep wood-wind, of the sudden contrasts and the unexpectedly soft pizzicato ending, we prefer the Sibelius Scherzo to this more unrestful movement, and we think the first movement the strongest part of the entire work. The Andante would also be very effective if it had less of sequence treatment.

But when a man can give such poetic and comprehensible thoughts as Sibelius does in this, we must hesitate in giving a verdict upon his more vague and less intelligible works. After studying this symphony we dare not pronounce a sure verdict upon his fourth symphony. We may dislike that work, but we cannot say with jaunty confidence, "It is bad," but rather, "We cannot understand it!" The performance yesterday afternoon aroused real enthusiasm and, as usual, the orchestra was obliged to rise in acknowledgment.

After this Zarathustra also spoke. That is he sometimes roared and he sometimes whispered. We have had this work now at least a dozen times and it is a retrospect full of meaning when we think of the appalling effect it first made, and how we now expect the Brobdignagian score as a matter of course. It has been said that the car can accustom itself to anything, and we have now passed Zarathustra and are chewing upon Schoenberg, who is a great deal more indigestible.

Our orchestra played the Strauss work magnificently. It is just as well that they tread these thorny paths frequently, if only that they may convince the New York critics that our musical organization is absolutely "hors concours." But we have seldom heard even our wonderful orchestra reach quite the level that marked the interpretation of the first part of this work. It was colossal in its powerful effects and beautiful in its more tender phrases. Organ and trumpet deserve especial words for the effects they produced. This man has something to say; he is not a mere modern musical eccentric. The work may be too long, and at times too abstruse, but the voice of genius is heard sometimes, amid the confusion. The performance was less unified in the last part of this tone-poem than in its majestic beginning.

It is singular how in such a large composition the feminine element is almost entirely absent, only appearing in the dance episode. The work will therefore not find great favor in the Suffragette ranks, and some day a female composer will give us—"Thus spoke Mrs. Zarathustra"—and by the way, she does speak, and with emphasis, in the Strauss family.

After this Beethoven's overture finished the concert. Had it been given as originally planned we believe it would have been nearly two hours and a half in length.

TRANSCRIPT,

, JANUARY 19,

News of the Symphony Orchestra—Concerts Cancelled and to Come

AT last and in at least one piece, the Symphony Orchestra has gained in Dr. Muck's ears all the perfections of tone, balance and communicating eloquence that he seeks. The band did these things in its playing of Brahms's symphony in C minor last Friday and last Saturday and ever since, in private talk and beyond his wont, he has been warm in praise of them. On Saturday evening, in particular, when the audience had recalled him four times at the end of the symphony and brought the orchestra to its feet, he shook the concert-master, as its collective representative, heartily by the hand. Few frequenters of the concerts recall a similar circumstance.

When the Symphony Orchestra goes westward at the end of the month, it will pay its first visit to Wheeling in West Virginia. Thus does each year, especially in the Middle West, set new dots on the musical map.

By all report, Mr. Ernst Schmidt of the first violins of the Symphony Orchestra acquitted himself well, when he conducted, in the absence of Dr. Muck, at the concert in Cambridge last Thursday evening. His manner is quiet; he left much, and with reason, to the orchestra in the repertory pieces that made the programme, but not so much as to hide his clear understanding of the music, his elastic control of his forces, his regard for tonal balance and his excellent sense of pace and rhythm.

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FEBRUARY 6,

THIRTEENTH SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Beethoven's No. 4 Given, Finale Having Special Character from Dr. Muck's Reading.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, in B-flat major......Beethoven
Concerto in D minor, for two violins and Orchestra of strings..........Bach
Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen ("Songs of a Traveling Journeyman"), with orchestra. First time in Boston..Mahler
Overture, "Carnival,"..............Dvorak

Of the nine symphonies of Beethoven the fourth and the sixth are the least impressive. The first is historically interesting and its finale is delightfully gay. The second is also interesting as showing the development of Beethoven's musical mind. After the "Eroica" the fourth, in spite of Berlioz's famous rhapsody about the archangel Michael sighing the Adagio when overcome by melancholy, seems a droop in the flight of imagination. Yet there are noble and strange things in this symphony, things that only Beethoven could have written—the introduction, the mysterious measures with the crescendo that majestically re-establishes the chief tonality in the first movement; the superb Adagio. Yesterday the Finale had more than ordinary character, thanks to Dr. Muck's spirited and dramatic reading.

A concerto by Spohr for string quartet and orchestra had been announced, but on account of the Western trip and concerts in the neighborhood this week, there was no time for the quartet to rehearse. Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins and orchestra of strings was substituted. No doubt the audience gained by the change, for even the admirers of Spohr in Leipsic where his concerto was first performed were not as a rule enthusiastic. A little of Spohr at his best goes a long way. Bach's concerto had not been heard at these concerts since October, 1890, when Messrs. Kneisel and Loeffler were the solo violinists. The concert then was in memory of Otto Dresel. Yesterday Messrs. Witek and Noack, the concertmasters of the orchestra, gave an excellent performance. The Largo of the concerto is very beautiful. Sir Hubert Parry has written a page to show why Bach's slow movements fascinate persons that are not essentially musical. He argues that the answer is this: the form is "psychological rather than essentially musical." Sir Hubert might be asked what he means by "essentially musical"; and cannot the form of a composition be psychological and essentially musical? A hearer may be wholly ignorant of counterpoint and yet be fascinated by the Finale of Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, which is a miracle of "essentially musical" form. The Largo of Bach pleases because it is very beautiful to the ear; and it also awakens emotions in the hearer. The other movements appeal to the audience because they give an opportunity for good fiddling, and a certain persistence in musical figures and in rhythm excites the nerves.

Gustav Mahler's "songs of a travelling journeyman" were heard here for the first time. They are four in number. Mahler wrote the words. The music was composed at Cassel when a was 23 years old, and not happy as second conductor at the opera house. This journeyman should have travelled with the Dismal Jimmy of Schubert's familiar song-cycle. Each one mourned a girl that was another's; each one was given to finding the world alternately fair and gloomy; each one had much to say about weeping in his chamber and in the open, with talk of his dead heart and the silent tomb. The vocal part of Mahler's songs is comparatively simple, conceived in folk song spirit; the moods are expressed by an ingenious use of a full orchestra, that includes piccolo, English horn, bass clarinet, harp, bass drum and other percussion instruments. The first two songs "When My Love Is a Bride" and "As I Walked Abroad This Morn," are chiefly lyrical with an illustrative orchestra; but the third, in which the youth exclaims that he has been stabbed in the breast, is wildly dramatic. The fourth, "The Two Blue Eyes of My Sweetheart" with its march rhythm, is again sentimental, although Mahler has said that the poem should not end sentimentally. These four songs are unusual. With another singer they might be much more effective. Mr. Paul Draper, who sang them yesterday, has neither the voice nor the vocally dramatic skill to confirm the intentions of the poet-composer.

Dvorak's "Carnival" overture is a fine example of the genuine Dvorak, delighting in color, rhythm, fury and tumultuous gaiety. It reminds one pleasantly of the earlier Dvorak, the gifted child of nature with the simple peasant heart and mind, before he had been admired in England and persuaded to write oratorios; before he had been Americanized and fed on "Negro melodies"; before he was tempted in his last years to concoct realistic symphonic poems.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Schumann, Symphony in D minor; Monteverdi, the Lament of Ariadne; Bach, Suite in B minor for flute and orchestra of strings ([illegible] flutist); Handel, "Dan sei Dir"; Beethoven, "Adelaide" ([illegible] ration by Schoenberg); Mendelssohn, verture to "A Midsummer Night's ream." Mme. Julia Culp will be the nger.

BOSTON JOURNAL—

FEBRUARY 6,

THREE SYMPHONY SOLOISTS HEARD

Second Half of Season Is Given a Brilliant Introduction.

Friday brought the thirteenth Symphony "rehearsal," with one of the most interesting programs and one of the most pleasing performances, to mark the beginning of the second half of the season.

The eleventh-hour change of program put the Bach concerto in D minor, for two violins and string orchestra, in place of Spohr's string quartet, and the solo playing of Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack, supported by the admirably balanced string sections of the orchestra, was delightful. There stood out the remarkable virtuosity of the orchestra. The two soloists, who share the desk at the head of the first violins week after week, gave a performance that would be hard to equal. They proved worthy representatives of an assemblage of string players whose brilliancy has made the orchestra famous the world over.

Spirited and artistic, too, was the performance of Beethoven's fourth symphony, which was conducted by Dr. Muck with exquisite feeling. The enthusiasm of the audience lasted until the whole orchestra stood up to make its acknowledgments with the gifted leader.

The novelty on the program was Gustav Mahler's "Songs of a Traveling Journeyman," four pieces somewhat resembling folk-songs in form and mood, all for tenor solo and with orchestral accompaniment. It has been generally conceded that Mahler's muse was at its happiest in little works like these. Paul Draper sang the songs sympathetically, but their chief charm lies in the graphic and often piquant orchestral accompaniment. The number was warmly applauded.

Dvorak's "Carnival" overture ends the program, which, as usual, will be played again tonight.

The program for next week's concerts includes the Schumann symphony in D minor, Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, Bach's suite in B minor for flute and string orchestra, with Mr. Maquarre as soloist, and three songs, Monteverdi's "Lament of Ariadne," an aria by Handel, and Beethoven's "Adelaide," with orchestration by Schoenberg. Mme. Julia Culp will be the singer.

BOSTON GLOBE—

FEBRUARY 6.

'NEW' MAHLER SONGS.

Dramatic Settings of 'Folk' Character Lyrics.

Beethoven's Fourth Symphony Part of Unusual Program.

Mahler's four "Songs of a Traveling Journeyman" were heard yesterday afternoon at the 13th Symphony rehearsal, for the first time in Boston. Paul Draper was the singer. They were written, words and music, when Mahler was 23. In both he has kept the folk song character. There is simplicity, directness and a homely pathos in these songs of the humble journeyman, who fares forth with a heart heavy for love, who dreams of his adored, who sees her hair in the waving fields of corn, who wishes he were dead with his longing for her. An honest confession of an honest heart, unembellished by rhetoric or rhapsody, a melancholy, through which cheer in nature struggles now and again, a melancholy which in the third song cries out in flaming rebellion, but after all calls forth answering tenderness, softening pity.

The voice is used as a principal instrument for the delivery of the text. The orchestra is a source of much beauty, of true emotional expression as direct, clear and searching as the lines themselves. The musical ideas are singularly apt and delineative. There is breadth of treatment and of scoring, but with a voice of commensurate resources it would not override the singer.

There is a fine sensitivenes in the appreciation for the varying moods, for these words to some composers might steadily encourage the devices of woe and incur monotony. In the last of the lyrics, when the journeyman sets out at dead of night, with no one to bid farewell to him, with love and grief as his companions, the temptation would have been strong for some to accompany him with the English horn singing with mournful sentimentality or with sobs of cellos. It might have been well had Mahler kept as moving an inspiration in the later years, given to his ponderous symphonies with their expansive schemes and unwieldly apparatus.

Mr Draper is not blessed with a voice either voluminous or sensuously beautiful, but he is by every sign an artist, an interpreter. He finds and projects the heart of feeling in whatever he undertakes. The color of tone, the facial [illegible] and the characterizing flavor he imparts to words—these things are immeasurably superior to mere beauty of tone. A larger voice is to be desired in these songs, it is true, and wider range and greater resonance, but Mr Draper at this first hearing penetrated to the spirit of them, and deserves general thanks. Dr Muck and the orchestra made the score a thing of absorbing interest and of satisfying beauty, a score which made each song a dramatic picture.

Beethoven's fourth symphony, showing forth the genial, the playful spirit of the man, was played with an incompassing lovliness of style and feeling. The exuberant first movement, sparkling here and there with humor as the conversation of friends; the heavenly beauty of the slow movement, in which the wood wind virtuosi vied with one another as masters of sustained and gracefully embellished song, and the rousing finale bubbling with exhilaration—all could not fail to give joy to an audience when played in the incomparable manner of that of yesterday.

Bach's figurative concerto in D minor for solo violins and strings is a noble composition, well calculated to display the art of the soloists without the guise of mere virtuosity. Messrs Witek and Noack, concert masters of the orchestra, performed with fitting skill. Dvorak's "Carnival" overture, a score abounding in color, reminding at times of the rhythmic pattern and exuberance of the music of "Carmen" in the first of the last act, was played superbly. Altogether a program of uncommon interest and enjoyment.

Miss Culp will be the soloist next week. The orchestral numbers will be Schumann's symphony in D minor, Bach's suite in B minor for flute and strings (Mr Maquarre soloist), and Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

BOSTON POST,

FEBRUARY 6,

NEW SONGS HEARD WITH SYMPHONY

Draper Sings Mahler's Works—Two Solo Violins

BY OLIN DOWNES

Four striking songs for tenor with orchestral accompaniment, by Gustav Mahler, were the novel feature of the programme presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Carl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins and orchestra of strings (solo violins, Messrs. Witek and Noack, first and second concertmeisters of the orchestra) and Dvorak's overture "Carnival" completed the programme.

SINGER AND MUSICIAN

Paul Draper was the singer who interpreted Mahler's songs, not as a petted and spoiled vocalist grown arrogant from public favor, but as a musician of the highest qualifications and as one of the finest interpreters of the orchestra.

The songs are in themselves remarkable. It would be difficult to wholly deprive them of their eloquence, under any circumstances, but it should be said that they would not have been nearly so effective had they lacked Dr. Muck's superb orchestral accompaniment and Mr. Draper's masterly interpretation. His diction, for purity and for dramatic force, has not been equalled in the recollection of the writer since Dr. Wullner has visited this city some seasons ago. Mr. Draper's voice has not unusual sensuous beauty, but it was employed with the most admirable intelligence and effect. In his treatment of phrase and text the singer deserved the highest praise, and the sincerity and feeling of his interpretations crowned the careful objective study of the songs which he evidently had made.

Eloquence in Songs

As for the songs themselves, they were astonishing to the great majority of music lovers of this city to whom Mahler means the immense C-sharp minor symphony. The songs are simple, melodic and solely original. Singable, diatonic in the general character of the phrases, now lyric, now dramatic, they are always amazingly faithful to the innermost meaning of the text. A homeless wanderer has lost his adored, who has deserted him and whatever the scene, the morning sunlight, or the dark and dreary moor, the face, the voice, haunt him. For a moment he can shake free from care, and respond to the joyousness of nature, but he is pursued as by a phantom, forgetfulness and salvation he cannot find.

The eloquence of the poetry, which is also by Mahler, of the early years, the inimitable conviction and depth of sentiment which the music expresses the sequence of moods, and the wonderful heightening of these moods the remarkable orchestral accompaniments—these things were immensely appreciated yesterday.

New Beauties in Beethoven

Dr. Muck's reading of the fourth symphony found the conductor again in one of his strongest positions. When Dr. Muck conducts Beethoven, one can hardly fail to be impressed all over again with the greatness of the music. It is the time-beaters or the conductors who follow purely conventional procedure, and forget the spirit in their absorption with the letter, who often make Beethoven appear dull to the younger generation. With Dr. Muck there is always, one feels, the fresh, earnest study of a well known work, no matter how often he has played it, and there is the fire of deep inner conviction. The fourth symphony is not one of Beethoven's greatest works, but the slow movement alone would make necessary its presence on orchestral programme, and the whole of the first movement—not only the introduction, is stirring music.

The concerto of Bach was substituted for a work by Spohr, for solo players of stringed instruments with accompaniment of other instruments, which was originally intended for performance this week. Bach's music is melodic, polyphonic, of course, two-fisted in the first and last movements, most beautiful in the slow movement. All of this music is strictly in accordance with canons of its time. Without doubt Bach turned out a great number of similar sterling compositions each month and each year. There is no better illustration of the incalculable value of good counterpoint. It is partly for the reason that the style of composition in Germany of the early 18th century was so solid, so meaty, and so logical in its development of themes, that such a workman as Bach could hardly fail to produce music that had both vitality and style.

It was a strict and an honest school of composition. When one could conform to its rules he had at least more than a rudimentary idea of his trade, and could be trusted, at the worst, to turn out a fairly solid piece of goods. There was the great carpenter shop in which most of the lumber for future generations of composers was made and stored—all the beams and arches and supports that the later symphonists, and Wagner, the dramatic composer, and many others were to utilize in their structures of tone. More or less routine music this, but how marvellously superior is Bach's routine to the average of even gifted modern musicians.

Worthy Interpreters

Honest, virile, glowing music, the music of a man, and in the slow movement of a man with poetry in his soul. It should be said of the performances of Messrs. Witek and Noack that they in their turn were as worthy of Bach as Mr. Draper's performance was of the best in Mahler. It is for reviewers with more technical knowledge of the violin than this one to compare the prowess of two admirable artists. Suffice it that yesterday both men seemed to excel and supplement each other till they were a thousand strong, and again it was a pleasure to note the absence of the soloist element. Mr. Draper stood by Dr. Muck, with the score that he sang from open before him for reference. In a similar fashion and spirit, Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack, companions of the first desk of the violins, rose from their seats and took part with the other strings in a five ensemble performance. The audience recalled Dr. Muck repeatedly after Beethoven5s symphony, and the solo performers were also thus honored. Dvorak's brilliant overture was a cheerful conclusion of the concert.

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glimpses at these two important nations, their principal cities, towns and villages, their architectural, artistic and industrial phases, besides introducing many life-portraits in motion of the Kaisers of Germany and Austria and their daily life at home, in public ceremonials, and surrounded by their generals in camp and on the field of battle. Especially notable are many motion pictures of the Kaiser on board ship watching target practice, the exploding of mines and the evolutions of torepdo boat destroyers and submarines.

From ....NEWS..........
Address ....[illegible]ence, R. I.
Date ....JAN 2 3 1915 1884

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The appearance of Frieda Hempel, the great coloratura soprona of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, as soloist at the Fourth Boston Symphony concert which wil be given in Infantry hall, Tuesday evening, February 2, has excited unusual interest among all lovers of fine singing in this city. This if anything has been increased by the announcement of the numbers she will sing.

Her first number will be the great aria of Astrifiammente, The Queen of the Night in Mozart's fantastic opera "The Magic Flute. The aria has won great dramatic appeal and shows Mozart's melodic invention at its best. Like all Mozart's music it must be "sung" for beauty of voice and skill of singing are indispensable in music of this class.

Her second number will be the fascinating Valse song from Gounod's opera "Mireille" which gives her fine opportunity to display all the technical resources of a coloratura singer.

The orchestral numbers will be the charming little "Surprise" symphony of Hayden, the "Shephelds Music" from Bach's "Christmas Oratoria," "The March of the Three Holy Kings" from Liszt's Oratorio "Christus" and Weber's overture "Der Freischuetz."

[105]

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FEBRUARY 6,

THIRTEENTH SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

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By PHILIP HALE.

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Overture, "Carnival," .... Dvorak

Of the nine symphonies of Beethoven the fourth and the sixth are the least impressive. The first is historically interesting and its finale is delightfully gay. The second is also interesting as showing the development of Beethoven's musical mind. After the "Eroica" the fourth, in spite of Berlioz's famous rhapsody about the archangel Michael sighing the Adagio when overcome by melancholy, seems a droop in the flight of imagination. Yet there are noble and strange things in this symphony, things that only Beethoven could have written—the introduction, the mysterious measures with the crescendo that majestically re-establishes the chief tonality in the first movement; the superb Adagio. Yesterday the Finale had more than ordinary character, thanks to Dr. Muck's spirited and dramatic reading.

A concerto by Spohr for string quartet and orchestra had been announced, but on account of the Western trip and concerts in the neighborhood this week, there was no time for the quartet to rehearse. Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins and orchestra of strings was substituted. No doubt the audience gained by the change, for even the admirers of Spohr in Leipsic where his concerto was first performed were not as a rule enthusiastic. A little of Spohr at his best goes a long way. Bach's concerto had not been heard at these concerts since October, 1890, when Messrs. Kneisel and Loeffler were the solo violinists. The concert then was in memory of Otto Dresel. Yesterday Messrs. Witek and Noack, the concert masters of the orchestra, gave an excellent performance. The Largo of the concerto is very beautiful. Sir Hubert Parry has written a page to show why Bach's slow movements fascinate persons that are not essentially musical. He argues that the answer is this: the form is "psychological rather than essentially musical." Sir Hubert might be asked what he means by "essentially musical"; and cannot the form of a composition be psychological and essentially musical? A hearer may be wholly ignorant of counterpoint and yet be fascinated by the Finale of Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, which is a miracle of "essentially musical" form. The Largo of Bach pleases because it is very beautiful to the ear; and it also awakens emotions in the hearer. The other movements appeal to the audience because they give an opportunity for good fiddling, and a certain persistence in musical figures and in rhythm excites the nerves.

Gustav Mahler's "songs of a travelling journeyman" were heard here for the first time. They are four in number. Mahler wrote the words. The music was composed at Cassel when a was 23 years old, and not happy as second conductor at the opera house. This journeyman should have travelled with the Dismal Jimmy of Schubert's familiar song-cycle. Each one mourned a girl that was another's; each one was given to finding the world alternately fair and gloomy; each one had much to say about weeping in his chamber and in the open, with talk of his dead heart and the silent tomb. The vocal part of Mahler's songs is comparatively simple, conceived in folk song spirit; the moods are expressed by an ingenious use of a full orchestra, that includes piccolo, English horn, bass clarinet, harp, bass drum and other percussion instruments. The first two songs "When My Love Is a Bride" and "As I Walked Abroad This Morn," are chiefly lyrical with an illustrative orchestra; but the third, in which the youth exclaims that he has been stabbed in the breast, is wildly dramatic. The fourth, "The Two Blue Eyes of My Sweetheart" with its march rhythm, is again sentimental, although Mahler has said that the poem should not end sentimentally. These four songs are unusual. With another singer they might be much more effective. Mr. Paul Draper, who sang them yesterday, has neither the voice nor the vocally dramatic skill to confirm the intentions of the poet-composer.

Dvorak's "Carnival" overture is a fine example of the genuine Dvorak, delighting in color, rhythm, fury and tumultuous gaiety. It reminds one pleasantly of the earlier Dvorak, the gifted child of nature with the simple peasant heart and mind, before he had been admired in England and persuaded to write oratorios; before he had been Americanized and fed on "Negro melodies"; before he was tempted in his last years to concoct realistic symphonic poems.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Schumann, Symphony in D minor; Monteverdi, the Lament of Ariadne; Bach, Suite in B minor for flute and orchestra of strings [illegible] flutist); Handel, "Dank sei Dir"; Beethoven, Adelaide [illegible]

BOSTON JOURNAL—
FEBRUARY 6,

THREE SYMPHONY SOLOISTS HEARD

Second Half of Season Is Given a Brilliant Introduction.

Friday brought the thirteenth Symphony "rehearsal," with one of the most interesting programs and one of the most pleasing performances, to mark the beginning of the second half of the season.

The eleventh-hour change of program put the Bach concerto in D minor, for two violins and string orchestra, in place of Spohr's string quartet, and the solo playing of Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack, supported by the admirably balanced string sections of the orchestra, was delightful. There stood out the remarkable virtuosity of the orchestra. The two soloists, who share the desk at the head of the first violins week after week, gave a performance that would be hard to equal. They proved worthy representatives of an assemblage of string players whose brilliancy has made the orchestra famous the world over.

Spirited and artistic, too, was the performance of Beethoven's fourth symphony, which was conducted by Dr. Muck with exquisite feeling. The enthusiasm of the audience lasted until the whole orchestra stood up to make its acknowledgments with the gifted leader.

The novelty on the program was Gustav Mahler's "Songs of a Traveling Journeyman," four pieces somewhat resembling folk-songs in form and mood, all for tenor solo and with orchestral accompaniment. It has been generally conceded that Mahler's muse was at its happiest in little works like these. Paul Draper sang the songs sympathetically, but their chief charm lies in the graphic and often piquant orchestral accompaniment. The number was warmly applauded.

Dvorak's "Carnival" overture ends the program, which, as usual, will be played again tonight.

The program for next week's concerts includes the Schumann symphony in D minor, Mendelssohn's "Midsummer [illegible]ight's Dream" overture. Bach s suite [illegible] minor for flute and string orches[illegible]ith Mr. Maquarre as soloist, and [illegible]ngs. Monteverdi's "Lament of [illegible]n aria by Handel, and Beet[illegible]elaide," with orchestration S[illegible]rg. Mme. Julia Culp will the [illegible]er.

BOSTON GLOBE—
FEBRUARY 6.

'NEW' MAHLER SONGS.

Dramatic Settings of 'Folk' Character Lyrics.

Beethoven's Fourth Symphony Part of Unusual Program.

Mahler's four "Songs of a Traveling Journeyman" were heard yesterday afternoon at the 13th Symphony rehearsal, for the first time in Boston. Paul Draper was the singer. They were written, words and music, when Mahler was 23. In both he has kept the folk song character. There is simplicity, directness and a homely pathos in these songs of the humble journeyman, who fares forth with a heart heavy for love, who dreams of his adored, who sees her hair in the waving fields of corn, who wishes he were dead with his longing for her. An honest confession of an honest heart, unembellished by rhetoric or rhapsody, a melancholy, through which cheer in nature struggles now and again, a melancholy which in the third song cries out in flaming rebellion, but after all calls forth answering tenderness, softening pity.

The voice is used as a principal instrument for the delivery of the text. The orchestra is a source of much beauty, of true emotional expression as direct, clear and searching as the lines themselves. The musical ideas are singularly apt and delineative. There is breadth of treatment and of scoring, but with a voice of commensurate resources it would not override the singer.

There is a fine sensitivenes in the appreciation for the varying moods, for these words to some composers might steadily encourage the devices of woe and incur monotony. In the last of the lyrics, when the journeyman sets out at dead of night, with no one to bid farewell to him, with love and grief as his companions, the temptation would have been strong for some to accompany him with the English horn singing with mournful sentimentality or with sobs of cellos. It might have been well had Mahler kept as moving an inspiration in the later years, given to his ponderous symphonies with their expansive schemes and unwieldly apparatus.

Mr Draper is not blessed with a voice either voluminous or sensuously beautiful, but he is by every sign an artist, an interpreter. He finds and projects the heart of feeling in whatever he undertakes. The color of tone, the facial [illegible] and the characterizing flavor he imparts to words—these things are immeasurably superior to mere beauty of tone. A larger voice is to be desired in these songs, it is true, and wider range and greater resonance, but Mr Draper at this first hearing penetrated to the spirit of them, and deserves general thanks. Dr Muck and the orchestra made the score a thing of absorbing interest and of satisfying beauty, a score which made each song a dramatic picture.

Beethoven's fourth symphony, showing forth the genial, the playful spirit of the man, was played with an encompassing lovliness of style and feeling. The exuberant first movement, sparkling here and there with humor as the conversation of friends; the heavenly beauty of the slow movement, in which the wood wind virtuosi vied with one another as masters of sustained and gracefully embellished song, and the rousing finale bubbling with exhilaration—all could not fail to give joy to an audience when played in the incomparable manner of that of yesterday.

Bach's figurative concerto in D minor for solo violins and strings is a noble composition, well calculated to display the art of the soloists without the guise of mere virtuosity. Messrs Witek and Noack, concert masters of the orchestra, performed with fitting skill. Dvorak's "Carnival" overture, a score abounding in color, reminding at times of the rhythmic pattern and exuberance of the music of "Carmen" in the first of the last act, was played superbly. Altogether a program of uncommon interest and enjoyment.

Miss Culp will be the soloist next week. The orchestral numbers will be Schumann's symphony in D minor, Bach's suite in B minor for flute and strings (Mr Maquarre soloist), and Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

BOSTON. POST,
FEBRUARY 6,

NEW SONGS HEARD WITH SYMPHONY

Draper Sings Mahler's Works—Two Solo Violins

BY OLIN DOWNES

Four striking songs for tenor with orchestral accompaniment, by Gustav Mahler, were the novel feature of the programme presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Carl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins and orchestra of strings (solo violins, Messrs. Witek and Noack, first and second concertmeisters of the orchestra) and Dvorak's overture "Carnival" completed the programme.

SINGER AND MUSICIAN

Paul Draper was the singer who interpreted Mahler's songs, not as a petted and spoiled vocalist grown arrogant from public favor, but as a musician of the highest qualifications and as one of the finest interpreters of the orchestra.

The songs are in themselves remarkable. It would be difficult to wholly deprive them of their eloquence, under any circumstances, but it should be said that they would not have been nearly so effective had they lacked Dr. Muck's superb orchestral accompaniment and Mr. Draper's masterly interpretation. His diction, for purity and for dramatic force, has not been equalled in the recollection of the writer since Dr. Wullner has visited this city some seasons ago. Mr. Draper's voice has not unusual sensuous beauty, but it was employed with the most admirable intelligence and effect. In his treatment of phrase and text the singer deserved the highest praise, and the sincerity and feeling of his interpretations crowned the careful objective study of the songs which he evidently had made.

Eloquence in Songs

As for the songs themselves, they were astonishing to the great majority of music lovers of this city to whom Mahler means the immense C-sharp minor symphony. The songs are simple, melodic and solely original. Singable, diatonic in the general character of the phrases, now lyric, now dramatic, they are always amazingly faithful to the innermost meaning of the text. A homeless wanderer has lost his adored, who has deserted him and whatever the scene, the morning sunlight, or the dark and dreary moor, the face, the voice, haunt him. For a moment he can shake free from care, and respond to the joyousness of nature, but he is pursued as by a phantom, forgetfulness and salvation he cannot find.

The eloquence of the poetry, which is also by Mahler, of the early years, the inimitable conviction and depth of sentiment which the music expresses the sequence of moods, and the wo[illegible]derful heightening of these moods the remarkable orchestral accor[illegible]ments—these things were [illegible] appreciated yesterday.

New Beauties in Beethoven

Dr. Muck's reading of the fourth symphony found the conductor again in one of his strongest positions. When Dr. Muck conducts Beethoven, one can hardly fail to be impressed all over again with the greatness of the music. It is the time-beaters or the conductors who follow purely conventional procedure, and forget the spirit in their absorption with the letter, who often make Beethoven appear dull to the younger generation. With Dr. Muck there is always, one feels, the fresh, earnest study of a well known work, no matter how often he has played it, and there is the fire of deep inner conviction. The fourth symphony is not one of Beethoven's greatest works, but the slow movement alone would make necessary its presence on orchestral programme, and the whole of the first movement—not only the introduction, is stirring music.

The concerto of Bach was substituted for a work by Spohr, for solo players of stringed instruments with accompaniment of other instruments, which was originally intended for performance this week. Bach's music is melodic, polyphonic, of course, two-fisted in the first and last movements, most beautiful in the slow movement. All of this music is strictly in accordance with canons of its time. Without doubt Bach turned out a great number of similar sterling compositions each month and each year. There is no better illustration of the incalculable value of good counterpoint. It is partly for the reason that the style of composition in Germany of the early 18th century was so solid, so meaty, and so logical in its development of themes, that such a workman as Bach could hardly fail to produce music that had both vitality and style.

It was a strict and an honest school of composition. When one could conform to its rules he had at least more than a rudimentary idea of his trade, and could be trusted, at the worst, to turn out a fairly solid piece of goods. There was the great carpenter shop in which most of the lumber for future generations of composers was made and stored—all the beams and arches and supports that the later symphonists, and Wagner, the dramatic composer, and many others were to utilize in their structures of tone. More or less routine music this, but how marvellously superior is Bach's routine to the average of even gifted modern musicians.

Worthy Interpreters

Honest, virile, glowing music, the music of a man, and in the slow movement of a man with poetry in his soul. It should be said of the performances of Messrs. Witek and Noack that they in their turn were as worthy of Bach as Mr. Draper's performance was of the best in Mahler. It is for reviewers with more technical knowledge of the violin than this one to compare the prowess of two admirable artists. Suffice it that yesterday both men seemed to excel and supplement each other till they were a thousand strong, and again it was a pleasure to note the absence of the soloist element. Mr. Draper stood by Dr. Muck, with the score that he sang from open before him for reference. In a similar fashion and spirit, Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack, companions of the first desk of the violins, rose from their seats and took part with the other strings in a five ensemble performance. The audience recalled Dr. Muck repeatedly after Beethoven5s symphony, and the solo perfonmers were also thus honored. Dvorak's brilliant overture was a cheerful conclusion of the concert.

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glimpses at these two important nations, their principal cities, towns and villages, their architectural, artistic and industrial phases, besides introducing many life-portraits in motion of the Kaisers of Germany and Austria and their daily life at home, in public ceremonials, and surrounded by their generals in camp and on the field of battle. Especially notable are many motion pictures of the Kaiser on board ship watching target practice, the exploding of mines and the evolutions of torepdo boat destroyers and submarines.

From [illegible]ews
Address [illegible]ence, R. I.
Date JAN 23 1915
, 1884

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The appearance of Frieda Hempel, the great coloratura soprona of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, as soloist at the Fourth Boston Symphony concert which wil be given in Infantry hall, Tuesday evening, February 2, has excited unusual interest among all lovers of fine singing in this city. This if anything has been increased by the announcement of the numbers she will sing.

Her first number will be the great aria of Astrifiammente, The Queen of the Night in Mozart's fantastic opera "The Magic Flute. The aria has won great dramatic appeal and shows Mozart's melodic invention at its best. Like all Mozart's music it must be "sung" for beauty of voice and skill of singing are indispensable in music of this class.

Her second number will be the fascinating Valse song from Gounod's opera "Mireille" which gives her fine opportunity to display all the technical resources of a coloratura singer.

The orchestral numbers will be the charming little "Surprise" symphony of Hayden, the "Shepheld's Music" from Bach's "Christmas Oratoria," "The March of the Three Holy Kings" from Liszt's Oratorio "Christus" and Weber's overture "Der Freischuetz."

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.

Date JAN 3 1 1915

The Personal Side of Dr. Karl Muck

Establis

SEE him off the stage and without his baton which has such a remarkable influence upon his players, and Dr. Karl Muck, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, seems to be a youngster, writes Archie Bell in the Cleveland Leader. In many critical circles, he is believed to be the foremost orchestra conductor of the world, while in Europe he is known as an operatic conductor of the first water. But see this celebrated gentleman off parade, as I did frequently at Bayreuth last summer, and one forgets that he is a doctor of music, that several nations have bid one against the other for his services, and he seems to be only a young fellow who enjoys the company of his fellow musical artists just a little more than the ordinary or garden variety of musician, who, next to his favorite instrument, thinks more of a talkfest than of anything else in the world.

Muck conducts the performances of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth. He was the conductor of the Royal Opera in Berlin, the famous Philharmonic Orchestra of Vienna, and the Royal Orchestra of Berlin, before he came to America in 1906, by a special leave of absence personally granted by the German Kaiser, to conduct the famous Boston Symphony. It would seem he has about reached the highest honors that may fall to a conductor, but one would not recognize that fact, either in conversation with the eminent man or observing him when he is not before the gaze of the public.

For example, at a social function at the home of the Wagners, Wahnfried, which has an almost sacred air about it to the chosen few who are invited there at festival time, I saw him receiving homage, as celebrated men and women grasped his hand and made him quite the lion of the evening. Then, suddenly, he left the highnesses and other more or less courtly functionaries, and soon after, under the guidance of one who had the privilege of the house, I was endeavoring to make a retreat to the free air of the garden and passed through the butler's pantry toward a side door. Another, whose ennui at the rather stilted affair had quite overcome him, had preceded me. Dr. Karl Muck, with various imperial decorations adorning his shirt front, was stowed away beneath a shelf, quietly smoking a cigarette and looking to be the absolute symbol of the bored.

"Sh——!" he hissed, fearing we might laugh so loud it would bring a crowd.

And one might be tempted to keep quiet, now, excepting that it is all so typical of the man, so typical of the truly great man, that it tells more of Dr. Muck's real nature than any amount of description would be able to do. He is modest in the extreme. He does not stand with a baton in his hand for the glory that it will add to his name, but for the pleasure of the thing.

When he came to Boston the first season he found a splendid organization that must have surprised him in many ways, but it was an organization that needed the vivifying impulse of genius to make it perfect. This impulse he supplied, and toward the end of the season, when it was feared he might return to Germany, representations were made by powerful persons through diplomatic circles requesting the Kaiser to extend his leave of absence for another year. This was accomplished and his second season was more successful than his first.

At the end of the second season, he was recalled to Berlin, but promised to return and he came back in 1912.

Dr. Muck is a Bohemian. In his student days he was thought to be a talented pianist. Then he was conductor of the opera in Zurich, Switzerland, for which he received $25 a month. But wonderful days soon followed and he went from one post to another, in all parts of Europe, until he was called to Berlin and made an officer of the Imperial German court.

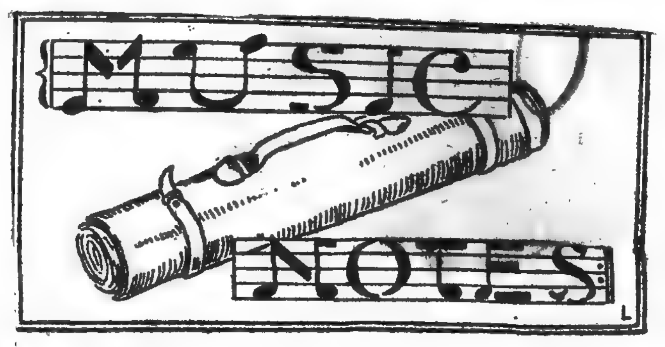
He has never composed, or at least the world has not heard his music. He declares that when he was a student he composed a symphony, but decided that if "it must all be as bad as that," the world would not be bothered with his output, so he has devoted his entire attention to interpreting the works of other men.

Asked about the ever-vital matter of subvention for opera and great musical institutions in Europe, the doctor declared that he favored the idea.

"Of course," he said, "the foundation of the great opera house is the chorus and the orchestra. The institutions are obliged to be expensive. In Berlin, the opera house is full every night, but there is a yearly deficit of 1,000,000 marks, or $250,000."

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.

Date JAN 3 1 1915



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FOR this week the principal musical event will be, as a matter of course, the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall on Tuesday evening, when Frieda Hempel, the noted singer of the Metropolitan Opera Company will make her first appearance in this city, as well as her first appearance with the orchestra.

The week will end with a glee club concert by the Tufts College Clubs and between the two there will be little besides meetings of clubs or similar events.

* * *

Instead of the aria from "The Magic Flute" which was first announced by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on its programme for Tuesday evening, Mme. Frieda Hempel, the soloist, will sing for her first number the aria from Mozart's opera, "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail," an opera which still holds its place on the stage in Germany, although it has not been heard in this country for many years.

The aria, of which the first words are "Mattern Aller Arten" is highly dramatic, making also great demands on vocal agility. Miss Hempel's second number will be the vocal waltz from Gounod's opera "Mireille."

To Miss Hempel, who is the first coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, falls the parts which in days past in New York were allotted to Adelina Patti, Christine Nillson, Nellie Melba and Marcella Sembrich, and in Miss Hempel are preserved the best traditions of the delicate art of vocal bravura.

The concert will open with the "Surprise Symphony" of Josef Haydn, known to the Germans as the "Paukenschlag," because the playful composer at its first performance startled the fine ladies of London who were present with the sharp stroke on the kettledrum, following a pianissimo passage. Some of the London wags said at the time that Haydn had resorted to his startling drum strokes to rouse the English women in his audience from their sleep, but this Haydn was gallant enough to deny.

The work, which has always been popular, is the third of 12 symphonies written for Salomon, the famous impresario of London. It was composed in 1791 and was played for the first time on March 23, 1792.

The entire programme is decidedly classical in cast; three of the numbers by composers of the 18th century and the other three belonging to the last century, but none of them ultra-modern.

In the second part of the programme the orchestra will play the "Symphony" which is known as "Shepherds' Music," from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio;" the "March of the Three Holy Kings," from Liszt's Oratorio, "Christus," and the ever popular overture to Weber's opera, "Der Freischuetz." The Bach and Liszt numbers are in a sense Christmas music and it is interesting to observe the contrast between the serene, long-flowing lines of the music by the Cantor of St. Thomas's, Leipsic, and the highly colored pomp of the Abbe Liszt.

The programme in its proper order is as follows: Haydn, Symphony in G major, "The Surprise" (B. and H., No. 6); Mozart. Aria from "Il Seraglio;" J. S. Bach, Symphony (Shepherds' Music), from the "Christmas Oratorio;" Liszt, "March of the Three Holy Kings," from the Oratorio, "Christus;" Gounod, vocal waltz, from "Mireille;" Weber, overture to the opera, "Der Freischuetz."

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TRANSCRIPT.
FEBRUARY 6, 1915

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A CLASSIC CONCERTO AND MODERN SONGS

Chamber Music from Bach, with Two Solo Violins by Way of Return to an Old Custom in Programmes—Mahler's "Tramp Songs" as Tone-Poems in Little—Beethoven for Beginning and Dvorak for Ending

GRADUALLY Dr. Muck is restoring to the Symphony Concerts a custom that prevailed in the early years of the orchestra and then fell into what President Cleveland liked to call desuetude—the playing of concerted pieces, usually by eighteenth-century composers, in which one or more members of the band take solo parts. Such pieces stood relatively often on the programmes in Mr. Henschel's and Mr. Nikisch's time and through Mr. Gericke's first term. Then they almost disappeared from the concerts, until little by little Dr. Muck began to set them there again. Two seasons ago Mr. Maquarre played the solo part in a suite by Bach for flute and strings, as he will again, a week hence; last year he shared with Mr. Holy a concerto by Mozart for harp, flute and orchestra; with like purpose Spohr's concerto for a quartet of strings with orchestra was to have been heard yesterday; and, when it proved insufficiently prepared, Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins and string band was substituted for it with Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack, standing in their places, for the solo instruments. The restoration of such pieces to the active repertory—the concerto of Friday had not been played in Boston for twenty-five years—acquaints the audiences with pleasurable music that it would not otherwise hear; displays the individual abilities with which the orchestra abounds and so encourages the esprit de corps of the men; and provides quasi-soloists to satisfy the liking of a considerable part of the public for such incidents to symphony concerts.

Outside the slow movement, Bach's concerto in itself is no more remarkable or interesting than much music that a hundred composers from Naples to Nuremberg wrote in the first quarter of the eighteenth century for the little bands that they led and that their "noble patrons" maintained. It belongs indeed among the many compositions all in the day's work that Bach wrote for his "august master," Prince Leoplold of Anhalt-Cöthen; and it belongs also to the multitude of music that was modelled on the Italian concertos of the fashionable Vivaldi. Now, after nearly two hundred years, Vivaldi's music is rather the fashion again with violinists, and the analogies between his concertos, as Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Ysaye and the rest play them, and Bach's concerto of yesterday are easy to trace. There is an opening and a closing allegro in which Bach treats the two solo violins as instruments in the whole string band, only a little more conspicuous than the rest. Each movement proceeds at a brisk pace; each reiterates persistent figures with steadily increasing emphasis and cumulation; and each runs to a clear, sharp and insistent rhythm. In both there is ingenious interweaving and contrasting of the several string choirs and once and again the solo instruments have outstanding passages, together or separately, of their own. It would not be the truth, however, to say that the melodic material, thus worked, is more than routine.

All this is in the manner of Vivaldi. Yet more in the fashion of the Italian's concertos is Bach's concentration upon his slow movement. The string band then becomes a mere background to the solo instruments, asserting itself only in occasional light "tutti" when the steady flow of the melody halts pool-like. Meanwhile, the solo instruments publish the melody, broadening, deepening, and occasionally adorning it, in sympathetic supplement oftener than in contrasting voice. Upon that melody, moreover, as it expands into song, Bach lavishes his feeling for large sensuous beauty and warm and deep emotional expression. The music is robust and rich, penetrating and grave, with his own northern sobriety added to Vivaldi's southern suavity. Between them, Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack, played this song with sensitive regard for their interlaced parts, with a single understanding of their music and feeling for it and with euphonius blending of their tone. The spice to it and to the music was the touch of difference between the full body of Mr. Witek's instrumental voice and the finely attuned delicacy of Mr. Noack's.

The other unusual pieces in the concert were the four "Tramp Songs"—"Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," as the glorifying German title runs—that Mahler wrote in his twenties for orchestra with a tenor voice as an additional instrument, and that have never before been heard in Boston and perhaps not in all America. Mr. Paul Draper, the young tenor, who is studious and curious over modern music, brought them to the attention of Dr. Muck and it was only courteous that he should provide the added voice, though the lack of resonance and color in his tones told against the music in spite of his intelligence with it, his clear and elastic German diction and his long pondering of the moods and emotions of the pieces. Like most young Americans of pure blood he lacks impulse and freedom with music on its emotional side, and it is his misfortune that as yet his voice is lustreless and monotonous. Studiously he had mastered the songs in large design and incidental detail; but he could not release and communicate the emotions within them and, presumably, within him, too. Not by pure reason and application may a singer sing such moody pieces. Moreover, as some in the audience were frank to say, for so limited a singer, there has been over much of Mr. Draper, even as an added voice, at the Symphony Concerts this year.

Mahler himself, as his custom was, wrote both the verses and the music of his songs. In the verses he sought the simple and wayward expression of folk-poetry. His tramp, as tramps usually are when they are drafted into the service of the arts, is a poetizing and melancholy fellow, haunted by the memory of the girl who has refused his love and who has left his heart empty and dead. Sometimes, he is but plaintively musing upon love and loss and again he writhes wildly in bitter pangs. He would find comfort in the spring-time world about him, in sky and trees, in birds and breeze and in his own joy of wandering; but in the midst of his gladness the haunting memories creep back in their pain. The melodies out of which Mahler expands the songs have in themselves not a few qualities of folk-music. They are relatively homely and simple; they are full of frank mood and direct feeling; they accord with folk-song in profile and rhythm. On the other hand, his handling of them, studied in detail on the engraved page, is highly sophisticated. He modulates freely and boldly; he piles harmonic and instrumental color; he uses a large orchestra seldom, not for effects of mass, but insistently for strokes of imaginative and subtle detail; and he is sometimes at one with the contemporary "impressionists" in music in his fashion of modulation and transition, in his pointing of harmonic and instrumental detail, in his whole suggestion of the mood and passion. In the orchestra flows the main current of the songs; out of the orchestra spring the details that ruffle it with light and shade and changeful motion; while the voice in declamation or in song but adds its color and expressive quality to the rest of the instruments.

Yet, curiously, out of this multitude and sophistication of means, the songs in their impression upon the sensibilities of those that hear emerge as a homely and heartfelt music, as direct and honest, almost, as the folk-pieces of which they are born. In the first song, of regretful memory, the comfort of spring sounds and sights, and melancholy musing again, the verses, the melodies, the modulations, the transitions, and the color, the whole orchestral and vocal suggestion are fused into a whole of a rarely simple beauty that touches ear and heart. Matter and medium, substance and spirit are at one. In the second, the tonal picturing of the spring morning and the tonal imparting of the gay mood that stirs for the instant in the tramp are quietly blithe and warm. The mounting mood suffuses the music and stirs the hearer, until the sombre drum-taps, which Mahler has already begun to use, seem as the coming tread of the haunting memories. The third song seethes with the rushing pangs of memory in a wild music that pauses now and then as in soothing vision of the loved girl. There is passion in the music of the pangs and poetry in the music of the vision; while at the end comes, in vivid suggestion, the mood of dull despair. The piece to light marching rhythm is as the course of melancholy thoughts keeping pace with the wanderer's own footfall. . . . It is a quiet song of manly resignation. It is as though Mahler would have the end, foreseen from the beginning, in the peace of his tones.

Beethoven's fourth symphony, in the biennial performance exacted by orthodox custom in symphony concerts the world over, began the programme and Dr. Muck and the orchestra spared not their pains to make what is often routine music as interesting as they might. But with all their rhythmic vigor and sprightly contrasts in the scherzo, they could not make it more than music that runs on until it has filled its formal mould, and they saved the finale from like tedium only by their briskness of pace, spirit of accent and the skill with which they sent the music whirring upward into a semblance of tonal flight and excitement. The introduction to the first movement is another thing and the conductor summoned its mysterious and gently solemn voices, its quivering pauses of expectation and its grave climax before the leap into the allegro. The orchestra, in turn, filled it with sustained or tremulous tone of liquid and lovely texture. The allegro itself is routine again, in spite of all the nimble arabesques of the wood winds and its general suggestion of a robuster Haydn, until the long and noted crescendo rises from murmured phrases and gathering drum beats. Of course, orchestra and conductor accomplished it impressively, but they did better service to that same allegro when they relieved its monotony with little crescendi out of their imaginative promptings. The slow movement almost matches the introduction as saving grace to the symphony; yet with all the beauty of articulation, the justness of underbeat, the warmth and insistence of exfoliating but interrupted song that Dr. Muck spent upon it, did he not take it at a pace that was a little too slow and with an occasional emphasis that put it out of character with the rest of a light symphony? After all, this Fourth of Beethoven has its pitfalls as well as its routine wastes and its shining oases. As the concert had begun gravely so it ended brightly and gayly with the bright harmonic and instrumental colors, the snapping rhythms, the biting Czech melodies, the intermezzo of plaintive song—as of some moody stray, solitary in a corner of the fete—the racing exuberance, the sheer whirl of tone and fancy that make Dvoràk's "Carnival" overture a flashing and exhilarating show-piece, with the tang of his whole tribe and of his own spirit beating through it. If he had only stuck to that Bohemian and natural last!

H. T. P.

TRANSCRIPT.

FEBRUARY 13.

Symphony Concert

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

DR. MUCK ABSENT AND MME. CULP TRIUMPHANT

Mr. Schmidt Takes the Orchestra, and to Routine and Tedious Outcome—The Singer's Unusual Pieces Out of the Old Music of Monteverde and Haendel—The Beauty, the Majesty and the Rare Sense of "The Grand Style" with Which She Sang Them

MORE, even, than there had been reason to anticipate from the scope and nature of the announced programme, Mme. Culp had the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon to her music and her singing—rare fortune to befall an "assisting artist," but fortune that could hardly have been better bestowed. Though no announcement was vouchsafed to the audience beyond a laconic line on the programme: "Mr. Ernst Schmidt will conduct this concert," and though no prior word had been sent to the newspapers—contrary to previous custom of the management in such contingencies—it appeared that Dr. Muck had been ill throughout the week with a touch of influenza and lumbago and had kept his house. He is mending now, but as he had not rehearsed the music to be played, he could not, of course, lead belatedly in it. Accordingly Mr. Schmidt of the first violins—some time concert-master of the Court Orchestra at Darmstadt and leader of a choral society there—took his place as second conductor as he has already twice done this season—once in a concert at Cambridge and once in a concert at Providence. The orchestra seemed well disposed toward him; and the audience heaped him with applause which, at the end of Schumann's symphony in D minor, he vainly tried to persuade the band to share.

Mr. Schmidt seemed versed in the routine of conducting; he was unobtrusive upon what the Germans call "the podium" and he discreetly let the orchestra go its own way. But the outcome of his and its labors upon the symphony aforesaid, upon Bach's suite in B minor for flute and strings and upon Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was of a sort to make even the mildly exacting hearer wish Dr. Muck a full and speedy recovery and an immunity from illness through the rest of the season. It was also of a sort to provoke deeper reflections upon the degree to which all the orchestral virtues from quality of tone through pace and rhythm, shading and climax, to sustained and varied eloquence—and even with such a band as ours—depend upon the conductor who is actually rehearsing and leading it. Nay; this same outcome might even provoke cynical inquiries as to the much-vaunted "educative value" of symphony concerts, when what is presumably a practised and discriminating audience lavished such applause upon Mr. Schmidt as it has not been Mr. Weingartner's or as it was not Mahler's to receive in Boston and such as, more than once, has not even fallen to Dr. Muck himself.

Thus on the orchestral side, the concert was routine and tedious. Mr. Schmidt merely rushed the band through Schumann's symphony, which needs all the aid that a conductor can give it in the clear and characterizing utterance of its instrumental song, the pointing of its rhythms, the shading of its harmonic and instrumental coloring, the opening and the interweaving of its thickly written parts and the general clarification of the musical design. In his symphonies, and even in so relatively outspoken and joyous a symphony as this in D minor, Schumann is less than himself without the prompting imagination and the guiding skill of such a conductor as Dr. Muck to loose his tonal tongue. Once before when Dr. Muck announced the piece he fell ill and Mr. Urack led in it; and now once more, its seeming fate has pursued it. For the rest, Mr. Schmidt did no more with Bach's suite and Mendelssohn's overture than any practised kapellmeister might accomplish in the ordinary course of the day's work. Nor did even Mr. Maquarre come off too well with his solo part. Of course he displayed his wonted skill and lightness with bravura passages for his flute and often he gained in its sustained song an agreeable suavity and evenness; but as often in such measures, his tone lacked body, warmth and characteristic color. As is bound to befall once or twice in a season the day was not a good day for the orchestra.

The more, accordingly, did the glories of Mme. Culp's voice and singing and of two of her chosen pieces shine in contrast. Her first number was "Ariadne's Lament," the sole existing fragment of one of the earliest of music-dramas, Monteverde's "Ariadne" first represented at Mantua, three hundred and six years ago. It survives, moreover, only in fragments that Mme. Culp and an ingeniously assisting Italian savant of music patiently put together and provided with a congruous orchestral part written chiefly for strings, wood-winds and occasional darkening or sonorous brass. Even so, "The Lament" remains to this day a very noble and eloquent music. Through broad and mounting phrases, it unfolds in long and full melodic line. The content that this line bears is of a deep and austere beauty, as pure fresco in songful sound and as the expression of the mournful entreaty of the abandoned Ariadne to the departed Theseus and of her fitful anger and even imprecation at his flight. The measures of sorrow stir answering pity by their penetrating beauty as the voice of her woe; the measures of rage do not lack their flights of power even though they hardly evoke the awe which was the other concomitant of antique tragedy. None the less Monteverde's speech of song has its clear analogies with Sophocles's speech of word and yet clearer is the likeness of the music in its large flow of line, spaciousness of phrase, ample march, full and stately rhythm, breadth of proportion, unity of impression and noble chastity of ornament to the traits of Greek architecture in its serene prime. It is a music of passion nobly intensified and gravely controlled, sounding out of great spaces of like-moulded song.

As unusual was the air out of one of Händel's unnamed "cantatas" for voice and small orchestra that was Mme. Culp's second number. No doubt the busy old Prussian wrote this and a hundred other airs as a mere incident in his day's work out of the well-nigh exhaustless invention that flowed within him. And two centuries later a listening world holds its breath at the beauty of melody in this workaday song; at its course through its rich progressions and expansions into the deep glow of its climax. When the song is a song of pious thanksgiving, even the thanksgiving of a whole host, as it is in the air that Mme. Culp sang, then does it bear upon its unfolding voice a veritable majesty of emotion. A century or less ago the writers about music called a sham thing that then abode in the Opéra in Paris "the grand style." It dwells more truly and enduringly in such music as Händel—and maybe Rameau—wrote. The third of Mme. Culp's pieces was Beethoven's song, "Adelaide," composed in his youth, abounding in German melancholy and musing à la Werther, dressed in music à l'Italienne, and beloved for nearly a century by sentimental singers and sentimental hearers. For Mme. Culp, Schönberg has clothed it in ingenious and not incongruous orchestral dress that often runs in Beethovian idiom but that has its contemporary tang in pretty little delineative arabesques and high instrumental pointing, even to a tinkling triangle. Yet so dolled, "Adelaide" nowadays seems but artificial, sentimentalized and faded music.

Upon all three pieces alike Mme. Culp shed not merely the richness of her voice and the manifold resources of her song, but a differentiating and characterizing vocal means and imparting imagination that made each live in its individual eloquence. Those illustrious singers of record and legend in the golden centuries of sustained song and nearly unbelievable vocal feats could hardly have maintained more amply and continuously Monteverde's ascending and descending, broadening and deepening melodic line. They could hardly have sung the music with more amplitude of phrase, with larger sense of vocal design, with more sober intensity of tonal color, with more noble communication of mournful or insurgent passion. The mere technical wonders of Mme. Culp's breathing in "The Lament"—and no less in the air from Händel—were less marvellous than her imaginative revelation of the very speech and spirit of the music. Well-nigh perfect singer of songs as she is, yet can she also summon the noble utterance and the noble manner of the old and austere music-drama and recall what is really the "grand style" to a generation to whom it has often seemed but a phrase and a tradition. Such tonal beauty and such spiritual majesty she brought to Händel's air; while in her singing the long spirals of "Adelaide" ascended in lovely line and melted finally into her softly-breathed echoes of the beloved name. She could not make Beethoven's sentimentality passion, but she could make it lyric memory and lyric longing. H. T. P.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

FEBRUARY 13

SYMPHONY HALL—Fourteenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Ernst Schmidt conducting; Mme. Julia Culp, soprano soloist; afternoon of Feb. 12. The program: Schumann, fourth symphony in D minor; Monteverdi, aria, "Ariadne's Lament"; Bach, second suite in B minor for flute and strings (von Buelow's arrangement); Handel, aria, "Dank sei Dir"; Beethoven, song, "Adelaide" (orchestration of Schoenberg); Mendelssohn, overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream."

The long program was performed with vigor and brilliancy and, broadly speaking, nothing was lost by the absence of the conductor-in-chief. As to the orchestra, an unwonted freedom of execution and freshness of tone prevailed. High polish of style and perfect vocal command characterized the work of the soloist. The afternoon could not have gone better. Everybody must have been brightened in mood by this concert as by hardly any other that has preceded it this winter. Whether anybody was profoundly stirred, either emotionally or intellectually, is a question to be answered next week or next month. The occasion, viewed in relation to the 13 occasions that have gone before and to the 10 that will follow, was delightfully handled. Dr. Muck could not have planned a more suitable program or a more acceptable time for turning affairs over to his junior in command. In the grand strategy of the year, the fourteenth rehearsal and concert will count as of much contributory importancie. The contrast in temper with the pairs of concerts at which compositions of the larger interpretive demand have been presented justifies it artistically. Impressive performances of music by Ropartz, Reznicek and Liszt have brought the year its due acclaim. Let the applause of highly exemplary routine conducting and of buoyant, yet scholarly playing, answer for one, or perhaps two or three, out of the 24 programs.

There is a humanism about music that can scarcely be found in any other of the arts; for music has absolutely no utilitarian purpose, outside that, possibly, of a nationalistic propaganda. For that reason, it is rather gratuitous for a musician to impose a feeling of humanism on his performance. Graciousness, attractiveness and charm are there to begin with. They do not need to be added. The better thing for the performer to do is to search out expression which is less obviously musical. For the external beauties, such as sweetness of sound and swiftness and ease of execution, are not, to the thoughtful listener, the full meaning of the tone art.

If they were, yesterday's concert would be the standard of achievement for the Symphony orchestra.

On this point modern society breaks with that of former days. Orchestral music does not today find its effect solely in exquisite performance. It finds it in something almost extra-musical, which we call interpretation. A great interpreter's failure, therefore, with the Schumann symphony in D minor might be, probably would be, better worth while than a mere conductor's success.

It would be a strange thing for a soloist to come to the Symphony concerts poorly prepared. Sometimes the pianists or the violinists who come seem to be wanting in preparation. But that is usually because their ideas and those of the conductor do not fall into line together. Singers are invariably ready for their task, and inasmuch as their part in the program is of no great orchestral import, they and the conductor are sure to be in agreement. Mme. Culp sang to Mr. Schmidt's conducting as though she had been doing nothing else for the past week. And she executed her melody with a vocal mastery that was near enough to flawless. Scarcely any other singer on the platform has a speech technique so thorough as hers. And as for tone, she is beyond reproach. Her phrasing is always marked by an understanding of the musical structure, and so is satisfactory mechanically; but it is the least persuasive part of her singing. It did not show the daring and individuality in the old arias and the song that were required for keeping the various parts of the music welded together. Her interpretations had a scattered, disrupted effect. Her work in her song recitals has been more impressive on this point of phrasing.

BOSTON GLOBE—

FEBRUARY 13.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Assistant Leader Schmidt Makes First Appearance.

Mme Julia Culp Sings Monteverdi Aria Emotionally.

In the absence of Dr Muck from the 14th Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon, Ernst Schmidt, the assistant conductor and a first violin, made his first appearance at the desk. He made no attempt unduly to project his individuality. He showed musicianship and taste. The orchestra played with increasing regard for his authority.

Mme Julia Culp was the soloist. Her voice yesterday, full-bodied, emotional, admirable in breath control, bore little resemblance to that at her last recital here, when the traces of recent illness still were upon her. The numbers sung were of unequal interest, but Monteverdi's aria, "Ariadne's Lament," from "Arianna," was an admirably composed piece of dramatic singing, superbly phrased, poignant and moving.

It is interesting, yet not generally significant, to remember that Schumann's D minor symphony was a herald in its day of the new romantic movement. Not quite three-quarters of a century ago its innovations must have disturbed the classicists grievously—the elasticity of form, the harmonic boldness, the freshness and spontaneity of the thought, the free, unstudied expression. Not every composer since, who desired the four movements of his symphony played without pause, has confined their duration to half an hour.

Mr Maquarre, the admired flutist of the orchestra, played Bach's suite No. 2 in B minor for flute and strings. The seven movements may have more variety than was heard in them. Orchestra vies with the solo instrument in imparting character to the dance forms. Mr Maquarre's polished execution and style are familiar features at these concerts. Yesterday he again was the accomplished virtuoso. The closing presto excited surprise and admiration.

Handel may have written the cantata "with instruments," from which Mme Culp chose the "Thanks Be to Thee," sung in German, for some church festival. Its invention is perfunctory, although to some it will linger sweetly in the ear for the reminiscences of the piece known as the "Largo." Mme Culp's art gave it identity.

Schoenberg, who we read, orchestrated the song "Adelaide" four years ago, had respect for the spirit of Beethoven. Although beyond the younger period of his quartet in D minor, played here by the Flonzaleys, an extraordinary composition in which genius and madness met, he refrained from embellishing Beethoven's song in the harmonic idiom of his recent five orchestral pieces, in which some, fearful of posterity's judgment, say that genius has survived; some madness. It is said that Beethoven's "Adelaide" is one of his four best songs. However that may be, Schoenberg has written an interesting and sympathetic accompaniment for orchestra. Mme Culp, in any case, would do better with it with piano, for the song does not require more.

Her singing of the Monteverdi aria, with that breadth and intensity of passion that was the glory of "the grand manner," a style the inheritance of few of the declaiming vocalists of today, was a privilege to hear. It is not easy to remember singing at these concerts as deeply, as vitally emotional. The final number of the concert was the concert overture in E major to "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream."

BOSTON HERALD,

FEBRUARY 13.

14TH SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Ernst Schmidt, One of First Violins, Conducts—Cold Keeps Dr. Muck Away.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 14th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck is suffering from a severe cold. Mr. Ernst Schmidt, one of the first violins, conducted in his stead and will conduct tonight. The program was as follows:

Symphony in D minor, No. 4..........Schumann
Aria, "Il Lamento d'Arianna," from "Arianna"..........Monteverdi
Suite No. 2 in B minor for flute and strings..........Bach
Solo Flute, Andre Maquarre.
"Dank Sei Dir" ("Thanks Be to Thee"), from a "Cantata con Stromenti"....Handel
"Adelaide"..........Beethoven
Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"..........Mendelssohn

At this concert the singer, Mme. Julia Culp, overshadowed the orchestra. The performance of Schumann's symphony was characterized by restlessness and vigor rather than by romantic feeling and a fine discrimination in nuances. Mr. Maquarre played the flute part in Bach's suite in a most musical manner, but his tone was small and the orchestra in accompaniment was not sufficiently subdued.

Mme. Culp sang two arias that had not been heard in Boston: the pathetic lament of Ariadne from the opera of Monteverdi that was produced in 1608, and an air of Handel taken from a German cantata, "Con Stromenti." She also sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," with an orchestral accompaniment written for her by Arnold Schoenberg. Mr. [illegible]os, the pianist who accompanies Mme. Culp, kindly furnished the compiler of the program-book with information about the instrumentation of these songs, but his information was not accurate. He stated that the accompaniment of Handel's aria was for strings and organ. The harp was also employed. He stated that the accompaniment of Monteverdi's aria arranged by Resphighi of Bologna was for full orchestra; but horns and clarinets were not used.

Schoenberg orchestrated Beethoven's "Adelaide" for Mme. Culp and introduced the triangle. Was his instrumentation worth while? The air with piano accompaniment in its native form is to us insignificant. Beethoven as a song writer is not among the great, and Schoenberg's triangle does not save "Adelaide." Vincent d'Indy has been censured for speaking out his mind about this song. "Strange to say, this little work, a romance neither better nor worse than the majority of innumerable romances of the same epoch, contributed mightily to make Beethoven known, while his serious compositions were for a long time ignored. * * * This 'Adelaide' was quickly accepted as the sorrowful cry of a wounded heart, as the supreme complaint of the poor lover calling on his 'beautiful one,' even in the shadow of the tomb. * * * There is nothing truly expressive in it; it is one more romance, and that is all. And at the same time it is another proof of the old fact that the public in all ages reserves its favors for mediocre works, and passes by, indifferent, true beauty." This sums up the matter. No, Schoenberg's triangle does not save the sentimental song, nor did the art of Mme. Culp.

Two singers this season, and only two, have justified their appearance at these concerts: Miss Florence Hinkle and Mme. Julia Culp. The latter, justly renowned as a Lieder singer, showed yesterday that she is also mistress of the grand style. When the Lament of Ariadne was first sung in the theatre at Mantua by La Florinda before a great audience, we are told by one who was there that all the hearers were deeply affected, "and there were tears in every woman's eyes." Today this Lament is profoundly moving. Over three centuries have gone by, yet the

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Symphony Concert

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The more, accordingly, did the glories of Mme. Culp's voice and singing and of two of her chosen pieces shine in contrast. Her first number was "Ariadne's Lament," the sole existing fragment of one of the earliest of music-dramas, Monteverde's "Ariadne" first represented at Mantua, three hundred and six years ago. It survives, moreover, only in fragments that Mme. Culp and an ingeniously assisting Italian savant of music patiently put together and provided with a congruous orchestral part written chiefly for strings, wood-winds and occasional darkening or sonorous brass. Even so, "The Lament" remains to this day a very noble and eloquent music. Through broad and mounting phrases, it unfolds in long and full melodic line. The content that this line bears is of a deep and austere beauty, [illegible] as pure fresco in songful sound and as the expression of the mournful entreaty of the abandoned Ariadne to the departed Theseus and of her fitful anger and even imprecation at his flight. The measures of sorrow stir answering pity by their penetrating beauty as the voice of her woe; the measures of rage do not lack their flights of power even though they hardly evoke the awe which was the other concomitant of antique tragedy. None the less Monteverde's speech of song has its clear analogies with Sophocles's speech of word and yet clearer is the likeness of the music in its large flow of line, spaciousness of phrase, ample march, full and stately rhythm, breadth of proportion, unity of impression and noble chastity of ornament to the traits of Greek architecture in its serene prime. It is a music of passion nobly intensified and gravely controlled, sounding out of great spaces of like-moulded song.

As unusual was the air out of one of Händel's unnamed "cantatas" for voice and small orchestra that was Mme. Culp's second number. No doubt the busy old Prussian wrote this and a hundred other airs as a mere incident in his day's work out of the well-nigh exhaustless invention that flowed within him. And two centuries later a listening world holds its breath at the beauty of melody in this workaday song; at its course through its rich progressions and expansions into the deep glow of its climax. When the song is a song of pious thanksgiving, even the thanksgiving of a whole host, as it is in the air that Mme. Culp sang, then does it bear upon its unfolding voice a veritable majesty of emotion. A century or less ago the writers about music called a sham thing that then abode in the Opéra in Paris "the grand style." It dwells more truly and enduringly in such music as Händel—and maybe Rameau—wrote. The third of Mme. Culp's pieces was Beethoven's song, "Adelaide," composed in his youth, abounding in German melancholy and musing à la Werther, dressed in music à l'Italienne, and beloved for nearly a century by sentimental singers and sentimental hearers. For Mme. Culp, Schönberg has clothed it in ingenious and not incongruous orchestral dress that often runs in Beethovian idiom but that has its contemporary tang in pretty little delineative arabesques and high instrumental pointing, even to a tinkling triangle. Yet so dolled, "Adelaide" nowadays seems but artificial, sentimentalized and faded music.

Upon all three pieces alike Mme. Culp shed not merely the richness of her voice and the manifold resources of her song, but a differentiating and characterizing vocal means and imparting imagination that made each live in its individual eloquence. Those illustrious singers of record and legend in the golden centuries of sustained song and nearly unbelievable vocal feats could hardly have maintained more amply and continuously Monteverde's ascending and descending, broadening and deepening melodic line. They could hardly have sung the music with more amplitude of phrase, with larger sense of vocal design, with more sober intensity of tonal color, with more noble communication of mournful or insurgent passion. The mere technical wonders of Mme. Culp's breathing in "The Lament"—and no less in the air from Händel—were less marvellous than her imaginative revelation of the very speech and spirit of the music. Well-nigh perfect singer of songs as she is, yet can she also summon the noble utterance and the noble manner of the old and austere music-drama and recall what is really the "grand style" to a generation to whom it has often seemed but a phrase and a tradition. Such tonal beauty and such spiritual majesty she brought to Händel's air; while in her singing the long spirals of "Adelaide" ascended in lovely line and melted finally into her softly-breathed echoes of the beloved name. She could not make Beethoven's sentimentality passion, but she could make it lyric memory and lyric longing. H. T. P.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

FEBRUARY 13

SYMPHONY HALL—Fourteenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Ernst Schmidt conducting; Mme. Julia Culp, soprano soloist; afternoon of Feb. 12. The program: Schumann, fourth symphony in D minor; Monteverdi, aria, "Ariadne's Lament"; Bach, second suite in B minor for flute and strings (von Buelow's arrangement); Handel, aria, "Dank sei Dir"; Beethoven, song, "Adelaide" (orchestration of Schoenberg); Mendelssohn, overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream."

The long program was performed with vigor and brilliancy and, broadly speaking, nothing was lost by the absence of the conductor-in-chief. As to the orchestra, an unwonted freedom of execution and freshness of tone prevailed. High polish of style and perfect vocal command characterized the work of the soloist. The afternoon could not have gone better. Everybody must have been brightened in mood by this concert as by hardly any other that has preceded it this winter. Whether anybody was profoundly stirred, either emotionally or intellectually, is a question to be answered next week or next month. The occasion, viewed in relation to the 13 occasions that have gone before and to the 10 that will follow, was delightfully handled. Dr. Muck could not have planned a more suitable program or a more acceptable time for turning affairs over to his junior in command. In the grand strategy of the year, the fourteenth rehearsal and concert will count as of much contributory importancie. The contrast in temper with the pairs of concerts at which compositions of the larger interpretive demand have been presented justifies it artistically. Impressive performances of music by Ropartz, Reznicek and Liszt have brought the year its due acclaim. Let the applause of highly exemplary routine conducting and of buoyant, yet scholarly playing, answer for one, or perhaps two or three, out of the 24 programs.

There is a humanism about music that can scarcely be found in any other of the arts; for music has absolutely no utilitarian purpose, outside that, possibly, of a nationalistic propaganda. For that reason, it is rather gratuitous for a musician to impose a feeling of humanism on his performance. Graciousness, attractiveness and charm are there to begin with. They do not need to be added. The better thing for the performer to do is to search out expression which is less obviously musical. For the external beauties, such as sweetness of sound and swiftness and ease of execution, are not, to the thoughtful listener, the full meaning of the tone art.

If they were, yesterday's concert would be the standard of achievement for the Symphony orchestra.

On this point modern society breaks with that of former days. Orchestral music does not today find its effect solely in exquisite performance. It finds it in something almost extra-musical, which we call interpretation. A great interpreter's failure, therefore, with the Schumann symphony in D minor might be, probably would be, better worth while than a mere conductor's success.

It would be a strange thing for a soloist to come to the Symphony concerts poorly prepared. Sometimes the pianists or the violinists who come seem to be wanting in preparation. But that is usually because their ideas and those of the conductor do not fall into line together. Singers are invariably ready for their task, and inasmuch as their part in the program is of no great orchestral import, they and the conductor are sure to be in agreement. Mme. Culp sang to Mr. Schmidt's conducting as though she had been doing nothing else for the past week. And she executed her melody with a vocal mastery that was near enough to flawless. Scarcely any other singer on the platform has a speech technique so thorough as hers. And as for tone, she is beyond reproach. Her phrasing is always marked by an understanding of the musical structure, and so is satisfactory mechanically; but it is the least persuasive part of her singing. It did not show the daring and individuality in the old arias and the [illegible]ng that were required for keeping the [illegible]s parts of the music welded together. Her interpretations had a scat[illegible]ted effect. Her work in her [illegible]s has been more impressive [illegible]int of phrasing.

BOSTON GLOBE—

FEBRUARY 13.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Assistant Leader Schmidt Makes First Appearance.

Mme Julia Culp Sings Monteverdi Aria Emotionally.

In the absence of Dr Muck from the 14th Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon, Ernst Schmidt, the assistant conductor and a first violin, made his first appearance at the desk. He made no attempt unduly to project his individuality. He showed musicianship and taste. The orchestra played with increasing regard for his authority.

Mme Julia Culp was the soloist. Her voice yesterday, full-bodied, emotional, admirable in breath control, bore little resemblance to that at her last recital here, when the traces of recent illness still were upon her. The numbers sung were of unequal interest, but Monteverdi's aria, "Ariadne's Lament," from "Arianna," was an admirably composed piece of dramatic singing, superbly phrased, poignant and moving.

It is interesting, yet not generally significant, to remember that Schumann's D minor symphony was a herald in its day of the new romantic movement. Not quite three-quarters of a century ago its innovations must have disturbed the classicists grievously—the elasticity of form, the harmonic boldness, the freshness and spontaneity of the thought, the free, unstudied expression. Not every composer since, who desired the four movements of his symphony played without pause, has confined their duration to half an hour.

Mr Maquarre, the admired flutist of the orchestra, played Bach's suite No. 2 in B minor for flute and strings. The seven movements may have more variety than was heard in them. Orchestra vies with the solo instrument in imparting character to the dance forms. Mr Maquarre's polished execution and style are familiar features at these concerts. Yesterday he again was the accomplished virtuoso. The closing presto excited surprise and admiration.

Handel may have written the cantata "with instruments," from which Mme Culp chose the "Thanks Be to Thee," sung in German, for some church festival. Its invention is perfunctory, although to some it will linger sweetly in the ear for the reminiscences of the piece known as the "Largo." Mme Culp's art gave it identity.

Schoenberg, who we read, orchestrated the song "Adelaide" four years ago, had respect for the spirit of Beethoven. Although beyond the younger period of his quartet in D minor, played here by the Flonzaleys, an extraordinary composition in which genius and madness met, he refrained from embellishing Beethoven's song in the harmonic idiom of his recent five orchestral pieces, in which some, fearful of posterity's judgment, say that genius has survived; some madness. It is said that Beethoven's "Adelaide" is one of his four best songs. However that may be, Schoenberg has written an interesting and sympathetic accompaniment for orchestra. Mme Culp, in any case, would do better with it with piano, for the song does not require more.

Her singing of the Monteverdi aria, with that breadth and intensity of passion that was the glory of "the grand manner," a style the inheritance of few of the declaiming vocalists of today, was a privilege to hear. It is not easy to remember singing at these concerts as deeply, as vitally emotional. The final number of the concert was the concert overture in E major to "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream."

BOSTON HERALD,

FEBRUARY 13,

14TH SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Ernst Schmidt, One of First Violins, Conducts—Cold Keeps Dr. Muck Away.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 14th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck is suffering from a severe cold. Mr. Ernst Schmidt, one of the first violins, conducted in his stead and will conduct tonight. The program was as follows:

Symphony in D minor, No. 4..........Schumann
Aria, "Il Lamento d'Arianna," from "Arianna"..........Monteverdi
Suite No. 2 in B minor for flute and strings..........Bach
Solo Flute, Andre Maquarre.
"Dank Sei Dir" ("Thanks Be to Thee"), from a "Cantata con Stromenti"....Handel
"Adelaide"..........Beethoven
Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"..........Mendelssohn

At this concert the singer, Mme. Julia Culp, overshadowed the orchestra. The performance of Schumann's symphony was characterized by restlessness and vigor rather than by romantic feeling and a fine discrimination in nuances. Mr. Maquarre played the flute part in Bach's suite in a most musical manner, but his tone was small and the orchestra in accompaniment was not sufficiently subdued.

Mme. Culp sang two arias that had not been heard in Boston: the pathetic lament of Ariadne from the opera of Monteverdi that was produced in [illegible]608, and an air of Handel taken from a German cantata, "Con Stromenti." She also sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," with an orchestral accompaniment written for her by Arnold Schoenberg. Mr. [illegible]s, the pianist who accompanies Mme. Culp, kindly furnished the compiler of the program-book with information about the instrumentation of these songs, but his information was not accurate. He stated that the accompaniment of Handel's aria was for strings and organ. The harp was also employed. He stated that the accompaniment of Monteverdi's aria arranged by Resphighi of Bologna was for full orchestra; but horns and clarinets were not used.

Schoenberg orchestrated Beethoven's "Adelaide" for Mme. Culp and introduced the triangle. Was his instrumentation worth while? The air with piano accompaniment in its native form is to us insignificant. Beethoven as a song writer is not among the great, and Schoenberg's triangle does not save "Adelaide." Vincent d'Indy has been censured for speaking out his mind about this song. "Strange to say, this little work, a romance neither better nor worse than the majority of innumerable romances of the same epoch, contributed mightily to make Beethoven known, while his serious compositions were for a long time ignored. * * * This 'Adelaide' was quickly accepted as the sorrowful cry of a wounded heart, as the supreme complaint of the poor lover calling on his 'beautiful one,' even in the shadow of the tomb. * * * There is nothing truly expressive in it; it is one more romance, and that is all. And at the same time it is another proof of the old fact that the public in all ages reserves its favors for mediocre works, and passes by, indifferent, true beauty." This sums up the matter. No, Schoenberg's triangle does not save the sentimental song, nor did the art of Mme. Culp.

Two singers this season, and only two, have justified their appearance at these concerts: Miss Florence Hinkle and Mme. Julia Culp. The latter, justly renowned as a Lieder singer, showed yesterday that she is also mistress of the grand style. When the Lament of Ariadne was first sung in the theatre at Mantua by La Florinda before a great audience, we are told by one who was there that all the hearers were deeply affected, "and there were tears in every woman's eyes." Today this Lament is profoundly moving. Over three centuries have gone by, yet the

music is fresh and dramatic; it is even ultra-modern in its wild freedom of expression. And how nobly beautiful is the aria of Handel, the great melodist! Noble in the simplicity of its lines; beautiful in its fervor. Hearing such music, sung with remarkable control of breath, haunting tonal quality, consummate art and genuine feeling by Mme. Culp, one might easily find the dramatic music of this generation tawdry, forced, artificial. For Verdi left no successor.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of Feb. 26, 27, will be as follows: Schubert, symphony in C major; Strube, variations on an original theme (first performance); Goldmark, overture "Sakuntala."

BOSTON JOURNAL—

FEBRUARY 13,

SCHMIDT CONDUCTS AT THE SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck's Assistant Makes Favorable Impression; Mme. Culp Sings.

Ernest Schmidt is taking Dr. Muck's place this week as conductor of the Symphony concerts. Dr. Muck is not feeling well.

Mr. Schmidt, who joined the orchestra this year as assistant conductor and violinist, had his first opportunity yesterday to show his ability as a leader, so far as the Boston concerts are concerned. He impressed the audience very favorably, being a man of dignified appearance and a musician whose interpretative side is marked by fine taste and a sure hand.

His first effort, made with the Schumann symphony in D minor, was so successful that both audience and orchestra paid tribute to him. He brought forth without exaggeration the varied and celebrated beauties of the composition; he indulged in no intrusive mannerisms, and thus he evinced his regard for the music and for the artists under his baton. His success with the remainder of the program was equally impressive.

Mme. Julia Culp, the principal soloist of the week, sang the Monteverde aria, "Ariadne's Lament," a classic relic of one of the earliest operas; the "Thanks Be to Thee," from one of the Handel cantatas, and Beethoven's "Adelaide," with orchestral accompaniment arranged by Schoenberg. Her rich voice and artistic style furnished rare enjoyment. She is one of the few singers whose art really graces a Symphony performance.

Mr. Maquarre, the principal flute player of the orchestra, also delighted one of the largest audiences of the season with his solos in the Bach overture in B minor, for flute and strings. A spirited performance of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture closed the concert.

The orchestra will be out of town next week. The following week the program will consist of the Schubert symphony in C major, Strube's "Variations on an Original Theme" and Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture.

BOSTON POST,

FEBRUARY 13,

SYMPHONY CONDUCTED BY SCHMIDT

Mme. Culp and Mr. Maquarre the Soloists

BY OLIN DOWNES

As the east winds had indisposed Dr. Muck, Ernest Schmidt, the assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted the public rehearsal yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Julia Culp, mezzo-soprano, was the visiting soloist. Mr. Maquarre, the first flute, was the soloist in the performances of Bach's suite for flute and strings in B minor, arranged by von Bulow. Mme. Culp's solos consisted of the music for the Lament of Ariadne, from Mondeverde's "Arianna"; an air, "Thanks to Thee," from one of Handel's cantatas, with accompaniment of instruments, and Beethoven's "Adelaide," with an orchestra accompaniment by Arnold Schonber The orchestral compositions were Sch

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mann's symphony in D minor, Bach's suite, and Mendellsohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

A THANKLESS WORK

Why Schonberg should have troubled to write an orchestral accompaniment for the sentimental air of Beethoven is a mystery. If he had impertinently meddled with a symphony or chamber work of the "Ferne Geliebte" cycle, one could at least discern some object in the proceeding. But of all sentimental and innocuous songs, commend us to this "Adelaide." It might have been written by anybody save Beethoven. It was immensely popular in Beethoven's lifetime, and was published, according to Vincent d'Indy, in innumerable "transcriptions for all instruments from a hand organ to a guitar." Schonberg, the rabid iconoclast, has now joined the ranks of an unblessed majority and added one more to the ill-judged versions of this song. His orchestration is ingenious and discreet.

Helped Arrange Orchestration

The most modern music on the programme was without doubt the air of Monteverde. Whether an audience broke into tears when Ariane first sang her lament on the stage in 1608 is another story. We need not take incrusted legend too seriously, but certain it is that this music, which probably did not move profoundly audiences of the early 17th century, was modern, highly dramatic, noble in its melodic curve and its impassioned declamation yesterday. The orchestral accompaniment—the arrangement was that of Ottorino Resphigi of Bologna, who was assisted in his arranging by Mme. Culp—was also ultra-modern. This would not have disturbed Monteverde, the first genius of modern music. His orchestra was far more surprising in its day.

Mme. Culp sang the air in the grand style, and with dramatic effect. The song which pleased the audience most was undoubtedly that of Handel. Not without reason. The air has a noble line, a grand repose, and in observing this melodic line Mme. Culp was again fortunate, and at her best. The air reminds one of the too famous Largo.

Mr. Schmidt Recalled

Mr. Schmidt is an honest and reliable conductor of solid acquirements. He does not attempt to infuse "personality in his readings, but takes his music sanely, and realizes that he has to deal with an orchestra composed of musicians and virtuosi. After the Schumann symphony Mr. Schmidt was recalled several times. He had reason to be gratified with his success, which he accepted with evident modesty, and in his gesture of acceptance indicated the players themselves. They declined to rise and share in the applause. Mr. Schmidt was cordially received by the players of the orchestra as fell as the audience yesterday.

Mr. Maquarre's fine tone and finished artistry has often been admired in these columns. The suite is rather long to give in its entirety. The programme was in fact too long. The performance of Mendellsohn's overture was appropriate in spirit and its coloring. There will be no concerts next week.

BOSTON AMERICAN,

FEBRUARY 13, 1915.

MME. CULP SINGS AT THE SYMPHONY

By FREDERICK JOHNS.

Julia Culp was soloist at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon. Dr. Muck was indisposed and Ernest Schmidt came out of the first violins to conduct.

The program included the Schumann Symphony in D, played without pause; Bach Suite, No. 2, for flute and strings, Mendelssohn's Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," Monteverdi's Lament of Ariadne from the ancient Italian's lost opera "Ariadne," an air "Thanks Be to Thee" from a Handel accompanied cantata, and Beethoven's "Adelaide" orchestrated by Arnold Schonberg. The last three numbers were sung by Mme. Culp.

The Schumann Symphony is only thirty minutes long, and is played without pause. It should therefore be used in the middle rather than at the beginning of a concert. More than a hundred people were left outside during the playing of the Symphony. The argument in favor of beginning a Symphony concert with the symphonic number is its length, but if it be short, it might well be preceded by an overture. Certainly, last place on the program is not the destined place of an overture, but that is where the overtures are usually placed.

Mr. Schmidt, the assistant conductor, was warmly applauded after the playing of the Symphony. He seemed a careful rather than a brilliant leader. In the Bach Suite, the solo part of which was played by Mr. Maquarre with superb artistry, it did not seem to me that Mr. Schmidt secured the necessary contrasts of rhythms and tempi between such sharply distinct compositions as a Sarabande, a Polonaise or a minuet. However, at his first appearance he was probably content with a good general effect.

Mme. Culp is now a great favorite in Boston. Few mezzo sopranos rival her in vocal gifts. Her tone is rich, warm and mellow. She sings with deep insight and rare power of expression. In these days of dramatic recitative composers might well study the three hundred year old Lament of Ariadne, which is poignantly expressive of desolation and unending sorrow. Berthoven's Ariadne was orchestrated by Schonberg, the violent Viennese composer whose harmonic revolutions were

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BOSTON TRAVELER,

FEBRUARY 13,

ERNST SCHMIDT LEADS SYMPHONY

Makes Favorable Impression—Julia Culp and Maquarre Soloists.

The coupling of the expected and the unexpected provided enough material to keep the audience interested throughout yesterday afternoon's concert by the Symphony orchestra. The expected was, of course, the regular program with Julia Culp and Andre Maquarre as soloists. The unexpected was the appearance of Ernst Schmidt of the first violins at the conductor's desk in place of Dr. Muck. Those who did not know Dr. Muck was laid by with a cold were wondering just what was up. Mr. Schmidt, however, soon held their attention through his masterly reading of the Schumann D minor symphony, not a wonderful work, perhaps, but ever interesting and with moments of exceptional beauty.

Mme. Culp's beautiful voice and finished artistry has never been heard here to better advantage than in the selections of yesterday afternoon, the Lament of Ariadne from Mondeverde's "Arianna"; Handel's "Thanks to Thee," and Beethoven's "Adelaide." Mr. Maquarre's playing in the Bache suite for flute and strings in B minor was a genuine treat.

While Mr. Schmidt was less successful in Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the closing number, nevertheless he can congratulate himself upon the success of his debut as a conductor of the orchestra before the Symphony Hall audiences. He fairly shared with the soloists in the approval of the audience, approval which left not the slightest doubt of the success of the concert.

As the orchestra will be away on another trip there will be no concerts the coming week.

From...

Published at....................PITTSBURGH S

Date...

JAN 28 1915

Ellis Series Closed By Symphony Concert

With Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony and Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan," on the program, the Boston Symphony orchestra and Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, presented the finale of the Ellis series of concerts in Carnegie Music hall last night. After each of the compositions mentioned, the applause of the large audience compelled the men of the orchestra to rise in acknowledgment.

The technical perfection of the Boston orchestra has become axiomatic. Dr. Muck, however, revealed a new quality of feeling last night. His interpretation of the "Eroica" had a distinctive individuality that blended intellect and emotion. In the Strauss poem Dr. Muck gave a colorful reading. Schumann's "Genoveva" overture was finely interpreted, and an admirable performance of Weber's "Dreischuetz" overture closed the program.

Cornell President I

CLIPPED FROM THE
PITTSBURG DISPATCH

Date JAN 28 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY DELIGHTS LARGE AUDIENCE AT MUSIC HALL

Only Four Numbers on Program but They Prove to Be Right Kind

When an orchestra is unsurpassed and has a star conductor it can get along without a soloist, provided the program appeals to the public.

That was the case in Carnegie Music Hall last evening when Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra played. The orchestra was, as it always has been when it played in Pittsburg, in excellent form—what a superb body of players Dr. Muck

and well [illegible] number, and the audience was as large as if a noted soloist had sung or played.

There were only four numbers on the program, but they were of the right kind.

The Beethoven symphony in E flat major, "Eroica," was the symphony selected. It is one of Beethoven's most emotional works and well suited to Dr. Muck's style of conducting. In the dramatic first movement the bite of dissonances is remarkable. Brelioz wrote concerning this movement: "When, with disjointed rhythm, rude dissonances come to present themselves in combination, like those we find near the middle of the second repeat, where the first violins strike F natural against E (the fifth in the chord of A minor), it is impossible to repress a sensation of fear at such a picture of ungovernable fury. It is the voice of despair, almost rage." It was in this spirit that the movement was played last night by Dr. Muck and his men. The second movement—the funeral march—however, did not quite rise to the thrilling climax that a Mahler might have achieved. The scherzo, on the other hand, had probably never before had what Wagner called "buoyant gayety" and "wild unruliness" brought out so impressively as it was last night.

After the intermission came Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," the best of Richard Strauss' tone poems, "Don Juan," and Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz." Of these numbers we will concern ourselves, since space is limited, with the performance of the difficult and multi-colored "Don Juan," which was simply incomparable. When it was over the orchestra had to rise in a body again and again before the excitement could be abated. The exquisitely delicate playing of the aboe solo over a ravishing accompaniment in the episode which portrays the loveliness of Anna—"love's bliss and happiness"—will long be remembered by those who were lucky enough to hear it.

In all, not since Mahler's last memorable concert here have we heard such playing. Dr Muck knows how to lead, how to shade, how to express every passion and every mood. He follows the pathway of desire, and the marvellous melodies, the sublime harmonies, are as free as the air. The Boston Symphony Orchestra stands today as one of the greatest orchestras in the country and it shows what money, sympathy, co-operation and a Col. Higginson will do.

C. J. E.

CLIPPED FROM THE
PITTSBURGH POST

Date JAN 28 1915

DR. MUCK CONDUCTS BRILLIANT CONCERT

Magnificent Rendition Marks Closing Program of Ellis Series.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, gave a concert in Carnegie Music Hall last evening before an audience that filled the auditorium and which throughout the program manifested great enthusiasm. At the close of the symphony Dr. Muck was recalled to the stage several times and not until he had included the whole orchestra in his acknowledgement was the audience satisfied. Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan," aroused equal enthusiasm and at the close of the program the audience remained for renewed applause.

These tributes were more than deserved for the orchestra played magnificently. This organization seems to have found an ideal conductor in Dr. Muck who, while he retains all the orchestra's technical perfection, imparts to its playing a brilliancy and vigor and a freedom in tempo it did not always possess. In his reading of the Beethoven "Erocai" symphony Dr. Muck revealed a rare combination of the intellectual and the romantic. All the classic beauty was brought out but it was a living classic. In past years Dr. Muck seemed not to have as much elasticity in his baton as he evidenced last evening. The entire symphony showed this elasticity and in no movement more than in the "Funeral March," which became a tone poem under his baton. It is true that such superlative control of dynamics as this orchestra possesses and such delicacy of attack, in themselves make for elasticity in effect. To this quality Dr. Muck adds just that right touch of individuality which gives the orchestra an emotional utterance.

READING CONSERVATIVE.

The performance of the "Don Juan" was not only a brilliant exposition of Strauss but served to show the virtuosity of the orchestra. Dr. Muck's reading of this score is conservative so far as tempi are concerned, but not so in regard to tone color. It was a musical canvas painted in striking contrasts which he produced. This number was preceded by Schumann's "Genoveva" overture, which, even when played as the Boston Symphony plays it, lacks in inspiration. Coming as it did after the noble "Erocai" it suffered by comparison. But not so the "Freischuetz," which brought the concert to a close. This lovely work was most beautifully given, all its poetry enhanced by Dr. Muck's conception of it, and by the orchestra's playing.

It was throughout a great concert and it was thoroughly appreciated. It brought the second series of Ellis' concerts in this city to a close.

J. M.

music is fresh and dramatic; it is even ultra-modern in its wild freedom of expression. And how nobly beautiful is the aria of Handel, the great melodist! Noble in the simplicity of its lines; beautiful in its fervor. Hearing such music, sung with remarkable control of breath, haunting tonal quality, consummate art and genuine feeling by Mme. Culp, one might easily find the dramatic music of this generation tawdry, forced, artificial. For Verdi left no successor.

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BOSTON JOURNAL—

FEBRUARY 13,

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There were only four numbers on the program, but they were of the right kind.

The Beethoven symphony in E flat major, "Eroica," was the symphony selected. It is one of Beethoven's most emotional works and well suited to Dr. Muck's style of conducting. In the dramatic first movement the bite of dissonances is remarkable. Brelioz wrote concerning this movement: "When, with disjointed rhythm, rude dissonances come to present themselves in combination, like those we find near the middle of the second repeat, where the first violins strike F natural against E (the fifth in the chord of A minor), it is impossible to repress a sensation of fear at such a picture of ungovernable fury. It is the voice of despair, almost rage." It was in this spirit that the movement was played last night by Dr. Muck and his men. The second movement—the funeral march—however, did not quite rise to the thrilling climax that a Mahler might have achieved. The scherzo, on the other hand, had probably never before had what Wagner called "buoyant gayety" and "wild unruliness" brought out so impressively as it was last night.

After the intermission came Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," the best of Richard Strauss' tone poems, "Don Juan," and Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz." Of these numbers we will concern ourselves, since space is limited, with the performance of the difficult and multi-colored "Don Juan," which was simply incomparable. When it was over the orchestra had to rise in a body again and again before the excitement could be abated. The exquisitely delicate playing of the aboe solo over a ravishing accompaniment in the episode which portrays the loveliness of Anna—"love's bliss and happiness"—will long be remembered by those who were lucky enough to hear it.

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These tributes were more than deserved for the orchestra played magnificently. This organization seems to have found an ideal conductor in Dr. Muck who, while he retains all the orchestra's technical perfection, imparts to its playing a brilliancy and vigor and a freedom in tempo it did not always possess. In his reading of the Beethoven "Erocai" symphony Dr. Muck revealed a rare combination of the intellectual and the romantic. All the classic beauty was brought out but it was a living classic. In past years Dr. Muck seemed not to have as much elasticity in his baton as he evidenced last evening. The entire symphony showed this elasticity and in no movement more than in the "Funeral March," which became a tone poem under his baton. It is true that such superlative control of dynamics as this orchestra possesses and such delicacy of attack, in themselves make for elasticity in effect. To this quality Dr. Muck adds just that right touch of individuality which gives the orchestra an emotional utterance.

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The performance of the "Don Juan" was not only a brilliant exposition of Strauss but served to show the virtuosity of the orchestra. Dr. Muck's reading of this score is conservative so far as tempi are concerned, but not so in regard to tone color. It was a musical canvas painted in striking contrasts which he produced. This number was preceded by Schumann's "Genoveva" overture, which, even when played as the Boston Symphony plays it, lacks in inspiration. Coming as it did after the noble "Erocai" it suffered by comparison. But not so the "Freischuetz," which brought the concert to a close. This lovely work was most beautifully given, all its poetry enhanced by Dr. Muck's conception of it, and by the orchestra's playing.

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J. M.

music is fresh and dramatic; it is even ultra-modern in its wild freedom of expression. And how nobly beautiful is the aria of Handel, the great melodist! Noble in the simplicity of its lines; beautiful in its fervor. Hearing such music, sung with remarkable control of breath, haunting tonal quality, consummate art and genuine feeling by Mme. Culp, one might easily find the dramatic music of this generation tawdry, forced, artificial. For Verdi left no successor.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of Feb. 26, 27, will be as follows: Schubert, symphony in C major; Strube, variations on an original theme (first performance); Goldmark, overture "Sakuntala."

BOSTON JOURNAL—

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SCHMIDT CONDUCTS AT THE SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck's Assistant Makes Favorable Impression; Mme. Culp Sings.

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J. M.

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For Economical Reasons

New Lady Boarder—Mercy! What

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CLIPPED FROM THE
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The conductor who interprets such work and the orchestra which plays it share in an almost priestly function, which Dr. Muck and the Boston Orchestra seemed to realize. It has been a recent fashion for conductors to intrude their own personalities in strained and exaggerated readings. Dr. Muck recognizes that his greatest glory is in identifying himself as closely as possible with the spirit of Beethoven, and the "Eroica" was throughout treated with a reverence as rare as it is admirable, and the orchestra responded with complete sympathy and flexibility.

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BULLETIN
vidence, R. I.

FEB 3 1915

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With Frieda Hempel, the brilliant coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company as soloist, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its fourth concert of the season last evening in Infantry Hall, which was nearly filled with the customary large and appreciative audience.

As the concert was about to begin announcement was made that owing to the absence of the conductor, Dr. Muck, his place would be taken by the assistant conductor, Mr. Schmidt. It was the first time this season that Dr. Muck has been absent from the conductor's desk at the concerts in this city and some curiosity was felt concerning his substitute.

Mr. Schmidt assumed and carried on his office with dignity, apparently perfectly at home at his task, with which he seemed amply able to cope. Without undue muscular exertion he led the orchestra through the intricacies of the programme, which was arranged in the following order:

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It is a good many years since Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, with which the concert opened, was played here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but it is perennially fresh, and never fails to impress the listener with Haydn's aim toward perfection in his art. As the themes weave in and out, taken up in turn by the different instruments, one feels his command of melody and harmony, and all the elements of music, and is moved to admiration for the quality of his compositions, so removed from the later influences of noise and novelty.

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The fifth concert in the series will be given on Tuesday evening, March 2, when the soloist will be Anton Witek, the concert master of the organization, who, with Mme. Witek, is still pleasantly remembered for the recital given before The Listeners a few years ago in Churchill House.

A. W. C.

From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From
Address: New York City
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In no way has Liszt changed the thematic contour, nor has he made serious changes in the development or the episodes. The changes, for the most part, affect the orchestration. Thus, early in "Faust," an arioso written originally for a bassoon is given to the bass clarinet, which was not at first in Liszt's table of instruments to be employed. Here and there wind instruments are introduced, reinforced, or for the sake of greater brilliance. The greatest part of the changes is in "Mephistopheles," where the "Vision of Gretchen" is made much more effective. There are excisions throughout the symphony, sometimes only a measure, sometimes more. Dr. Muck is of the opinion that the changes greatly benefit the work.

The First Established and Most Complete
Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.

3 6 1915
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The symphony, as already announced, will be the great C minor symphony of Brahms. In the second part there will be two pieces by Bach—the lovely Shepherds' music from the "Christmas Oratorio" and the "Double Concerto for Two Violins in D Minor." The final number will be Beethoven's "Leonore III" overture.

17

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From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

FEB 7 - 1915

The performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its next concert in the Academy of Music, Monday evening, February 15, of Spohr's Concerto for quartet of string instruments and orchestra, brings forward four of the most interesting personalities in the membership of the orchestra. The quartet will be played by Anton Witek, the concert master, as first violin; Walter Habenicht, leader of the second violins, as second violin; Emile Ferir, viola, and Heinrich Warnke, violoncello. Anton Witek is now in his fifth year as concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He has proved a most efficient musician and has shown himself in his various appearances as soloist a violin virtuoso of high rank. For 16 years previous to his coming to America he was concert master of the Philarmonic Orchestra of Berlin.

Walther Habenicht, the leader of the second violins, is in the third year of his engagement in Boston. Previous to his coming to America, he was concert-master of the Symphony Orchestra in Kiel, Germany, and sat at the third desk of the first violins in the orchestra at the festival performances in Bayreuth. He was specially engaged to come to America as leader of the second violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Emile Ferir, first viola of the orchestra, has been called by Kreisler and Ysaye the finest viola player in the world. His playing is notable for the extraordinary tone he gets from his instrument. He is a Belgian, a graduate of the Brussels Conservatory, and before coming to America, he was first viola of the Lamoureux and Colonne Orchestras of Paris, and the Queen's Hall Orchestra of London. Heinrich Warnke has been solo 'cellist of the orchestra for 10 years, and is an artist of highest rank.

The other numbers on the program will be the first Symphony in E minor, by Sibelius; the "Der Freischuetz" overture by Weber, and the "Carneval" overture by Dvorak.

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The program given by the Philadelphia

CLIPPED FROM THE
PITTSBURGH LEADER

Date JAN 28 1915

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The Boston Symphony orchestra presented an unusually attractive program at its concert last evening in the Carnegie music hall. In spite of the fact that there was no noted soloist with the orchestra, Dr. Muck's organization received hearty welcome and the various numbers of the excellently rendered program brought out a large crowd of Pittsburg music lovers.

The Beethoven symphony in E flat major, "Eroica," was the symphony selected. It is one of Beethoven's most emotional works and well suited to Dr. Muck's style of conducting.

After the intermission came Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," the best of Richard Strauss' tone poems, "Don Juan," and Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz." When it was over the orchestra had to rise in a body again before the excitement could be abated.

In all, not since Mahler's last memorable concert here has there been such playing. Dr. Muck knows how to lead, how to shade, how to express every passion and every mood. He follows the pathway of desire, and the marvelous melodies, the sublime harmonies, are as free as the air.

For Economical Reasons

New Lady Boarder—Mercy! What

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FEB 7 - 1915

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Walther Habenicht, the leader of the second violins, is in the third year of his engagement in Boston. Previous to his coming to America, he was concert-master of the Symphony Orchestra in Kiel, Germany, and sat at the third desk of the first violins in the orchestra at the festival performances in Bayreuth. He was specially engaged to come to America as leader of the second violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Emile Ferir, first viola of the orchestra, has been called by Kreisler and Ysaye the finest viola player in the world. His playing is notable for the extraordinary tone he gets from his instrument. He is a Belgian, a graduate of the Brussels Conservatory, and before coming to America, he was first viola of the Lamoureux and Colonne Orchestras of Paris, and the Queen's Hall Orchestra of London. Heinrich Warnke has been solo 'cellist of the orchestra for 10 years, and is an artist of highest rank.

The other numbers on the program will be the first Symphony in E minor, by Sibelius; the "Der Freischuetz" overture by Weber, and the "Carneval" overture by Dvorak.

* * *

The program given by the Philadelphia

CLIPPED FROM THE
PITTSBURGH LEADER

Date JAN 28 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT PLEASES LARGE AUDIENCE

The Boston Symphony orchestra presented an unusually attractive program at its concert last evening in the Carnegie music hall. In spite of the fact that there was no noted soloist with the orchestra, Dr. Muck's organization received hearty welcome and the various numbers of the excellently rendered program brought out a large crowd of Pittsburg music lovers.

The Beethoven symphony in E flat major, "Eroica," was the symphony selected. It is one of Beethoven's most emotional works and well suited to Dr. Muck's style of conducting.

After the intermission came Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," the best of Richard Strauss' tone poems, "Don Juan," and Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz." When it was over the orchestra had to rise in a body again before the excitement could be abated.

In all, not since Mahler's last memorable concert here has there been such playing. Dr. Muck knows how to lead, how to shade, how to express every passion and every mood. He follows the pathway of desire, and the marvelcus melodies, the sublime harmonies, are as free as the air.

For Economical Reasons

New Lady Boarder—Mercy! What

CLIPPED FROM THE
PITTSBURG PRESS

Date JAN 28 1915

BRILLIANT CONCERT CLOSES ELLIS SERIES.

The Ellis series of concerts was brought to a brilliant close last night with a magnificent concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck. Applause renewed again and again after almost every number, showed the appreciation of the audience, which filled the house almost to capacity. On the program were Beethoven, Schumann, Richard Strauss and Weber. Interest centered chiefly around Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan" a comparatively little known work. It is an interesting composition revealing unexpected depths and colorings.

It is vivid and subtle and offers enormous technical difficulties, all of which were oversome in splendid style. The "Eroicax Symphony" was given beautifully, the performance equalling the composition in splendor, than which no higher praise can be given the musicians. Dr. Muck does not infuse his own personality annoyingly into the big works he presents. He subordinates himself constantly to the thought and mind of the composer. "Der Freischuetz" was given in a manner almost above crit[illegible]n and almost beyond praise. The whole concert was of almost unsurpassable excellence.

What do you use to destroy germs? Every home should have Creolol, the safe, sure germicide and antiseptic. It is healing to man, but it kills all kinds of bugs from germs to roaches. All druggists—25 cents a bottle.

LYCEUM MINSTREL SHOW

Dr. Karl Muck and His Musicians Please Large Audience With a "Request Program."

CLOSE OF THE ELLIS SERI

The closing concert of the Ellis ser was given last night at Carnegie Mu Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchest conducted by Dr. Carl Muck. The pi gram was selected from compositic asked for by patrons, and the selectic indicate a very high taste on the pi of Pittsburgh concertgoers. The co posers represented numbered only fo They were Beethoven, Schumann, Strau and Weber. Doubtless some wonder w be felt that Wagner was not include But the choice made was a very go one for a night's program.

The symphony was Beethove "Eroica," that wonderful compositi which perhaps more than any other e hibits the genius of its composer. It is very long one, a fact which the composer himself recognized would militate against popularity, for he advised that it be performed at the beginning rather than at the end of a concert, on account of the danger "that it will not produce on the audience, which attention will be already wearied by preceding pieces, the effect which the composer purposed in his own mind to attain." That purpose was admirably interpreted by Dr. Muck and his large company of musicians, which quite filled the stage. The Boston Symphony Orchestra plays with delightful unity and in thorough accord with the directing mind.

Schumann was represented by his overture to "Genoveva," one of his less known works, but of which the overture is decidedly the bast part, being crowded with musical themes well worked out. The tone poem, "Don Juan," by Richard Strauss, which is full of fine melody, was given with appreciation of the writer's intent. The shading was delicate in the extreme, the whole abounding with poetical ideas musically interpreted. Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz" was the closing number of the program. [illegible] work was ably handled and

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From GAZ[illegible]TE-TIMES
Published at
Date JAN 28 1915

t Performance Boston Symphony

Dr. Muck's Orchestra Gives Triumphant Close to Ellis Series.

By GLENDINNING KEEBLE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, gave a triumphant close to the Ellis series of concerts in Carnegie Music Hall last night. The incomprehensible feature of the occasion was that there were empty seats in the orchestra circle—few perhaps, but by that much too many. This orchestra is beyond question the most valuable musical institution in America, and the program, without being exacting, was fully worthy of it; so that the only conceivable explanation of those empty chairs is the fact that a year ago its program was universally disappointing. When it returns next year, however, there can be no such trouble. The audience last night was stirred to a rare degree of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is splendidly communicative.

The composers represented on the program were Beethoven, Schumann, Richard Strauss and Weber. The shorter numbers—the lovely overture Schumann gave to his otherwise ineffective opera "Genoveva" and Weber's brilliant overture to "Der Freischuetz"—need not be spoken of in detail, for they are presumably quite familiar to all. Strauss' tone poem "Don Juan" may not be so common a story, although it was given in this city in recent years by Arthur Nikisch, when he visited us with the London Philharmonic Society. It is a vivid musical version of Lenau's poem, revealed in interesting melody, subtle rhythms and ravishing orchestral color. The technical difficulties it offers are enormous, and with great pride we confess that our own orchestra (for this band established by Mr. Higginson cannot be limited in its scope to a single city, but is necessarily a national institution), gave a better performance than England's most famous orchestra. The balance of tone and clarity of color were marvelous.

As for the "Eroica Symphony"—the one in E-flat, the third of Beethoven's immortal nine—who can attempt to praise it? The Strauss tone poem shows that in some ways the art of music has broadened its resources in the century and more which have passed since the "Eroica" was first performed; but Beethoven himself is the only composer who has surpassed it in symphonic writing, and even Beethoven surpassed it very seldom. It remains one of the conspicuous achievements of a genius who was as many sided as he was exalted, a masterpiece of supreme beauty and depth of thought, in which a vigorous dignity is not incompatible with a sublime tenderness.

The conductor who interprets such work and the orchestra which plays it share in an almost priestly function, which Dr. Muck and the Boston Orchestra seemed to realize. It has been a recent fashion for conductors to intrude their own personalities in strained and exaggerated readings. Dr. Muck recognizes that his greatest glory is in identifying himself as closely as possible with the spirit of Beethoven, and the "Eroica" was throughout treated with a reverence as rare as it is admirable, and the orchestra responded with complete sympathy and flexibility.

After acknowledging this much, there can be little to say specifically about last night's performance. It was inevitable that there should be slight technical slips, with so exacting a program and with so large a body of even the best players; but the emotional and mental tension rarely relaxed enough to give one opportunity for recognizing them. We do not attempt to give a description of the superlative excellence that was demonstrated, yet we may say that for brilliant sonority of tone, for infinite gradation of color and shading, for splendid unanimity of high musicianship, the Boston Symphony Orchestra could not imaginably be surpassed.

Newspaper Cutting

From
Address [illegible]idence, R. I.
Date FEB 3 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA GIVES 4TH CONCERT HERE

Frieda Hempel, Metropolitan Grand Opera Soprano, is Soloist in Infantry Hall Programme. Entertainment is Somewhat Shorter Than Usual.

With Frieda Hempel, the brilliant coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company as soloist, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its fourth concert of the season last evening in Infantry Hall, which was nearly filled with the customary large and appreciative audience.

As the concert was about to begin announcement was made that owing to the absence of the conductor, Dr. Muck, his place would be taken by the assistant conductor, Mr. Schmidt. It was the first time this season that Dr. Muck has been absent from the conductor's desk at the concerts in this city and some curiosity was felt concerning his substitute.

Mr. Schmidt assumed and carried on his office with dignity, apparently perfectly at home at his task, with which he seemed amply able to cope. Without undue muscular exertion he led the orchestra through the intricacies of the programme, which was arranged in the following order:

Haydn..Symphony in G-major, "The Surprise" (B. & H. No. 6)
- I. Adagio: Vivace assai.
- II. Andante.
- III. Menuetto.
- IV. Allegro di molto.

Mozart..Air, "Martern aller Arten," from "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail," Act II., No. 11.
J. S. Bach..Symphony (Shepherds' Music) from the Christmas Oratorio.
Liszt..March of the Three Holy Kings, from the Oratorio, "Christus."
Gounod.."O legere hirondelle," from the Opera "Mireille," Act I.
Weber..Overture to the Opera, "Der Freischuetz."

While the programme was made up of more than the usual number of selections, in point of time, it was rather less instead of more than usual length, and contained no ultra modern compositions to puzzle over. Instead, it was largely of a classical nature, covering a range of a century and a half, and from Bach to Liszt offering as great a diversity in style.

It is a good many years since Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, with which the concert opened, was played here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but it is perennially fresh, and never fails to impress the listener with Haydn's aim toward perfection in his art. As the themes weave in and out, taken up in turn by the different instruments, one feels his command of melody and harmony, and all the elements of music, and is moved to admiration for the quality of his compositions, so removed from the later influences of noise and novelty.

And yet it was noise and novelty that gave the "surprise" to the symphony, and as the familiar air of the second movement, so gracefully played, and so daintily repeated, was punctuated by the startling drumstroke, a ripple of gentle laughter swept over the audience like a summer breeze. After over a century Haydn still has his little joke on "the ladies."

The menuetto, so like a rustic dance, was as distinctively played, while the full beauty of the first and last movements was well brought out.

Bach's music is not often incorporated into the Symphony programmes here and the beautiful shepherd's music from the Christmas Oratorio was heard with interest. Its simplicity was effectively contrasted with the brilliant intricacy of Liszt's "March of the Three Holy Kings" from the oratorio of "Christus," which followed; and from the standpoint of sentiment the two seemed appropriately connected. It is almost superfluous to state that each in its way was beautifully played, and illustrated the wide range covered by Christmas music.

It was Miss Hempel's first appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but the cordiality manifested, alike by orchestra and audience, could have left her no doubt of the feeling she inspired.

As the singer came forward for her first solo she looked very young to be assigned to the task of upholding the best traditions of the art of vocal bravura, but the beauty and range of her voice and the fluency with which she scaled the heights of the florid passages left no doubt that she had a "nimble throat," such as Katharina Cavalieri, to display whose vocal "agility" Mozart wrote the air, "Martern aller Aeten," which Miss Hempel gave with dramatic fervor.

The waltz song of "Mireille," "O legere hirondelle," was aother solo also written to please a soprano who had a desire to shine in florid song, and Miss Hempel gave it with a brilliant daintiness that won her recall after recall, as had her previous number.

The concluding number on the programme, Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz," was a brilliant performance. The overture which is so symmetrical in form embraces practically all the airs in the opera, selections of which have been popular on Symphony programmes here. Most of Weber's overtures have also been played here from time to time by the orchestra, but few more acceptably than that which closed the programme last evening.

The fifth concert in the series will be given on Tuesday evening, March 2, when the soloist will be Anton Witek, the concert master of the organization, who, with Mme. Witek, is still pleasantly remembered for the recital given before The Listeners a few years ago in Churchill House.

A. W. C.

From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date

Estabı

Word comes from Boston that Dr. Muck, because of "conditions over which he has no control," is obliged to make several changes in the program that was originally announced for the Boston Symphony Concert at the Lyric on February 17. In other words, the Spohr concerto will not be played. Compositions by "The Three B's" will be offered. The symphony will be Brahm's first, the one in C minor. Other numbers on the program will be the "Shepherd's Music" from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" and the same composer's "Double Concerto," for two violins, a work in D minor, the solo violinists being Witek and Noack, the first and second concertmeisters of the orchestra. The concert will close with the third "Lenore" overture by Beethoven.

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From
Address: New York City
Date FEB 7

REVISED 'FAUST' SYMPHONY.

The Boston Sympthony Orchestra played at its concerts in Boston a few weeks ago the "Faust" Symphony of Liszt, using for the first time a version of the work which was revised and changed by Liszt in his last years. When Dr. Muck was in Baireuth in the Summer of 1912, it is explained, he found in looking through the library of Wahnfried, the home of the Wagners, a score of the "Faust" Symphony which bore many changes and additions penciled in the handwriting of the composer. Siegfried Wagner told him that Liszt had made these revisions about 1883, and they had never been published. The score was given to Dr. Muck with permission to perform the revised symphony if he should see fit.

In no way has Liszt changed the thematic contour, nor has he made serious changes in the development or the episodes. The changes, for the most part, affect the orchestration. Thus, early in "Faust," an arioso written originally for a bassoon is given to the bass clarinet, which was not at first in Liszt's table of instruments to be employed. Here and there wind instruments are introduced, reinforced, or for the sake of greater brilliance. The greatest part of the changes is in "Mephistopheles," where the "Vision of Gretchen" is made much more effective. There are excisions throughout the symphony, sometimes only a measure, sometimes more. Dr. Muck is of the opinion that the changes greatly benefit the work.

The First Established and Most Complete
Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

rom EVENING SUN
ddress: Baltimore, Md.

te 1915

CHANGES ITS PROGRAM

It has been found necessary to make ertain changes in the program announced for the fourth concert of the oston Symphony Orchestra, which ill be given in the Lyric Theatre Wedesday evening, February 17. The program, as revised, will be devoted to works by those who Von Buelow called the "Three Great B's"—Bach, Beethoven and Brahms.

The symphony, as already announced, will be the great C minor symphony of Brahms. In the second part there will be two pieces by Bach—the lovely Shepherds' music from the "Christmas Oratorio" and the "Double Concerto for Two Violins in D Minor." The final number will be Beethoven's "Leonore III" overture.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

FEB 7 - 1915

The performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its next concert in the Academy of Music, Monday evening, February 15, of Spohr's Concerto for quartet of string instruments and orchestra, brings forward four of the most interesting personalities in the membership of the orchestra. The quartet will be played by Anton Witek, the concert master, as first violin; Walter Habenicht, leader of the second violins, as second violin; Emile Ferir, viola, and Heinrich Warnke, violoncello. Anton Witek is now in his fifth year as concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He has proved a most efficient musician and has shown himself in his various appearances as soloist a violin virtuoso of high rank. For 16 years previous to his coming to America he was concert master of the Philarmonic Orchestra of Berlin.

Walther Habenicht, the leader of the second violins, is in the third year of his engagement in Boston. Previous to his coming to America, he was concert-master of the Symphony Orchestra in Kiel, Germany, and sat at the third desk of the first violins in the orchestra at the festival performances in Bayreuth. He was specially engaged to come to America as leader of the second violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Emile Ferir, first viola of the orchestra, has been called by Kreisler and Ysaye the finest viola player in the world. His playing is notable for the extraordinary tone he gets from his instrument. He is a Belgian, a graduate of the Brussels Conservatory, and before coming to America, he was first viola of the Lamoureux and Colonne Orchestras of Paris, and the Queen's Hall Orchestra of London. Heinrich Warnke has been solo 'cellist of the orchestra for 10 years, and is an artist of highest rank.

The other numbers on the program will be the first Symphony in E minor, by Sibelius; the "Der Freischuetz" overture by Weber, and the "Carneval" overture by Dvorak.

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The program given by the Philadelphia

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date FEB 3 1915

CONCERT GAVE KEEN DELIGHT

Boston Symphony Orchestra Ably Assisted by Miss Frieda Hempel as Soloist.

In spite of the bad weather Infantry Hall was well filled last night for the fourth concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The programme was an especially pleasing one. It was entirely classical in character and yet the selections were light and popular in their nature. All the music for the orchestra was simple and tuneful and the selections by Miss Frieda Hempel, the soloist, were particularly delightful. Miss Hempel is regarded as the best leading coloraturo soprano of the day and naturally she makes a specialty of selections that show her voice to the highest degree in the line of singing, but she does not by any means confine her programme to that class of music but also sings lyric roles with equal ease and excellence. The orchestra and the soloist combined to make the concert one of the most enjoyable that this musical organization has given in this city.

In the enforced absence of Dr. Muck, the conductor, Mr. Schmidt, his assistant, took his place with the baton and filled the position so capably that the absence of Dr. Muck was scarcely to be noticed. He led the orchestra with assurance and an evidence of familiarity with the work and the selections that left little to be desired.

The orchestra opened the concert with the "Surprise Symphony" of Haydn. This is a charming work in the best vein of the noted composer and has always been a favorite during the century and quarter since it was written. It was rendered with full appreciation and the characteristic skill of the Boston musicians and was received with much evidence of enjoyment by the audience. The second orchestral number was a double one, including the "Symphony" or "Shepherds' Music" from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" and the "March of the Three Holy Kings" from Listz's oratorio, "Christus." These are both, as is evident from their titles, of the nature of Christmas music and they gave a fresh tone to the concert for that reason. Both were rendered most acceptably and they furnished an admirable contrast between the two styles of composition, the music of one being quiet, simple and serene, and that of the other brilliant, colorful and pompous.

The final number by the orchestra was Weber's Overture to "Der Freischutz." This is a beautiful composition and selections from the opera are always popular and this orchestra plays them in a manner that wins sincere favor.

Miss Hempel is regarded as a worthy successor as a coloraturo soprano to her great predecessors, Patti, Nillsen, Melba and Sembrich, and she is justly entitled to that fame. She is aided in this impression by a prepossessing appearance that wins her audience even before she begins to sing when her voice captures the ear as her personality has caught the eye. There is an exquisite quality to voice and a skill in handling it that is beyond criticism. She has at her command all the points that training and cultivation can give and she uses them faultlessly. But there is much more to her credit than the ability to show the range and elasticity of her vocal powers, for she can also render most effectively and pleasurably songs of the great composers which do not require such exhibitions of vocal agility, but the capacity to give expression to noble music through the medium of a voice naturally sweet and clear and powerful and rendered almost perfect by careful and continued training and development. Her every number, and it might well be said her every note, is a distinct delight and the audience last night was insistent in its applause and demand for her re-appearance.

Her first number was the great aria, "Martern Aller Arten," from Mozart's opera best known by its Italian title, "Il Seraglio." This is a highly dramatic selection and gave wide opportunity for the exhibition of her ability as a coloratura singer. The second number was the vocal waltz from Gounod's opera, "Mireille," a delightful selection which appealed strongly to the audience and won for her full recognition of her remarkable gift of song.

The programme in full and in the order of rendition was as follows:

Haydn......Symphony in G-minor, "The Surprise" (B. & H. No. 6)
  I. Adagio; Vivace assai.
  II. Andante.
  III. Menuetto.
  IV. Allegro di molto.
Mozart—Air, "Martern aller Artern," from "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail," Act. II., No. 11.
J. S. Bach—Symphony (Shepherds' Music) from the Christmas Oratorio.
Liszt—March of the Three Holy Kings, from the Oratorio, "Christus."
Gounod—"O legere hirondelle," from the Opera "Mireille," Act 1.
Weber—Overture to the Opera, "Der Freischutz."

THE BUFFALO EXPRESS

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Boston Symphony orchestra under Dr. Karl Muck gave last evening in Elmwood Music hall its annual concert in this city, attracting, as usual, a large audience, which welcomed the great conductor and his players demonstratively. Even the non-musical realize something of the musical value of the achievements of this splendid organization, achievements which have brought to it world-wide fame and the genuine admiration of the musicians and the masses alike. The virtues which have raised the orchestra to first rank, the loveliness of strings, woodwind and brasses, the perfection of ensemble, the command of every inflection from a most delicate pianissimo to a crashing fortissimo, the finish of detail and, at the same time, the tracing of the bold outline, these virtues were all present in the performance of last night, and won enthusiastic approval.

Buffalo is being treated to unusual draughts of Brahms this season, and, strange to say, seems to like it. Last month, Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra played the Somber second symphony of Brahms, and last evening Dr. Muck and his men gave their first Buffalo performance of the lighter and more easily comprehensible No. 1, in C minor. This work, with its wealth of melody, its marvelous thematic development, its nobility of musical thought and its originality, for rarely does it suggest anyone but the composer himself, made deep appeal. It was followed with close attention by the audience and each movement was received with spontaneous applause. Through Dr. Muck's beautiful reading, the music carried its message to receptive ears and hearts.

Another novelty on last night's programme was Wagner's A Faust Overture, a tone picture of Goethe's hero, a portrayal in music of a soul weary of life, yet ever forced by his indwelling demon to engage anew in life's endeavors. It is strange that this orchestral writing, which bears in every measure the stamp of Wagner, yet is of great euphony and cnarm, should so rarely be heard. It was played last evening with most beautiful tonal coloring and made no less an instant impression than the symphony.

Wagner's Siegfried Idyl, with its charming warp and woof of themes from the music drama of the Nibelungen trilogy, dotted here and there with the old folksong, Schlaf, Mein Kind, Schlaf' Ein, received beautiful treatment by the various orchestral choirs and the programme was brought to a close by a brilliant performance of Beethoven's Egmont overture. Dr. Muck was rewarded with applause quite overwhelming in its intensity and honors, in which he made his players take their rightful share.

The next concert in Mrs. Mai Davis Smith's series will be given on February 16th by Fritz Kreisler, violinist, and Mme. van Endert, soprano.

M. M. H.

BUFFALO COURIER.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA GIVES BRILLIANT EVENT

Again Justifies Its Reputation of Being Superb Musical Organization—Representative Audience Attends Concert at Music Hall.

WONDERFUL MASSING OF HARMONIES BY DR. MUCK

With each succeeding visit to Buffalo, the Boston Symphony orchestra, with Dr. Muck, conductor, justifies its reputation for being the finest musical organization in America, and this reputation was never more brilliantly sustained than at the concert last evening given in the Elmwood Music hall before a brilliant and representative audience.

The programme arranged by Dr. Muck was one of heroic stature, and the performances were all flawless in precision, elasticity, strength and freshness of rhythm. It was a matter of special delight to many musicians present that Brahm's Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Opus 68, was presented, and Dr. Muck's reading of the noble work glowed with fire and a tensity of emotional grip. Adhering to tradition, making it a scholarly presentation of polished elegance, Dr. Muck demanded something more of his musicians than time-honored acceptance of the composer's ideas, and through the medium of each individual player infused a vital quality that made for a wonderful ensemble effect.

Strongly Dramatic.

The first movement of the symphony is strongly dramatic and moving in style, and at the hands of Dr. Muck was enlivened with such richness of color and massing of harmonies of the various choirs that nothing more perfect in orchestral presentation could be desired. Notably fine was the work of Mr. Witek, the concert-meister. The Andante of the second movement, with its stately measures, the picturesque note of the French horns in the third and the imposing finale of the last movement aroused the audience to expressions of fervent appreciation, Dr. Muck being recalled several times and finally insisting that the members of his orchestra rise and share in the honors.

"A Faust Overture," by Wagner, offered further enjoyment, being brilliantly orchestrated and affording opportunity for displaying the resources of the players.

Dr. Muck's genius once more shone resplendent as a Wagnerian conductor in "A Siegfried Idyl," which was etherealized into fairy-like beauty as delicate as frost-pictures, some wonderful effects being attained by the muted strings, and the clarity of the wood winds.

A fitting finale was the overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84, by Beethoven, a dazzling exhibition of virtuosity and technical fluency.

Dr. Muck was recalled at the close of the programme with another warm demonstration of enthusiasm. This was the fourth concert in the series under the local management of Mrs. Mai Davis Smith.

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tion before he leaves Buffalo.

BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

News

Wonderful Playing is Worthy of America's Greatest Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave its annual concert in Buffalo last night at Elmwood Music hall under the local management of Mrs. Mai Davis Smith. This wonderful band of players, America's greatest artistic organization, presented some of the most notable performances heard in this city for some seasons.

Dr. Muck opened the program with Brahms' C minor symphony. The noble formal outlines of the beginning of this work but prepare the mind for the exalted thought, large conceptions, transfusion of classical form with romantic feeling, perfect harmony of the emotion and its manner of expression, that combine to make Brahms tower immeasurably above all composers after Beethoven. The magnificent playing of the different choirs comprising the Symphony orchestra serve to throw into relief all the various lovely passages, particularly of the first and third movements, where the thematic development of this symphony is so wonderfully voiced, and which is full of the true Brahms spirit.

Wagner's "Faust Overture" was given a notable performance, the intensity and vividness with which Wagner portrayed his dramatic and poetic feeling for Goethe's imperishable creation being interpreted in masterly manner. Of the many fine performances presented here of the "Siegfried" idyl, that heard last night from Dr. Muck stands out above all others. No Pied Piper ever led his captives with more magical art than this wonderful conductor guided his hearers almost breathlessly fascinated through this most poetic of love dreams. The concert closed with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, than with nothing nobler and more impressive was heard throughout the evening.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SUCCESS

Dr. Karl Muck, Eminent Conductor, Draws Large Crowd of Music-Lovers to Elmwood Music Hall.

Times

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, was an attraction sufficiently powerful to draw a large crowd to Elmwood Music Hall last evening. This was the fourth concert in the series under the management of Mrs. Mai Davis Smith.

The organization is composed of some of the best performers possible to be obtained who are supplied with very fine instruments and this, combined with the fact that Dr. Muck is one of the most eminent conductors, makes the pre-eminence of the orchestra unquestionable. As a conductor, Dr. Muck is not demonstrative and accomplishes marvelous results with little effort. What might ordinarily be uninteresting becomes under his baton full of meaning and beauty. Of this forceful interpretation the Brahm's Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 was an example. The compelling rhythm of the first movement, the organ-like tones in the second and the third and fourth movements in which the themes were carried in turn by the strings and woodwinds all combined to make this number an exquisite delight. Dr. Muck was recalled and invited his men to acknowledge the applause with him.

A Faust Overture and A Siegfried Idyll. The former received a thrilling interpretation and the haunting theme of the latter was tossed back and forth from woodwinds to violins in a most fascinating manner.

The full power of the orchestra was brought into requisition in Beethoven's Overture to Goethe's Egmont Op. 84, the final number of the program. At the close of the concert the audience was loath to leave and showed their appreciation by prolonged applause.

The fifth subscription concert will take place Tuesday evening, February 16t, in Elmwood Music Hall with Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, and Mme. Elisakbeth van Endert, a lyric soprano, new to Buffalo, as soloists.

SUPERB CONCERT VERY MUCH ENJOYED

Commercial

Annual Concert of Boston Symphony Orchestra at Elmwood Music Hall.

The annual concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, was given at Elmwood Music Hall last evening before a large and enthusiastic audience. This was the fourth in the subscription concert series arranged by Mrs. Mai Davis Smith and without doubt one of the finest concerts given in Buffalo in many seasons.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has long ranked as one of the leading musical organizations in the world and under the capable leadership of Dr. Muck it has won added honors. The rare beauty of the tonal quality, the perfect ensemble and the contrast in colors are a few of the reasons why this orchestra is so popular. All the musicians are in accord with their leader and never are the tones blurred or harsh, even in the utmost forte passages, and such delightful pianissimo playing has seldom been heard here before.

Dr. Muck is not only a great conductor, he is a musician with a soul and he reads his score as if inspired. The most distinctive qualities of his art are rare beauty or tone, superb phrasing and dramatic power of climaxes.

Brahms's symphony in C minor was the opening number on the program last evening. The first movement did not make a great impression, may be this was due to the fact that the audience was not warmed up to the occasion, but the other three movements won much well merited applause. The lovely andante sostenuoto with its serious theme and the allegretto with its three well worked out themes were the most enjoyable movements of the symphony and they were played with a profound conception, artistic technical finish and wealth of color that made them stand out above the rest of the symphony.

A Faust overture by Wagner was heard here for the first time and it made a profound impression. The orchestration is wonderful and the tone picture of Goethe's hero is worthy of the great German master.

The crowning achievement of the concert was the performance of Wagner's A Siegfried Idyl. Dr. Muck is one of the greatest Wagner conductors of the present time and his reading of this number was superb. The various lovely melodies were played with rare beauty by strings, reeds and horns. Beethoven's overture to Egmont was the closing number and it was given a wonderful performance. Dr. Muck and his capable players were loudly applauded after each number.

Fritz Kreisler, the famous violin virtuoso, and Elizabeth Van Endert, soprano, will give the next concert in the series, Tuesday evening, February 16th.

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Date FEB 3

CONCERT GAY KEEN DELIGHT

Est

Boston Symphony Orches Ably Assisted by Miss Frieda Hempel as Soloist.

In spite of the bad weather Infantry Hall was well filled last night for the fourth concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The programme was an especially pleasing one. It was entirely classical in character and yet the selections were light and popular in their nature. All the music for the orchestra was simple and tuneful and the selections by Miss Frieda Hempel, the soloist, were particularly delightful. Miss Hempel is regarded as the best leading coloraturo soprano of the day and naturally she makes a specialty of selections that show her voice to the highest degree in the line of singing, but she does not by any means confine her programme to that class of music but also sings lyric roles with equal ease and excellence. The orchestra and the soloist combined to make the concert one of the most enjoyable that this musical organization has given in this city.

In the enforced absence of Dr. Muck, the conductor, Mr. Schmidt, his assistant, took his place with the baton and filled the position so capably that the absence of Dr. Muck was scarcely to be noticed. He led the orchestra with assurance and an evidence of familiarity with the work and the selections that left little to be desired.

The orchestra opened the concert with the "Surprise Symphony" of Haydn. This is a charming work in the best vein of the noted composer and has always been a favorite during the century and quarter since it was written. It was rendered with full appreciation and the characteristic skill of the Boston musicians and was received with much evidence of enjoyment by the audience. The second orchestral number was a double one, including the "Symphony" or "Shepherds' Music" from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" and the "March of the Three Holy Kings" from Liszt's oratorio, "Christus." These are both, as is evident from their titles, of the nature of Christmas music and they gave a fresh tone to the concert for that reason. Both were rendered most acceptably and they furnished an admirable contrast between the two styles of composition, the music of one being quiet, simple and serene, and that of the other brilliant, colorful and pompous.

The final number by the orchestra was Weber's Overture to "Der Freischutz." This is a beautiful composition and selections from the opera are always popular and this orchestra plays them in a manner that wins sincere favor.

Miss Hempel is regarded as a worthy successor as a coloraturo soprano to her great predecessors, Patti, Nillsen, Melba and Sembrich, and she is justly entitled to that fame. She is aided in this impression by a prepossessing appearance that wins her audience even before she begins to sing when her voice captures the ear as her personality has caught the eye. There is an exquisite quality to voice and a skill in handling it that is beyond criticism. She has at her command all the points that training and cultivation can give and she uses them faultlessly. But there is much more to her credit than the ability to show the range and elasticity of her vocal powers, for she can also render most effectively and pleasurably songs of the great composers which do not require such exhibitions of vocal agility, but the capacity to give expression to noble music through the medium of a voice naturally sweet and clear and powerful and rendered almost perfect by careful and continued training and development. Her every number, and it might well be said her every note, is a distinct delight and the audience last night was insistent in its applause and demand for her re-appearance.

Her first number was the great aria, "Martern Aller Arten," from Mozart's opera best known by its Italian title, "Il Seraglio." This is a highly dramatic selection and gave wide opportunity for the exhibition of her ability as a coloraturo singer. The second number was the vocal waltz from Gounod's opera, "Miteille," a delightful selection which appealed strongly to the audience and won for her full recognition of her remarkable gift of song.

The programme in full and in the order of rendition was as follows:

Haydn......Symphony in G-minor, "The Surprise" (B. & H. No. 6)
  I. Adagio: Vivace assai.
  II. Andante.
  III. Menuetto.
  IV. Allegro di molto.
Mozart—Air, "Martern aller Artern," from "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail," Act. II., No. 11.
J. S. Bach—Symphony (Shepherds' Music) from the Christmas Oratorio.
Liszt—March of the Three Holy Kings, from the Oratorio, "Christus."
Gounod—"O legere hirondelle," from the Opera "Mireille," Act 1.
Weber—Overture to the Opera, "Der Freischutz."

HE BUFFALO EXPRESS

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Boston Symphony orchestra under Dr. Karl Muck gave last evening in Elmwood Music hall its annual concert in this city, attracting, as usual, a large audience, which welcomed the great conductor and his players demonstratively. Even the non-musical realize something of the musical value of the achievements of this splendid organization, achievements which have brought to it world-wide fame and the genuine admiration of the musicians and the masses alike. The virtues which have raised the orchestra to first rank, the loveliness of strings, woodwind and brasses, the perfection of ensemble, the command of every inflection from a most delicate pianissimo to a crashing fortissimo, the finish of detail and, at the same time, the tracing of the bold outline, these virtues were all present in the performance of last night, and won enthusiastic approval.

Buffalo is being treated to unusual draughts of Brahms this season, and, strange to say, seems to like it. Last month, Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra played the Somber second symphony of Brahms, and last evening Dr. Muck and his men gave their first Buffalo performance of the lighter and more easily comprehensible No. 1, in C minor. This work, with its wealth of melody, its marvelous thematic development, its nobility of musical thought and its originality, for rarely does it suggest anyone but the composer himself, made deep appeal. It was followed with close attention by the audience and each movement was received with spontaneous applause. Through Dr. Muck's beautiful reading, the music carried its message to receptive ears and hearts.

Another novelty on last night's programme was Wagner's A Faust Overture, a tone picture of Goethe's hero, a portrayal in music of a soul weary of life, yet ever forced by his indwelling demon to engage anew in life's endeavors. It is strange that this orchestral writing, which bears in every measure the stamp of Wagner, yet is of great euphony and cnarm, should so rarely be heard. It was played last evening with most beautiful tonal coloring and made no less an instant impression than the symphony.

Wagner's Siegfried Idyl, with its charming warp and woof of themes from the music drama of the Nibelungen trilogy, dotted here and there with the old folksong, Schlaf, Mein Kind, Schlaf' Ein, received beautiful treatment by the various orchestral choirs and the programme was brought to a close by a brilliant performance of Beethoven's Egmont overture. Dr. Muck was rewarded with applause quite overwhelming in its intensity and honors, in which he made his players take their rightful share.

The next concert in Mrs. Mai Davis Smith's series will be given on February 16th, by Fritz Kreisler, violinist, and Mme. van Endert, soprano.

M. M. H.

BUFFALO COURIER.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA GIVES BRILLIANT EVENT

Again Justifies Its Reputation of Being Superb Musical Organization—Representative Audience Attends Concert at Music Hall.

WONDERFUL MASSING OF HARMONIES BY DR. MUCK

With each succeeding visit to Buffalo, the Boston Symphony orchestra, with Dr. Muck, conductor, justifies its reputation for being the finest musical organization in America, and this reputation was never more brilliantly sustained than at the concert last evening given in the Elmwood Music hall before a brilliant and representative audience.

The programme arranged by Dr. Muck was one of heroic stature, and the performances were all flawless in precision, elasticity, strength and freshness of rhythm. It was a matter of special delight to many musicians present that Brahm's Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Opus 68, was presented, and Dr. Muck's reading of the noble work glowed with fire and a tensity of emotional grip. Adhering to tradition, making it a scholarly presentation of polished elegance, Dr. Muck also demanded something more of his musicians than time-honored acceptance of the composer's ideas, and through the medium of each individual player infused a vital quality that made for a wonderful ensemble effect.

Strongly Dramatic.

The first movement of the symphony is strongly dramatic and moving in style, and at the hands of Dr. Muck was enlivened with such richness of color and massing of harmonies of the various choirs that nothing more perfect in orchestral presentation could be desired. Notably fine was the work of Mr. Witek, the concert-meister. The Andante of the second movement, with its stately measures, the picturesque note of the French horns in the third and the imposing finale of the last movement aroused the audience to expressions of fervent appreciation, Dr. Muck being recalled several times and finally insisting that the members of his orchestra rise and share in the honors.

"A Faust Overture," by Wagner, offered further enjoyment, being brilliantly orchestrated and affording opportunity for displaying the resources of the players.

Dr. Muck's genius once more shone resplendent as a Wagnerian conductor in "A Siegfried Idyl," which was etherealized into fairy-like beauty as delicate as frost-pictures, some wonderful effects being attained by the muted strings, and the clarity of the wood winds.

A fitting finale was the overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84, by Beethoven, a dazzling exhibition of virtuosity and technical fluency.

Dr. Muck was recalled at the close of the programme with another warm demonstration of enthusiasm. This was the fourth concert in the series under the local management of Mrs. Mai Davis Smith.

BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

News

Wonderful Playing is Worthy of America's Greatest Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave its annual concert in Buffalo last night at Elmwood Music hall under the local management of Mrs. Mai Davis Smith. This wonderful band of players, America's greatest artistic organization, presented some of the most notable performances heard in this city for some seasons.

Dr. Muck opened the program with Brahms' C minor symphony. The noble formal outlines of the beginning of this work but prepare the mind for the exalted thought, large conceptions, transfusion of classical form with romantic feeling, perfect harmony of the emotion and its manner of expression, that combine to make Brahms tower immeasurably above all composers after Beethoven. The magnificent playing of the different choirs comprising the Symphony orchestra serve to throw into relief all the various lovely passages, particularly of the first and third movements, where the thematic development of this symphony is so wonderfully voiced, and which is full of the true Brahms spirit.

Wagner's "Faust Overture" was given a notable performance, the intensity and vividness with which Wagner portrayed his dramatic and poetic feeling for Goethe's imperishable creation being interpreted in masterly manner. Of the many fine performances presented here of the "Siegfried" idyl, that heard last night from Dr. Muck stands out above all others. No Pied Piper ever led his captives with more magical art than this wonderful conductor guided his hearers almost breathlessly fascinated through this most poetic of love dreams. The concert closed with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, than with nothing nobler and more impressive was heard throughout the evening.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SUCCESS

Dr. Karl Muck, Eminent Conductor, Draws Large Crowd of Music-Lovers to Elmwood Music Hall.

Times

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, was an attraction sufficiently powerful to draw a large crowd to Elmwood Music Hall last evening. This was the fourth concert in the series under the management of Mrs. Mai Davis Smith.

The organization is composed of some of the best performers possible to be obtained who are supplied with very fine instruments and this, combined with the fact that Dr. Muck is one of the most eminent conductors, makes the pre-eminence of the orchestra unquestionable. As a conductor, Dr. Muck is not demonstrative and accomplishes marvelous results with little effort. What might ordinarily be uninteresting becomes under his baton full of meaning and beauty. Of this forceful interpretation the Brahm's Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 was an example. The compelling rhythm of the first movement, the organ-like tones in the second and the third and fourth movements in which the themes were carried in turn by the strings and woodwinds all combined to make this number an exquisite delight. Dr. Muck was recalled and invited his men to acknowledge the applause with him.

Two Wagner numbers followed this: A Faust Overture and A Siegfried Idyll. The former received a thrilling interpretation and the haunting theme of the latter was tossed back and forth from woodwinds to violins in a most fascinating manner.

The full power of the orchestra was brought into requisition in Beethoven's Overture to Goethe's Egmont Op. 84, the final number of the program. At the close of the concert the audience was loath to leave and showed their appreciation by prolonged applause.

The fifth subscription concert will take place Tuesday evening, February 16t, in Elmwood Music Hall with Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, and Mme. Elisakbeth van Endert, a lyric soprano, new to Buffalo, as soloists.

SUPERB CONCERT VERY MUCH ENJOYED

Commercial

Annual Concert of Boston Symphony Orchestra at Elmwood Music Hall.

The annual concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, was given at Elmwood Music Hall last evening before a large and enthusiastic audience. This was the fourth in the subscription concert series arranged by Mrs. Mai Davis Smith and without doubt one of the finest concerts given in Buffalo in many seasons.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has long ranked as one of the leading musical organizations in the world and under the capable leadership of Dr. Muck it has won added honors. The rare beauty of the tonal quality, the perfect ensemble and the contrast in colors are a few of the reasons why this orchestra is so popular. All the musicians are in accord with their leader and never are the tones blurred or harsh, even in the utmost forte passages, and such delightful pianissimo playing has seldom been heard here before.

Dr. Muck is not only a great conductor, he is a musician with a soul and he reads his score as if inspired. The most distinctive qualities of his art are rare beauty or tone, superb phrasing and dramatic power of climaxes.

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The crowning achievement of the concert was the performance of Wagner's A Siegfried Idyl. Dr. Muck is one of the greatest Wagner conductors of the present time and his reading of this number was superb. The various lovely melodies were played with rare beauty by strings, reeds and horns. Beethoven's overture to Egmont was the closing number and it was given a wonderful performance. Dr. Muck and his capable players were loudly applauded after each number.

Fritz Kreisler, the famous violin virtuoso, and Elizabeth Van Endert, soprano, will give the next concert in the series, Tuesday evening, February 16th.

Rochester
Union & Advertiser
Jan 26 15

CONVENTION HALL.

The fourth and last Ellis concert was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening, at Convention Hall, and afforded all lovers of instrumental music a rare treat. This orchestra, one of the very greatest organizations of its kind, is composed of performers of the first rank and was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience. Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, is one of the most interesting directors of the day. He is dignified and void of all unnecessary mannerisms and conveys instantly to his associates the effects that he wishes to obtain. The Beethoven Symphony No. 3, in E flat Major, when first composed called the "Bonaparte," but after the Little Corporal made himself Emperor renamed "Sinphonia Eroica," is a work of great length and if not performed by a first rate orchestra is at times very boresome. It was the first number on the programme last evening and every phrase showed careful training and thorough musical understanding and was greatly enjoyed. The first movement with its two themes was delightful and the second movement "Marcia Funebre; Adagio Assai," is most appealing and will linger long in the memory of those who were fortunate to hear it. It will suffice to say that the "Scherzo: Allego Vivace; Trio" and the "Finale: Allego Molto" was played as only an organization of its kind is capable of doing. The symphony is a great work and would take many paragraphs to describe its many great qualities. Schumann's overture, "Geneoveva," from the opera was played with keen poet insight. A tone poem, "Don Juan," by Richard Strauss, a very boisterous work, was one of the most interesting numbers on the programme. Although boisterous it was in several instances very weird and then again startling. The overture of "Euryanthe," a grand heroic-romantic opera, composed by Maria von Weber, was the last number on the programme. It is a melodious work and gives especially the strings several good opportunities for the display of many technical feats. The concert was under the local management of James E. Furlong, who announces the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with Julia Culp, soprano soloist, at Convention Hall, February 18th.

Rochester
Post Express
Jan 26/15

Music and

CONVENTION HALL.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The annual visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is always a musical event of the first order, but it is sometimes just a little less enjoyable than it might be because of the somewhat hackneyed selection of a part of the orchestra's touring programme. Last night's concert was a pleasant contrast; the symphony was Beethoven's great Eroica, and the three other numbers were none of them commonplace or over-familiar. Schumann's Genoveva Overture, Strauss's Don Juan, and Weber's Euryanthe Overture are all works of great charm, and offer a sufficient variety of musical styles to make an evening of unalloyed delight. The large audience gave every evidence of keen appreciation both of the music and of the genius of the conductor.

Dr. Karl Muck is a worthy successor to such men as Arthur Nikisch and Emil Paur. He stands to-day at the head of an organization which has probably no equal in this country and few in the world. It is a wonderful story, as told by Mr. Howe in his recent history of the orchestra, how the munificence and splendid public spirit and musical culture of a Boston millionaire have during the past third of a century built up a collection of artists into a great artistic whole. Dr. Muck's manner on the platform is very quiet, with none of the wild gesticulation and restlessness often seen. He has his men under absolute control, drawing from them effects so sudden, so delicate, as to be almost marvelous. So far as could be discerned, his interpretation of the symphony has no personal mannerisms or novelties. Perhaps he lays more stress than some leaders on sforzando effects, the sudden changes in the volume of tone which add so much to the phrasing of the older music. In the Strauss number, Dr. Muck seemed particularly in his element, leading his men up to the heavy climaxes with a most masterly hand.

After all, it is the players that make the orchestra; a perfect conductor can do nothing without an organization made up of men who are all masters in their own field. Such string tone as was heard in the funeral march of the symphony, such clarinet playing as marked the [illegible] overture, such as sang both in the trio of the symphony and in the closing number—these are the things no ordinary orchestra can ever hope to attain. All one can do is to listen and admire. The Boston orchestra seems to be growing better all the time, whether because of adding to its ranks new players of greater merit, or more probably because of a mellowing and seasoning process like that of an old violin. May the time never come when it will have to lower its standard or commercialize its system because of any lessening of that endowment which has made it what it is.

The programme was as follows:

Symphony No. 3. in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55..........Beethoven
I. Allegro con brio.
II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai.
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro molto.
Overture to "Genoveva," Op. 81..Schumann
Tone-poem, "Don Juan" (after N. Lenau), Op. 20.......Richard Strauss
Overture to "Euryanthe"............Weber

Rochester Times
Herald. Jan 26/15

ORCHESTRA IN STRONG CONCERT

Boston Organization Gives Rare Pleasure to Large Audience.

PLAYS BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY

Famous Musical Body, under Direction of Dr. Karl Muck, Offers Impressive Programme.

Although most of its members, including its renowned conductor, hail from foreign countries, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is truly an American organization, both in training and in tradition, and one of the few that has succeeded in upholding the orchestra standard of this country on a par with that of other nations. In the concert that the orchestra gave before an extremely large audience in Convention Hall last evening, opportunity was given once more to observe just how high that standard is, just how near to perfect orchestral expression it has come.

Every member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a true artist, technically proficient and familiar with all the best traditions of his art. Their concerted playing gives forth not merely an ample volume of melody, but a full, rich, luscious quality, charged with sincere emotional appreciation that satisfies both the musical sense and the imagination of the hearer. Under the baton of Dr. Karl Muck, the players become one, strings, reeds and brasses become fused into an harmonious unit, obedient to the slightest will of the directing mind. Its playing gives no suggestion of a mere musical machine, and that, in the last analysis, is the most vital test of perfect orchestral work, for it signifies that the minds of leader and players are actually en rapport, not merely their hands.

The orchestra gave first an inspiring performance of Beethoven's third or "Eroica" symphony, the first of the composer's great works that was entirely his own. History says that the symphony was intended first to typify the heroic life of Napoleon, but before its completion Beethoven, disgusted with the Corsican's selfish assumption of power, dedicated it to heroism in general. The vigor and vitality that marks the symphony, its suggestion of the turmoil of conflicting forces and finally the triumph of indomitable heroism, give it a particular interest to-day. It was played with perfect understanding of its meaning and the purpose of the composer. As in all great symphonies the strings carried the chief burden throughout the four movements and the color and fluency with which they permeated the work showed the care that has been bestowed in that section of the orchestra. The other elements, however, were no less effective, the brasses particularly showing to impressive advantage in the minor strains of the funeral march of the second movement. The final movement, the allegro molto, was played with considerable fire and virility, in justice to one of the most strongly original passages in Beethoven.

For its second number the orchestra played Schumann's overture to the opera "Genoveva." Schumann was always and essentially a poet and it was with full appreciation of that fact that the overture was played. The charming love theme with which the overture opens was given a delicate reading that was one of the particularly satisfying features of the concert. One modern composer was represented in the concert in Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan." Some room for criticism might have been found in thus choosing a lesser classic in preference to any of the wealth of material to be found in the works of the great masters, but the setting that Strauss has given to Nicholas Lenau's dramatic poem is music of the highest order, impressively orchestrated and filled with dramatic appeal. The orchestra played it with marked power.

The final number was Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," in which the singing tones of the violins were made especially prominent. Strongly effective also was the largo passage, suggestingly vividly the mystic atmosphere in which the opera strongly abounds. Dr. Muck's conducting throughout the concert was, of course, the greatest single reason for the enjoyment it gave. His directing was marked by his accustomed dignity, coupled with power and authority.

The concert was the last in the series of four arranged by C. A. Ellis of Boston and given here under direction of James E. Furlong.

Rochester Times
Jan 26/15

DR. MUCK AND HIS MEN HERE

Boston Symphony Orchestra Plays at Convention Hall.

IN NOTABLE CONCERT

All German Program, Including Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony.

That splendid musical institution, The Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Dr. Carl Muck as its distinguished conductor, paid one of its rare and highly prized visits to Rochester last night at Convention Hall and was heard by a large audience, representative of the city's best musical interests. The concert was the fourth and last in the Ellis series, under the local management of J. E. Furlong. Expressions of appreciation and descriptions of the superlative qualities of this incomparable organization have long since been exhausted and the chronicler of musical events can find only old phrases to record the sensation of aesthetic refreshment aroused by a performance of this magnificent body of musicians. What Kreisler is to the violin, Harold Bauer to the piano, Pablo Casals to the violoncello and Madame Sembrich to the art of singing, the Boston players are to orchestral music. What is there to say concerning the perfection of their performance, their opulence of tone, their absolute technical precision? They are heard with gladness and with that delicious sense of satisfaction that comes in the presence of great art and supreme beauty. The vocabularly of praise, particularly of written praise, is too circumscribed to permit of a reproduction of the mental stimulus, the joy and relaxation that are experienced at such a concert. We can only applaud in happy recognition of the privilege extended to us and cherish it in our gallery of musical memories.

The program, composed entirely of German works, began with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony which Dr. Muck played at the first New York concert of the autumn, after his return from abroad. This symphony, as is well known, Beethoven decicated to Napoleon but revoked the tribute when he realized the ambitions of the Emperor of the French. Its sublime funeral march undoubtedly explains its inclusion on the opening programs of nearly all the orchestras of Germany this season. The exquisite finish of the nuancing, the eloquence of the reading of the conductor, the miraculous unanimity of the orchestra and its superb vigor and elasticity made the performance last night a notable publisher of a musical message. Dr. Muck's interpretation was in every sense an exposition of the composer's thought.

Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," with its wonderful horn-call, one of the loveliest moments in the realm of music, was played as one would expect Dr. Muck's musicians to interpret a creation of one of the most commanding and noble personalities in all German art. Next came Richard Strauss' tone-poem, "Don Juan," which ranks among this spectacular composer's finest achievements. It hardly need be said that the orchestra gave it with extraordinary virtuosity and brilliancy. The program closed with the overture to Weber's "Euryanthe," that truly German opera, whose "romantic realism, conjugal tenderness and chivalry" were brought out with a performance of surpassing beauty which indicated the wisdom of Signor Toscanini who selected it for this season's Metropolitan Opera House list to "bridge the chasm between Beethoven and Wagner," as Mr. Krehbiel put it.

Mr. Furlong announces the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Josef Stransky, conductor, with Julia Culpas soloist, on the evening of February 18, at Convention Hall.

Democrat & Chronicle
Jan. 26/15

ROCHESTER

CONVENTION HALL.

To speak of the magnificence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of the individual virtuosity of its members, of the collective splendor of their playing, of the superb mass of tone resulting from their combined efforts, of immaculate technic lending itself to the service of the highest musical intelligence, would be to repeat an oft-told tale. In a general way, then, it must suffice to say that the concert at Convention Hall last night was satisfying, inspiring and uplifting. Dr. Mack chose for his opening number Beethoven's Symphony No. 3, known as the "Eroica." This name is given by authority of Beethoven himself. It was bestowed in honor of Napoleon Bonaparte, then known as a champion of freedom and a man of affairs who had been of immense service to the people of France. But when Napoleon took the title of emberor, Beethoven was enraged and tore in two the title page on which the name of the new ruler was inscribed.

But all this is of no special consequence so far as the symphony itself is concerned. It still stands as originally written, and will probably always endure as one of the foremost contributions musical literature. It has also a historical significance, being the fulfillment of Beethoven's declared purpose to "take a new road." He was not satisfied with the formalism of his first two symphonies, and in the third he made an excursion into the field of romanticism so daring that a sensation was created among the musicians of his day. The first movement, after two great chords by the full orchestra, is promptly ushered in by a theme-text of the cimplest possible form. The elaboration immediately begins, and continues in a most dazzling and varied manner. But a description of the symphony would be superfluous, since it is familiar to all concertgoers. It was played here two or three years ago by the same orchestra under Max Fiedler. Dr. Muck's interpretation is warm and elequent. It made a profound impression throughout the four movements, the scherzo being played with wonderful delicacy, daintiness and rhythmic grace, while the final movement, with its variations on two themes, was given with a succession exciting climaxes.

Schumann's romantic "Genoveva" overture had a beautiful rendering. The tone-poem, "Don Juan," by Richard Strauss, afforded a rich feast of the ultra "modern" in music. It was played in a picturesque and dramatic manner, and with a wealth of tonal coloring which would have delighted Strauss himself, since instrumental gorgeousness constitutes the chief melody and suggestions of several others. But the latter are speedily lost in an overpowering pandemonium of shrieks, groans and wails; all of which have a certain interest despite their lack of coherence, or perhaps because of it. At any rate the audience was treated to some new and frenzied sensations, while the orchestra distinguished itself by an amazing display of technic, clearness and winder-work in dynamic embellishment. Weber's splendid "Eurpanthe" overture brought the concert to a brilliant close. Mr. J. E. Furlong, the local manager, announces the New York Philharmonic Society for a date late in February.

CONVENTION HALL.

The fourth and last Ellis concert was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening, at Convention Hall, and afforded all lovers of instrumental music a rare treat. This orchestra, one of the very greatest organizations of its kind, is composed of performers of the first rank and was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience. Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, is one of the most interesting directors of the day. He is dignified and void of all unnecessary mannerisms and conveys instantly to his associates the effects that he wishes to obtain. The Beethoven Symphony No. 3, in E flat Major, when first composed called the "Bonaparte," but after the Little Corporal made himself Emperor renamed "Sinphonia Eroica," is a work of great length and if not performed by a first rate orchestra is at times very boresome. It was the first number on the programme last evening and every phrase showed careful training and thorough musical understanding and was greatly enjoyed. The first movement with its two themes was delightful and the second movement "Marcia Funebre; Adagio Assai," is most appealing and will linger long in the memory of those who were fortunate to hear it. It will suffice to say that the "Scherzo: Allego Vivace; Trio" and the "Finale: Allego Molto" was played as only an organization of its kind is capable of doing. The symphony is a great work and would take many paragraphs to describe its many great qualities. Schumann's overture, "Geneoveva," from the opera was played with keen poet insight. A tone poem, "Don Juan," by Richard Strauss, a very boisterous work, was one of the most interesting numbers on the programme. Although boisterous it was in several instances very weird and then again startling. The overture of "Euryanthe," a grand heroic-romantic opera, composed by Maria von Weber, was the last number on the programme. It is a melodious work and gives especially the strings several good opportunities for the display of many technical feats. The concert was under the local management of James E. Furlong, who announces the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with Julia Culp, soprano soloist, at Convention Hall, February 18th.

Rochester
Post Express
Jan 26

Music and

CONVENTION HALL.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The annual visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is always a musical event of the first order, but it is sometimes just a little less enjoyable than it might be because of the somewhat hackneyed selection of a part of the orchestra's touring programme. Last night's concert was a pleasant contrast; the symphony was Beethoven's great Eroica, and the three other numbers were none of them commonplace or over-familiar. Schumann's Genoveva Overture, Strauss's Don Juan, and Weber's Euryanthe Overture are all works of great charm, and offer a sufficient variety of musical styles to make an evening of unalloyed delight. The large audience gave every evidence of keen appreciation both of the music and of the genius of the conductor.

Dr. Karl Muck is a worthy successor to such men as Arthur Nikisch and Emil Paur. He stands to-day at the head of an organization which has probably no equal in this country and few in the world. It is a wonderful story, as told by Mr. Howe in his recent history of the orchestra, how the munificence and splendid public spirit and musical culture of a Boston millionaire have during the past third of a century built up a collection of artists into a great artistic whole. Dr. Muck's manner on the platform is very quiet, with none of the wild gesticulation and restlessness often seen. He has his men under absolute control, drawing from them effects so sudden, so delicate, as to be almost marvelous. So far as could be discerned, his interpretation of the symphony has no personal mannerisms or novelties. Perhaps he lays more stress than some leaders on sforzando effects, the sudden changes in the volume of tone which add so much to the phrasing of the older music. In the Strauss number, Dr. Muck seemed particularly in his element, leading his men up to the heavy climaxes with a most masterly hand.

After all, it is the players that make the orchestra; a perfect conductor can do nothing without an organization made up of men who are all masters in their own field. Such string tone as was heard in the funeral march of the symphony, such clarinet playing as marked the Strauss overture, such

…as sang both in the trio of the symphony and in the closing number—these are the things no ordinary orchestra can ever hope to attain. All one can do is to listen and admire. The Boston orchestra seems to be growing better all the time, whether because of adding to its ranks new players of greater merit, or more probably because of a mellowing and seasoning process like that of an old violin. May the time never come when it will have to lower its standard or commercialize its system because of any lessening of that endowment which has made it what it is.

The programme was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55..........Beethoven
- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai.
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

Overture to "Genoveva," Op. 81..Schumann
Tone-poem, "Don Juan" (after N. Lenau), Op. 20.......Richard Strauss
Overture to "Euryanthe"............Weber

10

ORCHESTRA IN STRONG CONCERT

Boston Organization Gives Rare Pleasure to Large Audience.

PLAYS BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY

Famous Musical Body, under Direction of Dr. Karl Muck, Offers Impressive Programme.

Although most of its members, including its renowned conductor, hail from foreign countries, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is truly an American organization, both in training and in tradition, and one of the few that has succeeded in upholding the orchestra standard of this country on a par with that of other nations. In the concert that the orchestra gave before an extremely large audience in Convention Hall last evening, opportunity was given once more to observe just how high that standard is, just how near to perfect orchestral expression it has come.

Every member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a true artist, technically proficient and familiar with all the best traditions of his art. Their concerted playing gives forth not merely an ample volume of melody, but a full, rich, luscious quality, charged with sincere emotional appreciation that satisfies both the musical sense and the imagination of the hearer. Under the baton of Dr. Karl Muck, the players become one, strings, reeds and brasses become fused into an harmonious unit, obedient to the slightest will of the directing mind. Its playing gives no suggestion of a mere musical machine, and that, in the last analysis, is the most vital test of perfect orchestral work, for it signifies that the minds of leader and players are actually en rapport, not merely their hands.

The orchestra gave first an inspiring performance of Beethoven's third or "Eroica" symphony, the first of the composer's great works that was entirely his own. History says that the symphony was intended first to typify the heroic life of Napoleon, but before its completion Beethoven, disgusted with the Corsican's selfish assumption of power, dedicated it to heroism in general. The vigor and vitality that marks the symphony, its suggestion of the turmoil of conflicting forces and finally the triumph of indomitable heroism, give it a particular interest to-day. It was played with perfect understanding of its meaning and the purpose of the composer. As in all great symphonies the strings carried the chief burden throughout the four movements and the color and fluency with which they permeated the work showed the care that has been bestowed in that section of the orchestra. The other elements, however, were no less effective, the brasses particularly showing to impressive advantage in the minor strains of the funeral march of the second movement. The final movement, the allegro molto, was played with considerable fire and virility, in justice to one of the most strongly original passages in Beethoven.

For its second number the orchestra played Schumann's overture to the opera "Genoveva." Schumann was always and essentially a poet and it was with full appreciation of that fact that the overture was played. The charming love theme with which the overture opens was given a delicate reading that was one of the particularly satisfying features of the concert. One modern composer was represented in the concert in Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan." Some room for criticism might have been found in thus choosing a lesser classic in preference to any of the wealth of material to be found in the works of the great masters, but the setting that Strauss has given to Nicholas Lenau's dramatic poem is music of the highest order, impressively orchestrated and filled with dramatic appeal. The orchestra played it with marked power.

The final number was Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," in which the singing tones of the violins were made especially prominent. Strongly effective also was the largo passage, suggestingly vividly the mystic atmosphere in which the opera strongly abounds. Dr. Muck's conducting throughout the concert was, of course, the greatest single reason for the enjoyment it gave. His directing was marked by his accustomed dignity, coupled with power and authority.

The concert was the last in the series of four arranged by C. A. Ellis of Boston and given here under direction of James E. Furlong.

DR. MUCK AND HIS MEN HERE

Boston Symphony Orchestra Plays at Convention Hall.

IN NOTABLE CONCERT

All German Program, Including Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony.

That splendid musical institution, The Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Dr. Carl Muck as its distinguished conductor, paid one of its rare and highly prized visits to Rochester last night at Convention Hall and was heard by a large audience, representative of the city's best musical interests. The concert was the fourth and last in the Ellis series, under the local management of J. E. Furlong. Expressions of appreciation and descriptions of the superlative qualities of this incomparable organization have long since been exhausted and the chronicler of musical events can find only old phrases to record the sensation of aesthetic refreshment aroused by a performance of this magnificent body of musicians. What Kreisler is to the violin, Harold Bauer to the piano, Pablo Casals to the violoncello and Madame Sembrich to the art of singing, the Boston players are to orchestral music. What is there to say concerning the perfection of their performance, their opulence of tone, their absolute technical precision? They are heard with gladness and with that delicious sense of satisfaction that comes in the presence of great art and supreme beauty. The vocabularly of praise, particularly of written praise, is too circumscribed to permit of a reproduction of the mental stimulus, the joy and relaxation that are experienced at such a concert. We can only applaud in happy recognition of the privilege extended to us and cherish it in our gallery of musical memories.

The program, composed entirely of German works, began with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony which Dr. Muck played at the first New York concert of the autumn, after his return from abroad. This symphony, as is well known, Beethoven decicated to Napoleon but revoked the tribute when he realized the ambitions of the Emperor of the French. Its sublime funeral march undoubtedly explains its inclusion on the opening programs of nearly all the orchestras of Germany this season. The exquisite finish of the nuancing, the eloquence of the reading of the conductor, the miraculous unanimity of the orchestra and its superb vigor and elasticity made the performance last night a notable publisher of a musical message. Dr. Muck's interpretation was in every sense an exposition of the composer's thought.

Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," with its wonderful horn-call, one of the loveliest moments in the realm of music, was played as one would expect Dr. Muck's musicians to interpret a creation of one of the most commanding and noble personalities in all German art. Next came Richard Strauss' tone-poem, "Don Juan," which ranks among this spectacular composer's finest achievements. It hardly need be said that the orchestra gave it with extraordinary virtuosity and brilliancy. The program closed with the overture to Weber's "Euryanthe," that truly German opera, whose "romantic realism, conjugal tenderness and chivalry" were brought out with a performance of surpassing beauty which indicated the wisdom of Signor Toscanini who selected it for this season's Metropolitan Opera House list to "bridge the chasm between Beethoven and Wagner," as Mr. Krehbiel put it.

Mr. Furlong announces the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Josef Stransky, conductor, with Julia Culpas soloist, on the evening of February 18, at Convention Hall.

ROCHESTER

CONVENTION HALL.

To speak of the magnificence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of the individual virtuosity of its members, of the collective splendor of their playing, of the superb mass of tone resulting from their combined efforts, of immaculate technic lending itself to the service of the highest musical intelligence, would be to repeat an oft-told tale. In a general way, then, it must suffice to say that the concert at Convention Hall last night was satisfying, inspiring and uplifting. Dr. Mack chose for his opening number Beethoven's Symphony No. 3, known as the "Eroica." This name is given by authority of Beethoven himself. It was bestowed in honor of Napoleon Bonaparte, then known as a champion of freedom and a man of affairs who had been of immense service to the people of France. But when Napoleon took the title of emberor, Beethoven was enraged and tore in two the title page on which the name of the new ruler was inscribed.

But all this is of no special consequence so far as the symphony itself is concerned. It still stands as originally written, and will probably always endure as one of the foremost contributions musical literature. It has also a historical significance, being the fulfillment of Beethoven's declared purpose to "take a new road." He was not satisfied with the formalism of his first two symphonies, and in the third he made an excursion into the field of romanticism so daring that a sensation was created among the musicians of his day. The first movement, after two great chords by the full orchestra, is promptly ushered in by a theme-text of the cimplest possible form. The elaboration immediately begins, and continues in a most dazzling and varied manner. But a description of the symphony would be superfluous, since it is familiar to all concert-goers. It was played here two or three years ago by the same orchestra under Max Fiedler. Dr. Muck's interpretation is warm and elequent. It made a profound impression throughout the four movements, the scherzo being played with wonderful delicacy, daintiness and rhythmic grace, while the final movement, with its variations on two themes, was given with a succession exciting climaxes.

Schumann's romantic "Genoveva" overture had a beautiful rendering. The tone-poem, "Don Juan," by Richard Strauss, afforded a rich feast of the ultra "modern" in music. It was played in a picturesque and dramatic manner, and with a wealth of tonal coloring which would have delighted Strauss himself, since instrumental gorgeousness constitutes the chief melody and suggestions of several others. But the latter are speedily lost in an overpowering pandemonium of shrieks, groans and wails; all of which have a certain interest despite their lack of coherence, or perhaps because of it. At any rate the audience was treated to some new and frenzied sensations, while the orchestra distinguished itself by an amazing display of technic, clearness and winder-work in dynamic embellishment. Weber's splendid "Eurpanthe" overture brought the concert to a brilliant close. Mr. J. E. Furlong, the local manager, announces the New York Philharmonic Society for a date late in February.

Enquirer

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

An unusually large audience was attracted to the Elmwood Music hall last evening, the occasion being the annual concert in Buffalo of the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the leadership of the famous Dr. Karl Muck. Never before was the musical ability of this organization better demonstrated than last evening, and the appreciation of the large audience was manifest with a whole-heartedness that was good to see. In the brilliant crowd that attended last night's concert there were few who were not capable of understanding the higher order of things musical. It was a most critical audience, and the fact that every number rendered by the orchestra was given a stirring, impulsive recognition, is a tribute not to be overlooked.

When one hears this wonderful organization of musical artists it is easy to comprehend why it has risen to the ranks of fame as perhaps the greatest orchestra in America. All those qualities of perfection, which have been reached only through years of hard labor, consistent effort and untiring eradication of all that did not come up to the highest ideals of the master artist, were present last evening. The mellow wood winds, the loveliness of the strings, the true, ringing, yet muffled tender, tone of the brasses—not one detail was lacking to mar the stamp of perfection.

An excellent programme was offered last evening. Brahms' No. 1 in C minor was one of the features of the entertainment. This number appealed deeply to the soul of the artist through the masterful interpretation of the musicians.

Nothing short of absolute individual perfection of each player could produce the wonderful result reached by the orchestra in this number. Wagner's "A Faust Overture," a tone picture of Goethe's hero, was another number that aroused unusual sentiment. Both of these pieces are rich in melody and dramatic development. Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" also was a wonderfully beautiful piece of work. The programme was brought to a close with a brilliant performance of Beethoven's "Egmont" overture.

The next concert in the series given by Mai Davis Smith will take place on February 16. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, and Mme. van Endert, soprano, will be the stars.

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City

Date FEB 7 - 1915

BOSTON TO SEND ORCHESTRA WEST

For First Time Famous Symphony Aggregation Will Be Heard on Pacific Coast.

WILL MAKE START IN MAY

Agreement With Panama-Pacific Exposition Prohibits Concerts on the Way.

(Special Dispatch to The Morning Telegraph.)

BOSTON, Feb. 6.

For the first time in its thirty-four years of existence the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to be heard next May on the Pacific Coast. Several weeks ago the management of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco proposed to Maj. Henry L. Higginson that the orchestra should undertake twelve concerts at the fair in May. Although no contracts have yet been signed the management has decided to authorize the trip.

The Boston concerts will end May 8, and immediately thereafter the band, with full ranks and with Dr. Muck at its head, will leave for San Francisco. There will be no stops for concerts, either going or coming; in fact, the proposal from the fair management stipulates that there shall be no other performances. At San Francisco the concerts will take place at Festival Hall at the exhibition grounds. They will be given on twelve consecutive days and the programme will include classical, modern and ultra-modern music.

The Boston "pops" will be deferred until Monday, May 31, and the usual eight or nine weeks will be cut to four or five. The last appearance of the Symphony players at a fair was at Chicago in 1893, when Mr. Kneisel was conductor.

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date FEB 3 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN FOURTH CONCERT

Large Audience Gathers at Infantry Hall for Event.

FRIEDA HEMPEL IS SOLOIST

Assistant Conductor, Mr. Schmidt, Occupies Leader's Desk in Absence of Dr. Muck.—Programme Somewhat Shorter Than Usual, but Mostly of Classical Nature.

With Frieda Hempel, the brilliant coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company as soloist, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its fourth concert of the season last evening in Infantry Hall, which was nearly filled with the customary large and appreciative audience.

As the concert was about to begin announcement was made that owing to the absence of the conductor, Dr. Muck, his place would be taken by the assistant conductor, Mr. Schmidt. It was the first time this season that Dr. Muck has been absent from the conductor's desk at the concerts in this city and some curiosity was felt concerning his substitute.

Mr. Schmidt assumed and carried on his office with dignity, apparently perfectly at home at his task, with which he seemed amply able to cope. Without undue muscular exertion he led the orchestra through the intricacies of the programme, which was arranged in the following order:

Haydn. Symphony in G-major, "The Surprise" (B. & H. No. 6)
  I. Adagio; Vivace assai.
  II. Andante.
  III. Menuetto.
  IV. Allegro di molto.
Mozart. Air, "Martern aller Arten," from "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail," Act II., No. 11.
J. S. Bach. Symphony (Shepherds' Music) from the Christmas Oratorio.
Liszt. March of the Three Holy Kings, from the Oratorio, "Christus."
Gounod. "O legere hirondelle," from the Opera "Mireille," Act I.
Weber. Overture to the Opera, "Der Freischuetz."

While the programme was made up of more than the usual number of selections, in point of time, it was rather less instead of more than usual length, and contained no ultra modern compositions to puzzle over. Instead, it was largely of a classical nature, covering a range of a century and a half, and from Bach to Liszt offering as great a diversity in style.

It is a good many years since Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, with which the concert opened, was played here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but it is perennially fresh, and never fails to impress the listener with Haydn's aim toward perfection in his art. As the themes weave in and out, taken up in turn by the different instruments, one feels his command of melody and harmony, and all the elements of music, and is moved to admiration for the quality of his compositions, so removed from the later influences of noise and novelty.

And yet it was noise and novelty that gave the "surprise" to the symphony, and as the familiar air of the second movement, so gracefully played, and so daintily repeated, was punctuated by the startling drumstroke, a ripple of gentle laughter swept over the audience like a summer breeze. After over a century Haydn still has his little joke on "the ladies."

The menuetto, so like a rustic dance, was as distinctively played, while the full beauty of the first and last movements was well brought out.

Bach's music is not often incorporated into the Symphony programmes here and the beautiful shepherd's music from the Christmas Oratorio was heard with interest. Its simplicity was effectively contrasted with the brilliant intricacy of Liszt's "March of the Three Holy Kings" from the oratorio of "Christus," which followed; and from the standpoint of sentiment the two seemed appropriately connected. It is almost superfluous to state that each in its way was beautifully played, and illustrated the wide range covered by Christmas music.

It was Miss Hempel's first appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but the cordiality manifested, alike by orchestra and audience, could have left her no doubt of the feeling she inspired.

As the singer came forward for her first solo she looked very young to be assigned to the task of upholding the best traditions of the art of vocal bravura, but the beauty and range of her voice and the fluency with which she scaled the heights of the florid passages left no doubt that she had a "nimble throat," such as Katharina Cavalieri, to display whose vocal "agility" Mozart wrote the air, "Martern aller Aeten," which Miss Hempel gave with dramatic fervor.

The waltz song of "Mireille," "O legere hirondelle," was aother solo also written to please a soprano who had a desire to shine in florid song, and Miss Hempel gave it with a brilliant daintiness that won her recall after recall, as had her previous number.

The concluding number on the programme, Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz," was a brilliant performance. The overture which is so symmetrical in form embraces practically all the airs in the opera, selections of which have been popular on Symphony programmes here. Most of Weber's overtures have also been played here from time to time by the orchestra, but few more acceptably than that which closed the programme last evening.

The fifth concert in the series will be given on Tuesday evening, March 2, when the soloist will be Anton Witek, the concert master of the organization, who, with Mme. Witek, is still pleasantly remembered for the recital given before. The

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Cleveland Town Topics
2/6/15

The Concert by The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The rapidly written review which appears the next morning certainly has a freshness not possible to that in a weekly paper, but compensation comes from the consensus of opinion gathered during the week from those in the audience, and in respect to the concert by the Boston Orchestra there is but one opinion, which is, that the last concert, given on January twenty-ninth, under Doctor Karl Muck, was finer than any remembered concert of our whole Symphony series. Granted that the work of the Boston Orchestra shines with superlative beauty in the classic compositions requiring perfection of finish and polish, such as is only possible to orchestras of long continued existence, there is certainly a tide in the affairs of orchestras, as well as of men, which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortunate performance. Never has the tone produced by the marvelously beautiful instruments of this band sung clearer notes of sweetness and power. One had no thought for the imperfections of brass instruments, or the vagaries of woodwinds, or the effect of atmosphere upon strings, all were at a point of ideal perfection. The artistry of individual players seldom is more keenly felt than when Concertmeister Witek rushed forward into the stirring phrases of ornamentation woven by Brahms about the theme of Haydn's. The program made its own appeal of fine symmetry. The Mozart Symphony in C, known as the one with the fugue finale, the "Jupiter," is of compelling charm; the Weber overture to "Euryanthe" has much spirit, and the Richard Strauss tone-poem, "Don Juan," painted with a wealth of color, only to be compared to the riot of rainbow-tints in a Venetian picture. And what a rest to eyes and sensibilities it is to have a conductor who knows how to stand still.

One admits the unconsciousness of the excitement in which a young, emotional conductor enacts before his audience the passion of highly complex modern music, but there certainly is satisfaction in seeing with one's eyes, and hearing with one's ears, that after all it is a small factor in the public performance, for no coldness was perceptible in the dramatic Strauss music played by the men, while their conductor kept his head, and with quiet gesture controlled the forces working under him. Doubtless, too, Doctor Muck knows his orchestral scores by heart, but he makes no theatrical display of the fact by dispensing with them upon his conductor's desk. Cleveland is glad to unite with the other cities of their tour, in thanks to Boston for according permission to this world-famous orchestra to make its annual visit.

During the past month there has been issued by the Houghton-Mifflin Company a book entitled the "Boston Symphony Orchestra," in which there is a most interesting sketch of its founder, that may well be quoted in this connection. Mr. Higginson entered Harvard at seventeen, and left two years later on account of poor health. For several years he was in business in Boston, but in 1856 went to Europe, where he stayed four years, devoting himself chiefly to the study of music, at Vienna. Writing to his father in regard to his studies, he says: "What is to come of it all if successful? I do not know. But this is clear. I have improved my own powers, which is every man's duty. I have a resource to which I can always turn with delight, however the world may go with me. * * * It is carrying out the idea of making an imperishable capital in education." It is interesting to note that strain due to over-practice with an arm weakened by the old-fashioned operation of bleeding, compelled him to abandon the hope of becoming a pianist. When he returned to Boston about the end of 1860, he had the broad apprehension of what music might mean to an individual and to a community, even to a nation. The outbreak of the war between the states called him into the field, and later into great business operations, which formed the basis of the ample means which enabled him to found and support the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Cleveland Plain Dealer
[illegible]

SYMPHONY CONCERT

he annual Cleveland concert of the ston Symphony orchestra took ce last night at the Grays armory under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck. The audience was one of the largest of this season's symphony series. In conformity with the custom of previous years, no soloist appeared.

A distinguished English lady once said to Col. Higginson, founder and financial supporter of the Boston Symphony orchestra, that "life in the United States is hard and dry. Your country is a great cornfield. See that you plant flowers in it."

It was a remark that Col. Higginson never forgot. Partly as a result of this remark and partly of Col. Higginson's own conception of life's philosophy, the Boston Symphony orchestra grew from a small but carefully nursed little flower into the most magnificent orchestral plant on earth.

"How does the Boston Symphony compare with the Philharmonie in Berlin or the Leipzig Gewandhaus orchestra or the other great orchestras of the European capitals of the present day?"

The writer put this question to Dr. Muck last night during the short intermission. Here is Dr. Muck's answer:

"I take it that you mean, of course, before the outbreak of the war. I have conducted not only orchestras of great opera houses, but symphony orchestras as well. I speak positively in stating that the Boston Symphony orchestra has no rivals anywhere in Europe. It is the greatest body of orchestral players in the world today."

It was an entire German program which Dr. Muck presented at the armory last night. The intelligent and discriminating applause of the large audience rose to an ovation after the playing of Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan." The large majority of those present must undoubtedly have considered it a special privilege to listen to this program of Mozart, Weber, Brahms, Strauss and

The magnificent interpretations of the greatest body of orchestral players in the world and the quiet but forceful personality of the man whose dignity of conception of the reading of the different scores of Germany's master minds of music made their understanding illuminative and, proportionally speaking, simple.

The reading of the Mozart "Jupiter" symphony demonstrated that the conductor is sure of himself, of his orchestra of artists and of the results. True, without the help of splendid instruments such wonderfully vibrating and scintillating strings would not be possible.

But the men in whose hands these instruments rest have the training and artistic conception to bring out the hidden beauties of a Mozart symphony in their fullest glory, their "calm, god-like beauty." The tonal effects of the strings were golden.

Throughout the playing of the symphony the precision of the strings possessed the unity and individuality of a string quartet.

Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, in Dr. Muck's hands, became revivified. The time-honored overture which, to use a common phrase, has been "played to death" for half a century, was molded again into a living, breathing thing, full of beauty and full of life. The opening bars of Brahms' "Variations on a Haydn Theme" brought the full resources of the wonderful wind section of the orchestra into magnificent action and the variations themselves the different solo voices in their individual beauty. The enormous technic of the full orchestra came to its fullest display in Strauss' "Don Juan" tone poem. The climaxes were magnificent. The audience fully rose to the occasion and raised the volume of applause to the proportions of an ovation that only ended with the orchestra's rising. Beethoven's "Egmont" overture brought the concert to a fitting close.

Americans are indeed fortunate in possessing such an organization as the Boston Symphony orchestra. More than any other orchestra, with the possible exception of the old

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Enquirer

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For First Time Famous Symphony Aggregation Will Be Heard on Pacific Coast.

WILL MAKE START IN MAY

Agreement With Panama-Pacific Exposition Prohibits Concerts on the Way.

(Special Dispatch to The Morning Telegraph.)

BOSTON, Feb. 6.

For the first time in its thirty-four years of existence the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to be heard next May on the Pacific Coast. Several weeks ago the management of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco proposed to Maj. Henry L. Higginson that the orchestra should undertake twelve concerts at the fair in May. Although no contracts have yet been signed the management has decided to authorize the trip.

The Boston concerts will end May 8, and immediately thereafter the band, with full ranks and with Dr. Muck at its head, will leave for San Francisco. There will be no stops for concerts, either going or coming; in fact, the proposal from the fair management stipulates that there shall be no other performances. At San Francisco the concerts will take place at Festival Hall at the exhibition grounds. They will be given on twelve consecutive days and the programme will include classical, modern and ultra-modern music.

The Boston "pops" will be deferred until Monday, May 31, and the usual eight or nine weeks will be cut to four or five. The last appearance of the Symphony players at a fair was at Chicago in 1893, when Mr. Kneisel was conductor.

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Address: Providence, R. I.

Date FEB 3 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN FOURTH CONCERT

Large Audience Gathers at Infantry Hall for Event.

FRIEDA HEMPEL IS SOLOIST

Assistant Conductor, Mr. Schmidt, Occupies Leader's Desk in Absence of Dr. Muck.—Programme Somewhat Shorter Than Usual, but Mostly of Classical Nature.

With Frieda Hempel, the brilliant coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company as soloist, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its fourth concert of the season last evening in Infantry Hall, which was nearly filled with the customary large and appreciative audience.

As the concert was about to begin announcement was made that owing to the absence of the conductor, Dr. Muck, his place would be taken by the assistant conductor, Mr. Schmidt. It was the first time this season that Dr. Muck has been absent from the conductor's desk at the concerts in this city and some curiosity was felt concerning his substitute.

Mr. Schmidt assumed and carried on his office with dignity, apparently perfectly at home at his task, with which he seemed amply able to cope. Without undue muscular exertion he led the orchestra through the intricacies of the programme, which was arranged in the following order:

Haydn..Symphony in G-major, "The Surprise" (B. & H. No. 6)
  I. Adagio: Vivace assai.
  II. Andante.
  III. Menuetto.
  IV. Allegro di molto.
Mozart..Air, "Martern aller Arten," from "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail," Act II., No. 11.
J. S. Bach..Symphony (Shepherds' Music) from the Christmas Oratorio.
Liszt..March of the Three Holy Kings, from the Oratorio, "Christus."
Gounod..."O legere hirondelle," from the Opera "Mireille," Act I.
Weber..Overture to the Opera, "Der Freischuetz."

While the programme was made up of more than the usual number of selections, in point of time, it was rather less instead of more than usual length, and contained no ultra modern compositions to puzzle over. Instead, it was largely of a classical nature, covering a range of a century and a half, and from Bach to Liszt offering as great a diversity in style.

It is a good many years since Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, with which the concert opened, was played here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but it is perennially fresh, and never fails to impress the listener with Haydn's aim toward perfection in his art. As the themes weave in and out, taken up in turn by the different instruments, one feels his command of melody and harmony, and all the elements of music, and is moved to admiration for the quality of his compositions, so removed from the later influences of noise and novelty.

And yet it was noise and novelty that gave the "surprise" to the symphony, and as the familiar air of the second movement, so gracefully played, and so daintily repeated, was punctuated by the startling drumstroke, a ripple of gentle laughter swept over the audience like a summer breeze. After over a century Haydn still has his little joke on "the ladies."

The menuetto, so like a rustic dance, was as distinctively played, while the full beauty of the first and last movements was well brought out.

Bach's music is not often incorporated into the Symphony programmes here and the beautiful shepherd's music from the Christmas Oratorio was heard with interest. Its simplicity was effectively contrasted with the brilliant intricacy of Liszt's "March of the Three Holy Kings" from the oratorio of "Christus," which followed; and from the standpoint of sentiment the two seemed appropriately connected. It is almost superfluous to state that each in its way was beautifully played, and illustrated the wide range covered by Christmas music.

It was Miss Hempel's first appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but the cordiality manifested, alike by orchestra and audience, could have left her no doubt of the feeling she inspired.

As the singer came forward for her first solo she looked very young to be assigned to the task of upholding the best traditions of the art of vocal bravura, but the beauty and range of her voice and the fluency with which she scaled the heights of the florid passages left no doubt that she had a "nimble throat," such as Katharina Cavalieri, to display whose vocal "agility" Mozart wrote the air, "Martern aller Aeten," which Miss Hempel gave with dramatic fervor.

The waltz song of "Mireille," "O legere hirondelle," was aother solo also written to please a soprano who had a desire to shine in florid song, and Miss Hempel gave it with a brilliant daintiness that won her recall after recall, as had her previous number.

The concluding number on the programme, Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz," was a brilliant performance. The overture which is so symmetrical in form embraces practically all the airs in the opera, selections of which have been popular on Symphony programmes here. Most of Weber's overtures have also been played here from time to time by the orchestra, but few more acceptably than that which closed the programme last evening.

The fifth concert in the series will be given on Tuesday evening, March 2, when the soloist will be Anton Witek, the concert master of the organization, who, with Mme. Witek, is still pleasantly remembered for the recital given before. The

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Cleveland Town Topics
2/6/15

The Concert by The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The rapidly written review which appears the next morning certainly has a freshness not possible to that in a weekly paper, but compensation comes from the consensus of opinion gathered during the week from those in the audience, and in respect to the concert by the Boston Orchestra there is but one opinion, which is, that the last concert, given on January twenty-ninth, under Doctor Karl Muck, was finer than any remembered concert of our whole Symphony series. Granted that the work of the Boston Orchestra shines with superlative beauty in the classic compositions requiring perfection of finish and polish, such as is only possible to orchestras of long continued existence, there is certainly a tide in the affairs of orchestras, as well as of men, which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortunate performance. Never has the tone produced by the marvelously beautiful instruments of this band sung clearer notes of sweetness and power. One had no thought for the imperfections of brass instruments, or the vagaries of woodwinds, or the effect of atmosphere upon strings, all were at a point of ideal perfection. The artistry of individual players seldom is more keenly felt than when Concertmeister Witek rushed forward into the stirring phrases of ornamentation woven by Brahms about the theme of Haydn's. The program made its own appeal of fine symmetry. The Mozart Symphony in C, known as the one with the fugue finale, the "Jupiter," is of compelling charm; the Weber overture to "Euryanthe" has much spirit, and the Richard Strauss tone-poem, "Don Juan," painted with a wealth of color, only to be compared to the riot of rainbow-tints in a Venetian picture. And what a rest to eyes and sensibilities it is to have a conductor who knows how to stand still.

One admits the unconsciousness of the excitement in which a young, emotional conductor enacts before his audience the passion of highly complex modern music, but there certainly is satisfaction in seeing with one's eyes, and hearing with one's ears, that after all it is a small factor in the public performance, for no coldness was perceptible in the dramatic Strauss music played by the men, while their conductor kept his head, and with quiet gesture controlled the forces working under him. Doubtless, too, Doctor Muck knows his orchestral scores by heart, but he makes no theatrical display of the fact by dispensing with them upon his conductor's desk. Cleveland is glad to unite with the other cities of their tour, in thanks to Boston for according permission to this world-famous orchestra to make its annual visit.

During the past month there has been issued by the Houghton-Mifflin Company a book entitled the "Boston Symphony Orchestra," in which there is a most interesting sketch of its founder, that may well be quoted in this connection. Mr. Higginson entered Harvard at seventeen, and left two years later on account of poor health. For several years he was in business in Boston, but in 1856 went to Europe, where he stayed four years, devoting himself chiefly to the study of music, at Vienna. Writing to his father in regard to his studies, he says: "What is to come of it all if successful? I do not know. But this is clear. I have improved my own powers, which is every man's duty. I have a resource to which I can always turn with delight, however the world may go with me. * * * It is carrying out the idea of making an imperishable capital in education." It is interesting to note that strain due to over-practice with an arm weakened by the old-fashioned operation of bleeding, compelled him to abandon the hope of becoming a pianist. When he returned to Boston about the end of 1860, he had the broad apprehension of what music might mean to an individual and to a community, even to a nation. The outbreak of the war between the states called him into the field, and later into great business operations, which formed the basis of the ample means which enabled him to found and support the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Cleveland Plain Dealer

SYMPHONY CONCERT

he annual Cleveland concert of the ston Symphony orchestra took ce last night at the Grays armory under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck. The audience was one of the largest of this season's symphony series. In conformity with the custom of previous years, no soloist appeared.

A distinguished English lady once said to Col. Higginson, founder and financial supporter of the Boston Symphony orchestra, that "life in the United States is hard and dry. Your country is a great cornfield. See that you plant flowers in it."

It was a remark that Col. Higginson never forgot. Partly as a result of this remark and partly of Col. Higginson's own conception of life's philosophy, the Boston Symphony orchestra grew from a small but carefully nursed little flower into the most magnificent orchestral plant on earth.

"How does the Boston Symphony compare with the Philharmonie in Berlin or the Leipzig Gewandhaus orchestra or the other great orchestras of the European capitals of the present day?"

The writer put this question to Dr. Muck last night during the short intermission. Here is Dr. Muck's answer:

"I take it that you mean, of course, before the outbreak of the war. I have conducted not only orchestras of great opera houses, but symphony orchestras as well. I speak positively in stating that the Boston Symphony orchestra has no rivals anywhere in Europe. It is the greatest body of orchestral players in the world today."

It was an entire German program which Dr. Muck presented at the armory last night. The intelligent and discriminating applause of the large audience rose to an ovation after the playing of Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan." The large majority of those present must undoubtedly have considered it a special privilege to listen to this program of Mozart, Weber, Brahms, Strauss and

The magnificent interpretations of the greatest body of orchestral players in the world and the quiet but forceful personality of the man whose dignity of conception of the reading of the different scores of Germany's master minds of music, made their understanding illuminative and, proportionally speaking, simple.

The reading of the Mozart "Jupiter" symphony demonstrated that the conductor is sure of himself, of his orchestra of artists and of the results. True, without the help of splendid instruments such wonderfully vibrating and scintillating strings would not be possible.

But the men in whose hands these instruments rest have the training and artistic conception to bring out the hidden beauties of a Mozart symphony in their fullest glory, their "calm, god-like beauty." The tonal effects of the strings were golden.

Throughout the playing of the symphony the precision of the strings possessed the unity and individuality of a string quartet.

Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, in Dr. Muck's hands, became revivified. The time-honored overture which, to use a common phrase, has been "played to death" for half a century, was molded again into a living, breathing thing, full of beauty and full of life. The opening bars of Brahms' "Variations on a Haydn Theme" brought the full resources of the wonderful wind section of the orchestra into magnificent action and the variations themselves the different solo voices in their individual beauty. The enormous technic of the full orchestra came to its fullest display in Strauss' "Don Juan" tone poem. The climaxes were magnificent. The audience fully rose to the occasion and raised the volume of applause to the proportions of an ovation that only ended with the orchestra's rising. Beethoven's "Egmont" overture brought the concert to a fitting close.

Americans are indeed fortunate in possessing such an organization as the Boston Symphony orchestra. More than any other orchestra, with the possible exception of the old

AND LEADER, SATURDAY,

JANUARY 30, 1915.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT DE LUXE

Musical Event of Season, With Conductor Karl Mock Wielding the Baton.

BY ARCHIE BELL.

Three things contributed to the concert at Grays' Armory, last evening, to stamp it as the musical affair de luxe of the season: first, it was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; second, the orchestra was conducted by Dr. Karl Muck, and third, the program was one devised by a master-builder, ranging all the way from the "Jupiter" symphony of Mozart to the Richard Strauss "Don Juan" tone poem, and calculated to show the technical capacity of any instrumental organization and the wisdom of its conductor.

Like Christmas, the Bostonians come but once a year, and then sometimes it has happened that Christmas came without Santa Claus, for Dr. Muck has been known to remain in Boston when the orchestra went on tours. The management said he was ill; the disappointed music-lovers said that he disliked to travel.

But last night he stood in his pulpit and preached the gospel of music according to Mozart, Weber, Brahms, Strauss and Beethoven. With the exception of the "Euryanthe" overture and the flaming "Don Juan" number, it was a cold, almost philosophical program, but one of flawless coldness, absolute severity and a perfection that went beyond the ensemble playing to the choirs of various instruments, and to the individuals who played those instruments. It would be carping to attempt to suggest that any phrase of any number could have been improved upon.

Even in those passages for the brasses, where one has become so accustomed to "fumbling" important passages that he almost expects it, the splendid brass choir sounded forth as clear and certain as that solo violin passage played by Herr Wittek in "Don Juan." Dr. Muck has the most dependable band in America.

And it is not exaggeration to add that the orchestra has in some respects the most dependable conductor. What an example it is for the little fellows who believe that they are "conductors" to observe a man like Dr. Muck. He has practiced his gymnastics at rehearsal. He stands almost as still as a statue, with the slightest indication of the beat from his baton. He unbends himself scarcely more than this when he acknowledges the applause of his audience. He is a pinched, narrow little fellow, but he has the flight of an eagle (also its facial characteristics) and communicates by sheer intelligence and musical wisdom what he desires to convey to an audience through his men.

In many places he is now considered the greatest living conductor of Mozart, having been selected to conduct the dedication performance at the Salzburd Mozart Temple last season—which never took place on account of the war. He gave a vigorous reading of the symphony last night, revealed too frequently hidden beauties in Weber, while he wrestled nobly with the intricate Brahms variations on Haydn's "St. Anthony" theme, and attacked Strauss as a man with a great message, and he the chosen bearer of it.

Last night's was what a symphony concert should be. There was no soloist, excepting the man who stood at the desk with the stick.

Wächter und Anzeiger,

Samstag, den 30. Januar 1915.

Die Boſtoner.

Geſtriges Symphonie-Konzert.—Karl Muck als Interpret.

Was Goethe der Welt mit dem Zauber ſeiner Worte, verkündet Mozart mit der Schönheit ſeiner Töne. Die ruhige Klarheit und die ſchlichte Schönheit ſind es, die uns bei Goethe wie bei Mozart feſſeln. Wenn nun Mozart, dieſer Kaiſer im Reiche der Schönheit, einen Botſchafter findet wie Karl Muck, dann wird der Welt etwas verkündet, was ſie in Freude aufjauchzen läßt. Und geſtern [illegible] man aus dieſen Tönen die Botſchaft, daß das Volk, das ſolche Schönheit ſchuf, nicht von engliſchem Neid und ruſſiſcher Gier in Feſſeln geſchlagen [illegible]en kann. Der Trotz des Prometheus [illegible] Himmel, Zeus, mit Wolkendunſt, und übe dem Knaben gleich, der Diſteln köpft, an Eichen dich und Bergeshöhen — mußt mir meine Erde doch laſſen ſtehen und meine Hütte, die du nicht gebaut, und meinen Herd, um deſſen Glück du mich beneideſt,"

So ſprach man mit dem großen Goethe, nachdem man Mozarts Jupiter-Symphonie gehört, und ging beruhigt und zuverſichtlich nach Hauſe und noch dem Träumer wiegte der vibrierende Klang der Geigen frohe Zuverſicht zu.

Ja, dieſer deutſche Mozart iſt ein ſo großer Menſch, wie es nach ihm nur wenige gleich große gegeben hat. Alles in dieſer Muſik iſt Leben, Wahrheit und Kraft; durch das Band der Schönheit ſind Wirklichkeit und Ideal zu einem Ganzen verſchmolzen; alle Erdenſchwere iſt abgeſtreift, alle Widerſprüche löſen ſich im Wohllaute ſeiner Melodie und Harmonie auf, und Weltfreudigkeit, Friede und Beglückung ergreifen den Hörer.

Die Jupiter-Symphonie wurde von einem Orcheſter vorgetragen, das ebenſo wie Mozart, wenige ſeinesgleichen auf der bewohnten Erde hat. Und an der Spitze ſteht ein Dirigent, der mit Mozarts Schönheitsdrang Goethes olympiſche Ruhe verbindet.

„Dem Adler gleich, der über Fichtenhöhen ſchwebt" (das Bild paßt auch auf die Geſichtszüge Karl Mucks), ſo ſchwebt dieſer Dirigent über ſeinem Orcheſter. Ein Bild vollendeter Ruhe und Souveränität. Mit ſeinem Blick, mit ſeinem Intellekt beherrſcht er alles. Den inneren Einblick, die Intelligenz, ſein Genie können ihm andere Dirigenten freilich nicht abgucken, aber von ſeinem äußeren Auftreten könnte mancher Dirigent etwas lernen.

Dr. Muck bot geſtern ein ganz deutſches Programm. Auf Mozart folgten Weber, Brahms, Richard Strauß und Beethoven. Und bei jedem erhielt der Hörer ein ſcharf gezeichnetes Charakterbild. Es iſt die ſchlichte Klarheit, die das Weſen der Interpretation Karl Mucks ausmacht. Die vorgetragene Muſik erſcheint ſo ſelbſtverſtändlich, drückt etwas aus, was wir ſelbſt in unſerem Innern längſt empfunden haben, ihm nur nicht Ausdruck zu geben wußten. Das iſt das Weſen des Genius, nicht nur des ſchaffenden Geiſtes, ſondern auch des interpretierenden, der von Neuem aus ſich heraus ſchafft. So iſt Karl Muck. Er iſt der Soliſt ſeines glänzenden Orcheſters, in dem Geiger und Bläſer ſitzen, wie ſie kein Orcheſter in Amerika aufzuweiſen hat, und deshalb braucht er keine Soliſten neben ſich.

Das geſtrige Konzert war eines der bedeutendſten und ſchönſten, das wir hier gehört.

W. H.

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iter Abendpoſt, Sonntag, den 31. Januar 1915.

Aus dem Konzertſaal

Konzert der Boſtoner unter Muck's Leitung. — Die Komniſtin H. H. A. Beach. Tuday Muſicale. Kunſtmuſe

Geſtern abend war das Boſ Symphonieorcheſter unter der tung von Dr. Karl Muck beim troiter Orcheſterverein zu Gaſte u abſolvierte in der Light Guard W fenhalle das vierte Symphoniek zert der Saiſon. Geſpielt wurd Schumann, Ouverture zu Genofe Ropartz, 4. Symphonie, C-D Brahms, Variation über ein The von Haydn; Bruch, Violinkonzert N 1, G-Moll; Weber, Ouverture Freiſchütz.

Die Boſtoner ſpielen zu hören u Dr. Muck dirigieren zu ſehen iſt im mer ein Genuß. Geſtern waren d Boſtoner ganz beſonders in Stim mung und ſpielten beſſer als je. Od war es nur, daß ſie beſſer ſchiene weil man ſie ſchon ſo lange nicht ge hört hat? Was Dr. Muck's Stabführung betrifft, ſo könnten ſie all von ihm lernen, die da meinen, d ganze Körper müßte mitarbeiten, wenn das Orcheſter dem Dirigenten folgen ſoll. Er dirigiert ſozuſagen nur mit einer Hand und mit den Augen. Der Stab, den er in der Hand hat, iſt nur die Verlängerung des Zeigefingers. Und mit dieſem Zeigefinger und den Augen hält er das ganze große Orcheſter mit der unbeſchränkten Gewalt des abſoluten Monarchen in ſeinem Bann.

Das Programm weiſt in den beiden erſten Nummern für Detroit zwei Novitäten auf. Auch die Genoveva-Ouverture iſt nämlich für Detroit eine Novität, ſo alt ſie ſchon iſt. Die liebe, gute ehrliche Muſik Schumans. Auf die Bekanntſchaft mit Ropartz's 4. Symphonie, deren Sätze, obgleich ſie deutlich auseinandergehalten ſind, ohne Unterbrechung geſpielt werden, als wäre es nur ein Satz, hätte man füglich verzichten können, ohne viel wirkliche Muſik verloren zu haben. Stellenweiſe Effekte, ſtellenweiſe Effekthaſcherei durch eigenartige Inſtrumentierung, ganz merkwürdige Verwendung der Harfe, aus der beſondere Wirkungen hervorgeholt werden. „Schöne Augen, ſchöne Zähne, ſchönes Kinn, ſchöne Naſe", flüſterte ich einer Nachbarin zu und in ſofortigem Verſtehen ergänzte ſie: „Und doch kein ſchönes Geſicht."

Die geiſtreiche Variation, die Brahms über ein kleines Choralthema Haydns erdacht und geſchrieben hat, und wie ſie die Boſtoner geſtern ſpielten, waren mit die allerbeſten, was man in der letzten Zeit an Muſik in Detroit gehört hat.

Das Bruch'ſche Violinkonzert, das Paradepferd aller guten Züge, wurde von Meiſter Witek, dem Soliſten des Abends, bravourös und mit herrlichem Ton geſpielt und ebenſo bravourös brachten die Boſtoner die uralte und doch ewig jugendfriſche Freiſchützouverture heraus.

Wohl überflüſſig zu ſagen, daß die Boſtoner ein geſteckt volles Haus und rauſchenden Beifall fanden.

Eine der bedeutendſten unter den weiblichen Komponiſten, Frau H. H. A. Beach, wird am 3. Februar um 8.15 Uhr abend im Saale des Hotel Pontchartrain ein Konzert eigener Kompoſitionen veranſtalten. Frl. Myra Schalow, ein lyriſcher Sopran von anerkanntem Ruf, wird ausſchließlich Lieder der genannten Tonſetzerin vortragen.

Frau Beach begann ihre Laufbahn als Pianiſtin. Daß ſie als ſolche ſehr bedeutend war, kann daraus erſehen werden, daß ſie ſchon vor 14 Jahren als Soliſtin mit dem Londoner Symphonieorcheſter auftrat. Sie wuchs immer mehr, erzielte große Erfolge in Berlin, Wien, Hamburg und Leipzig und wandte ſich, da ſie den Kopf immer voll von Melodien hatte, ſchließlich ganz der Kompoſition zu. Ihre Interpretin iſt ein hoch hochangeſehenes Mitglied der Boſtoner Opernbühne.

Nach dem Konzert wird der konzertgebende Verein, Tuesday Muſicale, zu Ehren der Komponiſtin im großen Saale des Hotel Pontchartrai einen Empfang veranſtalten.

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Das ſechſte diesjährige Vormittagskonzert des Tuesday Muſicale wird nächſten Dienstag, 2. Februar. um 10.30 Uhr im Gebäude des Twentieth Century Club, Ecke Columbia- und Witherellſtraße, abgehalten werden:

Liederzyklus. Frauenliebe und Leben .... Schumann
1. Seit ich ihn geſehen
2. Er, der Herrlichſte von Allen
3. Ich kann's nicht faſſen
4. Du Ring an meinem Finger
5. Helft mir, ihr Schweſtern
6. Süßer Freund, du blickeſt
7. An meinem Herzen
8. Nun haſt du mir den erſten Schmerz getan

Frau Krolik

Romanze .... Rubinſtein
Schön Rosmarin .... Kreisler

Frl. Haggerty

[illegible]ſſi d'arte aus La Tosca .... Puccini
Un doux lien .... Delbruck
Ar[illegible]te .... Vidal

Frau H. Cleland Allſon

Nove[illegible]tte Op. 21 No. 1 .... Schumann
Roma[illegible]e Op. 28 .... Schumann
Rhapſo[illegible] Op. 119 .... Brahms

[illegible] Gertrude Lloyd Clark

Am Klav[illegible] Frau Heberlein, Frau Wieſt und Frau Bentley.

Den muſikaliſchen Teil des heutigen Nachmittag im Kunſtmuſeum werden zwei Sänger, die Herren Floyd A. Campbell und Wirt C. Rowland, beſtreiten. Die Klavierbegleitung wird Fräulein Pearl Williams beſorgen.

An den muſikaliſchen Teil ſchließt ſich ein Vortrag des Profeſſors Roſſiter Howard an, der mit Erläuterungen durch Stereoptikonbilder über „Die Gemälde Rembrandts" ſprechen wird.

DETROIT NEWS TRIBUNE,

JANUARY 31,

Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert Sways Audience

The audience which assembled in the armory Saturday night to hear the Boston Symphony orchestra, swayed by the baton of Dr. Karl Muck, found itself in a mood of complete gratification over the selections of tried and true caliber. For sheer tonal wonders this orchestra is never surpassed and the audience voiced its approval with applause that should warm the heart of any director or the hearts of any orchestra.

The audience heard a wonderfully satisfying evening of classic music. The bi[illegible] number was the Symphony No. 4, [illegible] major (Ropartz), the first time t[illegible] work has been presented in Det[illegible] Taken as a whole, as it was played without a pause, it is a heavy thing to concentrate on, but the assemblage seemed to be in a mood to desire the brilliant and technical number. The insistent and ever recurring theme bandied about by woods, winds and strings possesses a curiously phrased mysticism that is striking. The intonation in the andante pianissimo passages was well up to the Boston standard.

The variations on a theme of Josef Haydn, Op. 56A, (Brahms) introduced a number full of melody of the simpler sort and much Haydenesque, the ecclesiastical color predominant. The theme was taken from an unpublished divertimenti for wind instruments and rewritten by Brahms for string and wind, as was played by Dr. Muck. The piece holds much of beauty in tone coloring. Schuman's Overture to "Genoveva," op. 81, opened the program and Weber's Overture to the opera, "Der Freischutz," was the concluding offering. The horns play a beautiful part song of churchly hearing in the opening bars, which soon gives way to vivace passages of brilliancy. The strings did excellent work in this number. The tonal qualities were of a warm and rich sonority.

Anton Witek concert master of the orchestra, played Max Bruch's Concerto for violin No. 1 in G minor, Op. 26, with full orchestra accompaniment. He received an ovation at the conclusion of the two movements. His upper tones rang with clarity and confidence, and the number was played with a dignity that was admirable.

DETROIT FREE PRESS:

JANUARY 31, 1915.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT PLEASES

So Many Features No Particular Number Can Be Praised Over Others.

HERR ANTON WITEK IS MASTERFUL VIOLINIST

Ropartz Symphony is Given to Most Eloquent and Absorbing Discourse.

So much excellence centered in the concert given in the armory Saturday evening by the Boston Symphony orchestra that it is not easy to pick and choose and say that this or that was the feature of peculiar interest.

The appearance of the band itself is always an event of especial moment in this city. The organization comes only annually, and Detroit generally is its extreme western point. So the concert-goers of this city are properly grateful for the favor granted them by the incomparable among orchestras.

Generally, too, the Boston orchestra has something intrinsically very much worth while to offer. Last evening it presented for its principal number the Fourth symphony in C major of Joseph Guy Marie Ropartz, and by way of solo attraction, the great Bruch G minor concerto for violin, the performing artist being

AND LEADER, SATURDAY,

JANUARY 30, 1915.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT DE LUXE

Musical Event of Season, With Conductor Karl Mock Wielding the Baton.

BY ARCHIE BELL.

Three things contributed to the concert at Grays' Armory, last evening, to stamp it as the musical affair de luxe of the season: first, it was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; second, the orchestra was conducted by Dr. Karl Muck, and third, the program was one devised by a master-builder, ranging all the way from the "Jupiter" symphony of Mozart to the Richard Strauss "Don Juan" tone poem, and calculated to show the technical capacity of any instrumental organization and the wisdom of its conductor.

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And it is not exaggeration to add that the orchestra has in some respects the most dependable conductor. What an example it is for the little fellows who believe that they are "conductors" to observe a man like Dr. Muck. He has practiced his gymnastics at rehearsal. He stands almost as still as a statue, with the slightest indication of the beat from his baton. He unbends himself scarcely more than this when he acknowledges the applause of his audience. He is a pinched, narrow little fellow, but he has the flight of an eagle (also its facial characteristics) and communicates by sheer intelligence and musical wisdom what he desires to convey to an audience through his men.

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Last night's was what a symphony concert should be. There was no soloist, excepting the man who stood at the desk with the stick.

Wächter und Anzeiger,

Samstag, den 30. Januar 1915.

Die Boſtoner.

Geſtriges Symphonie-Konzert.—Karl Muck als Interpret.

Was Goethe der Welt mit dem Zauber ſeiner Worte, verkündet Mozart mit der Schönheit ſeiner Töne. Die ruhige Klarheit und die ſchlichte Schönheit ſind es, die uns bei Goethe wie bei Mozart feſſeln. Wenn nun Mozart, dieſer Kaiſer im Reiche der Schönheit, einen Botſchafter findet wie Karl Muck, dann wird der Welt etwas verkündet, was ſie in Freude aufjauchzen läßt. Und geſtern [illegible] man aus dieſen Tönen die Botſchaft daß das Volk, das ſolche Schönheit ſchuf, nicht von engliſchem Neid und ruſſiſcher Gier in Feſſeln geſchlagen [illegible]en kann. Der Trotz des Prome-

Himmel, Zeus, mit Wolkendunſt, und übe dem Knaben gleich, der Diſteln köpft, an Eichen dich und Bergeshöhen — mußt mir meine Erde doch laſſen ſtehen und meine Hütte, die du nicht gebaut, und meinen Herd, um deſſen Glück du mich beneideſt."

So ſprach man mit dem großen Goethe, nachdem man Mozarts Jupiter-Symphonie gehört, und ging beruhigt und zuverſichtlich nach Hauſe und noch dem Träumer wiegte der vibrierende Klang der Geigen frohe Zuverſicht zu.

Ja, dieſer deutſche Mozart iſt ein ſo großer Menſch, wie es nach ihm nur wenige gleich große gegeben hat. Alles in dieſer Muſik iſt Leben, Wahrheit und Kraft; durch das Band der Schönheit ſind Wirklichkeit und Ideal zu einem Ganzen verſchmolzen; alle Erdenſchwere iſt abgeſtreift, alle Widerſprüche löſen ſich im Wohllaute ſeiner Melodie und Harmonie auf, und Weltfreudigkeit, Friede und Beglückung ergreifen den Hörer.

Die Jupiter-Symphonie wurde von einem Orcheſter vorgetragen, das ebenſo wie Mozart, wenige ſeinesgleichen auf der bewohnten Erde hat. Und an der Spitze ſteht ein Dirigent, der mit Mozarts Schönheitsdrang Goethes olympiſche Ruhe verbindet.

„Dem Adler gleich, der über Fichtenhöhen ſchwebt" (das Bild paßt auch auf die Geſichtszüge Karl Mucks), ſo ſchwebt dieſer Dirigent über ſeinem Orcheſter. Ein Bild vollendeter Ruhe und Souveränität. Mit ſeinem Blick, mit ſeinem Intellekt beherrſcht er alles. Den inneren Einblick, die Intelligenz, ſein Genie können ihm andere Dirigenten freilich nicht abgucken, aber von ſeinem äußeren Auftreten könnte mancher Dirigent etwas lernen.

Dr. Muck bot geſtern ein ganz deutſches Programm. Auf Mozart folgten Weber, Brahms, Richard Strauß und Beethoven. Und bei jedem erhielt der Hörer ein ſcharf gezeichnetes Charakterbild. Es iſt die ſchlichte Klarheit, die das Weſen der Interpretation Karl Mucks ausmacht. Die vorgetragene Muſik erſcheint ſo ſelbſtverſtändlich, drückt etwas aus, was wir ſelbſt in unſerem Innern längſt empfunden haben, ihm nur nicht Ausdruck zu geben wußten. Das iſt das Weſen des Genius, nicht nur des ſchaffenden Geiſtes, ſondern auch des interpretierenden, der von Neuem aus ſich heraus ſchafft. So iſt Karl Muck. Er iſt der Soliſt ſeines glänzenden Orcheſters, in dem Geiger und Bläſer ſitzen, wie ſie kein Orcheſter in Amerika aufzuweiſen hat, und deshalb braucht er keine Soliſten neben ſich.

Das geſtrige Konzert war eines der bedeutendſten und ſchönſten, das wir hier gehört.

W. H.

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iter Abendpoſt, Sonntag, den 31. Januar 1915.

Aus dem Konzertſaal

Konzert der Boſtoner unter Muck's Leitung. — Die Kom niſtin H. H. A. Beach. Tu day Muſicale. Kunſtmuſe

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wenn das Orcheſter dem Dirigenten folgen ſoll. Er dirigiert ſozuſagen nur mit einer Hand und mit den Augen. Der Stab, den er in der Hand hat, iſt nur die Verlängerung des Zeigefingers. Und mit dieſem Zeigefinger und den Augen hält er das ganze große Orcheſter mit der unbeſchränkten Gewalt des abſoluten Monarchen in ſeinem Bann.

Das Programm weiſt in den beiden erſten Nummern für Detroit zwei Novitäten auf. Auch die Genoveva-Ouverture iſt nämlich für Detroit eine Novität, ſo alt ſie ſchon iſt. Die liebe, gute ehrliche Muſik Schumans. Auf die Bekanntſchaft mit Ropartz's 4. Symphonie, deren Sätze, obgleich ſie deutlich auseinandergehalten ſind, ohne Unterbrechung geſpielt werden, als wäre es nur ein Satz, hätte man füglich verzichten können, ohne viel wirkliche Muſik verloren zu haben. Stellenweiſe Effekte, ſtellenweiſe Effektehaſcherei durch eigenartige Inſtrumentierung, ganz merkwürdige Verwendung der Harfe, aus der beſondere Wirkungen hervorgeholt werden. „Schöne Augen, ſchöne Zähne, ſchönes Kinn, ſchöne Naſe", flüſterte ich einer Nachbarin zu und in ſofortigem Verſtehen ergänzte ſie: „Und doch kein ſchönes Geſicht."

Die geiſtreiche Variation, die Brahms über ein kleines Choralthema Haydns erdacht und geſchrieben hat, und wie ſie die Boſtoner geſtern ſpielten, waren mit die allerbeſten, was man in der letzten Zeit an Muſik in Detroit gehört hat.

Das Bruch'ſche Violinkonzert, das Paradepferd aller guten Züge, wurde von Meiſter Witek, dem Soliſten des Abends, bravourös und mit herrlichem Ton geſpielt und ebenſo bravourös brachten die Boſtoner die uralte und doch ewig jugendfriſche Freiſchützouverture heraus.

Wohl überflüſſig zu ſagen, daß die Boſtoner ein geſteckt volles Haus und rauſchenden Beifall fanden.

Eine der bedeutendſten unter den weiblichen Komponiſten, Frau H. H. A. Beach, wird am 5. Februar um 8.15 Uhr abend im Saale des Hotel Pontchartrain ein Konzert eigener Kompoſitionen veranſtalten. Frl. Myra Schalow, ein lyriſcher Sopran von anerkanntem Ruf, wird ausſchließlich Lieder der genannten Tonſetzerin vortragen.

Frau Beach begann ihre Laufbahn als Pianiſtin. Daß ſie als ſolche ſehr bedeutend war, kann daraus erſehen werden, daß ſie ſchon vor 11 Jahren als Soliſtin mit dem Londoner Symphonieorcheſter auftrat. Sie wuchs immer mehr, erzielte große Erfolge in Berlin, Wien, Hamburg und Leipzig und wandte ſich, da ſie den Kopf immer voll von Melodien hatte, ſchließlich ganz der Kompoſition zu. Ihre Interpretin iſt ein hoch hochangeſehenes Mitglied der Boſtoner Opernbühne.

Nach dem Konzert wird der konzertgebende Verein, Tuesday Muſicale, zu Ehren der Komponiſtin im großen Saale des Hotel Pontchartrai einen Empfang veranſtalten.

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Das ſechſte diesjährige Vormittagskonzert des Tuesday Muſicale wird nächſten Dienstag, 2. Februar, um 10.30 Uhr im Gebäude des Twentieth Century Club, Ecke Columbia- und Witherellſtraße, abgehalten werden:

Liederzyklus. Frauenliebe und Leben ....Schumann
1. Seit ich ihn geſehen
2. Er, der Herrlichſte von Allen
3. Ich kann's nicht faſſen
4. Du Ring an meinem Finger
5. Helft mir, ihr Schweſtern
6. Süßer Freund, du blickeſt
7. An meinem Herzen
8. Nun haſt du mir den erſten Schmerz getan

Frau Krolik

Romanze ....Rubinſtein
Schön Rosmarin ....Kreisler

Frl. Haggerty

Viſſi d'arte aus La Toſca ....Puccini
Un doux lien ....Delbruck
Ariette ....Vidal

Frau H. Cleland Alliſon

Novelette Op. 21 No. 1....Schumann
Romanze Op. 28 ....Schumann
Rhapſodie Op. 119 ....Brahms

Frau Gertrude Lloyd Clark

Am Klavier: Frau Heberlein, Frau Wieſt und Frau Bentley.

Den muſikaliſchen Teil des heutigen Nachmittag im Kunſtmuſeum werden zwei Sänger, die Herren Floyd A. Campbell und Wirt C. Rowland, beſtreiten. Die Klavierbegleitung, wird Fräulein Pearl Williams beſorgen.

An den muſikaliſchen Teil ſchließt ſich ein Vortrag des Profeſſors Roſſiter Howard an, der mit Erläuterungen durch Stereoptikonbilder über „Die Gemälde Rembrandts" ſprechen wird.

DETROIT NEWS TRIBUNE,

JANUARY 31,

Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert Sways Audience

The audience which assembled in the armory Saturday night to hear the Boston Symphony orchestra, swayed by the baton of Dr. Karl Muck, found itself in a mood of complete gratification over the selections of tried and true caliber. For sheer tonal wonders this orchestra is never surpassed and the audience voiced its approval with applause that should warm the heart of any director or the hearts of any orchestra.

The audience heard a wonderfully satisfying evening of classic music. The first numeer was the Symphony No. 4, C major (Ropartz), the first time the work has been presented in Detroit. Taken as a whole, as it was played without a pause, it is a heavy thing to concentrate on, but the assemblage seemed to be in a mood to desire the brilliant and technical number. The insistent and ever recurring theme bandied about by woods, winds and strings possesses a curiously phrased mysticism that is striking. The intonation in the andante pianissimo passages was well up to the Boston standard.

The variations on a theme of Josef Haydn, Op. 56A, (Brahms) introduced a number full of melody of the simpler sort and much Haydenesque, tho ecclesiastical color predominant. The theme was taken from an unpublished divertimenti for wind instruments and rewritten by Brahms for string and wind, as was played by Dr. Muck. The piece holds much of beauty in tone coloring. Schuman's Overture to "Genoveva," op. 81, opened the program and Weber's Overture to the opera, "Der Freischutz," was the concluding offering. The horns play a beautiful part song of churchly hearing in the opening bars, which soon gives way to vivace passages of brilliancy. The strings did excellent work in this number. The tonal qualities were of a warm and rich sonority.

Anton Witek concert master of the orchestra, played Max Bruch's Concerto for violin No. 1 in G minor, Op. 26, with full orchestra accompaniment. He received an ovation at the conclusion of the two movements. His upper tones rang with clarity and confidence, and the number was played with a dignity that was admirable.

DETROIT FREE PRESS:

JANUARY 31, 1915.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT PLEASES

So Many Features No Particular Number Can Be Praised Over Others.

HERR ANTON WITEK IS MASTERFUL VIOLINIST

Ropartz Symphony is Given to Most Eloquent and Absorbing Discourse.

So much excellence centered in the concert given in the armory Saturday evening by the Boston Symphony orchestra that it is not easy to pick and choose and say that this or that was the feature of peculiar interest.

The appearance of the band itself is always an event of especial moment in this city. The organization comes only annually, and Detroit generally is its extreme western point. So the concert-goers of this city are properly grateful for the favor granted them by the incomparable among orchestras.

Generally, too, the Boston orchestra has something intrinsically very much worth while to offer. Last evening it presented for its principal number the Fourth symphony in C major of Joseph Guy Marie Ropartz, and by way of solo attraction, the great Bruch G minor concerto for violin, the performing artist being

AND LEADER, SATURDAY,

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Geſtern abend war das Boſ Symphonieorcheſter unter der tung von Dr. Karl Muck beim troiter Orcheſterverein zu Gaſte u abſolvierte in der Light Guard W fenhalle das vierte Symphoniek zert der Saiſon. Geſpielt wurde Schumann, Ouverture zu Genofe Ropartz, 4. Symphonie, C-Dr Brahms. Variation über ein Ther von Haydn; Bruch, Violinkonzert N 1. G-Moll; Weber, Ouverture Freiſchütz.

Die Boſtoner ſpielen zu hören un Dr. Muck dirigieren zu ſehen iſt immer ein Genuß. Geſtern waren di Boſtoner ganz beſonders in Stimmung und ſpielten beſſer als je. Oder war es nur, daß ſie beſſer ſchienen, weil man ſie ſchon ſo lange nicht gehört hat? Was Dr. Muck's Stabführung betrifft, ſo könnten ſie alle von ihm lernen, die da meinen, der ganze Körper müßte mitarbeiten, wenn das Orcheſter dem Dirigenten folgen ſoll. Er dirigiert ſozuſagen nur mit einer Hand und mit den Augen. Der Stab, den er in der Hand hat, iſt nur die Verlängerung des Zeigefingers. Und mit dieſem Zeigefinger und den Augen hält er das ganze große Orcheſter mit der unbeſchränkten Gewalt des abſoluten Monarchen in ſeinem Bann.

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Wohl überflüſſig zu ſagen, daß die Boſtoner ein geſteckt volles Haus und rauſchenden Beifall fanden.

Eine der bedeutendſten unter den weiblichen Komponiſten, Frau H. H. A. Beach, wird am 5. Februar um 8.15 Uhr abend im Saale des Hotel Pontchartrain ein Konzert eigener Kompoſitionen veranſtalten. Frl. Myra Schalow, ein lyriſcher Sopran von anerkanntem Ruf, wird ausſchließlich Lieder der genannten Tonſetzerin vortragen.

Frau Beach begann ihre Laufbahn als Pianiſtin. Daß ſie als ſolche ſehr bedeutend war, kann daraus erſehen werden, daß ſie ſchon vor 14 Jahren als Soliſtin mit dem Londoner Symphonieorcheſter auftrat. Sie wuchs immer mehr, erzielte große Erfolge in Berlin, Wien, Hamburg und Leipzig und wandte ſich, da ſie den Kopf immer voll von Melodien hatte, ſchließlich ganz der Kompoſition zu. Ihre Interpretin iſt ein hoch hochangeſehenes Mitglied der Boſtoner Opernbühne.

Nach dem Konzert wird der konzertgebende Verein, Tuesday Muſicale, zu Ehren der Komponiſtin im großen Saale des Hotel Pontchartrai einen Empfang veranſtalten.

* * * *

Das ſechſte diesjährige Vormittagskonzert des Tuesday Muſicale wird nächſten Dienstag, 2. Februar, um 10.30 Uhr im Gebäude des Twentieth Century Club, Ecke Columbia- und Witherellſtraße, abgehalten werden:

Liederzyklus. Frauenliebe und Leben ....Schumann
1. Seit ich ihn geſehen
2. Er, der Herrlichſte von Allen
3. Ich kann's nicht faſſen
4. Du Ring an meinem Finger
5. Helft mir, ihr Schweſtern
6. Süßer Freund, du blickeſt
7. An meinem Herzen
8. Nun haſt du mir den erſten Schmerz getan

Frau Krolik

Romanze ....Rubinſtein
Schön Rosmarin ....Kreisler

Frl. Haggerty

Viſſi d'arte aus La Toſca ....Puccini
[illegible]dour lien ....Delbruck
[illegible] ....Vidal

[illegible]au H. Cleland Alliſon

[illegible] 21 No. 1....Schumann
[illegible] 28 ....Schumann
[illegible]p. 119 ....Brahms

Gertrude Lloyd Clark

Am Kla[illegible] Frau Heberlein, Frau Wieſt [illegible]d Frau Bentley.

Den mu[illegible]liſchen Teil des heutigen Nachm[illegible]g im Kunſtmuſeum werden zwei Sänger, die Herren Floyd A. Campbell und Wirt C. Rowland, beſtreiten. Die Klavierbegleitung, wird Fräulein Pearl Williams beſorgen.

An den muſikaliſchen Teil ſchließt ſich ein Vortrag des Profeſſors Roſſiter Howard an, der mit Erläuterungen durch Stereoptikonbilder über „Die Gemälde Rembrandts" ſprechen wird.

DETROIT NEWS TRIBUNE,

, JANUARY 31,

Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert Sways Audience

The audience which assembled in the armory Saturday night to hear the Boston Symphony orchestra, swayed by the baton of Dr. Karl Muck, found itself in a mood of complete gratification over the selections of tried and true caliber. For sheer tonal wonders this orchestra is never surpassed and the audience voiced its approval with applause that should warm the heart of any director or the hearts of any orchestra.

The audience heard a wonderfully satisfying evening of classic music. The [illegible] number was the Symphony No. 4, [illegible] major (Ropartz), the first time t[illegible] work has been presented in Det[illegible] Taken as a whole, as it was play[illegible]d without a pause, it is a heavy thing to concentrate on, but the assemblage seemed to be in a mood to desire the brilliant and technical number. The insistent and ever recurring theme bandied about by woods, winds and strings possesses a curiously phrased mysticism that is striking. The intonation in the andante pianissimo passages was well up to the Boston standard.

The variations on a theme of Josef Haydn, Op. 56A, (Brahms) introduced a number full of melody of the simpler sort and much Haydenesque, tho ecclesiastical color predominant. The theme was taken from an unpublished divertimenti for wind instruments and rewritten by Brahms for string and wind, as was played by Dr. Muck. The piece holds much of beauty in tone coloring. Schuman's Overture to "Genoveva," op. 81, opened the program and Weber's Overture to the opera, "Der Freischutz," was the concluding offering. The horns play a beautiful part song of churchly hearing in the opening bars, which soon gives way to vivace passages of brilliancy. The strings did excellent work in this number. The tonal qualities were of a warm and rich sonority.

Anton Witek concert master of the orchestra, played Max Bruch's Concerto for violin No. 1 in G minor, Op. 26, with full orchestra accompaniment. He received an ovation at the conclusion of the two movements. His upper tones rang with clarity and confidence, and the number was played with a dignity that was admirable.

DETROIT FREE PRESS:

JANUARY 31, 1915.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT PLEASES

So Many Features No Particular Number Can Be Praised Over Others.

HERR ANTON WITEK IS MASTERFUL VIOLINIST

Ropartz Symphony is Given to Most Eloquent and Absorbing Discourse.

So much excellence centered in the concert given in the armory Saturday evening by the Boston Symphony orchestra that it is not easy to pick and choose and say that this or that was the feature of peculiar interest.

The appearance of the band itself is always an event of especial moment in this city. The organization comes only annually, and Detroit generally is its extreme western point. So the concert-goers of this city are properly grateful for the favor granted them by the incomparable among orchestras.

Generally, too, the Boston orchestra has something intrinsically very much worth while to offer. Last evening it presented for its principal number the Fourth symphony in C major of Joseph Guy Marie Ropartz, and by way of solo attraction, the great Bruch G minor concerto for violin, the performing artist being

Witek, concert master of the band and a violinist of no mean standing among the great ones of the time. Besides this the orchestra played the overture to Schumann's "Genoveva," Brahm's melodious and sparkling variations on a Haydn theme, and finally the never old overture to Weber's "Der Freischutz." How Dr. Muck expanded the famous horn theme at the opening of this overture, expanded it until the familiar and venerable glories shone out in a wholly new luster. And what vitality, what directness and sincerity stood out from the whole length and breadth of the work. How true it rang, how its melodies and its portents caught the imagination even under the shadow of the complexities and emotions of the Ropartz symphony.

This Ropartz symphony is given to most eloquent and absorbing discourse. Philip Hale says it is cyclic. It might also be termed rhapsodic, if a rhapsody can have narrative. It runs through a full half hour of uninterrupted playing and in that time it presents a panorama of moods that carries one from the mountains to the seas, from the sublimity of the wide open spaces to the calm of the scheme pastoral, even to the humorous. There is no set program. The composer has not told the world his inner thought, but a program is unnecessary to the enlivened imagination. A program would turn poetry to prose. The atmospheres of the symphony are electrically charged. Its tonal colorings are varied, but not with rainbow hues, rather with the manifold graduations between the primaries. Now and anon it bursts out in shadings that are astonishing. All of which might be summed up in one sentence: The work is modern. It is modern not with the primitive passion of the Russian school, but with the intricate sophistication of the French school at its higher levels. Being this it is thoroughly acceptable to the modern musical palate.

Herr Witek has been heard here before. Last evening he possessed a vehicle worthy of his skill and he played the mighty concerto with authority, and happily to an irreproachable and inspired accompaniment from the band.

HE DETROIT TIMES,

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For the majority of music-lovers the climax of the local musical season was reached in the visit of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Saturday evening, when that incomparable organization gave its annual concert in the armory, under the auspices of the Detroit Orchestral association. Dr. Karl Muck, the director, had 100 players on the platform. The audience was the largest of the season—appreciative, enthusiastic, representative. The millionaire brushed coats with the workman who deprived himself of necessities, perhaps, to find the price of a standing room ticket that he might listen to the greatest symphonic body the world knows, not even excepting the wonderful orchestras of Europe.

The program presented the Symphony in C major by Joseph Guy Marie Ropartz, director of the Conservatoire in Nancy, France, and one of the most ultra-modern of the French school. The symphony was first performed in Paris, in 1911, from manuscript composed a year previous, and was introduced to America by Dr. Muck and the Boston orchestra. It is played continuously, requiring about 35 minutes to perform. The work is one of remarkable tonal magnitude and clever use of the instruments of the orchestra. The explanatory note on the program states that Ropartz is a pupil of Caesar Franck, and that the influence of this master is clearly shown in the symphony. It would seem also that Ropartz, thoroughly French as he is, was influenced also by Wagner and Strauss, for the work is remindful of these great German musical dramatists.

Schumann's overture to the opera "Genoveva," Weber's overture to the opera "Der Freischutz," and Brahms' Variations on a theme by Haydn, were the other offerings of the orchestra.

There never is any criticism to be made of the Boston orchestra, either in what it plays, or the manner in which it plays. Perfection has become synonymous for its name. There is only one symphonic body of its kind, with its exquisite, velvety tone, its wonderful precision, its magic grasp of every composition whose beauties it reveals to the hearers, its array of gifted, experienced players whose work is that of one man. The orchestra has seldom been heard to greater advantage in Detroit than on Saturday evening, although, perhaps on previous visits, it has offered programs that have found readier response from the audience.

Anton Witek, the concertmeister of the orchestra, repeated the success he achieved on a former appearance as solo artist. He played Bruch's concerto for violin in G minor, magnificently. Mr. Witek is a violinist whose name should stand high in the list of the masters of this instrument. His tone is virile, pure, warm, and lovely, and he produced effects of color that a painter with a palette and brush might have envied. The orchestral accompaniment rounded out a presentation that will remain long in grateful memory of all privileged to hear it.

ELLA MAE HAWTHORNE.

From NEWS
Address Providence, R. I.
Date FEB 3 1915

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Frieda Hempel, the brilliant soprano of the Metropolitan Opera company, was the soloist at the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra given last evening in Infantry hall, before the usual large audience.

The concert last evening was led by Assitant Conductor Schmidt, as Dr. Muck the conductor was unable to attend. This was the first time this season that the able leader of the symphony has been absent. His assistant, however, performed his duties in an efficient and accomplished manner.

Last night's program was for the most part of a classic nature, the selections covering a period of more than a century and a half, from Bach to Liszt.

Especially pleasing was Hayden's symphony "The Surprise," which while not heard in this city in many years, was nevertheless well received and thoroughly enjoyed by those who were privileged to hear it as given by the Boston orchestra last evening. The symphony offers a field for well developed ability and such was shown by the Boston musicians last evening.

The other numbers on the program were given with the same pleasing effect, the beautiful shepherd's music from Bach's Christmas Oratorio and Lists's "March of the Three Holy Kings" being appreciated about as much as any of the other numbers.

Frieda Hampel showed her ability as a soprano accustomed to carrying out the higher notes with sweetness of tone and expression, "Marten aller Arten" bringing forth many recalls. Such was also the case when she sang "Mireille."

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony will be given on March 2, at which time Anton Witek, the concert master of the symphony will be the soloist.

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date FEB 16 1915

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Heard in Its Fourth Concert for the Season at the Academy

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was heard in its fourth concert for the season at the Academy of Music last evening, when, under the direction of Dr Karl Muck, it presented a program which had Sibelius' symphony in E minor as its principal feature. Sibelius is better known to concert-goers by his "Swan of Tuonela" and his "Valse Tristo" than by his symphonies, which have not achieved any very great degree of popularity. Of the four which he has written the one that was played last night is unquestionably the most sympathetic and immediately effective. It is saturated no less than the other three with the national sentiment and its predominant tone is therefore sombre and sorrowful, but there is so much melodic beauty in the themes which it employs and they are developed with so much ability and power that no intelligent listener can fail to be interested and impressed.

It was wonderfully well done, with the utmost brilliancy and refinement of execution, with an admirable quality of tone and with an extraordinary poignancy of expression, and the audience showed by the heartiness of its applause how greatly it had been pleased. Other orchestral numbers on an especially attractive program were Brahms' amazingly skillful variations on a theme by Haydn and the "Carneval" overture of Dvorak. The assisting artists were Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack, whose very artistic performance of Bach's seldom heard double concerto for two violins and string orchestra was a pleasant and notable incident of the occasion. The fifth and last of these concerts will take place on Monday evening, March 15. The series has been most successful and last night's audience once more filled the house.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address Philadelphia
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT THE ACADEMY

Bach Concerto for Two Violins Played by Witek and Noack.

PROGRAM

Sibelius..........First Symphony, E Minor
Bach.......Concerto, D Minor, for two violins and string orchestra
Brahms..........Variations on a Haydn Theme
Dvorak....................."Carnival" overture

From the fourth of the five local opportunities accorded this season to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the audience that filled the Academy to its capacity last evening carried away the renewed impression of the singular richness and purity of the unified tonal volume of the strings, and the undemonstrative yet demonstrated genius of Doctor Muck's leadership.

The weather was far from propitious for the revelation of the qualities that were made manifest in brilliant defiance of the atmospheric conditions. A constraining lyric impetus was felt throughout the temperamental work of Sibelius, with its vitalizing pulse-beat of patriotic

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The violins sang with one golden voice through the first movement; the interwoven flute notes of the Andante, the sublime clod-hopping of the kettle drums in the ponderous dancing rhythm of the Allegro, the gradual upbuilding of the crescendo to a towering climax in the fugato passage of the finale, and the skilful obligato of the harp in many episodes were details inseparable in the hearing from the firm, coherent texture of a stirring interpretation. The work of the clarinet throughout the evening was distinguished, and especially in the symphony its rich tone-color told for its full and plaintive value. The work was played January 6 and 7, 1911, by our own Orchestra, when it made a deep impression.

With the retirement of the brasses from the scene, the strings outdid themselves in the Concerto, and the delicious dialogue of the violins of Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack, associates at the first desk of the violins, was so exquisite an alternation that it was hard to tell when the leadership shifted from one to the other. Mr. Witek's tone at the very first was a trifle forced and rasping. In the Largo the commingled sound of the two instruments was almost the last word of beautiful refinement and sonority.

A satisfying aspect of the concert was that the orchestra itself was the virtuoso, and the absence of a "soloist" was welcome rather than regrettable, by way of variety.

The Brahms Variations, not unfamiliar to our audiences, proved again their inspired and melodious comprehension of the spirit of their text, hand in hand with a sheer delight in the exuberance of polyphonic invention on Brahms' own part. The Dvorak "Carnival" made a rousing ultimatum, in which the clear precision of accent on the part of the first violins was particularly noteworthy in an ensemble of inspiriting animation.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date 16 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Sibelius, Bach and Brahms Figure on Fourth Program.

A program of decided interest though of somewhat unusual quality was that chosen by Dr. Karl Muck for the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy last night. There was no doubt about the excellence of the numbers presented; nor was there any questioning of the capable manner in which they were interpreted by Doctor Muck's musicians, though perhaps a more distinctive and less familiar selection than Dvorak's "Carnival" overture as the final piece might have been found without great difficulty.

Jan Sibelius' Symphony No. 1 in E minor gained hearty recognition, the orchestra handling the startling effects in which the Finnish composer's intricate work abounds, with exceeding grace, developing to the full its striking modulations and often prankish fancies.

From the outset the consummate finish and balance of the ensemble were apparent as was the artistry with which Doctor Muck displayed the remarkable tonal qualities of his band.

Mr. Witek, concert-master, and Mr. Noack, assistant concert-master, exhibited what approached perfection in the rendition of Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins and orchestra. The work of the principals in the intricate passages of Father Bach was well co-ordinated and charmingly displayed upon the sonorous background of string obligato furnished by the conservative and restrained co-operation of violins, violas, 'cellos and basses.

Delicacy and elegance marked the playing of Brahms' "Variations on a Haydn Theme," a composition that puts a conductor on his mettle to weave comprehensively the ingenious ramifications of the complex, though agile, elaborations of the musical text.

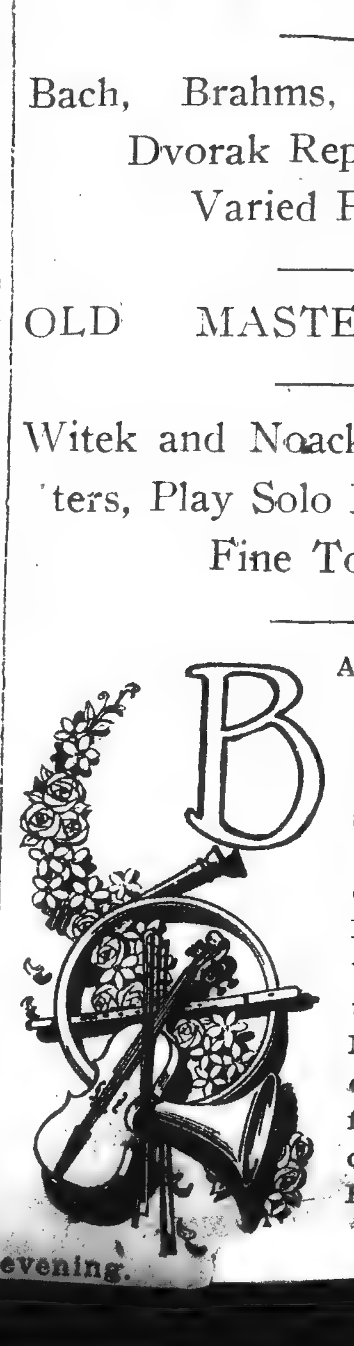
From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date FEB 16 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN FINE MIXED CONCERT

Bach, Brahms, Sibelius and Dvorak Represented in Varied Program

OLD MASTERS APPEAL

Witek and Noack, Concert Masters, Play Solo Passages With Fine Tonality



BACH and Brahms in somewhat fantastic vein, with Jan Sibelius' stormy, wailing E minor symphony and Dvorak's Bohemian "Carneval" overture—this was Doctor Muck's musical offering at the fourth academy concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening.

The Finnish composer's work was placed first on the program—for the excellent reason that its thunderous crashes would have quite obliterated all gracious memory of the Bach concerto for two violins and string orchestra, as well as of Brahm's ingenious and highly enjoyable variations on a Haydn theme—a chorale, or song without words, originally written for woodwind and horns.

This latter number afforded ample scope for the peculiar orchestral virtuosity of Doctor Muck's band of musicians—the exigent Brahms, who wrote into it about all the technical difficulties imaginable, could scarcely have conceived a more perfect rendering of his complex score.

The Bach music was the real "piece de resistance" of the evening—the inexhaustible melodic invention of the old master still appeals to jaded ears as something wonderful and rare, even amid the torrential pyrotechnics of modern musical reo-impressionists.

The orchestra's duo of concert masters, Messrs. Witek and Noack, played Bach's solo passages with fine tonality and unobtrusive proficiency. Herr Noack has a violin of rare concert quality—it boomed through the house like a big Strad.

There was a crowded house, despite inclement weather, and applause after the fantastic close of the symphony and after the lovely slow movement of the Bach concerto was unusually vociferous and prolonged.

HIGH SCHOOL PREPARES

From EVENING SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date FEB 13 1915

Why Baltimore Does Not Support The Philharmonic.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN:

Sir—I read with much interest in THE EVENING SUN of Wednesday the answer of Harold Randolph, director of the Peabody Conservatory, to the criticism of the city's musical taste by Josef Stransky, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Mr. Stransky had complained especially of the small audience of Monday night.

Mr. Stransky forgot, or possibly was woefully ignorant, that there were two large theatre parties, each followed by a supper, that same night. He certainly could not expect such a small affair as a Philharmonic concert, with only Gabrilowitsch as soloist, playing the simple little concerto in E minor by Chopin, to interfere with such delectable entertainments. He may ask "Why give theatre parties on the night of the concert? They would not be given on a Boston Symphony night." Certainly not; but remember that the Boston Symphony is the fad and the New York Philharmonic is not.

You need not tell us that as a rule the programs of Mr. Stransky are far more attractive than those of Mr. Muck; that does not count against a fashion. Let the Philharmonic give a concert for the benefit of the Belgians, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or any other such charity if it wants a crowd. Or since the concert is over by 10.30 o'clock, why not have dancing afterward? There really should be something more to attract the public than a program such as we had last Monday night, played by such an orchestra in such a manner.

MRS. O. N. B.

Baltimore, Feb. 12.

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date FEB 16 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Sibelius Work as a Feature of Concert Program

With the Sibelius Symphony in E minor as the most important offering on the program, the Boston Orchestra aroused the large audience in the Academy of Music last night to a keen appreciation of the fine intellect possessed by the man who led this monumental symphony in so clear and finished a style that it appealed to all. The Sibelius work has been heard here before, but never in such a manner as it was given last night. Dr. Muck has the rare faculty of making every page of so involved a work seem simple and easy of comprehension. Passages that seemed confused and muddled stood forth as clear and fine as music much simpler in form and construction would appear. It is a glorious work that was beautifully played and wonderfully interpreted.

The double concerto in D Minor of Bach, played by Witek and Noack had a potent charm for those who revel in the classic form, and displayed the admirable style possessed by both artists. The accompaniment by the strings of the orchestra gave just the proper degree of support, and was an enjoyable feature. The Brahms' variations on the Haydn Theme, commonly known as the "Chorale St. Antoni," although the theme is evidently of German folk-song origin, were interestingly played, but were as tiresome, as variations usually are. The brilliant, but at no time noisy, "Carnival" Overture of Dvorak, completed the program.

[illegible] Witek, concert master of the band and a violinist of no mean standing among the great ones of the time. Besides this the orchestra played the overture to Schumann's "Genoveva," Brahm's melodious and sparkling variations on a Haydn theme, and finally the never old overture to Weber's "Der Freischutz." How Dr. Muck expanded the famous horn theme at the opening of this overture, expanded it until the familiar and venerable glories shone out in a wholly new luster. And what vitality, what directness and sincerity stood out from the whole length and breadth of the work. How true it rang, how its melodies and its portents caught the imagination even under the shadow of the complexities and emotions of the Ropartz symphony.

This Ropartz symphony is given to most eloquent and absorbing discourse. Philip Hale says it is cyclic. It might also be termed rhapsodic, if a rhapsody can have narrative. It runs through a full half hour of uninterrupted playing and in that time it presents a panorama of moods that carries one from the mountains to the seas, from the sublimity of the wide open spaces to the calm of the scheme pastoral, even to the humorous. There is no set program. The composer has not told the world his inner thought, but a program is unnecessary to the enlivened imagination. A program would turn poetry to prose. The atmospheres of the symphony are electrically charged. Its tonal colorings are varied, but not with rainbow hues, rather with the manifold graduations between the primaries Now and anon it bursts out in shadings that are astonishing. All of which might be summed up in one sentence: The work is modern. It is modern not with the primitive passion of the Russian school, but with the intricate sophistication of the French school at its higher levels. Being this it is thoroughly acceptable to the modern musical palate.

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Schumann's overture to the opera "Genoveva," Weber's overture to the opera "Der Freischutz," and Brahms' Variations on a theme by Haydn, were the other offerings of the orchestra.

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Especially pleasing was Hayden's symphony "The Surprise," which while not heard in this city in many years, was nevertheless well received and thoroughly enjoyed by those who were privileged to hear it as given by the Boston orchestra last evening. The symphony offers a field for well developed ability and such was shown by the Boston musicians last evening.

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From PUBLIC LEDGER

Address Philadelphia

Date

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Bach Concerto for Two Violins Played by Witek and Noack.

PROGRAM

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Bach.......Concerto, D Minor, for two violins and string orchestra.
Brahms.........Variations on a Haydn Theme
Dvorak..........................."Carnival" overture

From the fourth of the five local opportunities accorded this season to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the audience that filled the Academy to its capacity last evening carried away the renewed impression of the singular richness and purity of the unified tonal volume of the strings, and the undemonstrative yet demonstrated genius of Doctor Muck's leadership.

The weather was far from propitious for the revelation of the qualities that were made manifest in brilliant defiance of the atmospheric conditions. A constraining lyric impetus was felt throughout the temperamental work of Sibelius, with its vitalizing pulse-beat of patriotic feeling.

The violins sang with one golden voice through the first movement; the interwoven flute notes of the Andante, the sublime clod-hopping of the kettle drums in the ponderous dancing rhythm of the Allegro, the gradual upbuilding of the crescendo to a towering climax in the fugato passage of the finals, and the skilful obligato of the harp in many episodes were details inseparable in the hearing from the firm, coherent texture of a stirring interpretation. The work of the clarinet throughout the evening was distinguished, and especially in the symphony its rich tone-color told for its full and plaintive value. The work was played January 6 and 7, 1911, by our own Orchestra, when it made a deep impression.

With the retirement of the brasses from the scene, the strings outdid themselves in the Concerto, and the delicious dialogue of the violins of Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack, associates at the first desk of the violins, was so exquisite an alternation that it was hard to tell when the leadership shifted from one to the other. Mr. Witek's tone at the very first was a trifle forced and rasping. In the Largo the commingled sound of the two instruments was almost the last word of beautiful refinement and sonority.

A satisfying aspect of the concert was that the orchestra itself was the virtuoso, and the absence of a "soloist" was welcome rather than regrettable, by way of variety.

The Brahms Variations, not unfamiliar to our audiences, proved again their inspired and melodious comprehension of the spirit of their text, hand in hand with a sheer delight in the exuberance of polyphonic invention on Brahms' own part. The Dvorak "Carnival" made a rousing ultimatum, in which the clear precision of accent on the part of the first violins was particularly noteworthy in an ensemble of inspiriting animation.

From EVENING TELEGRAM

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date 6 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Sibelius, Bach and Brahms Figure on Fourth Program.

A program of decided interest though of somewhat unusual quality was that chosen by Dr. Karl Muck for the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy last night. There was no doubt about the excellence of the numbers presented; nor was there any questioning of the capable manner in which they were interpreted by Doctor Muck's musicians, though perhaps a more distinctive and less familiar selection than Dvorak's "Carnival" overture as the final piece might have been found without great difficulty.

Jan Sibelius' Symphony No. 1 in E minor gained hearty recognition, the orchestra handling the startling effects in which the Finnish composer's intricate work abounds, with exceeding grace, developing to the full its striking modulations and often prankish fancies.

From the outset the consummate finish and balance of the ensemble were apparent as was the artistry with which Doctor Muck displayed the remarkable tonal qualities of his band.

Mr. Witek, concert-master, and Mr. Noack, assistant concert-master, exhibited what approached perfection in the rendition of Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins and orchestra. The work of the principals in the intricate passages of Father Bach was well co-ordinated and charmingly displayed upon the sonorous background of string obligato furnished by the conservative and restrained co-operation of violins, violas, 'cellos and basses.

Delicacy and elegance marked the playing of Brahms' "Variations on a Haydn Theme," a composition that puts a conductor on his mettle to weave comprehensively the ingenious ramifications of the complex, though agile, elaborations of the musical text.

From NORTH AMERICAN

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

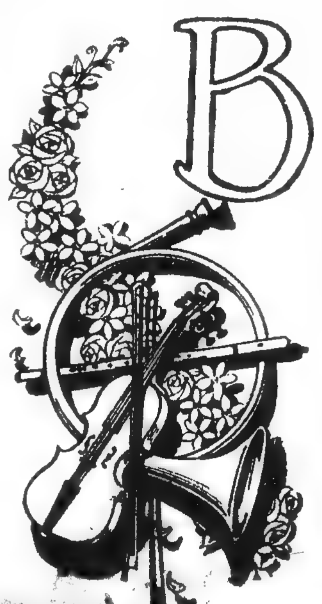
Date FEB 16 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN FINE MIXED CONCERT

Bach, Brahms, Sibelius and Dvorak Represented in Varied Program

OLD MASTERS APPEAL

Witek and Noack, Concert Masters, Play Solo Passages With Fine Tonality



BACH and Brahms in somewhat fantastic vein, with Jan Sibelius' stormy, wailing E minor symphony and Dvorak's Bohemian "Carneval" overture—this was Doctor Muck's musical offering at the fourth academy concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening.

The Finnish composer's work was placed first on the program—for the excellent reason that its thunderous crashes would have quite obliterated all gracious memory of the Bach concerto for two violins and string orchestra, as well as of Brahm's ingenious and highly enjoyable variations on a Haydn theme—a chorale, or song without words, originally written for woodwind and horns.

This latter number afforded ample scope for the peculiar orchestral virtuosity of Doctor Muck's band of musicians—the exigent Brahms, who wrote into it about all the technical difficulties imaginable, could scarcely have conceived a more perfect rendering of his complex score.

The Bach music was the real "piece de resistance" of the evening—the inexhaustible melodic invention of the old master still appeals to jaded ears as something wonderful and rare, even amid the torrential pyrotechnics of modern musical reo-impressionists.

The orchestra's duo of concert masters, Messrs. Witek and Noack, played Bach's solo passages with fine tonality and unobtrusive proficiency. Herr Noack has a violin of rare concert quality—it boomed through the house like a big Strad.

There was a crowded house, despite inclement weather, and applause after the fantastic close of the symphony and after the lovely slow movement of the Bach concerto was unusually vociferous and prolonged.

HIGH SCHOOL PREPARES

From EVENING SUN

Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date FEB 13 15

Why Baltimore Does Not Support The Philharmonic.

To THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN:

Sir—I read with much interest in THE EVENING SUN of Wednesday the answer of Harold Randolph, director of the Peabody Conservatory, to the criticism of the city's musical taste by Josef Stransky, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Mr. Stransky had complained especially of the small audience of Monday night.

Mr. Stransky forgot, or possibly was woefully ignorant, that there were two large theatre parties, each followed by a supper, that same night. He certainly could not expect such a small affair as a Philharmonic concert, with only Gabrilowitsch as soloist, playing the simple little concerto in E minor by Chopin, to interfere with such delectable entertainments. He may ask "Why give theatre parties on the night of the concert? They would not be given on a Boston Symphony night." Certainly not; but remember that the Boston Symphony is the fad and the New York Philharmonic is not.

You need not tell us that as a rule the programs of Mr. Stransky are far more attractive than those of Mr. Muck; that does not count against a fashion. Let the Philharmonic give a concert for the benefit of the Belgians, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or any other such charity if it wants a crowd. Or since the concert is over by 10.30 o'clock, why not have dancing afterward? There really should be something more to attract the public than a program such as we had last Monday night, played by such an orchestra in such a manner.

MRS. O. N. B.

Baltimore, Feb. 12.

From RECORD

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date FEB 16 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Sibelius Work as a Feature of Concert Program.

With the Sibelius Symphony in E minor as the most important offering on the program, the Boston Orchestra aroused the large audience in the Academy of Music last night to a keen appreciation of the fine intellect possessed by the man who led this monumental symphony in so clear and finished a style that it appealed to all. The Sibelius work has been heard here before, but never in such a manner as it was given last night. Dr. Muck has the rare faculty of making every page of so involved a work seem simple and easy of comprehension. Passages that seemed confused and muddled stood forth as clear and fine as music much simpler in form and construction would appear. It is a glorious work that was beautifully played and wonderfully intepreted.

The double concerto in D Minor of Bach, played by Witek and Noack had a potent charm for those who revel in the classic form, and displayed the admirable style possessed by both artists. The accompaniment by the strings of the orchestra gave just the proper degree of support, and was an enjoyable feature. The Brahms' variations on the Haydn Theme, commonly known as the "Chorale St. Antoni," although the theme is evidently of German folk-song origin, were interestingly played, but were as tiresome, as variations usually are. The brilliant, but at no time noisy, "Carnival" Overture of Dvorak, completed the program.

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From HERALD

Address: Washington, D. C.

Date FEB

MOZART AND STRAUSS WORK CONTRASTED

Boston Symphony Orchestra Presents Compositions of Two in Program at National Theater.

Estal 184

The Boston Symphony Orchestra program at the New National Theater yesterday afternoon contained two works of the type that come under the broad general description of formal. These were the "Jupiter" Symphony of Mozart and Bach's Suite in B minor for flute and strings. The strict contrapuntal lines of the suite lends an austerity of character in contrast with the genial Mozart Symphony. The close-knit strength of the Bach also is in contrast with the lightness and grace of the Mozart melodies. The Badinerie of this suite is one of those bits that leap over succeeding generations and vie with modern music for freshness and moderness.

Dr. Muck's pre-eminence in Germany as a reader of Mozart is well known, and concert-goers yesterday were prepared to hear of outline, shading, phrasing, and perspective that could not be bettered in imagination, and the highest expectation was fully realized.

The last half of the program was made up of Richard Strauss' "Don Juan" and Dvorak's "Carnival." One kind of musical beauty in this program was set over against another; the grace and symmetry of Mozart against the vitality of sharp contracts and the pungent vigor of a prevalence of dissonances in the Strauss work. A taste for Strauss, acquired or otherwise, means that your intelligence is up with the times; that you are capable of seeing a rapid succession of picturesque musical situations. Those who profess not to care for Mozart say he is too highly polished, that he has sacrificed depth to formal refinement. The Mozartean, on the other hand is entitled to feel exclusive, as guardian and encourager of the sublime, the lovely, the exquisite. The "Carnival" of Dvorak was a fine closing number, full of fire and vigor.

G. S. W.

From POST

Address: Washington, D. C.

Date FEB

DR. MUCK IN FINE FORM.

Reveals Many Sidedness in Excellent Symphony Orchestra Program.

Establish

Dr. Muck was heard in the all-orchestral concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the New National Theater yesterday afternoon in a program that revealed not only his masterly work as a conductor, but a greater temperamental breadth than any one of his programs have given us before this season. He was supreme as the classicist in Mozart and Bach, and again in the Strauss and Dvorak numbers he was the dramatist and spiritedly forceful. Mr. Andre Maquarre, the first flute player of the orchestra, as soloist, played not only with exceptional beauty, but also with a gratifying understanding of ensemble that further showed his artistry.

The Mozart "Jupiter" symphony, C major, is full of beautiful melody and rhythm that was given with truly exquisite flow and fineness. There were many moments of sheer perfection in it, the crescendo in the andante and its finale, the rare playing and intonation of the minuetto, and the wind trio, and again the beauty of the figures in the fugue, in which Dr. Muck was supreme master.

The Bach B minor suite, No. 2, for flute and strings, with its seven gems in its seven sections, was a progressive climax for the solo instrument, which Mr. Maquarre handled with warmth of tone and a mellow beauty in all his themes, vitalizing the "Sarabande" with romantic feeling in its sadness; working up through true beauty in the "Polonaise;" embellishing the "Minuet;" until in the "Badinerie" he gave free virtuosity. This suite shows the greatness of Bach; its orchestral richness of voices, with the vitality and sweep of full orchestra, however, are from the Hans von Bulow arrangement, and Dr. Muck painted them in warm colors and great variety.

It was a model program, for the intermission separated the classics from the dramatic story of "Don Juan" told in all the fullness of the modern orchestra of Richard Strauss, with sweeping beauty and exalted soaring of the strings with the harp, vigor and sentiment being contrasted, though sometimes a sentiment that is sentimental, with a few Strauss eccentricities. The hushed finale was set apart with rare skill, feeling, and color.

In the brilliant, episodic "Carnival" overture of Dvorak, one was tempted to say "Those gypsies!" It was an inspiriting and delightful close to a broad and masterly concert.

J. MacB.

From AMERICAN

Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date FEB

DISCUSSES PROGRAM.

Director Harold Randolph made the coming Boston Symphony Orchestra program the subject of his lecture yesterday afternoon, laying special stress on the Brahms Symphony, which is the concert's principal feature. With the assistance of Messrs. Van Hulsteyn and Kahn he illustrated the Bach Concerto for two violins and orchestra.

Est 1884

The twentieth Peabody concert was given yesterday afternoon by pupils of Hulsteyn, Bochau and

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From TIMES

Address: Washington, D. C.

Date FE

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at the National Theater yesterday afternoon as usual attracted a large and distinguished audience. Among the guests of the German ambassador, who occupied a box, were the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and Madame Dumba, Madame Hauge, and Prince and Princess von Hatzfeldt.

Est 1884

Mrs. Marshall Field had a box and with her were Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. McCormick.

Mrs. Calderon Carlisle had with her Miss McMullen, Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Walter Andrews, and Mrs. Carlisle.

Mrs. William Crozier entertained at a box party. Mrs. Preston Gibson had in her box Mrs. Norman Williams, Mrs. Henry May, Mrs. Pitney, Miss Patten, and Mrs. Raymond Rodgers.

Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Mann had a box and with them were Dr. Anderson, of China; Mrs. Claude Swanson, and the Rev. Dr. Wallace Radcliffe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lisner had in their box Mrs. La Salle Pickett, Mrs. Ross Barnard, Mrs. Fred Stegmeyer, and Miss Hoffmann.

Mrs. De Loss Blodgett was in a box and with her was Mrs. Matthew T. Scott. Others in the audience were the Italian Ambassador and Countess Cellere, the Swiss Minister and Mme. Ritter, the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Houston, Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, Mrs. David Jayne Hill, Mrs. Albert L. Mills, Mrs. Kauffmann, Mrs. Joseph Sanger, Gen. and Mrs. Robert Shaw Oliver, Mrs. Frank Noyes, Miss Frances Noyes, Newbold Noyes, Mrs. Richardson Clover, the Misses Clover, Mrs. S. B. Williamson, Mrs. George Howard, Miss Margaret Perin, Viscountess de Sibour, Mrs. Clarence Moore, Miss Frances Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hague, Lady Spring-Rice, Mrs. E. E. Rapley, Mrs. McKinney, the Swedish Minister and Mme. Ekengren, Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson, Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, Mrs. Thomas Macdonald, Mrs. Amy Talbot, Mrs. Charles Wilson, Mrs. Hennen Jennings, Mrs. Chauncey Hackett, the Rev. F. Ward Denys, and the Misses Denys, Miss Elizabeth Hickey, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sothern, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, Mrs. Henry Sharpe, Mrs. Dodge, Samuel Pilson, Capt. and Mrs. John Gibbons, and Mrs. Ely.

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From PRESS

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date FEB 1 6 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYS SIBELIUS

The Finnish Composer's First Big Work Received with Enthusiasm.

Est 1884

PROGRAM.

Sibelius..Symphony No. 1, in E minor, Op. 39.
Bach..Concerto in D minor, for two violins and orchestra of strings.
Brahms..Variations on a theme of Josef Haydn, Op. 56a.
Dvorak....Overture, "Carnival," Op. 92
Conductor ....**Dr. Karl Muck**
Witek and Noack Play Concert.

The Boston Symphony gave the fourth concert of their present season at the Academy of Music last evening. There being no soloist, the audience was not as large as usual, but to those present this made no difference whatever, for instead Dr. Muck had arranged a most delightful program and utilized the two best violinists of the orchestra, Messrs. Witek and Noack, to play a concerto for two violins, assisted by an orchestra of strings. This was the second number on the program and was somewhat of a novelty. The concerto was written by Bach. It is not a very inspiring composition, in spite of the fact that the three movements were played with absolute command and finish, and it was listened to with marked attention and there was an enthusiasm at its finish which bespoke a full appreciation.

The program, as a whole, was presented without a flaw and in all four numbers there were opportunities in which most every choir of the large body was brought into prominence, even to a fine exhibition of the trumpets in the Brahms movement and considerable fine work for the harpist in the symphony.

Sibelius' Work Coherent.

The Sibelius Symphony No. 1 is modern and is quite familiar to recent concertgoers. It has won a firm place among the great works, for it combines all the elements that have rapidly brought the Finnish composer to the front rank. Sibelius is never misunderstood or incomprehensible. Every bar of this big work is closely connected with what precedes and what follows, in spite of the fact that in the four movements a great variety is presented. The third, the allegro movement, is short but most dainty and captivating through its fantastical themes. The big feature is the finale, although both movements, while distinctly different from the first part of the work, nevertheless shows a carefully woven idea that makes the entire composition coherent.

Orchestra Responds Nobly.

Dr. Muck's reading of the symphony had individuality about it, but most striking was the perfect response of the entire body to the dictates of baton that held absolute command. There was a dash and brilliancy even in the andante movements, which Dr. Muck never allowed to drag, as is not infrequently apparent in the slow deliberation with which some conductors feel disposed to treat these movements. The Brahms Variations is a fine and masterly effort, but Bach and Brahms present too little variety in the compositions given to please the average patrons, but the Dvorak Overture "Carnival," which closed the concert, was happily chosen to dispel any feeling of monotony which may have been created, and the spirited reading given this delightful overture was a happy ending of a concert that was deeply musical, even if not at all times sufficiently varied.

The fifth and last concert of the Boston Symphony's present season will take place on Monday evening, [illegible]ch 15.

From POST

Address: Washington, D. C.

Date FEB

A smart audience as usual filled the National Theater yesterday afternoon for the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert. The German Ambassador occupied a box and among his guests were the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and Mme. Dumba, Mme. Hauge and Prince and Princess von Hatzfeldt.

Es 884

Mrs. Marshall Field had a box and with her were Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. McCormick.

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From RECORD

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date FEB 1 4 1915

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Sibelius, Bach, Brahms and Dvorak are the four composers represented on the program which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play at its fourth Philadelphia concert in the Academy of Music, tomorrow evening. The first place on the program will be given to the great Finnish composer, whose first symphony, in E minor, will be played. Of the four symphonies that he has given to the world, the first seems to

rk, 1884

ANTON WITEK.

sound the highest note, melodically and emotionally. The second is rather more finished in workmanship, but lacks much of the strength of its predecessor. The third, from all accounts, is a failure. It was played at one of the English festivals a few years ago, and has not been heard of since. The fourth is an extraordinary effort which seems to show that Sibelius is seeking a new mode of expression, and by the same token shows that he has not yet found it. The first symphony which will be played here is ragged and wild, much after the fashion of some of his earlier tone-poems. By many it is regarded as the finest modern work in symphonic form.

Bach's Double Concerto for two violin and string orchestra, which will open the second part of the program, will enlist the services of solo violinists of Anton Witek, concert-master of the orchestra, and Sylvain Noack, second concert-master. Both of them are artists well skilled in the best traditions of Bach playing. Witek has appeared in the past in Philadelphia, as soloist with the orchestra.

The other two selections will be Brahms' Variations on a Theme by Josef Haydn (Chorale St. Antoni). No composer is more skilled in this form of composition and this set of variations shows Brahms at his best. The final offering will be the joful overture, "Carnival," of the Bohemian, Antonin Dvorak.

* * *

From EVENING TELEGRAM

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date FEB 2

MR. KREISLER'S RECITAL

Distinguished Austrian Violinist Attracts Crowded House.

Establis

If there be anything in the enlivening influence upon an artist of an audience appreciative and responsive, Fritz Kreisler, the distinguished Austrian violinist, who made his fifth appearance of the local season at the Academy yesterday afternoon, must surely have felt it. Certain it is that he played admirably, and not even his early season appearance with the Boston Orchestra, when he fairly accomplished the feat of taking first honors from Dr. Muck's band of virtuosi, did he display firmer command of his instrument or warmer or more sympathetic interpretation.

So numerous was the audience that several hundred could only find accomodation on the stage, and so enthusiastic that Mr. Kreisler was obliged to repeat several numbers and also to give encores. Yet, granting the stimulus of such an audience on the artist, the effect of Mr. Kreisler's art upon his hearers was equally decided.

His program was what a year ago would have seemed a typical choice for him to make: That Vivaldi concerto, which he has in a sense made his own: the Pugnani Prelude and Allegro, six short pieces, including a Bach Prelude and a Gavotte; Couperine's plaintive "Chanson Louis XIII" and its sequent, daintily mischievous "Pavanne" (the latter was demanded and played twice), Mr. Kreisler's own Introduction and Scherzo, two Slavonic dances of Dvorak in Mr. Kreisler's arrangement and, as a finale, his own "Tamoubourin Chinois." Such was his choice, and he played it as its generally delicate structure demanded, lightly, gladsomely and appealingly. His earlier appearances have been given over to music of more serious cast. It was said that the war from which he had so recently returned had so depressed him that lighter music had become repugnant. However that may be, his mood of yesterday, at least as he showed it to his audience, was without trace of despondency, and he communicated the sprightliness of the music to his hearers in no uncertain way. With the exception of the Dvorak Slavonic dance in G major, there was no number of the list without its playful, individual appeal.

From TRIBUNE

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date FEB 1915

The feature of the fifth Boston Symphony Concert in Providence which will be given in Infantry Hall, Tuesday evening, March 2, will be the first appearance as soloists in Providence of Anton Witek, the eminent violinist, who is concert master of the orchestra. Mr. Witek is one of the world's greatest violinists and his appearances as soloist with the orchestra in Boston are always among the most notable events of the season. It is a rather curious fact that he has not appeared as soloist in Providence, but it has been due to a series of circumstances over which the management had no control.

Est

The programme comprises the First Symphony of the Finnish composer, Sibelius, Bruch's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in G-minor, No. 1, Wagner's "A Siegfried Idyl" and Dvorak's "Carnaval" Overture.

From SUN
Address: New York City
FEB 21 1
Date

York, 18

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

A Programme of Good Music Played Admirably.

The fourth matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The seats and boxes were all occupied and the standing room was not left empty. The programme was one of no special importance. In fact, it was so unimportant as to suggest most pertinently the question why it was so. A Boston Symphony matinee audience is capable of absorbing matters of larger significance than some of those offered yesterday by Dr. Muck.

The first number was the E minor symphony, No. 1, of Sibelius. The other contributions were Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture (which had been played at the Metropolitan Opera House the previous evening), Haydn's G major ("Surprise") symphony, and Weber's "Der Freischutz" overture. It is hardly necessary to attempt any comment on a Boston orchestra performance of such a list. It was an afternoon of good music

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From ~~DAILY PEOPLE~~ SUN
Address: New York City
FEB 19 1915
Date

Es 1884

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN BRAHMS MUSIC

First Symphony Played With Much Dignity and Tonal Beauty.

BACH CONCERTO ENJOYED

The February visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be remembered for the sake of last evening's concert at Carnegie Hall, even if tomorrow's matinee should prove to be much less interesting. The programme consisted of Brahms's C minor symphony, Beethoven's "Corrolan" overture, Bach's concerto for two violins and orchestra of strings, and Beethoven's "Leonore," No. 3, overture. The first and second concert masters, Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack, played the solo parts in the Bach number.

A concert such as this raises many questions, which, for the sake of peace, must be left unanswered. A long discussion of readings of the first symphony of Brahms, which has been read variously and amazingly in this patient town, might possibly interest a few, anger many, and do no jot of good to any. Yet something must be said here to commemorate a performance so filled with the spirit of the composer and so glowing with the life blood of pure musical beauty that it must have left every hearer of sensibility with nerves tingling and heart throbbing.

Dr. Muck accomplished his ends by the use of means simple in themselves, yet apparently beyond the reach of too many conductors. Avoiding the rash impetuosity of those who suppose temperament to be a raging and devouring thing, he took his tempi at a deliberate yet not loitering pace, and was thus able to make the developments of his light and shade with clarity and on such large lines that no ear could lose their effect.

Thus, too, he freed the long flowing phrases of the music, especially in the last movement, from that angularity which haste invariably imparts to them. And how pure and rare was the whole tonal atmosphere, rich in manifold delicate tints, glorified by flashes of splendid light, and finding its moments of repose in finely measured pianissimi which always sang.

Perfection of balance, exquisite finesse in the diminuendi and crescendi, military precision in attack and an indescribable elastic accuracy of unanimity in the progress of each phrase were the technical means which Dr. Muck applied to an unerring pursuit of the melos through every voice part and through every combination of instruments. That the reading possessed in an uncommon degree the lofty style of Brahms and that it published convincingly and eloquently the poetic moods of this extraordinary work of genius must have been clear to every hearer. The slow movement, which is excelled by perhaps only one other slow movement in all music, namely, that of Beethoven's ninth symphony, was sung with matchless eloquence.

The Bach double concerto has not been heard here since it was played at a Kneisel Quartet concert in Mendelssohn Hall by Messrs. Kneisel and Roentgen on February 23, 1909. The composition (in the opinion of at least one hearer) loses much by being played in so large an auditorium as that of Carnegie Hall.

It was not conceived as music for 3,000 hearers, but for intimate acquaintance of a few. For this reason the work is heard to better advantage when played as Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Roentgen played it; but it should not be inferred that last evening's performance was wanting in solid merit.

Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack are good violinists and they love Bach. Possibly a more marked contrast in the quality of tone of the two players would have made the performance more piquant in certain places, but its general spirit was sound and it gave pleas-

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From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
FEB 18 1915
Date

Es 1884

CRITIC PLEADS FOR LESS DUPLICATION

Sameness of Boston Orchestra Programs Here Matter for Regret.

Exceedingly familiar music by German composers only, was presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, at its fourth Baltimore concert of the season, at the Lyric last night. Lent having begun, it might well be imagined that musical Baltimore attended in such large numbers as voluntary penance a concert at which Brahms' first symphony and Beethoven's No. 3 Leonore overture were played again.

It should be said at once that the works played and the performances of the orchestra were excellent; and that the program contained two works by J. S. Bach rarely, indeed, heard played in this city by orchestras—the Shepherds' Music, from his Christmas oratorio, and the concerto in D minor, for two violins and string orchestra, the solos of which were played well by Messrs. Witek and Noack. But, allowing everything for the Bach pieces, their constitution of the smaller portion of the program and old atmosphere were anything except sufficient to contrast pleasingly — except in a purely academic way, in the present day — with compositions which are "played to death," relatively speaking, in this city by visiting orchestras, without reason.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra plays other programs in other cities. Why not in Baltimore? The Boston Symphony Orchestra includes more composition of the present age in its programs in other cities. Why not in Baltimore? The Boston Symphony Orchestra is one of the greatest of the world's orchestras. Why is it that it plays in Baltimore such a small percentage of the thoroughly good orchestral literature? Why does it play here so many of the same pieces over and over again—stock pieces that all good orchestras play and to which orchestras of smaller caliber aspire? It is perfectly possible and easy for the managements of traveling orchestras not to duplicate to great extent one another's programs. Why is there so much duplication in Baltimore?

J. N. H.

From TIMES
Address: New York City
FEB 21 1915
Date

Est 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYS.

Orchestra Gives a Diverse Programme in Carnegie Hall.

At its concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon the Boston Symphony Orchestra's programme brought forward Sibelius's Symphony No. 1 in E minor, a work which, though composed in 1899 and published in 1902, has only been heard here a few times. It is different in conception from the same composer's fourth symphony, played by Dr. Muck at a recent concert in Carnegie Hall, for the fourth has the atmosphere of "advance" about it, while the first concerns itself with conventional, if entirely modern, form and method.

As it was played yesterday, the first movement seemed the most interesting, for its emotional content was the most impressive and the rhythmic scheme was closer knit and "carried" more easily than was the case with other portions of the work. The whole symphony is pervaded with a melancholy tone, there is frequent use of phrases and harmonic groups distributed among the lower and less brilliant ranges of the wood-wind instruments, and the same idea is evident in all the melodic and harmonic tendencies of the composition. It is not tremendously subtle or elusive, but there is a good deal of interest about it.

Presumably as an attempt at contrast to this work, the second part of the programme was made up of the overture to "The Magic Flute," by Mozart, Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, and the overture to "Der Freischuetz," by Weber. These numbers all belong to the "old war horse" group of concert compositions, which are very frequently heard. It is difficult to see why Dr. Muck should have put all of them on the programme at once. Their threefold presence tended to make the latter half of the programme conventional and unexciting, even though they were not played in anything approaching a casual style. One would have liked to see the efforts of the great orchestra directed toward something whose total represented a little more variety and substance than the second part of the programme did.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
FEB 19 191
Date

Dr. Muck's Men Charm Hearers as Never Before

For all of the harsh modern novelties which among other things Dr. Karl Muck, the director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has presented during the earlier concerts of his organization in this city he atoned last evening at the concert in Carnegie Hall by playing the first symphony of Brahms, which taken all in all was the most impressive piece of work heard at any orchestra concert this season. It took the audience by storm, and seldom have the men from Boston received such whole hearted applause. Most beautiful was the slow movement, but when it came to the climax of the last, which was played without a pause after the third, the effect was tremendous.

After the thrilling symphony the second part of the programme, made up of music of the two great predecessors of Brahms, whose names also begin with "B"—Beethoven and Bach—seemed like an anti-climax. The symphony left its impress on the hearers, and the mood for shorter works was wanting.

Two overtures of Beethoven were played—the overture to Collin's tragedy "Coriolanus" and at the end the "Leonore" overture No. 3.

The Bach number was the concerto in D minor for two violins and string orchestra, a seldom heard work. Messrs. Anton Witek and Sylvian Noack, who occupy the two first chairs in the orchestra, played the solo parts. Both are excellent Bach players and interesting soloists. Particularly noticeable was the full, round tone which came from the solo instruments. There was the usual large audience with

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From DAILY PEOPLE
Address: New York City
FEB 19
Date

Est 1884

BOSTON ORCHESTRA GIVES THREE "B'S"

Brahms, Bach and Beethoven on the Programme of Symphony Players.

On the second visit of the Boston Orchestra to New York this season Dr. Muck gave its patrons considerably more music of the ultra modern sort than they were desirous, or capable, of assimilating. Last night, when the admirable band came back again to Carnegie Hall, it played nothing but familiar compositions—"familiar as the rose in spring and the crop in summer."

The symphony was Brahms's first, in C minor, and there were two overtures by Beethoven—that to "Coriolan" and the third of the "Leonore" set. Between the overtures came Bach's concerto for two violins, played by Anton Witek, the leader of the orchestra's violins, and Sylvester Noack, his assistant.

No one of experience would be tempted to call this a well chosen or well arranged programme. It was probably meant as a sign of appreciation of Dr. von Bülow's artistic trinity, the three B's; but that appreciation to all but one of the compositions was given by the music lovers of New York many years before Dr. Muck was born. So there remains nothing to say beyond an expression of admiration for the manner in which the beautiful pieces were played—all of them—the concert master and his assistant showing as much understanding of the style of the Bach period as they did devotion to the double concerto and appreciation of its ever-fresh beauty.

If there were any danger that music like the slow movement of this concerto could ever grow stale, the fact would reconcile an old amateur with his approaching end and even make him wish that his dissolution might precede the passing away of the people's love and understanding of its strains. It is a great pity that the enjoyment of the orchestra's playing, especially in the symphony, should have been clouded by the reflection that with just as good individual musicians in New York in orchestras bolstered up by million dollar endowments and $100,000 annual guarantees, we must wait for such artistic playing upon the visitors from the farther East.

H. E. K.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City
Date

Est 884

Again a chorus of praise arose from the most critical musical audience in this city after listening to Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night. It was a strictly classical or academic programme, with Brahms' First Symphony at the opening and Beethoven's Third Overture to Leonore at the close. Bach's concerto for two violins was the chief delight of the evening, with Messrs. Witek and Noack, of the orchestra, as soloists.

From PRESS
Address: New York City
FEB 19 1915
Date

Es 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY RETURNS TO N. Y.

Carnegie Hall Audience Delighted by Dr. Muck's Programme.

BRAHMS PROMINENT

Two Overtures Also Are Given a Rendition Which Is Impressive.

Dr. Karl Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra returned to Carnegie Hall last night, after their midwinter absence, with a programme to which no true lover of music could have taken exception.

Brahms's Symphony in C minor, Beethoven's "Corolianus" and "Lenore" No 3 overtures, and between those two immortal compositions Bach's Concerto in D minor, for two violins and string orchestra, made up the list, and the treatment each work received by the musicians from the Hub under the stimulating baton of their leader gave unalloyed delight to a large and brilliant gathering.

As an interpreter of Brahms Dr. Muck won his first triumphs in this city. It was hardly surprising, therefore that the finely balanced, clear-cut and poetic reading he gave yesterday of the First Symphony evoked so much enthusiasm that the conductor asked his men to acknowledge the demonstration by rising in a body.

Impressive, too, were the performances of the two overtures, though a little more dramatic emphasis and rhythmical incisiveness would have heightened the effect of the "Leonore" No. 3—which was taken at a far more deliberate tempo than in the Metropolitan Opera Company's revival of "Fidelio"—without injuring the beautiful transparency and sharp definition of the instrumental picture.

But the concerto by Bach, with Anton Witek, the accomplished concert master of the orchestra, and S. Noack, his deskmate, playing the solo parts in a manner well-nigh flawless, proved to be decidedly one of the most enjoyable features of an evening that Boston Symphony subscribers are likely to treasure among their precious memories.

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
FEB 20 1915
Date

Esta 84

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HERE

Concert at the Academy Delights Big Audience.

The fourth in a series of five Philharmonic Concerts, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Dr. Carl Muck, was given last night at the Academy of Music, before a very large and appreciative audience.

The programme included no single soloist last night, nor is one necessary at concerts by this organization, as the marvelous playing of the orchestra as a whole, the control and precision, the complete understanding of the compositions and the technical ability of the members make every number a delight.

Schumann's overture, "Genoveva," was the first number, followed by Ropartz's Fourth Symphony in C major, the two parts being played through without pause; Richard Strauss' tone-poem, "Don Juan," Opus 20, and the concert closed with Beethoven's overture, "Leonore" No. 3.

The audience gave evidence of its appreciation by the rapturous applause that followed each number, and Dr. Muck had to acknowledge many times, even after having the orchestra rise and share the plaudits with him.

From SUN
Address: New York City
FEB 21
Date

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

A Programme of Good Music Played Admirably.

The fourth matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The seats and boxes were all occupied and the standing room was not left empty. The programme was one of no special importance. In fact, it was so unimportant as to suggest most pertinently the question why it was so. A Boston Symphony matinee audience is capable of absorbing matters of larger significance than some of those offered yesterday by Dr. Muck.

The first number was the E minor symphony, No. 1, of Sibelius. The other contributions were Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture (which had been played at the Metropolitan Opera House the previous evening), Haydn's G major ("Surprise") symphony, and Weber's "Der Freischutz" overture. It is hardly necessary to attempt any comment on a Boston orchestra performance of such a list. It was an afternoon of good music

York, 18

From ~~DAILY PEOPLE~~ SUN
Address: New York City
FEB 19 1915
Date

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN BRAHMS MUSIC

Es 1884

First Symphony Played With Much Dignity and Tonal Beauty.

BACH CONCERTO ENJOYED

The February visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be remembered for the sake of last evening's concert at Carnegie Hall, even if tomorrow's matinee should prove to be much less interesting. The programme consisted of Brahms's C minor symphony, Beethoven's "Corrolan" overture, Bach's concerto for two violins and orchestra of strings, and Beethoven's "Leonore," No. 3, overture. The first and second concert masters, Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack, played the solo parts in the Bach number.

A concert such as this raises many questions, which, for the sake of peace, must be left unanswered. A long discussion of readings of the first symphony of Brahms, which has been read variously and amazingly in this patient town, might possibly interest a few, anger many, and do no jot of good to any. Yet something must be said here to commemorate a performance so filled with the spirit of the composer and so glowing with the life blood of pure musical beauty that it must have left every hearer of sensibility with nerves tingling and heart throbbing.

Dr. Muck accomplished his ends by the use of means simple in themselves, yet apparently beyond the reach of too many conductors. Avoiding the rash impetuosity of those who suppose temperament to be a raging and devouring thing, he took his tempi at a deliberate yet not loitering pace, and was thus able to make the developments of his light and shade with clarity and on such large lines that no ear could lose their effect.

Thus, too, he freed the long flowing phrases of the music, especially in the last movement, from that angularity which haste invariably imparts to them. And how pure and rare was the whole tonal atmosphere, rich in manifold delicate tints, glorified by flashes of splendid light, and finding its moments of repose in finely measured pianissimi which always sang.

Perfection of balance, exquisite finesse in the diminuendi and crescendi, military precision in attack and an indescribable elastic accuracy of unanimity in the progress of each phrase were the technical means which Dr. Muck applied to an unerring pursuit of the melos through every voice part and through every combination of instruments. That the reading possessed in an uncommon degree the lofty style of Brahms and that it published convincingly and eloquently the poetic moods of this extraordinary work of genius must have been clear to every hearer. The slow movement, which is excelled by perhaps only one other slow movement in all music, namely, that of Beethoven's ninth symphony, was sung with matchless eloquence.

The Bach double concerto has not been heard here since it was played at a Kneisel Quartet concert in Mendelssohn Hall by Messrs. Kneisel and Roentgen on February 23, 1909. The composition (in the opinion of at least one hearer) loses much by being played in so large an auditorium as that of Carnegie Hall.

It was not conceived as music for 3,000 hearers, but for intimate acquaintance of a few. For this reason the work is heard to better advantage when played as Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Roentgen played it; but it should not be inferred that last evening's performance was wanting in solid merit.

Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack are good violinists and they love Bach. Possibly a more marked contrast in the quality of tone of the two players would have made the performance more piquant in certain places, but its general spirit was sound and it gave pleas-

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From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
FEB 18 1915
Date

CRITIC PLEADS FOR LESS DUPLICATION

Es 1884

Sameness of Boston Orchestra Programs Here Matter for Regret.

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It should be said at once that the works played and the performances of the orchestra were excellent; and that the program contained two works by J. S. Bach rarely, indeed, heard played in this city by orchestras—the Shepherds' Music, from his Christmas oratorio, and the concerto in D minor, for two violins and string orchestra, the solos of which were played well by Messrs. Witek and Noack. But, allowing everything for the Bach pieces, their constitution of the smaller portion of the program and old atmosphere were anything except sufficient to contrast pleasingly—except in a purely academic way, in the present day—with compositions which are "played to death," relatively speaking, in this city by visiting orchestras, without reason.

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Address: New York City
FEB 21 1915
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYS.

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Est 1884

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Presumably as an attempt at contrast to this work, the second part of the programme was made up of the overture to "The Magic Flute," by Mozart, Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, and the overture to "Der Freischuetz," by Weber. These numbers all belong to the "old war horse" group of concert compositions, which are very frequently heard. It is difficult to see why Dr. Muck should have put all of them on the programme at once. Their threefold presence tended to make the latter half of the programme conventional and unexciting, even though they were not played in anything approaching a casual style. One would have liked to see the efforts of the great orchestra directed toward something whose total represented a little more variety and substance than the second part of the programme did.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date

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188

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From DAILY PEOPLE
Address: New York City
Date

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Brahms, Bach and Beethoven on the Programme of Symphony Players.

Est 1884

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Address: New York City
Date

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Est 884

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date FEB 19 19
Es , 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY RETURNS TO N. Y.

Carnegie Hall Audience Delighted by Dr. Muck's Programme.

BRAHMS PROMINENT

Two Overtures Also Are Given a Rendition Which Is Impressive.

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From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
FEB 20 1915
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HERE

Esta 84

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From **SUN**
Address: New York City
FEB 21
Date

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

A Programme of Good Music Played Admirably.

York,

The fourth matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The seats and boxes were all occupied and the standing room was not left empty. The programme was one of no special importance. In fact, it was so unimportant as to suggest most pertinently the question why it was so. A Boston Symphony matinee audience is capable of absorbing matters of larger significance than some of those offered yesterday by Dr. Muck.

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From ~~**DAILY PEOPLE**~~ SUN
Address: New York City
FEB 19 1915
Date

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN BRAHMS MUSIC

Es

First Symphony Played With Much Dignity and Tonal Beauty.

BACH CONCERTO ENJOYED

The February visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be remembered for the sake of last evening's concert at Carnegie Hall, even if tomorrow's matinee should prove to be much less interesting. The programme consisted of Brahms's C minor symphony, Beethoven's "Corrolan" overture, Bach's concerto for two violins and orchestra of strings, and Beethoven's "Leonore," No. 3, overture. The first and second concert masters, Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack, played the solo parts in the Bach number.

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From **STAR**
Address: Baltimore, M
FEB
Date

CRITIC PLEADS FOR LESS DUPLICATION

Es , 18

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J. N. H.

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FEB 21 1915
Date

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Orchestra Gives a Diverse Programme in Carnegie Hall.

Est 1884

At its concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon the Boston Symphony Orchestra's programme brought forward Sibelius's Symphony No. 1 in E minor, a work which, though composed in 1899 and published in 1902, has only been heard here a few times. It is different in conception from the same composer's fourth symphony, played by Dr. Muck at a recent concert in Carnegie Hall, for the fourth has the atmosphere of "advance" about it, while the first concerns itself with conventional, if entirely modern, form and method.

As it was played yesterday, the first movement seemed the most interesting, for its emotional content was the most impressive and the rhythmic scheme was closer knit and "carried" more easily than was the case with other portions of the work. The whole symphony is pervaded with a melancholy tone, there is frequent use of phrases and harmonic groups distributed among the lower and less brilliant ranges of the wood-wind instruments, and the same idea is evident in all the melodic and harmonic tendencies of the composition. It is not tremendously subtle or elusive, but there is a good deal of interest about it.

Presumably as an attempt at contrast to this work, the second part of the programme was made up of the overture to "The Magic Flute," by Mozart, Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, and the overture to "Der Freischuetz," by Weber. These numbers all belong to the "old war horse" group of concert compositions, which are very frequently heard. It is difficult to see why Dr. Muck should have put all of them on the programme at once. Their threefold presence tended to make the latter half of the programme conventional and unexciting, even though they were not played in anything approaching a casual style. One would have liked to see the efforts of the great orchestra directed toward something whose total represented a little more variety and substance than the second part of the programme did.

From **HERALD**
Address: New York City
Date

Dr. Muck's Men Charm Hearers as Never Before

Est 1884

For all of the harsh modern novelties which among other things Dr. Karl Muck, the director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has presented during the earlier concerts of his organization in this city he atoned last evening at the concert in Carnegie Hall by playing the first symphony of Brahms, which taken all in all was the most impressive piece of work heard at any orchestra concert this season. It took the audience by storm, and seldom have the men from Boston received such whole hearted applause. Most beautiful was the slow movement, but when it came to the climax of the last, which was played without a pause after the third, the effect was tremendous.

After the thrilling symphony the second part of the programme, made up of music of the two great predecessors of Brahms, whose names also begin with "B"—Beethoven and Bach—seemed like an anti-climax. The symphony left its impress on the hearers, and the mood for shorter works was wanting.

Two overtures of Beethoven were played—the overture to Collin's tragedy "Coriolanus" and at the end the "Leonore" overture No. 3.

The Bach number was the concerto in D minor for two violins and string orchestra, a seldom heard work, Messrs. Anton Witek and Sylvian Noack, who occupy the two first chairs in the orchestra, played the solo parts. Both are excellent Bach players and interesting soloists. Particularly noticeable was the full, round tone which came from the solo instruments. There was the usual large audience, with its many prominent musical personages.

Date

BOSTON ORCHESTRA GIVES THREE "B'S"

Est 1884

Brahms, Bach and Beethoven on the Programme of Symphony Players.

On the second visit of the Boston Orchestra to New York this season Dr. Muck gave its patrons considerably more music of the ultra modern sort than they were desirous, or capable, of assimilating. Last night, when the admirable band came back again to Carnegie Hall, it played nothing but familiar compositions—"familiar as the rose in spring and the crop in summer."

The symphony was Brahms's first, in C minor, and there were two overtures by Beethoven—that to "Coriolan" and the third of the "Leonore" set. Between the overtures came Bach's concerto for two violins, played by Anton Witek, the leader of the orchestra's violins, and Sylvester Noack, his assistant.

No one of experience would be tempted to call this a well chosen or well arranged programme. It was probably meant as a sign of appreciation of Dr. von Bülow's artistic trinity, the three B's; but that appreciation to all but one of the compositions was given by the music lovers of New York many years before Dr. Muck was born. So there remains nothing to say beyond an expression of admiration for the manner in which the beautiful pieces were played—all of them—the concert master and his assistant showing as much understanding of the style of the Bach period as they did devotion to the double concerto and appreciation of its ever-fresh beauty.

If there were any danger that music like the slow movement of this concerto could ever grow stale, the fact would reconcile an old amateur with his approaching end and even make him wish that his dissolution might precede the passing away of the people's love and understanding of its strains. It is a great pity that the enjoyment of the orchestra's playing, especially in the symphony, should have been clouded by the reflection that with just as good individual musicians in New York in orchestras bolstered up by million dollar endowments and $100,000 annual guarantees, we must wait for such artistic playing upon the visitors from the farther East.

H. E. K.

From **EVENING TELEGRAM**
Address: New York City
Date

Est 884

Again a chorus of praise arose from the most critical musical audience in this city after listening to Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night. It was a strictly classical or academic programme, with Brahms' First Symphony at the opening and Beethoven's Third Overture to Leonore at the close. Bach's concerto for two violins was the chief delight of the evening, with Messrs. Witek and Noack, of the orchestra, as soloists.

From **PRESS**
Address: New York City
FEB 19 19
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY RETURNS TO N. Y.

, 1884

Carnegie Hall Audience Delighted by Dr. Muck's Programme.

BRAHMS PROMINENT

Two Overtures Also Are Given a Rendition Which Is Impressive.

Dr. Karl Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra returned to Carnegie Hall last night, after their midwinter absence, with a programme to which no true lover of music could have taken exception.

Brahms's Symphony in C minor, Beethoven's "Corolianus" and "Lenore" No 3 overtures, and between those two immortal compositions Bach's Concerto in D minor, for two violins and string orchestra, made up the list, and the treatment each work received by the musicians from the Hub under the stimulating baton of their leader gave unalloyed delight to a large and brilliant gathering.

As an interpreter of Brahms Dr. Muck won his first triumphs in this city. It was hardly surprising, therefore that the finely balanced, clear-cut and poetic reading he gave yesterday of the First Symphony evoked so much enthusiasm that the conductor asked his men to acknowledge the demonstration by rising in a body.

Impressive, too, were the performances of the two overtures, though a little more dramatic emphasis and rhythmical incisiveness would have heightened the effect of the "Leonore" No. 3—which was taken at a far more deliberate tempo than in the Metropolitan Opera Company's revival of "Fidelio"—without injuring the beautiful transparency and sharp definition of the instrumental picture.

But the concerto by Bach, with Anton Witek, the accomplished concert master of the orchestra, and S. Noack, his deskmate, playing the solo parts in a manner well-nigh flawless, proved to be decidedly one of the most enjoyable features of an evening that Boston Symphony subscribers are likely to treasure among their precious memories.

From **CITIZEN**
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
FEB 20 1915
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HERE

Esta 84

Concert at the Academy Delights Big Audience.

The fourth in a series of five Philharmonic Concerts, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Dr. Carl Muck, was given last night at the Academy of Music, before a very large and appreciative audience.

The programme included no single soloist last night, nor is one necessary at concerts by this organization, as the marvelous playing of the orchestra as a whole, the control and precision, the complete understanding of the compositions and the technical ability of the members make every number a delight.

Schumann's overture, "Genoveva," was the first number, followed by Ropartz's Fourth Symphony in C major, the two parts being played through without pause; Richard Strauss' tone-poem, "Don Juan," Opus 20, and the concert closed with Beethoven's overture, "Leonore" No. 3.

The audience gave evidence of its appreciation by the rapturous applause that followed each number, and Dr. Muck had to acknowledge many times, even after having the orchestra rise and share the plaudits with him.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City 1915
FEB 2
Date

k, 1884

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At the Boston Symphony Concert in Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon Dr. Muck opened the programme with Jean Sibelius's First Symphony. This work is not heard often, but it deserves to be played occasionally if only for its hauntingly beautiful slow movement. When one movement of a symphony is so superior to ally the others, why should it not be heard sometimes by itself? One might as well consign to oblivion Schubert's B minor symphony because the last two movements are missing. The whole symphony, however, is interesting; the third movement has a good deal of Sibelius's individuality in it. Dr. Muck deserves thanks for bringing it forward. That it was well played goes without saying. The other numbers on the programme were the overtures to Mozart's

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From BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
FEB 1 6 1915
Date

1884

Boston Symphony

Fourth Concert of Season With an Entirely Orchestral Program

THE fourth concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given at the Academy of Music last evening, when this famous organization, which has been making annual appearances in Philadelphia for the past thirty years, was greeted by the usual large and appreciative audiences. The program was entirely of an orchestral nature, the only semblance to a solo feature being the playing of the first and second concertmasters, A. Witek and S. Noack, in Bach's Concerto in D minor, for two violins and orchestra of strings. This composition is strictly in the Bach style, particularly in the accompaniment, or background, furnished by the other string instruments for the duetting violins, which are given considerable freedom and sing in melodious unison, though for the most part independently of each other. The largo is one of the most beautiful movements in any of Bach's works, and its charm was made potent last evening by the artistic playing of Messrs. Witek and Noack. In fact, the work was given an interpretation of the highest merit throughout, and at its conclusion the two violinists were compelled several times to rise and acknowledge the applause.

The symphony was that of Jean Sibelius, No. 1, in E minor, which was played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Carl Pohlig, in January, 1911, while the second symphony of the Finnish composer, in D major, was given under Mr. Stokowski's direction, season before last. Sibelius, who is best known here through his folk song legend, "The Swan of Tuonela," and who is now living in his native country, at the age of fifty, is one of the most "nationalistic" of modern composers. His works, particularly the larger ones, are essentially "of the soil," and his first symphony, heard last evening, has the racial feeling strongly presented. The work is built upon rugged lines, and developed in a manner which at times is strangely free and open. It seems fairly to breathe the inspiration which must have moved the composer when he wrote it, for there is a peculiar element of individuality that persists in making itself felt. One knows that Sibelius loves his land with ardent spirit, and is telling of that love with patriotic fervor.

The first movement, after a quietly poetic opening, develops a full rhapsody of thrilling intensity, which is repeated near the close of the work. The andante seems to be founded upon pure folk melody, interwoven with something of complicated effect, and there is again the racial feeling, presented with a rugged lack of mere "tunefulness," in the scherzo. The instrumentation is at times in the profuse "modern" style, but betokens throughout a poetic sense, a vivid imagination, and the skilful use of varied tonal colorings. The interpretation was magnificent. Dr. Muck conducted with his characteristic sedateness, seeming at times not be conducting at all, so free is he from any suggestion of excessive gesture, though invariably getting from his musicians the results that prove the master hand.

A third delightful number consisted of Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Haydn, in which a few comparatively simple strains are interwoven with embellishments that make up a pretentious work. Especially enjoyable were the sixth division, the grazioso, and the seventh, all ni pianissimo, while hte finale is an elaborate summing up of the different variations in which the instruments harmoniously unite, with the silver-clear triangle tinkling through the final measures. As a fitting and brilliant climax to the program came the spirited "Carnival" of Dvork, in which the orchestra had an opportunity to disclose with impressive effect the full splendor of its combined forces. The fifth and last concert of the series will be given on Monday evening, March 15.

From EAGLE
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y. FEB 2 0 1915
Date

Establi

1884

BOSTONSYMPHONY CONCERT

No Soloist but a Symphony by New French Composer.

Wagner was not on the programme of the Boston symphony concert at the Academy of Music last night, but he was suggested almost as strongly as if his music had been played. The first suggestion was by contrast. The concert opened with the overture to Schumann's one opera, "Genoveva," written out of the composer's late-born enthusiasm for German opera. It was written, too, just when the German opera houses were having their first struggle with Wagner's revolutionary "Flying Dutchman." Like that early work by Wagner, "Genoveva" was romantic, but one could not help speculating last night what the future of German opera might have been had Wagner died then and Schumann lived for twenty years more and carried on his campaign.

The overture is, bluntly, dull; well enough to be played occasionally in concerts of historical music, such as Dr. Muck sometimes gives, but it is about the last thing with which to rouse an audience as an opening number. It was especially unfortunately placed last night, because it preceded the evening's novelty, the fourth symphony by a French composer, Ropartz, who was a pupil of Cesar Franck, and between the two there was no such contrast of style as tends to hold or fix the attention. Franck is conspicuous among the French composers of the last part of the Nineteenth Century as the man who put his brains into his music. Ropartz bettered his master's instruction in that respect because he put in not only his own brains but those of other men, more especially Wagner.

It would be foolish to insist upon the importance of such resemblances on merely a single hearing of the work, but such a hearing gives plainly enough suggestions of the Valkyries, and there were even listeners last night who felt that if there had been no "Ring" there could never have been this symphony of the young Frenchman. The conspicuous point at which the resemblance failed, however, was that Ropartz' music lacked the "punch" that is never long absent from a Wagner score.

There are beautiful moments in the work, but as a whole it is music which closely demands interest, but fails to command it. If you listen closely you are rewarded, but if your attention flags you have to bring it back yourself; the music will not.

Then came a real contrast in Strauss' "Don Juan," which, whatever its shortcomings may be, does not lack vividness or color or life. Last night it was more welcome than the flowers that bloom in the spring, because it gave the auditor something to which he must listen, whether he would or no. Its sharp contrasts and its audacities of instrumentation kept the attention constantly alert and, to a large degree, satisfied it. And at the close came a greater contrast still, Beethoven's immortal "Leonore No. 3" overture, which lifted the audience into the realm of great music and satisfied longings which the earlier part of the programme had left unfulfilled. The overture was played recently both in Manhattan and Brooklyn by the Metropolitan Orchestra as a part of "Fidelio." Last night the performance served to emphasize both the beauty of tone of the Boston band and the exquisite finish, delicacy and variety of Dr. Muck's leading. If Dr. Muck could only make programmes as well as he can lead them, what a fine world this might be!

From STANDARD UNION
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y. FEB 2 0 1915
Da

Est

1884

BOSTONIANS PLAY FOURTH CONCERT

Perfection of Tone and Technique in Another Poorly Constructed Programme.

AUDIENCE IS APATHETIC.

New Ropartz Symphony a Work Well Worth Hearing.

Another Boston Symphony Orchestra concert was given last night at the Academy of Music, the fourth in the series of five. As usual, there was a large audience, although the standees were conspicuous by their absence, probably because there was

viewpoint there was no loss in absence of an "assisting artist"—rather a gain, because there was nothing to distract attention from the playing of the orchestra.

The symphony was a work new to Brooklyn, the fourth symphony of J. Guy Ropartz, a French teacher of music at the Nancy Conservatory. There were three other numbers, all German—Schumann's overture to his almost forgotten opera, "Genoveva;" Strauss' early tone poem, "Don Juan," and Beethoven's "Leonore Overture No. 3," which was heard here earlier in the week as an intermezzo in the Metropolitan Opera Company's performance of "Fidelio."

As at the three earlier concerts this season, the playing of the orchestra failed to arouse more than the most perfunctory display of enthusiasm. An attitude almost of indifference marked the attitude of the audience. This is remarkable, inasmuch as the Brooklyn audiences at the Philharmonic and Symphony Society of New York's concerts have all season been aroused to high pitches of excitement, and the make-up of those orchestras is admittedly inferior to that of the Boston Symphony.

Appeal Strictly Intellectual.

The playing last night had that same superb quality of tone and technical perfection that have always characterized its work under Dr. Karl Muck, but it was not the sort of playing to touch the hearts of the hearers. The appeal was rather to their intellects.

There is in Dr. Muck an aristocratic indifference to popular clamor. He refuses to yield to the demand for "well built" programmes, usually putting a number of compositions together without regard for the effect of continuity and piling up anti-climaxes in a distressing manner. Of emotional appeal there is practically nothing. Instead of the fire and feeling of Stransky and the broad humanity of Damrosch, both laboring with inferior instruments, there is the unbending purity of a musician, whose appeal is only to listeners who have reached a stage of sophistication near akin to his own.

Plays "Leonore" Overture.

Even the playing of the great Metropolitan orchestra under Hertz in the "Leonore" overture on Tuesday night here sounded rather crude in comparison to that given by Muck last night. The brasses were exceptionally beautiful, and the famous trumpet call, played in the distance behind the scenes, was exquisitely done.

The new symphony was well worth playing. It is a work that shows clearly the influence of Cesar Franck, who was Ropartz' teacher. It opens with a passionate theme that is reminiscent of Puccini in "Butterfly," but this gives way to a broad sustained melody that is developed throughout the work.

The composer does away with the standard four movements and has his work played all in one movement. It is not too weighty to make the task of hearing all at once without taking breath a hard one.

Muck reached his anti-climactic point by playing Beethoven after Strauss.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
FEB 2 1 1915
Dat

Es

, 1884

BOSTON ORCHESTRA AGAIN HEARD HERE

Sibelius's First Symphony Is Feature of Finely Played Programme.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its fourth matinee concert yesterday at Carnegie Hall, and once again the huge audience had both cause to marvel at the impeccable beauty of the great band's playing and the extraordinary choice of the music that it played. Sibelius's First Symphony, which opened the afternoon, was one thing, for this work possesses great and characteristic merits, and is not often heard in our concert halls; the second part of the programme was altogether another matter. Why Dr. Muck should have thought it fitting to place the overture to "The Magic Flue" and "Der Freischütz" and Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony upon the same programme before an audience of the type of the one which gathers at the Boston concerts is altogether inexplicable. But then, Dr. Muck's ideas of programme making are his own. Needless to say, the band played these three numbers as they should be played, but the public which looks forward to the few concerts of Major Higginson's orchestra with positive hunger surely deserves other fare than that which is too often served it.

The Sibelius symphony, however, was as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and the superb reading Dr. Muck gave of it brought out its beauties to the utmost. It has in it much of its composer's native Finland, especially in its rhythms, rhythms which have sprung from Finnish soil. It is a far cry indeed from the same composer's Fourth Symphony, with which Dr. Muck regaled [illegible] at his previous visit, but there are some of us who would be unwilling to concede that Sibelius has advanced over his former work.

The first [illegible] a work of real melodic inspiration, informed with color, powerfully constructed, and always sincerely expressed.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
Date FEB 2 1 1

Est

1884

Matinee Concert by Boston Symphony

The fourth matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The customary "capacity" audience attended.

The programme consisted of two symphonies—Sibelius' No. 1 and Haydn's "Surprise"—and two overtures—Mozart's to "The Magic Flute" and Weber's to "Der Freischutz."

Dr. Muck's reading of the Sibelius number was scholarly and lucid. Its melodies were presented in untrammelled manner; its mysterious melancholy, admirably expressed.

An interesting contrast was furnished by the gracious, buoyant, lighthearted Haydn work.

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date FEB 2 19

Es

k, 1884

GLINT OF SPRING IN SYMPHONY MUSIC

Concert Programme Holds to Better Known Roads.

ONE SIBELIUS WORK

For the Rest, Haydn, Mozart and Weber Hold the Stage.

There was a presage of spring in the programme which the Boston Symphony played at the second of its fourth pair of concerts in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Climbing down from the lonely heights of programmes devoted only to Sibelius and hitherto unheard composers, Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor, yesterday led his men over the sunny meadows of the Haydn "Surprise" symphony, along the well-kept road of the overture of the Mozart "Magic Flute" and into the garden-like paths of Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz."

Sibelius's first symphony, in E minor, was the first number, and effectively ontrasted with those which followed. This symphony is not entirely characteristic of the Finnish composer. In it e has not yet broken away from the raditional lines of melody. Although the restless, dissatisfied spirit which comes out so markedly in his fourth symphony, for instance, creeps into the music, it is not yielded to altogether; it is kept in abeyance before the more conventional method of expression. It is hardly necessary to say that Dr. Muck, whose predilection for Sibelius is well known, gave it a thoroughly satisfactory reading.

No less pleasing, in entirely different mood, were the Haydn, Mozart and Weber numbers, played with that fine intelligence which is the complement of all adequate musical expression.

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
EB 2 0 191
Date

E

, 1884

Following to-day's Boston Symphony for the classes and to-night's People's Symphony for the masses at Carnegie Hall there is a third Russian Symphony concert up at the Century to-morrow evening, with Gabrilowitsch. The usual Philharmonic Sunday matinee has a Brahms symphony and a star soloist, Kreisler.

Amato makes his first concert appearances this season with the Philharmonic next Thursday and Friday in an air from "William Tell." The Damrosch Symphony men return Friday with Busoni in one Beethoven concerto, and Saturday with Hofmann in another. Both these bands have been recently on tour.

Arens to-night gives the People's audience a brief Goldmark memorial, then a Tschaikowsky concerto for Laeta Hartley, Wagner's "Valkyries' Ride" and his *Hans Sachs* and *Wotan* airs for Hinshaw.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City 1915
Date

rk, 1884

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At the Boston Symphony Concert in Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon Dr. Muck opened the programme with Jean Sibelius's First Symphony. This work is not heard often, but it deserves to be played occasionally if only for its hauntingly beautiful slow movement. When one movement of a symphony is so superior to ally the others, why should it not be heard sometimes by itself? One might as well consign to oblivion Schubert's B minor symphony because the last two movements are missing. The whole symphony, however, is interesting; the third movement has a good deal of Sibelius's individuality in it. Dr. Muck deserves thanks for bringing it forward. That it was well played goes without saying. The other numbers on the programme were the overtures to Mozart's

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From BULLETIN
Address: Philadel, Pa.
Date FEB 1 6 1915

Boston Symphony

Fourth Concert of Season With an Entirely Orchestral Program

1884

THE fourth concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given at the Academy of Music last evening, when this famous organization, which has been making annual appearances in Philadelphia for the past thirty years, was greeted by the usual large and appreciative audiences. The program was entirely of an orchestral nature, the only semblance to a solo feature being the playing of the first and second concertmasters, A. Witek and S. Noack, in Bach's Concerto in D minor, for two violins and orchestra of strings. This composition is strictly in the Bach style, particularly in the accompaniment, or background, furnished by the other string instruments for the duetting violins, which are given considerable freedom and sing in melodious unison, though for the most part independently of each other. The largo is one of the most beautiful movements in any of Bach's works, and its charm was made potent last evening by the artistic playing of Messrs. Witek and Noack. In fact, the work was given an interpretation of the highest merit throughout, and at its conclusion the two violinists were compelled several times to rise and acknowledge the applause.

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Address: Brooklyn, N. Y. FEB 2 0 1915
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Est 1884

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As at the three earlier concerts this season, the playing of the orchestra failed to arouse more than the most perfunctory display of enthusiasm. An attitude almost of indifference marked the attitude of the audience. This is remarkable, inasmuch as the Brooklyn audiences at the Philharmonic and Symphony Society of New York's concerts have all season been aroused to high pitches of excitement, and the make-up of those orchestras is admittedly inferior to that of the Boston Symphony.

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The playing last night had that same superb quality of tone and technical perfection that have always characterized its work under Dr. Karl Muck, but it was not the sort of playing to touch the hearts of the hearers. The appeal was rather to their intellects.

There is in Dr. Muck an aristocratic indifference to popular clamor. He refuses to yield to the demand for "well built" programmes, usually putting a number of compositions together without regard for the effect of continuity and piling up anti-climaxes in a distressing manner. Of emotional appeal there is practically nothing. Instead of the fire and feeling of Stransky and the broad humanity of Damrosch, both laboring with inferior instruments, there is the unbending purity of a musician, whose appeal is only to listeners who have reached a stage of sophistication near akin to his own.

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The composer does away with the standard four movements and has his work played all in one movement. It is not too weighty to make the task of hearing all at once without taking breath a hard one.

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From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City FEB 2 1 1915
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BOSTON ORCHESTRA AGAIN HEARD HERE

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Es , 1884

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The Sibelius symphony, however, was as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and the superb reading Dr. Muck gave of it brought out its beauties to the utmost. It has in it much of its composer's native Finland, especially in its rhythms, rhythms which have sprung from Finnish soil. It is a far cry indeed from the same composer's Fourth Symphony, with which Dr. Muck regaled us at his previous visit, but there are some of us who would be unwilling to concede that Sibelius has advanced over his former work.

The first is a work of real melodic inspiration, informed with color, powerfully constructed, and always sincerely expressed.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
Date

Matinee Concert by Boston Symphony

Est 1884

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The programme consisted of two symphonies—Sibelius' No. 1 and Haydn's "Surprise"—and two overtures—Mozart's to "The Magic Flute" and Weber's to "Der Freischutz."

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An interesting contrast was furnished by the gracious, buoyant, lighthearted Haydn work.

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date

GLINT OF SPRING IN SYMPHONY MUSIC

Es k, 1884

Concert Programme Holds to Better Known Roads.

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For the Rest, Haydn, Mozart and Weber Hold the Stage.

There was a presage of spring in the programme which the Boston Symphony played at the second of its fourth pair of concerts in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Climbing down from the lonely heights of programmes devoted only to Sibelius and hitherto unheard composers, Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor, yesterday led his men over the sunny meadows of the Haydn "Surprise" symphony, along the well-kept road of the overture of the Mozart "Magic Flute" and into the garden-like paths of Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz."

Sibelius's first symphony, in E minor, was the first number, and effectively contrasted with those which followed. This symphony is not entirely characteristic of the Finnish composer. In it he has not yet broken away from the traditional lines of melody. Although the restless, dissatisfied spirit which comes out so markedly in his fourth symphony, for instance, creeps into the music, it is not yielded to altogether; it is kept in abeyance before the more conventional method of expression. It is hardly necessary to say that Dr. Muck, whose predilection for Sibelius is well known, gave it a thoroughly satisfactory reading.

No less pleasing, in entirely different mood, were the Haydn, Mozart and Weber numbers, played with that fine intelligence which is the complement of all adequate musical expression.

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City 2 2
Date

E , 1884

Following to-day's Boston Symphony for the classes and to-night's People's Symphony for the masses at Carnegie Hall there is a third Russian Symphony concert up at the Century to-morrow evening, with Gabrilowitsch. The usual Philharmonic Sunday matinee has a Brahms symphony and a star soloist, Kreisler.

Amato makes his first concert appearances this season with the Philharmonic next Thursday and Friday in an aria from "William Tell." The Damrosch Symphony men return Friday with Busoni in one Beethoven concerto, and Saturday with Hofmann in another. Both these bands have been recently on tour.

Arens to-night gives the People's audience a brief Goldmark memorial, then a Tschaikowsky concerto for Laeta Hartley, Wagner's "Valkyries' Ride" and his *Hans Sachs* and *Wotan* airs for Hinshaw.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City 1915
Date

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At the Boston Symphony Concert in Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon Dr. Muck opened the programme with Jean Sibelius's First Symphony. This work is not heard often, but it deserves to be played occasionally if only for its hauntingly beautiful slow movement. When one movement of a symphony is so superior to ally the others, why should it not be heard sometimes by itself? One might as well consign to oblivion Schubert's B minor symphony because the last two movements are missing. The whole symphony, however, is interesting; the third movement has a good deal of Sibelius's individuality in it. Dr. Muck deserves thanks for bringing it forward. That it was well played goes without saying. The other numbers on the programme were the overtures to Mozart's "Magic Flute" and Weber's "Freischütz," and Haydn's "Surprise" symphony—a title which is certainly not justifiable

rk, 1884

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Boston Symphony

Fourth Concert of Season With an Entirely Orchestral Program

THE fourth concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given at the Academy of Music last evening, when this famous organization, which has been making annual appearances in Philadelphia for the past thirty years, was greeted by the usual large and appreciative audiences. The program was entirely of an orchestral nature, the only semblance to a solo feature being the playing of the first and second concertmasters, A. Witek and S. Noack, in Bach's Concerto in D minor, for two violins and orchestra of strings. This composition is strictly in the Bach style, particularly in the accompaniment, or background, furnished by the other string instruments for the duetting violins, which are given considerable freedom and sing in melodious unison, though for the most part independently of each other. The largo is one of the most beautiful movements in any of Bach's works, and its charm was made potent last evening by the artistic playing of Messrs. Witek and Noack. In fact, the work was given an interpretation of the highest merit throughout, and at its conclusion the two violinists were compelled several times to rise and acknowledge the applause.

The symphony was that of Jean Sibelius, No. 1, in E minor, which was played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Carl Pohlig, in January, 1911, while the second symphony of the Finnish composer, in D major, was given under Mr. Stokowski's direction, season before last. Sibelius, who is best known here through his folk song legend, "The Swan of Tuonela," and who is now living in his native country, at the age of fifty, is one of the most "nationalistic" of modern composers. His works, particularly the larger ones, are essentially "of the soil," and his first symphony, heard last evening, has the racial feeling strongly presented. The work is built upon rugged lines, and developed in a manner which at times is strangely free and open. It seems fairly to breathe the inspiration which must have moved the composer when he wrote it, for there is a peculiar element of individuality that persists in making itself felt. One knows that Sibelius loves his land with ardent spirit, and is telling of that love with patriotic fervor.

The first movement, after a quietly poetic opening, develops a full rhapsody of thrilling intensity, which is repeated near the close of the work. The andante seems to be founded upon pure folk melody, interwoven with something of complicated effect, and there is again the racial feeling, presented with a rugged lack of mere "tunefulness," in the scherzo. The instrumentation is at times in the profuse "modern" style, but betokens throughout a poetic sense, a vivid imagination, and the skilful use of varied tonal colorings. The interpretation was magnificent. Dr. Muck conducted with his characteristic sedateness, seeming at times not be conducting at all, so free is he from any suggestion of excessive gesture, though invariably getting from his musicians the results that prove the master hand.

A third delightful number consisted of Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Haydn, in which a few comparatively simple strains are interwoven with embellishments that make up a pretentious work. Especially enjoyable were the sixth division, the grazioso, and the seventh, all ni pianissimo, while hte finale is an elaborate summing up of the different variations in which the instruments harmoniously unite, with the silver-clear triangle tinkling through the final measures. As a fitting and brilliant climax to the program came the spirited "Carnival" of Dvork, in which the orchestra had an opportunity to disclose with impressive effect the full splendor of its combined forces. The fifth and last concert of the series will be given on Monday evening, March 15.

1884

From EAGLE
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BOSTONSYMPHONY CONCERT

No Soloist but a Symphony by New French Composer.

Wagner was not on the programme of the Boston symphony concert at the Academy of Music last night, but he was suggested almost as strongly as if his music had been played. The first suggestion was by contrast. The concert opened with the overture to Schumann's one opera, "Genoveva," written out of the composer's late-born enthusiasm for German opera. It was written, too, just when the German opera houses were having their first struggle with Wagner's revolutionary "Flying Dutchman." Like that early work by Wagner, "Genoveva" was romantic, but one could not help speculating last night what the future of German opera might have been had Wagner died then and Schumann lived for twenty years more and carried on his campaign.

The overture is, bluntly, dull; well enough to be played occasionally in concerts of historical music, such as Dr. Muck sometimes gives, but it is about the last thing with which to rouse an audience as an opening number. It was especially unfortunately placed last night, because it preceded the evening's novelty, the fourth symphony by a French composer, Ropartz, who was a pupil of Cesar Franck, and between the two there was no such contrast of style as tends to hold or fix the attention. Franck is conspicuous among the French composers of the last part of the Nineteenth Century as the man who put his brains into his music. Ropartz bettered his master's instruction in that respect because he put in not only his own brains but those of other men, more especially Wagner.

It would be foolish to insist upon the importance of such resemblances on merely a single hearing of the work, but such a hearing gives plainly enough suggestions of the Valkyries, and there were even listeners last night who felt that if there had been no "Ring" there could never have been this symphony of the young Frenchman. The conspicuous point at which the resemblance failed, however, was that Ropartz' music lacked the "punch" that is never long absent from a Wagner score.

There are beautiful moments in the work, but as a whole it is music which closely demands interest, but fails to command it. If you listen closely you are rewarded, but if your attention flags you have to bring it back yourself; the music will not.

Then came a real contrast in Strauss' "Don Juan," which, whatever its shortcomings may be, does not lack vividness or color or life. Last night it was more welcome than the flowers that bloom in the spring, because it gave the auditor something to which he must listen, whether he would or no. Its sharp contrasts and its audacities of instrumentation kept the attention constantly alert and, to a large degree, satisfied it. And at the close came a greater contrast still, Beethoven's immortal "Leonore No. 3" overture, which lifted the audience into the realm of great music and satisfied longings which the earlier part of the programme had left unfulfilled. The overture was played recently both in Manhattan and Brooklyn by the Metropolitan Orchestra as a part of "Fidelio." Last night the performance served to emphasize both the beauty of tone of the Boston band and the exquisite finish, delicacy and variety of Dr. Muck's leading. If Dr. Muck could only make programmes as well as he can lead them, what a fine world this might be!

From STANDARD UNION
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Est 1884

BOSTONIANS PLAY FOURTH CONCERT

Perfection of Tone and Technique in Another Poorly Constructed Programme.

AUDIENCE IS APATHETIC.

New Ropartz Symphony a Work Well Worth Hearing.

Another Boston Symphony Orchestra concert was given last night at the Academy of Music, the fourth in the series of five. As usual, there was a large audience, although the standees were conspicuous by their absence, probably because there was [illegible] From an artistic viewpoint there was no loss in absence of an "assisting artist"—rather a gain, because there was nothing to distract attention from the playing of the orchestra.

The symphony was a work new to Brooklyn, the fourth symphony of J. Guy Ropartz, a French teacher of music at the Nancy Conservatory. There were three other numbers, all German—Schumann's overture to his almost forgotten opera, "Genoveva;" Strauss' early tone poem, "Don Juan," and Beethoven's "Leonore Overture No. 3," which was heard here earlier in the week as an intermezzo in the Metropolitan Opera Company's performance of "Fidelio."

As at the three earlier concerts this season, the playing of the orchestra failed to arouse more than the most perfunctory display of enthusiasm. An attitude almost of indifference marked the attitude of the audience. This is remarkable, inasmuch as the Brooklyn audiences at the Philharmonic and Symphony Society of New York's concerts have all season been aroused to high pitches of excitement, and the make-up of those orchestras is admittedly inferior to that of the Boston Symphony.

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From EVENING SUN
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From EVENING SUN
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For the last time but o
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Brahms's fine First symphony, with the Alp horn "afterglow," while between Beethoven overtures to "Coriolanus" and "Leonore" No. 3 they were equally cordial to rare old Bach.

This "magnum of Bach," to paraphrase the famous "bottle" of Brahms's joke, took the form of a resounding old concerto for two violins, vigorously played in the hearty Bach way by Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack. To-night in Brooklyn the orchestra have Schumann's "Genoveva," a symphony of Ropartz, the Strauss "Don Juan" and again Beethoven's "Leonore" No. 3.

From Brooklyn they return to Carnegie Hall to-morrow in Sibelius's interesting First symphony and Haydn's called "Surprise," the latter sandwiched with Mozart's "Magic Flute" and Weber's "Freischuetz" overtures.

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From EVENING SUN
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From AMERICAN
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Large Audience Hears Symphony

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, with a programme of works by the three great B's—Beethoven, Bach and Brahms—was the delightful offering in Carnegie Hall last evening.

Brahms's Symphony No. 1, in C minor, occupied the principal place on the programme; Bach's Concerto in D minor brought forward two solo violins—Mr. Witek, concertmaster, and Mr. Noack, second first violin. The Beethoven numbers consisted of the overture "Coriolanus" and the "Lenore," No. 3 overture.

Mr. Muck conducted the symphony with vigor and enthusiasm.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
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BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYS.

Dr. Muck's Organization Heard Again in Carnegie Hall.

With a programme made up for the greater part of music of the old school, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. As it always is when that musical organization appears here, the audience was large, and its expressions of appreciation of the work of Dr. Muck and his men were frequent and warm.

All of the numbers played have been played here before by the same orchestra, but they lost nothing in repetition. They were Sibelius' symphony No. 1, in E minor, op. No. 39; the overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute," Haydn's "Surprise" symphony and the overture to Weber's opera, "Der Freischütz." Each served to show again the virtuosity of the orchestra and the absolute control which Dr. Muck has over his men.

From TIMES
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THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

A Programme of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is on its fourth visit to New York this season, and gave its first concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. Dr. Muck's programme presented orchestral pieces that are most familiar—Brahms's first symphony and two overtures by Beethoven—that known as "Leonore" No. 3 and the overture to "Coriolanus."

The Symphony and the "Leonore" overture have several times been played here this season. It is not necessary to suppose that comparisons were invited by the repetition of them by Dr. Muck. All that need be said is that the performance of the symphony, especially, was of marvelous beauty and euphony, a marvelous recapturing of the whole spirit and significance of the work in its larger outlines, its noblest proportions, and in the minutest details of the composer's thought. It was a performance of grandiose power and poignant beauty. The listeners gave abundant evidence of its thrilling and uplifting effect by the rapturous applause with which it was greeted; it deeply stirred them, and Dr. Muck was time and again made to acknowledge the enthusiasm and gratitude offered him, even after he had caused his men to rise and share them with him.

There was no single soloist, but Bach's concerto for two violins in D minor was played by Messrs. Anton Witek, the concert master, and Sylvain Noack, his colleague at the first desk of the violins, who rose from their places in the orchestra to play it. It was a performance of splendid vigor and deeply musical spirit, as far as possible from

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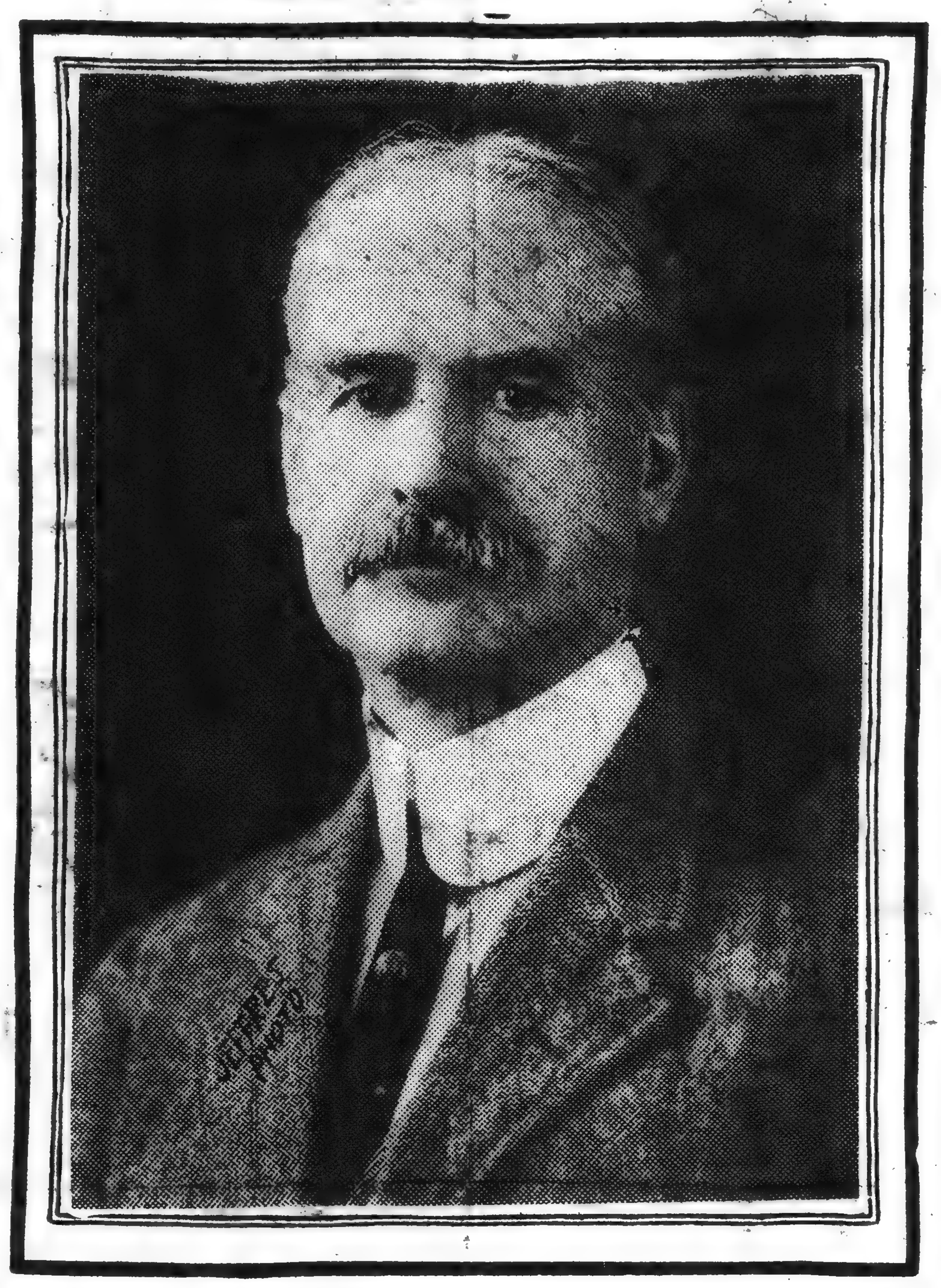
ANSWERS CRITICISM OF CITY'S MUSICAL TASTE

Harold Randolph Disagrees With Stransky On Some Points, But Says Baltimore Lacks Public Spirit. Calls Boston Symphony Fashionable.



HAROLD RANDOLPH

1884

Harold Randolph, director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, said this morning that he could quite understand and sympathize with the discouragement expressed in an interview in THE EVENING SUN yesterday by Josef Stransky, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, over the lack of support given to that organization by Baltimoreans. He could understand how Mr. Stransky might recommend to the directors of the organization the abandonment of its concerts here. And he thought it would be very humiliating to Baltimore if such action were taken.

"I disagree with Mr. Stransky when he says that Baltimore is not a music loving community," said Mr. Randolph. "There is as much love of music in Baltimore as there is in any city of its size in the country. The fault in Baltimore is that it has no public spirit, that it feels no sense of obligation to support such an organization as Mr. Stransky's when they are willing to give concerts here and to lose money for a time with the hope of eventually establishing themselves. If Baltimoreans are in a mood for music, they will go to concerts. If they are not, they will not go. They feel no sense of responsibilitty. In this they differ from other cities of their size and character."

Waves Dancing Remarks Aside.

Mr. Stransky's comment to the effect that Baltimoreans cared for nothing but their cards and their dancing Mr. Randolph waved away without words as something the conductor had said because he did not understand this city and in which the discouragement he felt at the time of speaking was an element.

"I cannot understand Mr. Stransky, however," Mr. Randolph resumed, "when he says that he would rather play to 50 people who love and understand music than to an enormous audience that cares nothing about it. Certainly he cannot say that the audience on Monday night was not appreciative. It was extremely appreciative.

"Mr. Stransky says that the attendance has actually decreased since the concerts by the New York Philharmonic four years ago. I do not know whether that is exactly true or not. But it is strange that the attendance at these should be so small while the attendance at the Boston Symphony concerts are so large.

Hates To Call Rival Fashionable.

"I hate to say it, but it seems to be true that the Boston Symphony has become fashionable. It does seem that people go to their concerts because that is so. And no organization which comes here gives more pleasing programs than the New York Philharmonic.

"The difference between the two orchestras is such that only an expert on symphony music could detect the difference. Sometimes I think the Boston Symphony is too classical. It has become the thing to go to the Boston Symphony.

"There is something in the American people which makes them willing to pay $15 for a seat to hear Caruso because he is the greatest living tenor, when they would not pay $2 to hear one who is so nearly as good that it is almost impossible to detect the difference.

"I can understand how Mr. Stransky can wish to recommend the abandonment of the concerts in Baltimore, and I think it would be extremely humiliating to Baltimore if that were done.

"There is undoubtedly a lack of public spirit in such things in Baltimore. Other cities of its size and character have their own orchestras. If Baltimore felt the proper pride it would have its organization. In Boston, where there is probably more public spirit than in any other city in the country, the concerts of the Boston Symphony are crowded.

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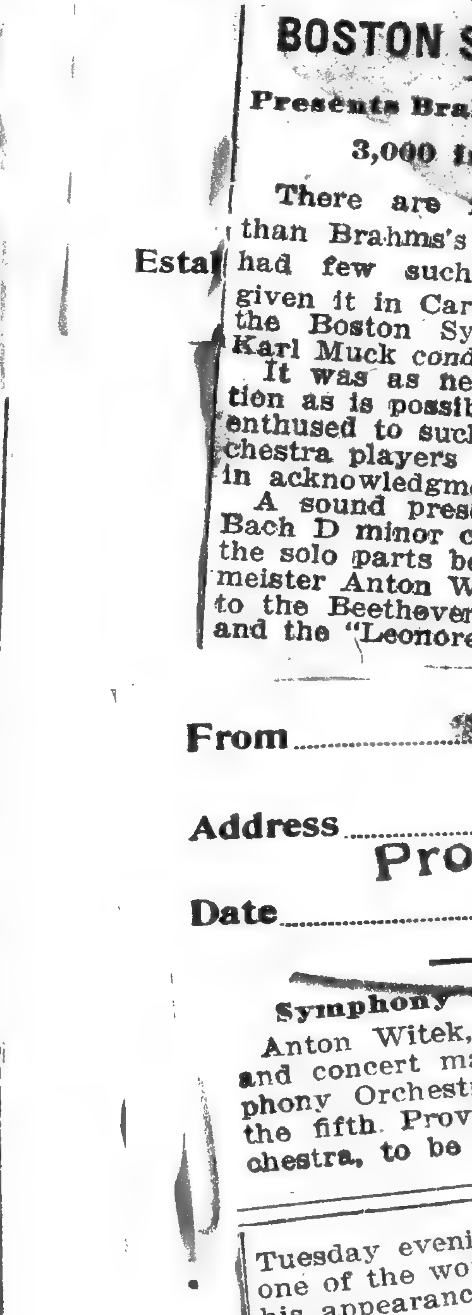

SYLVAN NOACK
LYRIC, FEB. 17TH
PHOTO. MARCEAU

Boston Symphony

Bach, Beethoven and Brahms will monopolize the program which Dr. Karl Muck has arranged for the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be given in the Lyric Theater next Wednesday evening, February 17, at 8.15 o'clock. The program comprises the C minor symphony of Brahms, the Shepherds' music from the "Christmas Oratorio" of Bach; Bach's double concerto for two violins and string orchestra in D minor, and Beethoven's "Leonora III." overture.

From TIMES
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BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYS OLD AND NEW WORKS.

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[118]

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From AMERICAN
Address: New York City

1915

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Date 1915

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Address: New York City
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From EVENING SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
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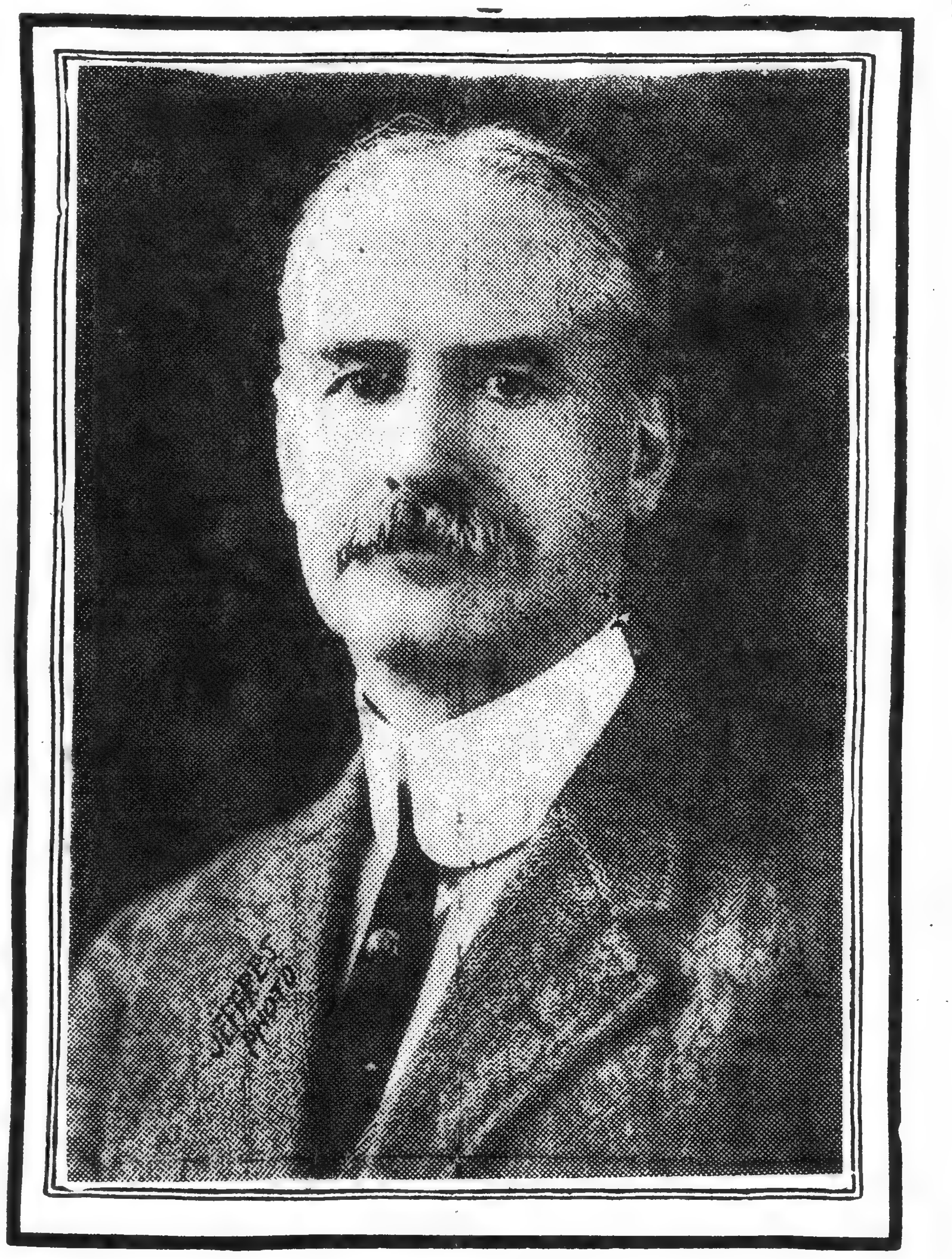
ANSWERS CRITICISM OF CITY'S MUSICAL TASTE

Harold Randolph Disagrees With Stransky On Some Points, But Says Baltimore Lacks Public Spirit. Calls Boston Symphony Fashionable.



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Harold Randolph, director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, said this morning that he could quite understand and sympathize with the discouragement expressed in an interview in THE EVENING SUN yesterday by Josef Stransky, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, over the lack of support given to that organization by Baltimoreans. He could understand how Mr. Stransky might recommend to the directors of the organization the abandonment of its concerts here. And he thought it would be very humiliating to Baltimore if such action were taken.

"I disagree with Mr. Stransky when he says that Baltimore is not a music-loving community," said Mr. Randolph. "There is as much love of music in Baltimore as there is in any city of its size in the country. The fault in Baltimore is that it has no public spirit, that it feels no sense of obligation to support such an organization as Mr. Stransky's when they are willing to give concerts here and to lose money for a time with the hope of eventually establishing themselves. If Baltimoreans are in a mood for music, they will go to concerts. If they are not, they will not go. They feel no sense of responsibilitty. In this they differ from other cities of their size and character."

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"I cannot understand Mr. Stransky, however," Mr. Randolph resumed, "when he says that he would rather play to 50 people who love and understand music than to an enormous audience that cares nothing about it. Certainly he cannot say that the audience on Monday night was not appreciative. It was extremely appreciative.

"Mr. Stransky says that the attendance has actually decreased since the concerts by the New York Philharmonic four years ago. I do not know whether that is exactly true or not. But it is strange that the attendance at these should be so small while the attendance at the Boston Symphony concerts are so large.

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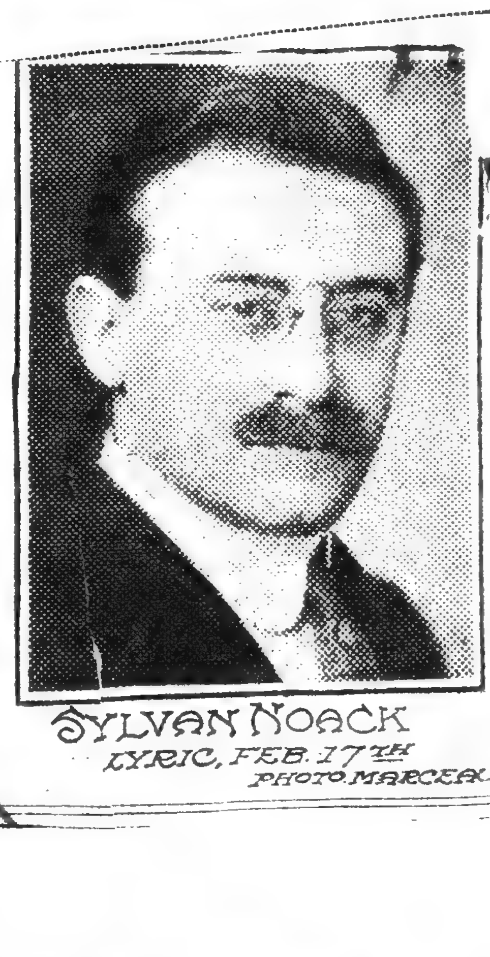

SYLVAN NOACK
LYRIC, FEB. 17TH
PHOTO MARCEAU

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From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date

For the last time but one before its flight to San Francisco and back within the month of May, the Boston Symphony Orchestra came to town last night. As usual Carnegie Hall was packed, and Fifty-seventh street jammed with limousines, though the hundred men played without a star. Leader Muck, in chastened mood, presented no vexed problems. He gave "the three B's," and a pleased house made the band stand up after Brahms's fine First symphony, with the Alp horn "afterglow," while between Beethoven overtures to "Coriolanus" and "Leonore" No. 3 they were equally cordial to rare old Bach.

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rk, 188

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RITICISM OF 'S MUSICAL TASTE

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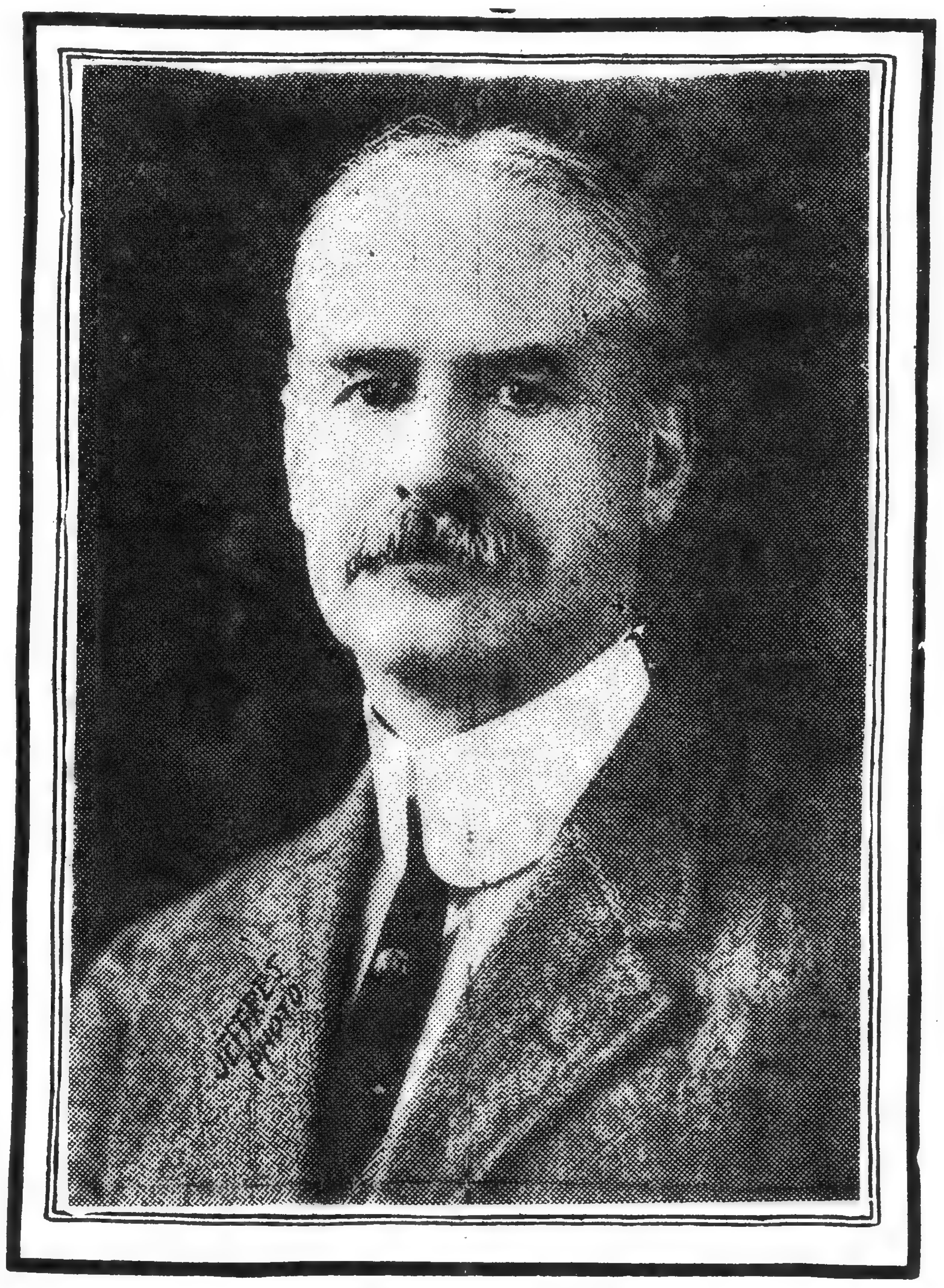

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"In Philadelphia they support 60 concerts a season, 50 by their own orchestra, five by Damrosch and five by the Boston Symphony. Even Minneapolis supports 50 concerts a season. It is public spirit which supports the orchestras of St. Louis and Cincinnati.

"It is true that Philadelphia has three times the population which Baltimore has, and ten times the money, but compare their 60 concerts with our 12—five by the Boston Symphony, three by the Philharmonic Orchestra, and one by the Philadelphia Orchestra. Chicago, which is really the music centre of America, is the only city in the country where the organizations are supported by the music lovers alone.

"When the New York Philharmonic first came here there was an organization of women who formed an auxiliary to make its concerts a success, but it has not been active lately. When the Boston Symphony first began to come here a guarantee was provided for them, but they have become established and now they are sold out far in advance."

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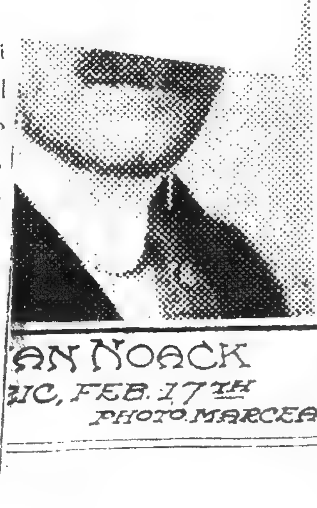

AN NOACK
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PHOTO MARCEAU

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Estal 884

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FEB 17 1915

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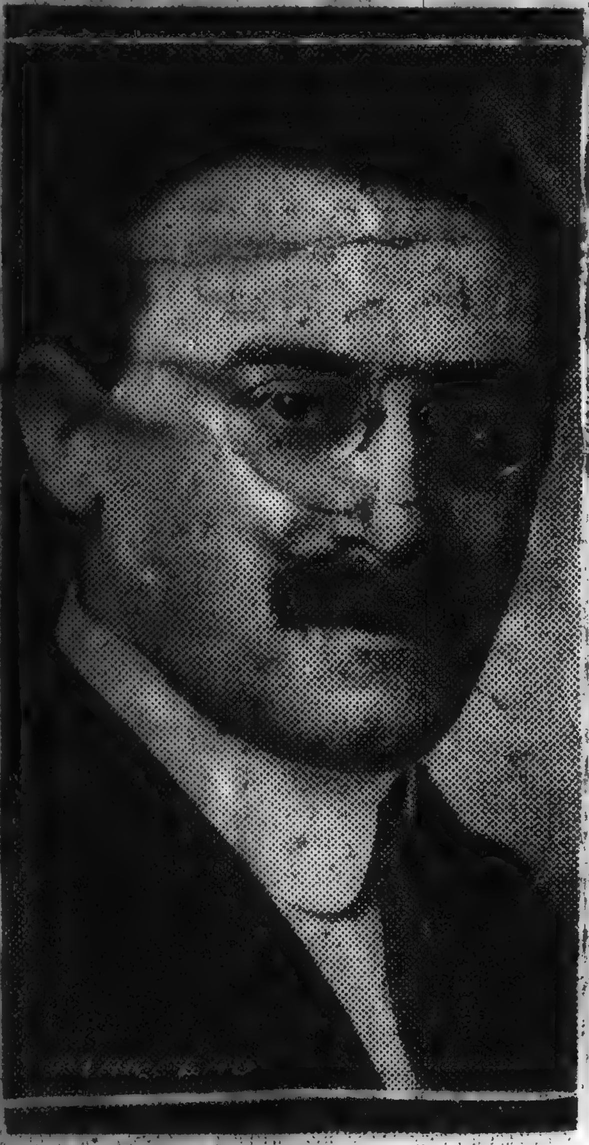
Soloists At Symphony


SYLVAIN NOACK

ANTON WITEK

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in the Lyric Theatre tonight. The program is one of the best that Dr. Muck has ever arranged for this city, comprising four masterpieces by three of the greatest composers. The works are Brahms' First Symphony in C minor, Bach's Shepherds' Music from the Christmas Oratorio, Bach's double concerto for two violins in D minor and finally Beethoven's overture "Leonora" No. 3. The solo violins in the double concerto will be played by Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack, respectively, concertmaster and assistant concertmaster of the orchestra. … time in Baltimore.

From **INQUIRER**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date FEB 14 1915

Boston Symphony Orchestra

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Esta … 384

PHOTO BY MARCEAU, BOSTON.

SYLVAIN NOACK
Assisting Artist at Boston Symphony Concert

From **STAATS-ZEITUNG**
Address: **New York City**
Date FEB 19 1915

Boſtoner Symphonie-Konzert.

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E … 1884

From **EVENING SUN**
Address: **Baltimore, Md.**
Date FEB 18 1915

Established: Londo

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PHOTO BY MARCEAU, BOSTON.

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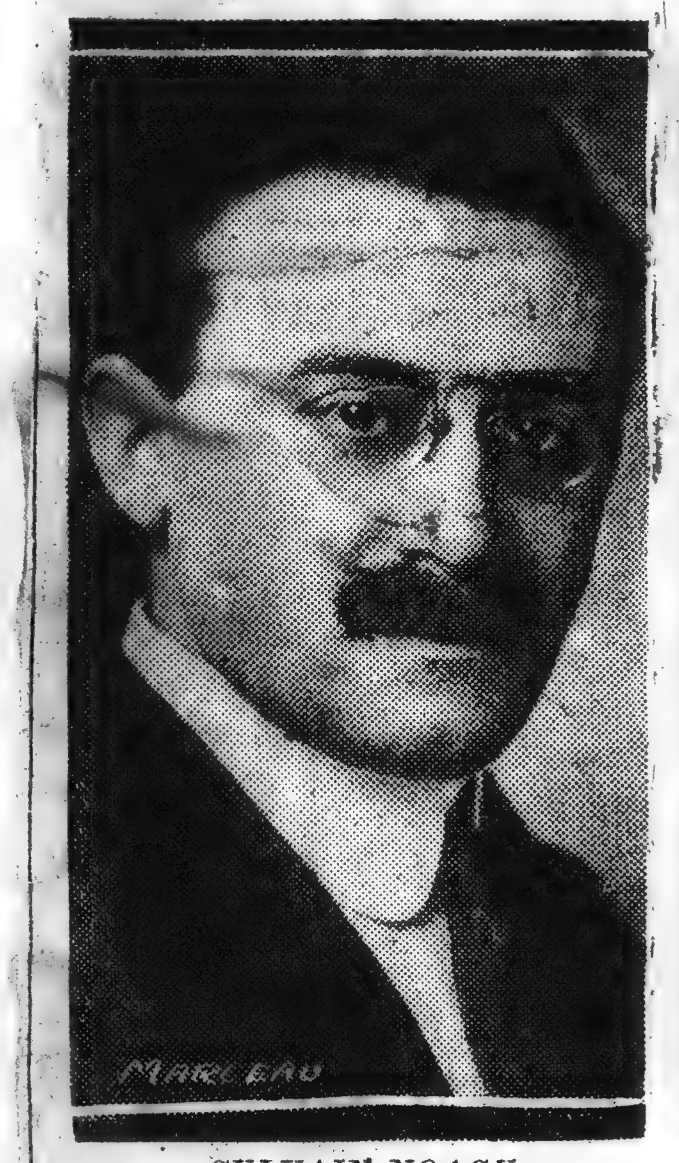

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Established: London, 1881; New York, 1884

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WHEELING INTELLIGENCER

JANUARY 29,

GREAT MUSICAL TREAT IS GIVEN

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PLEASED LARGE AUDIENCE LAST NIGHT.

Was One of Most Pleasing Numbers of the University Club Winter Program.

Music lovers filled the Court Theater Thursday evening when the Boston Symphony Orchestra was here, under the auspices of the University Club. The entertainment was the most artistic of the kind ever presented in this city, and every artist was finished. Individually and collectively the musicians were perfect and the instruments well blended. The various themes chosen for the program last evening were evidence of the great ability on the part of each artist. The conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, is an artist of rare ability, and has his musicians under perfect control at all times.

Especially beautiful was "The Swan of Tuonela," a legend from the Finnish folk-ep c "Kalevala" and "Finlandia," a poem for the orchestra by Sibelius. A Faust overture by Wagner, and "A Siegfried Idyll" were perfectly rendered. The hundred or more pieces were so combined to produce a perfect effect. The Beethoven Symphony No. 8, F major, op. 93, was well understood and appreciated by all. Following each number repeated encores were given.

The University Club is to be congratulated upon having brought to the city such a rare musical treat. The patrons of the Court Theater are anxiously looking forward to the next event, if it is to be as rare and artistic as the one last evening.

WHEELING DAILY NEWS.

JANUARY 29, 1915.

FOURTH CLUB CONCERT BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

By DR. CLARA SULLIVAN.

When we look at this splendid aggregation of musicians and listen to the wonderful music they are capable of giving us, and then let our minds go back to the beginning of things musical in this country, we feel that unusual progress has been made. One hundred and twenty-nine years ago—in 1786—Andrew Adgate established free "singing classes" in Philadelphia. This was no doubt just an ordinary sight-singing class. However, in 1786 they gave a festival of singing and at this festival an orchestra of 50 took part. This was no doubt America's first pretentious orchestra. In 1790 an orchestra of ten gave open air concerts in "Gray's Garden," Philadelphia. The first Philharmonic Society of New York was organized in 1799, and the second Philharmonic in 1842. In 1840 the Boston Academy Orchestra came into existence, with George J. Webb as its conductor. He was the first conductor to introduce the us eof the baton in this country.

A visiting orchestra that did much to elevate musical taste in this country was the Germania Orchestra. This orchestra received its best recognition in the south. There was a reason for this: The south was not settled by Puritans; they were a pleasure-loving people. They also had money and leisure much more abundantly than the north. It requires money and leisure for the arts to thrive. This should be remembered by all who are inclined to either be discouraged or to sneer at things musical in America. Our great-grandfathers had more vital things to cope with than the arts. The arts are necessary for the soul of man, but a body is necessary for the soul—and food must be had for that body.

This wonderful orchestra heard last night is a far cry from that meager orchestra of the Boston Academy, but it is the result of the efforts of all the real music lovers along the long line from 1786 until 1915.

We are constrained to not leave this subject until we give credit to Theodore Thomas, who certainly worked for the upbuilding of things musical in this country when that work was up-hill business. He never failed us and did more than any one man to disseminate a cultivated musical taste in this new country.

Last night we listened with intense interest to the Boston Orchestra, the equal of any in the world.

One can see at a glance that Dr. Muck has the qualities necessary to make him a leader of men. He has perfect control of all that body. He gets wonderful effects from his men and all is done in a very quiet manner. It is like "carrying coals to Newcastle" to praise the Boston Symphony, but the precision, the flexibility and the wonderful tone of this orchestra is just about as perfect as human-kind can give us.

The Beethoven symphony was captivating in its beauty, and surely no one could fail to respond to the second movement. The whole symphony is full of hopefulness and good cheer.

The Fause Overture is a wonderful tone-picture of "Faust," and Wagner is the great master of tone pictures. The tone-color this orchestra brings out of this work is truly gorgeous in its effect.

The "Seigfried Idyl" is a most beautiful composition, full of real melody and great tenderness.

We were glad indeed to have the opportunity of hearing the two numbers by Sibelius. He is one of the modern composers, and uses modern methods, but these compositions, after a few hearings, we grow to love and appreciate as much as we do the old classical style.

From an artistic standpoint it was a perfect evening, but we "of the provinces" would have gone home happier if Dr. Muck had seen fit to give us an encore. It probably is not the custom of the Boston Symphony. We have been spoiled, in all probability, by an orchestra that comes "out of the west," formerly known as the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. However, we hope to have this matchless orchestra, with its distinguished conductor, with us again.

WHEELING REGISTER,

JANUARY 29,

NINTH CONCERT A MUSICAL TREAT

Large Audience at Court Theatre Enraptured With Playing of Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Whether or not the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra last night deserves to rank as the greatest of the University club series depends largely upon whether one is partial to vocal or instrumental music. Certain it is that no greater artistic treat has ever been provided for the music lovers of this city than the playing of the one hundred skilled and trained musicians under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, a leader of international reputation. Three composers were represented on the program, which embraced but five selections. The enthusiasm of the audience spoke eloquently of a desire for more, but the rule that precious gifts come in small parcels seems to govern Dr. Muck, who graciously bowed his acknowledgments after each number and once caused the orchestra to rise in a body to express its appreciation of applause, but who could not be induced to add another selection to the program.

The composers selected by Dr. Muck were Beethoven, Wagner and Sibelius, the last named a present day genius, born in Finland and now living at Helsingfors. The Beethoven number was the symphony No. 8, composed by the famous musical poet in 1812 and played for the first time in this country in Boston in 1844. For years it was considered beneath the standard of Beethoven's compositions, probably because it is different from his other work. Commentators have tried to read a program into it, but not, as far as known, upon the authority of Beethoven himself. The symphony is in four parts and was the first and longest of the orchestra's selections. It was exquisitely played and most enthusiastically received.

Of Richard Wagner's compositions two were selected—"A Faust Overture" and "A Siegfried Idyl." It was written in Paris when Wagner was living from hand to mouth, and the composer has said that he really intended it for the first section of a grand "Faust" symphony. Some of Wagner's biographers assert that when it was first tried at rehearsal some of the players threw up their hands in horror. Fortunately music lovers of a later day took a more enlightened view of the melodious composition, and among the number

[illegible] "Siegfried Idyl," which is expressive [illegible] grace and gentle joy, was composed while Wagner was in one of his happiest moods. It was dedicated to his son by his second wife and was first played in their villa at Triebschen as a birthday gift to the composer's wife.

The two compositions of the Finnish composer were unfamiliar to the audience, but they were thoroughly enjoyed. "The Swan of Tuonela" is based on a Finnish legend, "Tuoneia" being the Finnish hades. It is majestic but intensely sad, terminating in magnificent 'cello phrases. "Finland" is a symphonic poem, appealing so strongly to national sentiment that during the last conflict between Russia and Finland its performance is said to have been prohibited. By many persons in the audience this was considered the gem of the program.

Wheeling may consider itself highly favored in being given the opportunity to see and hear one of the world's greatest musical organizations and one of the world's greatest leaders.

THE POST EXPRESS:

JANUARY 20,

SOME OF MUCK'S TRAITS AS LEADER

How the Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Works with His Organization.

Felix Weingartner, the German conductor, and for a number of years the colleague of Dr. Karl Muck of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Royal Opera, Berlin, made the remark in Boston last winter that in his opinion Muck is the most conscientious conductor he had ever known. The justice of this remark is, it is said, very apparent to the members of the orchestra—those who have served under many of the famous conductors of the world. Dr. Muck leaves absolutely nothing to chance or what is oft-times called "the inspiraton of the moment." When he appears at rehearsals on a Monday morning to read a new work for the first time, he not only knows every note in the work, but has mapped out his interpretation of it down to the finest detail.

Dr. Karl Muck.

The Boston Symphony, which is to be heard here next Monday night at Convention hall, has as a rule four rehearsals a week on the mornings of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Now and then a rehearsal is called for Saturday morning. If a new work is to be done the string section and the wind section are first rehearsed separately. Then there are at least three rehearsals of the entire body.

Dr. Muck is unsparing of himself and in a sense is unsparing of his men so far as preparation is concerned. His rehearsals rarely last more than two and a half hours for he believes that men can not do justice to themselves under a longer strain though he himself in studying his scores works far into the night.

Conductors are supposed to have, and most of them have, a keen ear but, according to the men in the Boston Symphony orchestra, Muck's ear is little less than miraculous. He may be rehearsing a complicated modern score when suddenly he will stop and turn back four or five pages to show where one of the violins, violas or 'cellos played a wrong note.

ELLIS CONCERTS

CONVENTION HALL

NEXT MONDAY NIGHT

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

DR.
KARL
MUCK
Conductor

SEATS TO-MORROW

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ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE,

JANUARY 20

DR. MUCK ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR OF GENIUS

Boston Symphony Is Great Instrument under Him.

DR. KARL MUCK.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will play here next Monday night in Convention Hall, is fortunate in having as its conductor Dr. Karl Muck, whom critics and connoisseurs unite in regarding as one of the foremost orchestral leaders in the world. This will be the fifth season in which he has had control of the artistic work of the orchestra.

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WHEELING INTELLIGENCER

JANUARY 29,

GREAT MUSICAL TREAT IS GIVEN

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PLEASED LARGE AUDIENCE LAST NIGHT.

Was One of Most Pleasing Numbers of the University Club Winter Program.

Music lovers filled the Court Theater Thursday evening when the Boston Symphony Orchestra was here, under the auspices of the University Club. The entertainment was the most artistic of the kind ever presented in this city, and every artist was finished. Individually and collectively the musicians were perfect and the instruments well blended. The various themes chosen for the program last evening were evidence of the great ability on the part of each artist. The conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, is an artist of rare ability, and has his musicians under perfect control at all times.

Especially beautiful was "The Swan of Tuonela," a legend from the Finnish folk-ep c "Kalevala" and "Finlandia," a poem for the orchestra by Sibelius. A Faust overture by Wagner, and "A Siegfried Idyll" were perfectly rendered. The hundred or more pieces were so combined to produce a perfect effect. The Beethoven Symphony No. 8, F major, op. 93, was well understood and appreciated by all. Following each number repeated encores were given.

The University Club is to be congratulated upon having brought to the city such a rare musical treat. The patrons of the Court Theater are anxiously looking forward to the next event, if it is to be as rare and artistic as the one last evening.

WHEELING DAILY NEWS.

JANUARY 29, 1915.

FOURTH CLUB CONCERT BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

By DR. CLARA SULLIVAN.

When we look at this splendid aggregation of musicians and listen to the wonderful music they are capable of giving us, and then let our minds go back to the beginning of things musical in this country, we feel that unusual progress has been made. One hundred and twenty-nine years ago—in 1786—Andrew Adgate established free "singing classes" in Philadelphia. This was no doubt just an ordinary sight-singing class. However, in 1786 they gave a festival of singing and at this festival an orchestra of 50 took part. This was no doubt America's first pretentious orchestra. In 1790 an orchestra of ten gave open air concerts in "Gray's Garden," Philadelphia. The first Philharmonic Society of New York was organized in 1799, and the second Philharmonic in 1842. In 1840 the Boston Academy Orchestra came into existence, with George J. Webb as its conductor. He was the first conductor to introduce the us eof the baton in this country.

A visiting orchestra that did much to elevate musical taste in this country was the Germania Orchestra. This orchestra received its best recognition in the south. There was a reason for this: The south was not settled by Puritans; they were a pleasure-loving people. They also had money and leisure much more abundantly than the north. It requires money and leisure for the arts to thrive. This should be remembered by all who are inclined to either be discouraged or to sneer at things musical in America. Our great-grandfathers had more vital things to cope with than the arts. The arts are necessary for the soul of man, but a body is necessary for the soul—and food must be had for that body.

This wonderful orchestra heard last night is a far cry from that meager orchestra of the Boston Academy, but it is the result of the efforts of all the real music lovers along the long line from 1786 until 1915.

We are constrained to not leave this subject until we give credit to Theodore Thomas, who certainly worked for the upbuilding of things musical in this country when that work was up-hill business. He never failed us and did more than any one man to disseminate a cultivated musical taste in this new country.

Last night we listened with intense interest to the Boston Orchestra, the equal of any in the world.

One can see at a glance that Dr. Muck has the qualities necessary to make him a leader of men. He has perfect control of all that body. He gets wonderful effects from his men and all is done in a very quiet manner. It is like "carrying coals to Newcastle" to praise the Boston Symphony, but the precision, the flexibility and the wonderful tone of this orchestra is just about as perfect as human-kind can give us.

The Beethoven symphony was captivating in its beauty, and surely no one could fail to respond to the second movement. The whole symphony is full of hopefulness and good cheer.

The Fause Overture is a wonderful tone-picture of "Faust," and Wagner is the great master of tone pictures. The tone-color this orchestra brings out of this work is truly gorgeous in its effect.

The "Seigfried Idyl" is a most beautiful composition, full of real melody and great tenderness.

We were glad indeed to have the opportunity of hearing the two numbers by Sibelius. He is one of the modern composers, and uses modern methods, but these compositions, after a few hearings, we grow to love and appreciate as much as we do the old classical style.

From an artistic standpoint it was a perfect evening, but we "of the provinces" would have gone home happier if Dr. Muck had seen fit to give us an encore. It probably is not the custom of the Boston Symphony. We have been spoiled, in all probability, by an orchestra that comes "out of the west," formerly known as the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. However, we hope to have this matchless orchestra, with its distinguished conductor, with us again.

NG REGISTER,

JANUARY 29,

NINTH CONCERT A MUSICAL TREAT

Large Audience at Court Theatre Enraptured With Playing of Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Whether or not the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra last night deserves to rank as the greatest of the University club series depends largely upon whether one is partial to vocal or instrumental music. Certain it is that no greater artistic treat has ever been provided for the music lovers of this city than the playing of the one hundred skilled and trained musicians under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, a leader of international reputation. Three composers were represented on the program, which embraced but five selections. The enthusiasm of the audience spoke eloquently of a desire for more, but the rule that precious gifts come in small parcels seems to govern Dr. Muck, who graciously bowed his acknowledgments after each number and once caused the orchestra to rise in a body to express its appreciation of applause, but who could not be induced to add another selection to the program.

The composers selected by Dr. Muck were Beethoven, Wagner and Sibelius, the last named a present day genius, born in Finland and now living at Helsingfors. The Beethoven number was the symphony No. 8, composed by the famous musical poet in 1812 and played for the first time in this country in Boston in 1844. For years it was considered beneath the standard of Beethoven's compositions, probably because it is different from his other work. Commentators have tried to read a program into it, but not, as far as known, upon the authority of Beethoven himself. The symphony is in four parts and was the first and longest of the orchestra's selections. It was exquisitely played and most enthusiastically received.

Of Richard Wagner's compositions two were selected—"A Faust Overture" and "A Siegfried Idyl." It was written in Paris when Wagner was living from hand to mouth, and the composer has said that he really intended it for the first section of a grand "Faust" symphony. Some of Wagner's biographers assert that when it was first tried at rehearsal some of the players threw up their hands in horror. Fortunately music lovers of a later day took a more enlightened view of the melodious composition, and among the number

[illegible] Siegfried Idyl," which is expressive [illegible] grace and gentle joy, was composed while Wagner was in one of his happiest moods. It was dedicated to his son by his second wife and was first played in their villa at Triebschen as a birthday gift to the composer's wife.

The two compositions of the Finnish composer were unfamiliar to the audience, but they were thoroughly enjoyed. "The Swan of Tuonela" is based on a Finnish legend, "Tuoneia" being the Finnish hades. It is majestic but intensely sad, terminating in magnificent 'cello phrases. "Finland" is a symphonic poem, appealing so strongly to national sentiment that during the last conflict between Russia and Finland its performance is said to have been prohibited. By many persons in the audience this was considered the gem of the program.

Wheeling may consider itself highly favored in being given the opportunity to see and hear one of the world's greatest musical organizations and one of the world's greatest leaders.

THE POST EXPRESS:

JANUARY 20,

SOME OF MUCK'S TRAITS AS LEADER

How the Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Works with His Organization.

Felix Weingartner, the German conductor, and for a number of years the colleague of Dr. Karl Muck of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Royal Opera, Berlin, made the remark in Boston last winter that in his opinion Muck is the most conscientious conductor he had ever known. The justice of this remark is, it is said, very apparent to the members of the orchestra—those who have served under many of the famous conductors of the world. Dr. Muck leaves absolutely nothing to chance or what is oft-times called "the inspiraton of the moment." When he appears at rehearsals on a Monday morning to read a new work for the first time, he not only knows every note in the work, but has mapped out his interpretation of it down to the finest detail.

Dr. Karl Muck.

The Boston Symphony, which is to be heard here next Monday night at Convention hall, has as a rule four rehearsals a week on the mornings of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Now and then a rehearsal is called for Saturday morning. If a new work is to be done the string section and the wind section are first rehearsed separately. Then there are at least three rehearsals of the entire body.

Dr. Muck is unsparing of himself and in a sense is unsparing of his men so far as preparation is concerned. His rehearsals rarely last more than two and a half hours for he believes that men can not do justice to themselves under a longer strain though he himself in studying his scores works far into the night.

Conductors are supposed to have, and most of them have, a keen ear but, according to the men in the Boston Symphony orchestra, Muck's ear is little less than miraculous. He may be rehearsing a complicated modern score when suddenly he will stop and turn back four or five pages to show where one of the violins, violas or 'cellos played a wrong note.

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CONVENTION HALL

NEXT MONDAY NIGHT

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

DR. KARL MUCK Conductor

SEATS TO-MORROW

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ROCHESTER HERALD.

JANUARY 20.

Orchestra Conductor Has Brilliant Record

DR. KARL MUCK, conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. Karl Muck, the renowned director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which visits Rochester next Monday evening, has for four years filled that post, generally regarded by musicians as one of the world's greatest prizes for conductors. He was in Boston during the seasons of 1906-07 and 1907-08, by special leave of absence granted him by the German Emperor, whom he was serving as principal conductor of the Royal Opera, Berlin. Ending his engagement in Berlin in 1912, he returned to America in September of that year under a long-term contract.

In Berlin Dr. Muck was speedily recognized as one of the great conductors of the world. In all the festivals of Bayreuth since 1901 he has been the conductor of "Parsifal." In 1904, 1905 and 1906 he shared with Felix Mottl the celebrated philharmonic concerts in Vienna. For ten years he was the conductor of the Schleswig music festival. As "guest" conductor he has appeared in St. Petersburg and Moscow, in Madrid and Barcelona, in Paris and London, in Brussels and Amsterdam, Hamburg, Bremen and Budapest. For one season he was conductor of the opera at the Covent Garden, London. Two years ago, although it was known that he was under contract to return to America, every effort was made through court circles to induce him to take first the intendantship of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, and then the same position in the Royal Opera, Munich.

Rochester Evening Times
Wednes... Jan. 20, 1915

DR. KARL MUCK, CONDUCTOR OF BOSTON ORCHESTRA

A long and varied professional career has been that of Dr. Karl Muck, the famous leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which Rochester will hear next Monday

started with advantages that many lack, for not only was he a man of great intellectual force but he came from an important family of Bavaria and his father insisted that he go through the university at the same time he was studying his music. A first honor man of the Leipsic Conservatory of Music and a Doctor Juris from Leipsic University before he was 20, a pianist of great promise and already known as a young man of most uncommon intellectual force, his first position was as chorus master in an obscure provincial opera at a salary of $25 per month.

Here is where he had his first breaking in. He drilled choruses, coached the solo singers in their roles, gave lessons on the side to eke out his monthly income and now and then was allowed to conduct a performance of some light opera, but he did his work so well that before long he was called to be one of the conductors of the Opera House in Graz in Southern Austria. Here he conducted everything — Wagner, Verdi, Offenbach, Suppe, Gilbert & Sullivan, ballets and pantomimes. He was expected to be prepared to do anything and his career showed that he was always ready. At the same time he was getting his first experience as a concert conductor.

His great opportunity came while in Prague when Neumann organized an opera company to go to Russia and give performances of Wagner's music. Muck was the principal conductor and laid the foundation then for his present fame as the greatest living conductor of Wagner's works. His success on this tour was such that Madame Cosima Wagner summoned him to Bayreuth to assist at the Festivals there and for many years past he has been the sole conductor of the performances of "Parsifal."

In the spring of 1891 he went with Neumann's Opera Company for a series of "guest" performances in Berlin, conducting Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and he made such a profound impression that he was immediately engaged as one of the principal conductors of the Royal Opera, Berlin. This post he held until 1912, when he came to America.

Rochester
Union & Advertiser
Wed. Jan.

DR. MUCK IS DIFFERENT

Conductor of Boston Symphony Does Not Wear His Hair Long Nor is He Eccentric.

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which comes for a concert next Monday night at Convention Hall, has neither the appearance nor character, according to the time-honored tradition, of a celebrated musician. He does not wear his hair long nor is he eccentric. When meeting him casually one would take him for anything but a musician and the first guess might be that he was an officer in the German army. He is a man of medium height, slender, well built and direct. His face, deeply marked with scars of student duels, is one which is not easily forgotten. Large, keen eyes, an eagle-like nose and a small, thin-lipped mouth above jaws which show any amount of determination, his face is certainly an index to his unusual personality.

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A bit of a dandy in dress, his clothes always betray the fact that he has the most excellent tailor. He always gives the impression of enormous force under absolute control and in this case the impression is correct. Muck is decidedly a man of the world, although society, as such, has few charms for him. His title of Doctor was won after three years' hard work in the Universities of Heidelberg and Leipsic and he is the holder of the German degee of Doctor Juris. In his career in Europe he has been drawn into court circles and is a close personal friend of the German Emperor. As general music director of the Royal Theaters of Prussia, he is a member of the imperial court.

His interests are by no means confined to music although in his art he is an indefatigable worker. He takes a keen interest in current events and is thoroughly posted in literature and art.

Although he is really a most kindly, thoughtful and considerate man, there is a certain Satanic aspect about him which often misleads those who do not know him well. In his hours of ease he is a most delightful companion, but when there is work to be done he demands the utmost effort on the part of those under him, as he himself always gives his best. He is a stern disciplinarian, an untiring drillmaster and Felix Weingartner, the great German conductor, said in Boston last winter that Muck was absolutely the most conscientious man he had ever known.

EVENING TRANSCRIPT,

FEBRUARY 22.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

THE OLD DEBATE OVER DR. MUCK'S PROGRAMMES

Present Grumbling in New York and a Parallel or Two from Boston—Mr. McCormack's Concert—Mr. Busoni's "Indian Fantasy" Played—"Trovatore" and Toscanini — Reznicek's New Tone-Poem — Items and Announcements

EVEN as Boston in the first years of Dr. Muck's service as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra plunged into complaining controversy over his programmes, so now is New York in protesting debate over them. Two months ago, reviewers and auditors were clamoring against them because they contained too much contemporary, novel and "ultra-modern" music. The reviewers wrote as men who were either affronted or aggrieved and, in either alternative, as auditors who had a prescriptive right to hear what they wished to hear. Mere unofficial listeners addressed the conductor, the management or "the editor" in tones of disappointment or resentment. Protest and complaint still continue and in the same moving accents; but the conductor's sin is now of another cast. He is making his programme of pieces "that were familiar to the public of New York before he was born; "he is trotting out old 'war-horses'"; he is choosing pieces that are "conventional and unexciting" and so forth and so onward.

Hereabouts, if not in New York, all this has a familiar sound. Within easy recollection, those of this town who preferred "the old war-horses" declared that Dr. Muck kept them chained in their neatly labelled stalls; while those that pined for the music of their own day affirmed that the conductor was smothering his audiences with the classics. In these very columns the discussion ebbed and flowed until upon a day, a wearily prosaic mind, ridiculously embedded in fact and not "views," counted the classic and the modern pieces in the programmes of the year. As it happened they were very nearly equal in numbers. Suddenly the controversy was stilled, and never has it risen again.

As a mere matter of fact the statistics of the ten concerts that Dr. Muck and the orchestra give annually in New York usually show the same relative division between classic, semi-classic and familiar pieces and those which are new and strange. Perhaps this year he has leaned more than hitherto toward the old and the familiar in deference to the grumbling over Sibelius's fourth symphony, Strauss's "From Italy," Reznicek's "Schlemihl" and Ropartz's symphony. If he has done so, the reviewers and the audiences have only themselves to blame and present repining over overtures by Beethoven and Weber and symphonies by Brahms and Haydn does not in the least mend the matter. The truth is that Dr. Muck is two-fold victim; on one side of his own liking for "unified" programmes which group classic or contemporary pieces and so rouse latent resentments that one or two of either would not have stirred; and on the other of the short but natural view that takes each programme by itself for liking or disliking without reference to the sum of the music played in a whole series or a whole season of concerts. Dr. Muck's abilities as a conductor long since and even in New York ceased to be debatable; only his programmes are left for the grumbling without which human nature is starved. Yet we Bostonians in our provincial way have become fairly reconciled to them. Perhaps, with a becoming humility, we even suspect that we are only units in a public of many likings. Moreover, once upon a time the oldest symphony was as novel to every one of us as is the newest tone-poem.

H. T. P.

BOSTON POST,

FEBRUARY 27, 1915

NEW WORK BY STRUBE PERFORMED

Symphony Gives First Reading of His "Variations"

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Schubert C major symphony, variations on an original theme, by Gustave Strube, performed for the first time anywhere, and Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture, made the programme of the 15th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

There was interest in the work of Mr. Strube, for many years a member of the orchestra, a composer of high accomplishments, and now head of the department of theory and composition at the Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore. Mr. Strube, some of his friends may insist, has gone a step backward instead of forward in his musical development in this latest composition, because he has forsaken, temporarily, the symphonic poem, and ultra-impressionistic methods, and written in the traditional variation form. But with these people we do not agree.

ON CHORALE-LIKE THEME

The theme which Mr. Strube has set down as his text is for us the most conventional page of the composition. This was probably deliberate on the part of the composer. It is a broad theme, chorale-like in its simple harmonies and its melodic line. But the theme is treated with a wealth of technical, resource and striking effects of color which were always characteristic of Mr. Strube's writing, but which have been especially cultivated of late years by his sympathy with recent French composition.

The fact that this piece has line as well as color is not to its disadvantage. In a well worn medium Mr. Strube keeps the interest of the hearer from the beginning to the end. The variations are free, but not so free that all trace of the original theme is lost. Most of them are in a poetical vein. One or two are brilliant and dramatic.

Schubert's Inspired Work

Schubert is possibly the only composer who approaches Mozart in the sheer power and rapture of his inspiration. The length of the C major symphony, with all its formality and repetitions according to rule, is still heavenly—at least when the symphony receives such a performance as Dr. Muck gave it yesterday. The instrumentation, which is here, with Schubert, as integral a part of the musical thought, as it was with Mozart or Wagner or any other great master of the orchestra, is also heavenly in its clearness and transparency.

The symphony is Dionysiac in its mood. In the symmetry of its phrase patterns and the vigor of its inner rhythmic life it is a striking reminder of the common origins of music and movement, yet Miss Osidora Duncan and others of her ilk ignore this work, which is as classic as it is inspired, and, of all symphonies, not even excepting the famous seventh of Beethoven, the most deserving of Wagner's phrase, "the apotheosis of the dance." It is as pure in its design and as unfettered in its joyous motion as the figures on a Greek vase. The precise place of Schubert, who is historically designated as one of those who came between the classics and the romantics of the late 18th and early 19th century, is still unsettled. Noting certain of his tendencies in harmony and in his treatment of form, he is seen to be a romantic, but fundamentally, at least in his instrumental works, he was surely a classic of classics, one who held sacred laws of proportion and design—rather one to whom symmetry and balance and beauty of form were inevitable and instinctive.

Goldmark's Oriental Music

Most impressive was the performance of Goldmark's overture. For once the theme marked "Andante assai" was taken slowly enough. It had true oriental languor and mystery. The music is music of legend, and of oriental legend. No composer but Goldmark could have penned the introduction and the theme for the clarinet. None but he would have dressed his themes in such purple and gold. Goldmark, in his more cosmopolitan pages—witness the "Spring" overture, the violin concerto, the E flat symphony—is already perishing, but as an orientalist he bids fair to last long. The performance of the "Sakuntala" overture is the only observance of the re-

MONITOR, BOSTON,

FEBRUARY 20.

MUSICIANS UNION OFFICIALS DISCUSS PROPOSED BOSTON SYMPHONY VISIT TO 1915 FAIR

It has been reported in San Francisco, New York and Boston that the Boston Symphony orchestra is to take part in the music of the Panama-Pacific International exposition early in the summer. No absolute verification of the report is forthcoming and no downright denial of it is obtainable either. In the course of making inquiries on the subject, a Monitor writer asked at the Boston headquarters of the American Federation of Musicians how the union orchestral players of the country would look on a project for a non-union orchestra to play at the exposition. Harold E. Brenton, the member of the national executive board of the federation representing New England, told the inquirer that the federation officials had not received word of any proposal for the Boston Symphony men to take part in the exposition music. He explained that according to agreements existing between the federation and the music director of the fair, notice of such a proposal would have to be given to the federation's national executive board; and the proposal would have to be sanctioned by the board before an engagement of the orchestra could become operative.

Orchestral performances at the Panama-Pacific International exposition, according to agreements long ago drawn up and signed, are to be given under the rules of the American Federation of Musicians. That was arranged between George W. Stewart, director of the exposition music, and Joseph N. Weber, the former federation president, in December, 1913. The agreement was to the effect that the rules of the federation, as they existed at that time, should govern all engagements of orchestral and band musicians at San Francisco. If an independent orchestra is to appear at the exposition, the question will have to be decided between the musical director and the federation, whether the rules would thereby be essentially violated.

Idea Favored

It is thought that the interpretation of the rules in regard to the proposed Boston Symphony orchestra visit will probably be left to the general convention of the federation, which will be held in San Francisco May 10. As Mr. Brenton notes the situation, no independent orchestra can now be definitely engaged to take part in the exposition music. It can at the most be asked to play and to make provisional arrangements. The San Francisco union of musicians has declared that it has no objections to the Boston Symphony men giving concerts, according to the announced plan; and the approval of the San Francisco union, in Mr. Brenton's view, would have much bearing on the attitude of the federation as a whole. But it would not decide the question. That, ordinarily, would be settled at a meeting of the national executive board. All the circumstances considered, however, a vote on it in the general convention is in his opinion the more likely proceeding.

Agreement Made

Under the agreement entered into by Mr. Stewart and Mr. Weber, any independent orchestra competing with federation orchestras on what is defined in its phraseology as an "unfair" basis would be excluded from playing at the exposition. "It is not a question of the Boston Symphony orchestra," said Mr. Brenton, "or of any other orchestra; it is just the idea that the federation has followed in everything, that we do not appear in concert for managers employing people whom we regard as 'unfair' to us. One kind of 'unfair' men would be those who had once belonged to the federation and had withdrawn from membership to work under other conditions. We consider them 'unfair' on the ground that they have not kept faith with the rules under which they joined us. Some of the men in the Boston Symphony orchestra are of this kind. Others once belonged —when they lived in Europe, to what is called there the confederation, with which we have an agreement. Both these kinds of musicians we regard as coming on certain occasions into antagonistic competition with us. This does not happen in the regular concerts of the orchestra in Boston, nor in the concerts of their tours. Such concerts are entirely of their own getting-up, and are in no way a subject of federation protest. But outside the concerts which the organization originates, some of the members compete with us for engagements of almost every class, except theater engagements. Here we admit that there is no 'unfairness' as to price; for often they receive, when playing in outside engagements, more than our minimum."

Protest Expected

The federation, in Mr. Brenton's view, will undoubtedly make a protest against the symphony orchestra appearing at San Francisco. "There is no likelihood," Mr. Brenton continued, "that the rules of the federation will be changed. San Francisco is unquestionably a competitive engagement. For the federation has orchestras that can take a stand with the Boston Symphony orchestra in artistic ability. There is the Chicago Symphony orchestra, for example. When work on exposition music began, an agreement was drawn up between Mr. Stewart, the director, and Mr. Weber, the federation president. It was signed in December, 1913. According to it, the rules of the federation then existing were to govern all engagements. Now the question of federation men being allowed to play where an organization composed of non-members is going to appear, is one which will have to be submitted to the national executive board. In any case, the appearance of the Boston Symphony orchestra in San Francisco would have to be discussed and acted on, before the director of the exposition music could give a definite answer to the orchestra manager. And no such thing has yet been asked of the board."

Going into the more general bearings of the case, Mr. Brenton noted that it had been the intention of the exposition music director to bring an orchestra from Europe; and that since this is impossible, the idea may have occurred to him of substituting the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Brenton commented on the idea as not an inappropriate one. In whatever light the subject was presented, he declared, it is not likely that the federation will act until the general convention opens in San Francisco, May 10. Approval for the visit, which has been granted by the San Francisco union, would count, he said, for much. But he insisted that under the agreement between Mr. Stewart and Mr. Weber, the approval of the federation as a whole would be necessary.

Rules Explained

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Goldmark—"Sakuntala" overture.

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Dr. Muck did wisely in cutting out some of the repeats. The amount of literal repetition (by dots) which Schubert used is entirely opposed to the spirit of the present age, when all repeats are ruthlessly excised from the works of the masters. There is not much doubt but what Schubert was influenced by Beethoven's symphonies, in his composition of this work, and possibly also by the great violin concerto of that master. The massive development of a figure of the same note given with emphasis four times, is very close to the similar device of the first movement of the violin concerto of Beethoven, while the use of the trombones, in the coda of the first movement, was probably suggested by the great master's introduction of trombones in his fifth symphony, but it must be stated that Schubert makes much better use of these instruments than Beethoven did; in fact the splendid responses between tenor and bass trombones, in this coda, was the earliest masterly use of the instruments in symphony. The passage was played well, although we prefer it emphasized even a little more.

Entire Reading Direct

The entire reading of the symphony was direct and straight-forward, without any effort to read more into it than Schubert intended. The horn passage of the introduction was well played, and its return at the end of the first movement, as a sort of postlude, was sufficiently broad and noble. Oboes are to the front quite constantly in the second movement, with its gypsy-like theme. The wood-wind of our orchestra are of good artistic balance and in the Rondo they had good opportunities. The horns, in the Trio of the Scherzo, gave beauty to that theme which is a blood-relative to "We wont go Home till Morning." But that rather dissipated folk-song (which is very antique, by the way), has often appeared in great works. There is something suspiciously like it in Liszt's great "Les Preludes."

The wonderful shading of the Finale is another point of the performance which one would wish to speak of enthusiastically. One has the composer's warrant for going to extremes in this diminuendo and crescendo, and one may be sure that our orchestra made great effect with this feat of shading.

The audience seemed well satisfied to hear a direct and melodic symphony as a change from the fevered "Schlemihls", "Premonitions" and "Fireworks." Not but what Schubert, and Haydn, and Mozart, might become rather tepid if given as a steady diet, but there is serene enjoyment in their works heard in contrast with the frenzied ones. The second movement of the Schubert symphony seemed too long, but the finale was superb in every way and aroused great enthusiasm.

We welcomed a work by Gustav Strube again upon our symphony programmes. Such an eminent composer should not have been allowed to go from Boston to Baltimore. We sometimes find Mr. Strube's works somewhat too modern, but we are always obliged to recognize mastery of the modern orchestra, ingenious development and a good degree of originality in most of his many works that have been performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In these new variations we found a more direct style of melody and a less restless modulation than in some of Mr. Strube's works. The theme itself was a clear-cut, chorale-like, two-division song-form, and the variations were intelligible and ingenious.

Means Temptation

The general composer ought to pray "lead us not into variation," for variation generally means temptation to him—a temptation to go on and on so long as his ingenuity can squeeze out new combinations. This was not the case with Mr. Strube's composition. The work was not too long and was so finely contrasted as to be interesting all the way through. The second variation was a canon. It was not a Krupp 35 centimeter howitzer, but it served to show Mr. Strube's contrapuntal skill, as did also the 6th and 9th variations. Horn and oboe played excellently in the 7th variation, while the 8th was the most popular bit of the work. As there was plenty of counterpoint in the 2d, 6th and 9th variations, there was no need of a fugue as a finale, and the last movement was dainty and attractive. The whole work was fluent and skilful and it won much and well deserved applause.

Now that Goldmark is dead one may curiously watch what is going to become of his works. Is he going to fade like Gade and Raff? Is he going to subside more slowly like Dvorak? Is he going to hold his own with the romanticists, like Tschaikowsky? We imagine that it will be somewhat as with the last-named composer, or even better. Goldmark has Mendelssohnian grace and melody, but also a modern tone-coloring and he never goes beyond his depth, as many of the moderns have done.

It is always a pleasure to hear "Sakuntala," and we even hope that his simpler "Rustic Wedding" may not be shelved because of the desire for latter-day complexities. The reading of the overture was gloriously dramatic. The trumpets did some excellent playing in very difficult passages, the horns were beautifully shaded, the great climax of triumph at the end was nobly interpreted. The work aroused great enthusiasm. It convinced us that Goldmark is not likely to be evanescent. The grand outburst of song in the end of the overture is surprisingly effective, and this concert which began with melody also ended with it, and nobody seemed to regret the absence of the awful troubles and agonies which are associated with much of the modern music.

From EVENING SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date FEB 18 1915

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MONITOR, BOSTON,

FEBRUARY 20.

MUSICIANS UNION OFFICIALS DISCUSS PROPOSED BOSTON SYMPHONY VISIT TO 1915 FAIR

It has been reported in San Francisco, New York and Boston that the Boston Symphony orchestra is to take part in the music of the Panama-Pacific International exposition early in the summer. No absolute verification of the report is forthcoming and no downright denial of it is obtainable either. In the course of making inquiries on the subject, a Monitor writer asked at the Boston headquarters of the American Federation of Musicians how the union orchestral players of the country would look on a project for a non-union orchestra to play at the exposition. Harold E. Brenton, the member of the national executive board of the federation representing New England, told the inquirer that the federation officials had not received word of any proposal for the Boston Symphony men to take part in the exposition music. He explained that according to agreements existing between the federation and the music director of the fair, notice of such a proposal would have to be given to the federation's national executive board; and the proposal would have to be sanctioned by the board before an engagement of the orchestra could become operative.

Orchestral performances at the Panama-Pacific International exposition, according to agreements long ago drawn up and signed, are to be given under the rules of the American Federation of Musicians. That was arranged between George W. Stewart, director of the exposition music, and Joseph N. Weber, the former federation president, in December, 1913. The agreement was to the effect that the rules of the federation, as they existed at that time, should govern all engagements of orchestral and band musicians at San Francisco. If an independent orchestra is to appear at the exposition, the question will have to be decided between the musical director and the federation, whether the rules would thereby be essentially violated.

Idea Favored

It is thought that the interpretation of the rules in regard to the proposed Boston Symphony orchestra visit will probably be left to the general convention of the federation, which will be held in San Francisco May 10. As Mr. Brenton notes the situation, no independent orchestra can now be definitely engaged to take part in the exposition music. It can at the most be asked to play and to make provisional arrangements. The San Francisco union of musicians has declared that it has no objections to the Boston Symphony men giving concerts, according to the announced plan; and the approval of the San Francisco union, in Mr. Brenton's view, would have much bearing on the attitude of the federation as a whole. But it would not decide the question. That, ordinarily, would be settled at a meeting of the national executive board. All the circumstances considered, however, a vote on it in the general convention is in his opinion the more likely proceeding.

Agreement Made

Under the agreement entered into by Mr. Stewart and Mr. Weber, any independent orchestra competing with federation orchestras on what is defined in its phraseology as an "unfair" basis would be excluded from playing at the exposition. "It is not a question of the Boston Symphony orchestra," said Mr. Brenton, "or of any other orchestra; it is just the idea that the federation has followed in everything, that we do not appear in concert for managers employing people whom we regard as 'unfair' to us. One kind of 'unfair' men would be those who had once belonged to the federation and had withdrawn from membership to work under other conditions. We consider them 'unfair' on the ground that they have not kept faith with the rules under which they joined us. Some of the men in the Boston Symphony orchestra are of this kind. Others once belonged—when they lived in Europe, to what is called there the confederation, with which we have an agreement. Both these kinds of musicians we regard as coming on certain occasions into antagonistic competition with us. This does not happen in the regular concerts of the orchestra in Boston, nor in the concerts of their tours. Such concerts are entirely of their own getting-up, and are in no way a subject of federation protest. But outside the concerts which the organization originates, some of the members compete with us for engagements of almost every class, except theater engagements. Here we admit that there is no 'unfairness' as to price; for often they receive, when playing in outside engagements, more than our minimum."

Protest Expected

The federation, in Mr. Brenton's view, will undoubtedly make a protest against the symphony orchestra appearing at San Francisco. "There is no likelihood," Mr. Brenton continued, "that the rules of the federation will be changed. San Francisco is unquestionably a competitive engagement. For the federation has orchestras that can take a stand with the Boston Symphony orchestra in artistic ability. There is the Chicago Symphony orchestra, for example. When work on exposition music began, an agreement was drawn up between Mr. Stewart, the director, and Mr. Weber, the federation president. It was signed in December, 1913. According to it, the rules of the federation then existing were to govern all engagements. Now the question of federation men being allowed to play where an organization composed of non-members is going to appear, is one which will have to be submitted to the national executive board. In any case, the appearance of the Boston Symphony orchestra in San Francisco would have to be discussed and acted on, before the director of the exposition music could give a definite answer to the orchestra manager. And no such thing has yet been asked of the board."

Going into the more general bearings of the case, Mr. Brenton noted that it had been the intention of the exposition music director to bring an orchestra from Europe; and that since this is impossible, the idea may have occurred to him of substituting the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Brenton commented on the idea as not an inappropriate one. In whatever light the subject was presented, he declared, it is not likely that the federation will act until the general convention opens in San Francisco, May 10. Approval for the visit, which has been granted by the San Francisco union, would count, he said, for much. But he insisted that under the agreement between Mr. Stewart and Mr. Weber, the approval of the federation as a whole would be necessary.

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BOSTON GLOBE—
FEBRUARY 27.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Strube's Variations Given First Performance.

Schubert's Symphony in C Major Played in Romantic Vein.

Gustav Strube, now instructing musical youth in Baltimore, sometime conductor, violinist, teacher in this city, is an indefatigable musician. His compositions played at the Symphony concerts have denoted a steady assimilation. Not that they have lacked originality. Rather that they showed the absorption of more than one idiom. Mr Strube has not closed his ears to modern harmonic combinations. There have been times when they dimmed the clearness of his own individuality. Yesterday afternoon his "Variations on an Original Theme," played by Dr Muck for the first time anywhere, show Mr Strube more than a clever and skillful stylist. The work does not make large pretensions, but it pleases the ear by its contrast in color and often by the fancy in its invention.

The theme is a melody of true emotional character, simple and direct without being obvious, not overdressed harmonically, announced by the lower-voiced wind instruments and 'cellos, and treated somewhat in the folk song manner. Variations often seem an impertinence; a diabolical form of gymnastics in which the composer exercises his faculty before a yawning audience. Mr Strube does not perform evolutions in the air with the glib assurance of the acrobat who leaves no flight untried. Here are but 10 variations, a reasonable, considerate number, and they are of such character that the ear remains fresh.

There are many passages of ingenious, clever, fanciful orchestration, in the blending of timbres or in the contrasting of choirs. There is commendable economy of resources and contrast gains as the result. The slow movement with the romantic song first for horn, later for oboe, over the subdued strings of haunting beauty, is obviously to be enjoyed. There is distinct character in the others. The invention may not be sustained equally to the end, but there are pleasant surprises throughout. No idea is overworked. There is freshness, piquancy and, if there is no attempt at profound emotionalism, there is often charm.

Schubert's C major symphony, a model of clearness in orchestral writing as in musical thinking, was played in its true vein. Sunlight streamed through all, and none could have heard without sharing its communicating gladness, its serenity, its cheerful optimism. It is true Schubert developed his ideas with a patient deliberation for the man who listened literally, as in the melodic use of the trombones who speak here with a new tongue, but if there is prolixity to the modern ear, it is that of sweet sounds. The performance was one of incomparable euphony.

Goldmark's "Sakuntala" called to mind the passing of an humble musician whose overtures have pleased a past generation and still have the power to please.

BOSTON TRAVELER,
FEBRUARY 27,

SYMPHONY PLAYS NEW STRUBE WORK

Former Boston Man's "Variations" Given Its First Presentation Here.

Simplicity characterized the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon from Schubert's seventh symphony, through Strube's "Variations" and Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala." There wasn't a puzzle picture on the program. All was music for music's sake. There was none of that unrest of those treading in uncertain paths.

One may search far and wide for a more interesting, more beautiful symphony than the Schubert work. As read by Dr. Muck and played by the orchestra it left very little to be desired. Many are the opportunities it affords to display the fine artistry of the players.

The appearance of a composition by Gustave Strube on a Symphony program always awakens interest, particularly so when the composition is given for the first time by the orchestra, as was the case yesterday afternoon with the "Variations on an Original Theme." It is in the composer's best vein, clear and interesting throughout and written by one who speaks with authority. Fortunate indeed is the composer who can have his compositions interpreted by such an orchestra.

Goldmark's overture, ever welcome, seemed to take on new beauties and provided a fitting close to one of the most enjoyable concerts of the current season.

Concerts and Recitals

Tomorrow afternoon's Symphony Hall concert promises a veritable tr

the opportunity to see and hear Pablo Casals, the world famous Spanish 'cellist and Harold Bauer, the eminent pianist. The program comprises two Sonatas for violoncello and piano and two solo numbers, one for Mr. Bauer and one for Mr. Casals. The first Sonata will be Beethoven's in A major and the second (and last number on the program) will be Brahms's in F major. Mr. Bauer will play Schumann's "Fantasiestucke." Opus 12, which comprises eight of Schumann's most delightful short pieces which are seldom heard in consecutive order. Mr. Casals will play Bach's Suite in C major for violoncello alone. This Suite is in six parts.

The third and final concert of the season of the Longy Club, comes Wednesday evening in Jordan Hall, with Miss Mary Fay, vocalist and Mr. Sand, clarinetist, as assisting artists. Mrs. Dudley T. Fitts will be the accompanist. Miss Fay will sing three French songs, Faure's "Apres un Reve," Gedalge's "Serenade," Busser's "Venus. Etoile du Soir." Mr. Sand will play Weber's Concertino for clarinet, Opus 26. There will be a Suite for flute, clarinet and piano by Amberg and Mozart's serenade for two oboes, two horns, two clarinets and two bassoons.

Miss Irma Seydel will give a violin recital in Jordan Hall, Monday afternoon, at three. Miss Sydel's program will include works by Handel, Spohr, Maquarre, Prutting, Strube, Ketten, Vieuxtemps, Beethoven, Mozart and Brahms.

The Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony Hall, March 7, will be a Pension Fund concert by the Symphony orchestra. The program will include Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony; and selections from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" and "The Ring."

Much interest is being shown in the concert to be given in Jordan Hall on Monday evening, March 8, by the Boston Quartet.

Elena Gerhardt, the popular singer, will be the artist at the Symphony Hall concert Sunday afternoon, March 14. Miss Gerhardt will be assisted by Beatrice Harrison, 'cellist.

The postponed recital of Emanuel Ondricek, violinist and Mrs. Ondricek, violinist, is now scheduled for Wednesday evening, March 10, in Jordan Hall.

The Flonzaleys will give their final concert of the season in Jordan Hall, on Thursday evening, March 11.

Percy Grainger, the Australian pianist composer, is to give a recital in Jordan Hall, Saturday afternoon, March 6.

MONITOR, BOSTON,
FEBRUARY 27,

NEW PIECE BY MR. STRUBE AT THE SYMPHONY

Variations on an Original Theme Performed First Time—Symphony in C Major by Schubert and Overture to "Sakuntala"

SYMPHONY HALL—Fifteenth rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Carl Muck conducting, afternoon of Feb. 26. The program: Schubert, symphony in C major, No. 7; Strube, variations on an original theme (first performance); Goldmark, overture to "Sakuntala," op. 13.

The usual Friday afternoon audience sat stolidly through the rehearsal yesterday strangely apathetic to the program. Dr. Muck's welcome of handclapping was unusually parsimonious. Applause between the movements of the symphony was slight. Appreciation at the end was perfunctory. True, Dr. Muck was recalled and made the orchestra stand with him, but the tribute to the work of the men lacked spontaneity.

Because of this the audience wist not that it was hearing some of the best American music that has yet been written. At any rate the listeners did not rouse from the lethargy that attended the hearing of the rest of the program when Mr. Strube's excellent variations on an original theme were played. Only mild interest attended, only passive approval was given.

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The search for the American music seems yet to have taken small account of what this America of ours is. Not until we are through fusing all the various elements that are going to make up our civilization so that culture will have a distinct aspect, an individuality among the groups of the world, can there be a distinctive American music.

from Africa and are therefore not American, can typify but a part of our life as a nation. The songs of the Indians, a people now a small minority on the continent, have nothing to express of our life of today. The Italians, the Greeks, the Slays and the other numerous peoples who come from the old world to find a home here are to be a part of our America, but they have their own national music, and it is not American. So by elimination we begin to get an idea of what our national musical expression must be when it comes. As our civilization, our nation, is a fusion of many elements of humanity, so must our music expression be a composite of many forms.

Mr. Strube, it would seem, realizes this, and writes his music in a fashion to indicate that he is bound by no special predilections for this or that composer's style. He is eclectic in the sense that whatever rhythm or method of getting a tone color appeals to him, he takes and makes his own. He is advanced without going beyond the conventions set down by many centuries of writers of music. He is a modern without breaking away from the style he was taught by his father when a boy. Some of his harmonies would probably shock that same father, were he to hear them, but in comparison with some we have heard this season they are rigidly conventional. Mr. Strube in his variations use muted trumpets for coloring as does Schoenberg, but with this difference: whereas Schoenberg is aiming solely at a color effect without regard for harmony or rhythm as we understand the terms, Mr. Strube is after color as an incidental embellishment to the pattern he is weaving. Herein he proves that he is writing good American music; he reaches out for something from another, and assimilates it in his own product without destroying his individuality.

Mr. Strube's variations considered from the strictly artistic standpoint may or may not have enduring quality. They are undeniably well written, they conform to rule, they have originality, they are clean cut and at times brilliant. The hand that penned the notes, however, was not lighted on its task by the spark of genius.

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TRANSCRIPT,
FEBRUARY 27,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

SONGFUL, SENSUOUS AND ADEPT MUSIC

Schubert's Lyric Symphony in Mirror-Like Performance — Its Unique Place and Exactions—Goldmark Restored, and a Word About His "Orientalism"—Mr. Strube's New, Pleasurable and Well-Invented Variations

As the story goes, the leader of a long associated and expert orchestra in a German city was suddenly called away on the eve of one of its concerts. His assistant, who was to replace him, was asking his final counsel as to pieces and performance. One of them was Schubert's symphony of the "heavenly lengths." "And what shall I do with that?" asked the younger man. "Just let it run and trust the orchestra," returned his chief. Dr. Muck seems always to trust his band and yesterday beyond his wont he did sometimes let Schubert's symphony "run" of itself and of the familiarity and skill of the men with the music. In the scherzo, for example, even before the repetitions began, he barely beat the measure after he had once established the rhythm and merely "touched in" here and there, as the painters say, his suggestions of tonal shading. Yet, even so, he and the orchestra kept the mirror-like music undulating in gay little crescendi and diminuendi and opened its flowing song so that flutes or horns might sing the more freely, clearly and lightly their parts in it. Elsewhere, however, Dr. Muck let his divining sense of design, contrast and progression, of individuality and savor in music, of euphony and modulation play upon the symphony to the brightening or deepening of its lyric song and to the glamoring of its lyric beauty; but, as diviningly, he did these things more sparingly than usual; for it is true that Schubert's symphony, with such a band as ours on its mettle to play it, sings for

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Even though the music [illegible] any and all circumstances speak for itself and, as the anecdote avers, may be safely left to run, it asks much of the discerning conductor. It is for him, after all, to measure the tone and mould the phrases and the euphonies of his band which he alone hears collectively and separates—to keep the horns, for example, as light as Dr. Muck kept them yesterday. It is for him to find the pace that will keep the beauty of the lyric song high, clear and characteristic and yet by diverse and unobtruded modulation save it from the monotony that is the pitfall of the fecund Schubert. As in the little diminuendi and crescendi, already cited, Dr. Muck on this score both imaginative and adroit yesterday. The vigor with which he flung the interruptions of the lyric song into the slow movement; the rhythmic excitement that he more than once wrought in it only made the pervading lyric sweetness tell the more. Akin was the sense of design with which he led the finale into more and more eager and expensive voice with crescendo rising in new stress from crescendo until the whole music rang with its own elation Yet—the crown of the work—the symptom with all this modulation and coloring and characterizing—seemed to run its free and ardent course as the instinctive music that welled out of Schubert. No conductor can "interpret" this symphony in C major; he can merely release its lyric loveliness to the fulness of it that is in it and him. And in the clear mirror of the music, he must let not one of his means be reflected and he must be discreet with each one of them. His discretion is the best of his divination. Dr. Muck met it.

BOSTON JOURNAL—
FEBRUARY 27.

NEW STRUBE WORK AT THE SYMPHONY

But What Audience Liked Best Was Schubert's Symphony.

A new work by Gustav Strube, "Variations on an Original Theme," was given its first performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday. It was gracefully performed, and, like Mr. Strube's previous works, it showed ingenuity and a modish style. It must have piqued the interest of music students, but it was caviare to the audience in general, and the applause was nothing more than courteous.

The most engaging variations were those somewhat after the style of the younger French composers. There were bits of picturesque atmosphere, bizarre harmonic turns and twists, suggestions of dreamy hours in the wildwood and a stop here and there at some dance-hall by the foot of the Pyrenees. These were the most imaginative and appealing phases of the composition. Dr. Muck and the orchestra warmed to the performance as if out of compliment to the former first violin, who now teaches music in one of the Baltimore colleges.

BOSTON GLOBE—
FEBRUARY 27.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Strube's Variations Given First Performance.

Schubert's Symphony in C Major Played in Romantic Vein.

Gustav Strube, now instructing musical youth in Baltimore, sometime conductor, violinist, teacher in this city, is an indefatigable musician. His compositions played at the Symphony concerts have denoted a steady assimilation. Not that they have lacked originality. Rather that they showed the absorption of more than one idiom. Mr Strube has not closed his ears to modern harmonic combinations. There have been times when they dimmed the clearness of his own individuality. Yesterday afternoon his "Variations on an Original Theme," played by Dr Muck for the first time anywhere, show Mr Strube more than a clever and skillful stylist. The work does not make large pretensions, but it pleases the ear by its contrast in color and often by the fancy in its invention.

The theme is a melody of true emotional character, simple and direct without being obvious, not overdressed harmonically, announced by the lower-voiced wind instruments and 'cellos, and treated somewhat in the folk song manner. Variations often seem an impertinence; a diabolical form of gymnastics in which the composer exercises his faculty before a yawning audience. Mr Strube does not perform evolutions in the air with the glib assurance of the acrobat who leaves no flight untried. Here are but 10 variations, a reasonable, considerate number, and they are of such character that the ear remains fresh.

There are many passages of ingenious, clever, fanciful orchestration, in the blending of timbres or in the contrasting of choirs. There is commendable economy of resources and contrast gains as the result. The slow movement with the romantic song first for horn, later for oboe, over the subdued strings of haunting beauty, is obviously to be enjoyed. There is distinct character in the others. The invention may not be sustained equally to the end, but there are pleasant surprises throughout. No idea is overworked. There is freshness, piquancy and, if there is no attempt at profound emotionalism, there is often charm.

Schubert's C major symphony, a model of clearness in orchestral writing as in musical thinking, was played in its true vein. Sunlight streamed through all, and none could have heard without sharing its communicating gladness, its serenity, its cheerful optimism. It is true Schubert developed his ideas with a patient deliberation for the man who listened literally, as in the melodic use of the trombones who speak here with a new tongue, but if there is prolixity to the modern ear, it is that of sweet sounds. The performance was one of incomparable euphony.

Goldmark's "Sakuntala" called to mind the passing of an humble musician whose overtures have pleased a past generation and still have the power to please.

BOSTON TRAVELER,
FEBRUARY 27,

SYMPHONY PLAYS NEW STRUBE WORK

Former Boston Man's "Variations" Given Its First Presentation Here.

Simplicity characterized the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon from Schubert's seventh symphony, through Strube's "Variations" and Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala." There wasn't a puzzle picture on the program. All was music for music's sake. There was none of that unrest of those treading in uncertain paths.

One may search far and wide for a more interesting, more beautiful symphony than the Schubert work. As read by Dr. Muck and played by the orchestra it left very little to be desired. Many are the opportunities it affords to display the fine artistry of the players.

The appearance of a composition by Gustave Strube on a Symphony program always awakens interest, particularly so when the composition is given for the first time by the orchestra, as was the case yesterday afternoon with the "Variations on an Original Theme." It is in the composer's best vein, clear and interesting throughout and written by one who speaks with authority. Fortunate indeed is the composer who can have his compositions interpreted by such an orchestra.

Goldmark's overture, ever welcome, seemed to take on new beauties and provided a fitting close to one of the most enjoyable concerts of the current season.

Concerts and Recitals

Tomorrow afternoon's Symphony Hall concert promises a veritable treat in the opportunity to see and hear Pablo Casals, the world famous Spanish 'cellist and Harold Bauer, the eminent pianist. The program comprises two Sonatas for violoncello and piano and two solo numbers, one for Mr. Bauer and one for Mr. Casals. The first Sonata will be Beethoven's in A major and the second (and last number on the program) will be Brahms's in F major. Mr. Bauer will play Schumann's "Fantasiestucke." Opus 12, which comprises eight of Schumann's most delightful short pieces which are seldom heard in consecutive order. Mr. Casals will play Bach's Suite in C major for violoncello alone. This Suite is in six parts.

The third and final concert of the season of the Longy Club, comes Wednesday evening in Jordan Hall, with Miss Mary Fay, vocalist and Mr. Sand, clarinetist, as assisting artists. Mrs. Dudley T. Fitts will be the accompanist. Miss Fay will sing three French songs, Faure's "Apres un Reve," Gedalge's "Serenade," Busser's "Venus. Etoile du Soir." Mr. Sand will play Weber's Concertino for clarinet, Opus 26. There will be a Suite for flute, clarinet and piano by Amberg and Mozart's serenade for two oboes, two horns, two clarinets and two bassoons.

Miss Irma Seydel will give a violin recital in Jordan Hall, Monday afternoon, at three. Miss Sydel's program will include works by Handel, Spohr, Maquarre, Prutting, Strube, Ketten, Vieuxtemps, Beethoven, Mozart and Brahms.

The Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony Hall, March 7, will be a Pension Fund concert by the Symphony orchestra. The program will include Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony; and selections from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" and "The Ring."

Much interest is being shown in the concert to be given in Jordan Hall on Monday evening, March 8, by the Boston Quartet.

Elena Gerhardt, the popular singer, will be the artist at the Symphony Hall concert Sunday afternoon, March 14. Miss Gerhardt will be assisted by Beatrice Harrison, 'cellist.

The postponed recital of Emanuel Ondricek, violinist and Mrs. Ondricek, violinist, is now scheduled for Wednesday evening, March 10, in Jordan Hall.

The Flonzaleys will give their final concert of the season in Jordan Hall, on Thursday evening, March 11.

Percy Grainger, the Australian pianist composer, is to give a recital in Jordan Hall, Saturday afternoon, March 6.

MONITOR, BOSTON,
FEBRUARY 27,

NEW PIECE BY MR. STRUBE AT THE SYMPHONY

Variations on an Original Theme Performed First Time—Symphony in C Major by Schubert and Overture to "Sakuntala"

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The most engaging variations were those somewhat after the style of the younger French composers. There were bits of picturesque atmosphere, bizarre harmonic turns and twists, suggestions of dreamy hours in the wildwood and a stop here and there at some dance-hall by the foot of the Pyrenees. These were the most imaginative and appealing phases of the composition. Dr. Muck and the orchestra warmed to the performance as if out of compliment to the former first violin, who now teaches music in one of the Baltimore colleges.

The outstanding feature of the concert was the glowing performance of the great Schubert symphony in C major—the "heavenly, long-drawn-out symphony," as Schumann described it. The symphony comes first on the program, and this fact should be borne in mind by those who intend to go to tonight's concert. The first movement is one of the most charming portions of the symphony. The work contains a wealth of melody, which alone, aside from the classic beauty of the symphony as a whole, would insure its enduring fame. The orchestra was rewarded with an ovation for its fine performance.

There was also a brilliant performance of Goldmark's rich and rare "Sakuntala" overture.

Pablo Casals, the famous Spanish 'cellist, will be the soloist at next week's Symphony concerts. He will play the Lalo concerto in D minor. The orchestral numbers will be Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" fantasy, Mozart's symphony in G minor, and F. S. Converse's symphonic poem, "Ormazd."

BOSTON HERALD.

MARCH 6. 1915.

16TH PUBLIC SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Tschaikowsky Overture, "Romeo and Juliet," Feature of the Concert.

The 16th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Tschaikowsky, "Romeo and Juliet"; Converse, symphonic poem, "Ormazd"; Lalo, concerto for violoncello (Mr. Casals); Mozart, symphony in G minor.

Tschaikowsky's beautiful overture was a feature of the concert. There are themes which characterize Friar Lawrence, the street brawls, the amorous ecstasy of the lovers, passages in turn grave, brilliant, passionate, pages that glow with romantic and youthful ardor. The performance of the orchestra was admirable, the contrasting themes were brought out with rare skill, while beautiful effects succeeded each other.

Mr. Converse's piece was first played here three years ago. Descriptive music, its subject is the conflict between Ormazd and Ahriman, light and darkness, deified by the disciples of Zoroaster as the gods of good and evil.

This symphonic poem is planned on broad and imposing lines. It is sonorous, dramatic, with effective contrasts of color and striking harmonic progressions. It has, too, the imaginative quality, the elemental strength, the virility, which are characteristics of Mr. Converse's work.

The music, which describes Abriman, whirring and malignant, and the pictorial pages, which represent the clash and din of the spirits contending fiercely in battle, are on the whole less impressive than the musical characterization of Ormazd and the marching hosts of light. The song of the good souls, the Fravashis, before the battle, and afterwards triumphant, exulting in victory and adoring the conqueror, is significant and appeals to the emotions. Dr. Muck's reading was brilliant and gave full value to the score.

As was to be expected, Mr. Casals's performance of Lalo's concerto was masterly and polished. Again he excited admiration for the perfection of his art. He was repeatedly recalled.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows. Beethoven, andante from the Seventh Symphony, In Memoriam: John Chipman Gray; Berlioz, Symphony No. 3, "Harold in Italy," solo viola, Mr. Emile Ferir; d'Indy, Fantasy for oboe and orchestra, Mr. Georges Longy; Brahms, "Academic Festival" overture.

BOSTON POST,

MARCH 6, 1915

VIRTUOSO PLAYS WITH SYMPHONY

Casals, 'Cellist, Proves Himself the Great Artist

BY OLIN DOWNES

Pablo Casals, the 'cellist, was soloist at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. He played the Lalo concerto for violoncello, which in spots is one of the best compositions of its kind. The first and second movements are entertaining music as well as stuff for a virtuoso's holiday. And how incomparably did Mr. Casals play this music!

CASALS A GREAT ARTIST

Last Monday the Post spoke at some length of the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Casals' style. It is not necessary to go over the ground again, save to remark that the tone which was so wonderful in solo and ensemble performances last Sunday seemed, if anything, richer, more beautiful, more wonderfully controlled yesterday. There was again annihilation, oblivion of technical difficulties, and the superb balance of head and hand and heart that only the great of the great artists achieve.

Mr. Casals is a virtuoso among virtuosos, but how many virtuosos are such musicians as he? It was Dr. Muck's pleasure, in more ways than one, to provide him so admirable an accompaniment, for no orchestra of competent soloists could fail to respond to such a soloist and carry out his wishes to the last detail. Here is an artist who seems to unite the qualities of a Latin in his playing with other qualities, no less valuable, and not less substantial, of more northern races. Mr. Casals does indeed feel with his head and thinks with his heart; and is not the man who does that greater indeed than he who takes a city?

Ovation From Orchestra

For once a great artist received merited recognition. Mr. Casals — clean shaven, entirely unassuming, of rather serious mien, a little bent, as through a life spent over his instrument—came and went from the stage with only a trace of a smile at the ovation accorded him by orchestra as well as audience. He is surely a man to whom words mean little and accomplishment a great deal. The applause continued half through the intermission.

The orchestral pieces were Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture; Frederick S. Converse's symphonic poem, "Ormazd," after the drama of world redemption as described in the books of the Parsees, and Mozart's G minor symphony.

Tschaikowsky's overture serves well to illustrate Tschiakowsky's own remark about Balakireff, the founder of the so-called "neo-Russian" school, which is no longer "neo" but rather passe, and of which the most irregular talent—that of Moussorgsky—was also the most powerful. Tschaikowsky remarks in a letter to Mrs. von Meck that Balakireff, with all his enthusiasm and idealism in the cause of the national music of Russia, "did a great deal of harm." Had Balakireff been content to encourage Tschaikowsky to compose an overture after Shakspere's drama of "Romeo and Juliet," and then let the young composer alone, all might have been well. As it is we have alternated with some of the most sensuous and fatalistic love music of which we know the brutal noise and bombast by which Tschaikowsky felt it necessary to make a reference to the disputes of Montagues and Capulets.

Pleases, Nevertheless

Had this futile realism been cut out of the overture, what might not have come in its place? What might not the unutterable longing of the love music, the thought of predestined tragedy and of the end of youthful passion—to what might not this starting point have led the composer? But no! Mr. Balakireff must worry a man who had more music in his little finger than he in his whole career, and the unfortunate victim, forsooth, must pull himself about by the boot-straps at the bidding of the man who brought into being and then utterly failed to understand the ultimate possibilities of that which he had brought into being—a genuinely Russian art of composition.

But one listens to this overture, for all that, with rare pleasure. Not even the importunate and well-meaning Balakireff could stifle and distort all that Tschiakowsky had to say. When he discourses of love and death—not like Wagner or Maeterlinck, or any, but a simple man, with tortured sensibilities and a great heart—then it is time to remove the hat and listen. Here, indeed, is the romantic glow of Shakspere's play, and the tragedy of its end, as it is mirrored nowhere else in music except, perhaps, in the Romeo and Juliet symphony of one Hector Berlioz.

Justice Done Converse

There was another feature of this concert which was as great a credit to Dr. Muck as to the composer—the impressive performance of Mr. Converse's tone poem which describes the assembling of the hosts of light, the conflict with the power of darkness, the triumph of the ruler of heavens. Several season ago Ormazd was presented by another conductor at the Symphony concerts, without any remarkable success. It is now seen to be not one of the least, but one of the strongest of Mr. Converse's compositions. Occasionally, for us, this music falls passingly into a vein of melodic obviousness or of purely descriptive music, but as a whole the composition has a noble vision, which more than recompenses for momentary shortcomings.

A suggestion of d'Indy in the use of a certain persistent figure does not deprive the opening section of great beauty and eloquence, and imaginative power. A little of the battle music is noise, but most of it is battle music. The canvas is a big one, and is filled for the most part with grand images. The conclusion is not mere trumpeting. It is loftily triumphant. The orchestration is clear and full and brilliant in the best sense of the word throughout. The quality of tone is refined, without being [illegible] interesting and valuable work by a composer who has composed too little of late years, and Dr. Muck appeared to read the music with exceptional sympathy and imagination. We would like to hear more symphonic compositions from the pen of Mr. Converse.

Mozart's G minor symphony gave balance to the programme and brought the concert to an end.

EVENING TRANSCRIPT,

MARCH 4, 1915

NEWS OF MUSIC

MR. CASALS AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Requests That He Play Extra Pieces as Mr. Paderewski Does—Local Announcements—The Voluntary Bankruptcy of the Chicago Opera—Probable Reorganization—Morals from Extravagance

WHY should not Mr. Casals be permitted to play extra pieces for violoncello alone at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday, even as Mr. Paderewski has done for many a year when he has appeared with the orchestra? Requests that he be permitted to do so have come in appreciable numbers to The Transcript, alike from regular frequenters of the concerts and from those whom the presence of Mr. Casals as "assisting artist" has attracted for a single afternoon or evening. It is true that no repetitions and no extra pieces have long been the standing rule of the Symphony Concerts; but for as long, Mr. Paderewski, whenever he has come as "soloist" to them has been free to play as many "additional numbers" for piano alone as the audiences asked and he chose to play. Presumably the reasons for this exception of Mr. Paderewski from rule and precedent are his unquestioned position as the most eminent of living pianists, the infrequency of his appearances at the Symphony Concerts; and the presence of many auditors who have come particularly to hear him and as much of him as possible.

Mr. Casals is in exactly a similar position. By general and unchallenged consent, he is the foremost of living violoncellists and as unique a man, musician and "personality" as Mr. Paderewski himself. He has visited Boston and he is likely to visit it very seldom; he has never before played at the Symphony Concerts. The usual audience that they assemble is eagerly curious to hear him; not a few who go seldom to the concerts have taken tickets that they may hear Mr. Casals. The concerto by Lalo that he is to play with the orchestra will leave many desires unsatisfied unless by justifiable exception, he is permitted to add solo pieces to them. A rearrangement of the order of the programme so as to bring Mr. Casals at the end would not be impossible. The management of the Symphony Concerts is dutifully considerate of its public, and it ought to be too fair-minded to withhold from it pleasures that it deserves from Mr. Casals—and for that matter from Mr. Kreisler—no less than it does from Mr. Paderewski. Moreover, the 'cellist and the violinist in themselves and in their position are equally worthy of them.

BOSTON JOURNAL—

MARCH 6, 1915.

CASALS SOLOIST WITH SYMPHONY

'Cello Virtuoso Brilliant in Performance of Lalo Number.

There was no lack of variety in the Symphony program yesterday afternoon. The chief interest centered in the appearance as soloist with the orchestra of Pablo Casals, who last Sunday, in his concert with Harold Bauer, set a new standard for 'cello playing.

Mr. Casals' performance of the Lalo concerto yesterday revealed again his powers not only as a virtuoso, but also, and primarily, as a creative artist of the highest type. Fritz Kreisler has been quoted as saying that Casals is the greatest musician living who draws a bow. It is the combination of exceptional interpretative genius with a perfect command of the art of 'cello playing in Casals which has undoubtedly drawn this high praise from his fellow artist.

The enthusiasm of the audience yesterday was extraordinary, and Mr. Casals was forced to come back and acknowledge the applause over and over again.

Much local interest was attached to the performance of Mr. Converse's symphonic poem, "Ormazd," which was given once before at these concerts in 1912. It was unfortunate that the Converse work was placed immediately after Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasia. The laboratory psychology of "Ormazd" was thus strangely contrasted with the passionate warmth of the "Romeo and Juliet" fantasy, with its glowing themes.

The Mozart symphony in G minor with which the concert ended was as fascinating as ever. Such music compels attention and impresses the image of its loveliness unconsciously on the listener's mind.

Emile Ferir, the first viola of the orchestra, and Georges Longy, the oboe leader, will be the soloists at the Symphony concerts next week. Mr. Ferir will play the solo in Berlioz' "Harold in Italy" and Mr. Longy will have the solo part in the performance of d'Indy's fantasy for oboe and orchestra. The orchestral numbers will be the Sinigaglia overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte;" the "Academic Festival Overture," by Brahms, and the andante from Beethoven's seventh symphony, which will be played in memory of John Chipman Gray.

BOSTON GLOBE—

MARCH 6, 1915

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Casals Receives Ovation as 'Cello Soloist.

Mozart Symphony Played and Music by Converse and Tschaikowsky.

Dr Muck reversed the usual order of his program at the 16th Symphony rehearsal yesterday. The symphony, which was the G minor by Mozart, came last. Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" began the concert followed by Frederick Converse's symphonic poem "Ormazd," and finally by Pablo Casals, the cellist, in Lalo's concerto.

Both Tschaikowsky and Mr Converse undertook to portray a dramatic conflict. The chief contention in the first is not found in the weapons of the brawling houses of Montague and Capulet, but in the pursuing and ironic fate which denies life and happiness to the lovers. In the second it is the conflict held to have existed by ancient Persian mythology between Ormazd, who "controls the hosts of Heaven, sun and stars, as his army of light," and Ahriman, the ruler of the forces of darkness.

Tschaikowsky's music, now 45 years old, is not without vitality. It was written in the ardor and fancy of youth. True, it is not an immortal portrait of Shakspere's characters. There is not the hight of sustained passion of the second act of "Tristan and Isolda," nor in any comparable degree is one ushered into the presence of poetic truth, dramatically, poignantly uttered as in the second act of Montemezzi's "The Love of the Three Kings." Tschaikowsky's idiom now seems old-fashioned in tonality. Rhythm had less variety to exhaust than has the scale, and in the broken accentuation in the climaxes there is still illusion and dramatic vigor.

Mr Converse has resorted to traditional devices in his narration of the struggle between the forces of light and darkness. Sequences of ejaculatory chords in unvarying rhythm uttered by contrasting choirs of the orchestra, and wailing descending chromatics have served many a good purpose heretofore.

Lalo's concerto is strangely inconsistent. The first movement with its noisy and empty orchestra against the conventional recitative of the 'cello might have been written for a brass band. The intermezzo, while not of any depth of sentiment, has grace and charm. Its embellishments are not merely decorative and its melody is ingratiating.

Mr Casals, admirable and rare artist that he is, received a great demonstration. He began in a commonplace manner, as though sensible of the music's limitation. But his playing of the last two movements in particular revealed the exquisite articulation, the tonal beauty, the fine lyric sense in sustained song, the clarity and brilliance in rapid passages, which his appearance on Sunday had led one to expect from him.

There is a resultant sense of great commotion, even turmoil, but the prince of darkness does not appear as a commanding, fearful or sinister person. The god of light, "Ormazd," the principal subject of the composition, is quite another source of inspiration. Here Mr Converse has touched and maintains a high level of majesty and beauty. There are noble thoughts, woven in strands of impassioned tone, as heard yesterday, that make these pages characterizing, inspiriting and deeply emotional. It is not music to be generally enjoyed, nor are all parts of equal merit, but the reception yesterday was not what it deserved.

Dr Muck's conducting and the orchestral playing, sympathetic and brilliant, were mindful of the composer, his period and his style, as is habitual. The Mozart symphony may have suffered through following music in no way allied with its graceful architecture, but the procedure from present to past in the order of the program was of pleasing variety.

The program next week will be as follows: Andante from Beethoven's seventh symphony; In memoriam: John Chipman Gray; Berlioz, "Harold in Italy"; d'Indy, Fantasy for oboe and orchestra (Mr Longy); Brahms, Academic Festival overture.

BOSTON POST,
MARCH 13, 1915

SYMPHONY ARTISTS AS SOLOISTS

Ferir and Longy Show Virtuosity With Orchestra

BY OLIN DOWNES

Berlioz Childe Harold Symphony, with Mr. Ferir, first violist of the orchestra, for the solo viola part; a Fantasia on French folk tunes for oboe and orchestra by d'Indy, performed for the first time at these concerts, with Mr. Longy, first oboe of the orchestra, for the soloist, and Brahms "Academic" overture made the programme proper of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. As a prelude to this programme, and in memory of John Chipman Gray, the allegretto from Beethoven's seventh symphony was played.

OTHERS' DEBT TO BERLIOZ

A performance of a representative work of Berlioz is always interesting for many reasons. First of all, there was yesterday the youth and the glowing romanticism of this symphony after Byron, which is as youthful today, or more so, than the day when it was written. Then there is the remarkable sense which grows upon one as one listens and the pages of the score fly by—the sense of the thoughtlessness of Berlioz in anticipating so many well-meaning composers who were to come after him. How Tschaikowsky and nearly all of the Russians availed themselves of this music! How composers even so widely apart as Cesar Franck and Richard Strauss find themselves indebted to him! It is not always easy to distinguish the original from the imitation. The listener rubs his eyes, as old favorites, scarcely disguised, appears. "What! Thou too!"

Perhaps the most wonderful pages of the "Childe Harold" symphony are those which record impressions of nature. We do not know of anyone who has painted Italy in tones as Berlioz painted her more than half a century ago. One of the most delightful pages in all symphonic music is that in which Berlioz' mountaineer of the Abruzzi serenades his mistress. The composer has drawn Italy as remarkably and colorfully as d'Annunzio had drawn her in his poems and prose works. He has mirrored her imperishably in his score.

Berlioz strikes one afresh, even when he is most hampered by the conditions of his time. There is the vigor and apparent irregularity of his rhythms and phrase lengths. These irregularities of design—how cunningly they are ordered, how boldly and successfully do they avoid the obvious. Berlioz' instrumentation is too old a topic to discuss now. His harmony will yet yet be discussed for many a day. There are still many who claim as a part of his novelty his actual clumsiness in composition! Would that other composers might become tarred with the same pitch. Not only was Berlioz writing revolutionary progressions and dramatic recitative that had hardly been hitherto existent in the symphony; he was inventing what appears to have been absolutely new. His imagination and creative energy were unquenchable, and that imagination led him to strike off by dozens ideas that were surely unheard of before his time.

But after all, music is not a matter of chords, however interesting they may be; nor of instrumentation, however clever it may be. Musical content has as yet been uncaught by the scientist and analyst. It is an inner life, even finer than that of his music itself, which is the soul of Berlioz' compositions. You may write music according to any set of rules that you please. You may follow every rule on your sheet of paper. The result will not necessarily be music. You may violate all of these rules, and a motive which conforms to none of the standards of what is good and bad in melody writing will say something. It is the intense modernity of Berlioz' spirit, and his wonderfully sensative perceptions of beauty that keep him alive and will keep him alive for long.

Mr. Ferir's Solo Work

Much of the effect made by this music was due to Dr. Muck and Mr. Ferir. Dr. Muck read the work with an admirable appreciation for nuances of color and rhythm, and feeling for the delicate instrumental timbres in which Berlioz delights.

And for once the last movement was interpreted by a conductor who does not think that speed and noise insure a dramatic result. Dr. Muck's tempi in this movement were unusually moderate, but how much was said and what an epitome of irony and bombast and banality, deliberately contrived was this movement. The music is more than violent; it is, indeed, blasphemous. It is perhaps less subtle than, say, the "Mephistofeles" movement of Liszt's "Faust" symphony, but it is not less terrible.

Then there was Mr. Ferir's wonderful viola playing. It still haunts the ears. It would have made beautiful and memorable music of far less inherent worth than that which Berlioz has given his solo instrument. A performance beyond price or adequate praise. And there are those who claim that Berlioz was not a melodist! The first three movements of the Harold symphony are all melody of the most poetic cast and Mr. Ferir's viola playing was romanticism itself.

Mr. Longy, a master, not only of his instrument, but his art, was less fortunate than Mr. Ferir in his vehicle for interpretation. D'Indy's Fantasia is evidently not among his great works. The introduction, it is true, is beautiful and the first phrases intoned by Mr. Longy were enough to betray the great artist, but as a whole the Fantasia is uninteresting. Workmanship too often takes the place of inspiration. The composer is heard alternately as a gifted harmonist and a man who builds his musical, edifice with pain and labor. The flash of creative forces does not come. It is for the most part a dry love: the applause, which was prolonged, was for the player, not the composition.

The performance of Brahms' vigorous overture, which a collegian in America can understand as readily as his colleague in Europe, was as lusty as vigorous and wholesome as possible.

BOSTON JOURNAL—
MARCH 13, 1915.

SYMPHONY PLAYS FAMILIAR WORKS

Ferir and Longy, Members of the Orchestra, Win Much Applause.

This is a sort of reunion or old home week with the Symphony Orchestra. The program selected by Dr. Muck is made up of familiar acquaintances, such as Berlioz's Byronic symphony, "Harold in Italy," the fantasia for oboe and orchestra put forth back in the '80s by Paul Marie Theodore Vincent d'Indy, and Brahms' "Academic Festival Overture," which the rotund composer himself described as a "very jolly potpourri on students' songs a la Suppe." Besides these regular numbers, the andante from Beethoven's seventh symphony is offered as a memorial to John Chipman Gray.

The auld-lang-syne character of the program is emphasized by the appearance of two soloists chosen from the orchestra, Emile Ferir, the first viola, who plays the solo part—the Harold tone pictures—in the Berlioz work, and Georges Longy, who appears as soloist in the d'Indy number. Yesterday their playing was warmly applauded, and deservedly so, for it was stamped with the virtuosity for which Ferir and Longy have long been distinguished. Musicians such as these have done much to make the orchestra world-renowned.

The Berlioz symphony is "curiously picturesque," to quote the composer's own phrase, and full of Italian atmosphere sketched by one of the master tone-painters of the 19th century. The d'Indy fantasia is equally atmospheric with its basis of simple and rather plaintive folk themes and its clear reflection of sombre moods and of the barren mountains of the Cevennes. Mr. Longy's superb art magnified the work. There was long-continued applause for the soloist.

The orchestra will make its final Southern tour next week. The program for the concerts of March 26 and 27 comprises the Borodin symphony in B minor, Reger's new tone poems that were suggested by Boecklin, Weber's "Oberon" overture and songs by Beethoven and Brahms, which will be sung by Elena Gerhardt.

BOSTON HERALD,
MARCH 13, 1915.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Ferir and Longy in Generous Artistic Rivalry with the Viola and the Oboe.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 17th

on Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Iuck, conductor, took place yesterday fternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

eethoven,
Andante from the Seventh Symphony
In memoriam: John Chipman Gray.
erlioz.................."Harold in Italy"
Viola solo by Emile Ferir.
Indy....Fantasia for oboe and orchestra on French folk tunes. First time with orchestra in Boston.
Georges Longy, oboe.
Brahms.......Academic Festival Overture

Fortunate, thrice fortunate is the orchestra that numbers among its members such artists as Mr. Ferir and Mr. Longy! The two are masters of their instruments. Their technical skill serves in eloquent expression of the composer's thoughts. As was once said of a celebrated European virtuoso, they would "die for a phrase"; not in cold academic blood, but with soul aflame. It was a pleasure to hear them yesterday in generous rivalry, not contending in self-glorification, but for the perfect exposition of music that commanded their respect and affection.

Vincent d'Indy's Fantasia composed in 1888 was performed at the end of that year at a Lamoureux concert when Albert Weiss was the oboist. He was for two seasons a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Intending to return from Paris in the fall of 1898 he went down on the Bourgogne, outward bound from New York with his colleagues, Pourteau, the incomparable clarionetist, and Jacquet, the excellent flutist of the orchestra.

D'Indy's love of nature is well known. It has inspired several of his compositions. The mountains of the Cevennes, especially dear to him, are often barren and forbidding; hence probably a certain austerity in his mountain music, an austerity that goes hand in hand with the noble reserve found in other works by him. A collector of folk tunes, he has used in this Fantasia some that are characteristic, this one melancholy, another gay, with a gaiety that is not careless, reckless, but with the thought of the reaction that comes afterwards. Of the themes employed, the first has the most marked beauty, objective and subjective, and the treatment of it brings out the individuality and the finesse of the composer as harmonist and orchestrator. The treatment of the dance tune that follows is more common, no doubt designedly primitive, to portray in tones the rustic spirit. While the Fantasia is interesting and much more than a potpourri, it is not to be counted as a work of art among the leading works of the composer. The version for oboe and piano had already been played here by Messrs. Longy and Gebhard; also by Messrs. Longy and d'Indy.

It is doubtful whether the young in this country read "Childe Harold" today, or even "Don Juan." It would be well for them if they did. They would then the better understand the Romanticism of the Thirties and, incidentally, the music of Hector Berlioz before he became Virgilian in his compositions and a follower of Gluck. One reading his extravagant memoirs and hearing the "Fantastic" symphony and "Harold in Italy" may smile at the wildness of his ideas, but there is no doubt of the man's sincerity in his music. Henley spoke of the modern element in Romanticism that came from Byron as an "absurd and curious combination of vulgarity and terror, cynicism and passion, truculence and indecency." The brigands in their orgies were very real to Berlioz, but in 1915 "the mouths of brass" do not "seem to vomit forth curses and reply with blasphemies to entreating voices." We are less impressionable, perhaps. The greater the pity. Inferior as "Harold" is in strange imagination to the "Fantastic" symphony; inferior in beauty and nobility as it is to many pages of the "Romeo and Juliet" music, the symphony is nevertheless, now that it is over 80 years old, a singularly fascinating work. There are fine moments in the first movement, although one of the themes leads the hearer to suspect that Offenbach took his "Voici le Sabre" from it. The Pilgrim march, with hymn, still works its curious spell. Nor are the remaining pages without revelations of the towering genius of Berlioz.

Dr. Muck gave a supremely romantic reading of this romantic music, and led the performance of the "Academic" overture in a stirring fashion, as one remembering joyfully his university days and nights.

There will be no concerts next week. The program for March 26, 27 will include these orchestral works: Borodin, Symphony in B minor, No. 2; Reger, Four Tone Poems (after Boecklin's pictures); Weber, overture to "Oberon." Miss Elena Gerhardt will sing these songs with orchestra: Beethoven, Wonne der Wehmut, Freudvoll und Leidvoll, Die Himmel ruehmen des Ewigen Ehre; Brahms, Immerleiser wird mein Schlummer, Wir Wandelten, Auf dem Kirchhofe.

DAILY ADVERTISER.
MARCH 13 1915

ELSON'S REVIEW OF SYMPHONY CONCERT

LONGY AND FERIR IN OBBLIGATO SOLOS

Local Musicians Equal to Any of Those Who Have Come From Abroad

By Louis C. Elson

PROGRAMME

Beethoven—Andante from 7th Symphony.(?)
Berlioz—Childe Harold Symphony.
Emile Ferir, Viola soloist
d'Indy—Fantasie for Oboe and Orchestra.
M. Georges Longy, Oboe soloist
Brahms—Academic Festival Overture.

Although the general public will only rush to hear an imported soloist, the two local soloists who were heard in this programme were the equals of any that come to us from abroad. Familiarity ought not, in this case, to breed even indifference.

The Beethoven movement is a gem worth hearing for its own sake, but on this occasion it was played in memory of John Chipman Gray. Applause coming after this would be about like applauding a minister's remarks at a funeral (yet there was some hand-clapping), and criticism has nothing to do here either. Nevertheless we may state that it was earnestly and effectively played, and the consolation of the Trio made an excellent contrast with the first part of the work. Beethoven never gives himself wholly over to despair or morbidness. His was the truly virile nature in which hope springs eternal. To find an error in the programme is something entirely unusual. Yet we must state that there is no andante movement in the Seventh Symphony. Beethoven fussed a good deal about the tempo of this and finally called it "allegretto."

Of course Berlioz's two chief symphonies are his "Fantastique" and this "Childe Harold." While the latter has no such terrific tone-picture as the March to execution, the central theme of this work is intrinsically better than the love-theme which is the core of the "Fantastique." The viola is the instrument of melancholy, and only this instrument or the English horn could portray the morbid character of Byron's hero. Mr. Ferir made the most of this individualized theme and fully deserved the great applause that greeted him, both at the beginning and at the close. Especially graphic were the broken phrases of the finale, where the hero dies amid the revelry of the brigands.

The reading was sometimes a little over-refined. The monks marching to church, singing their Litany, was very effective, with the combination of harp and horn with which Berlioz managed to reproduce the tone of a great cathedral bell, and these instruments played excellently together.

Rustic Merriment

The scene of rustic merriment, with its dancing and its tambourine effects, was brought into vivid contrast with the profound melancholy of Childe Harold, who was among, but not of, the merry-makers. But the real excitement was in the orgie upon the Abruzzi, in the finale. Here Dr. Muck cried havoc and let loose the dogs of war. Judging by the frenzy portrayed this social function was by no means a five o'clock tea. It was one of those wild finales of which Berlioz was especially fond, and it was made a culminating "tour de force" on this occasion. A word of especial praise may be given to the entrance of the Childe Harold theme on flute and harp, in the first movement. Messrs. Ferir and Holy played this more expressively than we have ever heard it.

D'Indy's Fantasie for oboe was a revelation. We have heard it in Boston before, but never with its orchestral accompaniment. The orchestral guise of the work changed its effect greatly. It was no longer an oboe solo with accompaniment, but an orchestral work with a beautiful obbligato. The orchestral treatment fitted the popular themes charmingly. There was considerable brusquerie in some portions, the kettle-drum leading the hurly-burly. But this was qnite in place in the frankly pleasant music that beamed forth from some of the melodies. There was none of the asceticism of D'Indy in the composition; he seems to have been moved by a hearty love of his native folk-themes, and to have entered entirely into their spirit.

Was Perfection

And the solo part was perfection. It is scarcely necessary to reiterate that we believe M. Longy to be the peer of any oboe-player in the world. It is a most difficult instrument to play well. The player must hold back his breath so constantly that he fatigues very soon. But there seemed no trace of difficulty in the finished performance of M. Longy. And the rustic and pastoral character of this instrument, which may be called "the countryman of the orchestra," was quaintly present in every part of the solo work. Of course M. Longy was generously applauded, but we doubt if most auditors knew what a masterpiece of oboe-playing they had heard. Then the concert ended with Herr Brahms in an unusually genial mood. This composer is not celebrated for humor, but in his working up of three German college-songs, in the academic overture, he has certainly become more playful than in any other work. The bassoon played excellently in the theme, "Was kommt dort von der Hoeh'," and the entire overture made a genial conclusion to a concert which did not dip too deeply into modernity.

BOSTON GLOBE—
MARCH 13, 1915

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

"Harold in Italy" Played, With Mr Ferir Violist.

D'Indy's Fantasia on French Folk Tunes, With Mr Longy Soloist.

Following the andante from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony played yesterday afternoon by the orchestra at the 17th rehearsal in memory of John Chipman Gray, three numbers made up the program—Berlioz' "Harold in Italy," with Mr Ferir solo violist; d'Indy's fantasia for oboe on French Folk Tunes with Mr Longy and Brahms' Academic Festival Overture.

Considering that Berlioz' symphony was written 80 years ago, it is amazing music. None but an alternately madman and genius could have conceived have protested so intimate a relation between life and music in the year 1834; a realism which to the classicists must have been preposterous. Like Liszt, his great successor, Berlioz left autobiographical data on every page of his scores. How theatricalism, extravagance, morbidity, all phases of the new romanticism, beckoned to him. How easily he was obsessed with an idea, which grows tedious in its repetition, as in the episode, "The March of the Pilgrims." If there is emptiness of thought, as in the last movement, noisy instrumentation nevertheless shields it with variety and vivacity of sound. The orgies of the brigands could not have greatly endangered innocence.

Berlioz found a closer kinsman than a brother in Byron. The diary of the English poet in the spirit of some of its pages might have been his. Byron wrote: "I always wake in actual despair and despondency, in all respects, even of that which pleased me over night. In England, five years ago, I had the same kind of hypochondria, but accompanied with so violent a thirst that I have drank as many as 15 bottles of soda water in one night after going to bed, and been still thirsty . . . striking off the necks of bottles from mere impatience." Beyle, a shrewd observer, who lived with Byron for a time, says that "on certain days he was mad," at other times, "in the presence of beautiful things he became sublime."

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The subscription series of concerts

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The composer, giving no programme as a clue to its meaning, has left the symphony to speak for itself in its message to each listener. In no uncertain tones, the sombre, rugged music paints pictures for each one, mostly full of mystery, at times exceedingly beautiful, and again turbulent, clashing and filled with strange dissonances.

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The program opened with a movement from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, played in memory of the late John Chipman Gray. Then came the Childe Harold symphony of Berlioz, with Mr. Ferir as the soloist, a wonderfully beautiful work, with both orchestra and soloist acquitting themselves with the greatest credit.

Mr. Longy plays the oboe so easily and with such charming results that the average listener is apt to go away with the impression that it is a simple task and therefore with an inadequate idea of the great artistry of the player, who, it is safe to say, has no equal. Thanks to Mr. Longy's fine artistry and Dr. Muck's great reading, Boston's first hearing of D'Indy's Fantasia as played by its orchestra placed that composer before the audience most favorably. It is a beautiful work.

Brahms's Festival Overture was played in the spirit of the rest of the concert, which means it left nothing to be desired.

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The program opened with a movement from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, played in memory of the late John Chipman Gray. Then came the Childe Harold symphony of Berlioz, with Mr. Ferir as the soloist, a wonderfully beautiful work, with both orchestra and soloist acquitting themselves with the greatest credit.

Mr. Longy plays the oboe so easily and with such charming results that the average listener is apt to go away with the impression that it is a simple task and therefore with an inadequate idea of the great artistry of the player, who, it is safe to say, has no equal. Thanks to Mr. Longy's fine artistry and Dr. Muck's great reading, Boston's first hearing of D'Indy's Fantasia as played by its orchestra placed that composer before the audience most favorably. It is a beautiful work.

Brahms's Festival Overture was played in the spirit of the rest of the concert, which means it left nothing to be desired.

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[illegible] realism in [illegible] could have projected so intimate a relation between life and music in the year 1834; a realism which to the classicists must have been preposterous. Like Liszt, his great successor, Berlioz left autobiographical data on every page of his scores. How theatricalism, extravagance, morbidity, all phases of the new romanticism, beckoned to him. How easily he was obsessed with an idea, which grows tedious in its repetition, as in the episode, "The March of the Pilgrims." If there is emptiness of thought, as in the last movement, noisy instrumentation nevertheless shields it with variety and vivacity of sound. The orgies of the brigands could not have greatly endangered innocence.

Berlioz found a closer kinsman than a brother in Byron. The diary of the English poet in the spirit of some of its pages might have been his. Byron wrote: "I always wake in actual despair and despondency, in all respects, even of that which pleased me over night. In England, five years ago, I had the same kind of hypochondria, but accompanied with so violent a thirst that I have drank as many as 15 bottles of soda water in one night after going to bed, and been still thirsty . . . striking off the necks of bottles from mere impatience." Beyle, a shrewd observer, who lived with Byron for a time, says that "on certain days he was mad," at other times, "in the presence of beautiful things he became sublime."

Byron's poems possessed a reasonable attraction for Berlioz. His "Childe Harold" might have been a prophetic biography of the French musician, who was ever plunged in emotion, whether in melancholy or exuberance of spirit. The adagio, mourning theme of the solo viola (Harold), an instrument beloved by Berlioz, is one of genuine beauty; its song throughout is expressive. Barring the orchestral portion of the serenade of the mountaineer to his mistress, which

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From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date
Establis

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its last concert of the current season at the Lyric on Wednesday evening, March 17, when the soloist will be Beatrice Harrison, the English violoncellist. She will play Tscahikowsky's "Variations On a Rococo Theme." The symphony will be the one in E minor, by Jan Sibelius.

J. O. L.

From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.
MAR 7
Date
Est
384

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its last concert of the season in the New National Theater Tuesday afternoon, March 16. It will then present as soloist the young English 'cellist, Beatrice Harrison, who has had so remarkable a career in her chosen art. Miss Harrison first came to America a year ago. She was preceded by reports which were so glowing that they tended to rouse a certain amount of scepticism. It required, however, only one hearing to realize that Miss Harrison was a 'cellist of most unusual quality, perhaps comparable only to Casals himself.

Miss Harrison is an English girl in her early twenties. She was born in India where her father, Col. Harrison, of the Royal Engineers, was stationed In common with her two sisters she early developed remarkable musical gifts and seemed to take naturally to the violoncello.

Miss Harrison will play Tschaikowsky's charming variations on a Rococo theme. The symphony will be a novelty, the fourth in C Major by the French composer, J. Guy Ropartz.

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date MAR
Established:

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its last concert of the season in the Academy of Music Monday evening, March 15. It will then present as soloist the young English 'cellist, Beatrice Harrison, who has had so remarkable a career in her chosen art. Miss Harrison first came to America a year ago. She was preceded by reports which were so glowing that they tended to rouse a certain amount of skepticism. It required, however, only one hearing to realize that Miss Harrison was a 'cellist of most unusual quality, perhaps comparable only to Casals himself.

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Miss Harrison will play Tschaikowsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme. The symphony will be Brahms' Symphony in C Minor.

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The subscription series of concerts

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address Philadelphia
Date MAR 7 - 191
Est
34

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gives its last concert of the season in the Academy of Music Monday evening, March 15. It will then present as soloist the young English 'cellist, Beatrice Harrison, who has had so remarkable a career in her chosen art. Miss Harrison first came to America a year ago. She was preceded by reports which were so glowing that they tended to arouse a certain amount of skepticism. It required, however, only one hearing to realize that Miss Harrison was a 'cellist of most unusual quality, perhaps comparable only to Casals himself.

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Miss Harrison will play Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme." The symphony will be Brahms' Symphony in C minor.

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The Choral Society, directed by Henry

Date
Estab
384

FIFTH CONCERT BY BOSTON SYMPHONY PLEASES AUDIENCE

Anton Witek, Violin Soloist, Given Prolonged Applause After Playing Bruch's Concerto in G-Minor.—Sibelius, Wagner and Dvorak Represented.

That Dr. Muck aims to give to Providence in much the same measure that which Boston hears at its symphony concerts, was clearly shown in last night's programme for the fifth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall, on which Sibelius, Wagner and Dvorak were represented by the same compositions which have been lately heard in Boston, while the assisting artist was Anton Witek, the virtuoso of the orchestra, who has found such favor as soloist in Boston that his appearance in that capacity with the orchestra has come to be a regular event of each season.

The first Sibelius symphony is not new to Providence audiences, which, like those of Boston, have just heard it for the third time, following a performance in 1912 and an earlier one under Dr. Muck in his first period in this country.

The composer, giving no programme as a clue to its meaning, has left the symphony to speak for itself in its message to each listener. In no uncertain tones, the sombre, rugged music paints pictures for each one, mostly full of mystery, at times exceedingly beautiful, and again turbulent, clashing and filled with strange dissonances.

Finland is to most of us an unknown country, and the music of Sibelius may easily be any expression of his national feeling, and yet there is a strange Oriental quality in the third movement that vaguely suggests a feeling for the Japanese.

Be that as it may, the music, romantic, emotional, with many passages of great beauty and dignity, was played last evening in such brilliant fashion as to make a deep impression and to call forth from the audience lasting applause as the last passionate climax came to an end.

Following the symphony came the other numbers on the programme, in the following order:

Sibelius....Symphony No. 1, in E-minor, Op. 39
I. Andante ma non troppo; Allegro energico.
II. Andante, ma non troppo lento.
III. Allegro.
IV. Finale (Quasi una fantasia): Andante; Allegro molto.
Bruch..
Concerto for Violin, No. 1, G-minor, Op. 26
I. Vorspiel. Allegro moderato.
II. Adagio.
III. Finale: Allegro energico.
Wagner........................"A Siegfried Idyl
Dvorak...........Overture, "Carnival," Op. 92

While it was Mr. Witek's first appearance in this city as soloist with the orchestra, he is still vividly remembered by those who heard him five years ago, shortly after his arrival in this country, in a recital which he gave with Mme. Vita Witek, pianist, before The Listeners in Churchill House.

The beauty of his tone, the brilliancy of his technique and the artistic quality manifested on that occasion, placed him at once in the class with the virtuosi whose appearances in this country had made their names more familiar here.

Last evening he played Bruch's Concerto in G-minor with a mastery of his instrument that was soul-satisfying to a degree. Especially beautiful was the fluency of his tone in the first movement, although the variety of themes throughout were handled with such sureness as to call forth [illegible]

What would have been three recalls, had not Mr. Witek modestly returned to the concert-master's desk, were given to him at the close of his performance, and he was forced to recognize the approval of the large audience by continued acknowledgment.

When the programme was ultimately resumed the orchestra gave a delightful presentation of the diverse numbers that completed the concert, the popular "Seigfried Idyl," which was given here less than two years ago, and the Bohemian "Carnival" of Dvorak, full of wild melody, with graceful interludes of a pastoral nature.

The contrast of these numbers completed the variety of a programme that seemed to please the vast majority; and one which added its individual note to the previous programme of the winter.

The sixth and last concert will be given on Tuesday evening, April 13, when Miss Florence Hinkle will be the soloist.

A. W. C.

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From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
MAR 7 1915
Date
Est
384

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its last concert of the season at the National Tuesday afternoon, March 16. It will then present as soloist the young English cellist, Beatrice Harrison. Miss Harrison first came to America a year ago. She was preceded by reports which were so glowing that they tended to rouse a certain amount of skepticism. It required, however, only one hearing to realize that Miss Harrison was a cellist of most unusual quality.

Miss Harrison is an English girl in her early twenties. She was born in India, where her father, Col. Harrison, of the Royal Engineers was stationed. In common with her two sisters she early developed remarkable musical gifts, and seemed to take naturally to the violoncello. As a little child she went to the Royal College of Music in London, where, when she was 10 years old, she received the gold medal, which is in the senior competition, and never before had been given to one so young. From there she went to Frankfort, where she became a pupil of the famous German cellist, Hugo Becker, and with him she studied until she was able to work for herself. At the age of 17 she received the Mendelssohn prize in Berlin. This will be Miss Harrison's first appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Miss Harrison will play Tschaikowsky's charming variations on a Rococo theme. The symphony will be a novelty, the fourth in C major by the French composer, J. Guy Ropartz.

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om RECORD
ddress: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date
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191

OWSKI TELLS OF PLANS OR FUTURE OF ORCHESTRA

Will Organize Permanent Choral Society of 800 Voices o Aid in Symphonies—Wants Larger Organization.

A MANENT choral society of 800 voices for the purpose of assisting the Philadelphia Orchestra in the production of such symphonies as Beethoven's Ninth, and for that purpose alone, will be organized shortly in this city. An announcement to this effect was made yesterday by Leopold Stokowski, the conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, who has contracted to remain the leader of that body until 1921.

Many ambitious projects are being worked out for the development of the

RECORD

orchestra, and the formation of a choral society is only one of them. Hitherto Mr. Stokowski has been compelled to draw upon various singing organizations in the city when he wanted to produce symphonic compositions that require choral assistance. While they have performed nobly, said Mr. Stokowski, there are serious objections on account of the type of training they have undergone.

Their vocal efforts have been largely devoted to oratorios. While it does not totally unfit them for singing such works as Mendelssohn's symphony-cantata, "Lobgesang," which Mr. Stokowski conducted in the Academy of Music on Thursday night, he believes the result could be vastly improved if such a body of singers could devote the major part of their time to studying them.

Last year the Philadelphia Orchestra was heard in Beethoven's famous Ninth Symphony; this year it gave the "Lobgesang," and next it will produce Mahler's Choral Symphony, a composition which will require a supreme vocal effort to make it a musical success. Because he wishes to make the Mahler symphony surpass all other efforts in that direction for artistic finish, Mr. Stokowski has decided to organize a choral society as a part of the Philadelphia Orchestra. He expects to make it a permanent institution, and will give it the benefit of all his knowledge and talents. In fact, Mr. Stokowski will probably train this body himself.

The young conductor wanted it understood that the proposed choral society would not be used for any other purpose than singing such symphonies as are named. In a few days he will issue a call for candidates. He will use the most rigorous selective process in choosing members; everything to be decided by the kind of voice the applicant has.

In the six years he is yet to stay with the Philadelphia Orchestra Mr. Stokowski will make many changes and improvements in that organization. He expressed his desire to enlarge it to 100 regular playing members, such as the Boston Symphony Orchestra has.

BOSTON TRAVELER,
MARCH 13,

SOLOS GIVEN BY SYMPHONY MEN

Mr. Ferir and Mr. Longy Heard with Pleasure in Fine Concert.

The music-lover who did not find exceptional pleasure in the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon must indeed be hard to satisfy. It was a particularly interesting program, played in the orchestra's best style; in fact, one may well be pardoned for doubting whether the orchestra has any other style, and in addition afforded the audience an opportunity of hearing two soloists, Mr. Ferir, viola, and Mr. Longy, oboe, both members of the orchestra.

The program opened with a movement from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, played in memory of the late John Chipman Gray. Then came the Childe Harold symphony of Berlioz, with Mr. Ferir as the soloist, a wonderfully beautiful work, with both orchestra and soloist acquitting themselves with the greatest credit.

Mr. Longy plays the oboe so easily and with such charming results that the average listener is apt to go away with the impression that it is a simple task and therefore with an inadequate idea of the great artistry of the player, who, it is safe to say, has no equal. Thanks to Mr. Longy's fine artistry and Dr. Muck's great reading, Boston's first hearing of D'Indy's Fantasia as played by its orchestra placed that composer before the audience most favorably. It is a beautiful work.

Brahms's Festival Overture was played in the spirit of the rest of the concert, which means it left nothing to be desired.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date AR 3 1915

Est 884

FIFTH SYMPHONY CONCERT FINE

Boston Orchestra and Anton Witek, Violin Soloist, Rendered Delightfully Varied Programme.

Infantry Hall was well filled last night again for the fifth of the season's concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The enjoyment of these musical events, which are unsurpassed during the season in this city, has seemed to increase as the winter has advanced, and there was no mistaking the opinion of the audience last night that the programme rendered compared most favorably with those that have preceded it. There is always shown by Dr. Muck, the conductor, a subtle faculty of selecting numbers and arranging them in such an order as to give variety to the programmes and yet present a harmony of composers and their great work which makes every programme a gem and every selection a delight. That happy faculty was displayed once more last night, and the numbers were played by the orchestra and the soloist with that masterly control of instruments and that vivid expression of talent that never fail to mark the work of this organization and its members. There was hearty applause for every number and every evidence of appreciation by the audience was thoroughly deserved.

The programme was in the following order:

Sibelius ....
..Symphony No. 1, in E-minor, Op. 39
I. Andante ma non troppo; Algro energico.
II. Andante, ma non troppo lento.
III. Allegro.
IV. Finale (Quasi una fantasia): Andante; Allegro molto.
Bruch ....
Concerto for Violin, No. 1, G-minor, Op. 26.
I. Vorspiel. Allegro moderato.
II. Adagio.
III. Finale: Allegro energico.
Wagner..............."A Siegfried Idyl"
Dvorak....Overture, "Carnival," Op. 92

Anton Witek, the concert master, who has won fame wherever the orchestra has played, was selected for solo honors, and the honor was well merited by him, and he did not fail in any particular to measure up to the responsibility that was placed upon him to uphold the credit of the organization he represented. Mr. Witek has achieved the distinction of being regarded as one of the leading violinists in the world, and has held some important posts. His connection with the Boston Symphony Orchestra as concert master dates back now five years, and during that time he has become very widely known for his skill and ability as a master of the instrument he has chosen for the expression of his talent.

He has appeared each season as a soloist during the Boston season of the orchestra, but has never before played here in this capacity. His work last night was brilliant and fascinating. His single selection was Bruchu's concerto, in G-minor, which was a very happy one and was played with beautiful harmony, remarkable mastery of technique and studied expression and yet with an ease and simplicity of manner and movement that gave it added charm. He gave his hearers some moments of intense delight and was rewarded with most hearty expressions of satisfaction and pleasure.

The orchestra was up to its highest standard of excellence last night, and nothing more need be said to any one who has heard this musical organization to indicate that its work was of the highest quality. The symphony was the first by the Finnish composer, Jan Sibelus in E-minor. This is one of the most notable contributions to symphonic literature in recent years and is pronounced without contradiction the best of modern creations of this sort. The composer in his music shows strongly his nationality and his love of his country, and all through it is felt the breath of the race from which he sprang, strong, rugged but given to moods and inclined to melancholy. The score was played by the orchestra with careful precision and due attention to instrumentation and yet with a freedom and fullness of tone that impressed deeply and intensified the pleasure afforded.

The two other orchestral numbers that completed the programme were of quite a different character but highly enjoyable and gave a bright and joyous ending to the concert of Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" and Dvorak's "Carnival" The one is exquisite in its beauty and delicacy and the other is brilliant in its tone and treatment. Both were rendered with almost perfect finish and left nothing to be desired.

From WORLD Brooklyn Ed.
Address: New York City
Date 7 1915

Estab 84

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its last concert of the season in the Academy of Music Friday evening, March 19. It will present as soloist the young English 'cellist, Beatrice Harrison, who has had a remarkable career in her chosen art. Miss Harrison first came to America a year ago. She was preceded by reports which were so glowing that they roused a certain amount of scepticism. It required only one hearing to realize that Miss Harrison is a 'cellist of unusual quality, perhaps comparable only to Casals. Miss Harrison is an English girl in her early twenties. She was born in India, where her father, Col. Harrison of the Royal Engineers, is stationed. In common with her two sisters she early deevloped remarkable musical gifts and seemed to take naturally to the violoncello. As a child she went to the Royal College of Music in London, where when she was ten years old she received the gold medal which is in the senior competition and never before had been given to one so young. From there she went to Frankfort, where she became a pupil of the famous German 'cellist, Hugo Becker, and with him she studied until she was able to work for herself. At the age of seventeen she received the Mendelssohn prize in Berlin, which is the most sought after distinction a musical student can have. This will be Miss Harrison's first appearance with the Symphony Orchestra. Miss Harrison will play Tschaikowsky's charming variations on a rococo theme. The symphony will be Mozart's in C major, "Jupiter."

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date FEB 28 191

Establi

THE fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall on Tuesday evening will be principal musical event of the week come, and those who heard Anton Wit in the recital which he gave with Mn Witek before The Listeners in Church House shortly after his arrival in th country will await with interest his a pearance here as soloist with the orche tra of which he is concert master.

A concert of considerable local intere will be that of the Place Mandolin Strin Quartet to-morrow evening in Churchil House, which will be notable for th continuance of the efforts made by tha organization to prove the adaptability o plectral instruments to serious chamber music.

Numerous recitals of various sorts, including the usual number of Lenten organ recitals, will complete the offerings of the week.

* * *

Anton Witek, who has held the position of concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra since the fall of 1910, and will be its soloist at the fifth concert in Infantry Hall on Tuesday evening, has appeared as soloist with the orchestra at its concerts in Boston each season since he came to America.

He was born in Saaz, Bohemia, on Jan. 7, 1872, studied the violin under Bennewitz at Prague and in 1894, at the age of 22, was appointed concert master and first soloist by the Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin. This is the most important post for violinists in Germany, and Mr. Witek's appointment marked him at once as one of the world's great violinists.

He early commanded attention in Germany (in 1895) by the performance in one evening of three violin concertos, those by Beethoven, Brahms and Paganini. During his engagement with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, which ended on Sept. 1, 1910, he toured Europe as a virtuoso, and with his wife, Vita Witek, and Josef Malkin, who is now one of the first 'cellists of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, formed the Berlin Trio, which played an important part in the musical life of Berlin. In 1907 Mr. Witek played in Berlin the newly discovered violin concerto in A-major by Mozart for the first time, and in 1909 in the same city the newly discovered concerto in C-major l Haydn, also for the first time.

The symphony on Tuesday evening w be the First, in E-minor, by Jan Sibeliu the Finnish composer, which is one the most notable contributions to syr phonic literature in the last quarter of century. Sibelius, who was in this cou try last spring as a guest of the Norfo Festival in Connecticut, is one of t few original talents now writing mus He is nothing if not nationalistic, but l music is not dependent, like that Grieg, for example, on the folk music his country. Rather does it reflect moods and temperament of the race which he is one.

The full programme is as follo Sibelius, Symphony in E-minor, No. Bruch, Concerto for violin and orches in G-minor, No. 1; Wagner, "A Siegfri Idyl;" Dvorak, overture, "Carnaval."

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[illegible] Society [illegible] 60

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date MAR 7 15

Establ 384

The final Boston Symphony concerts of the season will be given in Carnegie Hall, one on Thursday evening, March 18, and the other on Saturday afternoon, March 20. The feature of Thursday evening's programme will be the "Harold in Italy" Symphony of Hector Berlioz. Emile Ferir will play the viola obligato. The other numbers on the programme will be Frederick S. Converse's Symphonic Poem "Ormazd," and Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture.

A very interesting feature of the programme for Saturday afternoon will be Vincent d' Indy's Fantasia for oboe and orchestra. The solo part in this will be played by Georges Longy, first oboe of the orchestra. The Symphony will be Schubert's in C major and the other number will be Dvorak's "Carneval" overture.

From EAGLE
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date MAR 7

Esta 84

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its last concert of the season in the Academy of Music on Friday evening, March 19, when it will present as soloist the young English 'cellist, Beatrice Harrison, who first came to America a year ago. She was preceded by such glowing reports that they tended to rouse a certain amount of skepticism. It required, however, only one hearing to realize that she is a 'cellist of unusual quality, perhaps comparable only to Casals. She was born in India, where her father, Colonel Harrison of the Royal Engineers, was stationed. In common with her two sisters she early developed remarkable musical gifts and seemed to take naturally to the violoncello. She went to the Royal College of Music in London, where, when she was 10 years old, she won the gold medal in the senior competition; never before had it been given to one so young. In Frankfort, where she was a pupil of the famous German 'cellist, Hugo Becker, she studied until she was able to work for herself. At the age of seventeen she received the Mendelssohn prize in Berlin, which is a distinction most sought by musical students. This will be her first appearance with the Symphony Orchestra and she will play Tschaikowsky's charming "Variations on a Rococo Theme." The symphony will be Mozart's in C major, the "Jupiter."

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date AR 7 191

Esta 884

MISS HARRISON TO APPEAR

With Boston Symphony Orchestra's Last Concert of the Season.

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From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date

Esta 384

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A very interesting feature of the programme for Saturday afternoon will be Vincent d'Indy's Fantasia for oboe and orchestra. The solo part in this will, of course, be played by Mr. Georges Longy, first oboe of the orchestra. The symphony will be Schubert's in C major, and the other number will be Dvorak's [illegible] overture.

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date MAR 3 191

Esta

SYMPHONY CONCERT PLEASES AUDIENCE

Anton Witek, Soloist, is Given Prolonged Applause.

PLAYS BRUCH'S CONCERTO

Programme for Orchestral Numbers Includes Sibelius's Symphony, No. 1, Wagner's "Siegfried" and Dvorak's Overture.—Soloist is Also Heard Several Times.

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Be that as it may, the music, romantic, emotional, with many passages of great beauty and dignity, was played last evening in such brilliant fashion as to make a deep impression and to call forth from the audience lasting applause as the last passionate climax came to an end.

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Wagner......................"A Siegfried Idyl
Dvorak..........Overture. "Carnival," Op. 92

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The sixth and last concert will be given on Tuesday evening, April 13, when Miss Florence Hinkle will be the soloist.

A. W. C.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date MAR 3 1915

Est 884

FIFTH SYMPHONY CONCERT FINE

Boston Orchestra and Anton Witek, Violin Soloist, Rendered Delightfully Varied Programme.

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Anton Witek, the concert master, who has won fame wherever the orchestra has played, was selected for solo honors, and the honor was well merited by him, and he did not fail in any particular to measure up to the responsibility that was placed upon him to uphold the credit of the organization he represented. Mr. Witek has achieved the distinction of being regarded as one of the leading violinists in the world, and has held some important posts. His connection with the Boston Symphony Orchestra as concert master dates back now five years, and during that time he has become very widely known for his skill and ability as a master of the instrument he has chosen for the expression of his talent.

He has appeared each season as a soloist during the Boston season of the orchestra, but has never before played here in this capacity. His work last night was brilliant and fascinating. His single selection was Bruchu's concerto in G-minor, which was a very happy one and was played with beautiful harmony, remarkable mastery of technique and studied expression and yet with an ease and simplicity of manner and movement that gave it added charm. He gave his hearers some moments of intense delight and was rewarded with most hearty expressions of satisfaction and pleasure.

The orchestra was up to its highest standard of excellence last night, and nothing more need be said to any one who has heard this musical organization to indicate that its work was of the highest quality. The symphony was the first by the Finnish composer, Jan Sibelus in E-minor. This is one of the most notable contributions to symphonic literature in recent years and is pronounced without contradiction the best of modern creations of this sort. The composer in his music shows strongly his nationality and his love of his country, and all through it is felt the breath of the race from which he sprang, strong, rugged but given to moods and inclined to melancholy. The score was played by the orchestra with careful precision and due attention to instrumentation and yet with a freedom and fulness of tone that impressed deeply and intensified the pleasure afforded.

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From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date

Estab 84

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From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date FEB 2

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The full programme is as follow Sibelius, Symphony in E-minor, No. Bruch, Concerto for violin and orchest in G-minor, No. 1; Wagner, "A Siegfried Idyl;" Dvorak, overture, "Carnaval."

* * *

Choral Society of 60

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date

Establ 384

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From EAGLE
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date

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From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date

Esta 884

MISS HARRISON TO APPEAR

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From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date MAR

Esta

SYMPHONY CONCERT PLEASES AUDIENCE

Anton Witek, Soloist, is Given Prolonged Applause.

PLAYS BRUCH'S CONCERTO

Programme for Orchestral Numbers Includes Sibelius's Symphony, No. 1, Wagner's "Siegfried" and Dvorak's Overture.—Soloist is Also Heard Several Times.

That Dr. Muck aims to give to Providence in much the same measure that which Boston hears at its symphony concerts, was clearly shown in last night's programme for the fifth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall, on which Sibelius, Wagner and Dvorak were represented by the same compositions which have been lately heard in Boston, while the assisting artist was Anton Witek, the virtuoso of the orchestra, who has found such favor as soloist in Boston that his appearance in that capacity with the orchestra has come to be a regular event of each season.

The first Sibelius symphony is not new to Providence audiences, which, like those of Boston, have just heard it for the third time, following a performance in 1912 and an earlier one under Dr. Muck in his first period in this country.

The composer, giving no programme as a clue to its meaning, has left the symphony to speak for itself in its message to each listener. In no uncertain tones, the sombre, rugged music paints pictures for each one, mostly full of mystery, at times exceedingly beautiful, and again turbulent, clashing and filled with strange dissonances.

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Bruch..
Concerto for Violin, No. 1, G-minor, Op. 26
I. Vorspiel. Allegro moderato.
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Wagner........................"A Siegfried Idyl
Dvorak...........Overture, "Carnival," Op. 92

While it was Mr. Witek's first appearance in this city as soloist with the orchestra, he is still vividly remembered by those who heard him five years ago, shortly after his arrival in this country, in a recital which he gave with Mme. Vita Witek, pianist, before The Listeners in Churchill House.

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Date AR 3 1915
Est 884

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Brooklyn Ed.
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ZEN
Brooklyn, N. Y.
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OURNAL
Providence, R. I.
ate MAR 3 1915
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SYMPHONY CONCERT PLEASES AUDIENCE

Anton Witek, Soloist, is Given Prolonged Applause.

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PLAYS BRUCH'S CONCERTO

Programme for Orchestral Numbers Includes Sibelius's Symphony, No. 1, Wagner's "Siegfried" and Dvorak's Overture.—Soloist is Also Heard Several Times.

That Dr. Muck aims to give to Providence in much the same measure that which Boston hears at its symphony concerts, was clearly shown in last night's programme for the fifth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall, on which Sibelius, Wagner and Dvorak were represented by the same compositions which have been lately heard in Boston, while the assisting artist was Anton Witek, the virtuoso of the orchestra, who has found such favor as soloist in Boston that his appearance in that capacity with the orchestra has come to be a regular event of each season.

The first Sibelius symphony is not new to Providence audiences, which, like those of Boston, have just heard it for the third time, following a performance in 1912 and an earlier one under Dr. Muck in his first period in this country.

The composer, giving no programme as a clue to its meaning, has left the symphony to speak for itself in its message to each listener. In no uncertain tones, the sombre, rugged music paints pictures for each one, mostly full of mystery, at times exceedingly beautiful, and again turbulent, clashing and filled with strange dissonances.

Finland is to most of us an unknown country, and the music of Sibelius may easily be any expression of his national feeling, and yet there is a strange Oriental quality in the third movement that vaguely suggests a feeling for the Japanese.

Be that as it may, the music, romantic, emotional, with many passages of great beauty and dignity, was played last evening in such brilliant fashion as to make a deep impression and to call forth from the audience lasting applause as the last passionate climax came to an end.

Following the symphony came the other numbers on the programme, in the following order:

Sibelius....Symphony No. 1, in E-minor, Op. 39
I. Andante ma non troppo; Allegro energico.
II. Andante, ma non troppo lento.
III. Allegro.
IV. Finale (Quasi una fantasia): Andante; Allegro molto.
Bruch..................................
Concerto for Violin, No. 1, G-minor, Op. 26
I. Vorspiel. Allegro moderato.
II. Adagio.
III. Finale: Allegro energico.
Wagner......................"A Siegfried Idyl
Dvorak............Overture, "Carnival," Op. 92

While it was Mr. Witek's first appearance in this city as soloist with the orchestra, he is still vividly remembered by those who heard him five years ago, shortly after his arrival in this country, in a recital which he gave with Mme. Vita Witek, pianist, before The Listeners in Churchill House.

The beauty of his tone, the brilliancy of his technique and the artistic quality manifested on that occasion, placed him at once in the class with the virtuosi whose appearances in this country had made their names more familiar here.

Last evening he played Bruch's Concerto in G-minor with a mastery of his instrument that was soul-satisfying to a degree. Especially beautiful was the fluency of his tone in the first movement, although the variety of themes throughout were handled with such sureness as to call forth unbounded admiration.

What would have been three recalls, had not Mr. Witek modestly returned to the concert-master's desk, were given to him at the close of his performance, and he was forced to recognize the approval of the large audience by continued acknowledgment.

When the programme was ultimately resumed the orchestra gave a delightful presentation of the diverse numbers that completed the concert, the popular "Seigfried Idyl," which was given here less than two years ago, and the Bohemian "Carnival" of Dvorak, full of wild melody, with graceful interludes of a pastoral nature.

The contrast of these numbers completed the variety of a programme that seemed to please the vast majority; and one which added its individual note to the previous programme of the winter.

The sixth and last concert will be given on Tuesday evening, April 13, when Miss Florence Hinkle will be the soloist.

A. W. C.

From EVENING SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date MAR 4 - 1915

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Speaking of the performance of Mr. Strube's composition, Philip Hale, the veteran critic, writing in the Boston Herald, said: "The theme is in itself beautiful and it is beautifully exposed. The exposition of the first two variations and the double variations with the theme, first for horn, then for oboe, are the crowning features of this composition. Mr. Strube is known as a cunning master of instrumentation. His scoring is sometimes super-refined, and in his interest to gain unusual and original effects he forgets or disdains weightier matters. His variations are on the whole interesting." Olin Downes, writing for the Boston Post, commented on Mr. Strube's Variations as follows: "There was interest in the work of Mr. Strube, for many years a member of the orchestra, a composer of high accomplishments, and now head of the department of theory and composition at the Peabody Conservatory. Mr. Strube, some of his friends may insist, has gone a step backward instead of forward in his musical development in this latest composition, because he has forsaken, temporarily, the symphonic poem, and ultra-impressionistic methods, and written in the traditional variation form. But with these people we do not agree. The theme which Mr. Strube has set down as his text is for us the most conventional page of the composition. This was probably deliberate on the part of the composer. It is a broad theme, chorale-like in its simple harmonies and its melodic line. But the theme is treated with a wealth of technical resource and striking effects of color which were always characteristic of Mr. Strube's writing, but which have been especially cultivated of late years by his sympathy with recent French composition. The fact that this piece has line as well as color is not to its disadvantage. In a well-worn medium Mr. Strube keeps the interest of the hearer from the beginning to the end. The variations are free, but not so free that all trace of the original theme is lost. Most of them are in a poetical vein. One or two are brilliant and dramatic."

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J. O. L.

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Fragments of "Die Meistersinger," "Siegfried" and "Goetterdamerung" in Thrillingly Eloquent Performance — Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony" in the Normal Voice of an Abnormal Music—Dr. Muck and Our Present Operatic and Wagnerian Plight

THROUGH two numbers of the concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon for the profit of the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra and before an audience the numbers and the eagerness of which must have rejoiced the hearts of the band, Dr. Muck was again an operatic conductor and an operatic conductor in Wagner's music-dramas. One Berliner, wise in the ways of the leaders of the Royal Opera, will say that Dr. Muck is incomparable in "Carmen"; another is sure that he deserves that distinction in "Der Rosenkavalier"; a third who has visited Baireuth as well, avers that it is in "Parsifal" that his abilities and imagination most shine; a fourth, unless he includes nearly all of Wagner's music-dramas in his sayings, pitches upon "Die Meistersinger" as the opera in which the conductor is preëminent; while in little Salzburg they are as confident that there is none to match him in the operas of Mozart.

Here in Boston, where Dr. Muck has tarried and will tarry longer than in any other city, except Berlin, in which he has dwelt, we know him not at all as yet as an operatic conductor in the theatre itself. Instead, we sample him as such—so to say—when he leads in an operatic overture at the Symphony Concerts and at the end the imaginative somehow expect to see an invisible curtain rise over the stage of Symphony Hall and show it magically transformed into the first scene of the "Tristan" or the "Emyanthe," to which they have just heard such magnificent preluding. Or else at one of the concerts of the Pension Fund we hear Dr. Muck in coördinated or dissevered fragments of "Die Meistersinger" or the "Ring" operas and hope beats high that sooner or later, under one or another auspices, and with an orchestra, singers and a "general representation" worthy of him, he will conduct in opera in Boston. Somehow the chaos into which operatic affairs in this town have fallen encourages such happy, if futile, anticipation. For there is not, and there never has been in the United States an operatic conductor so eloquent with the music of Wagner, when he has such a band as the Symphony Orchestra to play it, as Dr. Muck once more proved himself yesterday and in mere fragments. Not even the Toscanini of "Tristan" excels him.

For yet another and as irritating an anomaly, the fragments of "Die Meistersinger," "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" played yesterday, plus the overtures and the preludes to Wagner's operas and music-dramas played last November at the other Pension-Fund concert with the total glorification of the dead Siegfried actually sum all the music of Wagner that we in Boston have heard through the normal course of a whole season of music. In Boston alone, of the musical capitals, so-called, of the world, "Rheingold" and "Siegfried" and Götterdämmerung" are still unfamiliar operas; "Die Walkure" and "Die Meistersinger" are in not much better case; "Tristan," "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal" we know; but of late "Tannhäuser" has well nigh vanished from our stage. Only late in its existence did the Boston Opera Company discover the music-dramas of Wagner and give us "Tristan" and 'Die Meistersinger." The Metropolitan company, in the days of its fitful visits, was sparing of Wagner's pieces, partly because they happened to display neither Mr. Caruso nor Miss Farrar, and partly because our public was assumed to be indifferent to them. But if it is indifferent, why does it fill Symphony Hall merely to hear overtures, preludes and detached fragments in mere concert performance? By every token that audiences can give, the public of Boston would go to hear Wagner's operas, given such a performance of them on the stage as excerpts from them receive in concerts. Such performances are not impossible and they would be not only possible, but probable under Dr. Muck himself.

The recital of these conditions and regret over them are indeed an old story; but repetition only emphasizes the fact that Boston is the one city of musical pretension the world over—and not even London aside—that in normal times does not hear Wagner's operas in plenty in the theatre for which they are designed. It is more than a reproach to the reputation of the city as a musical capital that it does not so hear them; it is a deprivation, year after year, of the pleasures of six or eight master-pieces of music-drama. An English-speaking stage without its frequent or occasional Shakspeare is non-existent and almost unthinkable. Here in Boston we have accomplished the abnormal feat of an opera house that until the last years of its existence was almost Wagnerless and of a city that professes to be a musical capital in the twentieth century and knows not his music-dramas in familiar repetition. However much such conditions may minister to a perverse pride, it is not good to be "singular" or "superior" in this queer fashion. Strauss we know; Debussy we know; d'Indy we know and so forth through a long list of modern and ultra-modern composers; but Wagner, by universal consent the greatest genius that has yet set his hand to the music of the theatre, we virtually know not. By some fortunate turn of the fates of music, Dr. Muck ought to be the discoverer of him to us. The anomalies of our ignorance of Wagner and of Dr. Muck as a operatic conductor, seem too strange to endure indefinitely.

Imagine hearing the introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger" played in its place in the opera—where it concentrates for the instant the romantic mood and the homely atmosphere of all that has gone before and all that is to come after—imagine hearing it there in such mingling of tonal beauty and of poetic significance as Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave it yesterday, in such richness of harmonic and instrumental color and in such glory of expressive melody and phrase. Imagine the dance of the youth played in the actual fete on the stage with such lightness of rhythm so sensitively varied and with such variety of bright and changeful tonal color. Imagine the effect in the theatre of such climaceric sonorities, such thrilling suspense and such large and deep expansion, as out of the opened hearts of the singing multitude that Dr. Muck brought to the choral extolling of Sachs. From "Die Meistersinger" under Richter to "Die Meistersinger" under Toscanini, it is hard to recall such eloquence as that of yesterday. Or see in fancy young Siegfried scaling the rocks and piercing the mists through the darting fires on his way to the sleeping Brünnhilde and so summon the stage while the orchestra sings as it did yesterday with his undaunted progress or crackles and gleams with the parted fires.

In a mere paragraph, as it were, Richter's arrangement for the concert hall sings the heroic ecstasies of Siegfried and Brünnhilde but in that paragraph quivering intensity of radiant tone might hardly go further than it did yesterday. Then the music deepened and broadened into Siegfried's descent of the Rhine to Gunther's house and all the daughters of the river sang golden-mouthed. Through all this music the mind marvelled at the conductor's play with the interwoven motives—each exposed, each vitalized and each characterized; while the ear rejoiced in the sensuous beauty and color of the tone; and the heart stirred to the passionate mood and the dramatic movement of the whole. Again in the overture to "Tannhäuser," fortunate the tenor who can sing the knight's song to the glory of Venus, with such beauty of tone, such expressiveness of phrase, such musical and histrionic ardor of feeling as those that Mr. Sand drew yesterday from his clarinet. He was, indeed, the actor in the opera that each player in a Wagnerian orchestra should be. Remarkable clarinetist that he is, he has not before given such proof of his quality. Such singing of the song was true supplement to the biting rhythms and the sharp-set phrases with which Dr. Muck keeps the sensual sting of the Venusberg or to his noble sonorities with the conquering hymn of the pilgrims. Since Mr. Toscanini conducted for the first time here in "Tristan" and Dr. Muck led for the first time in the assembled overtures and preludes, this town has heard no such thrilling Wagner as stirred the audience of yesterday.

From RECORD

Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony," which began the concert, holds its own and in spite of many more repetitions, far better than did the overture-fantasia to "Romeo and Juliet" of the preceding Symphony Concerts. It held its own the better yesterday because Dr. Muck was content with the normal voice, so to say, of an abnormal music. Time was—and perhaps still continues—when every conductor that essayed the symphony, believed he must be "different" and "individual" with the music. He wreaked himself upon the march until it became a wild tonal phantasmagoria of broken rhythms, suspended progressions and hectic outbursts. Or he tried to make the syncopated second movement more hollow and fantasmal than it naturally sounds. Or he prolonged and intensified the voluptuous melody of the first movement until some called it "obscene"; or he writhed and clamored through the tumultuous passages around it as though they were not the wild stirrings of a perturbed and moody soul, but the frenzies of a revel of fiends. Now, the "Pathetic Symphony" is a very transparent and personal music. There is not a melody, a rhythm, a progression, a stroke of harmonic and instrumental color in it that is not as clear as the day. It is cherished and understanded of the people because it is so transparent.

The music seems hardly less clear of mood and passion—the familiar Tschaikowsky of the symphonies, sensitive, morbid and rejoicing prey to the emotions of voluptuous struggle with the impulse to despair and with the believed omnipresence of fate; the Tschaikowsky who tries tonally various reliefs and escapes in slow movement and scherzo and finds them equally exciting and disillusioning and then, in this particular symphony and contrary to the precedent of the rest, succumbs to black and deadening desolation. The music is the expression of a morbidly nervous mind, imagination and spirit, but it is a sincere and impassioned expression with all its morbidity—a kind of human document in tones, that touches listening ears and hearts. Dr. Muck and the orchestra were content yesterday to read it out as Tschaikowsky had written it, in clear, just, sympathetic and illuminating voice, without a hint of rhetorical emphasis, distorting exaggeration or personal display. So heard, the music kept its sincerity of passion and its revelation of a morbid and perturbed spirit. So heard also, it lived and thrilled again.

H. T. P.

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From EVENING SUN

Address: Baltimore, Md.

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THROUGH two numbers of the concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon for the profit of the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra and before an audience the numbers and the eagerness of which must have rejoiced the hearts of the band, Dr. Muck was again an operatic conductor and an operatic conductor in Wagner's music-dramas. One Berliner, wise in the ways of the leaders of the Royal Opera, will say that Dr. Muck is incomparable in "Carmen"; another is sure that he deserves that distinction in "Der Rosenkavalier"; a third who has visited Baireuth as well, avers that it is in "Parsifal" that his abilities and imagination most shine; a fourth, unless he includes nearly all of Wagner's music-dramas in his sayings, pitches upon "Die Meistersinger" as the opera in which the conductor is preëminent; while in little Salzburg they are as confident that there is none to match him in the operas of Mozart.

Here in Boston, where Dr. Muck has tarried and will tarry longer than in any other city, except Berlin, in which he has dwelt, we know him not at all as yet as an operatic conductor in the theatre itself. Instead, we sample him as such—so to say—when he leads in an operatic overture at the Symphony Concerts and at the end the imaginative somehow expect to see an invisible curtain rise over the stage of Symphony Hall and show it magically transformed into the first scene of the "Tristan" or the "Emyanthe," to which they have just heard such magnificent preluding. Or else at one of the concerts of the Pension Fund we hear Dr. Muck in coördinated or dissevered fragments of "Die Meistersinger" or the "Ring" operas and hope beats high that sooner or later, under one or another auspices, and with an orchestra, singers and a "general representation" worthy of him, he will conduct in opera in Boston. Somehow the chaos into which operatic affairs in this town have fallen encourages such happy, if futile, anticipation. For there is not, and there never has been in the United States an operatic conductor so eloquent with the music of Wagner, when he has such a band as the Symphony Orchestra to play it, as Dr. Muck once more proved himself yesterday and in mere fragments. Not even the Toscanini of "Tristan" excels him.

For yet another and as irritating an anomaly, the fragments of "Die Meistersinger," "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" played yesterday, plus the overtures and the preludes to Wagner's operas and music-dramas played last November at the other Pension-Fund concert with the total glorification of the dead Siegfried actually sum all the music of Wagner that we in Boston have heard through the normal course of a whole season of music. In Boston alone, of the musical capitals, so-called, of the world, "Rheingold" and "Siegfried" and Götterdämmerung" are still unfamiliar operas; "Die Walkure" and "Die Meistersinger" are in not much better case; "Tristan," "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal" we know; but of late "Tannhäuser" has well nigh vanished from our stage. Only late in its existence did the Boston Opera Company discover the music-dramas of Wagner and give us "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger." The Metropolitan company, in the days of its fitful visits, was sparing of Wagner's pieces, partly because they happened to display neither Mr. Caruso nor Miss Farrar, and partly because our public was assumed to be indifferent to them. But if it is indifferent, why does it fill Symphony Hall merely to hear overtures, preludes and detached fragments in mere concert performance? By every token that audiences can give, the public of Boston would go to hear Wagner's operas, given such a performance of them on the stage as excerpts from them receive in concerts. Such performances are not impossible and they would be not only possible, but probable under Dr. Muck himself.

The recital of these conditions and regret over them are indeed an old story; but repetition only emphasizes the fact that Boston is the one city of musical pretension the world over—and not even London aside—that in normal times does not hear Wagner's operas in plenty in the theatre for which they are designed. It is more than a reproach to the reputation of the city as a musical capital that it does not so hear them; it is a deprivation, year after year, of the pleasures of six or eight master-pieces of music-drama. An English-speaking stage without its frequent or occasional Shakspeare is non-existent and almost unthinkable. Here in Boston we have accomplished the abnormal feat of an opera house that until the last years of its existence was almost Wagnerless and of a city that professes to be a musical capital in the twentieth century and knows not his music-dramas in familiar repetition. However much such conditions may minister to a perverse pride, it is not good to be "singular" or "superior" in this queer fashion. Strauss we know; Debussy we know; d'Indy we know and so forth through a long list of modern and ultra-modern composers; but Wagner, by universal consent the greatest genius that has yet set his hand to the music of the theatre, we virtually know not. By some fortunate turn of the fates of music, Dr. Muck ought to be the discoverer of him to us. The anomalies of our ignorance of Wagner and of Dr. Muck as a operatic conductor, seem too strange to endure indefinitely.

Imagine hearing the introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger" played in its place in the opera—where it concentrates for the instant the romantic mood and the homely atmosphere of all that has gone before and all that is to come after—imagine hearing it there in such mingling of tonal beauty and of poetic significance as Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave it yesterday, in such richness of harmonic and instrumental color and in such glory of expressive melody and phrase. Imagine the dance of the youth played in the actual fete on the stage with such lightness of rhythm so sensitively varied and with such variety of bright and changeful tonal color. Imagine the effect in the theatre of such climaceric sonorities, such thrilling suspense and such large and deep expansion, as out of the opened hearts of the singing multitude that Dr. Muck brought to the choral extolling of Sachs. From "Die Meistersinger" under Richter to "Die Meistersinger" under Toscanini, it is hard to recall such eloquence as that of yesterday. Or see in fancy young Siegfried scaling the rocks and piercing the mists through the darting fires on his way to the sleeping Brünnhilde and so summon the stage while the orchestra sings as it did yesterday with his undaunted progress or crackles and gleams with the parted fires.

In a mere paragraph, as it were, Richter's arrangement for the concert hall sings the heroic ecstasies of Siegfried and Brünnhilde but in that paragraph quivering intensity of radiant tone might hardly go further than it did yesterday. Then the music deepened and broadened into Siegfried's descent of the Rhine to Gunther's house and all the daughters of the river sang golden-mouthed. Through all this music the mind marvelled at the conductor's play with the interwoven motives—each exposed, each vitalized and each characterized; while the ear rejoiced in the sensuous beauty and color of the tone; and the heart stirred to the passionate mood and the dramatic movement of the whole. Again in the overture to "Tannhäuser," fortunate the tenor who can sing the knight's song to the glory of Venus, with such beauty of tone, such expressiveness of phrase, such musical and histrionic ardor of feeling as those that Mr. Sand drew yesterday from his clarinet. He was, indeed, the actor in the opera that each player in a Wagnerian orchestra should be. Remarkable clarinetist that he is, he has not before given such proof of his quality. Such singing of the song was true supplement to the biting rhythms and the sharp-set phrases with which Dr. Muck keeps the sensual sting of the Venusberg or to his noble sonorities with the conquering hymn of the pilgrims. Since Mr. Toscanini conducted for the first time here in "Tristan" and Dr. Muck led for the first time in the assembled overtures and preludes, this town has heard no such thrilling Wagner as stirred the audience of yesterday.

From RECORD

Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony," which began the concert, holds its own and in spite of many more repetitions, far better than did the overture-fantasia to "Romeo and Juliet" of the preceding Symphony Concerts. It held its own the better yesterday because Dr. Muck was content with the normal voice, so to say, of an abnormal music. Time was—and perhaps still continues—when every conductor that essayed the symphony, believed he must be "different" and "individual" with the music. He wreaked himself upon the march until it became a wild tonal phantasmagoria of broken rhythms, suspended progressions and hectic outbursts. Or he tried to make the syncopated second movement more hollow and fantasmal than it naturally sounds. Or he prolonged and intensified the voluptuous melody of the first movement until some called it "obscene"; or he writhed and clamored through the tumultuous passages around it as though they were not the wild stirrings of a perturbed and moody soul, but the frenzies of a revel of fiends. Now, the "Pathetic Symphony" is a very transparent and personal music. There is not a melody, a rhythm, a progression, a stroke of harmonic and instrumental color in it that is not as clear as the day. It is cherished and understanded of the people because it is so transparent.

The music seems hardly less clear of mood and passion—the familiar Tschaikowsky of the symphonies, sensitive, morbid and rejoicing prey to the emotions of voluptuous struggle with the impulse to despair and with the believed omnipresence of fate; the Tschaikowsky who tries tonally various reliefs and escapes in slow movement and scherzo and finds them equally exciting and disillusioning and then, in this particular symphony and contrary to the precedent of the rest, succumbs to black and deadening desolation. The music is the expression of a morbidly nervous mind, imagination and spirit, but it is a sincere and impassioned expression with all its morbidity—a kind of human document in tones, that touches listening ears and hearts. Dr. Muck and the orchestra were content yesterday to read it out as Tschaikowsky had written it, in clear, just, sympathetic and illuminating voice, without a hint of rhetorical emphasis, distorting exaggeration or personal display. So heard, the music kept its sincerity of passion and its revelation of a morbid and perturbed spirit. So heard also, it lived and thrilled again.

H. T. P.

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Over

EVENING TRANSCRIPT

MARCH 13, 1915

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

FROM BERLIOZ, AFTER MANY DAYS, TO BRAHMS

The "Harold" Symphony Heard Once More—Its Lasting Virtue and Self-Contained Appeal—Folk-Pieces by d'Indy and the "Academic Overture"—Mr. Ferir and Mr. Longy as Quasi-Soloists

TWO or three of Berlioz's overtures—to "Benvenuto Cellini" and "The Roman Carnival," for example—are perennial in orchestral repertories; but nowadays his three symphonies are relatively seldom played, even in his own France and in the Germany that, perhaps, yet more warmly admires him. Here in Boston, when they make intermittent return to our programmes, the conductor usually pitches upon "Harold in Italy." It is nine years since Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" has been played at the Symphony Concerts and the memorable performances of it hereabouts in recent days have been those under the visiting Weingartner and the visiting Mahler with orchestras from New York. It is more years still since Berlioz's music to "Romeo and Juliet" has been heard in Boston. Even the romantically minded Fiedler overlooked it; and Mr. Paur and Mr. Gericke were none too frequent with it. Yet it is richer in large and sustained invention and in glow of mood and voice than is the tone-picturing of Harold, while "The Fantastic Symphony" far transcends that succession of scenes and sensations in wildly romantic imagining and utterance. None the less, "Harold in Italy" was heard once more at the Symphony Concerts yesterday afternoon, after memorial music to the late John Chipman Gray; once more it held the audience intent; and once more it was covered with applause that was surely tribute to the music, as well as to conductor, orchestra, and Mr. Férir with the viola that sings the moods and the musings of Harold.

Beyond peradventure the clear beauty and the graphic power of the music, enduring for more than three quarters of a century, evoked this interest and applause. The average auditor at the Symphony Concerts, on a Friday afternoon, is more likely to come thither with a bag of the newest fashion in her hand rather than with a bundle of historical perspective on her back. She—or he—may vaguely know that Berlioz was one of "The Romantics" of Paris in the thirties and the forties, and that he led an appropriately romantic existence. If not, the omniscient programme-book will yield the information and add agreeable details of his troubled amours and his imaginative fabling about himself. But she—or again he—is not likely to know, nor will the programme-book inform her that Berlioz, taking more than a hint from Beethoven, was well-nigh the inventor of romantic programme-music; that he carried tonal delineation for pictorial purpose further than any of his predecessors; that he was the forerunner of Liszt and the whole brood of moderns in the adjusting of the symphonic progression and the graphic intent of music whence the contemporary tone-poem was born; and that students of instrumentation and composers with them still bend over his treatise on that art, and the scores wherein he practises it, as over perpetual fountains of suggestion. On the one side, in the scope and the quality of his imagination and his utterance he personified the romantic revolution of the thirties in music, as Hugo personified it in poetry, or the elder Dumas in plays, or Delacroix in painting. On the other side, in his effort to condition the form and the means of music to his purposes, he was the theorist by inspiration, who practised not merely with courage, but with an invention and a cunning that have made him one of the preceptors of all subsequent music. Has not Strauss himself reëdited and annotated Berlioz's treatise on instrumentation?

Of all these things and many akin to them, the auditors of yesterday, as human probability goes, thought not twice. Nor had they need to think of them even once; for the music of "Harold in Italy" still speaks for itself by its own transparent and graphic delineation and its own intrinsic charm or power. It speaks, also, for itself quite apart from any association with Byron's poem and its moody and maundering hero. The historical Byron in letters is almost as unfamiliar a figure to the knowledge and the imagination of most of us as the historical Berlioz in music and it is doubtful whether the poet's verse is read as often proportionately as the composer's music is heard. What little heed Harold gets from listeners to the symphony springs chiefly from the circumstance that the first viola of the orchestra who plays the music allotted to Berlioz's Byronic personage, has his name as a quasi-soloist on the programme and either stands in front of the orchestra or sits, as Mr. Férir did yesterday, in the chair of the concert-master. (It was good to see him thus modest and regardful of esprit de corps in the band, since Mr. Longy, who had a similar part in a later piece, chose to enter from the ante-room quite as though he were "the assisting artist" of the day.)

Yet it is still a novel, ingenious and imaginative idea to place a personage in a programmatic symphony or a tone-poem outside it, as it were, the mere spectator and receiver of sensations from what it delineates and suggests. And, as usual when such an idea was born in Berlioz, he accomplished it cunningly. Harold's music, outside an occasional passage in the first movement, is not wrought into the body and the development of the symphony. It is a voice that occasionally interrupts the course of the tone-picturing to utter moody impressions of it and of all that has gone before or else tinkles and murmurs through it, shrinking and remote. It was this suggestion of remoteness, of tremulous watching and listening, of troubling and musing sensations in play upon a restless and imaginative spirit, that Mr. Férir drew from Berlioz's music into his playing. If he did not characterize Harold, who, after all, is an exceedingly shadowy figure in the symphony, he did characterize with finely graphic sense. Berlioz's remote, sensitive and moody looker-on at his tone-picturing. To do so was a more remarkable feat of artistry in Mr. Férir than the soft, wistful and penetrating tone and the justness and the sensibility of phrase that were its means. He deserved the applause that the audience gave him and the unusual warmth that Dr. Muck showed to him.

Meanwhile, as independent of Harold as of history, the symphony went its way, winning those who heard by its own intrinsic virtue. Berlioz had felt and dreamed, as well as seen, the Italy in which he had dwelt, and he could translate into tones the lasting sensations and longings that it left within him. He does not refine them until they become too subtle like the fancies and savors of Wolf's Italian Serenade. He is not a pompous, patronizing and complacently moralizing British tourist like the Elgar of the overture "In Italy." He does not forget Italy for harmonic and instrumental exercise and experiment as Strauss is prone to do in his Italian symphony and, romantic that he is to the marrow, he escapes the pitfall of a realistic Italy that Charpentier and still more Wolf-Ferrari ostentatiously and joyously digged for themselves. The Italy of the "Harold" symphony, especially in the march of the pilgrims and the herdsman's serenade, is th pure poetic milk of the Italian word in th bible of romantic impression distilled int tones. The music sings of an Italy poetiz in actual vision and sensation and glan ored yet more by recollection and longin Berlioz, whatever the limitations of his i vention and imagination in what the o thodox call "development," could find mel dies that touch the ear with their intrinsi beauty and the imagination with their e pressive quality. He had not to maintai them too long in the second and the thi episodes of the "Harold" symphony and h imagination played warmly and his hat artfully about them.

Time and fashions in music have not touched at all, or have touched very lightly, this march of the pilgrims and this serenade of the mountaineer. They have not been so considerate of the final "orgy of brigands" or, perhaps, of the feverish and changeful moods and music of the first movement. In orgies, "the tonal art," as they say in Germany, has gone a long way in excitement of the nerves of ear and imagination beyond the finale of the "Harold" symphony. It does sound tame, beside some of the furies and frenzies of more modern music when dissonance screams jeeringly at dissonance, one harmony clutches another, as it were, by its squeaking throat, and the orchestra moves in thunders of tone and gashes of rhythm. Perhaps such music is more delineative than Berlioz's "orgy"; anyhow it is more nervously titillating and racking. At the least behold the ardent composer laying on and sparing not out of the full arsenal of his resources and with the full strength of his arm. Hear his strokes of delineation. Some devoted analyst will have already listed them for the universal benefit; 41 b—motiv of lustful and brooding frenzy or 63 D (4)—subsidiary of wild blasphemy against the saints.

Therein does the contemporary practice differ materially from that of Berlioz. For whatever the relative tameness of his "orgy," he works his harmonic and instrumental "strokes," chords, juxtapositions, transitions and all the rest—and some of them are still notably graphic and inventive—into the voice and the illusion of the whole. Therein he is true artist in tones who accomplishes his effect and yet conceals the means in the progress and substance of the music. Thereby als escapes the labelling analysts—a misbe ten brood that the fortunate thirties did know. At times in the first movemen is similarly artful and illusive, espec when he is beginning to establish the mosphere of the symphony as a whole; when once he has called Harold into t being and begins to wander about "scenes of melancholy, joy and happine the old reproach begins to hold against music that it is fragmentary, feverish thin. The first movement is the spo the "Harold" symphony that time is ma barren. Yet what "fragments" elsew in the symphony Berlioz has accomplis Perhaps he stilled his fever as he away his thinness in the fulness of workmanship. And what would he not l done had he had the range of contemporary harmonies to serve his sense of tonal coloring and suggestion. It is not his fault—it is the penalty of the everlasting progress of music—that some of his harmonies yesterday sounded by comparison bald and meagre.

The "Harold" symphony is not long, but the rest of an unusually short concert seemed only supplement to it. Continuing his new custom of pieces that shall display the talents of one and another of the virtuosi of the orchestra; that are interesting in themselves, and that are seldom heard, Dr. Muck gave Mr. d'Indy's "Fantasia for Orchestra and Oboe on French Folk-Tunes" a place in the Symphony Concerts, and Mr. Longy played the solo instrument. Within recollection, the first oboe has had his concerto at the concerts even as does the first violin and the first 'cello; but the hautboy, heard too long by itself, ceases to give pleasure and concertos for it, even by illustrious eighteenth-century hands, decline quickly into their tedium. On the other hand, Mr. d'Indy's piece—one of the very few from modern hands that considers the oboe as a solo instrument—has its intrinsic interest and charm. Whether he heard his folk-tunes from peasant lips in the Cévennes, or whether he added his own imagination and invention to scraps of song so heard—a frequent happening with folk-music in the concert-room, the gentle-voiced air of melancholy longing and the livelier-voiced air of amiable gayety, please the ear, touch the fancy and are wrought into an agreeable symphonic pattern with continence of hand, fertility of device and suggestion and with a scholarship, a fancy and a readiness of resource that hide themselves under a smiling simplicity. Mr. d'Indy had his emotions over his folk-tunes; but like all his feeling and all his expression, they were so true and ran so deep that they keep the spirit of that which kindled them. Of a like simplicity seemed Mr. Longy's accomplishment. Yet in fact it was a very subtle and adroit technical skill and a rare feeling, to the last shading of a minute phrase, for the voice at once suave and keen, penetrating and pungent of his instrument.

Thereafter Brahms's "Academic Overture," wherein he felt his student songs as truly as Mr. d'Indy felt his folk-songs and wove them as warmly into a symphonic piece. The Parisian has the advantage in distinction of substance and in finesse of treatment. Brahms could not go far in recondite handling of his material. If he had, it would have lost its savor and—what would have been more deplorable—its stimulating unlikeness to the rest of his music. What could not be done by reflection and artistry, Brahms for once accomplished by sheer gusto. The "Academic Overture" is a jovial music and Brahms who was quite capable of that mood, usually kept it off music-paper—perhaps with the fear of a "reverent" public before his eyes. Jovial Johannes and wise Johannes, too. With like gusto orchestra and conductor played him. H. T. P.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date

BOSTON ORCHESTRA GIVES FINAL CONCERT

Little enthusiasm attended the farewell scenes at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's final concert of the season yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, and the reason may be that the closing half of the programme was singularly lacking in interest.

It consisted of Vincent d'Indy's fantasie for oboe and orchestra and was followed by Dvorak's brilliant but empty "Carnival" overture. After the final chord the audience applauded perfunctorily and called the orchestra's conductor, Dr. Muck, out, then put on its wraps and left the hall.

The solo part of the oboe fantasie was played beautifully by the orchestra's first oboist, Georges Longy, but it proved to be a work of little charm and less interest; and the Dvorak overture is not a fair sample of the musician's greatness.

But—if the programme had been reversed and if the Schubert C major symphony had been at the close instead of the beginning, it is safe to say that the scenes at parting for the season between orchestra and audience would have been one of fine enthusiasm. At the conclusion of the great symphony, superbly played, Dr. Muck had to bow his acknowledgment of the applause and the orchestra had to rise and bow, too. "This heavenly, long drawn out symphony," as Schumann termed it, was brilliantly conducted and beautifully and the impulsive, jubilant final movement would have been ideal for the season's final impression of music making by the remarkable orchestra. However, this was not to be, so the end was tame.

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date

ITS FINAL CONCERT HERE.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Renders Mozart's Music Beautifully.

Last night the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its fifth and last concert of the season at the Academy of Music. The concert opened with Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, which was beautifully rendered. Goldmark's "Sakuntala" followed and then Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Recoco Theme," and the "Carnival." The audience was most appreciative. Indeed after the "Sakuntala," the whole orchestra was forced to respond to the applause.

The variations were heard early in the season with Leo Schultz giving the violoncello solo with the Philharmonic Orchestra. Last night Beatrice Harrison, a young English 'cellist, was the soloist. She played with much poetic expression and was recalled a dozen times by the delighted audience.

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

Establish

Music

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will bring its thirtieth consecutive season in Philadelphia to an end to-morrow (Monday) evening with its fifth concert of the Winter in the Academy of Music. The concert should be more than usually interesting. At the beginning of the season the management of the orchestra promised but three soloists, Messrs. Amato, Bauer and Kreisler, all of whom have appeared. Notwithstanding this, there will be a soloist at this last concert, Beatrice Harrison, the young English violoncellist.

Those who have been fortunate enough to hear Miss Harrison play will agree readily that she has a most remarkable talent and those who have yet to hear her play have decidedly a treat before them. It seems to be accepted that Pablo Casals, the Spanish 'cellist, is a unique figure in the world of art. That being true, it is equally certain that Miss Harrison more nearly approaches him than any other practitioner of this instrument. Miss Harrison took the gold medal given jointly by the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music of London when she was nine years old, the youngest who had ever received that honor, and when she was seventeen she received the Mendelssohn prize in Berlin. A greater part of her studying was done with Hugo Becker, of Frankfort.

The program which Dr. Muck has arranged for this concert comprises the first symphony of Brahms in C Minor, the "Faust" Overture of Wagner, Tschaikowsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme for violoncello and orchestra and Weber's Overture, "Der Freischutz."

Soloists to Be Heard Here

BEATRICE HARRISON

ZOE FULTON

Miss Beatrice Harrison, the eminent 'cello soloist, will be heard with the Boston Symphony Orchestra to-morrow evening at the Academy, and Miss Zoe Fulton, a Pittsburgh contralto, will sing here Tuesday.

EVENING TRANSCRIPT

MARCH 13, 1915

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Of all these things and many akin to them, the auditors of yesterday, as human probability goes, thought not twice. Nor had they need to think of them even once; for the music of "Harold in Italy" still speaks for itself by its own transparent and graphic delineation and its own intrinsic charm or power. It speaks, also, for itself quite apart from any association with Byron's poem and its moody and maundering hero. The historical Byron in letters is almost as unfamiliar a figure to the knowledge and the imagination of most of us as the historical Berlioz in music and it is doubtful whether the poet's verse is read as often proportionately as the composer's music is heard. What little heed Harold gets from listeners to the symphony springs chiefly from the circumstance that the first viola of the orchestra who plays the music allotted to Berlioz's Byronic personage, has his name as a quasi-soloist on the programme and either stands in front of the orchestra or sits, as Mr. Férir did yesterday, in the chair of the concert-master. (It was good to see him thus modest and regardful of esprit de corps in the band, since Mr. Longy, who had a similar part in a later piece, chose to enter from the ante-room quite as though he were "the assisting artist" of the day.)

Yet it is still a novel, ingenious and imaginative idea to place a personage in a programmatic symphony or a tone-poem outside it, as it were, the mere spectator and receiver of sensations from what it delineates and suggests. And, as usual when such an idea was born in Berlioz, he accomplished it cunningly. Harold's music, outside an occasional passage in the first movement, is not wrought into the body and the development of the symphony. It is a voice that occasionally interrupts the course of the tone-picturing to utter moody impressions of it and of all that has gone before or else tinkles and murmurs through it, shrinking and remote. It was this suggestion of remoteness, of tremulous watching and listening, of troubling and musing sensations in play upon a restless and imaginative spirit, that Mr. Férir drew from Berlioz's music into his playing. If he did not characterize Harold, who, after all, is an exceedingly shadowy figure in the symphony, he did characterize with finely graphic sense. Berlioz's remote, sensitive and moody looker-on at his tone-picturing. To do so was a more remarkable feat of artistry in Mr. Férir than the soft, wistful and penetrating tone and the justness and the sensibility of phrase that were its means. He deserved the applause that the audience gave him and the unusual warmth that Dr. Muck showed to him.

Meanwhile, as independent of Harold as of history, the symphony went its way, winning those who heard by its own intrinsic virtue. Berlioz had felt and dreamed, as well as seen, the Italy in which he had dwelt, and he could translate into tones the fasting sensations and longings that it left within him. He does not refine them until they become too subtle like the fancies and savors of Wolf's Italian Serenade. He is not a pompous, patronizing and complacently moralizing British tourist like the Elgar of the overture "In Italy." He does not forget Italy for harmonic and instrumental exercise and experiment as Strauss is prone to do in his Italian symphony and, romantic that he is to the marrow, he escapes the pitfall of a realistic Italy that Charpentier and still more Wolf-Ferrari ostentatiously and joyously digged for themselves. The Italy of the "Harold" symphony, especially in the march of the pilgrims and the herdsman's serenade, is the pure poetic milk of the Italian word in the bible of romantic impression distilled into tones. The music sings of an Italy poetized in actual vision and sensation and glamored yet more by recollection and longing. Berlioz, whatever the limitations of his invention and imagination in what the orthodox call "development," could find melodies that touch the ear with their intrinsic beauty and the imagination with their expressive quality. He had not to maintain them too long in the second and the third episodes of the "Harold" symphony and his imagination played warmly and his hand artfully about them.

Time and fashions in music have not touched at all, or have touched very lightly, this march of the pilgrims and this serenade of the mountaineer. They have not been so considerate of the final "orgy of brigands" or, perhaps, of the feverish and changeful moods and music of the first movement. In orgies, "the tonal art," as they say in Germany, has gone a long way in excitement of the nerves of ear and imagination beyond the finale of the "Harold" symphony. It does sound tame, beside some of the furies and frenzies of more modern music when dissonance screams jeeringly at dissonance, one harmony clutches another, as it were, by its squeaking throat, and the orchestra moves in thunders of tone and gashes of rhythm. Perhaps such music is more delineative than Berlioz's "orgy"; anyhow it is more nervously titillating and racking. At the least behold the ardent composer laying on and sparing not out of the full arsenal of his resources and with the full strength of his arm. Hear his strokes of delineation. Some devoted analyst will have already listed them for the universal benefit; 41 b—motiv of lustful and brooding frenzy or 63 D (4)—subsidiary of wild blasphemy against the saints.

Therein does the contemporary practice differ materially from that of Berlioz. For whatever the relative tameness of his "orgy," he works his harmonic and instrumental "strokes," chords, juxtapositions, transitions and all the rest—and some of them are still notably graphic and inventive—into the voice and the illusion of the whole. Therein he is true artist in tones who accomplishes his effect and yet conceals the means in the progress and the substance of the music. Thereby also he escapes the labelling analysts—a misbegotten brood that the fortunate thirties did not know. At times in the first movement he is similarly artful and illusive, especially when he is beginning to establish the atmosphere of the symphony as a whole; but when once he has called Harold into tonal being and begins to wander about in "scenes of melancholy, joy and happiness," the old reproach begins to hold against his music that it is fragmentary, feverish and thin. The first movement is the spot in the "Harold" symphony that time is making barren. Yet what "fragments" elsewhere in the symphony Berlioz has accomplished. Perhaps he stilled his fever as he cast away his thinness in the fulness of his workmanship. And what would he not have done had he had the range of contemporary harmonies to serve his sense of tonal coloring and suggestion. It is not his fault—it is the penalty of the everlasting progress of music—that some of his harmonies yesterday sounded by comparison bald and meagre.

The "Harold" symphony is not long, but the rest of an unusually short concert seemed only supplement to it. Continuing his new custom of pieces that shall display the talents of one and another of the virtuosi of the orchestra; that are interesting in themselves, and that are seldom heard, Dr. Muck gave Mr. d'Indy's "Fantasia for Orchestra and Oboe on French Folk-Tunes" a place in the Symphony Concerts, and Mr. Longy played the solo instrument. Within recollection, the first oboe has had his concerto at the concerts even as does the first violin and the first 'cello; but the hautboy, heard too long by itself, ceases to give pleasure and concertos for it, even by illustrious eighteenth-century hands, decline quickly into their tedium. On the other hand, Mr. d'Indy's piece—one of the very few from modern hands that considers the oboe as a solo instrument—has its intrinsic interest and charm. Whether he heard his folk-tunes from peasant lips in the Cévennes, or whether he added his own imagination and invention to scraps of song so heard—a frequent happening with folk-music in the concert-room, the gentle-voiced air of melancholy longing and the livelier-voiced air of amiable gayety, please the ear, touch the fancy and are wrought into an agreeable symphonic pattern with continence of hand, fertility of device and suggestion and with a scholarship, a fancy and a readiness of resource that hide themselves under a smiling simplicity. Mr. d'Indy had his emotions over his folk-tunes; but like all his feeling and all his expression, they were so true and ran so deep that they keep the spirit of that which kindled them. Of a like simplicity seemed Mr. Longy's accomplishment. Yet in fact it was a very subtle and adroit technical skill and a rare feeling, to the last shading of a minute phrase, for the voice at once suave and keen, penetrating and pungent of his instrument.

Thereafter Brahms's "Academic Overture," wherein he felt his student songs as truly as Mr. d'Indy felt his folk-songs and wove them as warmly into a symphonic piece. The Parisian has the advantage in distinction of substance and in finesse of treatment. Brahms could not go far in recondite handling of his material. If he had, it would have lost its savor and—what would have been more deplorable—its stimulating unlikeness to the rest of his music. What could not be done by reflection and artistry, Brahms for once accomplished by sheer gusto. The "Academic Overture" is a jovial music and Brahms who was quite capable of that mood, usually kept it off music-paper—perhaps with the fear of a "reverent" public before his eyes. Jovial Johannes and wise Johannes, too. With like gusto orchestra and conductor played him. H. T. P.

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om HERALD
dress: New York City
e

STON ORCHESTRA GIVES FINAL CONC

tle enthusiasm attended the f s at the Boston Symphony Orc

tra's final coucert of the season yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, and the reason may be that the closing half of the programme was singularly lacking in interest. It consisted of Vincent d'Indy's fantasie for oboe and orchestra and was followed by Dvorak's brilliant but empty "Carnival" overture. After the final chord the audience applauded perfunctorily and called the orchestra's conductor, Dr. Muck, out, then put on its wraps and left the hall.

The solo part of the oboe fantasie was played beautifully by the orchestra's first oboist, Georges Longy, but it proved to be a work of little charm and less interest; and the Dvorak overture is not a fair sample of the musician's greatness.

But—if the programme had been reversed and if the Schubert C major symphony had been at the close instead of the beginning, it is safe to say that the scenes at parting for the season between orchestra and audience would have been one of fine enthusiasm. At the conclusion of the great symphony, superbly played, Dr. Muck had to bow his acknowledgment of the applause and the orchestra had to rise and bow, too. "This heavenly, long drawn out symphony," as Schumann termed it, was brilliantly conducted and beautifully and the impulsive, jubilant final movement would have been ideal for the season's final impression of music making by the remarkable orchestra. However, this was not to be, so the end was tame.

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ewspap

CITIZEN
s: Brooklyn, N. Y.

ITS FINAL CONCERT HERE

oston Symphony Orchestra R lers Mozart's Music Beautiful

ast night the Boston Symphony stra gave its fifth and last concer season at the Academy of M concert opened with Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, which was beautifully rendered. Goldmark's "Sakuntala" followed and then Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Recoco Theme," and the "Carnival." The audience was most appreciative. Indeed after the "Sakuntala," the whole orchestra was forced to respond to the applause.

The variations were heard early in the season with Leo Schultz giving the violoncello solo with the Philharmonic Orchestra. Last night Beatrice Harrison, a young English 'cellist, was the soloist. She played with much poetic expression and was recalled a dozen times by the delighted audience.

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

Establish

Music

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will bring its thirtieth consecutive season in Philadelphia to an end to-morrow (Monday) evening with its fifth concert of the Winter in the Academy of Music. The concert should be more than usually interesting. At the beginning of the season the management of the orchestra promised but three soloists, Messrs. Amato, Bauer and Kreisler, all of whom have appeared. Notwithstanding this, there will be a soloist at this last concert, Beatrice Harrison, the young English violoncellist.

Those who have been fortunate enough to hear Miss Harrison play will agree readily that she has a most remarkable talent and those who have yet to hear her play have decidedly a treat before them. It seems to be accepted that Pablo Casals, the Spanish 'cellist, is a unique figure in the world of art. That being true, it is equally certain that Miss Harrison more nearly approaches him than any other practitioner of this instrument. Miss Harrison took the gold medal given jointly by the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music of London when she was nine years old, the youngest who had ever received that honor, and when she was seventeen she received the Mendelssohn prize in Berlin. A greater part of her studying was done with Hugo Becker, of Frankfort.

The program which Dr. Muck has arranged for this concert comprises the first symphony of Brahms in C Minor, the "Faust" Overture of Wagner, Tschaikowsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme for violoncello and orchestra and Weber's Overture, "Der Freischutz."

Soloists to Be Heard Here

BEATRICE HARRISON

ZOE FULTON

Miss Beatrice Harrison, the eminent 'cello soloist, will be heard with the Boston Symphony Orchestra to-morrow evening at the Academy, and Miss Zoe Fulton, a Pittsburgh contralto, will sing here Tuesday.

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

BOSTONSYMPHONY'S LAST CONCERT

A Woman 'Cellist, Beatrice Harrison, Displays Great Technique as Soloist.

Brahms.
Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68
Wagner................A Faust Overture
Tschaikowsky.
Variations on a Rococo Theme for Violoncello with Orchestral Accompaniment. Op. 33.
Weber.
Overture to the Opera, "Der Freischutz"

Conductor........**Dr. Karl Muck**
Soloist...........Miss Beatrice Harrison

Last evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra closed their season at the Academy of Music, which was one of the most remarkable this organization has ever given in this city. The last program was no exception to the four that preceded it. It was most brilliant from beginning to end, and its variety, like the previous concerts, was its chief charm, not forgetting that all the delight of these concerts this Winter is to the credit of the untiring efforts of Dr. Muck.

The playing of the Boston Symphony for many years has passed the pale of criticism, and yet Dr. Muck this season has added a finish to their work that is overpowering in its effect. He has brought his men to that state of harmonious perfection that no organization of its character has ever before attained, and this was especially noticeable in the absolutely perfect reading of the Brahms Symphony No. 1. The once not understandable Brahms, in the hands of Dr. Muck, is so clear as to be unquestioned in its meaning and intent.

Fine Choir Work.

Last evening the string choir was, if anything, more luscious and strikingly harmonious than ever before, and this was best demonstrated in the marvelous evenness displayed in the pazzicato passages in the third movement; but in this movement also the horns and the oboes gave a wonderful performance of the luscious melody, which is its striking feature.

The soloist was Miss Beatrice Harrison, a 'cellist. A woman soloist on this instrument is a novelty, and naturally her work was the most interesting feature of the concert. Miss Harrison must be credited with being a marvelous technicist. She played the exacting Tschaikowsky variations on a Rococo Theme with perfect ease. Its difficult scale passages and cadenzas were as child's play to her.

'Cellist's Tone Womanly.

Miss Harrison's tone is pure, but it must be classed as womanly, lacking in breadth and strength the big tone of the male artists on the instrument. This may be accounted for, in a measure, to her choice of composition, which requires so much dexterity that to properly present it, force must be eliminated, at times, to execution, and she was given admirable assistance by Dr. Muck, who was able to hold his orchestra so subdued that the soloist's playing stood out in bold relief, and much of the credit and impression she made is due to the fine discrimination of the conductor.

The other numbers were Wagner's "A Faust Overture" and Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz," both of which were admirably presented. The orchestra will begin its next season on November 1, and three soloists are already announced, Geraldine Farrar, Madame Melba and Fritz Kreisler.

From ENQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY

Boston Orchestra Ends Its Thirtieth Philadelphia Season

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck gave its fifth and last concert for the present season—its thirtieth in this city before the usual large audience at the Academy of Music last evening, when the feature of a program which besides it comprised the "Faust" overture of Wagner's and the "Der Freyschutz" overture, was Brahms' noble symphony in C minor, the first of the four which must be regarded as his masterpieces.

This superb work was played here a short time ago by the New York Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, but its interpretation then did not in all respects exhibit its significance or express its beauty, and it was a great pleasure and a great privilege to hear it again as it was performed last night, with such an intelligently appreciative sense of its meaning, with such an admirable quality of tone and perfection of ensemble, with so much eloquence of sympathetic emotion and such an illuminative insight. Brahms' complicated score was analysed with an ability which made all its intricacies clear and invested with their full value all its details, and the famous episode in the fourth movement, where the horn enters like a voice from heaven and where a hush falls on the orchestra as though in the presence of some angelic messenger, was rendered with so much sincerity of feeling and with so exquisite a charm that none of its celestial loveliness was lost.

Just why such a mediocre pot boiler as Wagner's "Faust" was accorded a place on Dr. Muck's program is far from obvious, but the uninspired, commonplace music was at least well played, as was also the "Der Freyschutz" overture, with whose incomparably brilliant and masterly performance the concert closed. The assisting artist of the occasion was Miss Beatrice Harrison, who produced an extremely favorable impression and elicited a great deal of well deserved applause by the technical skill with which she played Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme," for violoncello and orchestra. The 'cello is an instrument which, because of the strength which its manipulation demands, few women are able to master. Miss Harrison has done so and she played it in a way for which no allowances whatever had to be made. In volume and quality of tone and in certainty and facility of execution her performance was entirely admirable.

It is announced that Miss Geraldine Farrar will be heard here in association with the orchestra next season.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

Beatrice Harrison Soloist at Orchestra's Last Appearance of Season.

Ending their thirtieth season in Philadelphia, the Boston Symphony Orchestra brought the present year of concerts to a close in the Academy of Music last night before an audience unusually brilliant and appreciative. The program presented by Dr. Muck and his men was one that once more brought out to the full the wonderful sonority and smoothness of the organization and the well-nigh perfect ensemble to which it has been brought. In tonal quality and in unison of effect nothing seemed left to be desired.

Brahms' C minor symphony, his first and probably his most exquisite, opened the list of numbers. It was read with full appreciation of the depth and spirit of the work, the strings and brasses sharing alike the credit for a splendidly rounded interpretation. Wagner's "Faust" overture was played with equal mastery and impressiveness, and the same might be said of the "Freischuetz" overture, except that, for some reason, Dr. Muck dragged the reading beyond anything with which local audiences are familiar.

The soloist was Beatrice Harrison, a young English violoncellist of charming personality and considerable ability. She chose for her medium Tschaikowsky's variations on a rococo theme and played them in a way which won for her an enthusiastic reception, which was well deserved. Her touch is clean and sure, except for a slight tendency toward flatting, and her harmonies and double stopping showed a technical training and a physical dexterity which very evidently pleased her hearers.

From Evening PUBLIC LEDGER
Address Philadelphia
Date

The Boston Symphony Orchestra last night concluded its series of five concerts in Philadelphia. The work of this organization, which adds annually so much to the pleasures of musical life in this city, is too important to be summed up in a scant review. It will, therefore, receive separate consideration. The present concert, at which Miss Beatrice Harrison was soloist, and in the course of which Doctor Muck conducted Brahm's first symphony, Wagner's "Faust" overture and Weber's overture to "Der Freischuetz," is matter enough for one review.

The Assisting Artist

One finds it easy to associate the confident grace of Miss Harrison's manner with the assurance and the artistic righteousness of her playing. Certainly this was a time when nothing but excellence was expected; yet the performance passed far beyond expectations. Miss Harrison, playing Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rocco Theme," indicated a mastery of the violoncello which was an impeccable as it was unobstrusive.

In her swift cadenzas, and even against the orchestra, her harmonics were clean and clear; her bowing when it needed to be rapid was never hurried, and the tone which she drew from her instrument was so rich, so fine, that quite apart from the graciousness of the music, it blessed the ear upon which it fell. It is not in point to say that one rarely hears the violoncello played by women; because one rarely hears it played so well by men. The sense of rhythm, the niceness of accent, the feeling for nuance of feeling even in such a work, are things which must be taken for granted in the case of any artist. They are, eventually, as much a part of the artist's technical equipment as mastery of the scale. Miss Harrison brings to these qualities a penetrative sympathy, a thoughtful loveliness and an artistic dignity of interpretation. She is wonderfully good.

Symphony and Players

Doctor Muck has been unkindly taken to task for his program, in other cities (excepting Boston, where he is properly worshiped.) Last night one could wonder, in advance, why the two overtures found place. After the fact it became clear that each had its justification in the wonderful orchestral qualities it could exhibit. Wagner for the wind and Weber for the horns were as gratifying as could well be. It is not often that the third choir of an orchestra finds opportunity for individual display of its talents.

When that choir contains such horns as those of the Boston Symphony it deserves, once in a season, to speak alone. The part song for four golden throats was as beautiful in "Der Freischuetz" as the rising beauty of the woodwind in the "Faust Overture." And in connection with the latter it may be called to the attention of those who fancy that Dr. Muck is temperamentally incapable of conducting only the first half, that it was the second half of the overture which passed in exaltation even the last movement of the symphony.

Brahms' first, the world's tenth according to Von Buelow, has had the good fortune of two playings within a very short time. As previously with the "Eroica," Dr. Muck chose to play the same symphony as Mr. Damrosch. In both cases he was justified, because it could hardly be said, after the two performances, that the same work was played. The first movement was certainly not of surpassing distinction; the allegretto received but a minimum of inspiration. There remained then the andante, to show the wondrous virtuosity of the oboe and clarinet, and the finale, to show the virtuosity, more wonderful still, of the orchestra and its conductor. To accept the synthesis, the slow creation of this glorious work, which leads neither to heaven nor to hell, but to earth with its own passions and its own pains, was an experience of the highest order.

From BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Final Concert of Season With Beatrice Harrison 'Cello Soloist

Giving the fifth and last concert of its thirty-fourth season in Philadelphia, the Boston Symphony Orchestra played once more before a large audience at the Academy of Music last evening, presenting a program of distinctive interest, and introducing a remarkable young violincellist in the person of Beatrice Harrison, who was the soloist.

Dr. Muck selected as the principal work for his final program of the season the first symphony of Brahms, in C minor, which is less familiar than the three later symphonic productions of the German composer, although it is by no means a novelty here; and it might also be said that it has less of real attraction than the others, at least for the average music lover. In fact, to the "average" listener the music of Brahms is not always grateful, for some there are who still confess that they find his works, especially in the symphonic form, "dry" and "unmelodious." His fourth symphony, however, in itself is sufficient to dispel this thought, and also in that heard last evening there are many places of real allurement. The passage for horns and flute in the fourth movement is one of entrancing charm, and beautifully indeed was it played last evening. This final movement, in fact, showed the noble orchestra at its impressive best.

Not so much can be said for the playing of the third, an allegretto replacing the traditional scherzo, in which the tonal quality had a tendency to thinness, even shrillness in the brasses, and less than the usual degree of beauty in the strings. It did not take long, however, for the opening adagio of the closing movement, and the brilliantly achieved finale to dispel this passing impression.

In her playing of the 'cello, Miss Harrison gives little evidence of her slender girlishness. While her tone is not big, it has plenty of "body," and is firm and true, as well as pure and melodious. She gave last evening Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme," an elaborate composition of many intricacies, which she conquered with surprising ease and fluency. The andante sostenuto measures brought forth many tones of mellow sweetness and emotional appeal, and in the cadenzas the execution was of unfaltering ease and brilliancy of effect. The audience surrendered to the attractive personality and musical proficiency of the young artist, and gave her a justly earned reward of enthusiastic applause.

The program was completed by the orchestra in its presentations of Wagner's "A Faust Overture," which was the second number, and the "Der Freischutz" overture of Weber, at the end. Both of these were given with the highest attainment of excellence, the beautiful Weber overture, with the soulful melody for the horn at the opening—familiar as the air of a favorite hymn—and its succeeding full sweep of rhapsodic melody, furnishing an appropriate and impressive climax.

The Boston Orchestra already has announced its five local concerts for next season, on Monday evenings, November 1 and 29, January 3, Febuary 14 and March

Farrar Madame Mel-

From EVENING SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date

The first Sibelius symphony, which is to be heard at the Boston Orchestra concert this evening, was composed in 1899 and published in 1902. It is the first of four symphonies by the interesting Finnish composer, who was born in Tavastehus in 1865, but who is now living at Helsingfors, where the symphony was probably given its first performance, although there is no record of this event. It was first heard in Berlin in 1900 at a concert of Finnish music led by Kejanus in July, 1900. It was not played in Boston until 1907.

It seems to be of a very elemental and passionate nature, with characteristic beauties that will seem strange enough to unaccustomed ears. It opens, for instance, with a song for the clarinet that rises and falls over a drum roll, a mournful melody that is said to have an irresistible fascination. The work is full of mystery, of surprising crescendos, of syncopated ryhthms. The wood wind is used throughout to express unexpected moods. It is an emotional and colorful work, modern and different, with a scherzo that is said to have a national humor that to Southern nations must seem strangely wild and fantastic. The work ends with a mighty climax that is described as "tempestuously passionate." It will be interesting to hear this music, which is evidently so different from any music that has been played here for many months. The concert will have an additional interest for Baltimoreans because on this occasion Gustav Strube's "Variations on an Original Theme" will be heard here for the first time. Beatrice

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From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Beatrice Harrison, 'Cellist, Heard as Assisting Artist.

The thirtieth season of the Boston Orchestra in Philadelphia ended last night with a concert which attracted a capacity audience to the Academy of Music. Aside from the Brahms C Minor Symphony, the program was not entirely pleasing. Two overtures were used, the Wagner "Faust" and Weber's overture to "Der Freischuetz." Beatrice Harrison, a young English 'cellist, played Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme." The playing of the program was fully up to the artistic standards established by Dr. Muck, the symphony especially being wonderfully done. Miss Harrison is a newcomer to Philadelphia and was welcomed with that warmth which characterizes this city's attitude toward visiting artists. The Tchaikowsky "Variations" are not sufficiently novel to arouse great enthusiasm unless exceptionally well played. Miss Harrison is a player of pleasing personality, with a good technique, but with rather thin, colorless tone. She possesses the style of temperament that expresses itself in mannerisms, and for that reason her tone probably suffers in the loss of some of its natural richness. She apparently made a strong impression on the audience.

PERCY HEMUS' RECITAL

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date

Variety of inviting mood, refreshment for the jaded mind, marked the last evening of the Boston Symphony Orchstra in Carnegie Hall till next November. For the first time in many months, Dr. Muck forgot his countrymen and presented works by a Frenchman and a Russian, with a recent American novelty between. Among the fourteen composers in the series before, there had been but one "outlander" on a famous occasion, Sibelius, the Finn.

While last night's "Harold in Italy" may be as dead as Byron, it is yet true that Berlioz in his music invented all the thunders of latter-day despots of din. The premier band made his Gallic grace and clarity shine, and Emile Ferir won the leader's handshake for a solo viola of golden tone. At the evening's close, the tragic Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" still held the auditors spellbound.

It spoke well for a native tone poem three years "young," by the Bostonian F. S. Converse, to hold its own in such company. The Persian "Ormazd," a battle of worlds of light with powers of darkness, told its own story. As an approach to novelty in music, it was enjoyable to hear, particularly so in a sanely balanced programme of varied culture and sympathetic appeal. To-night the band bids farewell to Brooklyn, and to-morrow to all New York, when the Carnegie Hall series ends with Schubert, Dvorak and D'Indy.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date

MR. CONVERSE'S "ORMAZA" PLAYED

Boston Orchestra Presents Modern Work by Resident of Its Own City.

Coming from Boston for its last pair of concerts this season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall presented as its chief novelty a work of a composer of its own city, Frederick S. Converse. The work was "Ormazd," a symphonic poem.

The subject matter of the work is taken from the mythology of ancient Persia, but the music is in the most modern vein, with a celeste, a piano, muted trumpets and most of the latest combinations of instruments now in favor with French composers, with the whole tone scale of Debussy and many other harmonic contrivances which put to shame the harmonies of Beethoven when it comes to picturing dark subjects. Mr. Converse has fashioned his music.

The work was played here at a meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters by the orchestra of the Symphony Society early in the season. It has one or two real melodies which crop out at rare intervals; it has some really effective moments of dramatic climax, but the general impression was that of a work put together none too smoothly or logically. It evidently made no impression on the audience, which was almost silent at its close, although its difficulties, which are many, were overcome brilliantly by Dr. Muck and the men whom he directed.

The applause which followed Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" was not much stronger. The notes were played precisely, with all the effectiveness which Berlioz, master of orchestral effect, could have asked for, and the viola solo running all through the four long movements was played by Emil Ferir. Somehow

INFORMATION OBSCURED

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

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BOSTONSYMPHONY'S LAST CONCERT

A Woman 'Cellist, Beatrice Harrison, Displays Great Technique as Soloist.

Brahms.
Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68
Wagner.................A Faust Overture
Tschaikowsky.
Variations on a Rococo Theme for Violoncello with Orchestral Accompaniment. Op. 33.
Weber.
Overture to the Opera, "Der Freischutz"

Conductor........**Dr. Karl Muck**
Soloist..........Miss Beatrice Harrison

Last evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra closed their season at the Academy of Music, which was one of the most remarkable this organization has ever given in this city. The last program was no exception to the four that preceded it. It was most brilliant from beginning to end, and its variety, like the previous concerts, was its chief charm, not forgetting that all the delight of these concerts this Winter is to the credit of the untiring efforts of Dr. Muck.

The playing of the Boston Symphony for many years has passed the pale of criticism, and yet Dr. Muck this season has added a finish to their work that is overpowering in its effect. He has brought his men to that state of harmonious perfection that no organization of its character has ever before attained, and this was especially noticeable in the absolutely perfect reading of the Brahms Symphony No. 1. The once not understandable Brahms, in the hands of Dr. Muck, is so clear as to be unquestioned in its meaning and intent.

Fine Choir Work.

Last evening the string choir was, if anything, more luscious and strikingly harmonious than ever before, and this was best demonstrated in the marvelous evenness displayed in the pazzicato passages in the third movement; but in this movement also the horns and the oboes gave a wonderful performance of the luscious melody, which is its striking feature.

The soloist was Miss Beatrice Harrison, a 'cellist. A woman soloist on this instrument is a novelty, and naturally her work was the most interesting feature of the concert. Miss Harrison must be credited with being a marvelous technicist. She played the exacting Tschaikowsky variations on a Rococo Theme with perfect ease. Its difficult scale passages and cadenzas were as child's play to her.

'Cellist's Tone Womanly.

Miss Harrison's tone is pure, but it must be classed as womanly, lacking in breadth and strength the big tone of the male artists on the instrument. This may be accounted for, in a measure, to her choice of composition, which requires so much dexterity that to properly present it, force must be eliminated, at times, to execution, and she was given admirable assistance by Dr. Muck, who was able to hold his orchestra so subdued that the soloist's playing stood out in bold relief, and much of the credit and impression she made is due to the fine discrimination of the conductor.

The other numbers were Wagner's "A Faust Overture" and Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz," both of which were admirably presented. The orchestra will begin its next season on November 1, and three soloists are already announced, Geraldine Farrar, Madame Melba and Fritz Kreisler.

From ENQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

'ork, 188

MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY

Boston Orchestra Ends Its Thirtieth Philadelphia Season

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck gave its fifth and last concert for the present season—its thirtieth in this city before the usual large audience at the Academy of Music last evening, when the feature of a program which besides it comprised the "Faust" overture of Wagner's and the "Der Freyschutz" overture, was Brahms' noble symphony in C minor, the first of the four which must be regarded as his masterpieces.

This superb work was played here a short time ago by the New York Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, but its interpretation then did not in all respects exhibit its significance or express its beauty, and it was a great pleasure and a great privilege to hear it again as it was performed last night, with such an intelligently appreciative sense of its meaning, with such an admirable quality of tone and perfection of ensemble, with so much eloquence of sympathetic emotion and such an illuminative insight. Brahms' complicated score was analysed with an ability which made all its intricacies clear and invested with their full value all its details, and the famous episode in the fourth movement, where the horn enters like a voice from heaven and where a hush falls on the orchestra as though in the presence of some angelic messenger, was rendered with so much sincerity of feeling and with so exquisite a charm that none of its celestial loveliness was lost.

Just why such a mediocre pot boiler as Wagner's "Faust" was accorded a place on Dr. Muck's program is far from obvious, but the uninspired, commonplace music was at least well played, as was also the "Der Freyschutz" overture, with whose incomparably brilliant and masterly performance the concert closed. The assisting artist of the occasion was Miss Beatrice Harrison, who produced an extremely favorable impression and elicited a great deal of well deserved applause by the technical skill with which she played Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme," for violoncello and orchestra. The 'cello is an instrument which, because of the strength which its manipulation demands, few women are able to master. Miss Harrison has done so and she played it in a way for which no allowances whatever had to be made. In volume and quality of tone and in certainty and facility of execution her performance was entirely admirable.

It is announced that Miss Geraldine Farrar will be heard here in association with the orchestra next season.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

Estab 34

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

Beatrice Harrison Soloist at Orchestra's Last Appearance of Season.

Ending their thirtieth season in Philadelphia, the Boston Symphony Orchestra brought the present year of concerts to a close in the Academy of Music last night before an audience unusually brilliant and appreciative. The program presented by Dr. Muck and his men was one that once more brought out to the full the wonderful sonority and smoothness of the organization and the well-nigh perfect ensemble to which it has been brought. In tonal quality and in unison of effect nothing seemed left to be desired.

Brahms' C minor symphony, his first and probably his most exquisite, opened the list of numbers. It was read with full appreciation of the depth and spirit of the work, the strings and brasses sharing alike the credit for a splendidly rounded interpretation. Wagner's "Faust" overture was played with equal mastery and impressiveness, and the same might be said of the "Freischuetz" overture, except that, for some reason, Dr. Muck dragged the reading beyond anything with which local audiences are familiar.

The soloist was Beatrice Harrison, a young English violoncellist of charming personality and considerable ability. She chose for her medium Tschaikowsky's variations on a rococo theme and played them in a way which won for her an enthusiastic reception, which was well deserved. Her touch is clean and sure, except for a slight tendency toward flatting, and her harmonies and double stopping showed a technical training and a physical dexterity which very evidently pleased her hearers.

THIEVES

Fro Evening **PUBLIC LEDGER**
Address Philadelphia

Date

'ork, 1884

The Boston Symphony Orchestra last night concluded its series of five concerts in Philadelphia. The work of this organization, which adds annually so much to the pleasures of musical life in this city, is too important to be summed up in a scant review. It will, therefore, receive separate consideration. The present concert, at which Miss Beatrice Harrison was soloist, and in the course of which Doctor Muck conducted Brahm's first symphony, Wagner's "Faust" overture and Weber's overture to "Der Freischuetz," is matter enough for one review.

The Assisting Artist

One finds it easy to associate the confident grace of Miss Harrison's manner with the assurance and the artistic righteousness of her playing. Certainly this was a time when nothing but excellence was expected; yet the performance passed far beyond expectations. Miss Harrison, playing Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rocco Theme," indicated a mastery of the violoncello which was an impeccable as it was unobstrusive.

In her swift cadenzas, and even against the orchestra, her harmonics were clean and clear; her bowing when it needed to be rapid was never hurried, and the tone which she drew from her instrument was so rich, so fine, that quite apart from the graciousness of the music, it blessed the ear upon which it fell. It is not in point to say that one rarely hears the violoncello played by women; because one rarely hears it played so well by men. The sense of rhythm, the niceness of accent, the feeling fo nuance of feeling even in such a work, are things which must be taken for granted in the case of any artist. They are, eventually, as much a part of the artist's technical equipment as mastery of the scale. Miss Harrison brings to these qualities a penetrative sympathy, a thoughtful loveliness and an artistic dignity of interpretation. She is wonderfully good.

Symphony and Players

Doctor Muck has been unkindly taken to task for his program, in other cities (excepting Boston, where he is properly worshiped.) Last night one could wonder, in advance, why the two overtures found place. After the fact it became clear that each had its justification in the wonderful orchestral qualities it could exhibit. Wagner for the wind and Weber for the horns were as gratifying as could well be. It is not often that the third choir of an orchestra finds opportunity for individual display of its talents.

When that choir contains such horns as these of the Boston Symphony it deserves, once in a season, to speak alone. The part song for four golden throats was as beautiful in "Der Freischuetz" as the rising beauty of the woodwind in the "Faust Overture." And in connection with the latter it may be called to the attention of those who fancy that Dr. Muck is temperamentally incapable of conducting only the first half, that it was the second half of the overture which passed in exaltation even the last movement of the symphony.

Brahms' first, the world's tenth according to Von Buelow, has had the good fortune of two playings within a very short time. As previously with the "Eroica," Dr. Muck chose to play the same symphony as Mr. Damrosch. In both cases he was justified, because it could hardly be said, after the two performances, that the same work was played. The first movement was certainly not of surpassing distinction; the allegretto received but a minimum of inspiration. There remained then the andante, to show the wondrous virtuosity of the oboe and clarinet, and the finale, to show the virtuosity, more wonderful still, of the orchestra and its conductor. To accept the synthesis, the slow creation of this glorious work, which leads neither to heaven nor to hell, but to earth with its own passions and its own pains, was an experience of the highest order.

BULLETIN
: Philadelphia, Pa.

884

BOSTON SYMPHONY

al Concert of Season With Beatrice Harrison 'Cello Soloist

ing the fifth and last concert of its fourth season in Philadelphia, the Symphony Orchestra played once before a large audience at the Academy of Music last evening, presenting a program of distinctive interest, and introducing a remarkable young violincellist in the person of Beatrice Harrison, who was the soloist.

Dr. Muck selected as the principal work for his final program of the season the first symphony of Brahms, in C minor, which is less familiar than the three later symphonic productions of the German composer, although it is by no means a novelty here; and it might also be said that it has less of real attraction than the others, at least for the average music lover. In fact, to the "average" listener the music of Brahms is not always grateful, for some there are who still confess that they find his works, especially in the symphonic form, "dry" and "unmelodious." His fourth symphony, however, in itself is sufficient to dispel this thought, and also in that heard last evening there are many places of real allurement. The passage for horns and flute in the fourth movement is one of entrancing charm, and beautifully indeed was it played last evening. This final movement, in fact, showed the noble orchestra at its impressive best.

Not so much can be said for the playing of the third, an allegretto replacing the traditional scherzo, in which the tonal quality had a tendency to thinness, even shrillness in the brasses, and less than the usual degree of beauty in the strings. It did not take long, however, for the opening adagio of the closing movement, and the brilliantly achieved finale to dispel this passing impression.

In her playing of the 'cello, Miss Harrison gives little evidence of her slender girlishness. While her tone is not big, it has plenty of "body," and is firm and true, as well as pure and melodious. She gave last evening Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme," an elaborate composition of many intricacies, which she conquered with surprising ease and fluency. The andante sostenuto measures brought forth many tones of mellow sweetness and emotional appeal, and in the cadenzas the execution was of unfaltering ease and brilliancy of effect. The audience surrendered to the attractive personality and musical proficiency of the young artist, and gave her a justly earned reward of enthusiastic applause.

The program was completed by the orchestra in its presentations of Wagner's "A Faust Overture," which was the second number, and the "Der Freischutz" overture of Weber, at the end. Both of these were given with the highest attainment of excellence, the beautiful Weber overture, with the soulful melody for the horn at the opening—familiar as the air of a favorite hymn—and its succeeding full sweep of rhapsodic melody, furnishing an appropriate and impressive climax.

The Boston Orchestra already has announced its five local concerts for next season, on Monday evenings, November 1 and 29, January 3, Febuary 14 and March 13, with G [illegible] Farrar, Madame Melba and F

ING SUN
Baltimore, Md.

Est 1884

The first Sibelius symphony, which is to be heard at the Boston Orchestra concert this evening, was composed in 1899 and published in 1902. It is the first of four symphonies by the interesting Finnish composer, who was born in Tavastehus in 1865, but who is now living at Helsingfors, where the symphony was probably given its first performance, although there is no record of this event. It was first heard in Berlin in 1900 at a concert of Finnish music led by Kejanus in July, 1900. It was not played in Boston until 1907.

It seems to be of a very elemental and passionate nature, with characteristic beauties that will seem strange enough to unaccustomed ears. It opens, for instance, with a song for the clarinet that rises and falls over a drum roll, a mournful melody that is said to have an irresistible fascination. The work is full of mystery, of surprising crescendos, of syncopated ryhthms. The wood wind is used throughout to express unexpected moods. It is an emotional and colorful work, modern and different, with a scherzo that is said to have a national humor that to Southern nations must seem strangely wild and fantastic. The work ends with a mighty climax that is described as "tempestuously passionate." It will be interesting to hear this music, which is evidently so different from any music that has been played here for many months. The concert will have an additional interest for Baltimoreans because on this occasion Gustav Strube's "Variations on an Original Theme" will be heard here for the first time. Beatrice English violoncel- "Varia-

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From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

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BOSTON SYMPHONY

Beatrice Harrison, 'Cellist, Heard as Assisting Artist.

The thirtieth season of the Boston Orchestra in Philadelphia ended last night with a concert which attracted a capacity audience to the Academy of Music. Aside from the Brahms C Minor Symphony, the program was not entirely pleasing. Two overtures were used, the Wagner "Faust" and Weber's overture to "Der Freischuetz." Beatrice Harrison, a young English 'cellist, played Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme." The playing of the program was fully up to the artistic standards established by Dr. Muck, the symphony especially being wonderfully done. Miss Harrison is a newcomer to Philadelphia and was welcomed with that warmth which characterizes this city's attitude toward visiting artists. The Tchaikowsky "Variations" are not sufficiently novel to arouse great enthusiasm unless exceptionally well played. Miss Harrison is a player of pleasing personality, with a good technique, but with rather thin, colorless tone. She possesses the style of temperament that expresses itself in mannerisms, and for that reason her tone probably suffers in the loss of some of its natural richness. She apparently made a strong impression on the audience.

PERCY HEMUS' RECITAL

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City

Date

Esta 1884

Variety of inviting mood, refreshment for the jaded mind, marked the last evening of the Boston Symphony Orchstra in Carnegie Hall till next November. For the first time in many months, Dr. Muck forgot his countrymen and presented works by a Frenchman and a Russian, with a recent American novelty between. Among the fourteen composers in the series before, there had been but one "outlander" on a famous occasion, Sibelius, the Finn.

While last night's "Harold in Italy" may be as dead as Byron, it is yet true that Berlioz in his music invented all the thunders of latter-day despots of din. The premier band made his Gallic grace and clarity shine, and Emile Ferir won the leader's handshake for a solo viola of golden tone. At the evening's close, the tragic Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" still held the auditors spellbound.

It spoke well for a native tone poem three years "young," by the Bostonian F. S. Converse, to hold its own in such company. The Persian "Ormazd," a battle of worlds of light with powers of darkness, told its own story. As an approach to novelty in music, it was enjoyable to hear, particularly so in a sanely balanced programme of varied culture and sympathetic appeal.

To-night the band bids farewell to Brooklyn, and to-morrow to all New York, when the Carnegie Hall series ends with Schubert, Dvorak and D'Indy.

From HERALD
Address: New York City

Date

k, 188

MR. CONVERSE'S "ORMAZA" PLAYED

Boston Orchestra Presents Modern Work by Resident of Its Own City.

Coming from Boston for its last pair of concerts this season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall presented as its chief novelty a work of a composer of its own city, Frederick S. Converse. The work was "Ormazd," a symphonic poem.

The subject matter of the work is taken from the mythology of ancient Persia, but the music is in the most modern vein, with a celeste, a piano, muted trumpets and most of the latest combinations of instruments now in favor with French composers, with the whole tone scale of Debussy and many other harmonic contrivances which put to shame the harmonies of Beethoven when it comes to picturing dark subjects, Mr. Converse has fashioned his music.

The work was played here at a meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters by the orchestra of the Symphony Society early in the season. It has one or two real melodies which crop out at rare intervals; it has some really effective moments of dramatic climax, but the general impression was that of a work put together none too smoothly or logically. It evidently made no impression on the audience, which was almost silent at its close, although its difficulties, which are many, were overcome brilliantly by Dr. Muck and the men whom he directed.

The applause which followed Berliz's "Harold in Italy" was not much stronger. The notes were played precisely, with all the effectiveness which Berlioz, master of orchestral effect, could have asked for, and the viola solo running all through the four long movements was played well by Emil Ferir. Somehow

From STAATSZEITUNG
Address: New York City.
Date MAR 19 1915

Boſtoner Symphonie-Konzert.

Dr. Muck führte uns im geſtrigen Abendkonzert der Boſtoner, dem vorletzten der Saiſon, ein „Ormazd" genanntes ſymphoniſches Poem des amerikaniſchen Komponiſten Frederick Shepherd Converſe, Op. 30, vor. Die dem Tongedicht zu Grunde liegende Idee ſtammt aus der altperſiſchen Mythologie und behandelt den Konflikt zwiſchen den nach Zoroaſter zu Göttern gewordenen Prinzipienträgern von Gut und Böſe: Ormazd und Ahriman, dem aufbauenden, reſp. dem vernichtenden Prinzip im Weltall. Dieſer intermittirende Konflikt wird ſeiner Zeit mit dem Siege von Ormazd und der Läuterung von Ahriman und deſſen Opfern durch das reinigende Feuer von Ormazd erfolgen.

Das Werk iſt in einem Satze in durchaus freier Form aufgebaut. Nach den vom Komponiſten ſelbſt beigeſtellten Erklärungen verſammelt Ormazd zu Beginn die himmliſchen Heerſcharen, was durch einander antwortende Trompetenſignale illuſtrirt wird. Die Signale kommen näher, vereinigen ſich, bis eine martialiſch anmuthende Melodie die Sammlung und den Vorbeimarſch der Heerſcharen des Lichts ankündigt. Nachdem dieſe Klänge verhallen, ertönen die Lobeshymnen der geſegneten „Fravaſhis", der Seelen der Guten und Gerechten, zum Preiſe von Ormazd. In lebhaftem Kontraſte hierzu hört man, ein ſchauerliches Stöhnen, die Aeußerungen von Ahriman und den verlornen Seelen, wobei die Muſik nach emotioneller und pſychologiſcher Bedeutung ſtrebt. Drei Mal arbeitet ſich das dunkle Motiv Ahriman's zu einem Höhepunkt auf, bis der Konflikt zwiſchen ihm und Ormazd ausbricht, in welchem Ahriman den Untergang erleidet. Dazwiſchen ſind Epiſoden eingeſchoben, welche das Sehnen und die Reue der verlorenen Seelen ,traurige und dann wieder ſüße Erinnerungen verfloſſener Freuden ausmalen. Das Tonpoem endet mit einem Reſumé der Freudenhymnen der Heerſcharen des Lichts und der Lobesgeſänge der Fravaſhis.

Converſe bemerkt hierzu: „Ich habe keine „orientaliſche" Muſik geſchrieben. Mein muſikaliſches Idiom iſt durchweg modern. Die poetiſche Idee hat mich lediglich wegen ihres reichen dekorativen und pittoresken Ausdrucks elementarer Wahrheiten gefeſſelt, Wahrheiten, welche heute für uns in Amerika ebenſo richtgebend ſind, als für die Gefolgſchaft Zoroaſter's. Unzweifelhaft hat ein Jeder von uns ſowohl einen Ormazd als einen Ahriman in ſich, daher meinem Werke möglicherweiſe ſubjektive, emotionelle Bedeutung zukommt, ſowie ihm auch dekorative und phantaſtiſche Momente inne wohnen mögen."

Das allzulang ausgeſponnene Converſe'ſche Werk leidet vor allem an einem nichts weniger als wähleriſchen thematiſchen Material, und namentlich das Marſchthema, das Ormazd, den Gott des Lichts, charakteriſiren ſoll, iſt eigentlich unerlaubt unfein. Wir ſind es aber nun ſchon einmal gewöhnt, bei den modernen Komponiſten mehr nach dem „Wie" zu fragen, als nach dem „Was", und da ſoll denn anerkannt werden, daß Converſe, der übrigens ſtark von Richard Strauß beeinflußt iſt, ganz artige Klangkombination zuſammenzubrauen verſteht, die ſeinem Poem ſtellenweiſe ein üppiges Kolorit geben. Was fehlt, iſt Ordnung und Harmonie im archetektoniſchen Aufbau, ſind logiſche Entwicklung. Die Harmonie iſt modern ſtark gewürzt, ohne gerade anarchiſtiſch zu werden. Bei einer ſo pompöſen Ausführung, wie ſie dem Werk geſtern zutheil wurde, wird es ſtets einen gewiſſen Effekt machen. Das Publikum zeigte ſich geſtern nicht gerade ſehr entzückt.

Berlioz' „Harold"-Symphonie habe ich ſelten ſo berückend tonſchön und mit liebevoller Herausſtreichung ſeiner koloriſtiſchen Wirkungen ſpielen gehört als geſtern unter Dr. Muck's Stab. Alles was an Feingehalt, an Farbe und Glanz in dieſem Werk ſteckt, wurde prächtig gehoben, und der dunkelſammtne Klang der Bratſche Herrn Emile Férir's verlieh der Aufführung einen einheitlichen Zug, einen ſtimmungsvollen Grundton ohne Gleichen. Ich wüßte keiner Orcheſtergruppe den Vorzug zu geben, wenn ich auch der ungemein feinen Filigranarbeit der Holzbläſer in der „Serenade", dem dritten Satz der Symphonie, beſonders gedenken möchte. Tſchaikowsky's „Romeo und Julie"-Phantaſie, wie mir geſagt wird, ganz unvergleichlich geſpielt, beendete ein den Alliirten und Neutralen gewidmetes Programm, das aber auch den Nicht-Alliirten einen vollen Genuß gewähren mußte. H.

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date MAR 19 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Dr. Muck Gives Another Dry Gaunt Pro-Ally Programme.

Can Dr. Carl Muck possibly feel any gratification in seeing a large, eager and trustful audience, assembled in a mood of docile enthusiasm, and then proceeding to bore it to actual pallor, dejection and spiritual death by gaunt and tedious programmes? So one was compelled to think last night at the Boston Symphony concert at Carnegie Hall, as on certain similar occasions during the season. The musical pabulum proffered last night included Hector Berlioz's decidedly unpopular "Harold in Italy," and a work—very decidedly a work—called "Ormazd," by the Boston Berlioz, Mr. Converse, at the conclusion of which the auditory which crowded the house was in no good humor. For Berlioz there is no possible excuse; but of Converse we have had all we had deserved. Has Dr. Muck really paid attention to certain absurd nonsense spoken at the beginning of the season, and is he giving us pro-Ally music.? It is not very good.

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

An American Composition by F. S. Converse Played.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has come to New York for the last concerts of its series here this season, the first of which was given last evening in Carnegie Hall. Dr. Muck presented one of his modern programs; or, at least, a program that suggested modernity. Berlioz's symphony "Harold in Italy" no longer sounds very modern, and has been known to New York for a good many years, more than fifty. It is doubtful, however, whether New York has learned to like it or whether it really will.

Like many of Berlioz's works, it is more interesting to read about than to hear. Its history embodies some of the romantic incidents that appear in Berlioz's career, and the music some of his ambitious strivings toward a new and revolutionary style. But at this day his inspiration seems to lag woefully behind his striving. It is unmistakably dull, and even so beautifully wrought a performance as it received last night cannot make it seem other than dull. Mr. Emile Férir played the viola obligato most artistically and authoritatively, with fine tone and finished style.

Dr. Muck "recognized" the American composer in this concert by playing Mr. Frederick S. Converse's symphonic poem "Ormazd," that was heard here last November at a special concert, when compositions of the members of the National Institute of Art and Letters were played at a meeting of that body. Last night's performance was more favorable to the piece. The composer has been most ambitious in it; he has used all the resources of the largest modern orchestra, adding thereto the pianoforte and the celesta. It is intended to represent the defeat of the malevolent Ahriman by Ormazd, as related in Persian mythology. It is elaborate in its themes and their development in its wealth of detail.

It is undoubtedly descriptive in intent, interpreting an Oriental poem that was printed in the program notes in a translation by Percy Mackaye. But Mr. Converse has not made the mistake of lapsing from the ideal of presenting, first and foremost, musical values in a whole that is essentially musical in its conception.

The composer has been more fortunate in passages that relate to the triumph of the forces of light than in the conflict, in the moaning of Ahreman, his loathing of Ormazd. There are passages in which the instrumentation seems to have fallen short of the intention; passages in which the results are not wholly commensurate with the means employed—not in violence, but in color and richness, in dramatic expressiveness. But its most successful portions are extremely fine, imposing, not unworthy of the gorgeous imagery of the poem.

The last number was Tschaikowsky's overture-fantasy on "Romeo and Juliet," one of his compositions that best holds its own. It was played with impressive and gloomy power, with sweep and passion.

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date MAR 19

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Last Evening Concert Not an Exciting Event.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the last evening concert of its current season in this city in Carnegie Hall last evening. The programme comprised Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" symphony, F. S. Converse's symphonic poem, "Ormazd" and Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Converse's composition was new to audiences at these concerts. The work was produced in Boston on February 10, 1912, and was played in this city in November at a concert which was part of the proceedings of the annual meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

The literary materials behind the composition are found in Persian mythology. Zoroaster's followers deified light and darkness as Ormazd and Ahriman, gods of good and evil. Naturally they are in conflict and in time good conquers. Mr. Converse found in the story "decorative and picturesque expression of elemental truths," for each of us has his own inner [illegible] Ahriman.

If the composer had been greatly inspired by his material it would have been a cause for general joy; but he has given us only an ambitious piece of music which is replete with brilliant orchestral effects, but poor in thematic invention and development. It was admirably played last night and was kindly received.

Many people love the music of Berlioz. Among them are the principal orchestra conductors, who find in it heights and depths not discoverable by common minds. Dr. Muck has always loved Berlioz and he conducted the "Harold in Italy" symphony in a masterly manner, while Emile Ferir played the viola obligato beautifully. But it was all unavailing with those dull ones to whom the glorification of this symphony becomes more and more incomprehensible with each repetition.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
Date MAR 19 191

MUCK GIVES AMERICAN SYMPHONY

"Ormazd," a Tone Poem by Frederick S. Converse, Is Made the Feature of the Programme Played by the Boston Orchestra

Work Inspired by Ancient Persian Mythology Represents the Struggle Between Light and Darkness, Good and Evil

Many complaints have been heard regarding the lack of interest manifested by important orchestral leaders in the efforts of modern American composers. Dr. Muck is not to be classed with the neglectful ones, for at last evening's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall an American symphonic poem occupied the place of honor on the programme.

The work in question was entitled "Ormazd"; the composer, Frederick S. Converse; the inspiration, a chapter of ancient Persian mythology. The basic idea of "Ormazd" is the struggle between light and darkness: the battle of good and evil, which, after the usual experiences of triumph and defeat, terminates in the vanquishing of the sinister influence.

Mr. Converse has made no attempt to tell his story in Oriental fashion. His music is essentially modern, lucid and eloquent. The score contains tremendous passages in the presentation of the great conflict. The composer's use of ascending and descending chromatic scales to the accompaniment of the booming drums and clashing cymbals gave the auditor a vivid picture of the struggle of the two powers.

The termination—the conquest of the heavenly hosts—was set forth in new and pleasing tonalities, elaborated in an ingenious and skilful fashion.

The symphony was "Harold in Italy," by Berlioz, in which the solo viola part was magnificently interpreted by Emile Ferir. Tschaikowsky's overture fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," was the last number on a long programme, but a programme interpreted with scholarliness, unblemished balance and delightful tonal color.

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date

"ORMAZD" NOT IMPRESSIVE.

Converse Symphonic Poem Given by the Boston Orchestra.

The last of the evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Carnegie Hall. On Saturday afternoon the final New York performance of the season will be given. There was the customarily large audience last night, but after the tedious Converse symphonic poem "Ormazd" persons started to leave. This, despite the fact that there remained to be performed Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture fantasia.

The programme was by no means as uninteresting as some Dr. Muck has fashioned for his New York audiences this year, yet it was wanting in contrast. The Berlioz "Harold in Italy" symphony was masterfully played, and the viola music running throughout was in the most efficient care of Emile Ferir.

Mr. Converse's symphonic poem had its first public hearing in this city.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date MAR 19 1915

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It is a piece of programme music of large dimensions and equally large strivings, its theme, as was set forth with considerable fullness in this journal on the earlier occasion, being nothing less than the warfare between Ormazd and Ahriman, the representatives of good and evil in the religious system of Zoroaster. It was not thee Nietzschean interpretation of the Zoroastrian philosophy which Mr. Converse tried to set to music, but the contest between the two opposing gods and their hosts conceived as Milton conceived the battle of the angels, with a relief bringing section in which the blest Fravashis (the souls of the good) hymn the virtues of Ormazd, and a finale in which Ahriman and his followers are purified by the purging fires of Ormazd. In these two sections the most of Mr. Converse's music which appeals to ears attuned to beauty and to the emotions and imagination is found. Here there are plastic themes as well as much fascinating harmonic and instrumental color.

The work was magnificently played. It fell between Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" symphony, which sounded decidedly threadbare, though Mr. Ferrir held the close attention of the audience by his masterly playing of the viola solo, and the Tschaikowsky number.

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date MAR 17
Established:

LAST OF THE SERIES.

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Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date MAR 17 1915

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[131]

From STAATSZEITUNG
Address: New York City.
Date [illegible] 2 1915

Boſtoner Symphonie-Konzert.

Dr. Muck führte uns im geſtrigen Abendkonzert der Boſtoner, dem vorletzten der Saiſon, ein „Ormazd" genanntes ſymphoniſches Poem des amerikaniſchen Komponiſten Frederick Shepherd Converſe, Op. 30, vor. Die dem Tongedicht zu Grunde liegende Idee ſtammt aus der altperſiſchen Mythologie und behandelt den Konflikt zwiſchen den nach Zoroaſter zu Göttern gewordenen Prinzipienträgern von Gut und Böſe: Ormazd und Ahriman, dem aufbauenden, reſp. dem vernichtenden Prinzip im Weltall. Dieſer intermittirende Konflikt wird ſeiner Zeit mit dem Siege von Ormazd und der Läuterung von Ahriman und deſſen Opfern durch das reinigende Feuer von Ormazd erfolgen.

Das Werk iſt in einem Satze in durchaus freier Form aufgebaut. Nach den vom Komponiſten ſelbſt beigeſtellten Erklärungen verſammelt Ormazd zu Beginn die himmliſchen Heerſcharen, was durch einander antwortende Trompetenſignale illuſtrirt wird. Die Signale kommen näher, vereinigen ſich, bis eine martialiſch anmuthende Melodie die Sammlung und den Vorbeimarſch der Heerſcharen des Lichts ankündigt. Nachdem dieſe Klänge verhallen, ertönen die Lobeshymnen der geſegneten „Fravaſhis", der Seelen der Guten und Gerechten, zum Preiſe von Ormazd. In lebhaftem Kontraſte hierzu hört man, ein ſchauerliches Stöhnen, die Aeußerungen von Ahriman und den verlornen Seelen, wobei die Muſik nach emotioneller und pſychologiſcher Bedeutung ſtrebt. Drei Mal arbeitet ſich das dunkle Motiv Ahriman's zu einem Höhepunkt auf, bis der Konflikt zwiſchen ihm und Ormazd ausbricht, in welchem Ahriman den Untergang erleidet. Dazwiſchen ſind Epiſoden eingeſchoben, welche das Sehnen und die Reue der verlorenen Seelen ,traurige und dann wieder ſüße Erinnerungen verfloſſener Freuden ausmalen. Das Tonpoem endet mit einem Reſumé der Freudenhymnen der Heerſcharen des Lichts und der Lobesgeſänge der Fravaſhis.

Converſe bemerkt hierzu: „Ich habe keine „orientaliſche" Muſik geſchrieben. Mein muſikaliſches Idiom iſt durchweg modern. Die poetiſche Idee hat mich lediglich wegen ihres reichen dekorativen und pittoresken Ausdrucks elementarer Wahrheiten gefeſſelt, Wahrheiten, welche heute für uns in Amerika ebenſo richtgebend ſind, als für die Gefolgſchaft Zoroaſter's. Unzweifelhaft hat ein Jeder von uns ſowohl einen Ormazd als einen Ahriman in ſich, daher meinem Werke möglicherweiſe ſubjektive, emotionelle Bedeutung zukommt, ſowie ihm auch dekorative und phantaſtiſche Momente inne wohnen mögen."

Das allzulang ausgeſponnene Converſe'ſche Werk leidet vor allem an einem nichts weniger als wähleriſchen thematiſchen Material, und namentlich das Marſchthema, das Ormazd, den Gott des Lichts, charakteriſiren ſoll, iſt eigentlich unerlaubt unfein. Wir ſind es aber nun ſchon einmal gewöhnt, bei den modernen Komponiſten mehr nach dem „Wie" zu fragen, als nach dem „Was", und da ſoll denn anerkannt werden, daß Converſe, der übrigens ſtark von Richard Strauß beeinflußt iſt, ganz artige Klangkombination zuſammenzubrauen verſteht, die ſeinem Poem ſtellenweiſe ein üppiges Kolorit geben. Was fehlt, iſt Ordnung und Harmonie im archetektoniſchen Aufbau, ſind logiſche Entwicklung. Die Harmonie iſt modern ſtark gewürzt, ohne gerade anarchiſtiſch zu werden. Bei einer ſo pompöſen Ausführung, wie ſie dem Werk geſtern zutheil wurde, wird es ſtets einen gewiſſen Effekt machen. Das Publikum zeigte ſich geſtern nicht gerade ſehr entzückt.

Berlioz' „Harold"-Symphonie habe ich ſelten ſo berückend tonſchön und mit liebevoller Herausſtreichung ſeiner koloriſtiſchen Wirkungen ſpielen gehört als geſtern unter Dr. Muck's Stab. Alles was an Feingehalt, an Farbe und Glanz in dieſem Werk ſteckt, wurde prächtig gehoben, und der dunkelſammtne Klang der Bratſche Herrn Emile Férir's verlieh der Aufführung einen einheitlichen Zug, einen ſtimmungsvollen Grundton ohne Gleichen. Ich wüßte keiner Orcheſtergruppe den Vorzug zu geben, wenn ich auch der ungemein feinen Filigranarbeit der Holzbläſer in der „Serenade", dem dritten Satz der Symphonie, beſonders gedenken möchte. Tſchaikowſky's „Romeo und Julie"-Phantaſie, wie mir geſagt wird, ganz unvergleichlich geſpielt, beendete ein den Alliirten und Neutralen gewidmetes Programm, das aber auch den Nicht-Alliirten einen vollen Genuß gewähren mußte. H.

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Dr. Muck Gives Another Dry Gaunt Pro-Ally Programme.

Can Dr. Carl Muck possibly feel any gratification in seeing a large, eager and trustful audience, assembled in a mood of docile enthusiasm, and then proceeding to bore it to actual pallor, dejection and spiritual death by gaunt and tedious programmes? So one was compelled to think last night at the Boston Symphony concert at Carnegie Hall, as on certain similar occasions during the season. The musical pabulum proffered last night included Hector Berlioz's decidedly unpopular "Harold in Italy," and a work—very decidedly a work—called "Ormazd," by the Boston Berlioz, Mr. Converse, at the conclusion of which the auditory which crowded the house was in no good humor. For Berlioz there is no possible excuse; but of Converse we have had all we had deserved. Has Dr. Muck really paid attention to certain absurd nonsense spoken at the beginning of the season, and is he giving us pro-Ally music.? It is not very good.

DIVORCED

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

An American Composition by F. S. Converse Played.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has come to New York for the last concerts of its series here this season, the first of which was given last evening in Carnegie Hall. Dr. Muck presented one of his modern programs; or, at least, a program that suggested modernity. Berlioz's symphony "Harold in Italy" no longer sounds very modern, and has been known to New York for a good many years, more than fifty. It is doubtful, however, whether New York has learned to like it or whether it really will.

Like many of Berlioz's works, it is more interesting to read about than to hear. Its history embodies some of the romantic incidents that appear in Berlioz's career, and the music some of his ambitious strivings toward a new and revolutionary style. But at this day his inspiration seems to lag woefully behind his striving. It is unmistakably dull, and even so beautifully wrought a performance as it received last night cannot make it seem other than dull. Mr. Emile Férir played the viola obligato most artistically and authoritatively, with fine tone and finished style.

Dr. Muck "recognized" the American composer in this concert by playing Mr. Frederick S. Converse's symphonic poem "Ormazd," that was heard here last November at a special concert, when compositions of the members of the National Institute of Art and Letters were played at a meeting of that body. Last night's performance was more favorable to the piece. The composer has been most ambitious in it; he has used all the resources of the largest modern orchestra, adding thereto the pianoforte and the celesta. It is intended to represent the defeat of the malevolent Ahriman by Ormazd, as related in Persian mythology. It is elaborate in its themes and their development in its wealth of detail.

It is undoubtedly descriptive in intent, interpreting an Oriental poem that was printed in the program notes in a translation by Percy Mackaye. But Mr. Converse has not made the mistake of lapsing from the ideal of presenting, first and foremost, musical values in a whole that is essentially musical in its conception.

The composer has been more fortunate in passages that relate to the triumph of the forces of light than in the conflict, in the moaning of Ahreman, his loathing of Ormazd. There are passages in which the instrumentation seems to have fallen short of the intention; passages in which the results are not wholly commensurate with the means employed—not in violence, but in color and richness, in dramatic expressiveness. But its most successful portions are extremely fine, imposing, not unworthy of the gorgeous imagery of the poem.

The last number was Tschaikowsky's overture-fantasy on "Romeo and Juliet," one of his compositions that best holds its own. It was played with impressive and gloomy power, with sweep and passion.

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Last Evening Concert Not an Exciting Event.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the last evening concert of its current season in this city in Carnegie Hall last evening. The programme comprised Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" symphony, F. S. Converse's symphonic poem, "Ormazd" and Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Converse's composition was new to audiences at these concerts. The work was produced in Boston on February 10, 1912, and was played in this city in November at a concert which was part of the proceedings of the annual meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

The literary materials behind the composition are found in Persian mythology. Zoroaster's followers deified light and darkness as Ormazd and Ahriman, gods of good and evil. Naturally they are in conflict and in time good conquers. Mr. Converse found in the story "decorative and picturesque expression of elemental truths," for each of us has his own [illegible] Ahriman.

If the composer had been greatly inspired by his material it would have been a cause for general joy; but he has given us only an ambitious piece of music which is replete with brilliant orchestral effects, but poor in thematic invention and development. It was admirably played last night and was kindly received.

Many people love the music of Berlioz. Among them are the principal orchestra conductors, who find in it heights and depths not discoverable by common minds. Dr. Muck has always loved Berlioz and he conducted the "Harold in Italy" symphony in a masterly manner, while Emile Ferir played the viola obbligato beautifully. But it was all unavailing with those dull ones to whom the glorification of this symphony becomes more and more incomprehensible with each repetition.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
Date

MUCK GIVES AMERICAN SYMPHONY

"Ormazd," a Tone Poem by Frederick S. Converse, Is Made the Feature of the Programme Played by the Boston Orchestra

Work Inspired by Ancient Persian Mythology Represents the Struggle Between Light and Darkness, Good and Evil

MANY complaints have been heard regarding the lack of interest manifested by important orchestral leaders in the efforts of modern American composers. Dr. Muck is not to be classed with the neglectful ones, for at last evening's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall an American symphonic poem occupied the place of honor on the programme.

The work in question was entitled "Ormazd"; the composer, Frederick S. Converse; the inspiration, a chapter of ancient Persian mythology. The basic idea of "Ormazd" is the struggle between light and darkness: the battle of good and evil, which, after the usual experiences of triumph and defeat, terminates in the vanquishing of the sinister influence.

Mr. Converse has made no attempt to tell his story in Oriental fashion. His music is essentially modern, lucid and eloquent. The score contains tremendous passages in the presentation of the great conflict. The composer's use of ascending and descending chromatic scales to the accompaniment of the booming drums and clashing cymbals gave the auditor a vivid picture of the struggle of the two powers.

The termination—the conquest of the heavenly hosts—was set forth in new and pleasing tonalities, elaborated in an ingenious and skillful fashion.

The symphony was "Harold in Italy," by Berlioz, in which the solo viola part was magnificently interpreted by Emile Ferir. Tschaikowsky's overture fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," was the last number on a long programme, but a programme interpreted with scholarliness, unblemished balance and delightful tonal color.

From WORLD
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Date

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From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date
Established:

LAST OF THE SERIES.

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Date [illegible] 7 1915

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From EVENING GLOBE
Address: New York City
MAR 19 1

Music.

The Boston Symphony's Last Evening Concert.

Dr. Muck has been niggardly of French and of Russian music on his programmes this season. For the fifth and last evening concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night he chose to open the programme with a French symphony—Berlioz's "Harold in Italy"—and to close it with a Russian overture-fantasia—Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet." The remaining number on the programme was a symphonic poem. "Ormazd," by F. S. Converse, often spoken of as a Boston composer, though he happened to be born in Newton, Mass., and is now a resident of Westwood in the same state.

Some of us regret that Dr. Muck neglects certain modern French pieces—two symphonies by d'Indy, the symphony of the lamented Chausson, the superb "Istar" variations of d'Indy. The names of Debussy, Chabrier, Dukas, Ravel, even of the venerable Saint-Saëns have not appeared on the programmes of the New York concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season; nor has the great name of César Franck, the Belgian who left his indelible imprint on modern French music. But I am far from being one of those who decry Hector Berlioz, and his "Harold in Italy" symphony, though not embodying his best work, can enchain the attention to-day when performed as it was last night.

We may smile now at the romantic gloom of Byron and we may find this symphony of Berlioz fundamentally naïve, but listening can we deny the beauty and charm of many a page of Berlioz's score, the spell the march of the pilgrims still casts, the exotic quaintness of the mountaineer's serenade, the vigor and dash of the finale? The symphony was written in 1834, and yet in this year of grace the orchestration is still fascinating, still gorgeous. Dr. Muck read the work with the right romantic feeling and the orchestra played with the finish for which it is famed and with splendid energy. The solo viola part was entrusted to Emile Férir, a Belgian, and one of the men who make the Boston Symphony Orchestra the supreme thing it is. In his hands the viola part was notable for richness of tone, sureness, and elegance of delivery, and emotional warmth. The applause of the great audience at the conclusion of the symphony was hearty and long continued.

There is Russian music that would have been thrice welcome last night, but carrying coals to Newcastle is a phrase that should yield its place to carrying Tschaikowsky to New York. Ever since Wassily Safonoff brought his batonless hands to the gold coast of this little island Tschaikowsky has been an increasing nuisance to our steady concertgoer. The mere occasional concertgoer may revel in his occasional collision with Tschaikowsky's music, as he may in the plum pudding of Thanksgiving and Christmas, or the secret, awful frenzy of an annual chocolate ice cream soda jag. But the dismay of the steady concertgoer when the Boston Symphony Orchestra comes to town carrying Tschaikowsky in its music rolls! However, let us be glad it was "Romeo and Juliet" and not one of the two symphonies that are pitiably overworked.

"Ormazd" might. I suppose, be termed an indigenous novelty. "Exotic novelty" is flung so freely at anything by Schönberg or Stravinsky that some ardent souls seem to lose sight of the fact that "exotic" being what it is the Ninth Symphony was once an "exotic novelty" and remains for us an exotic. "Ormazd," however, is indigenous to Boston, or Westwood, and can be carried about the country by a distinguished Boston organization with propriety and safety. At least one supposes such is the theory. But every once in a while one longs to get up and throw something at the Boston Symphony Orchestra for wasting its time and ours.

It is one of the blessings of peace and neutrality that music in New York is still music, whether it be the music of Boston, London, Paris, Petrograd, or Spillville, Iowa, the community in which the late Dvorak composed his one symphony that posterity is likely to listen to. It is easy to see why Belgians might prefer to turn a deaf ear to German music for some time to come, and it is possible to understand, if it is difficult altogether to approve, the stand taken by the venerable Saint-Säens against the composer whom he at one time worked so steadfastly to establish in France, Richard Wagner. But New York is happily at peace with Boston and has every prospect of remaining at peace unless the Boston Symphony Orchestra insists on forcing upon us many more Boston products like unto this "Ormazd."

The work in question was played here last autumn by the Symphony Society of New York at a meeting in Aeolian Hall of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. That performance if not exactly private was certainly not public. "Ormazd" has to do with the Zoroastrian deification of light and darkness as the gods of good and evil under the respective names of Ormazd and Ahriman. It is an orchestral struggle between two principles ending with the victory of Ormazd. It is also a bombastic, empty, noisy piece, recalling now Rimsky-Korsakoff, now Liszt, always with the thought of how much better either would have done. Well, Mr. Converse has done better things, for that matter.

The performance of "Ormazd" by the orchestra was indubitably very

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From EAGLE
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
MAR 2

FINAL BOSTON SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck Makes Attractive Programme for Concert at Academy.

For the closing concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra at the Academy of Music last night Dr. Muck for once made up his programme with due regard for contrasts which would sustain the interest of the audience. The result was that he had one of the most successful and attractive concerts of the season, although there have been single compositions of greater value and interest in most of those which preceded. But when Dr. Much has musical gems to offer he seems to have a genius for dulling them by the settings which he selects and for tiring his audience by monotony. Such monotony as there was last night was due to the length of two of the compositions played. Both Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture and Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme" for violoncello seem too long drawn out, so that their unmistakable sweetness and charm are in danger of cloying on the ear, but there was no carrying over of the mood of one composition into another and variety proved the spice of music, as of life.

The programme opened with Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony which, however hard it may be to play, is simple enough to understand. Its clear, crisp phrases sparkled on the most perfect strings in the world until they were an unfailing delight. The old overture is rarely revived and never does it get such a performance as that of last night. The woodwinds in the lovely melody of the slow movement were like fairy land, and a great sigh went up from the audience when the movement came to an end. The rondo of the last movement sang and sparkled in its perfect clearness. It was lovely—and it was not too long. Then came the "Sakuntala," with its langourous Eastern melodies and with its skillful and varied use of the resources of the modern orchestra, or, at least, more modern than Mozart's. The contrast helped both pieces and helped to display to the fullest advantage the virtuosity of the band. But there was one other novelty rarer than the Mozart revival. Last night's audience heard a Boston symphony player make a flat mistake, and that is news for its rarity. In the "Sakuntala" one of the oboists blew in a note where it did not belong and was not wanted.

The Tschaikowsky "Variations" introduced a violoncellist of pronounced musical temperament and taste and of excellent technical equipment in Beatrice Harrison, an English girl. In these variations Tschaikowsky wrote some of the broad, rich melodies which peculiarly belong to the 'cello and in them Miss Harrison's tone was very lovely, although it is not particularly large, and she made no effort to force it. She played the florid passages neatly and clearly, and her fine musical taste made them comport with the dignity of the instrument, which is not always the case when a 'cellist takes to dancing rapidly up and down the strings.

The programme ended with Dvorak's breezy and joyous "Carnival" overture, which is among the best possible selections to send an audience home with. There was hearty recall for conductor and players at the close, which expressed the general desire for their return next November. No other organization has quite the same hold on Brooklyn music lovers as has the Boston Symphony orchestra. That regard has been won by many years of fine work, and the hope is that the same high standard will be maintained for many years to come.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City.
Date MAR 19

For the fifth and final evening concert of the present season at Carnegie Hall last night Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra confined their efforts to three numbers, Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," Converse's symphonic poem on "Ormazd," which was given here earlier in the season by another body of musicians, and Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture.

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For the closing concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra at the Academy of Music last night Dr. Muck for once made up his programme with due regard for contrasts which would sustain the interest of the audience. The result was that he had one of the most successful and attractive concerts of the season, although there have been single compositions of greater value and interest in most of those which preceded. But when Dr. Much has musical gems to offer he seems to have a genius for dulling them by the settings which he selects and for tiring his audience by monotony. Such monotony as there was last night was due to the length of two of the compositions played. Both Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture and Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme" for violoncello seem too long drawn out, so that their unmistakable sweetness and charm are in danger of cloying on the ear, but there was no carrying over of the mood of one composition into another and variety proved the spice of music, as of life.

The programme opened with Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony which, however hard it may be to play, is simple enough to understand. Its clear, crisp phrases sparkled on the most perfect strings in the world until they were an unfailing delight. The old overture is rarely revived and never does it get such a performance as that of last night. The woodwinds in the lovely melody of the slow movement were like fairy land, and a great sigh went up from the audience when the movement came to an end. The rondo of the last movement sang and sparkled in its perfect clearness. It was lovely—and it was not too long. Then came the "Sakuntala," with its langourous Eastern melodies and with its skillful and varied use of the resources of the modern orchestra, or, at least, more modern than Mozart's. The contrast helped both pieces and helped to display to the fullest advantage the virtuosity of the band. But there was one other novelty rarer than the Mozart revival. Last night's audience heard a Boston symphony player make a flat mistake, and that is news for its rarity. In the "Sakuntala" one of the oboists blew in a note where it did not belong and was not wanted.

The Tschaikowsky "Variations" introduced a violoncellist of pronounced musical temperament and taste and of excellent technical equipment in Beatrice Harrison, an English girl. In these variations Tschaikowsky wrote some of the broad, rich melodies which peculiarly belong to the 'cello and in them Miss Harrison's tone was very lovely, although it is not particularly large, and she made no effort to force it. She played the florid passages neatly and clearly, and her fine musical taste made them comport with the dignity of the instrument, which is not always the case when a 'cellist takes to dancing rapidly up and down the strings.

The programme ended with Dvorak's breezy and joyous "Carnival" overture, which is among the best possible selections to send an audience home with. There was hearty recall for conductor and players at the close, which expressed the general desire for their return next November. No other organization has quite the same hold on Brooklyn music lovers as has the Boston Symphony orchestra. That regard has been won by many years of fine work, and the hope is that the same high standard will be maintained for many years to come.

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ck Makes Attractive Programme for Concert at Academy.

For the closing concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra at the Academy of Music last night Dr. Muck for once made up his programme with due regard for contrasts which would sustain the interest of the audience. The result was that he had one of the most successful and attractive concerts of the season, although there have been single compositions of greater value and interest in most of those which preceded. But when Dr. Much has musical gems to offer he seems to have a genius for dulling them by the settings which he selects and for tiring his audience by monotony. Such monotony as there was last night was due to the length of two of the compositions played. Both Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture and Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme" for violoncello seem too long drawn out, so that their unmistakable sweetness and charm are in danger of cloying on the ear, but there was no carrying over of the mood of one composition into another and variety proved the spice of music, as of life.

The programme opened with Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony which, however hard it may be to play, is simple enough to understand. Its clear, crisp phrases sparkled on the most perfect strings in the world until they were an unfailing delight. The old overture is rarely revived and never does it get such a performance as that of last night. The woodwinds in the lovely melody of the slow movement were like fairy land, and a great sigh went up from the audience when the movement came to an end. The rondo of the last movement sang and sparkled in its perfect clearness. It was lovely—and it was not too long. Then came the "Sakuntala," with its langourous Eastern melodies and with its skillful and varied use of the resources of the modern orchestra, or, at least, more modern than Mozart's. The contrast helped both pieces and helped to display to the fullest advantage the virtuosity of the band. But there was one other novelty rarer than the Mozart revival. Last night's audience heard a Boston symphony player make a flat mistake, and that is news for its rarity. In the "Sakuntala" one of the oboists blew in a note where it did not belong and was not wanted.

The Tschaikowsky "Variations" introduced a violoncellist of pronounced musical temperament and taste and of excellent technical equipment in Beatrice Harrison, an English girl. In these variations Tschaikowsky wrote some of the broad, rich melodies which peculiarly belong to the 'cello and in them Miss Harrison's tone was very lovely, although it is not particularly large, and she made no effort to force it. She played the florid passages neatly and clearly, and her fine musical taste made them comport with the dignity of the instrument, which is not always the case when a 'cellist takes to dancing rapidly up and down the strings.

The programme ended with Dvorak's breezy and joyous "Carnival" overture, which is among the best possible selections to send an audience home with. There was hearty recall for conductor and players at the close, which expressed the general desire for their return next November. No other organization has quite the same hold on Brooklyn music lovers as has the Boston Symphony orchestra. That regard has been won by many years of fine work, and the hope is that the same high standard will be maintained for many years to come.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City.

Date

For the fifth and final evening concert of the present season at Carnegie Hall last night Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra confined their efforts to three numbers, Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," Converse's symphonic poem on "Ormazd," which was given here earlier in the season by another body of musicians, and Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture.

When the Boston players shall have concluded their final matinee on Saturday they will have given eighteen works at the evening concerts and seventeen at the matinees—a good record for their series of performances.

Esta 384

EVENING JOURNAL
New York City

EW AMERICAN MUSIC GIVEN BY BOSTON BAND

Dr. Karl Muck, for the final Thursday concert of the season at Carnegie Hall, last night presented an evening of programme music, beginning with one of its chief and best exponent's, Hector Berlioz, wandering through a work new to New York by the American composer, Frederick S. Converse and concluding with Tschaikowsky's overture fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet."

The combination of these items did not provide an over-exciting musical experience. Indeed, thrills have scarcely been a notable feature of this season's concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Some exception has been taken to Dr. Muck's programmes and a review of the nine concerts of the finest orchestra New York is privileged to listen to, would indicate that there is some justice to these complaints.

And yet the amateur reviser of the programmes after the event has a more facile task than Dr. Muck, and it is at least due him that his intent should be sought with intelligence and the difficulties in the matter appraised with some sort of discerning judgment. Last evening's programme might easily provide a text.

Berlioz's Third Symphony, "Harold in Italy"; Converse's symphonic poem, "Ormazd," and Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" maintained a programatic unity. The objection is that the unity was so consistent as to make for monotony.

It may be that Dr. Muck, an overseas visitor in America, feels it incumbent upon him to bring some indubitably American—that is to say, probably, Bostonian—music to a hearing. This is a worthy enough attitude on the part of Dr. Muck, but perhaps he might feel his duty done by restricting this to within hearing of Boston. Sharp contrast after the Berlioz Symphony, to resort to paradox would have made the unity of the programme of striking force.

There was, indeed, contrast of a sort provided by the Converse work, but it was not the right sort. Other programmes of Dr. Muck have contained this same weakness. Their intent has been plain, but they have fallen foul of dull or almost worthless music, and no matter how brilliantly played or how logically correct the intent of arrangement, the result has now and again been just sheer ennui.

To be sure, Dr. Muck's task is made the more difficult from the fact that the Boston Orchestra is its own soloist. Conductors hereabouts have a pianist or a violinist or a singer of songs always with them and programmes under such circumstances make themselves. But it is the extraordinary thing that is expected of the Boston Orchestra.

If there is to be but one work of Berlioz presented in an orchestra's season, why should it not be one of the more mature works than the "Harold in Italy" symphony? This is intensely interesting from the standpoint of its instrumentation, its orchestration, but its chief idea has little that is striking or compelling; it dallies with one of the eddies of romanticism, and it has only a modicum of the characteristic fantastic power of Berliozs genius.

The Converse "Ormazd" was plainly sufficient evidence that there could not have been this sort of Converse had there not been a Berlioz. Perhaps this was one of Dr. Muck's little ironies. Berlioz is one of the composers who coins much new wealth for the art that comes after him. Converse is of the breed of Liszt and Richard Strauss, epigones of Berlioz. They manufactured literary music and stultified literature in the process; Berlioz created musical literature and thereby enriched music.

"Ormazd" is Strauss with its head buried unsuspectingly in dun-colored New England sand. The "Powers" of "Light" and "Darkness" are once more at war, Ormazd and Ahriman of Zoroastrianism providing Mr. Converse with two beautiful Persian names—and nothing more. Once more is the harp heaven and the contrabasses hell. And the latter rise to raise the last with the first, undeviatingly, according to the gospel of Liszt and Strauss.

"Romeo and Juliet," not the greatest Tschaikowsky, was nevertheless as a cool, moisture-laden wafting of beauty athwart a parch land after the aridity of "Ormazd." Dr. Muck gave the Tschaikowsky fantasia its touch of tragic power, even if not as much of the restrained passion it possesses.

Th-

From STANDARD UNION
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date

MUCK ENDS SEASON WITH HAPPY CLIMAX

Boston Symphony Gives Springtime Concert at the Academy of Music.

BEATRICE HARRISON PLAYS.

'Cellist Scores Success in Final Programme.

The final concert of the big orchestras in Brooklyn was given by the Boston Symphony last night at the Academy of Music. Last Sunday the Philharmonic closed its season here and the Symphony Society followed on Tuesday. Thus in a week more substantial music was heard than it will be possible to hear in the next five months, until the season re-opens in October.

The closing programme was the happiest of the five Dr. Karl Muck has given this year. Moreover, with the coming of spring, the frigidity that has marked many of his readings disappeared. The ice was broken and the stream of beautiful tone that is distinctive in the Bostonians was allowed to flow freely.

Dr. Muck Gets Excited.

The heretofore imperturbable conductor so warmed to his task, that in the last number, Dvorak's "Carnival," he swing his baton to the score, sending it flying to the floor. The incident did not interrupt the continuity of the playing. The score was replaced by one of the second violins and the players swept on to an exciting climax.

The concert opened with Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony. The god-like qualities found in it a century ago are not so evident to-day. The "Jupiter" is too much like a powered wig gentleman to fit modern conceptions of the heroic. He is a fine, noble courtly person, with all the airs and graces of the eighteenth century; as such, he demands respect from all and compels love from admirers of the type.

After the intermission the overture to Goldmark's "Sakuntala," Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme" and the "Carnival" were played.

Tschaikowsky's Rococo Theme.

The variations had been heard in Manhattan early in the season when Leo Schultz did the violoncello solo with the Philharmonic. Last night the services of a young English cellist, Beatrice Harrison, were enlisted. She played with a lovely tone and poetic expression. Her success was such that the audience burst in upon her with applause before she finished. At the end she answered a dozen recalls.

The audience was the most responsive of the Boston season. After the "Sakuntala" the whole orchestra took a bow amid enthusiastic applause. A real Indian, wearing an elaborate pink hair dress, heard the Oriental composition from a lower box, where, as a box-party guest, his appearance attracted considerable attention.

From
Address: New York City
Date MAR 21 1919

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Its Last Appearance Here This Season—Mr. Longy Soloist.

The last appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York this season was made yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The audience was as large as any that have heard the orchestra here in recent seasons, which means that it filled the hall completely. It showed great pleasure in the performance, and before it was through expressed its gratitude and appreciation to Dr. Muck and his men in an unmistakable manner.

The program contained but two orchestral pieces, Schubert's C major symphony and Dvorak's overture "Carneval," a combination which by the strange fatality that appears to rule such things, appeared on the program of a New York orchestra hardly more than a week ago. Dr. Muck's performance of the symphony was a singularly fine one, full of life and buoyance, of romantic vision; a performance that so engaged the interest of the listeners that the work no more seemed long.

Between symphony and overture came a fantasia for oboe and orchestra by Vincent d'Indy, played by Mr. Georges Longy, the distinguished first oboist of the orchestra. It is a fantasia on French folk tunes, from the Cevennes, a part of France said to be especially dear to the composer. These tunes are of contrasted character; there is charm in them all, and in the pastoral suggestion that is given them by the sound of the oboe. Perhaps this suggestion is more or less conventional, from the usual association of the oboe with the pastoral; but its tone and expression seem to become them peculiarly. The treatment is not characteristic of d'Indy's latest style, it is somewhat milder in its use of dissonant harmonies. Nor is the music profoundly significant; but it gives real pleasure. Especially its performance [illegible] Mr. Longy [illegible]

Esta 1884

From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date

Mr. Strube's Latest Composition For Orchestra.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN:

Sir—At the Boston Symphony concert on Wednesday evening we will hear a new work of special interest to Baltimoreans. It is "Variations on an Original Theme," by Gustav Strube, for many years assistant conductor and first violinist of the Boston Orchestra, and now professor of theory at the Peabody.

Mr. Strube is without doubt one of the most gifted living writers for the orchestra, and has achieved a profound mastery of orchestra color and technique. The warmest admirers of his talent are the Boston Symphony musicians who play his compositions—and they know. Dr. Karl Muck, who gave the first performance of Mr. Strube's new work in Boston about two weeks ago, has said that he regarded it as the most interesting novelty which he had produced this year. The composition was again performed by the Boston Symphony in Worcester a few days ago. One of the Worcester papers comments thus:

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The performance in Baltimore on Wednesday will therefore be the third reading by the famous orchestra within a few weeks. Fortunate indeed is the composer whose work falls into the hands of Dr. Muck and the incomparable artists of the greatest orchestra in the world, and it is needless to add that Baltimore will welcome this opportunity to hear the work of a distinguished musician whom we may now claim as a citizen.

For every creator of music—the highest form of art—who wins a deserving title to fame there are literally thousands of successful executant musicians. In New York alone there are 25,000 orchestral players, many of them of the first rank. There is a whole army of executant musicians in Germany, but there is only a bare handful of living composers of great music in the whole world today. How fortunate we are in Baltimore to have one of these connected with the staff of the Peabody Conservatory!

Last year a very beautiful composition by Mr. Strube for wood wind instruments and French horn was played at the Florestan Club by the famous Longy Club of Boston Symphony musicians, and last summer Mr. Strube began work on the music for an opera, the libretto for which was written by Frederic Arnold Kummer.

The "Variations on an Original Theme" were composed by Mr. Strube in the spring of 1914. The theme, *molto adagio* is in F major, and there are 10 variations and a finale.

EDWIN L. TURNBULL.

Baltimore, March 15.

From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
AR 1 6 1915
Date

WOMAN CELLIST WINS SUCCESS AT ACADEMY

Beatrice Harrison, Soloist With Boston Orchestra, Captivates Great Audience

LAST DR. MUCK CONCERT

Immortal Freischutz Overture Is Given as a Delightful Finale

BEATRICE HARRYSON, a soloist new to this public, scraped and bowed her way into the good graces of a Boston orchestra audience at the Academy of Music last evening. in the final concert of Doctor Muck's local series. The scraping was on the strings of a superb cello—for Miss Harrison is a cello player of high degree—the bowing, likewise educed from this noble instrument the wayward, fascinating strains of Tschaikowsky's dazzling "Variations on a Rococo Theme," drowned, at times, in the all-pervading immensity of accompaniment by Doctor Muck's galaxy of star instrumentalists.

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The seven variations in their entirety were played with artistic authority and graceful refinement, together with a naive, earnest enthusiasm that quite captivated the great audience, and ban-

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Miss Harrison scored an artistic and popular success—and this without the Sandow strength and Hennig technique traditionally associated with cello playing by virtuosi. Her stopping is flawless, her technique facile and brilliant, and her range of tonal expression large, flexible and under instant control. And her style, moreover, is all her own, proclaimed and enforced without reminiscent suggestion or ad captandum mannerisms.

Before this grateful disclosure of a new star soloist, Doctor Muck's great orchestra ran through the movements of Johannes Brahm's first symphony in C minor over which inharmonious pundits in south Germany are still at war. Afterward came Wagner's mighty "Faust" overture, played as only the Boston musicians can play it.

As a delightful finale was given the immortal "Freischutz" overture—for the most part in the peculiar tempi so strangely affected by orchestral concert conductors, who sometimes love to smite dramatism with an ax.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address Philadelphia
Date MAR - 6 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN FINAL CONCERT

Series Closes With Magnificent Cello Performance by Beatrice Harrison and a Brahms Symphony.

PROGRAM.

First Symphony	Brahms
Faust Overture	Wagner
Variations on a Rococo Theme	Tschaikowsky
Overture, "Der Freischuetz"	Weber

The patient vigil of hours which many of the hearers of the Boston Symphony Orchestra cheerfully undergo at the Academy doors for each concert was never more richly rewarded than in last night's finale of the 30th season.

Beatrice Harrison, the young English artist, was the soloist in the Tschaikowsky Variations for the violoncello. This is her first season in this country. She carried all before her in Russia and Germany ere coming to America. English by birth she took at 9 the gold medal offered conjointly by the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music in London—the youngest of all who have been thus honored—and at 17 received the Mendelsshon prize in Berlin. Her chief teacher has been Hugo Becker, the Frankfort master.

Her playing was the poetry of motion in the supple grace of the bowing wrist and arm. With fingers holding the strings in vise-like tenacity she drew from the fine old instrument tones of unctuous sonority and sweetness. It was a rare combination of tenderness and power—of compelling pathos and virile strength. Like the rest of the few who have conquered this elusive and difficult instrument so seldom essayed by a woman, incessant study has brought her to the point where the effort entailed vanishes into the perfected art, and the arduous precedent toil of the studio is obliterated. Miss Harrison is an artist in the true sense consecrated to her calling and convincingly endowed with the divine fire—the true Promethean flame that burns in the inspiration of a Bloomfield Zeisler.

The audience applauded and recalled to the echo, and the tribute was acknowledged with unaffected modesty and a genuflection not less rhythmically graceful than the manipulation of the bow. It was completely a triumph.

The Weber "Der Freischuetz" overture, with Agatha's Prayer taken at a strikingly deliberate pace to elicit the full mellow concordance of the horns, held contrasting episodes of sparkling gayety such as only Weber can write and only such leadership as Muck's can properly set forth; the Faust overture, in nowise memorably great music, was given with its full quota of Byronic stress and sentiment. But the orchestral glory of the program was the noble symphony and the glory of the symphony was the work of the choir of wood-wind. Such a luscious voice as that of the oboe in the first movement, and in its more extended opportunity in the Andante, places Mr. Longy in a class by himself. The flute was admirable, so was the clarinet, and it was a wonderful out pouring of the violas in the Andante. The thir movement passed without cessation into th finale at the Adagio where first the horns, the the flute, then the trombones—silenced till tha time—were heard in tones of supreme and en chanting beauty. The Chestertonian Mr. Wite as concertmeister comported himself admirabl

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From Freie Presse
Address BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Date MAR 2 0 1915

Established

uthun.

Boſton Symphony Orcheſtra.

Das Boſton Symphony Orcheſtra gab geſtern Abend unter der Leitung ſeines genialen Dirigenten, Dr. Carl Muck, in der Academy of Muſic das letzte Konzert in dieſer Saiſon und war die Soliſtin die Celliſtin Beatrice Harriſon. Die Küſtlerin ſpielte höchſtvollendet Tſchaikowſki's Variationen über ein Roccoco-Thema und endete großen Applaus ſeitens des das Haus anſehnlich füllenden Publikums. Das Orcheſter wartete mit
Mozarts bekannter Jupiter Symphon Gehör
(C-Dur), Goldmarks „Sakuntala" reizender
vertüre, die ganz vorzüglich zu Sowohl
gebracht wurde, und Dvoraks die auch die
Ouvertüre „Karneval" auf. en ſich meh-
Dr. Carl Muck anganhaltend
erbeugen.

From EVENING NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
MAR 17 1915
Date

Established

SYMPHONY TO PLAY HIS COMPOSITION

GUSTAV STRUBE

ORCHESTRA TO PLAY STRUBE COMPOSITION

Concert At Lyric Tonight To Be Last Of The Boston Symphony Series.

A feature of particular interest at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert in the Lyric tonight will be the first performance in this city of the work of a Baltimore composer, the "Original Theme with Variations," by Gustave Strube, who succeeded the late O. B. Boise at the Peabody Conservatory as director of the department of harmony and composition.

Mr. Strube is well known as a composer and his works have frequently found a prominent place on the programs of organizations as important as the Boston Symphony. The number that will be heard tonight was splendidly received at its initial Boston performance a few weeks ago. The composer was for 21 years a member of the Boston Symphony organization, having served for some time as assistant director.

The concert tonight will be the fifth and last of the Boston orchestra's local season. Beatrice Harrison, the English cellist, will be the soloist, her number being Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Roroco Theme."

Dr. Karl Muck, the director, will present Sibelius First Symphony as the principal orchestral offering and will close the concert with Dvorak's "Carnival" overture.

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
MAR 22 1915
Date

Establishe

Am Samstag Nachmittag brachte
Muck die diesjährige New Yorker Sai
der Boſtoner mit einem virtuos d
führten Programm zu einem höc
freulichen Ende. Die Schubert'ſ
Dur-Symphonie eine der köſtlichſt
ſtungen der Boſtoner, in Klangſ
getaucht, von einer liebevollen Au
ſung der Melodie, die hinreißend
dabei von Muck mit jener edlen
heit dirigirt, die das Wort von de
liſchen „Länge" vergeſſen macht.
erquicklich war eine recht ausgede
gekünſtelte „Phantaſie" für Orche
Oboe von d'Indy, welche franzöſch
lieder verarbeitet, ſie dabei jedo
verunziert. Geſpielt wurde gan
zeichnet, und der erſte Oboiſt de
ſters, Herr Longy, heiſchte wi
wunderung für ſeinen entzückenden leichten Ton, ſeine reife Phraſirung und die Geläufigkeit ſeiner Technik. Dvorak's „Carneval"-Ouverture beendete das Konzert und die Spielzeit der Boſtoner in einer Weiſe, die nur den Wunſch zuläßt: „Auf Wiederſehen im nächſten Jahre!"

H.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date MAR 21

BOSTON ORCHESTRA ENDS SERIES HERE

Schubert Symphony, d'Indy Fantasia and Dvorak Overture Given.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the final concert of its New York season yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, and the perfection of the great band's playing gave renewed cause for regret that the Boston's concerts are so few. If only Dr. Muck would make his programmes equal in interest to his readings! But this is an apt and apparently hopeless plaint.

There were only three numbers on the programme yesterday—the Schubert C major Symphony, Vincent d'I.id.'s Fantasia for oboe and orchestra on French folk tunes, and Dvorak's "Carneval" Overture.

The great Schubert symphony was given a most beautiful performance, especially in the scherzo and the finale. Dr. Muck brought out superbly the romantic poetry of the composition, and his musicians responded to his slightest wish. At least for the Schubert numbers we must be grateful.

The d'Indy fantasia was a novelty to New York. Dr. Muck has not been partial to French music this season, and the introduction of this work, which, though first published in Paris in 1888, has only just reached the shores of the New World, will therefore add to the Boston orchestra leader's claim to eclecticism of taste. But the work itself will add to neither M. d'Indy's fame nor to the pleasure of musical remembrance. It was a well made composition, but the oboe is not an instrument suited to a large hall, accompanied by a full orchestra. To a piano accompaniment in a chamber music concert the fantasia might possess a certain limited appeal. In the vast reaches of Carnegie Hall all effect was lost and only monotony remained. Mr. George Longy, who sustained the solo part, did all that he could to bring recognition to the work, and such an excellent artist could not altogether fail.

From TIMES
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
MAR 2 0 1915
Date

BOSTON ORCHESTRA CHARMS IN FINAL ACADEMY CONCERT

Beatrice Harrison, the young English 'cellist, was the soloist at the last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Academy of Music last night. The programme comprised Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Goldmark's Overture to "Sakuntala," Tschaikowsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme for violoncello with orchestral accompaniment, and Dvorak's "Carnival" overture, spanning a century of orchestral composition and preserving neutrality between the forces at war.

The opening number was played in a manner that seemed to solve the mystery that enshrouds its name. The air of supernatural dignity and power, the calm impressive sweep of the theme, interspersed with the unexpected triplets, and followed by the optimistic brilliancy of the fugue finale sounded as though Dr. Muck were seeking to strengthen the theory that Mozart's work was the description of a great god in rare good humor.

"Sakuntala," the first and most popular of Goldmark's important works, was presented with the same descriptive fidelity, and if the audience was not quick to perceive the indications of its composer's intent in the various themes, as emphasized by the commentatore, the performance was not less pleasing.

Miss Harrison played in the Tschaikowsky number in a manner that merited every one of the six recalls she received. This piece is not a work for public performance by any save artists of the first rank, but the demure English 'cellist was mistress of every variation. Retaining a firm grip with her knees upon the body of the instrument, she swept a strong free bow across the strings, with an accuracy of technical skill that, far from sacrificing tone, set the 'cello singing in sympathy. Miss Harrison's performance furnished more than a glimpse of the possibilities of the 'cello as a tenor instrument.

"Carnival," with its swift play of the emotions furnished a fitting finale to the concert and the series. In the five concerts of the season Dr. Muck has presented four works of Beethovan, two of Brahms, two of Sibelius, two of Richard Strauss, one from Handel, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Ropartz, Saint-Saens, Schumann, and Weber, in addition to those on the programme last night. Four soloists have appeared—Pasquale Amato, Harold Bauer, Fritz Kreisler and the 'cellist of last evening.

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date

Calais.

BOSTON SYMPHONY HERE NEXT SEASON

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, will return to Baltimore next season for another series of five concerts. The assisting artists announced are two vocalists and a violinist—Miss Geraldine Farrar and Madame Melba and Fritz Kreisler, all of whom are successful artists of the first rank.

As heretofore the concerts will be given on Wednesday nights. The dates are November 3, December 1, January 5, 1916, February 16 and

From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date

Mr. Strube's Latest Composition For Orchestra.

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EDWIN L. TURNBULL.

Baltimore, March 15.

From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

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LAST DR. MUCK CONCERT

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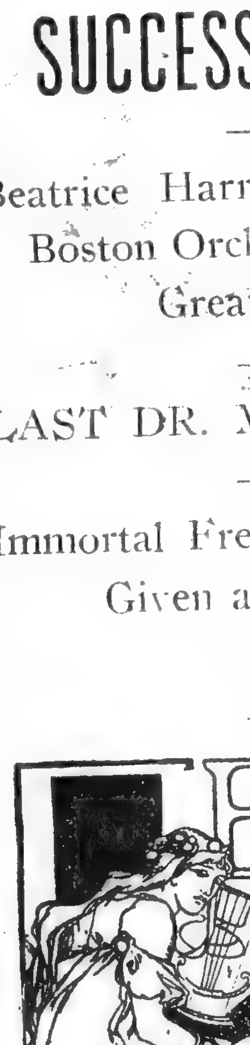

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From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address Philadelphia
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN FINAL CONCERT

Series Closes With Magnificent Cello Performance by Beatrice Harrison and a Brahms Symphony.

PROGRAM.

First Symphony .... Brahms
Faust Overture .... Wagner
Variations on a Rococo Theme.... Tschaikowsky
Overture, "Der Freischuetz" .... Weber

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Beatrice Harrison, the young English artist, was the soloist in the Tschaikowsky Variations for the violoncello. This is her first season in this country. She carried all before her in Russia and Germany ere coming to America. English by birth she took at 9 the gold medal offered conjointly by the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music in London—the youngest of all who have been thus honored—and at 17 received the Mendelsshon prize in Berlin. Her chief teacher has been Hugo Becker, the Frankfort master.

Her playing was the poetry of motion in the supple grace of the bowing wrist and arm. With fingers holding the strings in vise-like tenacity she drew from the fine old instrument tones of unctuous sonority and sweetness. It was a rare combination of tenderness and power—of compelling pathos and virile strength. Like the rest of the few who have conquered this elusive and difficult instrument so seldom essayed by a woman, incessant study has brought her to the point where the effort entailed vanishes into the perfected art, and the arduous precedent toil of the studio is obliterated. Miss Harrison is an artist in the true sense consecrated to her calling and convincingly endowed with the divine fire—the true Promethean flame that burns in the inspiration of a Bloomfield Zeisler.

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From Freie Presse
Address BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Date MAR 1916

Established

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From EVENING NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
MAR 1 1915
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Address: New York City
MAR 22 1915
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From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date

Establi

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Address: Baltimore, Md.

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Baltimore, March 15.

From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date ____________

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Beatrice Harrison, Soloist With Boston Orchestra, Captivates Great Audience

LAST DR. MUCK CONCERT

Immortal Freischutz Overture Is Given as a Delightful Finale

BEATRICE HARRISON, a soloist new to this public, scraped and bowed her way into the good graces of a Boston orchestra audience at the Academy of Music last evening, in the final concert of Doctor Muck's local series. The scraping was on the strings of a superb cello—for Miss Harrison is a cello player of high degree—the bowing, likewise, educed from this noble instrument the wayward, fascinating strains of Tschaikowsky's dazzling "Variations on a Rococo Theme," drowned, at times, in the all-pervading immensity of accompaniment by Doctor Muck's galaxy of star instrumentalists.

Miss Harrison is plump, petite and pretty. In her right arm is muscularity and wondrous flexibility, and the fingers of her sinister hand seemed multiplied again and again as they flashed over the resonant strings.

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Overture, "Der Freischuetz"	Weber

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nthun.

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EVENING NEWS
Baltimore, Md.
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Baltimore, March 15.

From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

6 1915

Date

Est 884

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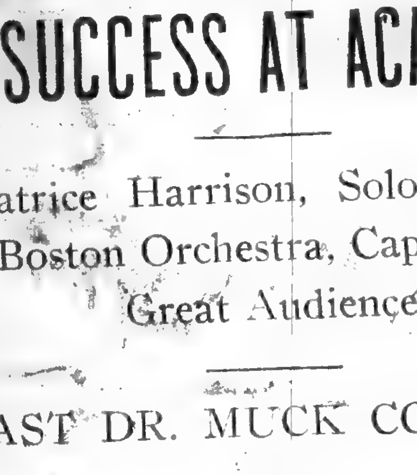
Immortal Freischutz Overture Is Given as a Delightful Finale



BEATRICE HARRISON, a soloist new to this public, scraped and bowed her way into the good graces of a Boston orchestra audience at the Academy of Music last evening, in the final concert of Doctor Muck's local series. The scraping was on the strings of a superb cello—for Miss Harrison is a cello player of high degree—the bowing, likewise, educed from this noble instrument the wayward, fascinating strains of Tschaikowsky's dazzling "Variations on a Rococo Theme," drowned, at times, in the all-pervading immensity of accompaniment by Doctor Muck's galaxy of star instrumentalists.

Miss Harrison is plump, petite and pretty. In her right arm is muscularity and wondrous flexibility, and the fingers of her sinister hand seemed multiplied again and again as they flashed over the resonant strings.

The seven variations in their entirety were played with artistic authority and graceful refinement, together with a naive, earnest enthusiasm that quite captivated the great audience, and ban- [illegible] musical [illegible] from heavy preliminary instalments of Brahms and Wagner.

Miss Harrison scored an artistic and popular success—and this without the Sandow strength and Hennig technique traditionally associated with cello playing by virtuosi. Her stopping is flawless, her technique facile and brilliant, and her range of tonal expression large, flexible and under instant control. And her style, moreover, is all her own, proclaimed and enforced without reminiscent suggestion or ad captandum mannerisms.

Before this grateful disclosure of a new star soloist, Doctor Muck's great orchestra ran through the movements of Johannes Brahm's first symphony in C minor, over which inharmonious pundits in south Germany are still at war. Afterward came Wagner's mighty "Faust" overture, played as only the Boston musicians can play it.

As a delightful finale was given the immortal "Freischutz" overture—for the most part in the peculiar tempi so strangely affected by orchestral concert conductors, who sometimes love to smite dramatism with an ax.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address Philadelphia

Date MAR - 6

884

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN FINAL CONCERT

Series Closes With Magnificent Cello Performance by Beatrice Harrison and a Brahms Symphony.

PROGRAM.

First Symphony	Brahms
Faust Overture	Wagner
Variations on a Rococo Theme	Tschaikowsky
Overture, "Der Freischuetz"	Weber

The patient vigil of hours which many of the hearers of the Boston Symphony Orchestra cheerfully undergo at the Academy doors for each concert was never more richly rewarded than in last night's finale of the 30th season.

Beatrice Harrison, the young English artist, was the soloist in the Tschaikowsky Variations for the violoncello. This is her first season in this country. She carried all before her in Russia and Germany ere coming to America. English by birth she took at 9 the gold medal offered conjointly by the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music in London—the youngest of all who have been thus honored—and at 17 received the Mendelsshon prize in Berlin. Her chief teacher has been Hugo Becker, the Frankfort master.

Her playing was the poetry of motion in the supple grace of the bowing wrist and arm. With fingers holding the strings in vise-like tenacity she drew from the fine old instrument tones of unctuous sonority and sweetness. It was a rare combination of tenderness and power—of compelling pathos and virile strength. Like the rest of the few who have conquered this elusive and difficult instrument so seldom essayed by a woman, incessant study has brought her to the point where the effort entailed vanishes into the perfected art, and the arduous precedent toil of the studio is obliterated. Miss Harrison is an artist in the true sense consecrated to her calling and convincingly endowed with the divine fire—the true Promethean flame that burns in the inspiration of a Bloomfield Zeisler.

The audience applauded and recalled to the echo, and the tribute was acknowledged with unaffected modesty and a genuflection not less rhythmically graceful than the manipulation of the bow. It was completely a triumph.

The Weber "Der Freischuetz" overture, with Agatha's Prayer taken at a strikingly deliberate pace to elicit the full mellow concordance of the horns, held contrasting episodes of sparkling gayety such as only Weber can write and only such leadership as Muck's can properly set forth; the Faust overture, in nowise memorably great music, was given with its full quota of Byronic stress and sentiment. But the orchestral glory of the program was the noble symphony and the glory of the symphony was the work of the choir of wood-wind. Such a luscious voice as that of the oboe in the first movement, and in its more extended opportunity in the Andante, places Mr. Longy in a class by himself. The flute was admirable, so was the clarinet, and it was a wonderful outpouring of the violas in the Andante. The third movement passed without cessation into the finale at the Adagio where first the horns, then the flute, then the trombones—silenced till that time—were heard in tones of supreme and enchanting beauty. The Chestertonian Mr. Witek as concertmeister comported himself admirably, and was quite the life of the great violin choir. The concert left the auditors in the mood of deep regret that it is a long, long time to next November.

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on Symphony Orcheſtra.

Boſton Symphony Orcheſtra gab Abend unter der Leitung ſeines en Dirigenten, Dr. Carl Muck, in Academy of Muſic das letzte Konzert dieſer Saiſon und war die Soliſtin die Celliſtin Beatrice Harriſon. Die Küſtlerin ſpielte höchſtvollendet Tſchaikowski's Variationen über ein Roccoco-Thema und endete großen Applaus ſeitens des das Haus anſehnlich füllenden Publikums. Das Orcheſter wartete mit Mozarts bekannter Jupiter Symph Gehör (C-Dur), Goldmarks „Sakuntal eizender vertüre, die ganz vorzüglich Sowohl gebracht wurde, und Dvorak die auch die Ouvertüre „Karneval" au ten ſich meh- Dr. Carl Mu langanhaltend erbeugen.

EVENING NEWS
Baltimore, Md.

MAR 1 7 1915

SYMPHONY TO PLAY HIS COMPOSITION

GUSTAV STRUBE

ORCHESTRA TO PLAY STRUBE COMPOSITION

Concert At Lyric Tonight To Be Last Of The Boston Symphony Series.

A feature of particular interest at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert in the Lyric tonight will be the first performance in this city of the work of a Baltimore composer, the "Original Theme with Variations," by Gustave Strube, who succeeded the late O. B. Boise at the Peabody Conservatory as director of the department of harmony and composition.

Mr. Strube is well known as a composer and his works have frequently found a prominent place on the programs of organizations as important as the Boston Symphony. The number that will be heard tonight was splendidly received at its initial Boston performance a few weeks ago. The composer was for 21 years a member of the Boston Symphony organization, having served for some time as assistant director.

The concert tonight will be the fifth and last of the Boston orchestra's local season. Beatrice Harrison, the English cellist, will be the soloist, her number being Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Roroco Theme."

Dr. Karl Muck, the director, will present Sibelius First Symphony as the principal orchestral offering and will close the concert with Dvorak's "Carnival" overture.

AATS-ZEITUNG
New York City

MAR 2 2 1915

Establishe

‥ Samstag Nachmittag brachte Dr. Muck die diesjährige New Yorker Saiſon der Boſtoner mit einem virtuos durchgeführten Programm zu einem höchſt erfreulichen Ende. Die Schubert'ſche C-Dur-Symphonie eine der köſtlichſten Leiſtungen der Boſtoner, in Klangſchönheit getaucht, von einer liebevollen Ausmeißelung der Melodie, die hinreißend wirkte, dabei von Muck mit jener edlen Einfachheit dirigirt, die das Wort von der himmliſchen „Länge" vergeſſen macht. Weniger erquicklich war eine recht ausgedehnte und gekünſtelte „Phantaſie" für Orcheſter und Oboe von d'Indy, welche franzöſche Volkslieder verarbeitet, ſie dabei jedoch ſtark verunziert. Geſpielt wurde ganz ausgezeichnet, und der erſte Oboiſt des Orcheſters, Herr Longy, heiſchte wieder Bewunderung für ſeinen entzückenden leichten Ton, ſeine reife Phraſirung und die Geläufigkeit ſeiner Technik. Dvorak's „Carneval"-Ouverture beendete das Konzert und die Spielzeit der Boſtoner in einer Weiſe, die nur den [illegible] Wunſch zuläßt: „Auf Wiederſehen im nächſten Jahre!"

H.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City

Date MAR 2 1

Esta 1884

BOSTON ORCHESTRA ENDS SERIES HERE

Schubert Symphony, d'Indy Fantasia and Dvorak Overture Given.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the final concert of its New York season yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, and the perfection of the great band's playing gave renewed cause for regret that the Boston's concerts are so few. If only Dr. Muck would make his programmes equal in interest to his readings! But this is an apt and apparently hopeless plaint.

There were only three numbers on the programme yesterday—the Schubert C major Symphony, Vincent d'Indy's Fantasia for oboe and orchestra on French folk tunes, and Dvorak's "Carneval" Overture.

The great Schubert symphony was given a most beautiful performance, especially in the scherzo and the finale. Dr. Muck brought out superbly the romantic poetry of the composition, and his musicians responded to his slightest wish. At least for the Schubert numbers we must be grateful.

The d'Indy fantasia was a novelty to New York. Dr. Muck has not been partial to French music this season, and the introduction of this work, which, though first published in Paris in 1888, has only just reached the shores of the New World, will therefore add to the Boston orchestra leader's claim to eclecticism of taste. But the work itself will add to neither M. d'Indy's fame nor to the pleasure of musical remembrance. It was a well made composition, but the oboe is not an instrument suited to a large hall, accompanied by a full orchestra. To a piano accompaniment in a chamber music concert the fantasia might possess a certain limited appeal. In the vast reaches of Carnegie Hall all effect was lost and only monotony remained. Mr. George Longy, who sustained the solo part, did all that he could to bring recognition to the work, and such an excellent artist could not altogether fail.

From TIMES
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAR 2 6

Date

rk, 1884

BOSTON ORCHESTRA CHARMS IN FINAL ACADEMY CONCERT

Beatrice Harrison, the young English 'cellist, was the soloist at the last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Academy of Music last night. The programme comprised Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Goldmark's Overture to "Sakuntala," Tschaikowsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme for violoncello with orchestral accompaniment, and Dvorak's "Carnival" overture, spanning a century of orchestral composition and preserving neutrality between the forces at war.

The opening number was played in a manner that seemed to solve the mystery that enshrouds its name. The air of supernatural dignity and power, the calm impressive sweep of the theme, interspersed with the unexpected triplets, and followed by the optimistic brilliancy of the fugue finale sounded as though Dr. Muck were seeking to strengthen the theory that Mozart's work was the description of a great god in rare good humor.

"Sakuntala," the first and most popular of Goldmark's important works, was presented with the same descriptive fidelity, and if the audience was not quick to perceive the indications of its composer's intent in the various themes, as emphasized by the commentatore, the performance was not less pleasing.

Miss Harrison played in the Tschaikowsky number in a manner that merited every one of the six recalls she received. This piece is not a work for public performance by any save artists of the first rank, but the demure English 'cellist was mistress of every variation. Retaining a firm grip with her knees upon the body of the instrument, she swept a strong free bow across the strings, with an accuracy of technical skill that, far from sacrificing tone, set the 'cello singing in sympathy. Miss Harrison's performance furnished more than a glimpse of the possibilities of the 'cello as a tenor instrument.

"Carnival," with its swift play of the emotions furnished a fitting finale to the oncert and the series. In the five conrts of the season Dr. Muck has presnted four works of Beethovan, two of ahms, two of Sibelius, two of Richard auss, one from Handel, Mendelssohntholdy, Ropartz, Saint-Saens, Schunn, and Weber, in addition to those he programme last night. Four so have appeared—Pasquale Amato, d Bauer, Fritz Kreisler and the t of last evening.

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timore, Md.

N SYMPHONY HERE NEXT SEASON

Boston Symphony Orchestra, arl Muck, conductor, will re- Baltimore next season for another series of five concerts. The assisting artists announced are two vocalists and a violinist—Miss Geraldine Farrar and Madame Melba and Fritz Kreisler, all of whom are successful artists of the first rank.

As heretofore the concerts will be given on Wednesday nights. The dates are November 3, December 1, January 5, 1916, February 16 and

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date

Est

MUSIC OF TODAY BY BOSTON ORCHESTRA

1884

Splendid Program at the Lyric Includes Composition By Local Artist.

Playing some remarkably significant music, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, gave the fifth and last of its season's concerts in Baltimore at the Lyric last night. Features of the program were Miss Beatrice Harrison, violoncellist, as special soloist, and the performance for the first time in Baltimore of the theme and variations, in F major, by Gustav Strube, principal instructor of harmony and composition at the Peabody Conservatory of Music. The audience filled the hall.

Dr. Muck's program was particularly acceptable because it contained music of the present day—music representative of the world as it is rather than as it has been. Of this there was much—more than was necessary for a well-balanced program, in fact, but not too much by comparison with other programs the Boston Symphony Orchestra has given in this city this season. The program was also particularly agreeable because none of its numbers has been heard often in Baltimore.

Genius comes into the world in the most unexpected places. In Finland was born Jan Sibelius, whose Symphony No. 1, in E minor, Opus 39, was played last night. He is recorded to have composed four symphonies so far. His first was composed in 1899.

This first symphony of Sibelius' contains countless periods of marvelous expression. It contains a message and a warning for modern composers the world over. The message is the need of active, positive expression in music, the need of sharp visualization of musical thought. The warning is that much of musical composition is drifting into nothingness, into meaninglessness, through the passive, negative thoughts and methods of composers. Musical art today is going to sleep. It is sleeping. It is talking in its sleep. Sibelius' music is awake; and it is speaking rationally, earnestly. Who will hear? Who will heed?

Dvorak's Overture, Carnival, Opus 92, which closed the concert, was played most brilliantly by the orchestra. It is a lively, fervent piece, and shows Dvorak to better advantage than his familiar New World Symphony.

Miss Harrison played Tschaikowsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme, for violoncello, Opus 33, with orchestral accompaniment. While not wholly like the characteristic Tschaikowsky, the work is interesting, nevertheless, and frequently quite beautiful. Miss Harrison played it exceedingly well and in a manner which proved her to be a virtuoso. Her performance was most skilful and Dr. Muck directed the orchestra with such certainty and co-operation with the soloist as to allow her reading of the composition its full individuality. This individuality was full of poise, subtleties and charm.

Mr. Strube's new composition is wholly worthy music, and it was well received. After its performance Mr. Strube himself appeared upon the stage four times in response to continued applause. The work was presented well, even though its playing seemed a little cautious. It is scored for full orchestra and consists of an original theme, ten variations in many keys and a finale.

Mr. Strube was one of the first violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for many years and resigned his position with the orchestra to succeed Otis Bardwell Boise as teacher of composition at the Peabody Conservatory, after Mr. Boise's death. A large number of Mr. Strube's compositions have been performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston.

Mr. Strube's ideas and his management of the orchestra in his new work are full of beauty and genuine skill. Baltimore is fortunate to have such an able resident musician.

J. N. H.

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City

Date

Esta

Boston Orchestra Gives Its Closing Evening Concert

188

By Sylvester-Rawling.

DR. KARL MUCK and the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the fifth and last evening concert of their New York season at Carnegie Hall last night. Only the matinee for to-morrow remains for a farewell. Berlioz's symphony "Harold in Italy" was the principal number. It is so rarely played that it has the virtue of a new work, and it was played so superbly last night that one may be forgiven for overestimating its worth.

Too prolix, of course, as are most musical works, not excluding those of the present day, it has a comprehensive ideal, intrinsic beauty and sound musicianship to recommend it, which the crowded and distinguished musical and society audience was not slow to recognize. If for nothing else it served to introduce a rare artist at the viola, Emile Ferir, the head of the orchestra's violist choir, who made an unmistakable impression as the soloist, representing Harold in the symphony.

Besides the programme held "Ormazd," a symphonic poem by our own Frederick Shepherd Converse, in which he strives to depict the eternal fight between light and darkness. It is cleverly orchestrated, superficially effective, and yet fails to reach the inner consciousness with a lightning bolt of inspiration. A third number was Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasia after Shakespeare. All were played masterfully. Dr. Muck, who had insisted that Mr. Ferir share the honors with him in the Berlioz work, made the whole orchestra at the end rise to acknowledge the applause.

From EAGLE
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date

Est

EXPLAINS SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Fique on Programme for Tonight at Academy by Bostonians.

34

Carl Fique last night in the lecture hall of the Academy of Music gave an explanatory recital of the programme which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to play tonight in the opera house of the Academy. Before a Brooklyn Institute audience Mr. Fique said that in this time of war it is pleasant to know one realm that is strictly neutral, the realm of music. This programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he said, shows one Russian surrounded by three Austrians. He referred to Tschaikowsky, whose "Variations on a Rococo Theme for the Violoncello" will be played by Miss Beatrice Harrison tonight with orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Fique characterized Tschaikowsky as one of the greatest musicians of all times. Discussing Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Mr. Fique said that the composer did not give to his work that name; it was so called by the great pianist, Cramer. This was considered one of the greatest symphonies of olden times before the days of Beethoven. The "adagio" movement, Mr. Fique believes, is one of the most wonderful pieces ever written at any age. Mozart did not pose as a reformer nor did he have any pronounced principles to give to the world, but simply wrote as if he were inspired. He was the first man who made the orcehstra instruments sing. The minuet is a very characteristic piece of writing and seems to portray the Vienna of the later eighteenth century.

Mr. Fique then took up the overture to "Sakuntala," by Goldmark, which, he said, was written for the drama, and not for opera. This was followed by the "Carnival" overture of Dvorak, a brilliant composition, the name of which describes its whole contents, one mad whirl of masquerades and merriment.

Mr. Fique begged the indulgence of the audience because of an injury to one of the fingers of his right

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From EVENING POST
Address: New York City

Date

Esta

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra ga its fifth and last evening concert of t season in Carnegie Hall last night, pr senting a programme that had one adm able quality, brevity. If such works the Berlioz symphony, "Harold in Italy must be given, it is advisable not to d tain an audience too long. That it w beautifully played even those who d not hear it will admit, and Mr. Emi Férir deserved the applause he receive In his hands the viola is quite as inte esting as a violin.

Had Mr. Converse adopted the Walt Whitman philosophy of life and "invited his soul to loaf," instead of developing technique by long and careful study of the composers, whose feelings and thoughts created individual means of expression, his "Ormazd" might have been something that it is not, convincing. Whenever the composer seemed to say something, the taunting fiend, memory, would make one say, "Where have I heard that?" and "Ormazd" was lost for the time being.

Tchaikovsky's overture-fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet," did much in the cause of romantic music. It does not need "Harold in Italy" and "Ormazd" to give it interest by contrast, but it was fortunate for them that the exigencies of programme making put it last. Tchaikovsky made melodies do what others attempt with instrumental trickeries. It was the love duet so exquisitely played, that the audience took away, not the wanderings of Harold or the battle of Light and Darkness.

From EVENING NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date

Est

BOSTON SYMPHONY CLOSES ITS SEASON

88

Gustav Strube's Composition Proves Theme Of Enduring Quality.

The last of the five concerts given this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was one of peculiar interest, including, as it did, Sibelius' most characteristic symphony in E minor, and a work altogether new to Baltimore—"Variations on an Original Theme," by Gustav Strube.

The symphony has all the virtues and vices of the typical Slavonic school of today; it is highly imaginative, most original in orchestral coloring and crowded with picturesque and fanciful episodes; but, in spite of all these allurements, the impression left at the end is something indefinite, intangible and lacking in finality.

It is indeed much as if a series of problems were presented for solution and at the end remained still unsolved. This is particularly the case in the first and last movements, but in the opening of the second movement a really beautiful theme in a rhythm easily intelligible was a delightful relief. The scherzo is eccentric and bizarre more than anything else, and is only redeemed by a very striking and original horn episode in the middle.

Mr. Strube is to be heartily congratulated on his very musicianly and interesting composition. There are not many composers living today capable of writing a theme of such enduring quality, as will bear so many variations without monotony, but this is just what Mr. Strube has succeeded in doing; and then the variations themselves are remarkable specimens of their kind both in orchestral coloring and as illustrations of the latest developments of the evolution of variation form.

The soloist was Miss Beatrice Harrison, the young English violoncellist, who was heard in Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme," unfortunately one of the most unoriginal and uncharacteristic works of this composer.

Miss Harrison has remarkable gifts; her playing is finished and most refined, and she has, moreover, a brillant technic; but somehow she just fails to attain real greatness as a player through a certain want of virility and individuality, though, in all justice, it must be said that this might be accounted for to some extent by the nature of Tschaikowsky's composition.

The concert concluded with a particularly brilliant performance of Dvorak's "Carnival." Perhaps never before have we parted from Dr. Muck so unwillingly, for, with the single exception of Beethoven's "Overture to Egmont," his readings this season have been practically beyond criticism; and, what is more, he has, on the whole, been far more sympathetic in his programs than ever before, giving us a full share of the classics, and at the same time only the best of modern productions.

H. D. P.

From STANDARD UNION
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date

Estal

FIQUE EXPLAINS TO-NIGHT'S BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

34

Carl Fique gave an explanatory recital of the programme which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to play to-night, in the lecture hall of the Academy of Music last evening. This programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he said, shows one Russian surrounded by three Austrians. He referred to Tschaikowsky, whose variations on a rococo theme for the violoncello will be played by Miss Beatrice Harrison to-night with orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Fique characterized Tschaikowsky as one of the greatest musicians of all times.

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Mr. Fique begged the indulgence of the audience because of an injury to one of the fingers of his right hand. Despite this handicap, he played with splendid technical skill and sympathetic insight themes and passages in illustration of his talk.

From PRESS
Address: New York City

Date MAR 21 1915

Esta

FAREWELL CONCERT GIVEN

Boston Orchestra Plays for Last Time This Season.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the last concert of its New York season yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. There were no extraordinary demonstrations for the famous band, however, nor even for Dr. Karl Muck, though the distinguished Bavarian conductor, whose contract expires this spring, may have been wielding the baton for the last time in this city.

After Schubert's symphony in C major, which received a beautifully euphonious and transparent, though hardly an inspiring, performance at the beginning of the programme, all the musicians stood up, at their leader's request, in recognition of the applause. But the Boston orchestra's subscribers have come to consider that act a feature of every concert.

Georges Longy, veteran member of the organization, evoked much enthusiasm with d'Indy's Fantasia on French Folk Tunes, for oboe and orchestra, opus 31. Presumably, little of the approval was intended for the work itself—an admirably scored composition without a scintilla of inspiration.

Dvorak's "Carnival" overture brought

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

BEATRICE HARRISON FAMED AS 'CELLIST

1884

Philadelphia Orchestra Program Will Present American Singer as Soloist.

TSCHAIKOWSKY SYMPHONY

Other Musical Events That Will Be of Interest to Local Concert-Goers.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will bring its thirtieth consecutive season in Philadelphia to an end tomorrow even-

BEATRICE HARRISON

ing with a concert in the Academy of Music. At the beginning of the season the management promised but three soloists—Amato, Bauer and Kreisler—all of whom have appeared. Notwithstanding this, there will be a soloist at this last concert, Beatrice Harrison, a young English violoncellist. Those who have heard Miss Harrison play agree that she has a remarkable talent. She took the gold medal given jointly by the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music of London when she was 9 years old, the youngest who had ever received that honor, and when she was 17 she received the Mendelssohn prize in Berlin. A greater part of her studying was done with Hugo Becker, of Frankfort.

The program which Dr. Muck has arranged for this concert comprises the First Symphony of Brahms, in C minor, the "Faust" Overture of Wagner, Tschaikowsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme, for violoncello and orchestra, and Weber's Overture, "Der Freischuetz."

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date

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J. N. H.

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City
Date

Boston Orchestra Gives Its Closing Evening Concert

By Sylvester Rawling.

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dress: Brooklyn, N. Y.
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Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date

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The symphony has all the virtues and vices of the typical Slavonic school of today; it is highly imaginative, most original in orchestral coloring and crowded with picturesque and fanciful episodes; but, in spite of all these allurements, the impression left at the end is something indefinite, intangible and lacking in finality.

It is indeed much as if a series of problems were presented for solution and at the end remained still unsolved. This is particularly the case in the first and last movements, but in the opening of the second movement a really beautiful theme in a rhythm easily intelligible was a delightful relief. The scherzo is eccentric and bizarre more than anything else, and is only redeemed by a very striking and original horn episode in the middle.

Mr. Strube is to be heartily congratulated on his very musicianly and interesting composition. There are not many composers living today capable of writing a theme of such enduring quality, as will bear so many variations without monotony, but this is just what Mr. Strube has succeeded in doing; and then the variations themselves are remarkable specimens of their kind both in orchestral coloring and as illustrations of the latest developments of the evolution of variation form.

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Miss Harrison has remarkable gifts; her playing is finished and most refined, and she has, moreover, a brillant technic; but somehow she just fails to attain real greatness as a player through a certain want of virility and individuality, though, in all justice, it must be said that this might be accounted for to some extent by the nature of Tschaikowsky's composition.

The concert concluded with a particularly brilliant performance of Dvorak's "Carnival." Perhaps never before have we parted from Dr. Muck so unwillingly, for, with the single exception of Beethoven's "Overture to Egmont," his readings this season have been practically beyond criticism; and, what is more, he has, on the whole, been far more sympathetic in his programs than ever before, giving us a full share of the classics, and at the same time only the best of modern productions.

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PRESS
ess: New York City
MAR 21 1915

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* *

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date

MUSIC OF TODAY BY BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Splendid Program at the Lyric Includes Composition By Local Artist.

Playing some remarkably significant music, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, gave the fifth and last of its season's concerts in Baltimore at the Lyric last night. Features of the program were Miss Beatrice Harrison, violoncellist, as special soloist, and the performance for the first time in Baltimore of the theme and variations, in F major, by Gustav Strube, principal instructor of harmony and composition at the Peabody Conservatory of Music. The audience filled the hall.

Dr. Muck's program was particularly acceptable because it contained music of the present day—music representative of the world as it is rather than as it has been. Of this there was much—more than was nessessary for a well-balanced program, in fact, but not too much by comparison with other programs the Boston Symphony Orchestra has given in this city this season. The program was also particularly agreeable because none of its numbers has been heard often in Baltimore.

Genius comes into the world in the most unexpected places. In Finland was born Jan Sibelius, whose Symphony No. 1, in E minor, Opus 39, was played last night. He is recorded to have composed four symphonies so far. His first was composed in 1899.

This first symphony of Sibelius' contains countless periods of marvelous expression. It contains a message and a warning for modern composers the world over. The message is the need of active, positive expression in music, the need of sharp visualization of musical thought. The warning is that much of musical composition is drifting into nothingness, into meaninglessness, through the passive, negative thoughts and methods of composers. Musical art today is going to sleep. It is sleeping. It is talking in its sleep. Sibelius' music is awake; and it is speaking rationally, earnestly. Who will hear? Who will heed?

Dvorak's Overture, Carnival, Opus 92, which closed the concert, was played most brilliantly by the orchestra. It is a lively, fervent piece, and shows Dvorak to better advantage than his familiar New World Symphony.

Miss Harrison played Tschaikowsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme, for violoncello, Opus 33, with orchestral accompaniment. While not wholly like the characteristic Tschaikowsky, the work is interesting, nevertheless, and frequently quite beautiful. Miss Harrison played it exceedingly well and in a manner which proved her to be a virtuoso. Her performance was most skilful and Dr. Muck directed the orchestra with such certainty and co-operation with the soloist as to allow her reading of the composition its full individuality. This individuality was full of poise, subtleties and charm.

Mr. Strube's new composition is wholly worthy music, and it was well received. After its performance Mr. Strube himself appeared upon the stage four times in response to continued applause. The work was presented well, even though its playing seemed a little cautious. It is scored for full orchestra and consists of an original theme, ten variations in many keys and a finale.

Mr. Strube was one of the first violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for many years and resigned his position with the orchestra to succeed Otis Bardwell Boise as teacher of composition at the Peabody Conservatory, after Mr. Boise's death. A large number of Mr. Strube's compositions have been performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston.

Mr. Strube's ideas and his management of the orchestra in his new work are full of beauty and genuine skill. Baltimore is fortunate to have such an able resident musician.

J. N. H.

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Address: New York City

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SUN

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date MAR 21 1915

DR. CARL MUCK LEADS SCHUBE

tabl

Boston Symphony Orchestra Last Concert of Season at Carnegie Hall.

SOME REMARKS ON AUDIE

Philip Hale's Orange Colored phlet Supplies Hard Concrete Talk on Abstract Matters.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Let us admit that about the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which gave its last concert of the season yesterday afternoon, there is something of the sublime. The high position of the mother-in-law has been commented upon. She is a combination of the dignity of the mother and the majesty of the law.

There are a similar dignity and majesty about the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is not only orchestral and symphonic, but it is Bostonian. There is no need to say more. There is no need even to use the blessed word intellectual.

When you attend a Boston Symphony concert you notice two things. The first is that the house is always full—I refer to the quantity and not the state of the audience—and the second is that it is very serious. Also, if it is an evening concert there are a lot of men. Young people hardly ever go to a Boston Symphony concert. They scent, though unjustly, something educatory. But forgive them a natural timidity. Children are cruelly expose to education.

Another feature of these musical ceremonies is an orange-colored book, a pile of which is left, with careful carelessness, on a window ledge opposite the hall. This book is some forty pages long and is a guide to the music. Oh! Art, what misdeeds are committed in thy name!

Some people become so engrossed in the guide that they forget the music, as the ceaseless progress of the taximeter destroys the pleasure of your ride.

The current tome—"book" is hardly a term of sufficient volume—contains references to Zoroaster, Ahriman, Childe Harold, Duzahk, Garodman, the Fravashis, Mily Balakireff—which are not fortresses on the Dardanelles—the Girondists, Friar Laurence, Trepaks in the Arbatsky Palace, Hanslick, Donizetti, Phaeton, the Stone Man, Don Giovanni Apollo, Jean Paul Richter, Meyerbeer, Felix Weingartner, Edmonstoune Duncan, Millet, Tiersot, performing lions, "Signor" Caruso, John Evelyn, the diarist; Thomas Gray, the elegist; Tomaseo and Bellini, John Milton and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The encyclopaedist is Philip Hale.

Real Conversational Manual.

It is stated that Bostonians of small education but ready acumen make a point of studying Mr. Hale's booklets, look up the references, and thus are able to maintain their places in public and private as intellectual conversationalists until the next booklet issues. The fund of conversation is never exhausted, for the encyclopedia of music cross references with miscellaneous learning and literature, appears weekly. Music is an abstract subject hard to discuss. Philip Hale supplies the concrete.

But the men whom you see at the evening concerts deserve particular notice. They are not the wild and wide-eyed, the Maenad Laired creatures you see at the ordinary recital, suggesting a pandemonium, and belonging apparently to some intermediate sex and almost fainting in delicious agony to a chord of the diminished fifth.

The men you see at Carnegie Hall on these Boston nights all look like keen-witted New England lawyers living on the quarrels, calamities and delusions of foolish New Yorkers. Whether the passions and emotions of music convey to those well-balanced and iron-sinewed hearts any flutter or thrill is a question that has never been discovered. But they listen to Brahms, Strauss and Wagner with the concentrated but frigid attention they might devote to the perusal of a legal document. They show adumbrations of enthusiasm at the last concert of the season. But they are always there and always pay for their seats.

No Deadheads.

And the managers of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have succeeded in excluding the professional deadheads, those depressing chain gangs that through the indulgence of some impresarios and the encouragement of others become the leeches and vampires of entertainments. The women who attend—ah! that is another thing—their general tone is one of unquestioned refinement and understanding. They may be a bit stern and Puritanic. They may take their music slightly on its mathematical side, and they would never stand globbing and sobbing in the aisle-ways crying, as some did to Caruso on his farewell night, "Oh! Come back to us! Do no (sob) desert us." When everybody knew he was coming back in a few weeks.

No; among the women of the Boston Symphony audiences there are no Bacchantes, only Dianas and Heras, and a lot of tranquil-faced Pallas Athenes from the schools and colleges outside the city, poor hardworking women who have scraped and saved that they may come up to New York for the "Boston Saturday" afternoon, and after the humblest lunch attend the gloomy and frowsy old Carnegie Hall to lose themselves a while in that impersonal world of peace, fulfillment and exquisite visions that only music, and music as the Boston Sym-

reveal. wistful look on these is something not to be forgotten. It ways makes me want to surrender seats to them.

Concerning yesterday's programme tle remains to be said. The symph was Schubert's in C major. It is l but its length is not felt.

We had something by M. Vin d'Indy, a pendant and an experiment without inspiration, and also Dvo

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From AMERICAN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date

Established: Lo

THE LYRIC

With a soloist of unusual interest, and with the performance of a new work by one of the leading musicians of Baltimore, the last concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be given in the Lyric Theater next Wednesday evening, March 17, promises to be one of the best of the series. As already announced, the soloist will be Beatrice Harrison, the young English cellist, who has had such an extraordinary career. According to those best fitted to judge, Miss Harrison can be compared only with the unique Pablo Casals, who is amongst violoncellists what Kreisler is among violinists and Paderewski among pianists. She will play Tschaikowsky's charming variations on a Rococo theme.

Mr. Gustav Strube, whose new variations on an original theme, opens the second half of the program, has, since the fall of 1913, been chief teacher of theory and composition in the Peabody Conservatory. For 21 years previous to that he had been a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The first number on the program will be the fine first symphony of the Finnish composer, Sibelius, and the final number will be Dvorak's merry Carnival overture.

BEATRICE HARRISON
SOLOIST
BOSTON SYM. ORCHESTRA
AT THE
LYRIC
MARCH 17TH

BOSTON GLOBE

MARCH 20,

SYMPHONY PLAYERS TO 'FRISCO MAY 9

Special Train of Nine Cars —Four Days En Route.

Thirteen Exposition Programs— "Pops" to Begin June 3.

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Notwithstanding the offers of local managers in cities along the way, there will be no intermediate concerts and no stopovers. The Panama Exposition retains the exclusive right of presenting the orchestra, and is said to have guaranteed to pay a large sum of money for each of the 13 concerts to be played on its grounds.

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From AMERICAN
Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date

Established: Lo

THE LYRIC

With a soloist of unusual interest, and with the performance of a new work by one of the leading musicians of Baltimore, the last concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be given in the Lyric Theater next Wednesday evening, March 17, promises to be one of the best of the series. As already announced, the soloist will be Beatrice Harrison, the young English cellist, who has had such an extraordinary career. According to those best fitted to judge, Miss Harrison can be compared only with the unique Pablo Casals, who is amongst violoncellists what Kreisler is among violinists and Paderewski among pianists. She will play Tschaikowsky's charming variations on a Rococo theme.

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From ENQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date MAR 1 4 1915
Established:

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SUNDAY POST, MARCH 28, 1915

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WORLD

ADVERTISER,

MARCH 27

VARIED SYMPHONY PROGRAM PLEASES

MODERN AND CLASSICAL BOTH REPRESENTED

Vocal Soloist Adds to Pleasure—Borodin, Beethoven and Brahms

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME

Borodin—Symphony in B minor, No. 2
Beethoven—Three songs with Orchestra.
Soloist, Miss Elena Gerhardt.
Reger—Four Tone-pictures for Orchestra.
Brahms—Three Songs with Orchestra.
Miss Elena Gerhardt.
Weber—"Oberon" Overture.

In such a varied programme everybody must have found something to his taste, and the catholic auditor must have found some pleasure in almost all of it. Dr. Muck followed his usual scheme of neutralizing the moderns by giving classical selections after their works. Thus Borodin was ameliorated by Beethoven, and Reger by Weber and Brahms. We are never very anxious for vocalists in these concerts, but such a musicianly singer as Elena Gerhardt is always welcome, and as the Lieder had orchestral accompaniment, the continuity of the programme was rather enhanced than disturbed by her work, although we would have preferred a smaller frame than Symphony Hall for her work.

Borodin has his music by legitimate inheritance, for he claims direct descent from King David (we will not dwell upon such an ancient family scandal). It is wonderful how many Russian composers have a double career. We do not mean of the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde type, but duality of occupation. Many of them have been officials in the Army or Navy, but Borodin was a success both in Chemistry and in Music, sciences which seem as far apart as the poles.

Good Impression

His B minor symphony made a very good impression yesterday afternoon. It is somewhat like Mahler's works in giving very dramatic effects without, however, explaining their definite purport. It is programme music with the programme left untold. But it is, thank heaven, thoroughly Russian, and he builds on a sure foundation who uses the folk-music of his native land. Especially in the third movement do we find the flavor of Russian folk-music, even though the themes are Borodin's own. But the very portico of this edifice, the beginning of the first movement, is majestic enough, with the lofty proclamation of the chief theme by the whole orchestra, in unison and with thunderous power, and at the end, after many changes, it comes back grandly, in augmentation. The sudden changes, the abrupt transitions, the sharp contrasts, all remind of the style of Mahler, although the material is very different from the works of that composer, and we think better.

[illegible] ment has all the barbaric [illegible] olden time, and one can almost see the great Boyars in gorgeous array. Still more does one find a Russian flavor in the Andante. Here Borodin has attempted to picture the bards and minstrels of his country. The contrast with the impetuous Scherzo, that preceded, was very effective. Here, too, the mysterious pizzicato effects seemed to intimate strange events which the auditor was obliged to guess at, since the composer gave no clue, and there was a picturesque monotony. The restless finale, with its free use of 5/4 rhythm, seemed less effective than the first movement, but Borodin does not attempt the fierce revelry with which Tschaikowsky generally ends a symphonic work. Dr. Muck did not over-inflate the Finale, but gave it with broad dignity.

After all, in Music, the contents are more than the workmanship. Reger showed infinitely more learned skill than Borodin, yet we preferred the Russian because of originality, intensity and enthusiasm. And Borodin's symphony might well teach a lesson to many a modern composer, for he has something to say, and, having said it, he actually stops!! We get the real flavor of Orientalism in much music nowadays. One cannot help thinking back upon the time when Beethoven and Mozart wrote so-called Turkish music which was about as Turkish as Pumpernickel, or when Beethoven took a Russian theme in his Rasoumoffsky quartettes and made it sound as if "made in Germany."

Beethoven's Songs

And while we are finding spots upon the sun let us add that we are not devout admirers of Beethoven's songs. They are often merely instrumental in character ("Adelaide" is but a violoncello solo in disguise) and are not equal to the vocal offerings of Schubert, Schumann, Robert Franz, Brahms, or Hugo Wolf. But Elena Gerhardt sang them with almost convincing power and with good quality of voice. Yet the succeeding Brahms numbers seemed the more delightful of the two sets. The breadth of the ending of Beethoven's "Die Ehre Gottes" won the most applause. The accompaniment was skilfully repressed by Dr. Muck, yet on the whole we longed for the singer in a much smaller hall and with a piano.

Boecklin seems to have inspired more music than any other painter. Of course one may remember how Liszt was inspired by Kaulbach, how Paine wrote an Island Fantasy after a picture by Appleton Brown, etc., etc., but this painter has caused Rachmaninoff, Weingartner, Huber, and Reger, to try to translate pictures into tones. Of all of these Rachmaninoff has achieved the greatest result. There is nothing like the portentous and awful character of the Russian's setting of the [illegible] and music as the [illegible]ston Sym-

"Isle of the Dead" in the Reger tone-poems, although he has attempted the same subject, for all of those who set Boecklin to music seem to make at least one excursion to this island. More interesting was "The Fiddling Hermit," which introduced Mr. Noack in an important obbligato. Here at first there were suggestions of Gregorian tones that fitted well to the picture, but later on the hermit fiddled in a more heterodox fashion. A Puritan auditor might say that Reger tried to prove that the fiddle was a means of falling from Grace. But the performance was brilliant, even if it by no means suggested the listening angels in the painting.

Best of the set, perhaps because the most palpable, was the Bacchanale. Boecklin's picture is not at all squeamish, and the music was as frankly abandoned as Chopin's wicked song on a similar topic. What the contrapuntal treatment in the centre meant we cannot decipher, but it did not long interfere with the hiccoughs (in syncopation) or the wild outcries of the drunken orgie. We are glad that Schoenberg has not discovered this picture.

"The Sport of the Waves" suggested neither surges nor beauty; the "Isle of the Dead" was almost an insult after Rachmaninoff's mighty setting. The kettledrum was used in it in the conventional manner to picture dread and suspense, and at one time they had quite a disturbance upon the island. It is evident that 50 Reger's could not picture one Boecklin, for Boecklin had a sense of beauty! Perhaps the final Bacchanale was a suggestion that the characters, having heard the preceding music, had taken to drink.

Then came the Brahms songs as a sedative, and then the concert ended brilliantly with Weber's "Oberon" overture. Sir Huon blew his horn and the muted violin fairies responded to his call, the little fairy march of the introduction and the concluding crash, were all a good introduction. Every Weber work has more horns than a dilemma, and the instruments were well shaded yesterday. The brilliancy of the chief theme, the development and the Coda was done full justice to and the contrasted tenderness of the subordinate theme, given by clarinette, was very effective, and is one of the earliest good clarinette solos in musical history. Altogether the nub of this concert was in its first number, and the Borodin symphony outshone all the rest of the programme.

BOSTON POST,

MARCH 27,

SONGS AND POEMS AT SYMPHONY

Miss Gerhardt, Soloist—Four Pieces by Reger

BY OLIN DOWNES

At the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Elena Gerhardt, mezzo-soprano, was soloist. Four tone poems by Max Reger after pictures by Arnold Boecklin were played for the first time here. Weber's overture to Oberon concluded the programme.

MISS GERHARDT'S SINGING

Miss Gerhardt sang songs by Beethoven and Brahms. The songs of Beethoven are not among the best songs that a composer who was not at his best as a composer of songs produced. "Wonne der Wehmut," "Freudvoll und Leidvoll" from the Egmont music, and "Glory to God in Nature"—these songs illustrate sadly the passage of time. How many thousands of times have they been sung in the past, and what inspiration have they been to thousands of hearts! And how sentimental, lachrymose and weak they were yesterday. This despite the remarkable beauty and freshness of Miss Gerhardt's voice, and her evident sincerity in interpretation. Her tones are youthful and golden, and she is an intelligent singer.

But, unfortunately, she is not a singer with a style. Miss Gerhardt's sentiment is that of many other singers of her race. Often it is convincing and moving by its depth and earnestness, and she has before this sung songs by Wolf and other moderns in an effective manner. The fact remains that she is not a singer of striking individuality. The voice is there; the heart is there. Miss Gerhardt has worked seriously and honorably, and holds a high place in European concert halls. For all that, the tone that searches and illumines, and imparts a kindling fire to the text, and runs the gamut of a hundred emotions and effects—that tone is not hers, nor is hers the incisive, telling manner of those singers who by means of dramatic diction often accomplish what singers with more beautiful voices fail to achieve.

This was particularly the case—in fact it was for us a rare instance of directly bad taste upon Miss Gerhardt's part when she sang the "Immer leiser" of Brahms so slowly that it dropped apart, and one unfamiliar with the lied would have had not the slightest notion of the turn that the melodic line was to take, or whether he was listening to the beginning, the middle, or climax of one of Brahms most [illegible] inspirations. "Wir wandelten, wir Zwei," was more characteristic and more fortunately treated. The sentiment was arch and tender without being superficial or frivolous, and there was the thought of a tenderness deeper than that betrayed by the mere words of the poem. It was as the speech of a lover who conceals or makes light of the intensity of his emotion.

"Auf dem Kirchofe" is in its first part one of Brahms most dark and dramatic songs, and of all the three songs that Miss Gerhardt sang it is the only one which justifies the orchestration of Reger. The other songs are more effective with the original piano accompaniment.

Miss Gerhardt was applauded with enthusiasm, especially after her first group of songs, and repeatedly recalled. Nearly everyone is applauded and recalled with enthusiasm at these concerts, including artists of far less distinction and reputation than Miss Gerhardt. It is probably because of the healthy belief of Symphony patrons that whatever occurs the Boston Symphony can do no wrong. And a very proper feeling, too.

Borodine's symphony, which delighted Liszt in the 70's, is vital and colorful music today. There is much of Borodine's opera "Prince Igor" in it. It is gorgeous, virile Russian music, by one of the raciest of Russian composers.

It was undoubtedly the finest moment of the concert, for Reger's pieces are irritatingly, uninspired, facile, and lumpish. It should be understood that Max Reger, a composer who composes a great deal too much, so that much that is good is snowed under a great deal that is good for the ash-barrel, can be facile and lumpish at the same time. It is not unnatural for him to proceed over pages and pages just as the cow goes over the meadow, placing her foot in every puddle. One understands that Reger girded up his loins one morning after breakfast. "Let's see, what shall I compose this a. m.?" There lay a book of prints of Boeklin pictures, just received from an artist friend. "Why not . . . after Reger?" No sooner said than done.

For the picture "The Hermit Fiddling Before the Statue of the Madonna," he dabbles in old modes. Very plausible. Too plausible, in fact. "The Sport of the Waves" is a clumsy attempt at naivette and orchestral impressionism. "The Island of the Dead" is annoying to those acquainted with the remarkable tone poem of Sergie Rachmaninoff, whose imaginative and introspective nature fitted him well for that composition. Reger takes his island less seriously. There is no comparison between any measure of his piece and that marvellous moment in Rachmaninoff's composition when, after a long sustained tone of the horn, the violas intone the theme of the "Dies Irae." Reger's music is distressingly commonplace, conventional, in part Tschaikowsky, and not to spare the last stroke, with an apotheosis at the end of the piece after the pet method of the underpaid composer of theatre music. How could a man treat thus the superb fantasy of Boecklin? But then—Reger and Boecklin! You might as well talk of Dante and Pierpont Morgan.

The Bacchanale has a brilliant conclusion, but it is a Bacchanale of counterpoint and orchestration. It is forced. We do not object to brutishness of certain Russian composers, of Berlioz and his brigands, of Charpentier and his Bohemians, Puccini and ruffians, or any other composers who feels as he writes and writes as he feels. But this is all show, and all superficial, and all composed by the peck. It is not the Reger of the 100 variations on a theme of Hiller, nor yet of the Tragic overture, nor even of a harmless serenade or two offering a sirup of Bach and Brams. It is simply Reger turning out another batch for the publisher. Reger diluted, non-essential. The original essence is crude enough.

BOSTON JOURNAL-

MARCH 27, 1915.

SYMPHONY GIVES SUPERB CONCERT

Miss Gerhardt's Singing One of Several Notable Features.

Elena Gerhardt is the soloist at this week's Symphony concerts and the orchestral novelty consists of four tone poems by Max Reger, which were suggested by the Boecklin pictures, "The Fiddling Hermit," "Sport of the Waves," "The Island of the Dead" and "Bacchanale."

But these did not overwhelm the other attractions. Borodin's second symphony is one of the finest products of the Russian school, and the brilliancy of Weber's "Oberon" overture, the final number on the program, is time-honored.

Miss Gerhardt's beautiful voice and artistic manner of singing earned much applause for her at yesterday's concert. She sang three Beethoven songs, "Wonne der Wehmut," "Freudvoll und Leidvoll" and "Die Ehre Gottes in der Natur," also three songs by Brahms, "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer," "Wit wandelten, wir Zwei" and "Auf dem Kirchofe."

The Reger tone poems are works of uneven effectiveness. The tone painting of the hermit playing the violin before the statue of the Madonna is true program-music. The other pieces have fairly been criticized as being mere sketches of moods.

The Borodin is a superb tone picture of feudal Russia, with knights and troubadours in gala mood, and the fine performance of the work was keenly enjoyed yesterday.

Next week Dr. Muck will conduct Liszt's "Faust Symphony" for the second time this season. The earlier performances were so enthusiastically received that the repetition will be welcomed all around. Paul Draper will sing the solo and the Apollo Club will sing the choral music. The other number on the program will be a new work for organ, trumpets and trombone, written by Frederick Klose.

BOSTON HERALD,

MARCH 27,

18TH PUBLIC REHEARSAL

Dr. Muck Conducts Afternoon Program of Boston Symphony Orchestra.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 18th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, in B minor	Borodin
Three songs with orchestra Wonne der Wehmut. Freudvoll und leidvoll, from the music to "Egmont." Die Ehre Gottes in der Natur.	Beethoven
Four tone poems for orchestra (after Boecklin)	Reger
Three songs with orchestra Immer leiser fird mein Schlummer. Wir wandelten, wir Zwei. Auf dem Kirchofe.	Brahms
Overture to "Oberon"	Weber

Reger's tone poems, heard in Boston for the first time, were inspired by pictures of Arnold Boecklin: "The Hermit Fiddling Before the Statue of the Madonna," "Sport of the Waves," "The Island of the Dead" and "Bacchanale. They were performed for the first time at Essen in 1913. Pictures by this Swiss painter have led other composers to write music. Hans Huber's "Beoecklin" symphony, Rachmaninoff's "Island of the Dead" and Weingartner's "Elysian Fields" have been heard here.

It has been said that Reger's aim was to paint moods and not to unite program music. If this is so he caught the religious mood of the Hermit picture by suggesting ecclesiastical tones used in the divine service. The picture compelled him to employ a solo violin. These solo passages were finely played by Mr. Noack in the absence of Mr. Witek, but it would not be easy to imagine the Holy Mother pleased by the strains if we did not remember that She accepted gratefully the pious homage of the Jongleur that in the legend seemed irreverent to the good monks The whole tone poem, like the three others, is distinctly work of the head; without genuine feeling, true fancy. "Sport of the Waves" is more panoramic. The more melodious measures have a Mendelssohnian flavor.

The first impressions made by Boecklin's "Island of the Dead" are awful stillness—absolute rest. The picture is the most familiar of the four chosen by Reger, who seems to have wholly misconceived, in this instance, the sentiment of the painting. Many of us remember Rachmaninoff's music; how admirably he reproduced this picture in tones, how there was the feeling of a mysterious hush, a solemn quiet unbroken even by the rowed boat with its burden—that is, when the composer conducted, for Mr. Fiedler afterwards made a sad mess of it and turned at once the tranquil sea into storm-tossed billows. Rachmaninoff introduced an episode of mighty lamentation, but in Reger's music the wailing begins almost immediately and there is little calm, no suggestion of the remote island, visited only by the shrouded in the coffin with attendant mourner. Nor is there in this setting a new or impressive note of grief.

The Bacchanale is the least significant of the four pieces. Boecklin's picture might have been painted by a Teniers of Italy; for these revellers before the wine shop near Rome are the tosspots of Teniers and Jan Steen. Perhaps Boecklin wished to show the contrast between the landscape and the lords of the earth. His Bacchanale has not the sacred frenzy; it is neither heroic nor delirious. There is no vinous exaltation; there is merely a lively movement, noisy, crashing; sportive only as the elephant of Milton was mirthful.

These tone poems are another proof of Reger's fatal fluency, his facility in routine, his thick instrumentation, his lack of imagination.

Borodin, the chemist, had in no way the training of Reger or his contrapuntal birthright, but how vivid and vital his symphony sounded in comparison with the four-tone poems. The Russians say that this symphony has a truly national character, yet it appeals to the musically sensitive beyond the boundaries. It is oriental in the repetition of a phrase, the insistence of motive or rhythm, the glaring colors. There is the barbaric pomp, the wild and melancholy beauty of a people's song, the savage din of triumphant feasters. In comparison, Tschaikowsky is a timid cosmopolite with a modern and snivelling dread of death. Glazounoff is a thoroughly trained and reactionary German professor.

The performance was a brilliant one, and on the poems of Reger an equal care was bestowed by Dr. Muck and the players.

Miss Gerhardt was evidently suffering from a cold nor was her choice of songs fortunate. The orchestration of the accompaniments did not make the songs more appropriate to the large hall. Mr. Nikisch, who orchestrated two of the airs by Beethoven, showed a more discreet taste than Reger, who was clumsy in his treatment of Brahms's "Auf dem Kirchofe." Miss Gerhardt took "Immer leise" at so slow a pace that the beauty of the melody and the pathos of the sentiment were lost. She was sentimental in Beethoven's "Wonne der Wehmut," which is an example of Beethoven at his weakest, and explosive in the song from "Egmont." She was more effective in "Auf dem Kirchofe" and "Die Ehre Gottes."

The program of next week will consist of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony (Apollo Club and Mr. Draper, tenor); Klose's Prelude and Double Fugue for organ, trumpets and trombones (Mr. Marshall, organist).

MONITOR,

MARCH 27, 1915

BORODIN WORK AND REGER TONE POEMS ON PROGRAM FOR SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

SYMPHONY HALL—Eighteenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of March 26. The program: Borodin, symphony in B minor, No. 2; Beethoven, songs with orchestra, "Wonne der Wehmut," "Freudvoll und leidvoll" and "Die Himmel ruehmen des Ewigen Ehre" (Miss Elena Gerhardt, soloist); Reger, four tone poems for orchestra after pictures of Boecklin (first time in Boston); Brahms, three songs with orchestra, "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer," "Wir wandelten, wir Zwei" and "Auf dem Kirchhofe" (Miss Gerhardt); Weber, overture to "Oberon."

The performance was one of the master efforts of the season. Except for a short time in the closing portion of the second movement of the symphony, conductor and players were every minute at their best. The music interested the men and it stimulated them to their utmost. If there was a moment in the playing of the symphony when interpretation failed to touch the highest level, that is to be laid to the piece itself. For the last pages of Borodin's scherzo are far below the rest of the work in power. Inevitably, if strength of reading was to depend on quality of music, there would be a sagging at some point in the presentation of a Russian symphony, especially if it were, like Borodin's, of the nationalist school, and not a Germanized Russian composition, like one by Tschaikowsky or Rachmaninoff. For Russian art in its characteristic manifestations is pretty likely to have a spot of incompleteness or inferiority somewhere. Vast and audacious design and imperfect execution are what we find again and again. The Russians seem to have just a trace of perversity in their attitude to art. They will not allow it to be quite perfect, even when they can as well as not.

It must have seemed strange to many listeners that the Borodin symphony in B minor, an older work than the "Pathetic" of Tschaikowsky, and perhaps a better, should only now get established in the repertory of the orchestra. Music is indeed an inexplicable form of expression, inasmuch as it can keep its message hid for a generation from a public that dearly likes to cultivate it, and can finally speak out, like the Borodin work on Friday, with irresistible appeal. Much experimentation and uncertainty in the program-making of the winter is atoned for by the impressive reading by Dr. Muck of this piece. The discovery of an old composer means more than the discovery of a new one. For an old one whose work sounds fresh is likely to be one with a genuine and lasting message. A new one is less of a certainty. If a Borodin symphony can give pleasure to a public that has been trained up on the entertainment of the Strauss and Debussy tone poems, it must have permanent quality.

On an equality with the presentation of the symphony was the reading of the new group of tone poems by Reger. And here was no moment of falling off, for Reger is nothing if not a thorough workman. The four pieces, composed after pictures of Boecklin, are to be regarded as one of the modern forms of symphony. The noteworthy difference between the picture poems and a regular symphony is that the first member of the group is outwardly more like a slow movement than an opening allegro. But the difference is wholly of time, not of feeling or of form. The poem describing the hermit playing the violin is an intellectual meditation, not a sentimental one. It has a development which is quite in the manner of first movements and has no touch of romantic song, such as is characteristic of slow movements. The second poem, describing nymphs and monsters of the sea sporting on the waves, is clearly a scherzo, and altogether is the most imaginative and original of the set. The poem describing the "Island of the Dead" is unmistakably in the manner of symphonic slow movements, and the "Bacchanale," with which the set closes, is an allegro such [illegible] recognised as

The more the music of Reger gets a hearing, the more the world must be conscious of new sentiments finding expression. Here is something as far as possible from the music of Wagner and Strauss. Reger's art, viewed superficially, could be regarded as a return to the ways of Schumann and Brahms.

But it is not, except perhaps in externals, in any sense reactionary. It is full of sympathy with modern thinking. It strives to voice the idea of mankind quietly controlling the forces of nature to its needs, rather than the idea of mankind being emotionally overcome by the magnificence of those forces. In a word, Reger forsakes that romanticism which composers of the nineteenth century made it their chief business to express.

To complete the catalogue of excellencies in this program, the soloist acquitted herself with high honor. The conductor is severe in his demand that the concerts shall be wholly orchestral, with the result that singers sometimes are in the uninteresting position of presenting songs to a transcribed accompaniment. But the voice is the thing. And Miss Gerhardt brought a soprano voice of the purest tone and the most finished technique to the work of the day.

TRANSCRIPT,

MARCH 27

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

FRESH MUSIC FROM REGER AND BORODIN

The Bavarian's Interesting Tone-Poems in His New Spirit and Manner — The Russian's Pictorial and Opera-Like Symphony—Miss Gerhardt Betters Her Singing—The Overture to "Oberon" and a Feat

PLEASURE of many sorts—and not one arduous—was plentiful at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, when as usual, after a fortnightly interval, the audience seemed especially warm toward Dr. Muck at his first coming to the stage. Orchestra and conductor were in form as, according to some ears, they are not always after their monthly journeys Southward and beyond questioning their playing of Weber's overture to his opera of "Oberon" was a feat of virtuosity that they only in American concert-rooms can achieve. The gossips say that the celebrated chord separating the introduction from the main body of the overture haunts the imagination of conductors. They hear in vision the perfect unanimity, precision, edgelessness and fire with which they would have their orchestras accomplish this tonal and dramatic stroke. Dr. Muck and the men came as near to these perfections as mortals may. In a single and instant flash, the chord clove the air and, familiar as it is, set the audience quivering, even as ninety years ago the first hearers of "Oberon" may have stirred to it. The horns may not be quite the best of the choirs of the orchestra, but their tone, through the long introduction, summoned the golden and suffused beauty of Weber's romantic song.

Orchestra and conductor struck tonal and rhythmic fire through the glowing and mounting course and the changeful and graphic eloquence of the rest of the overture. It remains still a masterpiece of romantic music; yet, with all the glories of the performance, it was good to have done for the season with Weber's three overtures and it is permissible to hope that for a year at least they may not return to the Symphony Concerts. Dr. Muck seems overdisposed to go an annual round of classic overtures for the closing number of his programmes as though they were a conventional and inevitable finale like the potpourri that usually closes an operetta. So doing, he overlooks more than one overture, ancient, modern and contemporary, that has gone too long unheard and unillumined by his hand.

In the overture to "Oberon," Dr. Muck was operatic conductor again, compassing atmosphere and mystery out of the song of the horns and filling the rest of the piece with the glow and the glamor, the diversity and the impetuosity of romantic action that the opera itself, unless so animated and transfigured, hardly yields. He was intrinsically operatic conductor again in Borodin's symphony in B minor that he has now revived, even as he first made it known to the public of the concerts. Not even Händel himself was more frugal with his music than these Russians—Borodin and Moussorgsky certainly and presumably not a few of the rest. If they began the composition of an opera and then abandoned it; if they labored at a ballet only to have the producing theatre shy at it; if they so much as sketched a song and then laid it by, sooner or later they utilized the music for some new purpose. Like Händel they tempt the hearer to an unmitigated cynicism over the graphic power of music when they mate the same tones to very different words and use them to very different purpose. Yet the music of Borodin remains often as intrinsically pictorial in the symphony as it was destined to be in the opera for which it was composed. It has even its operatic kinships. Out of the finale rise the great forms of the barbaric boyards pompously feasting as they feast under their wooden and painted walls in a scene of Moussorgsky's "Khovantschina"; clarinet, harp and horn have no sooner begun the plaintive, exotic and quasi-oriental song of the slow movement than the eye sees the minstrels that hymn more than one prince in Rimsky-Korsakoff's operas; the recurring theme, the broad expansions, the rugged tonal pomps of the first movement recall one and another scene of stately ceremony in Russian music-drama. Only the scherzo seems quite self-contained, as becomes a movement in a symphony so formally continent as this of Borodin.

The virtues and shortcomings of the music alike accord with its original pictorial purpose in an opera of old Russia like "Prince Igor" that we are to hear next autumn. The repetitions may emphasize the action upon the stage; the occasional thinness may be as veils lifted upon the course of the music-drama; the alternation of melodic material rather than the orthodox development and interweaving of it may be due in measure to the original dramatic purpose of the music as well as to the familiar abstentions—and also limitations—of the Russian nationalists. Per contra, the richness and diversity of Borodin's harmonic and instrumental color; the force of his rhythms, the saliency, the individuality and the atmospheric suggestion of his melodies may all have their source, not only in him but in the original operatic purpose of the music. Above all, it is a rugged and full-voiced symphony, changeful as the Slav temperament, now of barbaric and iterated force, now of insinuating Oriental suggestion—a music different from that with which in essence the Western World has been content these hundred years. The power of Borodin, the Russian, has its occasional kinship with the power of Sibelius the Finn. To both, since they are rugged and strange and colorful, we Americans, being none of the three, lend a willing and approving ear.

In a sense Reger had the lion's share of the rest of the concert; since not only had he written his own four tone-poems "after" familiar pictures by Boecklin; but he had scored for orchestra the three songs of Brahms that Miss Gerhardt sang. Perhaps Reger, being often heavy-handed and involved in his own scoring, is not exactly the man that most of us would choose to give songs light, clear and elastic instrumental vesture. Nor has he any very obvious kinship with the Brahms of the grave or playful, the homely or the introspective, the quietly longing or the glowingly contemplative lyrics that fill his song-books and disclose his most human side. Reger is self-contained and singular; he suffices unto himself; he does not overflow with diverse human sympathies and impulses. His feet are well-planted on this firm set earth and especially upon the terrain of musical knowledge and resource. Only in his capacity for "head-work" in the art of composition and in his devotion to "absolute" music is he to be likened to Brahms. By "head-work" and a hand that the broadening and the softening years seem to be making lighter and more elastic, he scored these songs and only once and again did he lay upon them a heavier and a more intricate orchestral garment than they can fittingly and persuasively bear. He is even capable of the finely attuned violin part that he devises for "Wir Wandelten." Yet Mr. Nikisch doing likewise for three of Beethoven's songs that Miss Gerhardt also sang considerably excelled him.

In all these pieces the singer did not always rise to her best capabilities; but she was nearer to them than she was in much of her singing in her concert in Boston with Miss Harrison a few weeks ago. Clearly Miss Gerhardt is not at the top of her vocal form; she failed once and again to fulfil her clear intent with her tones; and not always did wisdom guide that will. Perhaps much journeying and one or another intimate irritation have dimmed her spirit and clouded her powers. Her upper notes were sometimes neither steady nor full; and some of her intervals were hardly clean and sure progression from tone to tone. On the other hand, her middle voice often regained its old limidity, radiance and melting softness and more than once she proved anew her warmth and lusciousness of phrase after phrase as they flowed into the long, unbroken and artfully curving line of her sustained song. Then, as in Beethoven's "Wonne der Wehmut" and in Brahms's "Wir Wandelten," she was the Gerhardt of rare tonal beauty and of rare fineness of feeling in songs of contemplative and introspective sentiment. Singer, song and sensation were as one. She brought unexpected sweep of line and breadth of phrase to Beethoven's stark and far-flung song of the universe praising its Maker; but she was not so fortunate, perhaps because of the blows of Reger's orchestra, in Brahms's storm-tossed song of the churchyard. No more did "Freudvoll and Leidvoll" quite sparkle out of itself; but the poignant and [illegible] longing of Brahms's "Immer Leiser"—a bitter, [illegible] little tragedy of suggestion—spoke out of her tones. Yesterday Miss Gerhardt neared justice to herself and the full pleasure that her audiences expect from her. This evening she may quite achieve them.

Reger's four tone-poems were most interesting as the first hint that we in Boston have received of the new spirit, method and manner in his music. We have still to hear his "Ballet Suite" which does not lack charm, fancy or lightness of workmanship; and we know not as yet the warm imagination and the free and ardent procedure of his "Romantic Suite." But the tone-poems of yesterday plainly suggested the change that impulse from without or within has wrought. In his earlier fashion he overdoes the expression of the mood of passionate lamentation that Boecklin's picture, "The Isle of the Dead," seems with a strange insistence to stir in him: "Bacchanal," suggested by the picture of fat, drunken and sprawling Romans, necessarily implies a robustious, coarse-fibred and similarly sprawling music and Reger has done more than fulfill graphically enough the prescription that the choice of the canvas and the theory and practice of musical contrast laid upon him. On the other hand, he is sportive, light, quick-witted and even flashing with his gay, bright and playful response in tones to "The Frolic of the Waves" and he charms by the play of a shrewd and smiling scholarship through the ecclesiastical voice and the aerated sentiment of "The Fiddling Hermit."

In all four pieces Reger is neither involved nor acrid, and no heavier than "Bacchanal" in itself and his own notion of "The Isle of the Dead" required. Especially in the two lighter pieces he is almost graceful of melody and mood; sprightly of invention; clear, pliant and fanciful in coloring; adept with his rhythms, transmitting a vivid impression in clear and free unity of mood, method and material. Neither "The Fiddling Hermit" nor "The Sport of the Waves" is a remarkable piece except as it shows the new spirit that has entered into Reger and the new manner that gives it voice; and the music suggests little of the pictures whence Reger borrows his titles. "The Sport of the Waves" is a fancifully invented and fancifully developed scherzo, light, limpid and frolicsome. "The Fiddling Hermit" transforms ecclesiastical modes dashed with sentiment into tonal folk-tale. "Bacchanal" is music after the kind of Boecklin's picture or the Sunday sprees of the big-bodied Bavarian peasants who in their cups are not so far from these pictured Romans. It is of Reger flinging tone and progression about to boisterous rhythm and with the amplest of ready means. Curiously, his music from "The Isle of the Dead" affords hardly a hint of the tone-painting to which it has stirred other composers. Reger lifts only the voice of plangent lamentation and troubled longing, as though the quick as well as the dead dwelt within the isle. Yet it is a more human and a clearer voice than has often come into his older—or rather younger—music.

H. T. P.

ADVERTISER.

APRIL 3

LISZT'S SYMPHONY CONCERT IN ITSELF

INTERPRETATION BOTH MEMORABLE AND INSPIRING

Dr. Muck Brings Out All the Subtleties and Scores Great Triumph

By Louis C. Elson

PROGRAMME.

Liszt. "Faust" Symphony.

Klose. Prelude and Double Fugue for Organ, Trumpets and Trombones.

A short list but a long programme, for Liszt's Symphony is a concert in itself. It was given a short time ago when the present reviewer was absent from Boston, but echoes reached him of a phenomenal performance such as Boston had never heard before. These rumors were verified yesterday when an interpretation that was memorable and tremendously inspiring was given by the Symphony orchestra, the Apollo Club and Mr. Paul Draper, tenor soloist. The Liszt additions, changes and excisions in this revised version, are interesting but not of very great importance. Bass clarinette effects and the Marguerite touches in the movement devoted to Mephistopheles are the most striking, the latter a decided improvement.

Wagner has often been accused of borrowing from Liszt, but in this work one cannot help thinking that the boot was on the other leg and that Wagner might exclaim, with the ghost in "Hamlet,"—"Liszt, Liszt! O Liszt!"

Most Beautiful

The movement picturing "Marguerite" is the most beautiful of the work, a tender, pathetic picture in a vein that is totally absent from Wagner's treatment of "Faust" in his overture. It is not strange that this movement should often be given apart from the long symphony. The "Gretchen" (or "Marguerite") theme is deliciously presented in its first appearance, by the oboe, the instrument of innocent naivete, and the viola, the instrument of melancholy. The gradual change from limpid simplicity to the pasison of Love is almost psychologically given, the Faust theme being intertwined with the Gretchen one. The end of the movement, Gretchen alone and deserted, had infinite pathos. The movement owed much to the beauty of the obbligato playing. The shading here was very refined.

But the first and third movements were the great triumphs of Dr. Muck. The loftiness of the Faust movement which begins the symphony can never be described in cold leaden type. Of course, Liszt makes much more of "Faust" than Berlioz, who only uses him to damn him, or Gounod who serves him up in syrup and makes him a lover only, or Wagner who makes him a very discontented individual with unfulfilled longings, great ambitions and a fondness for the bass tuba. Liszt has caught the true idea of Goethe, the idea which is most faithfully pictured by Schumann in his great "Faust" work.

Greatest of Symphony

How poetically this idea is caught by Liszt may be seen in the movement which is the greatest and most remarkable of the symphony, and which was the orchestral triumph of yesterday afternoon—the "Mephistopheles" movement. Georg Henschel once said to the present writer: "One thing can never be pictured in Music, and that is Irony"—but Schumann's setting of Heine's poem disproves this. We translate it thus:—

A youth he loves a maiden,
Another she doth prefer.
The other has chosen another
And given his love to her.

The maid's love turns to anger,
And then she takes in scorn,
The first man in her pathway.
The youth is left to mourn.

It is an old, old story,
Yet new it doth remain,
And he to whom it happens,
His heart may rive in twain.

And the accompaniment of this is the most heartless jingle in the world. And Liszt gives bitter irony, in a much more extended manner, all through this movement. The very tempo mark—"Allegro Vivace Ironico,"—shows that Liszt did not share Mr. Henschel's opinion. And there is something more than mere Irony here, there is a metaphysical or ethical touch that is superb, for Mephistopheles is given no especial theme, but the destructive spirit, the soul of negation, the being that destroys but never creates, is portrayed by mocking at the themes of Faust, sneering at the aspirations and ambitions of the hero, yet, (a touch most purely ethical) the themes of Marguerite are beyond his power and escape unscathed amid the storm of destruction.

Subtleties of Picture

One can imagine how Dr. Muck would bring out all the subtleties of such a picture. The reading became one of the greatest triumphs he has achieved among us, and there is a long list to his credit, and every man in the orchestra, from first violinist to the player of the cymbals deserves praise.

The choral ending with its introduction of Goethe's pregnant words relative to "Das ewig Weibliche" is musically as great as what had preceded: we can imagine both Goethe and Liszt very much moved by "the eternal feminine." The chorus sang with steadiness, and to Mr. Paul Draper, after having sung the strange measures in Reznicek's "Schlemihl," the Liszt progressions must have seemed mere child's play, yet the tenor soloist betrayed effort in one or two phrases.

The words were sung in German and we can congratulate das Apollo-verein upon its clever pronunciation. In England it would be sufficient to cause them all to be imprisoned as Teutonic spies.

The final climaxes of orchestra and chorus were the grandest we have ever heard. Had not Liszt been so great a pianist the world would have recognized him sooner as a great composer. He stood in his own light—overshadowing himself.

There was wild enthusiasm at the end of the symphony, and the work and its performance certainly deserved it. The finale of the Faust symphony can scarcely be over-estimated.

Friedrich Klose is a modern, a teacher of composition in the Munich Academy, and this Prelude and Double Fugue is a 20th century composition. In this blessed century composers seem to choose one of two paths, each thorny enough. Either they write for a tremendous orchestra which runs from Celesta to Xyllophones, and give no melodies at all, but merely tonal grunts, or they become ascetically classical and scorn a single fugue or a direct canon as infantile, and aim at contrapuntal complexities that are the higher mathematics of music. Of the two evils the last is much the least, for in suc learned work we can always find coherency and logic.

The combination of organ and brasses in the final chorale was effective. It sounded well in the hall, the organ somehow being always acoustically more in synchronism with the auditorium than even the orchestra, while the masses of trumpets and trombones gave an incisive effect that was altogether out of the common. The final brass-playing was quite a new flavor and one which awakened even the jaded symphony auditor and caused him to sit up and take notice.

The organ solo, which formed the bulk of the composition, was excellently played by John P. Marshall, and the construction of the double fugue was as learned as anyone would expect from a Conservatory professor, yet it was not dry or tedious, and, as above intimated, infinitely above the free maunderings of the modern iconoclasts. Mr. Marshall was tasteful in his registration, too, and gave effective contrasts. But, like a wasp, the most important feature of this work was in its tail. There were, we think, 10 trumpets and 10 trombones, and when they let loose (like the German bands in a church belfry on Sylvesterabend) they could have been heard in Chelsea. It must have been something of this kind that was played a good many years ago before the walls of Jericho.

TRANSCRIPT,

MARCH 27. 1915

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

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In the overture to "Oberon," Dr. Muck was operatic conductor again, compassing atmosphere and mystery out of the song of the horns and filling the rest of the piece with the glow and the glamor, the diversity and the impetuosity of romantic action that the opera itself, unless so animated and transfigured, hardly yields. He was intrinsically operatic conductor again in Borodin's symphony in B minor that he has now revived, even as he first made it known to the public of the concerts. Not even Händel himself was more frugal with his music than these Russians—Borodin and Moussorgsky certainly and presumably not a few

WORLD

of an opera and then abandoned it, if they labored at a ballet only to have the producing theatre shy at it; if they so much as sketched a song and then laid it by, sooner or later they utilized the music for some new purpose. Like Händel they tempt the hearer to an unmitigated cynicism over the graphic power of music when they mate the same tones to very different words and use them to very different purpose. Yet the music of Borodin remains often as intrinsically pictorial in the symphony as it was destined to be in the opera for which it was composed. It has even its operatic kinships. Out of the finale rise the great forms of the barbaric boyards pompously feasting as they feast under their wooden and painted walls in a scene of Moussorgsky's "Khovantschina"; clarinet, harp and horn have no sooner begun the plaintive, exotic and quasi-oriental song of the slow movement than the eye sees the minstrels that hymn more than one prince in Rimsky-Korsakoff's operas; the recurring theme, the broad expansions, the rugged tonal pomps of the first movement recall one and another scene of stately ceremony in Russian music-drama. Only the scherzo seems quite self-contained, as becomes a movement in a symphony so formally continent as this of Borodin.

The virtues and shortcomings of the music alike accord with its original pictorial purpose in an opera of old Russia like "Prince Igor" that we are to hear next autumn. The repetitions may emphasize the action upon the stage; the occasional thinness may be as veils lifted upon the course of the music-drama; the alternation of melodic material rather than the orthodox development and interweaving of it may be due in measure to the original dramatic purpose of the music as well as to the familiar abstentions—and also limitations—of the Russian nationalists. Per contra, the richness and diversity of Borodin's harmonic and instrumental color; the force of his rhythms, the saliency, the individuality and the atmospheric suggestion of his melodies may all have their source, not only in him but in the original operatic purpose of the music. Above all, it is a rugged and full-voiced symphon changeful as the Slav temperament, no of barbaric and iterated force, now insinuating Oriental suggestion—a mus different from that with which in essen the Western World has been content the hundred years. The power of Borodin, t Russian, has its occasional kinship wi the power of Sibelius the Finn. To bo since they are rugged and strange a colorful, we Americans, being none of three, lend a willing and approving ear.

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In all these pieces the singer did not always rise to her best capabilities; but she was nearer to them than she was in much of her singing in her concert in Boston with Miss Harrison a few weeks ago Clearly Miss Gerhardt is not at the top of her vocal form; she failed once and again to fulfil her clear intent with her tones; and not always did wisdom guide that will. Perhaps much journeying and one or another intimate irritation have dimmed her spirit and clouded her powers. Her upper notes were sometimes neither steady nor full; and some of her intervals were hardly clean and sure progression from tone to tone. On the other hand, her middle voice often regained its old limidity, radiance and melting softness and more than once she proved anew her warmth and lusciousness of phrase after phrase as they flowed into the long, unbroken and artfully curving line of her sustained song. Then, as in Beethoven's "Wonne der Wehmut" and in Brahms's "Wir Wandelten," she was the Gerhardt of rare tonal beauty and of rare fineness of feeling in songs of contemplative and introspective sentiment. Singer, song and sensation were as one. She brought unexpected sweep of line and breadth of phrase to Beethoven's stark and far-flung song of the universe praising its Maker; but she was not so fortunate, perhaps because of the blows of Reger's orchestra, in Brahms's storm-tossed song of the churchyard. No more did "Freudvoll and Leidvoll" quite sparkle out of itself; but the poignant and foredoomed longing of Brahms's "Immer Leister"—a bitter and ironic little tragedy of suggestion—spoke out of her tones. Yesterday Miss Gerhardt neared justice to herself and the full pleasure that her audiences expect from her. This evening she may quite achieve them.

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H. T. P.

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Symphony in G major, "Surprise"	Haydn
Suite No. 2, "Indian"	MacDowell
"Hungaria," Symphonic Poem	Liszt

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Symphony in D minor	Cesar Franck
"L'Apprenti Sorcier"	Dukas
Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1	Bizet
Rhapsody, "Espana"	Chabrier

No. 4.

Symphony No. 1	Brahms
Suite for Flute and Strings in B minor, No. 2 Solo Flute, Andre Maquarre.	Bach
Shepherds' Music from the "Christmas" Oratorio	Bach
Overture to "Egmont"	Beethoven

No. 5—WAGNER PROGRAM.

Overture to "Rienzi."
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."
Introduction and Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser."
Prelude to "Lohengrin."
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."
Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods."
Prelude to "Parsifal."

No. 6.

Overture to "Der Freischuetz"	Weber
Symphony No. 8, in F major	Beethoven
Symphonic Sketches	Chadwick
"Karelia," Overture	Sibelius
"The Swan of Tuonela"	Sibelius
"Finlandia"	Sibelius

No. 7.

Symphony No. 2	Brahms
Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes"	Liszt
"Death and Transfiguration"	Strauss
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"	Wagner

No. 8—ITALIAN PROGRAM.

Symphony No. 1	Sgambati
Overture to "Anacreon"	Cherubini
Intermezzi Goldoniani	Bossi
Overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chizzote"	Sinigaglia

No. 9.

Symphony in G minor	Mozart
Concerto in D minor for two violins and string orchestra (Solo violins, Messrs. Witek and Noack.)	Bach
Overture to "Sakuntala"	Goldmark
"A Siegfried Idyl"	Wagner
Overture, "Carnival"	Dvorak

No. 10—FRENCH PROGRAM.

Symphony No. 3, for orchestra and organ	Saint-Saens
"The Afternoon of a Faun"	Debussy
Three Pieces from "The Damnation of Faust"	Berlioz
Overture to "Gwendoline"	Chabrier

No. 11.

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetic,"	Tschaikowsky
Overture Solonelle	Glazounoff
On the Steppes of Central Asia	Borodin
Caprice on Spanish Themes	Rimsky-Korsakoff

No. 12.

Symphony No. 1	Sibelius
Tone Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra"	Strauss
Overture, "Leonora," No. 3	Beethoven

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ADVERTISER.

APRIL 3

LISZT'S SYMPHONY CONCERT IN ITSELF

INTERPRETATION BOTH MEMORABLE AND INSPIRING

Dr. Muck Brings Out All the Subtleties and Scores Great Triumph

By Louis C. Elson

PROGRAMME.

Liszt. "Faust" Symphony.
Klose. Prelude and Double Fugue for Organ, Trumpets and Trombones.

A short list but a long programme, for Liszt's Symphony is a concert in itself. It was given a short time ago when the present reviewer was absent from Boston, but echoes reached him of a phenomenal performance such as Boston had never heard before. These rumors were verified yesterday when an interpretation that was memorable and tremendously inspiring was given by the Symphony orchestra, the Apollo Club and Mr. Paul Draper, tenor soloist. The Liszt additions, changes and excisions in this revised version, are interesting but not of very great importance. Bass clarinette effects and the Marguerite touches in the movement devoted to Mephistopheles are the most striking, the latter a decided improvement.

Wagner has often been accused of borrowing from Liszt, but in this work one cannot help thinking that the boot was on the other leg and that Wagner might exclaim, with the ghost in "Hamlet,"—"Liszt, Liszt! O Liszt!"

Most Beautiful

The movement picturing "Marguerite" is the most beautiful of the work, a tender, pathetic picture in a vein that is totally absent from Wagner's treatment of "Faust" in his overture. It is not strange that this movement should often be given apart from the long symphony. The "Gretchen" (or "Marguerite") theme is deliciously presented in its first appearance, by the oboe, the instrument of innocent naivete, and the viola, the instrument of melancholy. The gradual change from limpid simplicity to the pasison of Love is almost psychologically given, the Faust theme being intertwined with the Gretchen one. The end of the movement, Gretchen alone and deserted, had infinite pathos. The movement owed much to the beauty of the obbligato playing. The shading here was very refined.

But the first and third movements were the great triumphs of Dr. Muck. The loftiness of the Faust movement which begins the symphony can never be described in cold leaden type. Of course, Liszt makes much more of "Faust" than Berlioz, who only uses him to damn him, or Gounod who serves him up in syrup and makes him a lover only, or Wagner who makes him a very discontented individual with unfulfilled longings, great ambitions and a fondness for the bass tuba. Liszt has caught the true idea of Goethe, the idea which is most faithfully pictured by Schumann in his great "Faust" work.

Greatest of Symphony

How poetically this idea is caught by Liszt may be seen in the movement which is the greatest and most remarkable of the symphony, and which was the orchestral triumph of yesterday afternoon—the "Mephistopheles" movement. Georg Henschel once said to the present writer: "One thing can never be pictured in Music, and that is Irony"—but Schumann's setting of Heine's poem disproves this. We translate it thus:—

A youth he loves a maiden,
  Another she doth prefer.
The other has chosen another
  And given his love to her.

The maid's love turns to anger,
  And then she takes in scorn,
The first man in her pathway.
  The youth is left to mourn.

It is an old, old story,
  Yet new it doth remain.
And he to whom it happens.
  His heart may rive in twain.

And the accompaniment of this is the most heartless jingle in the world. And Liszt gives bitter irony, in a much more extended manner, all through this movement. The very tempo mark—"Allegro Vivace Ironico,"—shows that Liszt did not share Mr. Henschel's opinion. And there is something more than mere Irony here, there is a metaphysical or ethical touch that is superb, for Mephistopheles is given no especial theme, but the destructive spirit, the soul of negation, the being that destroys but never creates, is portrayed by mocking at the themes of Faust, sneering at the aspirations and ambitions of the hero, yet, (a touch most purely ethical) the themes of Marguerite are beyond his power and escape unscathed amid the storm of destruction.

Subtleties of Picture

One can imagine how Dr. Muck would bring out all the subtleties of such a picture. The reading became one of the greatest triumphs he has achieved among us, and there is a long list to his credit, and every man in the orchestra, from first violinist to the player of the cymbals deserves praise.

The choral ending with its introduction of Goethe's pregnant words relative to "Das ewig Weibliche" is musically as great as what had preceded; we can imagine both Goethe and Liszt very much moved by "the eternal feminine." The chorus sang with steadiness, and to Mr. Paul Draper, after having sung the strange measures in Reznicek's "Schlemihl," the Liszt progressions must have seemed mere child's play, yet the tenor soloist betrayed effort in one or two phrases.

The words were sung in German and we can congratulate das Apollo-verein upon its clever pronunciation. In England it would be sufficient to cause them all to be imprisoned as Teutonic spies.

The final climaxes of orchestra and chorus were the grandest we have ever heard. Had not Liszt been so great a pianist the world would have recognized him sooner as a great composer. He stood in his own light—overshadowing himself.

There was wild enthusiasm at the end of the symphony, and the work and its performance certainly deserved it. The finale of the Faust symphony can scarcely be over-estimated.

Friedrich Klose is a modern, a teacher of composition in the Munich Academy, and this Prelude and Double Fugue is a 20th century composition. In this blessed century composers seem to choose one of two paths, each thorny enough. Either they write for a tremendous orchestra which runs from Celesta to Xyllophones, and give no melodies at all, but merely tonal grunts, or they become ascetically classical and scorn a single fugue or a direct canon as infantile, and aim at contrapuntal complexities that are the higher mathematics of music. Of the two evils the last is much the least, for in suc learned work we can always find coherency and logic.

The combination of organ and brasses in the final chorale was effective. It sounded well in the hall, the organ somehow being always acoustically more in synchronism with the auditorium than even the orchestra, while the masses of trumpets and trombones gave an incisive effect that was altogether out of the common. The final brass-playing was quite a new flavor and one which awakened even the jaded symphony auditor and caused him to sit up and take notice.

The organ solo, which formed the bulk of the composition, was excellently played by John P. Marshall, and the construction of the double fugue was as learned as anyone would expect from a Conservatory professor, yet it was not dry or tedious, and, as above intimated, infinitely above the free maunderings of the modern iconoclasts. Mr. Marshall was tasteful in his registration, too, and gave effective contrasts. But, like a wasp, the most important feature of this work was in its tail. There were, we think, 10 trumpets and 10 trombones, and when they let loose (like the German bands in a church belfry on Sylvesterabend) they could have been heard in Chelsea. It must have been something of this kind that was played a good many years ago before the walls of Jericho.

TRANSCRIPT,

MARCH 27. 1915

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

FRESH MUSIC FROM REGER AND BORODIN

The Bavarian's Interesting Tone-Poems in His New Spirit and Manner — The Russian's Pictorial and Opera-Like Symphony—Miss Gerhardt Betters Her Singing—The Overture to "Oberon" and a Feat

PLEASURE of many sorts—and not one arduous—was plentiful at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, when as usual, after a fortnightly interval, the audience seemed especially warm toward Dr. Muck at his first coming to the stage. Orchestra and conductor were in form as, according to some ears, they are not always after their monthly journeys Southward and beyond questioning their playing of Weber's overture to his opera of "Oberon" was a feat of virtuosity that they only in American concert-rooms can achieve. The gossips say that the celebrated chord separating the introduction from the main body of the overture haunts the imagination of conductors. They hear in vision the perfect unanimity, precision, edgelessness and fire with which they would have their orchestras accomplish this tonal and dramatic stroke. Dr. Muck and the men came as near to these perfections as mortals may. In a single and instant flash, the chord clove the air and, familiar as it is, set the audience quivering, even as ninety years ago the first hearers of "Oberon" may have stirred to it. The horns may not be quite the best of the choirs of the orchestra, but their tone, through the long introduction, summoned the golden and suffused beauty of Weber's romantic song.

Orchestra and conductor struck tonal and rhythmic fire through the glowing and mounting course and the changeful and graphic eloquence of the rest of the overture. It remains still a masterpiece of romantic music; yet, with all the glories of the performance, it was good to have done for the season with Weber's three overtures and it is permissible to hope that for a year at least they may not return to the Symphony Concerts. Dr. Muck seems overdisposed to go an annual round of classic overtures for the closing number of his programmes as though they were a conventional and inevitable finale like the potpourri that usually closes an operetta. So doing, he overlooks more than one overture, ancient, modern and contemporary, that has gone too long unheard and unillumined by his hand.

In the overture to "Oberon," Dr. Muck was operatic conductor again, compassing atmosphere and mystery out of the song of the horns and filling the rest of the piece with the glow and the glamor, the diversity and the impetuosity of romantic action that the opera itself, unless so animated and transfigured, hardly yields. He was intrinsically operatic conductor again in Borodin's symphony in B minor that he has now revived, even as he first made it known to the public of the concerts. Not even Händel himself was more frugal with his music than these Russians—Borodin and Moussorgsky certainly and presumably not a few

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Shepherds' Music from the "Christmas" Oratorio...........................Bach
Overture to "Egmont"...............Beethoven

No. 5—WAGNER PROGRAM.
Overture to "Rienzi."
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."
Introduction and Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser."
Prelude to "Lohengrin."
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."
Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods."
Prelude to "Parsifal."

No. 6
Overture to "Der Freischütz"...........Weber
Symphony No. 8, in F major.........Beethoven
Symphonic Sketches..................Chadwick
"Karelia," Overture..................Sibelius
"The Swan of Tuonela"...............Sibelius
"Finlandia"..........................Sibelius

No. 7
Symphony No. 2........................Brahms
Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes"..........Liszt
"Death and Transfiguration"...........Strauss
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"..........................Wagner

No. 8—ITALIAN PROGRAM.
Symphony No. 1......................Sgambati
Overture to "Anacreon"..............Cherubini
Intermezzi Goldoniani...................Bossi
Overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chizzotte" Sinigaglia

No. 9.
Symphony in G minor....................Mozart
Concerto in D minor for two violins and string orchestra.........................Bach
(Solo violins, Messrs. Witek and Noack.)
Overture to "Sakuntala"..............Goldmark
"A Siegfried Idyl"......................Wagner
Overture, "Carnival"....................Dvorak

No. 10—FRENCH PROGRAM.
Symphony No. 3, for orchestra and organ...Saint-Saens
"The Afternoon of a Faun"..............Debussy
Three Pieces from "The Damnation of Faust"...........................Berlioz
Overture to "Gwendoline"..............Chabrier

No. 11.
Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetic"......Tschaikowsky
Overture Solennelle..................Glazounoff
On the Steppes of Central Asia..........Borodin
Caprice on Spanish Themes...Rimsky-Korsakoff

No. 12
Symphony No. 1........................Sibelius
Tone Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra"....Strauss
Overture, "Leonora," No. 3..........Beethoven

ADVERTISER.

APRIL 3

LISZT'S SYMPHONY CONCERT IN ITSELF

INTERPRETATION BOTH MEMORABLE AND INSPIRING

Dr. Muck Brings Out All the Subtleties and Scores Great Triumph

By Louis C. Elson

PROGRAMME.

Liszt. "Faust" Symphony.
Klose. Prelude and Double Fugue for Organ, Trumpets and Trombones.

A short list but a long programme, for Liszt's Symphony is a concert in itself. It was given a short time ago when the present reviewer was absent from Boston, but echoes reached him of a phenomenal performance such as Boston had never heard before. These rumors were verified yesterday when an interpretation that was memorable and tremendously inspiring was given by the Symphony orchestra, the Apollo Club and Mr. Paul Draper, tenor soloist. The Liszt additions, changes and excisions in this revised version, are interesting but not of very great importance. Bass clarinette effects and the Marguerite touches in the movement devoted to Mephistopheles are the most striking, the latter a decided improvement.

Wagner has often been accused of borrowing from Liszt, but in this work one cannot help thinking that the boot was on the other leg and that Wagner might exclaim, with the ghost in "Hamlet,"—"Liszt, Liszt! O Liszt!"

Most Beautiful

The movement picturing "Marguerite" is the most beautiful of the work, a tender, pathetic picture in a vein that is totally absent from Wagner's treatment of "Faust" in his overture. It is not strange that this movement should often be given apart from the long symphony. The "Gretchen" (or "Marguerite") theme is deliciously presented in its first appearance, by the oboe, the instrument of innocent naivete, and the viola, the instrument of melancholy. The gradual change from limpid simplicity to the pasison of Love is almost psychologically given, the Faust theme being intertwined with the Gretchen one. The end of the movement, Gretchen alone and deserted, had infinite pathos. The movement owed much to the beauty of the obbligato playing. The shading here was very refined.

But the first and third movements were the great triumphs of Dr. Muck. The loftiness of the Faust movement which begins the symphony can never be described in cold leaden type. Of course, Liszt makes much more of "Faust" than Berlioz, who only uses him to damn him, or Gounod who serves him up in syrup and makes him a lover only, or Wagner who makes him a very discontented individual with unfulfilled longings, great ambitions and a fondness for the bass tuba. Liszt has caught the true idea of Goethe, the idea which is most faithfully pictured by Schumann in his great "Faust" work.

Greatest of Symphony

How poetically this idea is caught by Liszt may be seen in the movement which is the greatest and most remarkable of the symphony, and which was the orchestral triumph of yesterday afternoon—the "Mephistopheles" movement. Georg Henschel once said to the present writer: "One thing can never be pictured in Music, and that is Irony"—but Schumann's setting of Heine's poem disproves this. We translate it thus:—

A youth he loves a maiden,
Another she doth prefer.
The other has chosen another
And given his love to her.

The maid's love turns to anger,
And then she takes in scorn,
The first man in her pathway.
The youth is left to mourn.

It is an old, old story,
Yet new it doth remain,
And he to whom it happens,
His heart may rive in twain.

And the accompaniment of this is the most heartless jingle in the world. And Liszt gives bitter irony, in a much more extended manner, all through this movement. The very tempo mark—"Allegro Vivace Ironico,"—shows that Liszt did not share Mr. Henschel's opinion. And there is something more than mere Irony here, there is a metaphysical or ethical touch that is superb, for Mephistopheles is given no especial theme, but the destructive spirit, the soul of negation, the being that destroys but never creates, is portrayed by mocking at the themes of Faust, sneering at the aspirations and ambitions of the hero, yet, (a touch most purely ethical) the themes of Marguerite are beyond his power and escape unscathed amid the storm of destruction.

Subtleties of Picture

One can imagine how Dr. Muck would bring out all the subtleties of such a picture. The reading became one of the greatest triumphs he has achieved among us, and there is a long list to his credit, and every man in the orchestra, from first violinist to the player of the cymbals deserves praise.

The choral ending with its introduction of Goethe's pregnant words relative to "Das ewig Weibliche" is musically as great as what had preceded; we can imagine both Goethe and Liszt very much moved by "the eternal feminine." The chorus sang with steadiness, and to Mr. Paul Draper, after having sung the strange measures in Reznicek's "Schlemihl," the Liszt progressions must have seemed mere child's play, yet the tenor soloist betrayed effort in one or two phrases.

The words were sung in German and we can congratulate das Apollo-verein upon its clever pronunciation. In England it would be sufficient to cause them all to be imprisoned as Teutonic spies.

The final climaxes of orchestra and chorus were the grandest we have ever heard. Had not Liszt been so great a pianist the world would have recognized him sooner as a great composer. He stood in his own light—overshadowing himself.

There was wild enthusiasm at the end of the symphony, and the work and its performance certainly deserved it. The finale of the Faust symphony can scarcely be over-estimated.

Friedrich Klose is a modern, a teacher of composition in the Munich Academy, and this Prelude and Double Fugue is a 20th century composition. In this blessed century composers seem to choose one of two paths, each thorny enough. Either they write for a tremendous orchestra which runs from Celesta to Xyllophones, and give no melodies at all, but merely tonal grunts, or they become ascetically classical and scorn a single fugue or a direct canon as infantile, and aim at contrapuntal complexities that are the higher mathematics of music. Of the two evils the last is much the least, for in suc learned work we can always find coherency and logic.

The combination of organ and brasses in the final chorale was effective. It sounded well in the hall, the organ somehow being always acoustically more in synchronism with the auditorium than even the orchestra, while the masses of trumpets and trombones gave an incisive effect that was altogether out of the common. The final brass-playing was quite a new flavor and one which awakened even the jaded symphony auditor and caused him to sit up and take notice.

The organ solo, which formed the bulk of the composition, was excellently played by John P. Marshall, and the construction of the double fugue was as learned as anyone would expect from a Conservatory professor, yet it was not dry or tedious, and, as above intimated, infinitely above the free maunderings of the modern iconoclasts. Mr. Marshall was tasteful in his registration, too, and gave effective contrasts. But, like a wasp, the most important feature of this work was in its tail. There were, we think, 10 trumpets and 10 trombones, and when they let loose (like the German bands in a church belfry on Sylvesterabend) they could have been heard in Chelsea. It must have been something of this kind that was played a good many years ago before the walls of Jericho.

TRANSCRIPT,

MARCH 27. 1915

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

FRESH MUSIC FROM REGER AND BORODIN

The Bavarian's Interesting Tone-Poems in His New Spirit and Manner — The Russian's Pictorial and Opera-Like Symphony—Miss Gerhardt Betters Her Singing—The Overture to "Oberon" and a Feat

PLEASURE of many sorts—and not one arduous—was plentiful at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, when as usual, after a fortnightly interval, the audience seemed especially warm toward Dr. Muck at his first coming to the stage. Orchestra and conductor were in form as, according to some ears, they are not always after their monthly journeys Southward and beyond questioning their playing of Weber's overture to his opera of "Oberon" was a feat of virtuosity that they only in American concert-rooms can achieve. The gossips say that the celebrated chord separating the introduction from the main body of the overture haunts the imagination of conductors. They hear in vision the perfect unanimity, precision, edgelessness and fire with which they would have their orchestras accomplish this tonal and dramatic stroke. Dr. Muck and the men came as near to these perfections as mortals may. In a single and instant flash, the chord clove the air and, familiar as it is, set the audience quivering, even as ninety years ago the first hearers of "Oberon" may have stirred to it. The horns may not be quite the best of the choirs of the orchestra, but their tone, through the long introduction, summoned the golden and suffused beauty of Weber's romantic song.

Orchestra and conductor struck tonal and rhythmic fire through the glowing and mounting course and the changeful and graphic eloquence of the rest of the overture. It remains still a masterpiece of romantic music; yet, with all the glories of the performance, it was good to have done for the season with Weber's three overtures and it is permissible to hope that for a year at least they may not return to the Symphony Concerts. Dr. Muck seems overdisposed to go an annual round of classic overtures for the closing number of his programmes as though they were a conventional and inevitable finale like the potpourri that usually closes an operetta. So doing, he overlooks more than one overture, ancient, modern and contemporary, that has gone too long unheard and unillumined by his hand.

In the overture to "Oberon," Dr. Muck was operatic conductor again, compassing atmosphere and mystery out of the song of the horns and filling the rest of the piece with the glow and the glamor, the diversity and the impetuosity of romantic action that the opera itself, unless so animated and transfigured, hardly yields. He was intrinsically operatic conductor again in Borodin's symphony in B minor that he has now revived, even as he first made it known to the public of the concerts. Not even Händel himself was more frugal with his music than these Russians—Borodin and Moussorgsky certainly and presumably not a few

of an opera and then abandoned it; if they labored at a ballet only to have the producing theatre shy at it; if they so much as sketched a song and then laid it by, sooner or later they utilized the music for some new purpose. Like Händel they tempt the hearer to an unmitigated cynicism over the graphic power of music when they mate the same tones to very different words and use them to very different purpose. Yet the music of Borodin remains often as intrinsically pictorial in the symphony as it was destined to be in the opera for which it was composed. It has even its operatic kinships. Out of the finale rise the great forms of the barbaric boyards pompously feasting as they feast under their wooden and painted walls in a scene of Moussorgsky's "Khovantschina"; clarinet, harp and horn have no sooner begun the plaintive, exotic and quasi-oriental song of the slow movement than the eye sees the minstrels that hymn more than one prince in Rimsky-Korsakoff's operas; the recurring theme, the broad expansions, the rugged tonal pomps of the first movement recall one and another scene of stately ceremony in Russian music-drama. Only the scherzo seems quite self-contained, as becomes a movement in a symphony so formally continent as this of Borodin.

The virtues and shortcomings of the music alike accord with its original pictorial purpose in an opera of old Russia like "Prince Igor" that we are to hear next autumn. The repetitions may emphasize the action upon the stage; the occasional thinness may be as veils lifted upon the course of the music-drama; the alternation of melodic material rather than the orthodox development and interweaving of it may be due in measure to the original dramatic purpose of the music as well as to the familiar abstentions—and also limitations—of the Russian nationalists. Per contra, the richness and diversity of Borodin's harmonic and instrumental color; the force of his rhythms, the saliency, the individuality and the atmospheric suggestion of his melodies may all have their source, not only in him but in the original operatic purpose of the music. Above all, it is a rugged and full-voiced symphony, changeful as the Slav temperament, now of barbaric and iterated force, now of insinuating Oriental suggestion—a music different from that with which in essence the Western World has been content these hundred years. The power of Borodin, the Russian, has its occasional kinship with the power of Sibelius the Finn. To both, since they are rugged and strange and colorful, we Americans, being none of the three, lend a willing and approving ear.

In a sense Reger had the lion's share of the rest of the concert; since not only had he written his own four tone-poems "after" familiar pictures by Boecklin; but he had scored for orchestra the three songs of Brahms that Miss Gerhardt sang. Perhaps Reger, being often heavy-handed and involved in his own scoring, is not exactly the man that most of us would choose to give songs light, clear and elastic instrumental vesture. Nor has he any very obvious kinship with the Brahms of the grave or playful, the homely or the introspective, the quietly longing or the glowingly contemplative lyrics that fill his song-books and disclose his most human side. Reger is self-contained and singular; he suffices unto himself; he does not overflow with diverse human sympathies and impulses. His feet are well-planted on this firm set earth and especially upon the terrain of musical knowledge and resource. Only in his capacity for "head-work" in the art of composition and in his devotion to "absolute" music is he to be likened to Brahms. By "head-work" and a hand that the broadening and the softening years seem to be making lighter and more elastic, he scored these songs and only once and again did he lay upon them a heavier and a more intricate orchestral garment than they can fittingly and persuasively bear. He is even capable of the finely attuned violin part that he devises for "Wir Wandelten." Yet Mr. Nikisch doing likewise for three of Beethoven's songs that Miss Gerhardt also sang considerably excelled him.

In all these pieces the singer did not always rise to her best capabilities; but she was nearer to them than she was in much of her singing in her concert in Boston with Miss Harrison a few weeks ago Clearly Miss Gerhardt is not at the top of her vocal form; she failed once and again to fulfil her clear intent with her tones; and not always did wisdom guide that will. Perhaps much journeying and one or another intimate irritation have dimmed her spirit and clouded her powers. Her upper notes were sometimes neither steady nor full; and some of her intervals were hardly clean and sure progression from tone to tone. On the other hand, her middle voice often regained its old limidity, radiance and melting softness and more than once she proved anew her warmth and lusciousness of phrase after phrase as they flowed into the long, unbroken and artfully curving line of her sustained song. Then, as in Beethoven's "Wonne der Wehmut" and in Brahms's "Wir Wandelten," she was the Gerhardt of rare tonal beauty and of rare fineness of feeling in songs of contemplative and introspective sentiment. Singer, song and sensation were as one. She brought unexpected sweep of line and breadth of phrase to Beethoven's stark and far-flung song of the universe praising its Maker; but she was not so fortunate, perhaps because of the blows of Reger's orchestra, in Brahms's storm-tossed song of the churchyard. No more did "Freudvoll and Leidvoll" quite sparkle out of itself; but the poignant and foredoomed longing of Brahms's "Immer Leister"—a bitter and ironic little tragedy of suggestion—spoke out of her tones. Yesterday Miss Gerhardt neared justice to herself and the full pleasure that her audiences expect from her. This evening she may quite achieve them.

Reger's four tone-poems were most interesting as the first hint that we in Boston have received of the new spirit, method and manner in his music. We have still to hear his "Ballet Suite" which does not lack charm, fancy or lightness of workmanship; and we know not as yet the warm imagination and the free and ardent procedure of his "Romantic Suite." But the tone-poems of yesterday plainly suggested the change that impulse from without or within has wrought. In his earlier fashion he overdoes the expression of the mood of passionate lamentation that Boecklin's picture, "The Isle of the Dead," seems with a strange insistence to stir in him: "Bacchanal," suggested by the picture of fat, drunken and sprawling Romans, necessarily implies a robustious, coarse-fibred and similarly sprawling music and Reger has done more than fulfill graphically enough the prescription that the choice of the canvas and the theory and practice of musical contrast laid upon him. On the other hand, he is sportive, light, quick-witted and even flashing with his gay, bright and playful response in tones to "The Frolic of the Waves" and he charms by the play of a shrewd and smiling scholarship through the ecclesiastical voice and the aerated sentiment of "The Fiddling Hermit."

In all four pieces Reger is neither involved nor acrid, and no heavier than "Bacchanal" in itself and his own notion of "The Isle of the Dead" required. Especially in the two lighter pieces he is almost graceful of melody and mood; sprightly of invention; clear, pliant and fanciful in coloring; adept with his rhythms, transmitting a vivid impression in clear and free unity of mood, method and material. Neither "The Fiddling Hermit" nor "The Sport of the Waves" is a remarkable piece except as it shows the new spirit that has entered into Reger and the new manner that gives it voice; and the music suggests little of the pictures whence Reger borrows his titles. "The Sport of the Waves" is a fancifully invented and fancifully developed scherzo, light, limpid and frolicsome. "The Fiddling Hermit" transforms ecclesiastical modes dashed with sentiment into tonal folk-tale. "Bacchanal" is music after the kind of Boecklin's picture or the Sunday sprees of the big-bodied Bavarian peasants who in their cups are not so far from these pictured Romans. It is of Reger flinging tone and progression about to boisterous rhythm nd with the amplest of ready means. Cu- ly, his music from "The Isle of the affords hardly a hint of the tone- to which it has stirred other com- eger lifts only the voice of plan- ation and troubled longing, as ick as well as the dead dwelt Yet it is a more human oice than has often come —or rather younger—music.

H. T. P.

SUNDAY HERALD,

APRIL 4, 1915.

SAN FRANCISCO PROGRAMS OF SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. Muck has made a remarkable list of programs for the 12 subscription concerts which the Boston Symphony orchestra will give at the Panama-Pacific international exposition at San Francisco from May 11 to May 26, inclusive. It will be seen at a glance that they should please the reverers of the classics and those more keenly interested in modern music. The catholicity of the programs is also to be noted. Seven French composers are represented, four Italians, four Russians and a Finn, besides German, Austrian, Bohemian and Hungarian composers.

No. 1.
Symphony No. 3, "Eroica" .... Beethoven
Variations on a Theme by Haydn .... Brahms
"Don Juan" .... Strauss
Overture to "Euryanthe" .... Weber

No. 2.
Overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage" .... Mendelssohn
Symphony in G major, "Surprise" .... Haydn
Suite No. 2, "Indian" .... MacDowell
"Hungaria," Symphonic Poem .... Liszt

No. 3—FRENCH PROGRAM.
Symphony in D minor .... Cesar Franck
"L'Apprenti Sorcier" .... Dukas
Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1 .... Bizet
Rhapsody, "Espana" .... Chabrier

No. 4.
Symphony No. 1 .... Brahms
Suite for Flute and Strings in B minor, No. 2 .... Bach
Solo Flute, Andre Maquarre.
Shepherds' Music from the "Christmas" Oratorio .... Bach
Overture to "Egmont" .... Beethoven

No. 5—WAGNER PROGRAM.
Overture to "Rienzi."
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."
Introduction and Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser."
Prelude to "Lohengrin."
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."
Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods."
Prelude to "Parsifal."

No. 6.
Overture to "Der Freischuetz" .... Weber
Symphony No. 8, in F major .... Beethoven
Symphonic Sketches .... Chadwick
"Karelia," Overture .... Sibelius
"The Swan of Tuonela" .... Sibelius
"Finlandia" .... Sibelius

No. 7.
Symphony No. 2 .... Brahms
Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes" .... Liszt
"Death and Transfiguration" .... Strauss
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" .... Wagner

No. 8—ITALIAN PROGRAM.
Symphony No. 1 .... Sgambati
Overture to "Anacreon" .... Cherubini
Intermezzi Goldoniani .... Bossi
Overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chizzote" Sinigaglia

No. 9.
Symphony in G minor .... Mozart
Concerto in D minor for two violins and string orchestra .... Bach
(Solo violins, Messrs. Witek and Noack.)
Overture to "Sakuntala" .... Goldmark
"A Siegfried Idyl" .... Wagner
Overture, "Carnival" .... Dvorak

No. 10—FRENCH PROGRAM.
Symphony No. 3, for orchestra and organ, Saint-Saens
"The Afternoon of a Faun" .... Debussy
Three Pieces from "The Damnation of Faust" .... Berlioz
Overture to "Gwendoline" .... Chabrier

No. 11.
Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetic," Tschaikowsky
Overture Solonelle .... Glazounoff
On the Steppes of Central Asia .... Borodin
Caprice on Spanish Themes ... Rimsky-Korsakoff

No. 12.
Symphony No. 1 .... Sibelius
Tone Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" ... Strauss
Overture, "Leonora," No. 3 .... Beethoven

TRANSCRIPT.

MARCH 30, 1915

FOR SAN FRANCISCO

DR. MUCK'S PROGRAMMES FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR

A Remarkable Array of Music That Ranges Through Ancient and Modern Classics of Many Schools and Nationalities—Five Specialized Programmes—The Orchestra to Be Unassisted—A Difficult Job Notably Done

FOR a fortnight past, Dr. Muck has been working at the programmes for the twelve concerts that he and the Symphony Orchestra will undertake at the Panama-Pacific exhibition at San Francisco in May. At last he has finished a difficult job and the twelve programmes traversing some sixty pieces, all to be played within a fortnight and on consecutive days, follow hereunder. Five of them are specialized programmes: that is to say, two concerts are to fall wholly to music by French composers; one to music wholly from Italian hands; one to Russian pieces; and a fifth to preludes, overtures and other fragments of Wagner's operas and music-dramas. Dr. Muck has preferred to make no "American programme," that should isolate native composers in a class by themselves. Rather, he has taken a piece from MacDowell and a piece from Chadwick and placed both in miscellaneous programmes as he would the music of any established, interesting and well-reputed composer whatever his nationality. So has he treated Sibelius, the Finn; or Liszt, the Hungarian; or Dvoràk, the Bohemian.

In time and scope, the chosen music ranges from Bach, Mozart and Haydn, through Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Brahms, Liszt, Wagner, Saint-Saëns, Tschaikowsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff down to Strauss, Debussy and Sibelius. Beyond these composers into the ranks of the controverted ultra-moderns, Dr. Muck has prudently decided that it were unwise to go. Until their day, almost every composer of the first rank—Schubert, Schumann and Händel aside, all of whom were symphonists by exception—has his place upon the programmes. They preserve as carefully the balance between ancient and modern music; between the classic, the romantic, and the impressionistic fashion of composition; between the formal symphony and overture and the freer-handed tone-poem and tone-picture; they make choice of composers by their established worth and not by nationality; and they make choice, without fear or favor, of pieces by their established place in symphony concerts; their intrinsic interest, and their suitability to a comprehensive scheme to be accomplished in unusual circumstance.

The range and the nature of the programmes bid fair also to disclose the many-sided qualities that make the Symphony Orchestra the unique orchestra of the present world, and, as it should be, Dr. Muck and the men, unhampered by intruding singers and virtuosi, will have the twelve concerts wholly to themselves. No such series of programmes for such concerts has been made in the United States since Theodore Thomas's day at the World's Fair in Chicago and in them Dr. Muck has proved—beyond his usual wont as they would say in New York—his virtues as a programme-maker. Strange as it seems, to some that lightly and hastily find fault with his programmes, he gives pains, thought and imagination to the making of them. Here are the twelve for San Francisco:

I.

Symphony, No. 3, in E-flat, "Eroica".... Beethoven
Variations on a Theme by Haydn (Chorale Sancti Antoni) ....Brahms
Tone Poem, "Don Juan"................Strauss
Overture to the Opera, "Euryanthe".....Weber

II.

Concert Overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage"......................Mendelssohn
Symphony, No. 6, in G Major, "Surprise"..Haydn
Suite, No. 2, in E Minor, "Indian"....MacDowell
Symphonic Poem, "Hungaria".............Liszt

III.

(French Programme)

Symphony in D Minor.....................Franck
Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"......Dukas
Suite, "L'Arlésienne," No. 1................Bizet
Rhapsody, "España" ....Chabrier

IV.

Symphony, No. 1, in C Minor.............Brahms
Suite for Flue and Strings in B Minor.......Bach
Solo flute, Mr. Maquarre.
"Shepherds' Music," from the Christmas Oratorio...................................Bach
Overture to Goethe's play, "Egmont"..Beethoven

V.

(Wagner Programme)

Overture to "Rienzi."
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."
Introduction and Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser."
Prelude to "Lohengrin."
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."
Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods."
Prelude to "Parsifal."

VI.

Overture to the opera, "Der Freischütz"...Weber
Symphony, No. 8, in F Major...........Beethoven
Symphonic Sketches ....Chadwick
Karelia.—The Swan of Tuonela.—Finlandia. Sibelius

VII.

Symphony, No. 2, in D Major, Op. 73....Brahms
Symphonic Poem, "The Preludes".........Liszt
Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration" .... Strauss
Prelude to the opera, "The Meistersingers of Nuremberg".......................Wagner

VIII.

(Italian Programme)

Symphony, No. 1, in D Major...........Sgambati
Overture to the opera, "Anacreon".....Cherubini
Intermezzi Goldoniani, Op 127.............Bossi
Overture to Goldoni's comedy, "Le Baruffe Chiozzete," .... Sinigaglia

IX.

Symphony, No. 2, in G Minor............Mozart
Concerto in D Minor, for Two Violins and Orchestra of Strings.......................Bach
(Solo Violins: Messrs. Witek and Noack.)
Overture to the Play, "Sakuntala," Op. 13 Goldmark
"A Siegfried Id" ....Wagner
Concert Overture, "Carnival"............Dvorak

X.

(French Programme)

Symphony, No. 3, in C Minor, for Orchestra and Organ .... Saint-Saëns
Prelude to Mallarmé's Eclogue, "The Afternoon of a Faun"......................Debussy
Three Pieces from "The Damnation of Faust" ....Berlioz
Overture to the Opera, "Gwendoline"...Chabrier

XI.

(Russian Programme)

Symphony, No 6, in B Minor, "Pathetic"... Tschaikowsky
Solemn Overture ....Glazounoff
On the Steppes of Central Asia...........Borodin
Caprice on Spanish Themes....Rimsky-Korsakoff

XII.

Symphony, No. 1, in E Minor.............Sibelius
Tone Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra"...Strauss
Overture, "Leonora," No. 3............Beethoven

BOSTON HERALD.

APRIL 3. 1915.

19TH REHEARSAL BY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Liszt's "Faust" Symphony Enjoyed—Klose Composition Also Played.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program consisted of Liszt's "Faust" symphony, in which the orchestra was assisted by a male chorus from the Apollo Club and Mr. Paul Draper, tenor; and Klose's Prelude and Double Fugue for organ (Chorale at the end with trumpets and trombone). Mr. John P. Marshall was the organist.

Friedrich Klose has been only a name in Boston. His organ piece was played here for the first time and it is not fair to judge him from it. He has written various works of long breath, among them are important compositions—important as far as the general scheme is concerned—in which the organ is used with the orchestra. Born at Carlsruhe in 1862, having taught at Geneva and Basle, he is now teacher of composition at the Academy of Music in Munich.

How he was led to write the Prelude and Fugue is told in his preface to the score. At Bayreuth in 1882 he met Anton Bruckner, whose "Romantic" symphony had impressed him, and there he talked and drank with him. Bruckner played the organ for him and improvised a fugue on a "wild ascending theme." Some years later Klose studied with Bruckner. In grateful remembrance of his teacher he wrote this Prelude and Fugue, using as a motto the "wild ascending" theme, which also serves as the beginning of his first fugal subject.

The composition is more interesting to the student of fugue and of the organ than to the public. It is often said of respectable and unemotional music that it is "well made." This compliment is too often a reproach, if it is not a sneer. Klose's Prelude is not impressive, nor is his Fugue as a whole engrossing or dramatic. There are awkward passages for the organist; passages that do not lie well for hands or feet. The quotation itself from Bruckner is not a striking one, nor is it well adapted always to contrapuntal employment. One of the better portions is the long pedal point which brings the climax. Klose introduces four trumpets and four trombones in the final chorale. Dr. Muck doubled these instruments and added a tuba; but even then the choral with the full organ had little real effect.

The audience listened respectfully at first, but at last—for the composition is very long—many by their attitude recalled to our mind an entry in Grant Duff's Diary: "Congreve, the Positivist hierophant, begins his Conciones ad populum, in an upper room of the Sussex Hotel, in Bouverie street. Some one said, describing the scene, 'And there was Lord Houghton sleeping exactly as if he had been in church.' "

The performance of the "Faust" symphony in last January made a profound impression. It is not surprising that Dr. Muck wished to repeat the performance this season. It is not necessary to speak again in detail of the symphony or the manner in which it was played. It is enough is say that the music seemed even more poetic, dramatic, imaginative, imposing. Perhaps in the first movement there are a few passages that might be cut out or condensed, but no one would wish the movement "Gretchen" to be changed in any way. Of all the music that is associated with the innocent maiden of Goethe's poem, this is surely the most expressive, the most beautiful. The remorseful, crazed Gretchen is not in Liszt's picture. We find her in the prison music of Boito. And how paltry does the music of Mephistopheles conceived by Gounod seem in comparison with the ironical fiend of Liszt, mocking the doubts and the aspirations of the disillusionized philosopher!

It is the fashion for some to admit the genius of Liszt in shaping the symphonic poem, in enlarging the scope of the symphony; to admit, though grudgingly, his influence on contemporaries and followers even to this day; but they deny his creative power, as there are some who find no "ideas" in the music of Berlioz, no skill in thematic treatment, only an unusual sense of orchestral color and an inexplicable ability in orchestration. Argument is out of the question with these men. They have ears and they do not hear; they will not hear. Berlioz and Liszt are not thus to be idly dismissed. It is not possible to think of modern music [illegible] their glorious names and remembering their music. It is pleasant to think that in this city they have long been ranked among the immortals. The music of Berlioz has been heard here since 1851 and often with passionate admiration. The programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra show the prominence given to the Hungarian abbe, as it was given here by Theodore Thomas before the Boston Orchestra was established.

The performance of the "Faust" symphony yesterday should have turned the most prejudiced, the most "conservative" from the error of his ways. Not only Mr. Longy was eloquent in the oboe solos; the whole orchestra was dramatically emotional. No wonder that an unusual tribute was paid to Dr. Muck and the players.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Korngold, Sinfonietta (first time here); Beethoven, concerto in E flat major for piano (Mr. Leonard Borwick, pianist); Sinigaglia, overture to "Le Baruffe Chiozzote." Mr. Borwick has not visited Boston since December, 1911.

BOSTON GLOBE

APRIL 3

LISZT'S "FAUST."

Great Symphony Repeated in Fine Performance.

Dr Muck, Apollo Club and Orchestra Win Praise—Stupid Novelty Added.

For the second time this season the huge "Faust" symphony of Liszt, given with the assistance of the Apollo Club in the final chorus, occupied the chief place on Dr Muck's program yesterday. It was the 19th symphony rehearsal. Technically there has been special interest to Boston in these performances because of Dr Muck's access last Summer, through Siegfried Wagner's permission, to a score of the symphony found at Wahnfried, Wagner's home at Bayreuth, in which Liszt, about 1883, had made changes and additions, a version which in these two pairs of concerts in Boston has been produced for the first times anywhere.

Outside of the substitution of the bass clarinet, an instrument not in Liszt's original score, for the bassoon in the opening measures of the "Faust" or first movement, the general patron of concerts might not detect differences in the revision. But it is the music itself and this superb performance that make it a matter of moment. Dr Muck was recalled again after the players had left their places for the intermission and rewarded with applause not common at the Friday afternoon rehearsal.

The psychology of the relation of the three chief characters, Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles, as Liszt has seen it in the choice and use of thematic material, is engrossing, but not essential to a deep appreciation of a vividity of feeling and a dramatic expression which seems revolutionary as associated with the year 1853. Liszt had observed well his predecessor Berlioz. Less given to extravagance and theatricalism than he, Liszt noted his methods as an orcheerful colorist, as a painter of moods.

Courageous Composer.

That portions of this "symphony" are prolix; that there is to be found overuse of sequence, without sufficient development to repay a modern ear for the restatement of an idea; that there is padding and monotony of color, particularly in the "Gretchen" movement, is as apparent as the needless length of it.

But the orchestral technic displayed the inspiration and poetic truth to be found in the conception of the characters, and the emotional intensity with which they are embodied, particularly the dual nature of Faust and the sinister love of destruction in his adversary, all speak of a state of romantic thought and feeling far beyond the time.

Weber had died but 27 years before. A few years later Wagner's "Tristan" was to be abandoned at the Vienna opera after 57 rehearsals because it would be considered unsingable. The courage and conviction of a composer, who was the darling of the world as a pianist, to put on paper music such as this in the middle of the last century, commands respect and wonder.

Notable Performance.

The performance bids fair to rank as the notable one of the Symphony year. There were noble and inspired moments in the "Faust" music, while that of Mephistopheles was given with marvelous appreciation of its sardonic vein. There was momentary unsteadiness of pitch in one of the woodwinds at the beginning of the second movement, but later the sustained beauty of the song returned.

The Apollo Club took its part with fine precision and sonority. Paul Draper, a singer possessing subtlety of interpretation essential to lieder, pathetically lacks the voice imperative in this solo part. The duration of the symphony was an hour and 15 minutes.

The other number on the program was a prelude and double fugue for organ with choral for trumpets and trombones. There were eight each of the latter, composed of the orchestral brasses and their pupils. John Marshall was the organist.

The composer, one Friedrich Klose, is probably an honest, learned and God-fearing man. His music was tedious when it was not noisy. A brass choir is not necessarily made for din. The score would do well for Boston Common on the Fourth of July.

BOSTON JOURNAL

APRIL 3, 1915.

LISZT'S "FAUST" MAKES RECORDS

Evokes Biggest Enthusiasm of the Symphony Season.

Liszt's "Faust" symphony, featured for the second time this season on Dr. Muck's programs, drew the biggest crowd of the Symphony season yesterday afternoon and capped this record by arousing the biggest outburst of enthusiasm witnessed at a Symphony concert for a long, long time.

Hundreds of enthusiasts couldn't get into the hall at all. Moreover, for the benefit of those who may be ruminating on the probability of attending tonight's concert, it should be said that the house is well-nigh sold out already. There has been nothing like this intense interest over a symphony in Boston in recent years except at one or two special performances of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony.

The "Faust" symphony is gradually forcing its way into recognition as the most impressive musical translation of Goethe's drama. It is wonderfully rich both in lyrical and dramatic qualities. The three movements, entitled "Faust," "Gretchen" and "Mephistopheles," are in reality nothing more or less than three masterly tone poems. The "Chorus mysticus," at the end, is the least effective part of the work. The forte measures demand a somewhat larger chorus than that of the Apollo Club, which is assisting the orchestra again, with Paul Draper as tenor soloist.

But the performance yesterday was, on the whole, extremely eloquent, and when it was over the audience not only gave the orchestra the well-deserved ovation, but it recalled Dr. Muck again and again.

An ecclesiastical offering, in German style, is Friedrich Klose's prelude and double fugue for organ, played by John P. Marshall, with trumpets and trombones taking part in the choral at the finale. This novelty might perhaps be regarded as appropriate to the Lenten season. It assuredly furnished a radical contrast to the dramatic Liszt work.

Next week's program will be made up of a new "Sinfonietta" by Eric Korngold, Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, with piano solo by Leonard Borwick, and the Sinigaglia overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozzote."

BOSTON POST,

APRIL 3.

ORGAN AND VOICES AID SYMPHONY

New Work by Klose Played and Liszt's Great "Faust"

BY OLIN DOWNES

At the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Dr. Muck repeated one of the most impressive performances he has ever given in Boston—the Faust symphony of Liszt, with the Apollo Club, including Paul Draper, tenor soloist, assisting.

The only other music on the programme was Friedrich Klose's Prelude and Double Fugue for Organ (John P. Marshall organist), with a chorale for organ, trumpets and trombones. This fugue and chorale was heard for the first time in Boston.

UNCOMMONLY INTERESTING

Klose, now in his 53rd year, teaches at Munich. The production of his opera, or, as it is called, "dramatic symphony, Ilsebill," after the tale of the fisherman's wife who could never be content with the good that fortune bestowed, established his reputation in Germany. It is an uncommonly interesting work. The prelude, fugue and chorale played yesterday are also interesting. The contrapuntal structure is elaborate, but free.

The chorale, for numerous instruments of brass, is a fitting climax to the work. The course of the fugue is interrupted by rich departures from the beaten track. Rhythmically the work is very intricate and scholarly. Technically it is a tour de force. As for its ultimate value, that is not easily determined at first hearing. Klose is not wearing his heart on his sleeve. His themes are not over grateful in themselves. Take the somewhat unwieldy fugue subject. What if it does serve to display anew the composer's skill in its treatment? There is more than that in music. The composition might be called "Homage to Bruckner," since the theme of the chorale is Bruckner's, taken down by Klose during Bruckner's improvisation on an organ in Bayreuth. It is no better than many chorale themes and not as good as some.

Of Extreme Difficulty

The work is worth repeating. It is extremely ungrateful for the organist. Not only is it without doubt one of the most difficult pieces in the literature of the organ, but it is also true that in many cases the passages hardly bring their reward, once mastered. Mr. Marshall did what he could do to give Klose's message to the audience, but a piece like this should be heard more than once to show at its true colors.

The most accomplished virtuoso on the organ, the most attentive audience, would welcome opportunity of the better acquaintance with repetition brings.

Still Music of the Future

Liszt's symphony was as impressive yesterday as it was last January. When it was first produced, back in the 40s, the catch sneer was "music of the future." Music of the future it not only was, but is! The Mephistofeles movement alone would be enough to place Liszt in the first rank among the composers of the later 19th century. One then goes back, and is hardly less impressed with the beauty and the truthfulness of characterization in the music of Gretchen. Finally the first movement, "Faust."

Two men have portrayed Faust in tones, Wagner and Liszt. Liszt's conception is the more mature, the more complete. Faust from every angle of the complex personality of Goethe is heard in this movement—Faust's pride, aspirations, love self-torture, his vain speculations, his ceaseless strivings for the truth—all this is found in Liszt's music. Liszt and Wagner, with a possible third, namely, the Boito of the opera, "Mefistofele," all intellectuals, are the only composers who have yet understood the hero of the poem.

This symphony has been revealed by Dr. Muck and none other. So far as this city is concerned it would have been respectfully exhumed from the shelves every five or six years and dished up as a sort of burnt offering to the god Liszt. Then it would have been tucked away again with a sigh of relief. Lo and behond! Symphony Hall could not yesterday and cannot tonight contain the people who want to hear music that was the very crown of madness in the 40s—the "Faust" symphony.

The performance was again worthy of the work, and Dr. Muck returned to the stage repeatedly to acknowledge applause. The orchestra stood with him. Those who attended were fortunate. They listened to one of the greatest achievements in the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

APRIL 3, 1915

LISZT'S GREAT "FAUST" WORK HAS RENDERING

Repeated on Program of Boston Symphony Orchestra Popular Interest Increases — Organ Piece by Klose First Time

SYMPHONY HALL—Nineteenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of April 2. The program: Liszt, "Faust" symphony, with male chorus from the Apollo Club and Paul Draper, tenor, assisting; Klose, prelude and double fugue for organ, with choral ending for choirs of trumpets and trombones, John P. Marshall, organist (first Boston performance).

The freshest music the orchestra plays is that which was composed from 40 to 60 years ago. Last week the Borodin symphony in B minor, dating from 1877, proved one of the real novelties of the season, more original in feeling than pieces dating within the present decade have been. This week the "Faust" symphony, dating from 1857, proves the most recent thing of all, both in thematic plan and in instrumental method.

Scholars have long known how the Liszt case stood. They have told the world that Liszt taught Wagner and Strauss all there was to teach about the building of music on theme development and theme transformation. But the world has paid little heed to its musical scholars. It cared little as to who was the first architect in the modern symphonic style. It selected its favorites by the external charm of their product, not by the fundamental appeal of their line, form and balance. It preferred Wagner to Liszt, because the Wagnerian facades are so ornate and pretty. It prefrred Strauss to Liszt, because the Straussian roofs make such smart and saucy silhouettes against the sky.

Listeners have favored Wagner and Strauss, believing that these composers were the master-thinkers; believing that these two had the genius to apply ideas which Liszt only groped for and which he but feebly succeeded in formulating. But listeners based their choice on a wrong supposition. The actual reason why they liked Wagner and Strauss was because these orchestral writers struck a manner of expression that was more obvious than Liszt's. And in making their preference as they did, they overlooked the most vital musical message the nineteenth century records after Beethoven.

Now that Wagner and Strauss have had their say, Liszt is beginning to have a chance of serious hearing. Listeners today are finding in his scores a larger statement of nineteenth century ideals than they have found elsewhere. They are in a position to judge fairly between the composers who have made preeminent use of the theme transformation plan of writing. And they cannot but admit that Liszt, the composer who invented the idea, was the one who also best applied it.

To go back to the days of the Wagner and Strauss enthusiasm, plainly listeners had much reason for choosing as they did. If Wagner and Strauss seemed plausible to them, while Liszt seemed aimless and confused, there was excuse for the situation. For the fact is that nineteenth century listeners could seldom have heard Liszt adequately performed and interpreted. For verification of this point, we cannot advantageously consult symphony conductors or orchestral players. They will not easily remember the time when they could not present their Liszt just as well as they can today.

More instructive will be old reviews of concerts in the leading musical cities of the world, for these record the effect of the playing of Liszt's music on the public ear. And what the public hears is the measure of the artistic quality of concerts, not what the players hope it hears. Now a review of any nineteenth century performance of the "Faust" symphony that refers to an audience taking pleasure in any portion but the second movement, is a rare document to find. We can only conclude that Wagner and Strauss as imitators, or at best followers of Liszt, were easier to play; and being better played, were more readily comprehended by the public.

At the present time orchestral players are with musical scholars in their appreciation of Liszt, and the "Faust" symphony gets presented in the fulness of its meaning. On Friday afternoon when the work was repeated because of its success on a program of the midseason, not only the second movement, but the first and third, and the choral ending, made a profound impression. Every phrase of the music was in the conductor's control. The work became as clear as a symphony of Beethoven. It was nowhere aimless or confused, because it was commandingly interpreted. Especially brilliant was the playing of the strings, on which everything in the difficult first movement, dealing with the character of Faust, depends. The themes were sharply outlined in all their transformations, and the portrait of the philosopher and cavalier was clear to the last lineament. The concertmaster, absent a week ago, was fortunately back at his desk. The first movement of the symphony could not have had its vivacity and intellectual drive without Mr. Witek leading the first violins.

The second movement, in nineteenth century reviews again and again referred to as the only engrossing part of the work, was extraordinarily beautiful at this performance. The solo oboe, which is the voice of Gretchen, was played in Mr. Longy's most poetic manner. The third movement was a challenge to Dr. Muck's talents as a reader of musical satire and it got his shrewdest attention. Remarkable was the characterization of Mephistopheles taken up here and there by the first bassoon. Mr. Sadony is always ready when he has an especial interpretative opportunity, but he surpassed himself at this performance.

The ending for the male chorus was read with dignity and the solo tenor part sung with pathos and persuasion. If there ever was an excuse for introducing voices into a symphony, it is in this great work of Liszt, and if there ever was excuse for the repetition of words, it is in the chorus and solo here.

The organ piece which was played after the intermission hardly belonged to the same program with the "Faust" symphony. It was, however, an attractive piece, considered by itself. But its attractiveness cannot be said to have been in the trumpet and trombone chorus with which it noisily ended. The charm of the work was in its elegance as writing for the organ and in the blending of ancient and modern sentiment in prelude, fugue and chorale. The joining in of so much brass at the close is an artificial climax, out of keeping with the general calm of the piece. It is a dramatic idea awkwardly handled, or so it seems in concert performance. Mr. Marshall played the organ part admirably, ordering his registration in such a way that technical display was subordinated to the presentation of idea. If this new work by Klose had no very clear program relation with the "Faust" symphony, it nevertheless has a rightful place in the program scheme of the year. The Symphony hall organ is rightly coming into use not only as an instrument to supplement the orchestra but as one on which to produce works of solo interest.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

APRIL 3, 1915.

LISZT "FAUST" SYMPHONY AGAIN

Second Hearing Arouses Exceptional Enthusiasm—Apollo Club Assists.

The second hearing of the Liszt "Faust" Symphony, as afforded yesterday afternoon by the Symphony Orchestra, serves to strengthen one's regard for the great work, for Dr. Muck and the players. It gave even more satisfaction than when played earlier in the year, and aroused even more enthusiasm. The wonderfully beautiful Gretchen movement retains its place as the gem of the symphony, with the Mephistopheles movement affording Dr. Muck and the players an opportunity to display their peerless artistry as is seldom afforded. As at the earlier presentation, the orchestra was assisted by the Apollo Club and Paul Draper, tenor soloist. The vocal part was in keeping with the high standard of the orchestral, but still one could well wish for a better voice than Mr. Draper's in the solo work.

There was only one other number on the program, owing to the length of the symphony, that being a Prelude and Double Fugue for Organ, with a Choral at the end with trumpets and trombones, by Klose. Mr. Marshall was of course at the organ. The number, save in the choral, was not particularly interesting, although Mr. Marshall did some excellent work on the organ.

Chicago

SUNDAY TRIBUNE:

MARCH 28. 1915.

The Boston Symphony orchestra concluded its season with the concerts of Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. The only unfamiliar composition was the fantasia for oboe and orchestra on French folk tunes by Vincent d'Indy. It is, naturally, not an important work, using the word important in two senses—that of the critics of painting as well as the common one. But it is pretty music and pleasing to the ear, somewhat wearied in these troublous times with listening to complicated endeavors to prove that out of nothing something can be made. The performer of the solo part was, of course, George Longy, the first oboist of the orchestra, an artist of the foremost rank and a musician of such fastidious taste that he invariably gives delight to the cultivated listener.

Thursday evening Dr. Muck bathed his gloomy soul in the Elysian raptures of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy." He gave us a cool and highly polished performance of the composition, and Emil Ferir, the violinist, played the obbligato commendably. When it was all over, those who for years have failed to discover the might of this music were just where they had always been, and those who have always seen in the symphony wonders and splendors far beyond those of the original Byronic poem were beatified. At the matinée concert the orchestral numbers were Schubert's C major symphony and Dvorak's "Carnival" overture. Curiously enough, precisely these same works had been performed by the Philharmonic under Mr. Stansky only eight days earlier. Probably Chicago, being blessed with one great orchestra of her own, escapes this sort of thing. In New York it is inevitable that if one conductor gives a certain symphony or overture in the first week in March, another will play the same thing in the third week. Of course, the one never knows that the other is going to do it or has done it, or may, can, or must do it. The general public does not care, but the poor slaves of the concert hall treadmill, the critics, have to hear all these repetitions and try to refrain from making the comparisons which the conductors challenge them to make. If one of the local critics, for instance, should openly declare that the Boston Symphony orchestra's performance of the Schubert symphony made that of the Philharmonic sound like an echo, the old familiar battle would begin once more, and people with tremendous power in the financial and social world would set out to capture that critic's scalp.

BOSTON POST,

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To go back to the days of the Wagner and Strauss enthusiasm, plainly listeners had much reason for choosing as they did. If Wagner and Strauss seemed plausible to them, while Liszt seemed aimless and confused, there was excuse for the situation. For the fact is that nineteenth century listeners could seldom have heard Liszt adequately performed and interpreted. For verification of this point, we cannot advantageously consult symphony conductors or orchestral players. They will not easily remember the time when they could not present their Liszt just as well as they can today.

More instructive will be old reviews of concerts in the leading musical cities of the world, for these record the effect of the playing of Liszt's music on the public ear. And what the public hears is the measure of the artistic quality of concerts, not what the players hope it hears. Now a review of any nineteenth century performance of the "Faust" symphony that refers to an audience taking pleasure in any portion but the second movement, is a rare document to find. We can only conclude that Wagner and Strauss as imitators, or at best followers of Liszt, were easier to play; and being better played, were more readily comprehended by the public.

At the present time orchestral players are with musical scholars in their appreciation of Liszt, and the "Faust" symphony gets presented in the fulness of its meaning. On Friday afternoon when the work was repeated because of its success on a program of the mid-season, not only the second movement, but the first and third, and the choral ending, made a profound impression. Every phrase of the music was in the conductor's control. The work became as clear as a symphony of Beethoven. It was nowhere aimless or confused, because it was commandingly interpreted. Especially brilliant was the playing of the strings, on which everything in the difficult first movement, dealing with the character of Faust, depends. The themes were sharply outlined in all their transformations, and the portrait of the philosopher and cavalier was clear to the last lineament. The concertmaster, absent a week ago, was fortunately back at his desk. The first movement of the symphony could not have had its vivacity and intellectual drive without Mr. Witek leading the first violins.

The second movement, in nineteenth century reviews again and again referred to as the only engrossing part of the work, was extraordinarily beautiful at this performance. The solo oboe, which is the voice of Gretchen, was played in Mr. Longy's most poetic manner. The third movement was a challenge to Dr. Muck's talents as a reader of musical satire and it got his shrewdest attention. Remarkable was the characterization of Mephistopheles taken up here and there by the first bassoon. Mr. Sadony is always ready when he has an especial interpretative opportunity, but he surpassed himself at this performance.

The ending for the male chorus was read with dignity and the solo tenor part sung with pathos and persuasion. If there ever was an excuse for introducing voices into a symphony, it is in this great work of Liszt, and if there ever was excuse for the repetition of words, it is in the chorus and solo here.

The organ piece which was played after the intermission hardly belonged to the same program with the "Faust" symphony. It was, however, an attractive piece, considered by itself. But its attractiveness cannot be said to have been in the trumpet and trombone chorus with which it noisily ended. The charm of the work was in its elegance as writing for the organ and in the blending of ancient and modern sentiment in prelude, fugue and chorale. The joining in of so much brass at the close is an artificial climax, out of keeping with the general calm of the piece. It is a dramatic idea awkwardly handled, or so it seems in concert performance. Mr. Marshall played the organ part admirably, ordering his registration in such a way that technical display was subordinated to the presentation of idea. If this new work by Klose had no very clear program relation with the "Faust" symphony, it nevertheless has a rightful place in the program scheme of the year. The Symphony hall organ is rightly coming into use not only as an instrument to supplement the orchestra but as one on which to produce works of solo interest.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

APRIL 3, 1915.

LISZT "FAUST" SYMPHONY AGAIN

Second Hearing Arouses Exceptional Enthusiasm—Apollo Club Assists.

The second hearing of the Liszt "Faust" Symphony, as afforded yesterday afternoon by the Symphony Orchestra, serves to strengthen one's regard for the great work, for Dr. Muck and the players. It gave even more satisfaction than when played earlier in the year, and aroused even more enthusiasm. The wonderfully beautiful Gretchen movement retains its place as the gem of the symphony, with the Mephistopheles movement affording Dr. Muck and the players an opportunity to display their peerless artistry as is seldom afforded. As at the earlier presentation, the orchestra was assisted by the Apollo Club and Paul Draper, tenor soloist. The vocal part was in keeping with the high standard of the orchestral, but still one could well wish for a better voice than Mr. Draper's in the solo work.

There was only one other number on the program, owing to the length of the symphony, that being a Prelude and Double Fugue for Organ, with a Choral at the end with trumpets and trombones, by Klose. Mr. Marshall was of course at the organ. The number, save in the choral, was not particularly interesting, although Mr. Marshall did some excellent work on the organ.

Chicago —

SUNDAY TRIBUNE:

MARCH 28. 1915.

The Boston Symphony orchestra concluded its season with the concerts of Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. The only unfamiliar composition was the fantasia for oboe and orchestra on French folk tunes by Vincent d'Indy. It is, naturally, not an important work, using the word important in two senses—that of the critics of painting as well as the common one. But it is pretty music and pleasing to the ear, somewhat wearied in these troublous times with listening to complicated endeavors to prove that out of nothing something can be made. The performer of the solo part was, of course, George Longy, the first oboist of the orchestra, an artist of the foremost rank and a musician of such fastidious taste that he invariably gives delight to the cultivated listener.

Thursday evening Dr. Muck bathed his gloomy soul in the Elysian raptures of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy." He gave us a cool and highly polished performance of the composition, and Emil Ferir, the violinist, played the obbligato commendably. When it was all over, those who for years have failed to discover the might of this music were just where they had always been, and those who have always seen in the symphony wonders and splendors far beyond those of the original Byronic poem were beatified. At the matinée concert the orchestral numbers were Schubert's C major symphony and Dvorak's "Carnival" overture. Curiously enough, precisely these same works had been performed by the Philharmonic under Mr. Stansky only eight days earlier. Probably Chicago, being blessed with one great orchestra of her own, escapes this sort of thing. In New York it is inevitable that if one conductor gives a certain symphony or overture in the first week in March, another will play the same thing in the third week. Of course, the one never knows that the other is going to do it or has done it, or may, can, or must do it. The general public does not care, but the poor slaves of the concert hall treadmill, the critics, have to hear all these repetitions and try to refrain from making the comparisons which the conductors challenge them to make. If one of the local critics, for instance, should openly declare that the Boston Symphony orchestra's performance of the Schubert symphony made that of the Philharmonic sound like an echo, the old familiar battle would begin once more, and people with tremendous power in the financial and social world would set out to capture that critic's scalp.

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TRANSCRIPT.

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Horner Photo

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From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
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The new chorus will be put on an artistic plane equal to that of the orchestra. And its rehearsals will be directed by Mr. Stokowski. It is planned to perform at least two choral works each season. For next year it has been decided to give Mahler's great Symphony No. 8. It was the score of this composition which Director Stokowski carried with him in his ight from Munich last summer at the outbreak of the war. All his baggage was lost, but he clung to the symphony, no other copy of which was obtainable in America.

The organization of a permanent chorus, Mr. Stokowski pointed out, would facilitate the performance of many great works which are now seldom, if ever, heard because of the lack of adequate choral resources for symphony societies.

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(Over)

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date MAR 28 1915

Two Letters Complaining of Opinions Expressed in "The Sun" and the Real Facts in the Case---

By W. J. HENDERSON.

LAST Sunday the musical chronicler of THE SUN had occasion to refer to the anger with which the inevitable praises of the Boston orchestra were received by persons committed to the theory that it is the duty of New York newspapers to uphold the home orchestras without regard for critical truth. Regret was expressed that the best article of orchestral peformance had to come from visitors. Then the writer continued:

"It is indeed a sorry tale. Those who report musical doings dislike the telling of this tale. It brings them nothing but campaigns of slander, intimidation and epistolary vituperation." One of those errors which are inevitable in the hasty making of a morning newspaper resulted in the conversion of the word "report" into "support."

THE SUN's musical editor apologizes for having unintentionally made the liberal supporters of music in this town appear to be victims of the intrigue, wire pulling, innuendo, threat and personal abuse by which those interested in some musical enterprises continually strive to throttle honest critical reporting. At the same moment, in passing, we may express regret that so much vigorous effort should be expended in futility.

Following upon the very shadow of the writing of the above came a perfect illustration of the tactics followed by the practitioners of musical chauvinism. The letter is herewith given an airing, which it greatly needs. At the same moment the musical editor of THE SUN wishes it known that Mr. Stransky cannot and must not be accounted responsible for the manner in which he is upheld. His relations with the editor of this department of THE SUN are and always have been entirely amicable. Mr. Stransky as a public performer and interpreter of music is open to criticism, which he has always accepted with the dignity becoming an artist and a gentleman.

NEW YORK, N. Y., March 21, 1915.

MR. W. J. HENDERSON,

DEAR SIR: On many occasions in the past have you gone considerably out of your way to praise the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the expense of the New York Philharmonic. Once this winter in a Sunday article you went so far as to insult one of your colleagues—a man who has the courage to tell the truth about the Boston orchestra when it plays badly, which is not infrequently—because he stands up for the sterling achievements of Mr. Josef Stransky and the New York Philharmonic.

Your criticism in to-day's SUN of the concert of the Boston Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall proves that you are to be pitied quite as much as scorned. If you can call the performance of the Schubert Symphony yesterday a better one than Mr. Stransky's on March 12, then you know nothing about orchestral playing. Yesterday the woodwinds were out of tune in the first movement, the tempo of the *andante* was ridiculously fast, the final statement of the main theme at the close of the first movement lost its majesty through Dr. Muck's metronomic conducting—he seems not yet to have made the acquaintance of *rubato*—and there were other details which might be added, too. If you heard these you have to be censured for not mentioning them; for whenever the Philharmonic can be called to account you make it your business to do so. Why not treat all public performers alike? As for the overture: Dr. Muck has no idea of the "Carneval" of Dvorak. This is Bohemian music, music that is racy, that can be done characteristically only by one who is sensitive to the spirit of its materials. Mr. Stransky's performance of it on March 12 was one that made the blood tingle—Dr. Muck's yesterday was a conventionally brilliant one.

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FAIR PLAY.

Because this letter follows lines pursued for the last five years in public and private calumniation of the musical editor of THE SUN, with no other discoverable purpose than to put an end to the hearty praises of the Boston orchestra, a few words may be said in rejoinder to it without derogation of the dignity of this department.

The "insulted" colleague apparently does not know that he is insulted, since, despite the fact that he and this writer disagree upon almost every topic in the entire art of music and mutually enjoy aiming a mud shaft of humor or sarcasm at one another, they have only the kindest feelings for each other. This is doubtless because neither one of them regards it as an offence against good manners or good morals for one to entertain opinions different from the other. In this decent disposition they have a considerable advantage over the writer of the letter.

The comments on the Boston orchestra's performance of the Schubert symphony printed in this paper were correct in whole and in detail and no omissions were made.

The statement that the Boston orchestra plays badly "not infrequently" is untrue. It never plays badly; but it is sometimes below its own standard, and when it is so the fact is recorded in this newspaper.

The Philharmonic Society is never "called to account" unless such a drastic proceeding seems imperatively demanded, which is indeed rare. The society and Mr. Stransky have received much praise in these columns, much more praise than censure, as will presently be conclusively proved.

This writer is not a propagandist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra nor for any other musical performer, collective or individual. He is a propagandist for that which he believes to be the best in musical art. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is the best orchestra in the world. THE SUN did not make it so and cannot help its being so. This writer wishes with all his heart that he could declare that the best orchestra in the world belonged to New York. He cannot say this, as Josh Billings remarked of another matter, "without lying."

The present writer does not know who made his recent programme first, but if Dr. Muck did what the letter writer says he did then he was guilty of a petty trick, to which many orchestra conductors resort from time to time. THE SUN has frequently complained of the practice.

As for Dr. Muck's uninteresting programmes this season THE SUN fully agrees with "Fair Play." The writer of the letter would have made some slight approach toward a justification of his signature if he had acknowledged that THE SUN had published some severe strictures on these programmes and especially the one containing the dismal "Schlemil."

It is a pity that some readers of newspapers cannot believe that any expression of opinion is honest except their own. It is unfortunate for these people that they undertake such a hopeless task as that of bullyragging an editor into burying his honest convictions and seeking to be all things unto all men.

Is it not possible for such readers at any rate to reach at least a suspicion of the flaming truth that the newspapers which, as has recently been shown, are not to be frightened or coerced even by the awful threats of a national administration, are not at all likely to abandon their editorial policies because readers write abusive letters and charge them with dishonest motives?

It must be obvious to any disinterested reader that the writer of this letter charges the musical editor of THE SUN with dishonesty when he calls him a propagandist for the Boston orchestra. His other declarations, such as that this writer knows nothing about orchestral playing, belong to the common clatter of the correspondent's kind. "If the critic does not think as I think he is an ignoramus."

The serious phase of this matter is the accusation of dishonesty, brought by a person who is fully aware that he is free from legal responsibility. The only reason for publishing his letter is the long persistence of this line of activity by some admirers of the Philharmonic Society. It gives the musical editor of THE SUN the welcome opportunity to say that utterances of this kind, whether in letters or in private slander, will not in any smallest detail affect the conduct of this department.

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January 3—Only praise.

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Another letter of equally honorable character but dealing with another subject was also received lately and is herewith made public for reasons to be found in its text:

NEW YORK, March 19, 1915.

I was so genuinely amused by your comment this morning on yesterday's performance of "Carmen" that I am going to share with you a bit of information which, owing to your hearty and unconcealed distaste for Caruso and all his works and ways, I can safely rely upon you not to use. A member of the Metropolitan Opera House staff told me last night that the sale of seats for the "Carmen" performance had proved so disappointing that the management had had to paper the house thoroughly both upstairs and down and that every member of the staff whose duties permitted, even to the office boys, had been summoned to aid in impressing the critical fraternity with the enthusiasm and size of the assembly. I need scarcely comment on the brilliant success of the effort.

Again, not long since a recital was given by a certain distinguished artist in Carnegie Hall, after which occasion you drew equally interesting deductions from the apparent size of the audience. As a matter of fact over 200 free and unsolicited tickets to that recital had been sent to a single organization with which I happen to be connected, and moreover this organization was in no way especially entitled to such a donation.

What difference does all this make? None, perhaps, but these two cases, which I know of my own knowledge, indicate many others. This is a season of unprecedentedly stringent spending, yet you will find that nearly every review of opera performance or recital mentions a large audience as present, and I more than suspect that you critics have little conception of the harmful effect of just such optimistic reports in the way of persuading the unprepared fledgling to try his wings prematurely. It is not the mere size of the audience which really counts, you know. It is the effort and expense to which individuals are willing to go in order to hear an artist that form the true measure of his success. Any one can draw a free crowd.

Although purely an amateur, my sympathies have brought me in touch with a very great number of music students and I sometimes wonder whether the best intentioned of critics has any idea of the effect produced by the almost exclusively box office evaluations of contemporary musical criticism. Caruso, for instance, is never discussed as an artist—by the English papers at any rate. He is merely a more or less successful drawing card and his work is valued by you solely from that standpoint. In the critical comment concerning his recent departure the question of his vocal art or his artistic value to the institution was not once raised by a single critic. He is a box office asset, that is all. The question of prime importance was evidently—would the people come in equal numbers to the opera house when Martin, Martinelli or Botta happened to be singing; never—are they as well worth hearing as Caruso.

It is the same with Farrar. The critic may tell us nothing else about the performance, but we may always rely upon him not to omit full details as to the size of the audience. And the two examples cited are quite illuminating as to their trustworthiness in that regard. We have a lot to learn from the Germans in regard to the legitimate content of critical commentary. At least they make a distinction between the art and its commercial value.

A short time ago I heard a musical litterateur of wide influence advise an audience of music students never to read the musical criticisms in the daily press, as they are no longer of any real value. Is it not a pity that any one there only too much excuse for such a recommendation?

Possibly our national temperament and ideals ill fit us for the expression of critical appreciation. Of our fine talent for whole souled and cynical depreciation, however, nobody can doubt.

BERNARD HARROLD.

It is unnecessary for this high-minded gentleman to communicate information confidentially imparted to him by an employee of the Metropolitan Opera Company and at the same time defy THE SUN to publish it. THE SUN would have been delighted to print the letter had it contained nothing more spectacular than the audacious and foolish falsehoods about the attitude of the paper toward Mr. Caruso and his art.

These falsehoods are audacious because it requires a singularly dense and reckless kind of bravado to send a ridiculous untruth to the one place in which its mendacity must instantly be known. They are foolish because to every musical reader of THE SUN their attempt to contradict incontrovertible facts will be at once apparent. And so while THE SUN's comment on the recent "Carmen" performance amused Mr. Harrold, his strictures on that comment will be more fortunate since they are permitted to amuse some thousands of honest people.

BOSTON GLOBE-
APRIL 10,

KORNGOLD'S MUSIC.

Amazing Artistic Output for Youth of 16.

Leonard Borwick Plays Beethoven Concerto With Fine Art.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold—what will this name signify in music 10 years hence, better still, 50? Did the parents of this precocious boy divine his greatness when they gave him the middle member of the name, for he has been compared to Johannes Chrysostum Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart as he has to Handel.

The word "sinfonietta" generally is taken to mean a little symphony. Young Korngold's composition bearing this name, and played yesterday by Dr Muck at the 20th Symphony rehearsal, is in no sense a diminutive work, in length of time consumed, in the demands of virtuosity made on the orchestra or in the maturity of sense of form and style.

In the music by Korngold already played publicly in Boston—the overture to a drama for orchestra and two movements from the violin and piano sonato—there has been evident an uncanny facility of invention and an amazingly complex and intricate style, but beneath there was often confusion, incoherence or insignificance of thought, brilliant flashes alternating with passages both prolix and empty in a manner common to youth.

The score played yesterday is an extraordinary one. The product of a boy at most 16 years old when he wrote it is breath taking, miraculous. That a youth of this age should be expected to reflect in an art the knowledge of life, the maturity of understanding and experience which reasonably comes in the following score of years is naturally absurd. The overture to a drama, employing a large orchestra industriously, was callow in thought.

This "little symphony" shows a ripening intellect and imagination, a freshness, spontaneity and native force which marks a wholly new epoch in the boy's career. The hearer is amazed to realize from time to time during the first two movements how his attention is fixed and held by the variety and vigor of the ideas brought forward, and the contrast, resourcefulness, dramatic sense and musical taste with which they are treated.

The first two movements are better sustained than the third. The fourth rises to a brilliant conclusion. The spirit of the motto of the work—"Motive of the joyful heart"—is well followed. A great advance upon the preceding composition for orchestra, this "Sinfonietta" arouses anticipation of others to follow, music in which it is to be hoped the youthful Korngold will cultivate further simplicity and directness.

Leonard Borwick, the English pianist, justly admired in a recital he gave several seasons ago for the fine qualities of musicianship he displayed, gave a beautiful performance of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto No. 5 in E-flat.

Mr Borwick retained a continence and serenity of style in passages where some might have been tempted to a more obvious heroism. He established the sense of quiet grandeur and majesty and did not confound these with mere pomp. In beauty of tone, purity of phrasing and general clarity and sense of proportion, his playing commended him.

A brilliant performance of Sinigaglia's picturesque overture to Goldoni's comedy, "The Chioggian Brawls," closed the program.

BOSTON POST,
APRIL 10, 1915

BOY'S WORK PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

"Sinfonietta," From Pen of Lad of 15, Given Hearing

BY OLIN DOWNES

The "Sinfonietta for Full Orchestra," op. 5, of Erich Korngold, the Viennese boy wonder of the day, was played for the first time in Boston at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

This was the first orchestral composition of Korngold to be played at the Symphony concerts. Korngold's "Overture to a Drama," played in Boston by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski conductor, on Feb. 15, 1914, was not so interesting a work as the music heard yesterday.

IS SON OF A CRITIC

The Boston Symphony programme books recount the chief facts of Korngold's career up to date. He was born at Brunn, May 29, 1897. He is the son of Dr. Erich Korngold, the music critic of the Vienna Neue Freie Presse. He commenced to compose little pieces when he was 5, and in 1910 Dr. Korngold sent privately printed compositions of Erich to Richard Strauss, who, with other famous musicians, heaped eulogy upon them. Korngold studied the piano and composition with Alexander von Zemlimsky, and counterpoint with Robert Fuchs. He composed the Sinfonietta heard yesterday, in 1912 or 1913, in his 15th or 16th year. The work was first performed Nov. 28, 1913, at a concert of the Philharmonic Society of Vienna.

This music, of incredible maturity as regards workmanship, is surcharged with all the characteristic faults of the modern German school of composition—bombast, pretence, much ado over little. But that should not be laid down as a conclusive verdict in the talent of a young composer of unquestionable gifts. In spite of imitation, probably unconscious of models about him which no young man could help imitating, this music, especially in the first two movements, has real youth and vigor, humor, optimism—life. That the slow movement is a piece of tortured mechanism, consisting principally of "stunts" that the composer does with a leading theme which is not worth the trouble, and would not be worth the trouble if the variants were more valuable than they are, is self-evident. Nor is the finale more than an elaborate mosaic, although there is a masterly introduction, and there are admirable moments in it.

Even the Great Imitate

But if, in these days, we look indulgently upon the early compositions of great composers who have gone before should we not be equally indulgent of a talent in course of development? We discover Beethoven imitating Haydn, or Strauss imitating Wagner. In the light of history, we marvel at the comparative lack of originality in the early scores of even great masters. As for Wagner——! Who would by the wildest flight of imagination see the composer of "Tristan" and "Die Feen" produced at a later period in Wagner's life than this music in Korngold's career, or even in "Rienzi"? The impulse to compose, or, as in Strauss, the indomitable will to compose, are in early pages of such masters the surest and only indication of future possibilities.

In this country at least it is not to Korngold's credit that he is a "wunderkind." We are grown tired and mistrustful of the infant prodigy, but there is more than precocity in the music heard yesterday. Admitted that it is overladen with all the vices and few of the virtues of a certain school. How could it be otherwise? If Beethoven could not escape Haydn, how can Korngold be expected to escape Strauss, in particular, and Puccini and other composers in general? The Sinfonietta is in part at least musical flesh and blood. It has distinct musical promise, as well as startling technical facility. Let us wish well to a composer who labors under the worst possible disadvantage—early success.

Borwick the Soloist

Leonard Borwick, pianist, was the soloist at this concert. He played Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, which, on the whole, is neither so distinguished nor so pianistic a work as the much smaller concerto in G major. Mr. Borwick's performance was conspicuous for its breadth and authority, its symphonic character, its technical sureness, the bigness of the tone, the grasp of the structure. Some might

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date MAR 28 191

Two Letters Complaining of Opinions Expressed in "The Sun" and the Real Facts in the Case---

By W. J. HENDERSON.

LAST Sunday the musical chronicler of The Sun had occasion to refer to the anger with which the inevitable praises of the Boston orchestra were received by persons committed to the theory that it is the duty of New York newspapers to uphold the home orchestras without regard for critical truth. Regret was expressed that the best article of orchestral peformance had to come from visitors. Then the writer continued:

"It is indeed a sorry tale. Those who report musical doings dislike the telling of this tale. It brings them nothing but campaigns of slander, intimidation and epistolary vituperation." One of those errors which are inevitable in the hasty making of a morning newspaper resulted in the conversion of the word "report" into "support."

The Sun's musical editor apologizes for having unintentionally made the liberal supporters of music in this town appear to be victims of the intrigue, wire pulling, innuendo, threat and personal abuse by which those interested in some musical enterprises continually strive to throttle honest critical reporting. At the same moment, in passing, we may express regret that so much vigorous effort should be expended in futility.

Following upon the very shadow of the writing of the above came a perfect illustration of the tactics followed by the practitioners of musical chauvinism. The letter is herewith given an airing, which it greatly needs. At the same moment the musical editor of The Sun wishes it known that Mr. Stransky cannot and must not be accounted responsible for the manner in which he is upheld. His relations with the editor of this department of The Sun are and always have been entirely amicable. Mr. Stransky as a public performer and interpreter of music is open to criticism, which he has always accepted with the dignity becoming an artist and a gentleman.

New York, N. Y., March 21, 1915.

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Dear Sir: On many occasions in the past have you gone considerably out of your way to praise the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the expense of the New York Philharmonic. Once this winter in a Sunday article you went so far as to insult one of your colleagues—a man who has the courage to tell the truth about the Boston orchestra when it plays badly, which is not infrequently—because he stands up for the sterling achievements of Mr. Josef Stransky and the New York Philharmonic.

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Amazing Artistic Output for Youth of 16.

Leonard Borwick Plays Beethoven Concerto With Fine Art.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold—what will this name signify in music 10 years hence, better still, 50? Did the parents of this precocious boy divine his greatness when they gave him the middle member of the name, for he has been compared to Johannes Chrysostum Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart as he has to Handel.

The word "sinfonietta" generally is taken to mean a little symphony. Young Korngold's composition bearing this name, and played yesterday by Dr Muck at the 20th Symphony rehearsal, is in no sense a diminutive work, in length of time consumed, in the demands of virtuosity made on the orchestra or in the maturity of sense of form and style.

In the music by Korngold already played publicly in Boston—the overture to a drama for orchestra and two movements from the violin and piano sonato—there has been evident an uncanny facility of invention and an amazingly complex and intricate style, but beneath there was often confusion, incoherence or insignificance of thought, brilliant flashes alternating with passages both prolix and empty in a manner common to youth.

The score played yesterday is an extraordinary one. The product of a boy at most 16 years old when he wrote it is breath taking, miraculous. That a youth of this age should be expected to reflect in an art the knowledge of life, the maturity of understanding and experience which reasonably comes in the following score of years is naturally absurd. The overture to a drama, employing a large orchestra industriously, was callow in thought.

This "little symphony" shows a ripening intellect and imagination, a freshness, spontaneity and native force which marks a wholly new epoch in the boy's career. The hearer is amazed to realize from time to time during the first two movements how his attention is fixed and held by the variety and vigor of the ideas brought forward, and the contrast, resourcefulness, dramatic sense and musical taste with which they are treated.

The first two movements are better sustained than the third. The fourth rises to a brilliant conclusion. The spirit of the motto of the work—"Motive of the joyful heart"—is well followed. A great advance upon the preceding composition for orchestra, this "Sinfonietta" arouses anticipation of others to follow, music in which it is to be hoped the youthful Korngold will cultivate further simplicity and directness.

Leonard Borwick, the English pianist, justly admired in a recital he gave several seasons ago for the fine qualities of musicianship he displayed, gave a beautiful performance of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto No. 5 in E-flat.

Mr Borwick retained a continence and serenity of style in passages where some might have been tempted to a more obvious heroism. He established the sense of quiet grandeur and majesty and did not confound these with mere pomp. In beauty of tone, purity of phrasing and general clarity and sense of proportion, his playing commended him.

A brilliant performance of Sinigaglia's picturesque overture to Goldoni's comedy, "The Chioggian Brawls," closed the program.

BOSTON POST,
APRIL 10, 1915

BOY'S WORK PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

"Sinfonietta," From Pen of Lad of 15, Given Hearing

BY OLIN DOWNES

The "Sinfonietta for Full Orchestra," op. 5, of Erich Korngold, the Viennese boy wonder of the day, was played for the first time in Boston at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

This was the first orchestral composition of Korngold to be played at the Symphony concerts. Korngold's "Overture to a Drama," played in Boston by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski conductor, on Feb. 15, 1914, was not so interesting a work as the music heard yesterday.

IS SON OF A CRITIC

The Boston Symphony programme books recount the chief facts of Korngold's career up to date. He was born at Brunn, May 29, 1897. He is the son of Dr. Erich Korngold, the music critic of the Vienna Neue Freie Presse. He commenced to compose little pieces when he was 5, and in 1910 Dr. Korngold sent privately printed compositions of Erich to Richard Strauss, who, with other famous musicians, heaped eulogy upon them. Korngold studied the piano and composition with Alexander von Zemlimsky, and counterpoint with Robert Fuchs. He composed the Sinfonietta heard yesterday, in 1912 or 1913, in his 15th or 16th year. The work was first performed Nov. 28, 1913, at a concert of the Philharmonic Society of Vienna.

This music, of incredible maturity as regards workmanship, is surcharged with all the characteristic faults of the modern German school of composition—bombast, pretence, much ado over little. But that should not be laid down as a conclusive verdict in the talent of a young composer of unquestionable gifts. In spite of imitation, probably unconscious of models about him which no young man could help imitating, this music, especially in the first two movements, has real youth and vigor, humor, optimism—life. That the slow movement is a piece of tortured mechanism, consisting principally of "stunts" that the composer does with a leading theme which is not worth the trouble, and would not be worth the trouble if the variants were more valuable than they are, is self-evident. Nor is the finale more than an elaborate mosaic, although there is a masterly introduction, and there are admirable moments in it.

Even the Great Imitate

But if, in these days, we look indulgently upon the early compositions of great composers who have gone before should we not be equally indulgent of a talent in course of development? We discover Beethoven imitating Haydn, or Strauss imitating Wagner. In the light of history, we marvel at the comparative lack of originality in the early scores of even great masters. As for Wagner—! Who would by the wildest flight of imagination see the composer of "Tristan" and "Die Feen" produced at a later period in Wagner's life than this music in Korngold's career, or even in "Rienzi"? The impulse to compose, or, as in Strauss, the indomitable will to compose, are in early pages of such masters the surest and only indication of future possibilities.

In this country at least it is not to Korngold's credit that he is a "wunderkind." We are grown tired and mistrustful of the infant prodigy, but there is more than precocity in the music heard yesterday. Admitted that it is overladen with all the vices and few of the virtues of a certain school. How could it be otherwise? If Beethoven could not escape Haydn, how can Korngold be expected to escape Strauss, in particular, and Puccini and other composers in general? The Sinfonietta is in part at least musical flesh and blood. It has distinct musical promise, as well as startling technical facility. Let us wish well to a composer who labors under the worst possible disadvantage—early success.

Borwick the Soloist

Leonard Borwick, pianist, was the soloist at this concert. He played Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, which, on the whole, is neither so distinguished nor so pianistic a work as the much smaller concerto in G major. Mr. Borwick's performance was conspicuous for its breadth and authority, its symphonic character, its technical sureness, the bigness of the tone, the grasp of the structure. Some might have [illegible] a more [illegible] of the slow movement, but the playing was throughout authoritative, full-blooded and convincing. An experienced and sincere musician, a well-equipped virtuoso, Mr. Borwick was justly applauded and recalled.

As a curtain piece the noisy and superficial overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chiozote" of Singaglia was played. Dr. Muck gave a brilliant performance of this work, and undoubtedly the virtuoso performance of Korngold's music placed the composition in the best possible light.

ADVE[illegible]SER,
APRIL 10 1915

SYMPHONY CONCERT REVEALS GENIUS

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Programme Includes Korngold, Beethoven and Sinigaglia—Borwick Sololist

By Louis C. Elson.

Eric Korngold—Sinfonietta.
Beethoven—Piano Concerto, No. 5.
Soloist, Mr. Leonard Borwick.
Sinigaglia—Overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozotte."

When Schumann long ago reviewed a new work (it was a set of variations for piano, Op. 2) by an unknown young man named Chopin, he began his review with the words—"Hats off, gentlemen! A Genius!" In reviewing the Sinfonietta, given at the Symphony Rehearsal yesterday afternoon, for the first time in Boston, we feel tempted to begin with a similar outburst. The composer is one of those strange prodigies which are typical of the present musical epoch. It was once considered a marvellous thing that Mozart should have written a Minuet when he was five years old, and a concerto when he was seven, but the musical prodigies of the present do much more than this. Willy Ferrero, for example, born in 1906, knew many orchestral scores by heart at seven years of age, and conducted a symphony orchestra before he was eight.

Eric Korngold is much older, for he was born away back in May, 1897, and is now therefore of the venerable age of nearly eighteen. But he has composed piano works at twelve years of age which were decidedly modern in style and modulation. If this goes on we may yet expect the infants of the future to compose their own cradle songs, for full orchestra and chorus, and direct them too!

Bold and Restless

The Sinfonietta that we heard yesterday is about as bold in its modulations and restless in its rhythms as any musical radical would desire, but it has logic in its measures and is not without moments of great beauty. The unfortunate point in this extreme school is that it allows a great many quacks and frauds to impose meaningless works upon the public, declaring that they are of the "new school," and still more unfortunate is it that there are always some weaklings who are ready to idolize the music that they cannot understand, deeming it great because incomprehensible. The young Korngold is not of this class. We have examined some of his earlier works and found them entirely logical even if they were not in a school which we admire; and this symphony, amid all its rhythmic dislocations, bears the imprint of sincerity and knowledge, it received an interpretation that does honor to Dr. Muck and his orchestra and it aroused very great enthusiasm.

Great Britain is beginning to assert herself in the domain of Beethoven. In 1868 two Britons were born who both achieved renown in the classical German school of piano-playing. A few years ago we heard the one (Frederick Lamond), and yesterday we listened to the other,—Leonard Borwick. England, both by her performers and her recent composers, is dispelling the old Rubinstein doubt about anything good ever coming out of that Nazareth.

E Flat Concerto

The E-flat concerto is undoubtedly the most masculine of Beethoven's concertos, and he was sufficiently in earnest in it to abolish that excrescence on Art,—the solo Cadenza. Yet we prefer the more delicate and less pompous G major concerto, the fourth, to this "Emperor"; or, perhaps, after the broad interpretation of yesterday, we might call it the "Czar" concerto.

Naturally it deals with a very large orchestra, even if it is a "Sinfonietta." Your true modern would not compose a slumber-song with less forces than double the grand orchestra used by Beethoven or quadruple the forces employed by Bach. Even the piano is brought in as a tone-color, and Mr. De Voto did wonderfully well with a part that was by no means a bed of roses.

Striking Figure

From the very beginning there was artistic development of a striking figure which permeated the entire four movements. There was something of bombast in the first and last movements, a quality quite natural in so young a composer, and in the Scherzo, too, the trumpeters almost blew their lips off, while the energetic kettle-drummer earnestly endeavored to give his instrument a knock-out blow.

For all that we liked the Scherzo best of the work, and it was in clear and symmetrical shape, too. The adagio was longer and less impressive than the Scherzo, but the Finale gave a noble and triumphant ending to the work. The Sinfonietta was actually epoch-making. Never in the whole course of musical history has a boy of 17 achieved anything so powerful as this, and in making this statement we do not forget what has been done by Mozart, Handel, Mendelssohn, or Richard Strauss.

This boy may yet become the real leader of the modern school. He holds himself far aloof from its nonsense, its [illegible] and its foolish experiments. Let us hope that Dr. Muck will give this work again before the end of the season. The mastery of modern tone coloring was not the least wonderful part of the work. And this is a Sinfonietta!! What will happen when the young Korngold composes a Symphony!!

Mr. Borwick gave an artistic and musicianly interpretation. There was a trace of unclearness at the first, but the blurring soon vanished and we had a true Beethoven reading both by conductor and soloist. The great cadenza for piano and orchestra combined, in the coda of the first movement, was excellent; the Adagio most expressive and with that rubato for which Paderewski contends in Beethoven-playing, and the finale was crisp and fiery. There never was a trace of pounding, yet Mr. Borwick gave force enough to every forzando.

The work, however, was badly placed, for after the thunderous effects of the Sinfonietta the scoring was bound to sound ultra-gentle. But Mr. Borwick was recalled many times and deserved this recognition.

Sinigaglia's overture to "Le Baruffe Chiozotte" deserves attention if only for the fact that so few Italians do anything in purely orchestral writing. For a long time the recently deceased Sgambati was as lonely in this field, in Italy, as a white blackbird. Chiozza is a village not far from Venice. They speak a dialect there that is about as much of a throat gargle as the dialect of Genoa. They are not total abstainers or ascetics. They are convivial, bacchanalian and extremely sociable. All this is portrayed in the overture which is as chattering, if not as contrapuntal, as the Wolf-Ferrari overture to "Suzanne's Secret." We are cordially in favor of importing this folk-music vein into the symphonic school; it is giving a new life and vigor to modern music. One might say that this overture was simply a light-opera work translated to the symphonic sphere, but we hope that the symphonic music of the future will lean more towards this genial style of melody, and we must bear in mind that the melodies are well-developed by figure treatment and the learned devices of classical music. Some of our modern music is tending too much toward the intellectual; let us hope that through Wolf-Ferrari, Sinigaglia, Humperdinck, and others, it may be led also into the paths of pleasant melody again.

The hurly-burly of the brawling parts of the overture was made the most of, and altogether it was a virile reading of a virile work, and formed a proper close to a remarkably interesting programme.

JOURNAL—SATURDAY,
APRIL 10, 1915.

TRIBUTE PAID TO YOUNG COMPOSER

Korngold's "Sinfonietta" Impresses Symphony Audience.

Yesterday's Symphony audience paid flattering tribute to the precocious talent of Eric Wolfgang Korngold, the 16-year-old Vienna composer, who was represented on a Symphony program for the first time by his "Sinfonietta." This stands number five among his cataloged compositions, and it was brought out two years ago, when Korngold was only 14. For a boy of that age to have composed this elaborate piece of orchestral music, designing it in ultra-modern style for the most part and enriching it here and there with fine lyric qualities and alterating this gift with uncommon skill and ingenuity in the matter of harmony, must be set down as one of the most sensational musical feats of the century.

It might be said that the composition lacks high poetic tone, but the imaginative character of the third movement—the "Dream" movement—evoked much applause yesterday, and the lyric worth of parts of the second and fourth movements was patient to all. The structure of the "Sinfonietta" of itself betrays the poet and dreamer, and not the forced product of the academy. Generally speaking, the work would do credit to any grown-up composer.

Though termed a "Little Symphony," it occupied fully three-quarters of an hour. When it was over the applause continued until the orchestra stood up. Dr. Muck and his men, by their sympathetic performance, shared the honors with the young composer far away on the bank of the beautiful blue Danube.

The soloist this week is Leonard Borwick, who stands in the front rank of the English pianists, and whose performance of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto yesterday was highly creditable. Fluent technic, musicianly feeling and artistic moderation characterized Mr. Borwick's playing. The work of the orchestra in this number was a splendid display of virtuosity by itself. Prolonged applause rewarded the soloist.

Sinigaglia's spirited overture to Goldoni's "Chioggian Brawls," one of the famous 18th century Italian comedies, is the final number on this week's program.

At next week's concerts the orchestra will play Chabrier's "Gwendoline" overture, Bossi's "Intermezzi Goldoniani" and Haydn's 13th symphony. Sylvain Noack, second concert master of the orchestra, will play Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole."

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MONITOR, BOSTON,
APRIL 10,

PROGRAM FULL OF CONTRAST IN 20TH SYMPHONY

Leonard Borwick, Soloist, Plays Beethoven "Emperor" Concerto and Korngold Sinfonietta Is Relieved by Sinigaglia

SYMPHONY HALL—Twentieth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of April 9. The program: Korngold, sinfonietta, op. 5 (first performance in Boston); Beethoven, piano concerto No. 5 in E-flat major, op. 73 (Leonard Borwick, soloist); Sinigaglia, overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozzote," op. 32.

The program had the contrast of modern music and classic, in the sinfonietta and the concerto. It had the further contrast of heavy music in these two pieces and light music in the over ture of the Italian composer, Sinigaglia. It furnished by way of change from a week ago, a visiting artist, who brought an idea of interpretation from the outside world. So the variety that all Symphony hearers like, both on the day and in the succession of concert days, was found.

The three selections were interesting in combination and they were all well executed. The new piece by the youthful Korngold was presented in the orchestra's best manner; not, of course, in the way of the "Faust" symphony of Liszt last week, for such command is not possible in unfamiliar music; but in the way of the Sibelius fourth symphony and of the Reznicek "Schlemihl," played early in the year. Strong, vivid exposition is what is desirable in the playing of recently written orchestral music, and it is about all that can be expected. Performers, and listeners too, have to ripen to interpretation.

The piano piece had a delightfully poetic reading under the hands of Mr. Borwick. A more sociable Beethoven spoke in the solo passages of the "Emperor" concerto than has been heard before. The Sinigaglia overture is conceived in the mood of a scherzo. It is full of satiric comment and of comedy situation. Everybody knows that music of such sort gets complete and satisfactory statement under the baton of Dr. Muck.

The most important questions of all about a new symphony, those touching its fundamental message, its nationalistic aspiration, its setting forth of the ideals of its epoch, are next to impossible to find answers for. The message of music seldom finds elucidation until it has been much heard. Analysts need to know what happened after it was written to tell what it meant. For music is usually regarded as interpreting the times forward rather than backward. As an idealistic form of expression, it is supposed to look into the future, not to explain the past. This view may not be philosophically tenable, but nobody seems ever seriously to have doubted it.

The forward leaning of music is one of the things that criticism takes for granted, because the public takes it for granted. Listeners, if searchingly asked, will in some way or other admit that they are hoping for light on society as it is to be in their study of new composers and their works. So what we want to know most about the sinfonietta of Korngold, its message, we have to leave to speculation. Meantime certain points are open to discussion, such as the Korngold style of writing and the Korngold method of orchestration.

As to the group of composers to which Korngold belongs, there can be little argument that it is the one which formerlyMahler and that now Weingartner leads. The chief respect in which Korngold follows these two is in his complete disregard of the old scherzo and andante moods. He writes a scherzo for his sinfonietta which answers to all the external requirements of the form. But it makes no pretense to being a chapter of humor. And in the same way he writes an andante which corresponds formally to the old type of slow movement; but it is in no sense a chapter devoted to the expression of tender sentiment. Here Korngold is Mahler and Weingartner in precise copy. He puts himself right in their school, as opposed to the school of Richard Strauss.

Superficial listeners might make haste to attribute this ignoring of the humorous and the sentimental to Korngold's youth. They might hold that the young composer tried for a traditional scherzo and andante and failed on account of inexperience. But there is no likelihood of this. Such a master of form as Korngold proves himself to be must also be a master of mood. And there are his plain models in Mahler and Weingartner. It is far more probable that he wrote his third and fourth movements in their manner as a result of intention rather than as a result of limitation.

In orchestration the composer of the sinfonietta is not unlike Mahler. He has the Mahler sonority and the Mahler persistence in full orchestral tone unrelieved by solo playing. He has the Mahler splendor of brass tone and the Mahler contrast of string with brass tone, with wood tone submerged. But his effects are new with all their resemblance to those of another writer. And they are so because of his individual manner of handling his themes and of his own harmonic plan. He has great constructive originality, and this gives his instrumentation a freshness that is of no school but Korngold's.

TRANSCRIPT,
APRIL 10.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

THE "SINFONIETTA" OF ERICH KORNGOLD

Masterful and Revealing Performance, Interest and Pleasure—The Young Virtues and Shortcomings of the Music—Individual Traits and Viennese Savor—The Quiet Perfections of Mr. Borwick in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto—A Gay Italian Overture

CLOSET study of music brings pleasure and profit to the studious listener; but no piece is really itself until it is heard through the means that the composer designed for it and with those means in able hands. Erich Korngold's Sinfonietta, disclosed yesterday afternoon at the Symphony Concert for the first time in Boston, seemed one thing on the engraved page, which has been open for a full year, and another as Dr. Muck and the orchestra illuminatingly and enrichingly played it. Indeed, as some said, who had heard the piece elsewhere, never before had it been so releasingly and eloquently performed. Korngold hardly raises artificial difficulties in the score—a familiar temptation to such fertile youth—but he writes like a true ultra-modern, saying his say in his own fashion regardless of the requirements he lays thus upon those who must transmit and open it. Dr. Muck has kept the Sinfonietta by him these many months and he has spared not in either his own study of it or in many and long rehearsals with the men.

As usual, the orchestra fulfilled all that conductor and composer enjoined upon them and the outcome was a performance that seemed to transform the piece. Not only did each stroke of harmonic and instrumental color stand forth clear; not only did the incessant modulation gain free and full play; not only did thematic profiles outline themselves upon the ear and rhythms, contrasts, climaxes, transitions and sustained song tell, but the whole Sinfonietta had kept the young vigor and vitality, the young ardor and the young excess that are the pleasure and the distinction of it. It kept also its recurring voice of Vienna and of no other place and temperament. So to play the Sinfonietta through such technical mastery, tone and expressiveness as the Symphony Orchestra can command was to give it, perhaps as never before, its full and true voice and to prove again two of Dr. Muck's finest virtues—his devotion to the piece in hand and his sense of illuminating and individualizing style.

Youth has oftener served Korngold well than ill in the sinfonietta. No youngster of sixteen, however abnormally ripened, has undergone either in living or in imagination—which usually is better—the mental, emotional and spiritual experiences out of which, plus musical invention and expressive ability, slow symphonic movements of deep beauty and penetrating power spring. For his Andante, Korngold could do no more than fashion a songful melody of quiet charm and carry it through various modulations and moods with as quiet skill, here and there a hint of beauty, especially in the coloring, and hardly a trace of hardness. No youngster of sixteen, with such imagination and resource in timbres and harmonies and in the whole range of symphonic technique as is Korngold's can escape the excess of these rare virtues. Now and then he does modulate out of mere eagerness and restlessness, or lay on instrumental and harmonic strokes for the pleasure of making them. Inevitably and spontaneously he likes to hear the full orchestra going and to strike hard with transition, contrast or climax. He was bound to be occasionally clumsy, heavy-handed or vague as he was bound to recall once and again his recollections of Strauss, of Puccini, of Wagner and of other composers that have filled his young ears. Of course he still rejoices in his medium and his means and his large command of them rather than in the melodic thoughts, the moods, the pictures and vision, the whole imaginative and emotional fabric of which they are the instruments. Korngold is inevitably such because he is young and unashamedly glad of his youth.

On the other hand, that youth has given him much that is precious in itself and that is rare enough in our music. Before fifty measures of the Sinfonietta have come and gone, the vitality and the vivacity of the music, its spirited flow and its propulsive swing win the ear and quicken answering mood and fancy. Not once in the whole

(over)

have preferred a more intimate [illegible] of the slow movement, but the playing was throughout authoritative, full-blooded and convincing. An experienced and sincere musician, a well-equipped virtuoso, Mr. Borwick was justly applauded and recalled.

As a curtain piece the noisy and superficial overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chiozote" of Singaglia was played. Dr. Muck gave a brilliant performance of this work, and undoubtedly the virtuoso performance of Korngold's music placed the composition in the best possible light.

ADVERTISER,

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AN ARTISTIC YOUNG ENGLISH PIANIST

Programme Includes Korngold, Beethoven and Sinigaglia—Borwick Sololist

By Louis C. Elson.

Eric Korngold—Sinfonietta.
Beethoven—Piano Concerto, No. 5.
Soloist, Mr. Leonard Borwick.
Sinigaglia—Overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozotte."

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Striking Figure

From the very beginning there was artistic development of a striking figure which permeated the entire four movements. There was something of bombast in the first and last movements, a quality quite natural in so young a composer, and in the Scherzo, too, the trumpeters almost blew their lips off, while the energetic kettle-drummer earnestly endeavored to give his instrument a knock-out blow.

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JOURNAL—SATURDAY,

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Yesterday's Symphony audience paid flattering tribute to the precocious talent of Eric Wolfgang Korngold, the 16-year-old Vienna composer, who was represented on a Symphony program for the first time by his "Sinfonietta." This stands number five among his cataloged compositions, and it was brought out two years ago, when Korngold was only 14. For a boy of that age to have composed this elaborate piece of orchestral music, designing it in ultra-modern style for the most part and enriching it here and there with fine lyric qualities and alterating this gift with uncommon skill and ingenuity in the matter of harmony, must be set down as one of the most sensational musical feats of the century.

It might be said that the composition lacks high poetic tone, but the imaginative character of the third movement—the "Dream" movement—evoked much applause yesterday, and the lyric worth of parts of the second and fourth movements was patient to all. The structure of the "Sinfonietta" of itself betrays the poet and dreamer, and not the forced product of the academy. Generally speaking, the work would do credit to any grown-up composer.

Though termed a "Little Symphony," it occupied fully three-quarters of an hour. When it was over the applause continued until the orchestra stood up. Dr. Muck and his men, by their sympathetic performance, shared the honors with the young composer far away on the bank of the beautiful blue Danube.

The soloist this week is Leonard Borwick, who stands in the front rank of the English pianists, and whose performance of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto yesterday was highly creditable. Fluent technic, musicianly feeling and artistic moderation characterized Mr. Borwick's playing. The work of the orchestra in this number was a splendid display of virtuosity by itself. Prolonged applause rewarded the soloist.

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At next week's concerts the orchestra will play Chabrier's "Gwendoline" overture, Bossi's "Intermezzi Goldoniani" and Haydn's 13th symphony. Sylvain Noack, second concert master of the orchestra, will play Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole."

MONITOR, BOSTON,

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Leonard Borwick, Soloist, Plays Beethoven "Emperor" Concerto and Korngold Sinfonietta Is Relieved by Sinigaglia

SYMPHONY HALL—Twentieth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of April 9. The program: Korngold, sinfonietta, op. 5 (first performance in Boston); Beethoven, piano concerto No. 5 in E-flat major, op. 73 (Leonard Borwick, soloist); Sinigaglia, overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozzote," op. 32.

The program had the contrast of modern music and classic, in the sinfonietta and the concerto. It had the further contrast of heavy music in these two pieces and light music in the over ture of the Italian composer, Sinigaglia. It furnished by way of change from a week ago, a visiting artist, who brought an idea of interpretation from the outside world. So the variety that all Symphony hearers like, both on the day and in the succession of concert days, was found.

The three selections were interesting in combination and they were all well executed. The new piece by the youthful Korngold was presented in the orchestra's best manner; not, of course, in the way of the "Faust" symphony of Liszt last week, for such command is not possible in unfamiliar music; but in the way of the Sibelius fourth symphony and of the Reznicek "Schlemihl," played early in the year. Strong, vivid exposition is what is desirable in the playing of recently written orchestral music, and it is about all that can be expected. Performers, and listeners too, have to ripen to interpretation.

The piano piece had a delightfully poetic reading under the hands of Mr. Borwick. A more sociable Beethoven spoke in the solo passages of the "Emperor" concerto than has been heard before. The Sinigaglia overture is conceived in the mood of a scherzo. It is full of satiric comment and of comedy situation. Everybody knows that music of such sort gets complete and satisfactory statement under the baton of Dr. Muck.

The most important questions of all about a new symphony, those touching its fundamental message, its nationalistic aspiration, its setting forth of the ideals of its epoch, are next to impossible to find answers for. The message of music seldom finds elucidation until it has been much heard. Analysts need to know what happened after it was written to tell what it meant. For music is usually regarded as interpreting the times forward rather than backward. As an idealistic form of expression, it is supposed to look into the future, not to explain the past. This view may not be philosophically tenable, but nobody seems ever seriously to have doubted it.

The forward leaning of music is one of the things that criticism takes for granted, because the public takes it for granted. Listeners, if searchingly asked, will in some way or other admit that they are hoping for light on society as it is to be in their study of new composers and their works. So what we want to know most about the sinfonietta of Korngold, its message, we have to leave to speculation. Meantime certain points are open to discussion, such as the Korngold style of writing and the Korngold method of orchestration.

As to the group of composers to which Korngold belongs, there can be little argument that it is the one which formerly Mahler and that now Weingartner leads. The chief respect in which Korngold follows these two is in his complete disregard of the old scherzo and andante moods. He writes a scherzo for his sinfonietta which answers to all the external requirements of the form. But it makes no pretense to being a chapter of humor. And in the same way he writes an andante which corresponds formally to the old type of slow movement; but it is in no sense a chapter devoted to the expression of tender sentiment. Here Korngold is Mahler and Weingartner in precise copy. He puts himself right in their school, as opposed to the school of Richard Strauss.

Superficial listeners might make haste to attribute this ignoring of the humorous and the sentimental to Korngold's youth. They might hold that the young composer tried for a traditional scherzo and andante and failed on account of inexperience. But there is no likelihood of this. Such a master of form as Korngold proves himself to be must also be a master of mood. And there are his plain models in Mahler and Weingartner. It is far more probable that he wrote his third and fourth movements in their manner as a result of intention rather than as a result of limitation.

In orchestration the composer of the sinfonietta is not unlike Mahler. He has the Mahler sonority and the Mahler persistence in full orchestral tone unrelieved by solo playing. He has the Mahler splendor of brass tone and the Mahler contrast of string with brass tone, with wood tone submerged. But his effects are new with all their resemblance to those of another writer. And they are so because of his individual manner of handling his themes and of his own harmonic plan. He has great constructive originality, and this gives his instrumentation a freshness that is of no school but Korngold's.

TRANSCRIPT,

APRIL 10.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

THE "SINFONIETTA" OF ERICH KORNGOLD

Masterful and Revealing Performance, Interest and Pleasure—The Young Virtues and Shortcomings of the Music—Individual Traits and Viennese Savor—The Quiet Perfections of Mr. Borwick in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto—A Gay Italian Overture

CLOSET study of music brings pleasure and profit to the studious listener; but no piece is really itself until it is heard through the means that the composer designed for it and with those means in able hands. Erich Korngold's Sinfonietta, disclosed yesterday afternoon at the Symphony Concert for the first time in Boston, seemed one thing on the engraved page, which has been open for a full year, and another as Dr. Muck and the orchestra illuminatingly and enrichingly played it. Indeed, as some said, who had heard the piece elsewhere, never before had it been so releasingly and eloquently performed. Korngold hardly raises artificial difficulties in the score—a familiar temptation to such fertile youth—but he writes like a true ultra-modern, saying his say in his own fashion regardless of the requirements he lays thus upon those who must transmit and open it. Dr. Muck has kept the Sinfonietta by him these many months and he has spared not in either his own study of it or in many and long rehearsals with the men.

As usual, the orchestra fulfilled all that conductor and composer enjoined upon them and the outcome was a performance that seemed to transform the piece. Not only did each stroke of harmonic and instrumental color stand forth clear; not only did the incessant modulation gain free and full play; not only did thematic profiles outline themselves upon the ear and rhythms, contrasts, climaxes, transitions and sustained song tell, but the whole Sinfonietta had kept the young vigor and vitality, the young ardor and the young excess that are the pleasure and the distinction of it. It kept also its recurring voice of Vienna and of no other place and temperament. So to play the Sinfonietta through such technical mastery, tone and expressiveness as the Symphony Orchestra can command was to give it, perhaps as never before, its full and true voice and to prove again two of Dr. Muck's finest virtues—his devotion to the piece in hand and his sense of illuminating and individualizing style.

Youth has oftener served Korngold well than ill in the sinfonietta. No youngster of sixteen, however abnormally ripened, has undergone either in living or in imagination—which usually is better—the mental, emotional and spiritual experiences out of which, plus musical invention and expressive ability, slow symphonic movements of deep beauty and penetrating power spring. For his Andante, Korngold could do no more than fashion a songful melody of quiet charm and carry it through various modulations and moods with as quiet skill, here and there a hint of beauty, especially in the coloring, and hardly a trace of hardness. No youngster of sixteen, with such imagination and resource in timbres and harmonies and in the whole range of symphonic technique as is Korngold's can escape the excess of these rare virtues. Now and then he does modulate out of mere eagerness and restlessness, or lay on instrumental and harmonic strokes for the pleasure of making them. Inevitably and spontaneously he likes to hear the full orchestra going and to strike hard with transition, contrast or climax. He was bound to be occasionally clumsy, heavy-handed or vague as he was bound to recall once and again his recollections of Strauss, of Puccini, of Wagner and of other composers that have filled his young ears. Of course he still rejoices in his medium and his means and his large command of them rather than in the melodic thoughts, the moods, the pictures and vision, the whole imaginative and emotional fabric of which they are the instruments. Korngold is inevitably such because he is young and unashamedly glad of his youth.

On the other hand, that youth has given him much that is precious in itself and that is rare enough in our music. Before fifty measures of the Sinfonietta have come and gone, the vitality and the vivacity of the music, its spirited flow and its propulsive swing win the ear and quicken answering mood and fancy. Not once in the whole

(over)

[illegible]al March which forms the

orchestra has given an

have preferred a more [illegible] of the slow movement, but the playing was throughout authoritative, full-blooded and convincing. An experienced and sincere musician, a well-equipped virtuoso, Mr. Borwick was justly applauded and recalled.

As a curtain piece the noisy and superficial overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chiozote" of Singaglia was played. Dr. Muck gave a brilliant performance of this work, and undoubtedly the virtuoso performance of Korngold's music placed the composition in the best possible light.

ADVER[illegible]SER,
APRIL 10 1915

SYMPHONY CONCERT REVEALS GENIUS

AN ARTISTIC YOUNG ENGLISH PIANIST

Programme Includes Korngold, Beethoven and Sinigaglia—Borwick Sololist

By Louis C. Elson.

Eric Korngold—Sinfonietta.
Beethoven—Piano Concerto, No. 5.
Soloist, Mr. Leonard Borwick.
Sinigaglia—Overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozotte."

When Schumann long ago reviewed a new work (it was a set of variations for piano, Op. 2) by an unknown young man named Chopin, he began his review with the words—"Hats off, gentlemen! A Genius!" In reviewing the Sinfonietta, given at the Symphony Rehearsal yesterday afternoon, for the first time in Boston, we feel tempted to begin with a similar outburst. The composer is one of those strange prodigies which are typical of the present musical epoch. It was once considered a marvellous thing that Mozart should have written a Minuet when he was five years old, and a concerto when he was seven, but the musical prodigies of the present do much more than this. Willy Ferrero, for example, born in 1906, knew many orchestral scores by heart at seven years of age, and conducted a symphony orchestra before he was eight.

Eric Korngold is much older, for he was born away back in May, 1897, and is now therefore of the venerable age of nearly eighteen. But he has composed piano works at twelve years of age which were decidedly modern in style and modulation. If this goes on we may yet expect the infants of the future to compose their own cradle songs, for full orchestra and chorus, and direct them too!

Bold and Restless

The Sinfonietta that we heard yesterday is about as bold in its modulations and restless in its rhythms as any musical radical would desire, but it has logic in its measures and is not without moments of great beauty. The unfortunate point in this extreme school is that it allows a great many quacks and frauds to impose meaningless works upon the public, declaring that they are of the "new school," and still more unfortunate is it that there are always some weaklings who are ready to idolize the music that they cannot understand, deeming it great because incomprehensible. The young Korngold is not of this class. We have examined some of his earlier works and found them entirely logical even if they were not in a school which we admire; and this symphony, amid all its rhythmic dislocations, bears the imprint of sincerity and knowledge, it received an interpretation that does honor to Dr. Muck and his orchestra and it aroused very great enthusiasm.

Great Britain is beginning to assert herself in the domain of Beethoven. In 1868 two Britons were born who both achieved renown in the classical German school of piano-playing. A few years ago we heard the one (Frederick Lamond), and yesterday we listened to the other,—Leonard Borwick. England, both by her performers and her recent composers, is dispelling the old Rubinstein doubt about anything good ever coming out of that Nazareth.

E Flat Concerto

The E-flat concerto is undoubtedly the most masculine of Beethoven's concertos, and he was sufficiently in earnest in it to abolish that excrescence on Art,—the solo Cadenza. Yet we prefer the more delicate and less pompous G major concerto, the fourth, to this "Emperor"; or, perhaps, after the broad interpretation of yesterday, we might call it the "Czar" concerto.

Naturally it deals with a very large orchestra, even if it is a "Sinfonietta." Your true modern would not compose a slumber-song with less forces than double the grand orchestra used by Beethoven or quadruple the forces employed by Bach. Even the piano is brought in as a tone-color, and Mr. De Voto did wonderfully well with a part that was by no means a bed of roses.

Striking Figure

From the very beginning there was artistic development of a striking figure which permeated the entire four movements. There was something of bombast in the first and last movements, a quality quite natural in so young a composer, and in the Scherzo, too, the trumpeters almost blew their lips off, while the energetic kettle-drummer earnestly endeavored to give his instrument a knock-out blow.

For all that we liked the Scherzo best of the work, and it was in clear and symmetrical shape, too. The adagio was longer and less impressive than the Scherzo, but the Finale gave a noble and triumphant ending to the work. The Sinfonietta was actually epoch-making. Never in the whol[illegible] course of musical history has a boy of [illegible] achieved anything so powerful as thi[illegible] and in making this statement we do n[illegible] forget what has been done by Moza[illegible] Handel, Mendelssohn, or Richard Straus[illegible]

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aloof from its nonsense, its eccentricities and its foolish experiments. Let us hope that Dr. Muck will give this work again before the end of the season. The mastery of modern tone coloring was not the least wonderful part of the work. And this is a Sinfonietta!! What will happen when the young Korngold composes a Symphony!!

Mr. Borwick gave an artistic and musicianly interpretation. There was a trace of unclearness at the first, but the blurring soon vanished and we had a true Beethoven reading both by conductor and soloist. The great cadenza for piano and orchestra combined, in the coda of the first movement, was excellent; the Adagio most expressive and with that rubato for which Paderewski contends in Beethoven-playing, and the finale was crisp and fiery. There never was a trace of pounding, yet Mr. Borwick gave force enough to every forzando.

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On the other hand, that youth has given him much that is precious in itself and that is rare enough in our music. Before fifty measures of the Sinfonietta have come and gone, the vitality and the vivacity of the music, its spirited flow and its propulsive swing win the ear and quicken answering mood and fancy. Not once in the whole

(over)

young ardor flag. It beats through the rhythms; it streams out of the instrumental and harmonic color; it expands into warm instrumental song; it keeps the whole surface of the music in bright undulation. No wonder that the audience rose to this first movement, and with all the Sinfonietta it was clearly pleased. This same young lustiness and ardor pulse through the beginning and the end of the scherzo, even if they now and then strike too heavy a blow, and there is fine young intensity ,without a trace of self-consciousness or pose, in the smiling and swaying melody of the Trio. The slow movement baffles precocious youth as it inevitably must and so does the attempt at an introspective music at the beginning of the finale where for the first and only time in the long course of the sinfonietta Korngold really flags; but in all the rest of the movement the young ardor returns to mount in sheer young and exuberant gladness. Too hearty at times, especially if the listener has a finical middle-aged ear; but gay and full-throated with a fascinating young strength that relaxes curiously and strikingly for a passage of genuinely grave and intense song—clear indication that before long young Erich will be able to imagine slow movements. Throughout, the Sinfonietta is a gladsome and songful music. With all its play of timbres, harmony and modulation in the modern sense, it is intrinsically a melodious music—born of youth unashamed and normally happy in its gift of symphonic song. After all, this good world of music is not a world of queer men or worse still of old men.

Korngold, too,—young years or old—has his clear individualities. Elder and better men might envy him his sense of rhythm when there is a Muck to make play with it. He has the Straussian faculty of arresting the attention and kindling responsive impulse at the beginning of each movement and by sheer ardor rather than calculated effect. He has assimilated—or it was instinctive in him—the Straussian sense of broad and intensive melody, expanding in rich and ample periods. He has not merely scholarship in his modulations, his harmonies and instrumental color; he has clear imagination, intuition and instinctive expertness with them. Time and again his strokes are of the born and spontaneous composer alike on the inventive and the manipulative side—the sort of stroke that study may never gain but that intuition makes easy. He has even, in such things, his distinctive aptitudes. He feels his trumpets and his harps as Brahms, for easy example, felt his horns; he has harmonic imagination with his divided strings. Thick as his scoring often is in young excess, he knows how to "let through" a vivid glint of tonal color. Sterner contrapuntists than fortunate Vienna contains could not complain of his development of his musical thoughts; and the fashion in which he makes his chosen motto—"of the cheerful heart"—haunt the Sinfonietta and upspring into its warmest song is plain proof of imagination. It is a pleasant motive at least to ear and fancy, if like the rest of the themes it has no seizing beauty or suggestion in itself, and it is fertile in instrumental song that pleasures. Nowhere also does the Sinfonietta lack sufficient, if undistinguised sense of large design and cumulation. Complex and lavish as Korngold sometimes chooses to be in youthful extravagance, he never loses his hold upon material and processes.

Throughout, moreover, as it was pleasant to some of us to hear and feel yesterday, a true son of Vienna smiled and sang out of the Sinfonietta and was glad and gay unashamed. Vienna seems already in young Korngold's blood and spirit perhaps to remain—precious gift of kindly environment—to the end of his composing days. Viennese vitality, vivacity and suppleness have their part in the sway and swing and march of the flowing first movement. The lusty begining and end of the scherzo are Viennese by all the tokens of such movements in Beethoven and Bruckner. Viennese sentiment is in the andante—the characteristic sentiment that seems born of the surrounding hills and woods—even if Korngold is still too young to touch it with the wistful melancholy that Kreisler infuses into his music of such mood. And the gay exuberance and the careless happiness of Vienna race and sing in the finale. Vienna is not far from Italy, and Viennese instrumental song has had its Italianate undervoice from the days of Mozart and Haydn. Once and again it speaks out of the Sinfonietta and by no means in chance recollection of the influential Puccini. Some day, as he matures, Erich may gain the Viennese elegance, the Viennese aptitude in polished suggestion that he now knows not. But as it is, Vienna has once more in him a composer that is unmistakably its son.

The rest of an unusually pleasurable concert was as interesting. Virtually for the first time, since a passing recital here two years ago went almost unheeded, Mr. Borwick played to a Boston public. He has made his reputation, as most English virtuosi do, equally in Germany and in Britain and yesterday in Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto he fully justified it. Oftenest, he seemed a pianist of quiet and polished perfections. His fleetness, for example, had a charming lightness and certainty; he could play with an impeccable smoothness and evenness and yet deploy upon its surface sensitive and subtle gradations of tone; he has a delicate ear for euphonies; his tone is exquisitely pellucid and softly colored; his touch has often a velvety delicacy. His sustained song expands in gentle and unbroken curve; his arabesques are bright and light. He never exercises—much less abuses—the full power of the piano; he is as far from mere grandiosity on the one hand as he is from mere meticulous dryness on the other. But his comparative quietude implies no lack of individual feeling for his music. His continent temperament responds to it in delicate gradations, colorings and accents that he measures very skilfully to the discreet and serene power that he also commands.

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The gay end was Sinigaglia's chattering overture to Goldoni's yet more chattering comedy of the voluble and volatile squabbles of Venetian beach-folk. It was pleasant to find Dr. Muck forsaking his classics for a deserving contemporary overture and to hear an Italian composer of symphonic music receiving an inning that such concerts, the world over, seem curiously reluctant to give them. (By received notion an Italian must write opera or song or else take the consequences of a misguided predilection for purely instrumental pieces). Sinigaglia's overture, moreover, warrants these deserts. It is well-invented, expertly made, brightly rhythmed, and brilliantly colored, happy in suggestion of gay high spirits, noisy bickerings and sportive mood, melodically warm and pleasantly Latin. A jeu d'esprit of music, a character-piece and a dazzling virtuoso piece, besides, as orchestra and conductor played it. Thank heaven! there is no "deep thought" in it. Sinigaglia, like everybody else in the world—the audience at the Symphony Concerts included—and music, like every other art, have their clear right to gayety. H. T. P.

From WORLD

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

LISZT'S FAUST SYMPHONY HEARD AGAIN

ranscript, April 3

The Third Performance of the Year in Which Conductor, Choir and Orchestra Surpass Themselves — The Intrinsic Glories of the Music

AGAIN, yesterday, the performance of Liszt's "Faust Symphony" at the Symphony Concerts was revelation of the music and of the composer; of the figures, Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles that it calls into an imaginary being, more real for the instant than reality; of Goethe's final vision of mystic and quiring voices; of the conductor and his forces and even of the temper of the audience that raptly heard them. Except the few seats left empty by subscribers who do not go to concerts on Good Friday, the hall was filled to the last place and two or three hundred of the second-balcony folk were turned disconsolate away. A like audience will come again this evening and the two make grateful sign that, after all, this town does not take the Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck and all their works quite for granted and that it will flock to hear a masterpiece of music in as masterful performance, even though no illustrious "personality," except the conductor's and maybe the composer's self, graces it, Report from a concert of January has persisted even into a concert of April and yesterday it was fulfilled and more in the ears of the audience. Once and again, between many lapses, Boston does vindicate itself as a capital of music.

At the end of the symphony, when Dr. Muck had been many times recalled, he shook hands warmly with Mr. Witek, who as concert-master, passes in orchestral etiquette as the representative of the collective band. It was the prescribed fashion in which a conductor may say publicly that he is well pleased with the work of his men. Dr. Muck resorts to it seldom; when he does it is significant. He had reason for such rare praise because the orchestra and the assisting choir from the Apollo Club had indeed surpassed themselves. It was not merely that the men had played with the usual distinctions of technique and tone, of euphony and of expression, and with the sum of the individual and coalescing virtues that make the orchestra what it is as an executive instrument. It was not merely that they had wrought a wondrous web of harmonic and instrumental detail and of the shading of pace and accent within the unbroken unity and the unflagging march of the whole performance. They had done these things, and they had given besides, to that detail and shading, the disclosing, characterizing and vitalizing quality of the Faust, the Gretchen, the fiend and the vision that Liszt had imagined into almost every measure of the music. In a word they had used their technical and coöperating virtues and their command of tonal eloquence as the transmitting and the heightening means to the imagery of the symphony whereby it gave its illusion of Goethe's drama and whereby it holds hearers fast in the beauty, the power and the diversity of Liszt's voice. They had made the sensuous sensation the unerring and the enhancing instrument of the tonal delineation and suggestion. In such a piece as the Faust Symphony, orchestral virtue may hardly further go.

As the orchestra wrought, so also had Dr. Muck wrought upon and with it. His familiar distinctions have played through these three performances of the "Faust Symphony," even as have those of his forces. Once more he has penetrated the matter of the music in hand, absorbed it and given it forth again in its integrity and with its characteristic voice. Once more he has been unerring with his means of pace and accent, progression and climax, modulation and euphonies, contrast and combination. Once more he has conducted from the beginning to the end a huge tonal and imaginative design, maintaining its unity and cumulation into the mystical expansions of the end and yet individualizing each of its three component parts in the respective music of Faust, Gretchen and the fiend. Once more he has applied this sense of design almost to the fitting of each measure into its place in the tonal fabric; yet he has kept all these minutiae [illegible] clearer and larger, the [illegible] of the whole musical and imaginative design. His sensibility to instrumental and harmonic color, to delicate euphonies, to subtle undulation and variation of sustained song, to the rhythmic stroke that is as a touch of characterization has never seemed more acute. Yet, with all these endless pains, Dr. Muck has maintained the romantic sweep, ardor and exaltation of the music on the one hand and its manifold delineative, dramatizing and vitalizing power on the other.

The listener has heard not only Liszt's "Faust Symphony" as so much music disclosed on all its sides; he has heard also a sublimated music-drama of Faust, Gretchen, Mephistopheles and—at the end—mankind that may stand unashamed in its own medium beside the drama in words that called it forth. To the imagery of Liszt, Dr. Muck has added consciously or unconsciously, his own imaginings. To the power and the beauty of Liszt's music he has added that intensive faculty, permeating the music within and then projecting it without, which is the unique power of a conductor of the first rank and which in him rises to the height of genius. Sometimes, this faculty transforms the music in hand so that it regains at last its true voice and semblance as Strauss's "Zarathustra" so regained them six weeks ago. Again, as yesterday, it fills the chosen music with an enkindled and enkindling intensity of being and voice, of idea and image, of march and color, of picture and passion that it may hardly have known except in the like heats of the composer's creating imagination.

Such qualities and achievement in orchestra and conductor were bestowed upon music that glorified them even as they glorified it. There is no reproaching Liszt's inventive faculty in this "Faust Symphony." His motives speak for themselves as defining and germinal music to the ear; they call into tonal and imaginary being the personage, the passion or the picture that he would evoke. He clothes them with harmonic and instrumental color and forthwith the atmosphere that he would summon suffuses the imaginary scene. He sets to the development and the treatment of them—poor technical and academic words for such transformation into winged eloquence as they undergo in this "Faust Symphony"—and straightway a drama of spiritual struggle, longing and pride, as in the first episode, fills the stage of thought and feeling. To it succeeds a lyric and romantic tragedy of young affection from awakening through surrender to disillusion — in the episode of Gretchen. Then follows a marvellously imagined and marvellously accomplished ironic and sardonic comedy in tones. And out of it, after a transition surcharged with mingled beauty and suspense, rises a scene of mystical vision and sublimated and climacteric voice—a kind of tonal apocalypse to crown the whole.

As the invention and the resource ave hardly once flagged—a rare trength with Liszt—so the designing nd the constructing faculty—also fitful with him—has never once abated. Out of music as such, out of symphonic music impeccable, he has made his tone-pictures, accomplished his tonal characterization, achieved his tonal dramas. The unfailing richness and readiness of the means have matched the tireless invention, the sustained power, the enhancing beauty. The "Faust Symphony" is not only a work of the imagination of a scope, a diversity, a fulness and a vitality that Liszt nowhere else achieved; it is not merely the crown of romantic symphonic music; it is the one translation into tones of Goethe's poem that may stand unabashed and undiminished beside it. The temple of Liszt's achievement does not lack many a supporting stone; but the "Faust Symphony" remains the foundation.

H. T. P.

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date APR 2 - 191
Establ

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IS COMING TO FAIR

BOSTON, April 2.—According to present plans, the Boston Symphony Orchestra leaves Boston for San Francisco on May 9, to give a course of concerts at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Karl Muck, the conductor, is preparing thirteen programs of regular symphonic music. No engagements are to be accepted on the way and the men will be back in Boston at the beginning of June.

It is said that Dr. Muck is entering into plans for the concerts with great enthusiasm. He will make up his repertory from works which have been played in Boston the past three seasons, selecting the most important pieces from the German, French, Russian and Italian schools. He will review many of them with the men before leaving Boston and others he will rehearse in San Francisco on the mornings of the visit.

The programs, it is expected, will be rather longer than those given at the Boston concerts, requiring about two hours in performance. The managers of the fair have asked for the best Dr. Muck has and a good measure of it; and the result will be that in the two weeks of the engagement the orchestra will cover a little more ground than they get over in a half season at home.

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From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date APR [illegible] 1915
Establ

Triumphant Liszt.

ATTENTION was called in this journal last week to the volcanic outburst of applause that followed the Thursday evening performance of the "Inferno" movement of Liszt's "Dante" symphony by the Philharmonic, under Stransky. It seemed as if the demonstration would never end. Yet this is the most abstruse, and has been heretofore considered the least popular, of Liszt's orchestral works! No less demonstrative is the applause whenever Stransky, who adores Liszt, conducts "Tasso," "Mazeppa," "The Battle of the Huns," "Faust," "Les Préludes," or a Liszt Rhapsody. This vigorous and sincere applause seems to be extremely annoying to certain Brahmsites, who despairingly contrast it in their minds with the polite and flabby hand-clapping that usually follows an orchestral work by their idol.

Dr. Muck made such a sensation in

(Continued from Page Nine.)

Boston a few months ago with Liszt's "Faust" that this great work was slated for two more performances by the Boston Orchestra this week, making four in all. Dr. Muck is, like all great conductors (and pianists), without exception, an ardent admirer of Liszt. Extra interest was given to these concerts by the fact that Dr. Muck used for the first time the final revision of the score made by Liszt, which was given to him at Bayreuth by Liszt's daughter, Cosima Wagner. He intended to perform the "Faust" symphony in New York, too, but his plan was frustrated, not by reason of the expense involved in bringing down a chorus from Boston, but because he does not like the organ in Carnegie Hall. He wrote a personal letter to Mr. Carnegie about this, but got no answer. Did Mr. Carnegie see that letter? Why should not this hall have a good instrument when so many churches have been supplied with organs by that generous donor?

In Germany, Liszt's "Faust," formerly neglected, has been performed during the last five years more frequently than any other symphony except those of Beethoven. The same is true of the great Liszt sonata for piano; and as for Liszt's short pieces and rhapsodies, they figure more frequently on recital programmes than those of any composer excepting Chopin; yet many of them are still music of the future, which generations to come will find as marvellous and up-to-date as we find the eighteenth-century Bach.

Liszt and Bach have much in common. It is not a mere accident that one of the greatest living pianists, Busoni, is the special apostle of these two masters. Josef Hofmann has never played anything with so much enthusiasm as he expended on the great Liszt sonata last season. How Paderewski adores and plays Liszt's sonata, his études, and especially his rhapsodies, everybody knows. A New York critic once asked him to please not to play the rhapsodies any more. The great pianist smiled sarcastically, and at hic next recital he played two of them, to the huge delight of his audience, which *always* applauds the Liszt rhapsodies more than anything else he plays.

Nikisch often stirs his audiences with his performances of Liszt pieces. Another of the great conductors who adore Liszt's works is Weingartner. In his admirable book, "The Symphony Since Beethoven," he expresses his joy at the fact that that great Hungarian's works are received from year to year with greater enthusiasm. He also pays his compliments to those who still abuse or nag at these inspired works: "Time pronounces its powerful verdict without paying attention to the pygmies puffing themselves up and crawling about in narrow-minded nullity." In the original German this sounds still more crushing: "Die Zeit spricht ihr gewaltiges Urteil ohne Rücksicht auf die sich aufblähenden und in ihrer beschränkten Nichtigkeit herumkrabbelnden Pygmäen."

Time spoke most eloquently in Berlin a few weeks ago, when still another great conductor, who adores Liszt, Richard Strauss, presided over the seventh symphony concert of the Royal Orchestra. The *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* says that "with Liszt's 'Mazeppa' Dr. Rich. Strauss had a tremendous success, a success which even exceeded that of Beethoven's 'Egmont' overture."

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young ardor flag. It beats through the rhythms; it streams out of the instrumental and harmonic color; it expands into warm instrumental song; it keeps the whole surface of the music in bright undulation. No wonder that the audience rose to this first movement, and with all the Sinfonietta it was clearly pleased. This same young lustiness and ardor pulse through the beginning and the end of the scherzo, even if they now and then strike too heavy a blow, and there is fine young intensity, without a trace of self-consciousness or pose, in the smiling and swaying melody of the Trio. The slow movement baffles precocious youth as it inevitably must and so does the attempt at an introspective music at the beginning of the finale where for the first and only time in the long course of the sinfonietta Korngold really flags; but in all the rest of the movement the young ardor returns to mount in sheer young and exuberant gladness. Too hearty at times, especially if the listener has a finical middle-aged ear; but gay and full-throated with a fascinating young strength that relaxes curiously and strikingly for a passage of genuinely grave and intense song—clear indication that before long young Erich will be able to imagine slow movements. Throughout, the Sinfonietta is a gladsome and songful music. With all its play of timbres, harmony and modulation in the modern sense, it is intrinsically a melodious music—born of youth unashamed and normally happy in its gift of symphonic song. After all, this good world of music is not a world of queer men or worse still of old men.

Korngold, too,—young years or old—has his clear individualities. Elder and better men might envy him his sense of rhythm when there is a Muck to make play with it. He has the Straussian faculty of arresting the attention and kindling responsive impulse at the beginning of each movement and by sheer ardor rather than calculated effect. He has assimilated—or it was instinctive in him—the Straussian sense of broad and intensive melody, expanding in rich and ample periods. He has not merely scholarship in his modulations, his harmonies and instrumental color; he has clear imagination, intuition and instinctive expertness with them. Time and again his strokes are of the born and spontaneous composer alike on the inventive and the manipulative side—the sort of stroke that study may never gain but that intuition makes easy. He has even, in such things, his distinctive aptitudes. He feels his trumpets and his harps as Brahms, for easy example, felt his horns; he has harmonic imagination with his divided strings. Thick as his scoring often is in young excess, he knows how to "let through" a vivid glint of tonal color. Sterner contrapuntists than fortunate Vienna contains could not complain of his development of his musical thoughts; and the fashion in which he makes his chosen motto—"of the cheerful heart"—haunt the Sinfonietta and upspring into its warmest song is plain proof of imagination. It is a pleasant motive at least to ear and fancy, if like the rest of the themes it has no seizing beauty or suggestion in itself, and it is fertile in instrumental song that pleasures. Nowhere also does the Sinfonietta lack sufficient, if undistinguised sense of large design and cumulation. Complex and lavish as Korngold sometimes chooses to be in youthful extravagance, he never loses his hold upon material and processes.

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H. T. P.

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As the orchestra wrought, so also had Dr. Muck wrought upon and with it. His familiar distinctions have played through these three performances of the "Faust Symphony," even as have those of his forces. Once more he has penetrated the matter of the music in hand, absorbed it and given it forth again in its integrity and with its characteristic voice. Once more he has been unerring with his means of pace and accent, progression and climax, modulation and euphonies, contrast and combination. Once more he has conducted from the beginning to the end a huge tonal and imaginative design, maintaining its unity and cumulation into the mystical expansions of the end and yet individualizing each of its three component parts in the respective music of Faust, Gretchen and the fiend. Once more he has applied this sense of design almost to the fitting of each measure into its place in the tonal fabric; yet he has kept all these minutiæ [illegible] clearer and larger, the [illegible] of the whole musical and imaginative design. His sensibility to instrumental and harmonic color, to delicate euphonies, to subtle undulation and variation of sustained song, to the rhythmic stroke that is as a touch of characterization has never seemed more acute. Yet, with all these endless pains, Dr. Muck has maintained the romantic sweep, ardor and exaltation of the music on the one hand and its manifold delineative, dramatizing and vitalizing power on the other.

The listener has heard not only Liszt's "Faust Symphony" as so much music disclosed on all its sides; he has heard also a sublimated music-drama of Faust, Gretchen, Mephistopheles and—at the end—mankind that may stand unashamed in its own medium beside the drama in words that called it forth. To the imagery of Liszt, Dr. Muck has added consciously or unconsciously, his own imaginings. To the power and the beauty of Liszt's music he has added that intensive faculty, permeating the music within and then projecting it without, which is the unique power of a conductor of the first rank and which in him rises to the height of genius. Sometimes, this faculty transforms the music in hand so that it regains at last its true voice and semblance as Strauss's "Zarathustra" so regained them six weeks ago. Again, as yesterday, it fills the chosen music with an enkindled and enkindling intensity of being and voice, of idea and image, of march and color, of picture and passion that it may hardly have known except in the like heats of the composer's creating imagination.

Such qualities and achievement in orchestra and conductor were bestowed upon music that glorified them even as they glorified it. There is no reproaching Liszt's inventive faculty in this "Faust Symphony." His motives speak for themselves as defining and germinal music to the ear; they call into tonal and imaginary being the personage, the passion or the picture that he would evoke. He clothes them with harmonic and instrumental color and forthwith the atmosphere that he would summon suffuses the imaginary scene. He sets to the development and the treatment of them—poor technical and academic words for such transformation into winged eloquence as they undergo in this "Faust Symphony"—and straightway a drama of spiritual struggle, longing and pride, as in the first episode, fills the stage of thought and feeling. To it succeeds a lyric and romantic tragedy of young affection from awakening through surrender to disillusion — in the episode of Gretchen. Then follows a marvellously imagined and marvellously accomplished ironic and sardonic comedy in tones. And out of it, after a transition surcharged with mingled beauty and suspense, rises a scene of mystical vision and sublimated and climacteric voice—a kind of tonal apocalypse to crown the whole.

As the invention and the resource have hardly once flagged—a rare strength with Liszt—so the designing and the constructing faculty—also fitful with him—has never once abated. Out of music as such, out of symphonic music impeccable, he has made his tone-pictures, accomplished his tonal characterization, achieved his tonal dramas. The unfailing richness and readiness of the means have matched the tireless invention, the sustained power, the enhancing beauty. The "Faust Symphony" is not only a work of the imagination of a scope, a diversity, a fulness and a vitality that Liszt nowhere else achieved; it is not merely the crown of romantic symphonic music; it is the one translation into tones of Goethe's poem that may stand unabashed and undiminished beside it. The temple of Liszt's achievement does not lack many a supporting stone; but the "Faust Symphony" remains the foundation.

H. T. P.

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 2 - 15

Establ

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IS COMING TO FAIR

BOSTON, April 2.—According to present plans, the Boston Symphony Orchestra leaves Boston for San Francisco on May 9, to give a course of concerts at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Karl Muck, the conductor, is preparing thirteen programs of regular symphonic music. No engagements are to be accepted on the way and the men will be back in Boston at the beginning of June.

It is said that Dr. Muck is entering into plans for the concerts with great enthusiasm. He will make up his repertory from works which have been played in Boston the past three seasons, selecting the most important pieces from the German, French, Russian and Italian schools. He will review many of them with the men before leaving Boston and others he will rehearse in San Francisco on the mornings of the visit.

The programs, it is expected, will be rather longer than those given at the Boston concerts, requiring about two hours in performance. The managers of the fair have asked for the best Dr. Muck has and a good measure of it; and the result will be that in the two weeks of the engagement the orchestra will cover a little more ground than they get over in a half season at home.

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From EVENING POST
Address: New York City

Date

Establ

Triumphant Liszt.

ATTENTION was called in this journal last week to the volcanic outburst of applause that followed the Thursday evening performance of the "Inferno" movement of Liszt's "Dante" symphony by the Philharmonic, under Stransky. It seemed as if the demonstration would never end. Yet this is the most abstruse, and has been heretofore considered the least popular, of Liszt's orchestral works! No less demonstrative is the applause whenever Stransky, who adores Liszt, conducts "Tasso," "Mazeppa," "The Battle of the Huns," "Faust," "Les Préludes," or a Liszt Rhapsody. This vigorous and sincere applause seems to be extremely annoying to certain Brahmsites, who despairingly contrast it in their minds with the polite and flabby hand-clapping that usually follows an orchestral work by their idol.

Dr. Muck made such a sensation in

(Continued from Page Nine.)

Boston a few months ago with Liszt's "Faust" that this great work was slated for two more performances by the Boston Orchestra this week, making four in all. Dr. Muck is, like all great conductors (and pianists), without exception, an ardent admirer of Liszt. Extra interest was given to these concerts by the fact that Dr. Muck used for the first time the final revision of the score made by Liszt, which was given to him at Bayreuth by Liszt's daughter, Cosima Wagner. He intended to perform the "Faust" symphony in New York, too, but his plan was frustrated, not by reason of the expense involved in bringing down a chorus from Boston, but because he does not like the organ in Carnegie Hall. He wrote a personal letter to Mr. Carnegie about this, but got no answer. Did Mr. Carnegie see that letter? Why should not this hall have a good instrument when so many churches have been supplied with organs by that generous donor?

In Germany, Liszt's "Faust," formerly neglected, has been performed during the last five years more frequently than any other symphony except those of Beethoven. The same is true of the great Liszt sonata for piano; and as for Liszt's short pieces and rhapsodies, they figure more frequently on recital programmes than those of any composer excepting Chopin; yet many of them are still music of the future, which generations to come will find as marvellous and up-to-date as we find the eighteenth-century Bach.

Liszt and Bach have much in common. It is not a mere accident that one of the greatest living pianists, Busoni, is the special apostle of these two masters. Josef Hofmann has never played anything with so much enthusiasm as he expended on the great Liszt sonata last season. How Paderewski adores and plays Liszt's sonata, his études, and especially his rhapsodies, everybody knows. A New York critic once asked him to please not to play the rhapsodies any more. The great pianist smiled sarcastically, and at his next recital he played two of them, to the huge delight of his audience, which *always* applauds the Liszt rhapsodies more than anything else he plays.

Nikisch often stirs his audiences with his performances of Liszt pieces. Another of the great conductors who adore Liszt's works is Weingartner. In his admirable book, "The Symphony Since Beethoven," he expresses his joy at the fact that that great Hungarian's works are received from year to year with greater enthusiasm. He also pays his compliments to those who still abuse or nag at these inspired works: "Time pronounces its powerful verdict without paying attention to the pygmies puffing themselves up and crawling about in narrow-minded nullity." In the original German this sounds still more crushing: "Die Zeit spricht ihr gewaltiges Urteil ohne Rücksicht auf die sich aufblähenden und in ihrer beschränkten Nichtigkeit herumkrabbelnden Pygmäen."

Time spoke most eloquently in Berlin a few weeks ago, when still another great conductor, who adores Liszt, Richard Strauss, presided over the seventh symphony concert of the Royal Orchestra. The *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* says that "with Liszt's 'Mazeppa' Dr. Rich. Strauss had a tremendous success, a success which even exceeded that of Beethoven's 'Egmont' overture."

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

York, 18

THE REQUEST PROGRAM.

Many patrons of the Philadelphia Orchestra will receive with regret Conductor Stokowski's announcement—printed on another page of this paper—that the custom of playing a request program at the last concert of the orchestral season will be abandoned this year. This custom began in the regime of the late Conductor Scheel and was continued under Conductor Pohlig; and that it was an exceedingly popular custom was evidenced by the large number of ballots cast during every season for the favorite compositions of orchestra patrons.

Conductor Stokowski modified the custom last season by omitting winning compositions on the ground that to play them all would constitute an unharmonious program. This season he abandons the request program altogether.

Though Mr. Stokowski is doubtless actuated by the best of artistic intentions, the wisdom of his course is open to question. For every orchestra patron who disapproves of the request program there are probably five who approve. The average music lover likes to have his favorite composition replayed at the end of the season, enjoys the competition of the request program vote and looks forward with great interest to the result of the balloting. To deprive him of these privileges which he has enjoyed for years—no matter on what high musicianly ideals such action is based—is to run the risk of disturbing the cordial relations that have existed between Mr. Stokowski and his public.

Various opinions are possible as to the structural unity of a concert program. In his arrangement of programs, Mr. Stokowski has made it clear that he strives for a certain uniformity between the several numbers. Other conductors—Dr. Muck, of the Boston Symphony, for instance—seem to select their programs for the purpose of variety rather than uniformity. Mr. Stokowski is entitled to his own opinions; and while he is at the head of the orchestra they should be respected. But it is to be deplored that those opinions are so rigid as first to make him vary the time-honored custom of request programs, and now to abolish it altogether.

SERVING SIXTY-

From Examiner
Address San Francisco, Cal.
Date APR 2 1915

384

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Programmes Include Some of the Noblest Compositions in the History of Music

BY REDFERN MASON

Friday, May 14, will be a red letter day for San Francisco. On that day the Boston Symphony will give its first concert in this city.

We have long had good symphony music in San Francisco. Now we are to have a fortnight of the noblest playing that is to be heard either in this country or in the Old World. It will be a fourteen days' orchestral festival, directed by the man whom Kaiser Wilhelm loves best among Germany's directors and whom, as an act of special good will, he lent to this country.

A commencement will be made with Beethoven's "Eroica," that symphony in which the composer celebrated Napoleon Bonaparte, the republican. When the "little corporal" assumed the purple, Beethoven tore up the inscription, exclaiming, "he is only common clay after all." But when, years afterwards, he heard of the tragedy at St. Helena, he observed, "I have prepared for this misfortune," referring, of course, to the Funeral March which forms the second movement. Richard Strauss' "Don Juan," played for San Franciscans by our Symphony Orchestra for the first time this season, is the second number on the programme, and Weber's overture to "Euryanthe" comes last.

TO PLAY HAYDN SYMPHONY.

Each succeeding day a concert will be given and, in the programme for Saturday, May 15, I notice Haydn's lovely "Surprise" Symphony; Liszt's Symphonic poem, "Hungaria," is the concluding number, and between the two comes one of the finest works of our greatest American composer, Edward MacDowell, his "Indian" Suite.

German though he is to the core, Dr. Muck does not allow chauvinism to blind him to the artistic virtues of France. The programme for Sunday, May 16, is entirely devoted to French music. It opens with the Cesar Franck symphony; it includes the "Apprenti Sorcier" overture of Dukas, and Bizet's exquisite "Arlesienne" suite, ending with the "Espana" of Chábrier.

On Monday, May 17, we revert to the music of Germany, opening with the first Brahms symphony and concluding with the grand overture to "Egmont" of Beethoven, with two Bach numbers in between, the B minor suite for flute and strings, and the heavenly "Shepherds' Music" from the "Christmas Oratorio."

WAGNER CONCERT MAY 18.

Wagner takes up the entire concert of Tuesday, May 18. First on the programme comes the "Rienzi" overture, followed by the introduction to the "Flying Dutchman," the "Tannhauser" overture with the "Bacchanale," which Wagner wrote for the Parisians, who could not tolerate an opera without a ballet, and the prelude to "Lohengrin." The overtures to "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger" and "Parsifal" are also to be played, likewise the "Idyll," in which the composer celebrated the birth of his son, Siegfried.

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Saturday, the 22d, brings us back to Germany with the G minor Symphony of Mozart, Bach's D minor Concerto for two violins and strings, and the "Siegfried Idyll" of Wagner, with the "Sakuntala" Overture of Goldmark and Dvorak's "Carnival" Overture by way of supplements.

On Sunday the 23d there will be a second French programme, opening with the Third Symphony of Saint Saens, for orchestra and organ.. Chabrier's "Gwendoline" Overture follows; there will be three excerpts from the "Damnation of Faust" of Berlioz, to wit, the "Rakoczy" March, the "Will of the Wisps," and the "Dance of Sylphs," and the last number will be Chausson's Symphonic Poem, "Vivienne."

A Muscovitish programme is promised for Monday, the 24th, opening with the "Pathetic" Symphony of Tschaikowsky and including Borodine's sketch, "On the Steppes of Central Asia," Glazounoff's "Overture Solonelle," and the Caprice on Spanish Themes of Rimsky Korsadoff.

The last concert will take place on Tuesday, the 25th of May. It will open with the First Symphony of Sibelius; Strauss' "Also sprach Zarathustra" comes midway in the concert and the end of all with the immortal "Leonora No. 3" of Beethoven

Is not that a wonderful festival of music, a veritable Gargantua's feast of musical delights?

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY TO GIVE TWELVE CONCERTS IN MAY

Famous Organization of 110 Men Plays Engagement at the Exposition From May 14th to May 26th.

rk, 1884

An important musical event of the year will be the concerts by the famed Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck. These are announced to take place at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition for two weeks, from May 14th to 26th. Acknowledged to be the finest orchestra in the world, the Boston Symphony has been in existence for thirty-three years, and has only been superseded in length of life by five [illegible] This orchestra has given an average of 100 concerts a season, former seasons consisting of six months which have now been extended to a period of seven and one-half months.

In 1886 the organization, which had till that time confined its efforts to Boston alone, began to expand in territory and gave concerts in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and cities of the Middle West. Soon after the players invaded New York. The present tour is considered to be remarkable, as the body of 110 men will leave Boston on a special train on May 10th, coming directly to San Francisco, and leaving here at midnight May 26th, arriving at Boston in time for a concert on Decoration day.

The orchestra will be under the local management of W. H. Leahy, to whom all communications may be sent at 343 Powell street.

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From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date 1915

Establi

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT EXPOSITION

Twelve Remarkable Programs to Be Presented by Dr. Muck at San Francisco.

The Boston Symphoy Orchestra having been selected to present a series of high-class concerts at the Panama-Pacific Exposition for May 14 to May 26, Dr. Muck, the conductor, has made a most remarkable set of programs for the twelve subscription concerts. So far as is possible in such a number of concerts, he covers the entire range of orchestral literature. The programs are as follows:—

NO. 1.
Beethoven....Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, Op. 55, "Eroica."
Brahms....Variations on a Theme by Josef Haydn, Op. 56a.
Richard Strauss...."Don Juan," Tone Poem, (after Lenau), Op. 20.
Weber....Overture to the opera, "Euryanthe."

NO. 2.
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy Overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," Op. 27.
Haydn....Symphony No. 6, in G major, "Surprise."
MacDowell....Suite, No. 2, in E minor, "Indian," Op. 48.
Liszt...."Hungaria," Symphonic Poem, No. 9

NO. 3—FRENCH PROGRAM.
Cesar Franck........Symphony in D minor..
Dukas...."L'Apprenti Sorcier" (The Sorcerer's Apprentice) Scherzo (after a ballad of Goethe).
Bizet....Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1. Music to Alphonse Daudet's Play.
Chabrier...Rhapsody for orchestra, "Espana"

NO. 4.
Brahms..Symphony, No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68
J. S. Bach....Suite for Flute and Strings in B minor, No. 2.
(Solo Flute, Mr. Andre Maquarre).
J. S. Bach....Symphony (Shepherds' Music) from the Christmas Oratorio.
Beethoven....Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84.

NO. 5—WAGNER PROGRAM.
Overture to "Rienzi."
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."
Introduction and Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," Act I (Paris version).
Prelude to "Lohengrin."
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude to "The Meistersingers of Nuremberg."
Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods."
Prelude to "Parsifal."

NO. 6.
Weber....Overture to the Opera, "Der Freischutz."
Beethoven....Symphony No. 8, in F-major, Op. 93.
Chadwick....Symphonic Sketches: Suites for orchestra.
Sibelius....."Karelia," overture for full orchestra; "The Swan of Tuonela," Legend from the Finnish Folk-epic, "Kalevala;" "Finlandia," Symphonic Poem for orchestra, Op. 26, No. 7.

NO. 7.
Brahms....Symphony, No. 2, in D-Major, Op. 73.
Liszt....Symphonic Poem, No. 3, "Les Preludes," (after Lamartine).
Richard Strauss...Tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," Op. 24.
Wagner....Prelude to "The Meistersingers of Nuremberg."

NO. 8. ITALIAN PROGRAM.
Sgambati....Symphony, No. 1, in D-Major, Op. 16.
Cherubini....Overture to the opera, "Anacreon."
Bossi....Intermezzi Goldoniani, Op. 127.
Sinigaglia....Overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chiozzote," Op. 32, (The Squabbles of the People of Chiozza).

NO. 9.
Mozart....Symphony, No. 2, in G-Minor, (K. 550).
J. S. Bach....Concerto in D-Minor for two violins and orchestra of strings. (Solo violins, Messrs. Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack).
Goldmark....Overture to "Sakuntala," Op. 13.
Wagner...."A Siegfried Idyl."
Dvorak....Overture, "Carnival," Op. 92.

NO. 10—FRENCH PROGRAM.
Saint-Saens....Symphony, No. 3, for orchestra and organ, Op. 78.
Debussy....Prelude to Stephane Mallarme's Eclogue, "The Afternoon of a Faun."
Berliez....Three pieces from "The Damnation of Faust," Op. 24.
Chabrier....Overture to the opera, "Gwendoline."

NO. 11.
Tschaikowsky....Symphony, No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74.
Glazounoff.........Overture Solonelle, Op. 73
Borodin....On the Steppes of Central Asia, Orchestral Sketch, Op. 7.
Rimsky-Korsakoff....Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34.

NO. 12.
Sibelius...Symphony, No. 1, in E minor, Op. 39
Richard Strauss....Tone Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," (freely after Friedrich Nietzsche) Op. 30.
Beethoven..Overture, "Leonora," No. 3, Op. 72

The entire complement of the orchestra will be carried by special train across the continent without stopping, leaving Boston May 9 and reaching Boston again on the return trip on Monday, May 31.

* * *

1884

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date 2 7 1915

Establishe

Sunday night at 8:15.

BIG EVENT COMING.

One of the greatest musical events of the year is announced for Festival Hall, from May 14 to 26. The Boston Symphony Orchestra will be heard in twelve concerts. It is, perhaps, the world's finest symphony orchestra.

Of the great orchestras of the world only five have had a longer life, and but one has undertaken any such amount of work as the Boston organization. Its first concert was given in 1881. In the thirty-three years since then it has given an average of almost 100 concerts a season. The seasons ranged from six months in the early days to seven and a half months today. The actual number of concerts given up to the close of the season of 1913-1914 was 3,284.

The great majority of these concerts were given in Boston, but in 1886 it began its tours. Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington were visited and a series of concerts was given throughout the Middle West. In 1887 the first concerts were given in New York.

The organization of 110 men will leave Boston on a special train of eight cars on May 10, rushing direct to San Francisco. They will leave at midnight of May 26, arriving at Boston in time for a concert on Decoration Day.

Twelve concerts will be given at Festival Hall, for which the subscription price of seats will range from $7 to $25, seats for single concerts running from 75 cents to $2.50.

The subscription sale will begin at the Exposition ticket offices in the St. Francis Hotel, Monday morning, April 5. Communications enclosing funds may be sent, seats being reserved as near the location desired as possible. This applies to season tickets only. All checks and money orders should be made payable to W. H. Leahy, 343 Powell street.

From CALL
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Date 9 1915

Establ 14

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[146]

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York, 18

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Italy monopolizes the programme for Friday the 21st. The "Anacreon" overture of Cherubini represents classic Italy; Bossi's "Intermezzi Goldoniani" speaks for the spirit of Italian comedy; the "Baruffe Chiozote" of Sinigaglia belongs to the same category, and "Young Italy" speaks in the First Symphony of Sgambati.

Saturday, the 22d, brings us back to Germany with the G minor Symphony of Mozart, Bach's D minor Concerto for two violins and strings, and the "Siegfried Idyll" of Wagner, with the "Sakuntala" Overture of Goldmark and Dvorak's "Carnival" Overture by way of supplements.

On Sunday the 23d there will be a second French programme, opening with the Third Symphony of Saint Saens, for orchestra and organ.. Chabrier's "Gwendoline" Overture follows; there will be three excerpts from the "Damnation of Faust" of Berlioz, to wit, the "Rakoczy" March, the "Will of the Wisps," and the "Dance of Sylphs," and the last number will be Chausson's Symphonic Poem, "Vivienne."

A Muscovitish programme is promised for Monday, the 24th, opening with the "Pathetic" Symphony of Tschaikowsky and including Borodine's sketch, "On the Steppes of Central Asia," Glazounoff's "Overture Solonelle," and the Caprice on Spanish Themes of Rimsky Korsadoff.

The last concert will take place on Tuesday, the 25th of May. It will open with the First Symphony of Sibelius; Strauss' "Also sprach Zarathustra" comes midway in the concert and the end of all with the immortal "Leonora No. 3" of Beethoven

Is not that a wonderful festival of music, a veritable Gargantua's feast of musical delights?

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date

ork, 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY TO GIVE TWELVE CONCERTS IN MAY

Famous Organization of 110 Men Plays Engagement at the Exposition From May 14th to May 26th.

An important musical event of the year will be the concerts by the famed Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck. These are announced to take place at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition for two weeks, from May 14th to 26th. Acknowledged to be the finest orchestra in the world, the Boston Symphony has been in existence for thirty-three years, and has only been superseded in length of life by five [illegible] orchestra has given an average of 100 concerts a season, former seasons consisting of six months, which have now been extended to a period of seven and one-half months.

In 1886 the organization, which had till that time confined its efforts to Boston alone, began to expand in territory and gave concerts in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and cities of the Middle West. Soon after the players invaded New York. The present tour is considered to be remarkable, as the body of 110 men will leave Boston on a special train on May 10th, coming directly to San Francisco, and leaving here at midnight May 26th, arriving at Boston in time for a concert on Decoration day.

The orchestra will be under the local management of W. H. Leahy, to whom all communications may be sent at 343 Powell street.

* * *

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

Establi

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT EXPOSITION

Twelve Remarkable Programs to Be Presented by Dr. Muck at San Francisco.

The Boston Symphoy Orchestra having been selected to present a series of high-class concerts at the Panama-Pacific Exposition for May 14 to May 26, Dr. Muck, the conductor, has made a most remarkable set of programs for the twelve subscription concerts. So far as is possible in such a number of concerts, he covers the entire range of orchestral literature. The programs are as follows:—

NO. 1.

Beethoven....Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, Op. 55, "Eroica."
Brahms....Variations on a Theme by Josef Haydn, Op. 56a.
Richard Strauss...."Don Juan," Tone Poem, (after Lenau), Op. 20.
Weber....Overture to the opera, "Euryanthe."

NO. 2.

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy Overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," Op. 27.
Haydn....Symphony No. 6, in G major, "Surprise."
MacDowell....Suite, No. 2, in E minor, "Indian," Op. 48.
Liszt...."Hungaria," Symphonic Poem, No. 9

NO. 3—FRENCH PROGRAM.

Cesar Franck........Symphony in D minor..
Dukas...."L'Apprenti Sorcier" (The Sorcerer's Apprentice) Scherzo (after a ballad of Goethe).
Bizet....Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1. Music to Alphonse Daudet's Play.
Chabrier...Rhapsody for orchestra, "Espana"

NO. 4.

Brahms..Symphony, No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68
J. S. Bach....Suite for Flute and Strings in B minor, No. 2.
(Solo Flute, Mr. Andre Maquarre).
J. S. Bach....Symphony (Shepherds' Music) from the Christmas Oratorio.
Beethoven....Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84.

NO. 5—WAGNER PROGRAM.

Overture to "Rienzi."
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."
Introduction and Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," Act I (Paris version).
Prelude to "Lohengrin."
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude to "The Meistersingers of Nuremberg."
Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods."
Prelude to "Parsifal."

NO. 6.

Weber....Overture to the Opera, "Der Freischutz."
Beethoven....Symphony No. 8, in F-major, Op. 93.
Chadwick....Symphonic Sketches; Suites for orchestra.
Sibelius;...."Karelia," overture for full orchestra; "The Swan of Tuonela," Legend from the Finnish Folk-epic, "Kalevala;" "Finlandia," Symphonic Poem for orchestra, Op. 26, No. 7.

NO. 7.

Brahms....Symphony, No. 2, in D-Major, Op. 73.
Liszt....Symphonic Poem, No. 3. "Les Preludes," (after Lamartine).
Richard Strauss...Tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," Op. 24.
Wagner....Prelude to "The Meistersingers of Nuremberg."

NO. 8. ITALIAN PROGRAM.

Sgambati....Symphony, No. 1, in D-Major, Op. 16.
Cherubini....Overture to the opera, "Anacreon."
Bossi....Intermezzi Goldoniani, Op. 127.
Sinigaglia....Overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chiozzote," Op. 32, (The Squabbles of the People of Chiozza).

NO. 9.

Mozart....Symphony, No. 2, in G-Minor, (K. 550).
J. S. Bach....Concerto in D-Minor for two violins and orchestra of strings. (Solo violins, Messrs. Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack).
Goldmark....Overture to "Sakuntala," Op. 13.
Wagner...."A Siegfried Idyl."
Dvorak....Overture, "Carnival," Op. 92.

NO. 10—FRENCH PROGRAM.

Saint-Saens....Symphony, No. 3, for orchestra and organ, Op. 78.
Debussy....Prelude to Stephane Mallarme's Eclogue, "The Afternoon of a Faun."
Berliez....Three pieces from "The Damnation of Faust," Op. 24.
Chabrier...Overture to the opera, "Gwendoline."

NO. 11.

Tschaikowsky....Symphony, No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74.
Glazounoff.........Overture Solonelle, Op. 73
Borodin....On the Steppes of Central Asia, Orchestral Sketch, Op. 7.
Rimsky-Korsakoff....Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34.

NO. 12.

Sibelius...Symphony, No. 1, in E minor, Op. 39
Richard Strauss....Tone Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," (freely after Friedrich Nietzsche) Op. 30.
Beethoven..Overture, "Leonora," No. 3, Op. 72

The entire complement of the orchestra will be carried by special train across the continent without stopping, leaving Boston May 9 and reaching Boston again on the return trip on Monday, May 31.

* * *

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
1915

Date

Establish

Sunday night at 8:15.

BIG EVENT COMING.

One of the greatest musical events of the year is announced for Festival Hall, from May 14 to 26. The Boston Symphony Orchestra will be heard in twelve concerts. It is, perhaps, the world's finest symphony orchestra.

Of the great orchestras of the world only five have had a longer life, and but one has undertaken any such amount of work as the Boston organization. Its first concert was given in 1881. In the thirty-three years since then it has given an average of almost 100 concerts a season. The seasons ranged from six months in the early days to seven and a half months today. The actual number of concerts given up to the close of the season of 1913-1914 was 3,284.

The great majority of these concerts were given in Boston, but in 1886 it began its tours. Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington were visited and a series of concerts was given throughout the Middle West. In 1887 the first concerts were given in New York.

The organization of 110 men will leave Boston on a special train of eight cars on May 10, rushing direct to San Francisco. They will leave at midnight of May 26, arriving at Boston in time for a concert on Decoration Day.

Twelve concerts will be given at Festival Hall, for which the subscription price of seats will range from $7 to $25, seats for single concerts running from 75 cents to $2.50.

The subscription sale will begin at the Exposition ticket offices in the St. Francis Hotel, Monday morning, April 5. Communications enclosing funds may be sent, seats being reserved as near the location desired as possible. This applies to season tickets only. All checks and money orders should be made payable to W. H. Leahy, 343 Powell street.

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date

Establi 4

Boston Symphony to Play at Fair in May

One of the greatest musical events of the year is announced for Festival Hall at the Exposition from May 14 to May 26, inclusive, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be heard in twelve concerts. The organization is now in its thirty-fourth year. It has given an average of almost 100 concerts a season. The actual number of concerts given up to the close of the season 1913-1914 was 3284.

m AMERICAN
dress: New York City
APR - 4 1915
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The Symphony Season and Its Accomplishments

THE executive and provisional work of the symphony managers is almost as perpetual as that of the publishers of that famous magazine, the New York City Telephone Directory, which, by the by, contains a larger number of notable local names than any other periodical. The directory no sooner binds and delivers one issue to its subscribers than the publishers are busy preparing for the next.

So it is with the symphony managers, for on the same programme sheet that gives the selections for the last concerts of the 1914-15 season there appears the advance announcements for the 1915-16 season. With all detail, too, if you please. That is, with the names of the soloists, the dates of the events running from October to March, and the very hour and minute at which these events are to take place.

Similar arrangements for the future were made long before the present season began; promises of notable soloists and new concerted works were made and there was much anticipation of a healthy, busy year. So between these two episodes—the closing of the present season and looking ahead to the next—it will be interesting to note what has been done in symphony circles of 1914-15.

We have, as one may say, two major symphony organisations, the Philharmonic and the New York Symphony Society, and four minor ones, the Russian, People's, the Young People's and Young Men's. The Philharmonic Society, which closed its season a week ago, gave fifty-four concerts in the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn, and twenty-nine in twenty other places. The New York Symphony Society gave forty-eight concerts in Greater New York and was on tour for a week in October, one week in November, ten days in January, and ten in February. There is a good deal of the Wandering Minstrel about the Symphony Society, for in another week it is to start upon a tour of at least five weeks. The other local organizations gave about a dozen concerts.

In addition to these aggregations of home talent New York listened to two visiting orchestras, the Boston and the Philadelphia Symphony folk. The Boston people played ten times and the Philadelphia only once.

Without aiming to present a statistical record it will be seen that this resume means a total of about a hundred and twenty-five concerts. As to the symphonic work of all these orchestras two facts are unmistakably shown. First, that Beethoven is still king, and second, that symphony writers come few and far between. Brahms, Schumann, Schubert, Dvorak, Weber, Mendelssohn still sit safe among the classics; Mozart, Haydn, Liszt, we still accept more as pleasing melodies than as strict workers along symphonic lines; and Debussy, Strauss, Grieg, Berlioz are well established in the hearts of those who are charmed with the more or less fantastic.

But no new great note has been sounded. The New York Symphony for its novelties gave Percy Grainger's British Folk Dances; Josef Suk's "Scherzo Fantastique;" Maurice Ravel's Symphonic fragment from the ballet "Daphnis and Chloe;" Roger Ducasse's "Le joli jeu de furet;" Albert Roussel's "Le festin d'Araignee;" Florent Schmitt's "Reflet d'Allemagne;" Frederick S. Converse's "Ormazd;" David Stanley Smith's "Prince Hal;" and two movements from a symphony by Frederick A. Stock. All were listened to with marked attention—sometimes with distinguished patience. Some were found plastic, some promising, but it would be more friendly than just to say that any touched the great.

Mr. Stransky contributed as novelties Arthur Foote's "Four characteristic pieces;" Henry Hadley's Symphonic poem, "Lucifer;" Henry Burck's "Meditation," Mr. Laucella's Prelude and Temple Dance; Arthur Hinton's "Endymion;" Erich Korngold's Symphonietta; Ropartz' Fourth Symphony; Sigismond Stojowski's Suite for orchestra, and Stravinsky's "Fireworks." All interesting, some bearing a flicker of the divine spark but none such as would lead the audience to rise and say, "Here we have found a master."

There remains the curious and much-discussed revival of the Tschaikowsky cult. This season more than in any past the Russian has been heard, and this season more than in any past the Russian has moved the hearts of the people. Whether the composer of "Eugen Onegin" is an unblemished adherent of classic pattern is an old topic of discussion—it was discussed at length in these columns a little time ago. What this season has shown, shown indubitably, is that the Tschaikowsky Symphonies stirred those who listened to them more profoundly than anything placed on all the hundred and twenty-five programmes of 1914-15. All the symphony managers have seen this and all have proved that they saw it by the frequency of their Tschaikowsky offerings. The one fact that the Fourth Symphony was given five or six times in one week in New York is a testimony of love and admiration whose equal has not been bestowed on any composer. It is one of the most poignant tragedies of musical history that Pietor Illytch could not have lived to see how this New York would have grown almost to worship him, instead of almost ignoring him when he was here.

It would be absurd, of course, to imagine that all these concerts were given for love.

The generous assistance bestowed by Mr. Pulitzar on the Philharmonic and by Mr. Flagler on the Symphony Society, was actuated by the unselfish desire to furnish the people with the best orchestral music and to see that the supply was unbroken. But the depots for this supply, that is the symphony organizations, are conducted on business principles. They have their ledgers in which their profit and loss accounts appear. It is an open secret that these accounts show an annual deficit.

Giving one hundred and two concerts in expensive halls, with an aggregate of a hundred and sixty well paid musicians—these figures are those of the Philharmonic and Symphony societies—with expensive conductors, advertising, printing, clerical force, etc., means a lot of money. So much, indeed, that not even the receipts from tickets and interest from subsidies cover the expense. It is understood that the deficit is not as great this year as it was last year, but there is a loss.

"Let us hear now the conclusion of the whole matter." First, the demand for symphonic music judged by the ever-increasing annual supply is simply phenomenal. No city in the world hears so much orchestral music as New York.

Second, Beethoven is more firmly seated than ever as the Emperor of Symphony. His Court is filled with princes of Inspiration and with Lords of Imitation, but no messenger yet brings the news or promise of an approaching successor.

Third, and much more prosaic, symphony giving in New York does not pay and the two great societies are seriously considering some means—whether by the erection of a symphony building with offices, etc., or by an appeal for larger public support—for making their enterprise remunerative.

THE EVENING TIMES,

PAWTUCKET, R. I.,

APRIL 14,

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CLOSES ITS SEASON

Sixth Concert Given at Infantry Hall—Florence Hinkle Soloist.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra closed its 34th Providence season last night, when the sixth concert of the course was given in Infantry Hall, with Miss Florence Hinkle as soloist. The programme was a beautifully varied offering headed by Beethoven's eighth symphony, magnificently played by the orchestra and interpreted with taste and discrimination by the eminent conductor, Dr. Karl Muck.

While not so familiar as some of the other Beethoven symphonies, the eighth has been heard sufficiently often by concert audiences in Boston and Providence to become well known to the regular patrons of the symphony concerts. The composer himself called it "the little symphony," probably in a playful mood as a term of endearment. It is shorter than the average symphonic composition, abounds in pretty and tuneful themes, and has the dignity and power inseparable from the works of the master composer.

Bach's suite in B-minor for flute and strings, held second place in the orchestra programme. This suite made up largely of dance airs, is a light and gay composition brimful of melody and the music that in a less decorous assemblage than a symphony concert audience would start the feet a-tapping. Andre Maquarre, solo flute player of the orchestra, played the solo parts, bringing from his instrument a mellow beauty of tone such as only the most accomplished artist can produce. He was given enthusiastic applause.

Miss Hinkle, a soprano who is heard by Providence audiences with constantly increasing pleasure, sang two numbers. The first was the aria, "Voi, che Sapete" from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and the second was the "Ave Maria" from Bruch's cantata, "The Cross of Fire." Both were sung with a power of expression and an artistic sincerity which always marks the work of this fine singer. Few sopranos visiting Providence have a smoother, more flexible tone, and the selections of last evening were well adopted to her beautiful voice. She received many recalls on her two appearances.

Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntula" was the closing number. Like the other orchestra numbers it was played with a precision and beauty always to be looked for in this splendid company of players, and indeed so familiar to the audience that nothing but perfection is expected. It was a fitting close to a concert which was excellent in every detaiil.

It is announced that Providence will have another course of six concerts next season, and the soloists will include Mme. Melba, who will appear at the first concert, to be given Oct. 19. The other dates are Nov. 23, Dec. 28, Feb. 8, March 7 and April 11, all Tuesdays. In addition to Mme. Melba the soloists will be Mme. Louise Homer, the famous contralto; Ernest Schelling and Laeta Hartley, pianists, and Sylvain Noack, violinist, and Joseph Malkin, 'cellist.

BOSTON HERALD,

APRIL 17,

21ST REHEARSAL BY SYMPHONY

Orchestra Gives One of the Most Interesting Concerts of the Season.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 21st Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. Mr. Noack, second concertmaster of the orchestra, was the solo violinist. The program was as follows:

Overture to the opera, "Gwendoline"... Chabrier
Symphonie Espagnole, for violin and orchestra.... Lalo
Intermezzi Goldoniani, for strings.... Bossi
Symphony in G-major (B. and H. No. 13).... Haydn

The death of Bizet was thought to be a great loss to French music. It is a question whether the death of Chabrier was not a greater one. Bizet even in "Carmen" did not succeed wholly in departing from the old traditions of the Opera Comique. The Toreador's song and Micaela's air were sops thrown by him to the bourgeois, his wife and his daughter. Chabrier was more original, more audacious, more wildly imaginative. What do not the more modern French composers owe to him in matters of harmony and instrumentation! It is true that he had passed the 50th milestone when the fatal sickness that numbed his mind fell upon him, but until then his talent was more and more pronounced—witness his unfinished opera. In this overture to "Gwendoline" there is a demoniac spirit, the mark of genius, that is hardly to be found in "Carmen" or in the music to "L'Arlesienne." Perhaps there is a touch of vulgarity in the Walhalla theme, a suggestion of Meyerbeer's bombast in the "Torchlight Dances," but a certain coarseness enters into the composition of every true genius. What can be more dramatic than the opening pages descriptive of the furious Danish inroad! How decided and significant the profiles of the themes associated with Gwendoline and the romantic side of the tumultuous Harald! What an eloquent orchestra in turmoil and passion!

Mr. Noack played the first, fourth and fifth movements of Lalo's concerto. Buelow once wrote to his manager, Wolff, with regard to a concert-program that the inclusion of this concerto would be most agreeable to him, "but—without amputation." The concerto undoubtedly suffers somewhat when one movement is omitted. The audience yesterday would gladly have heard the whole work, but violinists of late usually play only four movements. The concerto does not grow stale with repetition. On the contrary, the themes and rhythms still delight the most indifferent hearer, while others find fresh beauties in the harmonic schemes and the original and brilliant instrumentation. Even in the finale, which in concertos is too often perfunctory, an exhibition of flagging or extinct invention, Lalo is wholly admirable, as though he had reserved a full display of his resources for the end. How the instruments comment and chatter as if in admiration of the melodies, naked or embroidered, of the solo instrument. Mr. Noack was not wholly in the vein at the beginning, and was not always rhythmically sensitive, but he played the Andante with the requisite breadth and beauty of tone and gave a brilliant performance of the finale. The concerto and the violinist aroused enthusiasm and Mr. Noack was recalled several times.

When Bossi's Intermezzi was last performed here—it was in 1911—only four of the seven were on the program. Perhaps Mr. Fiedler thought that the endurance of the audience would be sorely tried by so much music for strings alone. Yesterday all the movements were heartily enjoyed. The question of endurance on the one side in this instance is largely a question of performance on the other, for Bossi's music has marked vitality and surprising variety. These little pieces are characterized by a peculiar elegance, an old-world charm that is not too archaic, a high-bred, aristocratic spirit. The minuet that follows the Prelude might have been danced by noble dames at the court of the Grand Monarch. In the second minuet the musette is characteristic without a too deliberate attempt to be music of the people. Mr. Ferir's tone and art enlarged the simple beauty of the Serenatina. The Prelude, the galliard and the Burlesca gave opportunity for virtuoso orchestral display.

A noteworthy performance of Haydn's symphony, one of the second set written for Paris, brought an end to one of the most interesting and delightful concerts of the season. We sometimes are led to think that the audiences are so familiar with the genius of Dr. Muck and accustomed to the proficiency of the orchestra that concerts which would excite wonder in other cities of this country and in Paris, London, Berlin, Petrograd are taken as a matter of course. Yesterday the audience was enthusiastic throughout, as if the concert had come suddenly, a surprise, a revelation.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: MacDowell "Indian" suite; Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Fawn"; Mozart, Concerto in D minor for pianos and Weber's Concertstueck for piano (Mr. Gabrilowitsch); Noskowski, "The Steppe."

BOSTON GLOBE

APRIL 17, 1915

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Mr Noack Plays Lalo's Spanish Symphony.

Brilliant Orchestral Performance a Feature.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, its conductor and players were the chief features of the 21st rehearsal yesterday afternoon. Mr Noack, the second concert-master, played three movements from Lalo's Spanish symphony for violin and orchestra with greater breadth and authority of style than he has yet shown. Dr Muck and the orchestra began with Chabrier overture to "Gwendoline," in which they found at once and sounded the tragic note with sweeping intensity. Bossi's Goldoniani Intermezzi for strings was played with incomparable brilliance. Haydn's Symphony in G Major ended the program.

The hearer of Chabrier's poignant overture well might wish to see the opera done in this country. The poem by Catulle Mendes offers a good basis for a lyric drama. There is pastoral simplicity. There is the element of mysticism, dread and terror, and there is the shock of mortal, tragic combat. The love of country and the love of woman are deep and inspiring motives for action.

Chabrier's music is in the keenest sense imaginative. From its opening measures, the overture is pitched high emotionally. Struggle is imminent, and the dominant, heroic personality of Harald is vividly portrayed. He is seen as warrior and as poet. It may be said that the intensity of feeling is too steadily maintained, that the final pealing of the Wathalla theme by trumpets and trombones in unison, hardly escapes coarseness. As a whole it is music wildly, triumphantly romantic, and was played in a superbly romantic manner.

The virtuosity of the strings in Bossi's suite was breathtaking in its lightness, fleetness and enveloping brilliance—the sweeping fury of the running unison passages in the prelude, the wild caprices of the Gagliardi, like gusts of wind blowing across a sheltered pool. What a beguiling dance in its display of feminine charm and abandon this Gagliardi must have been. The agreement with which these whimsical flights of accent, of suddenly increased or diminished tone were made, excited great admiration, and the string players stood with Dr Muck.

Mr Noack displayed taste and excellent musicianship in his treatment of Lalo's work, music in which the orchestra is used freely as a source of color, and when that of yesterday adds much to the pleasure of the performance. It should be good to hear this music of Spanish suggestion in melodic and rythmic profile played with more sensuous character, more abandon and innuendo. In point of tone, technic and to a large degree in feeling, Mr Noack gave a fine account of himself and was recalled repeatedly.

The soloist next week, the last of the season, will be Mr Gabrilowitsch, the pianist, whose numbers will be Mozart's concerto in D minor and Weber's concert piece. The orchestra will play MacDowell's "Indian Dirge," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and "The Steppe," by Noskowski.

WORLD

m AMERICAN
dress: New York City
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The Symphony Season and Its Accomplishments

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There remains the curious and much-discussed revival of the Tschaikowsky cult. This season more than in any past the Russian has been heard, and this season more than in any past the Russian has moved the hearts of the people. Whether the composer of "Eugen Onegin" is an unblemished adherent of classic pattern is an old topic of discussion—it was discussed at length in these columns a little time ago. What this season has shown, shown indubitably, is that the Tschaikowsky Symphonies stirred those who listened to them more profoundly than anything placed on all the hundred and twenty-five programmes of 1914-15. All the symphony managers have seen this and all have proved that they saw it by the frequency of their Tschaikowsky offerings. The one fact that the Fourth Symphony was given five or six times in one week in New York is a testimony of love and admiration whose equal has not been bestowed on any composer. It is one of the most poignant tragedies of musical history that Pietor Illytch could not have lived to see how this New York would have grown almost to worship him, instead of almost ignoring him when he was here.

It would be absurd, of course, to imagine that all these concerts were given for love.

The generous assistance bestowed by Mr. Pulitzar on the Philharmonic and by Mr. Flagler on the Symphony Society, was actuated by the unselfish desire to furnish the people with the best orchestral music and to see that the supply was unbroken. But the depots for this supply, that is the symphony organizations, are conducted on business principles. They have their ledgers in which their profit and loss accounts appear. It is an open secret that these accounts show an annual deficit.

Giving one hundred and two concerts in expensive halls, with an aggregate of a hundred and sixty well paid musicians—these figures are those of the Philharmonic and Symphony societies—with expensive conductors, advertising, printing, clerical force, etc., means a lot of money. So much, indeed, that not even the receipts from tickets and interest from subsidies cover the expense. It is understood that the deficit is not as great this year as it was last year, but there is a loss.

"Let us hear now the conclusion of the whole matter." First, the demand for symphonic music judged by the ever-increasing annual supply is simply phenomenal. No city in the world hears so much orchestral music as New York.

Second, Beethoven is more firmly seated than ever as the Emperor of Symphony. His Court is filled with princes of Inspiration and with Lords of Imitation, but no messenger yet brings the news or promise of an approaching successor.

Third, and much more prosaic, symphony giving in New York does not pay and the two great societies are seriously considering some means—whether by the erection of a symphony building with offices, etc., or by an appeal for larger public support—for making their enterprise remunerative.

THE EVENING TIMES,

PAWTUCKET, R. I.,

APRIL 14,

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CLOSES ITS SEASON

Sixth Concert Given at Infantry Hall—Florence Hinkle Soloist.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra closed its 34th Providence season last night, when the sixth concert of the course was given in Infantry Hall, with Miss Florence Hinkle as soloist. The programme was a beautifully varied offering headed by Beethoven's eighth symphony, magnificently played by the orchestra and interpreted with taste and discrimination by the eminent conductor, Dr. Karl Muck.

While not so familiar as some of the other Beethoven symphonies, the eighth has been heard sufficiently often by concert audiences in Boston and Providence to become well known to the regular patrons of the symphony concerts. The composer himself called it "the little symphony," probably in a playful mood as a term of endearment. It is shorter than the average symphonic composition, abounds in pretty and tuneful themes, and has the dignity and power inseparable from the works of the master composer.

Bach's suite in B-minor for flute and strings, held second place in the orchestra programme. This suite made up largely of dance airs, is a light and gay composition brimful of melody and the music that in a less decorous assemblage than a symphony concert audience would start the feet a-tapping. Andre Maquarre, solo flute player of the orchestra, played the solo parts, bringing from his instrument a mellow beauty of tone such as only the most accomplished artist can produce. He was given enthusiastic applause.

Miss Hinkle, a soprano who is heard by Providence audiences with constantly increasing pleasure, sang two numbers. The first was the aria, "Voi, che Sapete" from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and the second was the "Ave Maria" from Bruch's cantata, "The Cross of Fire." Both were sung with a power of expression and an artistic sincerity which always marks the work of this fine singer. Few sopranos visiting Providence have a smoother, more flexible tone, and the selections of last evening were well adopted to her beautiful voice. She received many recalls on her two appearances.

Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntula" was the closing number. Like the other orchestra numbers it was played with a precision and beauty always to be looked for in this splendid company of players, and indeed so familiar to the audience that nothing but perfection is expected. It was a fitting close to a concert which was excellent in every detaiil.

It is announced that Providence will have another course of six concerts next season, and the soloists will include Mme. Melba, who will appear at the first concert, to be given Oct. 19. The other dates are Nov. 23, Dec. 28, Feb. 8, March 7 and April 11, all Tuesdays. In addition to Mme. Melba the soloists will be Mme. Louise Homer, the famous contralto; Ernest Schelling and Laeta Hartley, pianists, and Sylvain Noack, violinist, and Joseph Malkin, 'cellist.

BOSTON HERALD,

APRIL 17,

21ST REHEARSAL BY SYMPHONY

Orchestra Gives One of the Most Interesting Concerts of the Season.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 21st Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. Mr. Noack, second concertmaster of the orchestra, was the solo violinist. The program was as follows:

Overture to the opera, "Gwendoline" .. Chabrier
Symphonie Espagnole, for violin and orchestra .... Lalo
Intermezzi Goldoniani, for strings .... Bossi
Symphony in G-major (B. and H. No. 13) .... Haydn

The death of Bizet was thought to be a great loss to French music. It is a question whether the death of Chabrier was not a greater one. Bizet even in "Carmen" did not succeed wholly in departing from the old traditions of the Opera Comique. The Toreador's song and Micaela's air were sops thrown by him to the bourgeois, his wife and his daughter. Chabrier was more original, more audacious, more wildly imaginative. What do not the more modern French composers owe to him in matters of harmony and instrumentation! It is true that he had passed the 50th milestone when the fatal sickness that numbed his mind fell upon him, but until then his talent was more and more pronounced—witness his unfinished opera. In this overture to "Gwendoline" there is a demoniac spirit, the mark of genius, that is hardly to be found in "Carmen" or in the music to "L'Arlesienne." Perhaps there is a touch of vulgarity in the Walhalla theme, a suggestion of Meyerbeer's bombast in the "Torchlight Dances," but a certain coarseness enters into the composition of every true genius. What can be more dramatic than the opening pages descriptive of the furious Danish inroad! How decided and significant the profiles of the themes associated with Gwendoline and the romantic side of the tumultuous Harald! What an eloquent orchestra in turmoil and passion!

Mr. Noack played the first, fourth and fifth movements of Lalo's concerto. Bucfow once wrote to his manager, Wolff, with regard to a concert-program that the inclusion of this concerto would be most agreeable to him, "but—without amputation." The concerto undoubtedly suffers somewhat when one movement is omitted. The audience yesterday would gladly have heard the whole work, but violinists of late usually play only four movements. The concerto does not grow stale with repetition. On the contrary, the themes and rhythms still delight the most indifferent hearer, while others find fresh beauties in the harmonic schemes and the original and brilliant instrumentation. Even in the finale, which in concertos is too often perfunctory, an exhibition of flagging or extinct invention, Lalo is wholly admirable, as though he had reserved a full display of his resources for the end. How the instruments comment and chatter as if in admiration of the melodies, naked or embroidered, of the solo instrument. Mr. Noack was not wholly in the vein at the beginning, and was not always rhythmically sensitive, but he played the Andante with the requisite breadth and beauty of tone and [illegible]ve a brilliant performance of the [illegible]. The concerto and the violinist [illegible]d enthusiasm and Mr. Noack was recalled several times.

When Bossi's Intermezzi was last performed here—it was in 1911—only four of the seven were on the program. Perhaps Mr. Fiedler thought that the endurance of the audience would be sorely tried by so much music for strings alone. Yesterday all the movements were heartily enjoyed. The question of endurance on the one side in this instance is largely a question of performance on the other, for Bossi's music has marked vitality and surprising variety. These little pieces are characterized by a peculiar elegance, an old-world charm that is not too archaic, a high-bred, aristocratic spirit. The minuet that follows the Prelude might have been danced by noble dames at the court of the Grand Monarch. In the second minuet the musette is characteristic without a too deliberate attempt to be music of the people. Mr. Ferir's tone and art enlarged the simple beauty of the Serenatina. The Prelude, the galliard and the Burlesca gave opportunity for virtuoso orchestral display.

A noteworthy performance of Haydn's symphony, one of the second set written for Paris, brought an end to one of the most interesting and delightful concerts of the season. We sometimes are led to think that the audiences are so familiar with the genius of Dr. Muck and accustomed to the proficiency of the orchestra that concerts which would excite wonder in other cities of this country and in Paris, London, Berlin, Petrograd are taken as a matter of course. Yesterday the audience was enthusiastic throughout, as if the concert had come suddenly, a surprise, a revelation.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: MacDowell "Indian" suite; Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Fawn"; Mozart, Concerto in D minor for pianos and Weber's Concertstueck for piano (Mr. Gabrilowitsch); Noskowski, "The Steppe."

BOSTON GLOBE
APRIL 17, 1915

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Mr Noack Plays Lalo's Spanish Symphony.

Brilliant Orchestral Performance a Feature.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, its conductor and players were the chief features of the 21st rehearsal yesterday afternoon. Mr Noack, the second concert-master, played three movements from Lalo's Spanish symphony for violin and orchestra with greater breadth and authority of style than he has yet shown. Dr Muck and the orchestra began with Chabrier overture to "Gwendoline," in which they found at once and sounded the tragic note with sweeping intensity. Bossi's Goldoniani Intermezzi for strings was played with incomparable brilliance. Haydn's Symphony in G Major ended the program.

The hearer of Chabrier's poignant overture well might wish to see the opera done in this country. The poem by Catulle Mendes offers a good basis for a lyric drama. There is pastoral simplicity. There is the element of mysticism, dread and terror, and there is the shock of mortal, tragic combat. The love of country and the love of woman are deep and inspiring motives for action.

Chabrier's music is in the keenest sense imaginative. From its opening measures, the overture is pitched high emotionally. Struggle is imminent, and the dominant, heroic personality of Harald is vividly portrayed. He is seen as warrior and as poet. It may be said that the intensity of feeling is too steadily maintained, that the final pealing of the Wathalla theme by trumpets and trombones in unison, hardly escapes coarseness. As a whole it is music wildly, triumphantly romantic, and was played in a superbly romantic manner.

The virtuosity of the strings in Bossi's suite was breathtaking in its lightness, fleetness and enveloping brilliance—the sweeping fury of the running unison passages in the prelude, the wild caprices of the Gagliardi, like gusts of wind blowing across a sheltered pool. What a beguiling dance in its display of feminine charm and abandon this Gagliardi must have been. The agreement with which these whimsical flights of accent, of suddenly increased or diminished tone were made, excited great admiration, and the string players stood with Dr Muck.

Mr Noack displayed taste and excellent musicianship in his treatment of Lalo's work, music in which the orchestra is used freely as a source of color, and when that of yesterday adds much to the pleasure of the performance. It should be good to hear this music of Spanish suggestion in melodic and rythmic profile played with more sensuous character, more abandon and innuendo. In point of tone, technic and to a large degree in feeling, Mr Noack gave a fine account of himself and was recalled repeatedly.

The soloist next week, the last of the season, will be Mr Gabrilowitsch, the pianist, whose numbers will be Mozart's concerto in D minor and Weber's concert piece. The orchestra will play MacDowell's "Indian Dirge," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and "The Steppe," by Noskowski.

From TIMES
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The Season's Orchestral Music—Some Reflections on Many Concerts—New Works and Old Ones.

THE three chief series of orchestral concerts given in New York during the season have now all been closed, the Philharmonic Society's popular concert of last evening being the last. The Philharmonic Society, the New York Symphony Society, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra between them have given 85 concerts in 23 weeks—statisticians would say, an average of 3.7 a week. There will have been, by the time the opera season is ended, 23 more given on Sunday nights at the Metropolitan Opera House. The Young People's Symphony concerts are 6 in number, the People's Symphony Concerts 3, the Russian Symphony Orchestra's regular subscription concerts 3, besides several more on Sunday nights of a popular character. The Philadelphia Orchestra came over once to supply any possible deficiencies the New York public may have felt in the way of orchestral music. There have been various others, including some of a popular kind on Sundays. Altogether, the number of orchestral concerts heard during the season will have been well over 125, good, bad, and indifferent.

The number seems to some greater than the actual needs of the musical population call for. Yet there must be something more than a vain optimism that prompts the managers of these various enterprises to add continually to the number of such concerts beyond actual requirements. No doubt the demand increases, in a way, proportionately to the increase of the city's population; but the managers seem always eager to keep ahead of the demand with their supply. How far ahead is probably to be read in the profit and loss accounts in their ledgers, which are not always set forth for the public to inspect. Of course, it is well known that the two principal local orchestras, the Philharmonic Society and the New York Symphony Orchestra, do business at a large annual loss. Each has to make arrangements for covering a financial deficit every year. They do this, as everybody knows, on the ground that the giving of orchestral concerts is not a business like another, but a provision of artistic nutriment that is not to be put on a business basis; or that it is an educational provision, such as are the great universities, which are run at a cost far beyond any sum that their tuition fees bring them in and are heavily endowed for that very purpose; or they could be compared to the great museums and public libraries, which are for the public good and in this country acquire most of their resources from private munificence.

Supporters of the great orchestras, therefore, would say that the fact that most of them have reported deficits by no means indicates a bad adjustment of supply to demand. They would ask what, precisely, is the right adjustment? They would point to the fact that some of the more obviously popular series are profitable, and would say that the best must be artificially promoted, or it would have no chance. How Major Higginson enters on his books the balance brought by the crowded audiences that hear his Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall is not revealed. On the face of it these particular ten concerts presumably show a profit; but, of course, it must be properly apportioned among the annual expenses of the organization which, while they do not all directly bear upon its New York appearances, are necessary to them. The New York receipts are only a way of reducing a deficit that is practically an indispensable condition of the orchestra's existence.

Much might be said and discussion might be continued indefinitely upon the question of how much orchestral music a city like New York "needs," how much it can assimilate, whether it is oversupplied, whether less would be more fully appreciated. The results, if any were arrived at, would not be conclusive, nor would they be final in the case of a community such as this, that has such great increases in its population annually, and that presumably is advancing in the love and appreciation of music, growing by what it feeds on.

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The time is not a propitious one for the production of new works of consequence, and there have not been many such heard here this season. Few of those that have been played here have gained enthusiastic acceptance. The Philharmonic Society has presented for the first time in New York Henry Hadley's tone poem, "Lucifer"; Arthur Hinton's suite, "Endymion"; Erich Korngold's "Sinfonietta," Op. 5; J. Guy Ropartz's Fourth Symphony; Sigismond Stojowski's Suite, Op. 9; Henry Burck's "Meditation" for strings, and Nicola Laucella's "Prelude and Temple Dance."

The New York Symphony Society's new performances were Percy Grainger's British Folk Dances, Josef Suk's "Scherzo Fantastique," Maurice Ravel's symphonic fragment from the ballet, "Daphnis et Chloe"; Roger-Ducasse's "Le Joli Jeu de Furet," Albert Roussel's "Le Festin d'Araignée," Florent Schmitt's waltzes, "Reflets d'Allemagne," and, at a special concert, not in its regular series, these American works: Frederick S. Converse's "Ormazd," David Stanley Smith's overture, "Prince Hal," and two movements from a symphony by Frederick A. Stock.

The record of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's New York concerts shows only these absolutely new compositions: E. Reznicek's "symphonic biograpy," "Schlehmihl," and Vincent d'Indy's fantasy for oboe and orchestra, though Mr. Converse's "Ormazd" was presented to the general public for the first time and Ropartz's symphony followed the Philharmonic Society's first performance of it by only eight days.

It might be recalled to the Boston Symphony's New York auditors who complain of Dr. Muck's tendency to lay emphasis upon modern works that out of thirty-five compositions played in the ten concerts seventeen are what may be called "classic" in a sense that may be accepted today and that will reckon Brahms, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Weber as among the classics. There was protest earlier in the season that he was "relegating the classics to the discard." He is seen thus to have preserved an almost exact balance between works of the classical spirit and those of a different kind. Bach's Shepherds' Music from the "Christmas Oratorio" and his concerto for two violins, Beethoven's third and eighth symphonies and his overtures to "Coriolanus," "Egmont," and "Leonora," (No. 3); Mozart's symphony in C and overture to "The Magic Flute," Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, Schubert's symphony in C, Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," Mendelssohn's violin concerto, Schumann's overture to "Genovena," and Brahms's first and second symphonies and variations on a theme by Haydn comprise these works.

Mr. Stransky has followed out the moral obligations placed upon the Philharmonic Society in accepting Joseph Pulitzer's bequest of $750,000. This bequest was to "perfect the present orchestra and place it on a more independent basis and to increase the number of concerts to be given in the City of New York, which additional concerts I hope will not have too severely classical programs and be open to the public at reasonable rates, and to recognizing my favorite composers, Beethoven, Wagner, and Liszt." Mr. Stransky has not made his programs "too severely classical," and he has "recognized" Beethoven, Wagner, and Liszt. Beethoven's third, fifth, and seventh symphonies, the overtures "Coriolanus," "The Dedication of the House," "Leonore," (No. 3); the violin concerto, the triple concerto for violin, violoncello, and piano, and numerous vocal pieces; several "Wagner concerts," at which and on other occasions were given the available preludes to the music-dramas, various excerpts from those dramas, the "Faust" overture and "Siegfried Idyll," as well as vocal selections; and Liszt's "Dante" symphony, two symphonic poems—"Les Préludes" and "Tasso"—the E flat concerto for piano and orchestra, and orchestral arrangements of two of the Hungarian Rhapsodies—these have constituted the recognition hoped for by the testator and imposed as a moral, if not a legal, obligation on the society.

Fortunately Mr. Stransky has not interpreted his duties as to Liszt too strictly and has given only seven performances of his works in New York, (eleven if repetitions at the second of a pair of concerts be counted.) If he reads the likings of the real musical public aright there is not likely to be that glorious "Liszt revival" which some of the faithful and vociferous little band of admirers have been hoping for—a revival that is always coming, but never arrives. An endowed series of prescribed Liszt performances would bring dismay to many stout-hearted concert-goers in New York, and it might be found that it is possible to pay too dearly even for $750,000. Some will recall the quaint fact that Karl Graun's once-favorite oratorio, "Der Tod Jesu," is still given perforce once a year in Berlin because somebody left a bequest strictly for that purpose, long ago, when the work was still alive. It is dead and decently buried in the musical histories now, but has to undergo an annual exhumation because some almost forgotten testator left "direction" instead of Mr. Pulitzer's more prudent "hopes."

Mr. Stransky has shown a strong fondness for Tschaikowsky as represented by three symphonies, the "Romeo and Juliet" overture, the "Italian Capriccio," the "Nutcracker Suite," and some other works; for Strauss, Dvorak, Grieg, Rimsky-Korsakoff; not much for Brahms, whose fourth symphony and "Tragic" overture are the only orchestral works represented on the programs, except orchestral transcriptions of two Hungarian dances.

Mr. Damrosch, with the New York Symphony Society, showed more sympathy with Brahms, whose second and fourth symphonies, "Academic" overture, D minor piano concerto, and violin concerto were played at his concerts. Beethoven's symphonies had an unusually small representation on them—the third and the instrumental movements of the ninth alone appearing, besides which the "King Stephen" overture, the E flat concerto, and some songs were heard. Only Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony and third suite, one of Strauss's symphonic poems, none of Dvorak's symphonies, but the orchestral suite, Op. 39, and the notturno for strings; of Liszt only an orchestral transcription of his "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds," besides the "Hungarian Fantasy," and the "Mephisto Waltz" were heard. Mr. Damrosch lent a willing ear to the modern French sirens—Debussy's "Iberia" and "Nocturne," No. 2; the new pieces of Ravel, Roger-Ducasse, Roussel, and Schmitt testify to it, and of more conservative French music Saint-Saëns's C minor symphony, Berlioz's "Fantastic" Symphony, and "Roman Carnival" overture, and a transcription of César Franck's "Prelude, Choral, and Fugue" show attention to this section of the orchestral repertory.

RICHARD ALDRICH.

ADVERTISER,
MORNING, APRIL 17

AGREEABLE, BUT WITHOUT NOVELTY

SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVES MUCH TO ENJOY

Mr. Noack Chief Success in Programme With Tendency to Dance Rhythms

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Chabrier—"Gwendoline" overture.
Lalo—Symphonie Espagnole for Violin and Orchestra.
Soloist, Mr. Sylvain Noack.
Bossi—Intermezzi Goldoniani.
Haydn—Symphony in G major.

Although there was nothing new in this programme, there was much to enjoy and nothing to puzzle over. There was a constant tendency to dance rhythms. Chabrier's "Gwendoline" was, however, as fiery as a Petroleuse. From the very beginning one gets fierce sequences which given with all the power of our energetic artist on that instrument. The imp of the orchestra, the piccolo, begins to shriek early in the proceedings also. But we have become accustomed to all this kind of orchestral revelry (or devilry) and we begin to demand our tonal pepper in every orchestral dish, and this work was almost the only fiery orchestral number of the concert.

The chief theme is beautiful enough, and it was expressively given by violoncellos and wind instruments. The frenzied dance measures were given with the abandon of a cancan, and recalled the late, lamented Offenbach. But the development was altogether of a higher school and exhibited both ingenuity and beauty. At the end bass drum and cymbals joined in the melee and made a very explosive climax, while the kettle-drummer had a swat-fest all to himself and, in the last round, delivered a knock-out blow on the solar plexus of the G drum which was phenomenal. Therefore, "Gwendoline" was an exciting work, much given over to fortissimo effects, but with good, melodic ideas which were finely developed—a much better composition than many a modern work which is called great.

Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole is not a symphony, nor even a true concerto, from the fact that it keeps the soloist in the foreground almost all the time, making the work a series of violin solos with orchestral accompaniment, with strong tutti passages between the solo divisions. This is, however, very acceptable both to the violinist and to the public, and therefore one need not quarrel with the title. The Scherzo is brimful of Spanish dance rhythms, and Cachucas and Fandangoes peep through various parts of the movement. The carillon effect of the finale is attractive enough, although it gives one the idea that Lalo is translating the old round—"Three Blind Mice"—into Spanish. But this same finale has some broad G-string passages that displayed Mr. Noack's tone excellently, and the daintiness and delicacy of parts of the Scherzo were in fine contrast with this more majestic work. In short the composition demands versatility on the part of its interpreter, and it showed Mr. Noack's abilities in many directions.

Spanish Sunshine

The first, fourth and fifth movements only were given. Yet, if amputation was to be done we would much rather have had it exercised on the Bossi suite which followed, for Lalo's "Symphony" is full of Spanish sunshine and syncopation and is very attractive. There is much of the folk-music vein in the work, and Mr. Noack's performance was masterly. His surety in the extreme high positions was marvellous, and his harmonics, his full-tone G-string work and the broad style of his playing in the finale awoke the audience to rapturous enthusiasm and many recalls.

Let no one think that Bossi is at all calf-like in his music. He is the most modern of the Italian composers, and his "Paradise Lost" is quite as ugly as any modern composition of them all. But his "Intermezzi Goldoniani" is more attractive. It is only a week ago that we had Goldoni turned into music by Sinigaglia. It seems that just as the German composers turn to Boecklin and his paintings for inspiration, the Italians draw from the comedies of this 18th century rival of Moliere. Goldoni has a wide range in his plays; he is humorous, whimsical, dainty, and even broadly vulgar at times. He has written in pure Italian and he has also used the Neapolitan and other dialects in his comedies.

This Suite is for Strings alone, and it reflects chiefly the dainty and playful side of the author. It is by no means as graphic as Sinigaglia's "Le Baruffe Chiozotte" of the preceding concert. Nevertheless we found the first Minuet to be a charming picture of 18th century elegance and original in style, which is very much to say with such a composed-to-death form as this dance movement.

Violins Graceful

The violins were especially graceful in the Galliarde, which is a less often heard dance form. In the Serenatina the viola took the place of Viol D'Amore which Bossi calls for. This substitution is perfectly legitimate, since the fourteen-stringed instrument is obsolete in spite of Mr. Loeffler's able use of it in his compositions. It was but natural that the Viol D'Amore should pass out of use. Because of the tuning of the fourteen strings the player generally died of old age before he got to his solo. But Mr. Ferir played the obbligato beautifully upon the viola and was greatly applauded, the movement being one of the chief successes of the work.

The Burlesca, which ended the Suite, was more in the farcical character of Goldoni. This was almost exactly the picture which Sinigaglia gave in "Le Baruffe Chiozotte" of last week, only it was better with full orchestra tone-color than merely with strings, and this in spite of the brusquerie with which it was read and executed. It might picture a street brawl, one of those quarrels which are found copiously in these old Italian comedies. The "curfew" was pensive and delicate, but too long. The second Minuet might have been omitted. But the playing of the string orchestra was something to be proud of, and they were forced to rise after long-continued applause.

It seemed as if Dr. Muck had determined to give us a programme entirely of bright tints. After the dashing rhythms of "Gwendoline," the dance touches of the Symphonic Espagnole, and the whimsicalities, playfulness and humor of Goldoni-Bossi, the programme closed with yet more lightness in a Haydn symphony. It made one long for a few ultra-modern bitternesses just for a change. It was too much of dance and daintiness for a session. Three minuets in one concert are about as out of place as three courses of soup in a single dinner. Nevertheless the Haydn symphony had its charm and Dr. Muck takes care to give the old composer enough of virility to disprove the fitness of the patronizing title of "Papa Haydn," which some moderns bestow upon him.

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The number seems to some greater than the actual needs of the musical population call for. Yet there must be something more than a vain optimism that prompts the managers of these various enterprises to add continually to the number of such concerts beyond actual requirements. No doubt the demand increases, in a way, proportionately to the increase of the city's population; but the managers seem always eager to keep ahead of the demand with their supply. How far ahead is probably to be read in their ledgers, which are not always set forth for the public to inspect. Of course, it is well known that the two principal local orchestras, the Philharmonic Society and the New York Symphony Orchestra, do business at a large annual loss. Each has to make arrangements for covering a financial deficit every year. They do this, as everybody knows, on the ground that the giving of orchestral concerts is not a business like another, but a provision of artistic nutriment that is not to be put on a business basis; or that it is an educational provision, such as are the great universities, which are run at a cost far beyond any sum that their tuition fees bring them in and are heavily endowed for that very purpose; or they could be compared to the great museums and public libraries, which are for the public good and in this country acquire most of their resources from private munificence.

Supporters of the great orchestras, therefore, would say that the fact that most of them have reported deficits by no means indicates a bad adjustment of supply to demand. They would ask what, precisely, is the right adjustment? They would point to the fact that some of the more obviously popular series are profitable, and would say that the best must be artificially promoted, or it would have no chance. How Major Higginson enters on his books the balance brought by the crowded audiences that hear his Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall is not revealed. On the face of it these particular ten concerts presumably show a profit; but, of course, it must be properly apportioned among the annual expenses of the organization which, while they do not all directly bear upon its New York appearances, are necessary to them. The New York receipts are only a way of reducing a deficit that is practically an indispensable condition of the orchestra's existence.

Much might be said and discussion might be continued indefinitely upon the question of how much orchestral music a city like New York "needs," how much it can assimilate, whether it is oversupplied, whether less would be more fully appreciated. The results, if any were arrived at, would not be conclusive, nor would they be final in the case of a community such as this, that has such great increases in its population annually, and that presumably is advancing in the love and appreciation of music, growing by what it feeds on.

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The time is not a propitious one for the production of new works of consequence, and there have not been many such heard here this season. Few of those that have been played here have gained enthusiastic acceptance. The Philharmonic Society has presented for the first time in New York Henry Hadley's tone poem, "Lucifer"; Arthur Hinton's suite, "Endymion"; Erich Korngold's "Sinfonietta," Op. 5; J. Guy Ropartz's Fourth Symphony; Sigismond Stojowski's Suite, Op. 9; Henry Burck's "Meditation" for strings, and Nicola Laucella's "Prelude and Temple Dance."

The New York Symphony Society's new performances were Percy Grainger's British Folk Dances, Josef Suk's "Scherzo Fantastique," Maurice Ravel's symphonic fragment from the ballet, "Daphnis et Chloe"; Roger-Ducasse's "Le Joli Jeu de Furet," Albert Roussel's "Le Festin d'Araignée," Florent Schmitt's waltzes, "Reflets d'Allemagne," and, at a special concert, not in its regular series, these American works: Frederick S. Converse's "Ormazd," David Stanley Smith's overture, "Prince Hal," and two movements from a symphony by Frederick A. Stock.

The record of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's New York concerts shows only these absolutely new compositions: E. Reznicek's "symphonic biograpy," "Schlehmihl," and Vincent d'Indy's fantasy for oboe and orchestra, though Mr. Converse's "Ormazd" was presented to the general public for the first time and Ropartz's symphony followed the Philharmonic Society's first performance of it by only eight days.

It might be recalled to the Boston Symphony's New York auditors who complain of Dr. Muck's tendency to lay emphasis upon modern works that out of thirty-five compositions played in the ten concerts seventeen are what may be called "classic" in a sense that may be accepted today and that will reckon Brahms, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Weber as among the classics. There was protest earlier in the season that he was "relegating the classics to the discard." He is seen thus to have preserved an almost exact balance between works of the classical spirit and those of a different kind. Bach's Shepherds' Music from the "Christmas Oratorio" and his concerto for two violins, Beethoven's third and eighth symphonies and his overtures to "Coriolanus," "Egmont," and "Leonora," (No. 3); Mozart's symphony in C and overture to "The Magic Flute," Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, Schubert's symphony in C, Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," Mendelssohn's violin concerto, Schumann's overture to "Genovena," and Brahms's first and second symphonies and variations on a theme by Haydn comprise these works.

Mr. Stransky has followed out the moral obligations placed upon the Philharmonic Society in accepting Joseph Pulitzer's bequest of $750,000. This bequest was to "perfect the present orchestra and place it on a more independent basis and to increase the number of concerts to be given in the City of New York, which additional concerts I hope will not have too severely classical programs and be open to the public at reasonable rates, and to recognizing my favorite composers, Beethoven, Wagner, and Liszt." Mr. Stransky has not made his programs "too severely classical," and he has "recognized" Beethoven, Wagner, and Liszt. Beethoven's third, fifth, and seventh symphonies, the overtures "Coriolanus," "The Dedication of the House," "Leonore," (No. 3); the violin concerto, the triple concerto for violin, violoncello, and piano, and numerous vocal pieces; several "Wagner concerts," at which and on other occasions were given the available preludes to the music-dramas, various excerpts from those dramas, the "Faust" overture and "Siegfried Idyll," as well as vocal selections; and Liszt's "Dante" symphony, two symphonic poems—"Les Préludes" and "Tasso"—the E flat concerto for piano and orchestra, and orchestral arrangements of two of the Hungarian Rhapsodies—these have constituted the recognition hoped for by the testator and imposed as a moral, if not a legal, obligation on the society.

Fortunately Mr. Stransky has not interpreted his duties as to Liszt too strictly and has given only seven performances of his works in New York, (eleven if repetitions at the second of a pair of concerts be counted.) If he reads the likings of the real musical public aright there is not likely to be that glorious "Liszt revival" which some of the faithful and vociferous little band of admirers have been hoping for—a revival that is always coming, but never arrives. An endowed series of prescribed Liszt performances would bring dismay to many stout-hearted concert-goers in New York, and it might be found that it is possible to pay too dearly even for $750,000. Some will recall the quaint fact that Karl Graun's once-favorite oratorio, "Der Tod Jesu," is still given perforce once a year in Berlin because somebody left a bequest strictly for that purpose, long ago, when the work was still alive. It is dead and decently buried in the musical histories now, but has to undergo an annual exhumation because some almost forgotten testator left "direction" instead of Mr. Pulitzer's more prudent "hopes."

Mr. Stransky has shown a strong fondness for Tschaikowsky as represented by three symphonies, the "Romeo and Juliet" overture, the "Italian Capriccio," the "Nutcracker Suite," and some other works; for Strauss, Dvorak, Grieg, Rimsky-Korsakoff; not much for Brahms, whose fourth symphony and "Tragic" overture are the only orchestral works represented on the programs, except orchestral transcriptions of two Hungarian dances.

Mr. Damrosch, with the New York Symphony Society, showed more sympathy with Brahms, whose second and fourth symphonies, "Academic" overture, D minor piano concerto, and violin concerto were played at his concerts. Beethoven's symphonies had an unusually small representation on them—the third and the instrumental movements of the ninth alone appearing, besides which the "King Stephen" overture, the E flat concerto, and some songs were heard. Only Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony and third suite, one of Strauss's symphonic poems, none of Dvorak's symphonies, but the orchestral suite, Op. 39, and the notturno for strings; of Liszt only an orchestral transcription of his "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds," besides the "Hungarian Fantasy," and the "Mephisto Waltz" were heard. Mr. Damrosch lent a willing ear to the modern French sirens—Debussy's "Iberia" and "Nocturne," No. 2; the new pieces of Ravel, Roger-Ducasse, Roussel, and Schmitt testify to it, and of more conservative French music Saint-Saëns's C minor symphony, Berlioz's "Fanastic" Symphony, and "Roman Carnival" overture, and a transcription of César Franck's "Prelude, Choral, and Fugue" show attention to this section of the orchestral repertory.

RICHARD ALDRICH.

ADVERTISER,
MORNING, APRIL 17

AGREEABLE, BUT WITHOUT NOVELTY

SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVES MUCH TO ENJOY

Mr. Noack Chief Success in Programme With Tendency to Dance Rhythms

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Chabrier—"Gwendoline" overture.
Lalo—Symphonie Espagnole for Violin and Orchestra.
Soloist, Mr. Sylvain Noack.
Bossi—Intermezzi Goldoniani.
Haydn—Symphony in G major.

Although there was nothing new in this programme, there was much to enjoy and nothing to puzzle over. There was a constant tendency to dance rhythms. Chabrier's "Gwendoline" was, however, as fiery as a Petroleuse. From the very beginning one gets fierce sequences which given with all the power of our energetic artist on that instrument. The imp of the orchestra, the piccolo, begins to shriek early in the proceedings also. But we have become accustomed to all this kind of orchestral revelry (or devilry) and we begin to demand our tonal pepper in every orchestral dish, and this work was almost the only fiery orchestral number of the concert.

The chief theme is beautiful enough, and it was expressively given by violoncellos and wind instruments. The frenzied dance measures were given with the abandon of a cancan, and recalled the late, lamented Offenbach. But the development was altogether of a higher school and exhibited both ingenuity and beauty. At the end bass drum and cymbals joined in the melee and made a very explosive climax, while the kettle-drummer had a swat-fest all to himself and, in the last round, delivered a knock-out blow on the solar plexus of the G drum which was phenomenal. Therefore, "Gwendoline" was an exciting work, much given over to fortissimo effects, but with good, melodic ideas which were finely developed—a much better composition than many a modern work which is called great.

Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole is not a symphony, nor even a true concerto, from the fact that it keeps the soloist in the foreground almost all the time, making the work a series of violin solos with orchestral accompaniment, with strong tutti passages between the solo divisions. This is, however, very acceptable both to the violinist and to the public, and therefore one need not quarrel with the title. The Scherzo is brimful of Spanish dance rhythms, and Cachucas and Fandangoes peep through various parts of the movement. The carillon effect of the finale is attractive enough, although it gives one the idea that Lalo is translating the old round—"Three Blind Mice"—into Spanish. But this same finale has some broad G-string passages that displayed Mr. Noack's tone excellently, and the daintiness and delicacy of parts of the Scherzo were in fine contrast with this more majestic work. In short the composition demands versatility on the part of its interpreter, and it showed Mr. Noack's abilities in many directions.

Spanish Sunshine

The first, fourth and fifth movements only were given. Yet, if amputation was to be done we would much rather have had it exercised on the Bossi suite which followed, for Lalo's "Symphony" is full of Spanish sunshine and syncopation and is very attractive. There is much of the folk-music vein in the work, and Mr. Noack's performance was masterly. His surety in the extreme high positions was marvellous, and his harmonics, his full-tone G-string work and the broad style of his playing in the finale awoke the audience to rapturous enthusiasm and many recalls.

Let no one think that Bossi is at all calf-like in his music. He is the most modern of the Italian composers, and his "Paradise Lost" is quite as ugly as any modern composition of them all. But his "Intermezzi Goldoniani" is more attractive. It is only a week ago that we had Goldoni turned into music by Sinigaglia. It seems that just as the German composers turn to Boecklin and his paintings for inspiration, the Italians draw from the comedies of this 18th century rival of Moliere. Goldoni has a wide range in his plays; he is humorous, whimsical, dainty, and even broadly vulgar at times. He has written in pure Italian and he has also used the Neapolitan and other dialects in his comedies.

This Suite is for Strings alone, and it reflects chiefly the dainty and playful side of the author. It is by no means as graphic as Sinigaglia's "Le Baruffe Chiozotte" of the preceding concert. Nevertheless we found the first Minuet to be a charming picture of 18th century elegance and original in style, which is very much to say with such a composed-to-death form as this dance movement.

Violins Graceful

The violins were especially graceful in the Galliarde, which is a less often heard dance form. In the Serenatina the viola took the place of Viol D'Amore which Bossi calls for. This substitution is perfectly legitimate, since the fourteen-stringed instrument is obsolete in spite of Mr. Loeffler's able use of it in his compositions. It was but natural that the Viol D'Amore should pass out of use. Because of the tuning of the fourteen strings the player generally died of old age before he got to his solo. But Mr. Ferir played the obbligato beautifully upon the viola and was greatly applauded, the movement being one of the chief successes of the work.

The Burlesca, which ended the Suite, was more in the farcical character of Goldoni. This was almost exactly the picture which Sinigaglia gave in "Le Baruffe Chiozotte" of last week, only it was better with full orchestra tone-color than merely with strings, and this in spite of the brusquerie with which it was read and executed. It might picture a street brawl, one of those quarrels which are found copiously in these old Italian comedies. The "curfew" was pensive and delicate, but too long. The second Minuet might have been omitted. But the playing of the string orchestra was something to be proud of, and they were forced to rise after long-continued applause.

It seemed as if Dr. Muck had determined to give us a programme entirely of bright tints. After the dashing rhythms of "Gwendoline," the dance touches of the Symphonic Espagnole, and the whimsicalities, playfulness and humor of Goldoni-Bossi, the programme closed with yet more lightness in a Haydn symphony. It made one long for a few ultra-modern bitternesses just for a change. It was too much of dance and daintiness for a session. Three minuets in one concert are about as out of place as three courses of soup in a single dinner. Nevertheless the Haydn symphony had its charm and Dr. Muck takes care to give the old composer enough of virility to disprove the fitness of the patronizing title of "Papa Haydn," which some moderns bestow upon him.

BOSTON POST,

APRIL 17,

SYMPHONY PRESENTS EXTREMES

Whole Gamut Run in Chabrier's Work, Mr. Noack Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

The soloist at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was Sylvain Noack, the second concertmeister, who played three movements of Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole."

The orchestral pieces were Chabrier's overture to "Gwendoline," Bossi's "Intermezzo Goldoniani," for strings, and Haydn's symphony in G major (Breitkopf and Hartel, No. 13).

MR. NOACK'S PERFORMANCE

Mr. Noack gave a performance which was admirable for its tonal beauty, its esprit and elegance and musicianship. "The Symphonie Espagnole" seems especially suited to his style. We have heard the work played with exaggeration and sentimentality, and what of it that was piquant turned into cheap handsprings for the soloist, and what was charming and fancifully sensuous turned into mowling and gush. Mr. Noack never dragged his tempi, and never made grosser the thought or the idiom of this delightfully written music. His finished technic and beauty of tone, and his sensetive feeling for what is good and what is not good taste, made for an admirable interpretation by a modest and most deserving musician. The audience appreciated Mr. Noack's performance, and he was recalled repeatedly, with unusual enthusiasm.

Is To Extremes

Of Chabrier, it was once said that he was a composer who had rare the gift of being vulgar in good taste That is a very fine and flippant aphorism, for the fact remains that in many instances Chabrier also knew how to be vulgar in astonishingly poor taste; and the overture to Gwendoline is an unblushing example of two extremes of his genius. In all music drama, for instance, there are few wilder and more stirring pages than the magnificent sweep with which the overture heard yesterday, commences. This is indeed a picture of a wind-swept coast, and of splendid crude days of joyous battle. One is swept away by it, and the music presses on, finer and more powerful—to what? To the theme which is the best that Chabrier could think of when he made his Harald sing of the glories of Walhalla. Walhalla? Say, rather, a beer-garden!

In all French music worthy of serious consideration, we know of no theme so banal as this, appearing in the midst of music that has roared like the elements, and called to battle with splendid challenging fanfares that make the blood run cold.

Full of Genius

The overture is full of genius. Its rhythms in themselves are maddening, and the rhythms and the orchestration of the Gwendoline overture are audacious to the verge of extravagance. The fanfares of the trumpets with their now familiar "whole-tone" progressions anticipated in many years the practises of Debussy and other moderns who received harmonic suggestions from Chabrier as well as Liszt and Moussorgsky. And it is all so magnificently of the theatre, of music drama, that one is temporarily carried away. Chabrier had an intensely nervous and animated temperament which was worth much to him as a composer, but which, too often, alas, put sheer nervous impulse before thought and feeling. This electric intensity makes the overture as a whole a vital and thrilling piece, but it seems to have interfered deplorably with the inherent value of the music. At last the dregs of the wine are forced down the hearer's throat, as with all imaginable pomp and crash and glory the theme which is the opotheosis, not of Harald and Gwendoline, and of the pasteboard downfall of the gods with which Chabrier brings his opera to a close, but of the extreme of bombast and vulgarity, is thundered out with all the force and brilliancy of a modern orchestra.

A Manysided Master

What, then, is Chabrier? Sometimes he appears as a master dramatist as a harmonist—not a melodist—but a harmonist and a master of the orchestra of the most exceptional gifts, and then again he is no more than a boulevardier, cynical, vulgar, mocking, a sort of intensified Offenbach—or gut- [illegible] might be a better word—a Beeth- [illegible] sneer, a malicious wit and [illegible] to whom the

But if there were in America one composer who could produce the equivalent of the first 20 measures of the Gwendoline overture, the American genius of music drama would long since have arrived.

Bossi's music in the 18th century manner is delightful, and beautifully written. It is as Italian as the ultra-modern music of Chabrier is French. The scoring for strings is original and masterly. The prelude, the gay Gagliarda, the "Curfew" music and the Serenatina when Mr. Ferir's viola d'amore and Mr. Witek's solo violin answered each other so beautifully, are for us the most admirable numbers. But it is all beautiful and the work of a most accomplished artist, and it paved the way from Cabrier and Lalo to a five symphony in G major by one Joseph Haydn.

BOSTON JOURNAL—

APRIL 17,

NOACK SYMPHONY CONCERT SOLOIST

This week's Symphony soloist is Sylvian Noack, second concert-master of the orchestra, and yesterday his performance of a part of Lalo's "Spanish Symphony" was heartily approved by the "rehearsal" audience. The second and third movements were omitted. Of the three movements offered yesterday, the andante was on the whole the most enjoyable, especially as regards the efforts of the soloist. Mr. Noack is at his best in tender, lyrical passages, to which his light but usually clear and charming tone is suited; but he is also a master of the technic of the violin, as he proved in the finale.

This major portion of the celebrated symphony for violin and orchestra was one of several bright and popular works chosen by Dr. Muck for this 21st program. Chabrier's dramatic "Gwendoline" overture, Enrico Bossi's "Intermezzi Goldoniani," for strings alone, and Haydn's symphony in G major comprise a list furnishing temperate pleasure, if not the accustomed melodramatic excitement of the day.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, next week's soloist, will play the Mozart piano concerto in D minor, which has not been played at a Symphony concert for 30 years, and Weber's "Concertstueck," which has also been long absent from Symphony programs. The orchestra will perform MacDowell's "Indian Suite," Debussy's "Prelude to 'The Afternoon of a Faun,'" and "The Steppe," by Noskowski.

MONITOR, BO STON, MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 17,

MUSIC PLAYED BY SYMPHONY MAKES A JOYOUS OCCASION

SYMPHONY HALL—Twenty-first public rehearsal, Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of April 16. The program: Chabrier. overture to the opera "Gwendolin"; Lalo, "Spanish symphony" for violin and orchestra, first, fourth and fifth movements (Sylvain Noack, soloist); Bossi, "Intermezzi Goldoniani" for strings; Haydn, symphony in G major, B. & H. No. 13.

The program showed the orchestra in carnival mood. It expressed a sentiment which is characteristic enough of the conductor and the players, but one which is seldom given such free rein. Occasionally in the course of the season a piece like the Chabrier, the Lalo, the Bossi or the Haydn of Friday afternoon is introduced in order that a public which is striving to make headway with Sibelius, Reznicek or Schoenberg may be cheered up a little. But rarely are works of this gay and open-air sort allowed to occupy a whole concert. They would, if persisted in, put the orchestra in the class of musical organizations known as popular. They would make an illustrious type of conductor seem just like any other kind. They would make expensive players at first desks in string, wood and brass sections superfluous. They would, in short, unsettle the artistic foundations of the city.

It was, indeed, a bright and lively program, and it caused a response from the audience that was unnaturally free. The playing took the house out of its usual critical attitude and put it into one of almost careless enjoyment. Let the orchestra bring other "Gwendoline" overtures and other "Intermezzi Goldoniani" out of its repertory, and soon it will set the floor and galleries of Symphony hall into an exchange of confetti-throwing.

The four pieces, seemingly, were quite in the line of popular music. But why? Only because of their contrast with extremely heavy programs that have been presented hitherto. There is plenty to engage the attention of the most experienced listener in the Chabrier overture, highly colored and obvious in general meaning as it is. There is plenty to enlist the curiosity of the most devoted follower of the German school of music in the six little pieces of Bossi for string orchestra. Just to follow up the question of how the composer compels from the strings so great a variety of tone color, making the want of wood and brass tone unnoticeable, should be enough for anybody in one afternoon. And as for Lalo, if any work for orchestra and solo instrument exists in which scoring is more skilfully adapted to form than in the "Spanish Symphony," will somebody tell what it is?

No classic composer could have been chosen who would carry out the merry mood of the day better than Haydn. In his symphony in G major, he appears on the best of terms not only with the world, but with himself. He makes his hearers laugh, though telling the same story he has told before. Haydn was remarkable at paraphrasing his own writings. And strangely he did not seriously affect the vitality of his work by this trait. He got enough freshness into the variants of his happy contemplations to make them appeal. He made a new way of presenting a thought amount almost to a new idea.

Mr. Noack as soloist was inclined at the beginning of his performance to push the tone of his violin harder than it would go, but the orchestra covered most of the roughness thus caused. He entered into the feeling of the occasion, and that was the principal demand on him. He executed the brilliant opening and closing movements of the "Spanish Symphony" with great mastery and he made the slow movement interesting, to say the least. But best of all, he and the field were of one mind in announcement and reply. He and the players phrased the themes with singleness of intention. And this seems possible only when the soloist is a member of the orchestra and knows familiarly the temperament of the men supporting him.

TRANSCRIPT,

APRIL 17, 1915

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A LIGHT PROGRAMME AND EASY PLEASURE

Chabrier's Overture to "Gwendoline" in All Its Eloquence—Bossi's Artful and Fanciful Intermezzi for Goldoni Revived—Haydn for Ending and Lalo's "Spanish Symphony" with Mr. Noack in the Solo Part

COMING events cast their shadows before at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon and two, if not three, numbers of the programme were pieces that conductor and orchestra have been restudying for their expedition to San Francisco. Chabrier's overture to his opera, "Gwendoline," will begin one of the concerts of French music there as it began the concert here; Bossi's "Intermezzi Goldoniani," will figure on the Italian programme in California; and if memory does not slip, Haydn's little symphony in G, though it may be fairly counted in the active repertory of the band, will be played at the Panama Exhibition as it was in Symphony Hall. The overture and the Intermezzi in their completeness had not been heard in Boston since Dr. Muck's first term with the orchestra and side by side with Haydn's symphony and three parts of Lalo's "Spanish Symphony" for violin, they made a pleasurable programme, light enough for the end of the season and the lassitude of spring, that displayed the force and the fire of Dr. Muck and the men in Chabrier's music and their fleetness, finesse and fluent exactitude in Haydn's. Lalo's piece in turn renewed the familiar impression of the fine contours, the lustrous texture, the undulating flow of Mr. Noack's tone and the technical elegance and the musical and imaginative sensibility with which he accents it. Similarly, the Intermezzi revealed once more the variety of tonal color, rhythmic beat and adroit euphonies and contrasts of which the string choir is in a suite that much depends upon these virtues. Thus the matter and the manner of the whole concert gave equal and manifold pleasure and the audience was intent and applausive accordingly.

Above all the rest of the music stood Chabrier's puissant and eloquent prelude to his opera on the Wagnerian model that won him place and prestige in Germany long before the Parisians heard and appreciated it. Even more than the familiar rhapsody, "España," it is music of Chabrier's opulent and glowing prime. He seems to conceive it with all the passion of design that makes the rhapsody also like a magnificent and far-flung improvisation in which each element falls spontaneously and hotly into its place in the whole as though from the crucible of Chabrier's imagination and the forge of his power. The force, the variety, the interplay and contrasts of the rhythms are thrilling to hear and where the composer ended with them the conductor began anew. The instrumental color is hot, deep, spontaneous and changeful. There are moments when the music moves in magnificent clangors, even when it is born of such mere effective tonal rhetoric as the motive of the Walhalla to which the Danish prince, tricked and murdered by the Saxons, mounts with his bride. There are moments when its tumultuous emotion drives the imagination before its sweep; others when it rises to a height of barbaric tone-picturing of the Viking hordes as only Sibelius in his first symphony and Wagner in the gathering of the Gibichung hosts in the second act of "Götterdämerung" has equalled; and others still, as Chabrier summons the devoted and longing Gwendoline, when it swims in the warm and wistful beauty of the melody for the clarinet, rising in long curves, deepening in intensity, glowingly sung yesterday by Mr. Sand and as glowingly colored by the two harpists. Nowhere does the overture lack pictorial power and theatrical force and suspense; nowhere until it reaches the square-toed choral-like progressions does it lose its tonal splendor, its rhythmic verve and its eloquence as music. It is magnificent, and with the characteristic passion of Chabrier that as long as his Bourrée Fantasque is unknown to our concerts and his "Le Roi l'a Dit" to our opera houses, we know elsewhere only in "España."

Though Lalo's "Spanish Symphony" came between, Bossi's Intermezzi for the string choir seemed the contrasting piece. To invent them was a happy notion as though the composer upon a day had taken down the many volumes of Goldoni's comedy and noted their multifarious matter. Here was one of babbling and bickering beach-folk, voluble, comic, full-bodied and full-blooded, like "Le Baruffe Chiozzote"; here was another full of wit, wile, elegance and sentiment, masculine and feminine, like "Le Donne Curiose"; here was another still all light gayety and homely humor like "La Locandiera"; and yet others Parisian-like in their artful artificiality, like "Il Burbero Benefico." Why not festoon them in tones with a set of intermezzi that should catch this, that and the other of all these substances and styles, now homely and gay, now elegant and sentimental? Bossi, Italian by birth and dwelling-place and half German by artistic inclination, experience and rewarding fortune, is a composer of scholarship as well as of fancy. His form was obviously the suite as it was written in the eighteenth century with its sturdy preluding, its succession of glorified dance-tunes, its intervening song and its ebullient ending.

Write the suite for string choir only and the two-fold Bossi could strew his music with the little felicities of counterpoint, accent, arabesque and contrast with which these suits abounded and conduct it also with the mingling of artifice and ardor, pretty sentiment and playful humor with which Goldoni conducted his comedies. So he fashioned his vivacious and snapping prelude; his wistful minuet as though for the instant he were setting Goldoni's personages in ghostly dance; his homely and swinging galliard; his sentimental anecdote of the curfew; his piquant musetta of the folk; his elegant and tinkling serenatina; and the rough and ready verve and humors of his final burlesca. Scholarship at sport with itself, and never once growing weary, while fancy calls the tune. A charming suite, but one that needs all the artful aid that Dr. Muck and the string choir brought to it.

When the orchestra plays Haydn's symphonies, we listeners by the sheer skill, spirit and pervading perfection of the performance, are prone to listen to them as though they were virtuoso pieces. How fleet and light is the orchestra in the returns of the final rondo; how full and warm and sustained its phrasing of the largo; how deft its inflections and suave its euphonies in this or that allegro. So admiring we forget that it was busy old Haydn, after all, who set the rondo to its skipping, who fashioned the phrases, who imposed the accents. He had his elegances as well as his simplicity; he knew the art as well as the impulse of instrumental song; his voice is deft as well as mellifluous. He had artistry; he asked artistry and style, and they quite as much as substance keep his music sweet and savory. With the smiling classic, we forget the skill for the smile.

And Haydn knew the light hand better, perhaps than the more sophisticated, imagining and sometimes curiously puzzling Lalo of the "Spanish Symphony." As in the concerto for violoncello that Mr. Casals and Dr. Muck played, the listener wonders more than once at what seems the superfluous force, vigor and largeness of many of the purely orchestral passages, contrasts and climaxes; whereas through all the music the violin part runs like a fine bright thread, moving in gentle curves and undulations, beating to light rhythms, lustrous with delicate tonal colors, warm with song, piquant always yet felicitously fashioned for the bow. The finesse and the fancy, the sophisticated discretion of it charmed the ear in the gentle or piquant perfections of Mr. Noack's playing. And then the orchestra answered as though Lalo would say, "I, too, am a man of force." Elsewhere in his music he has given proof enough of that.

H. T. P.

BOSTON POST,

APRIL 17,

SYMPHONY PRESENTS EXTREMES

Whole Gamut Run in Chabrier's Work, Mr. Noack Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

The soloist at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was Sylvain Noack, the second concertmeister, who played three movements of Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole."

The orchestral pieces were Chabrier's overture to "Gwendoline," Bossi's "Intermezzo Goldoniani," for strings, and Haydn's symphony in G major (Breitkopf and Hartel, No. 13).

MR. NOACK'S PERFORMANCE

Mr. Noack gave a performance which was admirable for its tonal beauty, its esprit and elegance and musicianship. "The Symphonie Espagnole" seems especially suited to his style. We have heard the work played with exaggeration and sentimentality, and what of it that was piquant turned into cheap handsprings for the soloist, and what was charming and fancifully sensuous turned into mowling and gush. Mr. Noack never dragged his tempi, and never made grosser the thought or the idiom of this delightfully written music. His finished technic and beauty of tone, and his sensetive feeling for what is good and what is not good taste, made for an admirable interpretation by a modest and most deserving musician. The audience appreciated Mr. Noack's performance, and he was recalled repeatedly, with unusual enthusiasm.

Is To Extremes

Of Chabrier, it was once said that he was a composer who had rarely the gift of being vulgar in good taste. That is a very fine and flippant aphorism, for the fact remains that in many instances Chabrier also knew how to be vulgar in astonishingly poor taste; and the overture to Gwendoline is an unblushing example of two extremes of his genius. In all music drama, for instance, there are few wilder and more stirring pages than the magnificent sweep with which the overture heard yesterday, commences. This is indeed a picture of a wind-swept coast, and of splendid crude days of joyous battle. One is swept away by it, and the music presses on, finer and more powerful—to what? To the theme which is the best that Chabrier could think of when he made his Harald sing of the glories of Walhalla. Walhalla? Say, rather, a beer-garden!

In all French music worthy of serious consideration, we know of no theme so banal as this, appearing in the midst of music that has roared like the elements, and called to battle with splendid challenging fanfares that make the blood run cold.

Full of Genius

The overture is full of genius. Its rhythms in themselves are maddening, and the rhythms and the orchestration of the Gwendoline overture are audacious to the verge of extravagance. The fanfares of the trumpets with their now familiar "whole-tone" progressions anticipated in many years the practises of Debussy and other moderns who received harmonic suggestions from Chabrier as well as Liszt and Moussorgsky. And it is all so magnificently of the theatre, of music drama, that one is temporarily carried away. Chabrier had an intensely nervous and animated temperament which was worth much to him as a composer, but which, too often, alas, put sheer nervous impulse before thought and feeling. This electric intensity makes the overture as a whole a vital and thrilling piece, but it seems to have interfered deplorably with the inherent value of the music. At last the dregs of the wine are forced down the hearer's throat, as with all imaginable pomp and crash and glory the theme which is the opotheosis, not of Harald and Gwendoline, and of the pasteboard downfall of the gods with which Chabrier brings his opera to a close, but of the extreme of bombast and vulgarity, is thundered out with all the force and brilliancy of a modern orchestra.

A Manysided Master

What, then, is Chabrier? Sometimes he appears as a master dramatist as a harmonist—not a melodist—but a harmonist and a master of the orchestra of the most exceptional gifts, and then again he is no more than a boulevardier, cynical, vulgar, mocking, a sort of intensified Offenbach—or gut-
ne might be a better word—a Beeth-
sneer, a malicious wit and
[illegible] whom the

But if there were in America one composer who could produce the equivalent of the first 20 measures of the Gwendoline overture, the American genius of music drama would long since have arrived.

Bossi's music in the 18th century manner is delightful, and beautifully written. It is as Italian as the ultramodern music of Chabrier is French. The scoring for strings is original and masterly. The prelude, the gay Gagliarda, the "Curfew" music and the Serenatina when Mr. Ferir's viola d'amore and Mr. Witek's solo violin answered each other so beautifully, are for us the most admirable numbers. But it is all beautiful and the work of a most accomplished artist, and it paved the way from Cabrier and Lalo to a five symphony in G major by one Joseph Haydn.

BOSTON JOURNAL—

APRIL 17,

NOACK SYMPHONY CONCERT SOLOIST

This week's Symphony soloist is Sylvian Noack, second concert-master of the orchestra, and yesterday his performance of a part of Lalo's "Spanish Symphony" was heartily approved by the "rehearsal" audience. The second and third movements were omitted. Of the three movements offered yesterday, the andante was on the whole the most enjoyable, especially as regards the efforts of the soloist. Mr. Noack is at his best in tender, lyrical passages, to which his light but usually clear and charming tone is suited; but he is also a master of the technic of the violin, as he proved in the finale.

This major portion of the celebrated symphony for violin and orchestra was one of several bright and popular works chosen by Dr. Muck for this 21st program. Chabrier's dramatic "Gwendoline" overture, Enrico Bossi's "Intermezzi Goldoniani," for strings alone, and Haydn's symphony in G major comprise a list furnishing temperate pleasure, if not the accustomed melodramatic excitement of the day.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, next week's soloist, will play the Mozart piano concerto in D minor, which has not been played at a Symphony concert for 30 years, and Weber's "Concertstueck," which has also been long absent from Symphony programs. The orchestra will perform MacDowell's "Indian Suite," Debussy's "Prelude to 'The Afternoon of a Faun,'" and "The Steppe," by Noskowski.

ONITOR, BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 17,

MUSIC PLAYED BY SYMPHONY MAKES A JOYOUS OCCASION

SYMPHONY HALL—Twenty-first public rehearsal, Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of April 16. The program: Chabrier, overture to the opera "Gwendolin"; Lalo, "Spanish symphony" for violin and orchestra, first, fourth and fifth movements (Sylvain Noack, soloist); Bossi, "Intermezzi Goldoniani" for strings; Haydn, symphony in G major, B. & H. No. 13.

The program showed the orchestra in carnival mood. It expressed a sentiment which is characteristic enough of the conductor and the players, but one which is seldom given such free rein. Occasionally in the course of the season a piece like the Chabrier, the Lalo, the Bossi or the Haydn of Friday afternoon is introduced in order that a public which is striving to make headway with Sibelius, Reznicek or Schoenberg may be cheered up a little. But rarely are works of this gay and open-air sort allowed to occupy a whole concert. They would, if persisted in, put the orchestra in the class of musical organizations known as popular. They would make an illustrious type of conductor seem just like any other kind. They would make expensive players at first desks in string, wood and brass sections superfluous. They would, in short, unsettle the artistic foundations of the city.

It was, indeed, a bright and lively program, and it caused a response from the audience that was unnaturally free. The playing took the house out of its usual critical attitude and put it into one of almost careless enjoyment. Let the orchestra bring other "Gwendoline" overtures and other "Intermezzi Goldoniani" out of its repertory, and soon it will set the floor and galleries of Symphony hall into an exchange of confetti-throwing.

The four pieces, seemingly, were quite in the line of popular music. But why? Only because of their contrast with extremely heavy programs that have been presented hitherto. There is plenty to engage the attention of the most ex- erienced listener in the Chabrier over- e, highly colored and obvious in general meaning as it is. There is plenty to enlist the curiosity of the most devoted follower of the German school of music in the six little pieces of Bossi for string orchestra. Just to follow up the question of how the composer compels from the strings so great a variety of tone color, making the want of wood and brass tone unnoticeable, should be enough for anybody in one afternoon. And as for Lalo, if any work for orchestra and solo instrument exists in which scoring is more skilfully adapted to form than in the "Spanish Symphony," will somebody tell what it is?

No classic composer could have been chosen who would carry out the merry mood of the day better than Haydn. In his symphony in G major, he appears on the best of terms not only with the world, but with himself. He makes his hearers laugh, though telling the same story he has told before. Haydn was remarkable at paraphrasing his own writings. And strangely he did not seriously affect the vitality of his work by this trait. He got enough freshness into the variants of his happy contemplations to make them appeal. He made a new way of presenting a thought amount almost to a new idea.

Mr. Noack as soloist was inclined at the beginning of his performance to push the tone of his violin harder than it would go, but the orchestra covered most of the roughness thus caused. He entered into the feeling of the occasion, and that was the principal demand on him. He executed the brilliant opening and closing movements of the "Spanish Symphony" with great mastery and he made the slow movement interesting, to say the least. But best of all, he and the field were of one mind in announcement and reply. He and the players phrased the themes with singleness of intention. And this seems possible only when the soloist is a member of the orchestra and knows familiarly the temperament of the men supporting him.

TRANSCRIPT,

APRIL 17, 1915

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A LIGHT PROGRAMME AND EASY PLEASURE

Chabrier's Overture to "Gwendoline" in All Its Eloquence—Bossi's Artful and Fanciful Intermezzi for Goldoni Revived —Haydn for Ending and Lalo's "Spanish Symphony" with Mr. Noack in the Solo Part

COMING events cast their shadows before at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon and two, if not three, numbers of the programme were pieces that conductor and orchestra have been restudying for their expedition to San Francisco. Chabrier's overture to his opera, "Gwendoline," will begin one of the concerts of French music there as it began the concert here; Bossi's "Intermezzi Goldoniani," will figure on the Italian programme in California; and if memory does not slip, Haydn's little symphony in G, though it may be fairly counted in the active repertory of the band, will be played at the Panama Exhibition as it was in Symphony Hall. The overture and the Intermezzi in their completeness had not been heard in Boston since Dr. Muck's first term with the orchestra and side by side with Haydn's symphony and three parts of Lalo's "Spanish Symphony" for violin, they made a pleasurable programme, light enough for the end of the season and the lassitude of spring, that displayed the force and the fire of Dr. Muck and the men in Chabrier's music and their fleetness, finesse and fluent exactitude in Haydn's. Lalo's piece in turn renewed the familiar impression of the fine contours, the lustrous texture, the undulating flow of Mr. Noack's tone and the technical elegance and the musical and imaginative sensibility with which he accents it. Similarly, the Intermezzi revealed once more the variety of tonal color, rhythmic beat and adroit euphonies and contrasts of which the string choir is in a suite that much depends upon these virtues. Thus the matter and the manner of the whole concert gave equal and manifold pleasure and the audience was intent and applausive accordingly.

Above all the rest of the music stood Chabrier's puissant and eloquent prelude to his opera on the Wagnerian model that won him place and prestige in Germany long before the Parisians heard and appreciated it. Even more than the familiar rhapsody, "España," it is music of Chabrier's opulent and glowing prime. He seems to conceive it with all the passion of design that makes the rhapsody also like a magnificent and far-flung improvisation in which each element falls spontaneously and hotly into its place in the whole as though from the crucible of Chabrier's imagination and the forge of his power. The force, the variety, the interplay and contrasts of the rhythms are thrilling to hear and where the composer ended with them the conductor began anew. The instrumental color is hot, deep, spontaneous and changeful. There are moments when the music moves in magnificent clangors, even when it is born of such mere effective tonal rhetoric as the motive of the Walhalla to which the Danish prince, tricked and murdered by the Saxons, mounts with his bride. There are moments when its tumultuous emotion drives the imagination before its sweep; others when it rises to a height of barbaric tone-picturing of the Viking hordes as only Sibelius in his first symphony and Wagner in the gathering of the Gibichung hosts in the second act of "Götterdämerung" has equalled; and others still, as Chabrier summons the devoted and longing Gwendoline, when it swims in the warm and wistful beauty of the melody for the clarinet, rising in long curves, deepening in intensity, glowingly sung yesterday by Mr. Sand and as glowingly colored by the two harpists. Nowhere does the overture lack pictorial power and theatrical force and suspense; nowhere until it reaches the square-toed choral-like progressions does it lose its tonal splendor, its rhythmic verve and its eloquence as music. It is magnificent, and with the characteristic passion of Chabrier that as long as his Bourrée Fantasque is unknown to our concerts and his "Le Roi l'a Dit" to our opera houses, we know elsewhere only in "España."

Though Lalo's "Spanish Symphony" came between, Bossi's Intermezzi for the string choir seemed the contrasting piece. To invent them was a happy notion as though the composer upon a day had taken down the many volumes of Goldoni's comedy and noted their multifarious matter. Here was one of babbling and bickering beach-folk, voluble, comic, full-bodied and full-blooded, like "Le Baruffe Chiozzote"; here was another full of wit, wile, elegance and sentiment, masculine and feminine, like "Le Donne Curiose"; here was another still all light gayety and homely humor like "La Locandiera"; and yet others Parisian-like in their artful artificiality, like "Il Burbero Benefico." Why not festoon them in tones with a set of intermezzi that should catch this, that and the other of all these substances and styles, now homely and gay, now elegant and sentimental? Bossi, Italian by birth and dwelling-place and half German by artistic inclination, experience and rewarding fortune, is a composer of scholarship as well as of fancy. His form was obviously the suite as it was written in the eighteenth century with its sturdy preluding, its succession of glorified dance-tunes, its intervening song and its ebullient ending.

Write the suite for string choir only and the two-fold Bossi could strew his music with the little felicities of counterpoint, accent, arabesque and contrast with which these suits abounded and conduct it also with the mingling of artifice and ardor, pretty sentiment and playful humor with which Goldoni conducted his comedies. So he fashioned his vivacious and snapping prelude; his wistful minuet as though for the instant he were setting Goldoni's personages in ghostly dance; his homely and swinging galliard; his sentimental anecdote of the curfew; his piquant musetta of the folk; his elegant and tinkling serenatina; and the rough and ready verve and humors of his final burlesca. Scholarship at sport with itself, and never once growing weary, while fancy calls the tune. A charming suite, but one that needs all the artful aid that Dr. Muck and the string choir brought to it.

When the orchestra plays Haydn's symphonies, we listeners by the sheer skill, spirit and pervading perfection of the performance, are prone to listen to them as though they were virtuoso pieces. How fleet and light is the orchestra in the returns of the final rondo; how full and warm and sustained its phrasing of the largo; how deft its inflections and suave its euphonies in this or that allegro. So admiring we forget that it was busy old Haydn, after all, who set the rondo to its skipping, who fashioned the phrases, who imposed the accents. He had his elegances as well as his simplicity; he knew the art as well as the impulse of instrumental song; his voice is deft as well as mellifluous. He had artistry; he asked artistry and style, and they quite as much as substance keep his music sweet and savory. With the smiling classic, we forget the skill for the smile.

And Haydn knew the light hand better, perhaps than the more sophisticated, imagining and sometimes curiously puzzling Lalo of the "Spanish Symphony." As in the concerto for violoncello that Mr. Casals and Dr. Muck played, the listener wonders more than once at what seems the superfluous force, vigor and largeness of many of the purely orchestral passages, contrasts and climaxes; whereas through all the music the violin part runs like a fine bright thread, moving in gentle curves and undulations, beating to light rhythms, lustrous with delicate tonal colors, warm with song, piquant always yet felicitously fashioned for the bow. The finesse and the fancy, the sophisticated discretion of it charmed the ear in the gentle or piquant perfections of Mr. Noack's playing. And then the orchestra answered as though Lalo would say, "I, too, am a man of force." Elsewhere in his music he has given proof enough of that.

H. T. P.

From BULLETIN
Address Providence, R. I.
Date APR 14 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ENDS 34TH SEASON HERE

Sixth Concert of Series Featured by Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, Dr. Muck Conducting. Florence Hinkle Soloist.—Audience Applauds Generously.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra brought its 34th season of concerts in this city to a close last evening in Infantry Hall with its sixth and last concert of the present series, at which the soloist was Miss Florence Hinkle, who was also the soloist at the last concert last year.

The programmme was singularly gay and lively for one of its length, and aptly chosen for the spring season; and from the first bright notes of the symphony to the close of the overture, seemed to meet with favor from the audience, which though smaller in size, was as enthusiastic as at earlier concerts of the season.

In the order of its performance the programmme was as follows:

Beethoven....Symphony No. 8, F-major, Op. 93
I. Allegro vivace e con brio.
II. Allegretto scherzando.
III. Tempo di menuetto.
IV. Allegro vivace.
Mozart.........Aria, "Voi, che sapete," from ...."Le Nozze di Figaro"
Bach..Suite No. 2, in B-minor, for Flute and .... Strings
(Hans von Buelow's Arrangement.)
I. Overture: Largo; Allegro.
II. Rondo: Allegretto espressivo.
III. Sarabande: Andante.
IV. Bourree I. and Bourree II.: Allegro molto.
V. Polonaise with Double: Moderato.
VI. Minuet.
VII. Badjnerie: Presto.
Solo Flute, Mr. Andre Maquarre.
Bruch..."Ave Maria," from "The Cross of Fire," ....A Dramatic Cantata, Op. 52
Goldmark......Overture to "Sakuntala," Op. 13

Of the nine symphonies of Beethoven the last two have been less often heard here than those which antedate them, and the eighth, given last evening, although performed here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra but a little over two years ago, had previously hardly been recorded among such productions.

Written by Beethoven at a sad period of his life, when out of health and embroiled in a family quarrel, the eighth symphony gives no hint of anything depressing, but is cheerful, bright and apparently full of humor. The composer's ability to rise above distressing details, which was shown in his serene fourth symphony, is again manifested in the eighth, which was given last evening in all its beauty under the skilful leadership of Dr. Muck. Gayly the first movement began and pursued its way like the jocular companionship of kindred spirits, to which was contrasted the more delicate second movement, which was played to perfection, as the wind instruments "ticked" a background for the delicate tracery of the strings.

With these the "tempo di Menuetto" taken at an ordinary pace, embellished by the beautiful "dialogue" for clarinet and horns, and the final loud and lively movement, combined to show again the skill in composition, and the wonderful working out of themes which have made these symphonies immortal. Beethoven called this symphony the "little" symphony, but in its way it is as impressive and as perfect as those which are more majestic and better known. In the hands of such performers as the Boston orchestra, directed by a master mind, it was a performance worthy of attention.

The Bach suite for flute and strings, the second orchestral number, with its old-time dance measures of various forms, was an agreeable continuation of the motive of cheer, admirably played by soloist and such of the orchestra as played the "sinfu', wee fiddles" or their deeper-toned brethren. Mr. Maquarre evolved from his instrument a beautiful tone, remarkably sustained, dominated by an intelligence and taste that made his performance an addition of unique quality to the list of the solos already contributed by members of the orchestra from time to time. In its rhythms the music had a flavor of the past, but in its interpretation it was of the sort that made it a welcome addition to a modern programme.

The last number on the programme, the Goldmark overture to "Sakuntala," was that which established the fame of the composer, who lived to see the opening of this year. It was played with a spirit that made it a fitting finale to a season of concerts that has maintained the standard of the orchestra.

Of the work of Miss Hinkle, one can speak only with praise, the purity of her voice, the beauty of its tone, the sincerity of her method have all been manifested at her previous appearances here; and the friends she made at the two concerts of the University Glee Club, at which she sang before singing with the Symphony Orchestra last year, as well as on that occasion, welcomed her back last evening, recalling her again and again after each appearance.

The Canzona was given with much charm, and the more serious "Ave Maria" with the depth of feeling it commanded.

While it is a matter of regret that the season has come to an end, it is with satisfaction that the announcement is made of six concerts to be given next season if all goes well. According to established custom they will be given on Tuesday evenings for which the dates have been set at Oct. 19, Nov. 23, Dec. 28, Feb. 8, March 7 and April 11. A. W. C.

MME. MELBA HEADS LIST OF BOSTON SYMPHONY SOLOISTS

Six Concerts Already Arranged for Next Season in Providence.

Mme. Melba will be the soloist at the first of the six concerts already arranged to be given in Providence by the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season, under the direction of Dr. Carl Muck. The concerts, as in recent years, will be given on Tuesday evenings and the following dates have been selected: Oct. 19, Nov. 23, Dec. 28, 1915; Feb. 8, March 7 and April 11, 1916.

As soloists, the management has been successful in engaging for this series of concerts artists of extraordinary high quality. In addition to Mme. Melba, who will sing on Oct. 19, prior to starting an extensive tour of America under the direction of C. A. Ellis of Boston, the American contralto, Mme. Louise Homer, who has long been a favorite in this city, has been secured.

For pianists, the orchestra offers Ernest Schelling and Miss Laeta Hartley, both Americans. Mr. Schelling, a pupil of the great Paderewski, has long been recognized as a pianist of highest quality. Miss Hartley is one of the younger pianists who had successful debuts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra last season.

The other two soloists will be drawn from the ranks of the orchestra and Providence concert lovers will have the first opportunity of hearing them. One is Sylvain Noack, the second concert master of the orchestra, and the other is Josef Malkin, who shares the 'cello honors with Heinrich Warnke. Mr. Malkin joined the orchestra last fall. He has long been regarded as one of the great 'cello virtuosos of Europe.

To-day the subscribers of this year's series of concerts will receive notices, informing them that to retain their seats, they must notify the Boston office of the orchestra on or before June 1.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date APR 10 1915

Boston Stirred by Liszt.

THE great array of facts printed in this column last week under the head of "Triumphant Liszt" made an amusing commentary on the amazing assertion of a prominent local critic that the "real musical public" does not like Liszt. The fact that his "Dante," when played by the Philharmonic, got more voluminous and prolonged applause than any other orchestral work played by any orchestra in New York this season proves nothing, for the Philharmonic, of course, is not heard by the "real musical public." The "real musical public," in the opinion of the same writer, is that which hears the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—or rather, *was* that which hears the Boston orchestra's concerts; for after what has occurred during the present season, this audience can no longer, alas! claim any such distinction. Read what happened in the Hub.

Last January Dr. Muck made a sensation by his performance of Liszt's "Faust" symphony. So great was the enthusiasm over the two performances of it that he promptly decided to give two more later in the season. He did so last week, and here is what happened. Under the heading "Liszt's 'Faust' Makes Records," the Boston *Journal* of April 3 proclaimed the following:

> Liszt's "Faust" symphony, featured for the second time this season on Dr. Muck's programmes, drew the biggest crowd of the Symphony season yesterday afternoon, and capped this record by arousing the biggest outburst of enthusiasm witnessed at a Symphony concert for a long, long time.
>
> Hundreds of enthusiasts couldn't get into the hall at all. There has been nothing like this intense interest over a symphony in Boston in recent years, except at one or two special performances of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony. The "Faust" symphony is gradually forcing its way into recognition as the most impressive musical translation of Goethe's drama. It is wonderfully rich, both in lyrical and dramatic qualities.

Philip Hale wrote in the *Herald* that "It is enough to say that the music seemed even more poetic, dramatic, imaginative, imposing." He then pays his compliments to those who are not with the musical public in its enthusiasm over Liszt:

> It is the fashion for some to admit the genius of Liszt in shaping the symphonic poem, in enlarging the scope of the symphony; to admit, though grudgingly, his influence on contemporaries and followers even to this day; but they deny his creative power, as there are some who find no "ideas" in the music of Berlioz, no skill in thematic treatment, only an unusual sense of orchestral color, and an inexplicable ability in orchestration. Argument is out of the question with these men. They have ears and they do not hear; they will not hear; Berlioz and Liszt are not thus to be idly dismissed. It is not possible to think of modern music without invoking their glorious names and remembering their music. It is pleasant to think that in this city they have long been ranked among the immortals. . . . The performance of the "Faust" symphony yesterday should have turned the most prejudiced, the most "conservative" from the error of his ways.

"Once and again, between many lapses, Boston does vindicate itself as a capital of music," wrote H. T. Parker, of the *Transcript*, in his account of this Liszt performance, which the audience heard "raptly," impressed by "the beauty, the power, and the diversity of Liszt's voice." His "Faust" is "not merely the crown of romantic symphonic music; it is the one translation into tones of Goethe's poem that may stand unabashed and undiminished beside it."

"Music of the future it not only was, but is," exclaimed Olin Downes, in the *Post;* adding: "Lo and behold! Symphony Hall could not yesterday and cannot to-night contain the people who want to hear music that was the very crown of madness in the 40's—the 'Faust' symphony." To Louis C. Elson, of the *Advertiser,* "the final climaxes of orchestra and chorus were the grandest we have ever heard." And he shared the "wild enthusiasm" of the audience. The "wild enthusiasm" of a Boston Symphony audience over Liszt! Alack and alas!—that leaves the New York critic referred to as the sole and solitary survivor of the "real musical public"!

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date APR 13 1915

That the Philharmonic Society should have ended its seventy-third season with earnings increased by several thousands of dollars, and much enlarged attendance at its concerts, is peculiarly gratifying because of the financial stringency of the past winter. It signifies that, despite the war and the demands of innumerable charities, New Yorkers are awakening to the fact that this orchestra has progressed amazingly under Mr. Stransky's leadership, and that his conducting is remarkably virile, brilliant, and inspiring. If this progress continues, it will only be a short time before the Philharmonic's seats are as much in demand as those at the Boston Symphony Concerts. With all respect to that organization, the Philharmonic is not behind it in musical ability, and in th matter of programmes it is far ahea of its Boston rival. But the Philha monic has not yet received the popu lar support which it deserves. Its de cits are large, and there are still to many empty seats. The membershi of the Society, in particular, should b further increased. There are certainl 2,000 people in New York willing t pay $10 a year to support this magni cent institution, of which the city ha every reason to be proud. But peop do not seem to understand that no o chestra can be self-supporting; that there must be additional subscriptions. If the public fully realized the extraordinary artistic development of the orchestra, there would be no difficulty in obtaining the means it needs. If it improves another year as it has during the past it will be superior to any in the

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From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date APR 11 1915

MUSICAL MENTION

With the passing of Easter and its precedence over all things else in the musical realm the concert season again resumes its sway.

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The programme is light and melodious and appropriate to the season. Beethoven's "little symphony in F," one of the indubitable masterpieces of all times, shows the composer in a really genial, even playful mood, and is filled with the joy of living

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From BULLETIN

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Sixth Concert of Series Featured by Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, Dr. Muck Conducting. Florence Hinkle Soloist.—Audience Applauds Generously.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra brought its 34th season of concerts in this city to a close last evening in Infantry Hall with its sixth and last concert of the present series, at which the soloist was Miss Florence Hinkle, who was also the soloist at the last concert last year.

The programmme was singularly gay and lively for one of its length, and aptly chosen for the spring season; and from the first bright notes of the symphony to the close of the overture, seemed to meet with favor from the audience, which though smaller in size, was as enthusiastic as at earlier concerts of the season.

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Bach..Suite No. 2, in B-minor, for Flute and .... Strings
(Hans von Buelow's Arrangement.)
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III. Sarabande: Andante.
IV. Bourree I. and Bourree II.: Allegro molto.
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VII. Badinerie: Presto.
Solo Flute, Mr. Andre Maquarre.
Bruch.."Ave Maria," from "The Cross of Fire," ....A Dramatic Cantata, Op. 52
Goldmark......Overture to "Sakuntala," Op. 13

Of the nine symphonies of Beethoven the last two have been less often heard here than those which antedate them, and the eighth, given last evening, although performed here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra but a little over two years ago, had previously hardly been recorded among such productions.

Written by Beethoven at a sad period of his life, when out of health and embroiled in a family quarrel, the eighth symphony gives no hint of anything depressing, but is cheerful, bright and apparently full of humor. The composer's ability to rise above distressing details, which was shown in his serene fourth symphony, is again manifested in the eighth, which was given last evening in all its beauty under the skilful leadership of Dr. Muck. Gayly the first movement began and pursued its way like the jocular companionship of kindred spirits, to which was contrasted the more delicate second movement, which was played to perfection, as the wind instruments "ticked" a background for the delicate tracery of the strings.

With these the "tempo di Menuetto" taken at an ordinary pace, embellished by the beautiful "dialogue" for clarinet and horns, and the final loud and lively movement, combined to show again the skill in composition, and the wonderful working out of themes which have made these symphonies immortal. Beethoven called this symphony the "little" symphony, but in its way it is as impressive and as perfect as those which are more majestic and better known. In the hands of such performers as the Boston orchestra, directed by a master mind, it was a performance worthy of attention.

The Bach suite for flute and strings, the second orchestral number, with its old-time dance measures of various forms, was an agreeable continuation of the motive of cheer, admirably played by soloist and such of the orchestra as played the "sinfu', wee fiddles" or their deeper-toned brethren. Mr. Maquarre evolved from his instrument a beautiful tone, remarkably sustained, dominated by an intelligence and taste that made his performance an addition of unique quality to the list of the solos already contributed by members of the orchestra from time to time. In its rhythms the music had a flavor of the past, but in its interpretation it was of the sort that made it a welcome addition to a modern programme.

The last number on the programme, the Goldmark overture to "Sakuntala," was that which established the fame of the composer, who lived to see the opening of this year. It was played with a spirit that made it a fitting finale to a season of concerts that has maintained the standard of the orchestra.

Of the work of Miss Hinkle, one can speak only with praise, the purity of her voice, the beauty of its tone, the sincerity of her method have all been manifested at her previous appearances here; and the friends she made at the two concerts of the University Glee Club, at which she sang before singing with the Symphony Orchestra last year, as well as on that occasion, welcomed her back last evening, recalling her again and again after each appearance.

The Canzona was given with much charm, and the more serious "Ave Maria" with the depth of feeling it commanded.

While it is a matter of regret that the season has come to an end, it is with satisfaction that the announcement is made of six concerts to be given next season if all goes well. According to established custom they will be given on Tuesday evenings for which the dates have been set at Oct. 19, Nov. 23, Dec. 28, Feb. 8, March 7 and April 11. A. W. C.

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Six Concerts Already Arranged for Next Season in Providence.

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As soloists, the management has been successful in engaging for this series of concerts artists of extraordinary high quality. In addition to Mme. Melba, who will sing on Oct. 19, prior to starting an extensive tour of America under the direction of C. A. Ellis of Boston, the American contralto, Mme. Louise Homer, who has long been a favorite in this city, has been secured.

For pianists, the orchestra offers Ernest Schelling and Miss Laeta Hartley, both Americans. Mr. Schelling, a pupil of the great Paderewski, has long been recognized as a pianist of highest quality. Miss Hartley is one of the younger pianists who had successful debuts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra last season.

The other two soloists will be drawn from the ranks of the orchestra and Providence concert lovers will have the first opportunity of hearing them. One is Sylvain Noack, the second concert master of the orchestra, and the other is Josef Malkin, who shares the 'cello honors with Heinrich Warnke. Mr. Malkin joined the orchestra last fall. He has long been regarded as one of the great 'cello virtuosos of Europe.

To-day the subscribers of this year's series of concerts will receive notices, informing them that to retain their seats, they must notify the Boston office of the orchestra on or before June 1.

From EVENING POST

Address: New York City

Date APR

Boston Stirred by Liszt.

THE great array of facts printed in this column last week under the head of "Triumphant Liszt" made an amusing commentary on the amazing assertion of a prominent local critic that the "real musical public" does not like Liszt. The fact that his "Dante," when played by the Philharmonic, got more voluminous and prolonged applause than any other orchestral work played by any orchestra in New York this season proves nothing, for the Philharmonic, of course, is not heard by the "real musical public." The "real musical public," in the opinion of the same writer, is that which hears the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—or rather, *was* that which hears the Boston orchestra's concerts; for after what has occurred during the present season, this audience can no longer, alas! claim any such distinction. Read what happened in the Hub.

Last January Dr. Muck made a sensation by his performance of Liszt's "Faust" symphony. So great was the enthusiasm over the two performances of it that he promptly decided to give two more later in the season. He did so last week, and here is what happened. Under the heading "Liszt's 'Faust' Makes Records," the Boston *Journal* of April 3 proclaimed the following:

> Liszt's "Faust" symphony, featured for the second time this season on Dr. Muck's programmes, drew the biggest crowd of the Symphony season yesterday afternoon, and capped this record by arousing the biggest outburst of enthusiasm witnessed at a Symphony concert for a long, long time.
>
> Hundreds of enthusiasts couldn't get into the hall at all. There has been nothing like this intense interest over a symphony in Boston in recent years, except at one or two special performances of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony. The "Faust" symphony is gradually forcing its way into recognition as the most impressive musical translation of Goethe's drama. It is wonderfully rich, both in lyrical and dramatic qualities.

Philip Hale wrote in the *Herald* that "It is enough to say that the music seemed even more poetic, dramatic, imaginative, imposing." He then pays his compliments to those who are not with the musical public in its enthusiasm over Liszt:

> It is the fashion for some to admit the genius of Liszt in shaping the symphonic poem, in enlarging the scope of the symphony; to admit, though grudgingly, his influence on contemporaries and followers even to this day; but they deny his creative power, as there are some who find no "ideas" in the music of Berlioz, no skill in thematic treatment, only an unusual sense of orchestral color, and an inexplicable ability in orchestration. Argument is out of the question with these men. They have ears and they do not hear; they will not hear; Berlioz and Liszt are not thus to be idly dismissed. It is not possible to think of modern music without invoking their glorious names and remembering their music. It is pleasant to think that in this city they have long been ranked among the immortals. . . . The performance of the "Faust" symphony yesterday should have turned the most prejudiced, the most "conservative" from the error of his ways.

"Once and again, between many lapses, Boston does vindicate itself as a capital of music," wrote H. T. Parker, of the *Transcript*, in his account of this Liszt performance, which the audience heard "raptly," impressed by "the beauty, the power, and the diversity of Liszt's voice." His "Faust" is "not merely the crown of romantic symphonic music; it is the one translation into tones of Goethe's poem that may stand unabashed and undiminished beside it."

"Music of the future it not only was, but is," exclaimed Olin Downes, in the *Post*; adding: "Lo and behold! Symphony Hall could not yesterday and cannot to-night contain the people who want to hear music that was the very crown of madness in the 40's—the 'Faust' symphony." To Louis C. Elson, of the *Advertiser*, "the final climaxes of orchestra and chorus were the grandest we have ever heard." And he shared the "wild enthusiasm" of the audience. The "wild enthusiasm" of a Boston Symphony audience over Liszt! Alack and alas!—that leaves the New York critic referred to as the sole and solitary survivor of the "real musical public"!

From EVENING POST

Address: New York City

Date

That the Philharmonic Society should have ended its seventy-third season with earnings increased by several thousands of dollars, and much enlarged attendance at its concerts, is peculiarly gratifying because of the financial stringency of the past winter. It signifies that, despite the war and the demands of innumerable charities, New Yorkers are awakening to the fact that this orchestra has progressed amazingly under Mr. Stransky's leadership, and that his conducting is remarkably virile, brilliant, and inspiring. If this progress continues, it will only be a short time before the Philharmonic's seats are as much in demand as those at the Boston Symphony Concerts. With all respect to that organization, the Philharmonic is not behind it in musical ability, and in the matter of programmes it is far ahead of its Boston rival. But the Philharmonic has not yet received the popular support which it deserves. Its deficits are large, and there are still too many empty seats. The membership of the Society, in particular, should be further increased. There are certainly 2,000 people in New York willing to pay $10 a year to support this magnificent institution, of which the city has every reason to be proud. But people do not seem to understand that no orchestra can be self-supporting; that there must be additional subscriptions. If the public fully realized the extraordinary artistic development of the orchestra, there would be no difficulty in obtaining the means it needs. If it improves another year as it has during the past it will be superior to any in the

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From TRIBUNE

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And what were these historic occasions? Why, Conductor Muck was giving Liszt's "Faust" symphony and giving it in an ultra-romantic and "intense" manner. The auditors were stirred to their depths and the final climaxes threw them into delirious joy. Caruso never witnessed greater excitement among the gallery gods.

This recalls an event in Symphony hall some two seasons ago. The program was severely classical—Haydn, Beethoven, Bach. Dr. Muck was precise, scholarly, austere, and solemn. The audience betrayed not a sign of pleasure or interest. Its applause was perfunctory and dignified. An outsider would have said it was bored and listless, but a native would have frowned at such barbarism and lack of understanding. To hear of rapture, thunders of applause, shouting, and wild enthusiasm at the Hub, and apropos, too, of Liszt, the irregular and often formless Liszt, is to rub one's eyes in amazement. Here in Chicago the "Faust" symphony is seldom dusted and produced; it is enjoyed, but it never provoked much excitement. But perhaps we have yet to hear it played in an ultra-romantic style to discover its power and richness. Dr. Muck is to visit us in the fall. Will he give us the "Faust" symphony? A comparative study of Hub and western enthusiasm over Liszt rediscovered should appeal to the curiosity of Boston musicians and critics.

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The symphony with which the concert opens will be Beethoven's "Little Symphony in F," the Eighth, which shows the composer in a genial, almost playful mood. Although the eighth symphony was called by its composer "The Little Symphony in F," chiefly because it is shorter than the Sixth or Big Symphony in F, with its melodious charm it would have been sufficient to immortalize any composer, and while it lacks the seriousness and tragedy to be found in most of the other eight symphonies, its serene beauty has made it one of the most popular works in symphonic literature.

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* * *

Miss Florence Hinkle

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THE great array of facts printed in this column last week under the head of "Triumphant Liszt" made an amusing commentary on the amazing assertion of a prominent local critic that the "real musical public" does not like Liszt. The fact that his "Dante," when played by the Philharmonic, got more voluminous and prolonged applause than any other orchestral work played by any orchestra in New York this season proves nothing, for the Philharmonic, of course, is not heard by the "real musical public." The "real musical public," in the opinion of the same writer, is that which hears the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—or rather, *was* that which hears the Boston orchestra's concerts; for after what has occurred during the present season, this audience can no longer, alas! claim any such distinction. Read what happened in the Hub.

Last January Dr. Muck made a sensation by his performance of Liszt's "Faust" symphony. So great was the enthusiasm over the two performances of it that he promptly decided to give two more later in the season. He did so last week, and here is what happened. Under the heading "Liszt's 'Faust' Makes Records," the Boston *Journal* of April 3 proclaimed the following:

> Liszt's "Faust" symphony, featured for the second time this season on Dr. Muck's programmes, drew the biggest crowd of the Symphony season yesterday afternoon, and capped this record by arousing the biggest outburst of enthusiasm witnessed at a Symphony concert for a long, long time.
>
> Hundreds of enthusiasts couldn't get into the hall at all. There has been nothing like this intense interest over a symphony in Boston in recent years, except at one or two special performances of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony. The "Faust" symphony is gradually forcing its way into recognition as the most impressive musical translation of Goethe's drama. It is wonderfully rich, both in lyrical and dramatic qualities.

Philip Hale wrote in the *Herald* that "It is enough to say that the music seemed even more poetic, dramatic, imaginative, imposing." He then pays his compliments to those who are not with the musical public in its enthusiasm over Liszt:

> It is the fashion for some to admit the genius of Liszt in shaping the symphonic poem, in enlarging the scope of the symphony; to admit, though grudgingly, his influence on contemporaries and followers even to this day; but they deny his creative power, as there are some who find no "ideas" in the music of Berlioz, no skill in thematic treatment, only an unusual sense of orchestral color, and an inexplicable ability in orchestration. Argument is out of the question with these men. They have ears and they do not hear; they will not hear; Berlioz and Liszt are not thus to be idly dismissed. It is not possible to think of modern music without invoking their glorious names and remembering their music. It is pleasant to think that in this city they have long been ranked among the immortals. . . . The performance of the "Faust" symphony yesterday should have turned the most prejudiced, the most "conservative" from the error of his ways.

"Once and again, between many lapses, Boston does vindicate itself as a capital of music," wrote H. T. Parker, of the *Transcript*, in his account of this Liszt performance, which the audience heard "raptly," impressed by "the beauty, the power, and the diversity of Liszt's voice." His "Faust" is "not merely the crown of romantic symphonic music; it is the translation into tones of Goethe's poem that may stand unabashed and undiminished beside it."

"Music of the future it not only was, but is," exclaimed Olin Downes, in the *Post;* adding: "Lo and behold! Symphony Hall could not yesterday and cannot to-night contain the people who want to hear music that was the very crown of madness in the 40's—the 'Faust' symphony." To Louis C. Elson, of the *Advertiser,* "the final climaxes of orchestra and chorus were the grandest we have ever heard." And he shared the "wild enthusiasm" of the audience. The "wild enthusiasm" of a Boston Symphony audience over Liszt! Alack and alas!—that leaves the New York critic referred to as the sole and solitary survivor of the "real musical public"!

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date 13 1915

That the Philharmonic Society should have ended its seventy-third season with earnings increased by several thousands of dollars, and much enlarged attendance at its concerts, is peculiarly gratifying because of the financial stringency of the past winter. It signifies that, despite the war and the demands of innumerable charities, New Yorkers are awakening to the fact that this orchestra has progressed amazingly under Mr. Stransky's leadership, and that his conducting is remarkably virile, brilliant, and inspiring. If this progress continues, it will only be a short time before the Philharmonic's seats are as much in demand as those at the Boston Symphony Concerts. With all respect to that organization, the Philharmonic is not behind it in musical ability, and in the matter of programmes it is far ahead of its Boston rival. But the Philharmonic has not yet received the popular support which it deserves. Its deficits are large, and there are still too many empty seats. The membership of the Society, in particular, should be further increased. There are certainly 2,000 people in New York willing to pay $10 a year to support this magnificent institution, of which the city has every reason to be proud. But people do not seem to understand that no orchestra can be self-supporting; that there must be additional subscriptions. If the public fully realized the extraordinary artistic development of the orchestra, there would be no difficulty in obtaining the means it needs. If it improves another year as it has during the past it will be superior to any in the

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From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date APR 11 1915

MUSICAL MENTION

With the passing of Easter and its precedence over all things else in the musical realm the concert season again resumes its sway.

For the coming week music lovers will have the satisfaction of listening to another concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the last in the series of six, and for the near future a second Steinert Concert, with John McCormack, as the chief attraction, is of interest to musical people throughout this city and State.

Beethoven's bright and joyous eighth symphony, Bach's quaint old world suite for flute and string orchestra and Goldmark's glowingly Oriental "Sakuntala" overture will be the orchestral numbers on the programme of the sixth and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall next Tuesday evening, April 13.

The programme is light and melodious and appropriate to the season. Beethoven's "little symphony in F," one of the indubitable masterpieces of all times, shows the composer in a really genial, even playful mood, and is filled with the joy of living

Bach's suite for flute and strings in which the solo part will be played by Mr. Andre Maquarre, the admirable flutist of the orchestra, is full of old world charm in melody and rhythm, while Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture is gorgeously Oriental in its color and feeling.

As already announced, the soloist will be Miss Florence Hinkle, that most delightful American singer who was soloist with the orchestra here with such success a year ago. She will sing twice. Her first number will be Cherubino's Canzona 'Voi che sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," and her second will be the "Ava Maria," from Max Bruch's cantata, "The Cross of Fire," which is founded on an episode of Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake."

The programme in its proper order is as follows: Symphony No. 8, in F-Major, Beethoven; Aria, "Voi che sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," Mozart; Suite in B-Minor for flute and string orchestra, Bach, Mr. Andre

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debate. [illegible] obvious expediency, is to agree to disagree on all other amendments and submit the revenue proposal by common or unanimous consent—in short, to get done the only thing that seems possible at this session to do.

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

Boston audiences at Symphony hall are reported to have thrown all classical restraint aside and to have given full vent to "wild enthusiasm." People on certain occasions were struggling for a chance to gain admission into the famous hall, hundreds had to be turned away, and only Hub culture prevented serious riotings and calls for police and firemen.

And what were these historic occasions? Why, Conductor Muck was giving Liszt's "Faust" symphony and giving it in an ultra-romantic and "intense" manner. The auditors were stirred to their depths and the final climaxes threw them into delirious joy. Caruso never witnessed greater excitement among the gallery gods.

This recalls an event in Symphony hall some two seasons ago. The program was severely classical—Haydn, Beethoven, Bach. Dr. Muck was precise, scholarly, austere, and solemn. The audience betrayed not a sign of pleasure or interest. Its applause was perfunctory and dignified. An outsider would have said it was bored and listless, but a native would have frowned at such barbarism and lack of understanding. To hear of rapture, thunders of applause, shouting, and wild enthusiasm at the Hub, and apropos, too, of Liszt, the irregular and often formless Liszt, is to rub one's eyes in amazement. Here in Chicago the "Faust" symphony is seldom dusted and produced; it is enjoyed, but it never provoked much excitement. But perhaps we have yet to hear it played in an ultra-romantic style to discover its power and richness. Dr. Muck is to visit us in the fall. Will he give us the "Faust" symphony? A comparative study of Hub and western enthusiasm over Liszt rediscovered should appeal to the curiosity of Boston musicians and critics.

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om JOURNAL
dress: Providence, R. I.

For the last concert of the season to be given in Infantry Hall next Tuesday evening at 8:15 o'clock, the programme which has been arranged by Dr. Muck is appropriate to the season of spring, containing a series of bright and joyous numbers, which present no problems in modern harmony and dissonance for the public to attempt to solve.

The symphony with which the concert opens will be Beethoven's "Little Symphony in F," the Eighth, which shows the composer in a genial, almost playful mood. Although the eighth symphony was called by its composer "The Little Symphony in F," chiefly because it is shorter than the Sixth or Big Symphony in F, with its melodious charm it would have been sufficient to immortalize any composer, and while it lacks the seriousness and tragedy to be found in most of the other eight symphonies, its serene beauty has made it one of the most popular works in symphonic literature.

In the second part of the programme, the orchestra will play Bach's suite for flute and string orchestra and Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture. The Bach suite in which the solo flute will be played by Andre Maquarre, the admirable flutist of the orchestra, is like other works of its kind and of its day, a series of old-time dances, a form of composition on which the entire formal structure of orchestral music is founded. This suite consists of seven movements; an Overture, a Rondo, a Sarabande, a Bouroe, a Polonaise, a Double and a Badiniere.

The closing number will be Goldmark's "Sakuntala" Overture, which is unquestionably the greatest orchestral work which came from this prolific composer. It is based on the old Hindu play of the same name, and is like the rest of Goldmark's music, filled with the flowing color of the Orient.

Miss Florence Hinkle, the admirable soprano, who will be the soloist, will sing as her first number Cherubino's Canzona "Voi che sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," and the "Ave Maria" from Bruch's cantata, "The Cross of Fire."

The programme in its proper order is as follows: Symphony No. 8 in F-major, Beethoven; aria, "Voi che sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," Mozart; suite in B-minor for flute and string orchestra, Bach, Mr. Andre Maquarre, solo flute; "Ave Maria," from the cantata, "The Cross of Fire," Bruch, Miss Florence Hinkle; overture, "Sakuntala," Goldmark.

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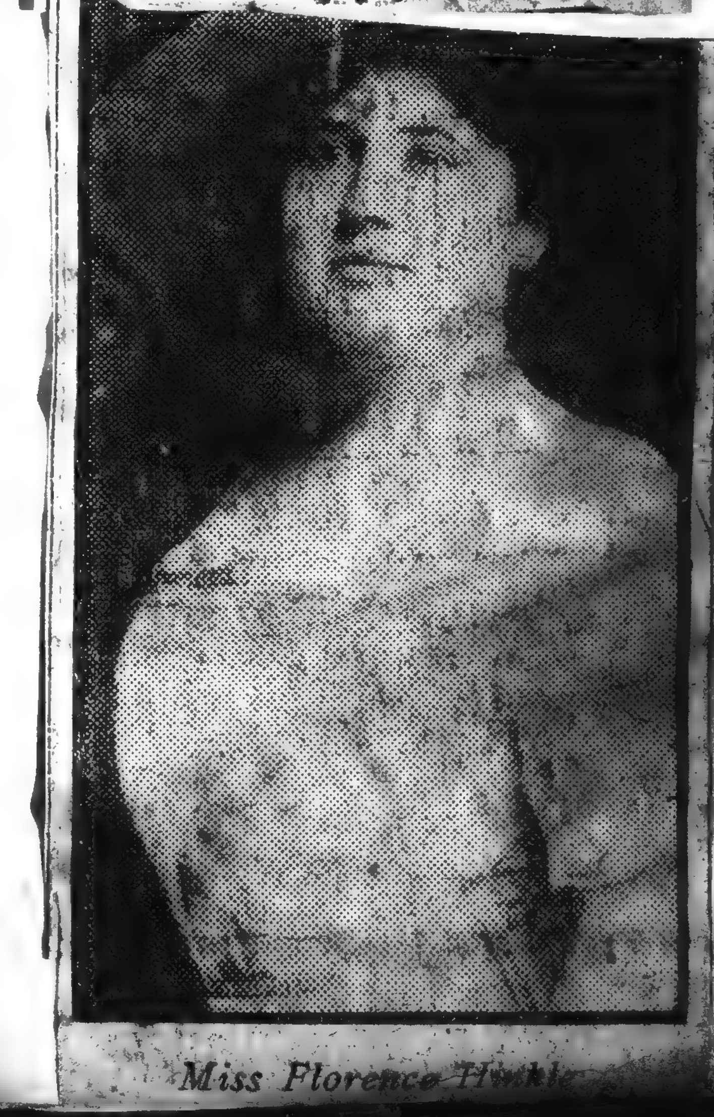

Miss Florence Hinkle

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

Estab

TOUCH OF SPRING IN LAST CONCERT

Symphony Series Ends with Bright and Joyous Programme. — Miss Hinkle Delights Again.

The sixth and last concert of the series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra drew another large audience to Infantry Hall last night, and one of the best programmes of this or any preceding season was rendered by the orchestra, assisted by Miss Florence Hinkle as soloist. Dr. Muck, the director, fairly excelled himself in his selection and the combination of numbers showed in a remarkable degree the versatility of his company of musicians as well as the ability they possess to interpret the masters in their many moods. The programme was so arranged as to display the lightness and brightness of the spring time, and it was a wise act to make the numbers fit the season for every one seemed in just the mood to find keenest pleasure in the delicate and lively music. There were unmistakable signs of enjoyment shown all through the concert and at the close many expressions were heard of the delight that had been found in th programme. Dr. Muck and his musicians added one more plume to their sheaf of fame in this city and left their hearers eager for further oportunities to hear them another year.

The oder of the selections was as follows:

Beethoven...Symphony No. 8, F-major, Op. 93
I. Allegro vivace e con brio.
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III. Tempo di menuetto.
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Mozart......Aria, "Voi, che sapete, from ...."Le Nozze di Figaro"
Bach....Suite No. 2, in B-minor, for Flute ....and Strings
(Hans von Buelow's Arrangement.)
I. Overture; Largo; Allegro.
II. Rondo; Allegretto expressivo.
III. Sarabande: Andante.
IV. Bourree I. and Bourree II.: Allegro motto.
V. Polonaise with Double; Moderato.
VI. Minuet.
VII. Bandinerie: Presto.
Solo Flute, Mr. Andre Maquarre.
Bruch.."Ave aMria." from "The Cross of Fire" ....A Dramatic Cantata, Op. 52
Goldmark......Overture to "Sakuntala," Op. 13

Beethoven's glowing and joyous eighth symphony is justly regarded as one of the best of his productions. The composer evidently was in a happy, jovial mood when he wrote this music and it reveals and inspires the joy of life. Particularly appropriate in this respect to the spring season when the pleasure of living runs strong in the veins of all who love nature and interpret her moods aright, it has a melodious charm that creeps into the heart and fills it with music. It is shorter than most of his symphonies but its calm beauty makes it ever popular. Rendered incomparably well last night by this orchestra it was a rich experience to hear its peaceful melody.

The second number by the orchestra, Bach's suite for flute and strings, is a quaint composition, full of the charm of the old world in its melody and rhythm. It is composed of a series of old dances of other days in seven movements, each representing a different form and each a gem in itself, while the combination is finely adapted to reveal the versatile ability of the musicians. The solo part was played by Abdre Maquarre, the leading flutist of the orchestra, and he gave complete satisfaction by his execution and control of the instrument. With the orchestral accompaniment this suite was brilliantly played and won the hearty applause it merited. The final number by the orchestra, Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture is rated as beyond question the composer's finest production for orchestral rendition. It is marked by the glowing color of the Orient, being based upon an old Hindu play. This, too, was presented with keen sympathy and artistic execution and gave a fitting end to the concert and the series.

Miss Hinkle, who was the soloist at the final concert last year and has been heard here with pleasure on other occasions also, was greeted warmly by friends she has made in this city. Her two numbers were sung with the clarity and richness of tone that marks her vocal work and in the manner that charms those who hear her. The Ava Maria was particularly well done and the singer was rewarded with repeated recalls. She has fully established herself in the favor of the musical people of this city.

NEXT YEAR'S SERIES.

The pleasing announcement is made that there will be six concerts again next season and the dates have been fixed for the following Tuesday evenings: Oct. 19, Nov. 23, Dec. 28, Feb. 8, March 7, April 11.

Dr. Muck will, of course, again be at his post as conductor of the orchestra.

The management of the orchestra has been successful in engaging for this series of concerts as soloists, six artists of extraordinary high quality. The list is headed by Madame Melba, who will be the soloist at the first concert, Oct. 19. Madame Melba is coming to America in September for an extended concert tour under the management of C. A. Ellis of Boston. As a part of her tour, she will make a limited number of appearances in Boston and the larger cities with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the first of these appearances will be in Providence. One other singer appears on the list—this is the ever-popular American contralto, Madame Louise Homer. Madame Homer has long been a favorite here in Providence, and her name strengthens the list greatly.

For pianists, the orchestra offers Mr. Ernest Schelling and Miss Laeta Hartley. Both of these pianists are Americans. Mr. Schelling has the added renown of having been a pupil of the great Paderewski. He has long been recognized as a pianist of highest quality. Miss Hartley is one of the younger pianists who had a most suc-

The other two soloists will be drawn from the ranks of the orchestra. Providence will have its first hearing of both of them. One is Sylvain Noack, the second concert master of the orchestra, and the other is Josef Malkin who shares the first desk of the 'cellos with Mr. Heinrich Warnke. Mr. Noack is in every sense of the word a great artist, and his annual appearances in Boston are always looked forward to greatly by the patrons of the orchestra there. Mr. Malkin joined the orchestra last fall. He had long been regarded as one of the great 'cello virtuosos of Europe, and only an organization like the Boston Symphony Orchestra could get such a man in its membership.

To-day the subscribers of this year's series of concerts received notices informing them that to retain their seats, they must notify the Boston office of the orchestra on or before June 1.

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date -5 1915

Establishe

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, coming to Jewel City, and Mme.

BOSTON SYMPHONY DUE HERE IN MAY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is coming to San Francisco in May and will give a series of concerts in Festival Hall at Jewel City. This organization of 100 instrumentalists stands at the head of symphonic orchestras and during the thirty-three years of its existence it has never reached a higher pinnacle of perfection than under the leadership of Dr. Karl Muck, who first conducted the orchestra in 1906.

The coming of the orchestra is an extraordinary event, the organization coming direct from Boston in a special train and returning to its home city immediately after the final concert here. The sale of seats for the series of twelve concerts began this morning at 343 Powell street, with a demand that indicates great interest in the season.

Mme. Julia Culp, the great lieder singer, will give the first of a series of three concerts at the Columbia Theater beginning Sunday afternoon, April 11.

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date APR 18 1915

A Neutral Season of Music — New York Served Impartially by Its Artistic Purveyors.

MUSIC in New York has observed strict neutrality in the musical season now drawing to a close. The programs here have contained about the same proportion of music by Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Frenchmen, Belgians, Russians, Englishmen, and English colonists, and by the composers of neutral countries, as they did before the first of August, 1914. And if the number of English compositions given this Winter has been small, it is not smaller than the average of their number in years before war was thought of

the cause is not to be sought in the war. No doubt there is plenty of very positive feeling on the part of conductors, managers, singers, instrumental soloists, and orchestral players in regard to the war and the merits and demerits of the respective combatants. It would be strange, considering the origin of most of them, if there were not. But so far as has appeared on the face of things, there has been no disturbance, mental or physical, caused by undue expression of these feelings, and there has been no trace of chauvinism in the programs of any of the organizations or the private individuals who have contributed to the music of the season. New York can properly say, and so can the other musical cities of the United States, that art for her as a neutral, officially, knows no nationality, no prejudices, no bitterness of feeling, and that such things enter not at all into the estimate and appreciation of music. Music has indeed been called not infrequently and importunately to contribute to the aid of almost every sort of person, every nationality in Europe that is suffering from the war, and has responded liberally, unstintedly—and impartially.

It is perhaps not unnatural that nations in the throes of a life-and-death struggle should have their passions so wrought upon, and that individuals should be so set on edge that it should seem disloyalty, even treason, to perform or to listen to the work of an "enemy." We, at this distance, and at this time, are not called upon to judge whether, if it is comprehensible that a living composer's music should be barred out because he is an "enemy," a dead one, who can have had no part in the war and lives only in his works, should be treated to the same process of exclusion. If Saint-Saëns is not now wanted in Berlin concert halls, is Bizet logically to be considered anathema in the opera house? Still harder is it to find a good reason to denounce and proscribe the classical composers of any nation, however hated; the Olympians, untroubled by the affairs of men. As a matter of fact, it has not been possible to do it with a good grace or any grace at all. Any nation that tried to be "musical" without the help of the Germans would soon find itself in embarrassment.

It seems likewise rather foolish, at this distance, for the German societies and associations to expel from their membership all French and Belgian and English musicians whom aforetime they had elected, and for the French or the English to reciprocate in kind and in bitterness. Membership, it would seem, might have been allowed to be neglected or forgotten till the war was over, when perhaps a different feeling will some time arise. Foolish things have been said and written, but there are, after all, more foolish things in war than talking and writing. Our interests are not engaged in a manner that makes it possible to enter fully into the feelings that have controlled in this matter.

New Yorkers have fortunately been able to listen to all music without an "arrière pensée"; music has spoken for itself. Italian opera, German opera, French opera, Russian opera, have been given with equal scrupulousness and fidelity; and if French opera has had a showing less conspicuous at the Metropolitan Opera House than its place in the world of art should have given it, the causes long antedate the war and operated before the war began. The complaint is an old one. Nor has there been, so far as the public has been allowed to know, friction between artists of the warring nationalities, who are represented in the roster of the Opera House.

Mr. Damrosch at the very beginning of the season made it plain how such friction was to be avoided among the different nationalities in his orchestra, and its members have apparently found something more profitable to do than to quarrel about the war at 3,000 miles' distance. His programs for the season have shown a complete independence of any warlike feelings. So have the programs of the Philharmonic Society arranged by Mr. Stransky; so have those of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Muck. Not even the most sensitive and suspicious could find a trace of musical chauvinism in the arrangement of any of these programs. One or two unwise and overzealous vocalists may have taken occasion in public performance to emphasize some striking line or sentiment that seemed to them to liberate something of their own patriotic or sympathetic feelings. Not much of a "rise" was to be obtained from their public thereby, and they scarcely did more than injure the artistic symmetry of their own work.

All this is as it should be; and it is one of the advantages of the American position that American music lovers have been enabled to have their tastes gratified with as much catholicity as ever before, during the season just closed. The public in various European capitals which has demanded or suffered a limitation of the programs presented, in accordance with composers' nationalities, to suit the various angry passions roused inevitably by war, have had the worst of it.

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From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date R 191

Establi

PROGRAMME FOR BOSTON SYMPHONY FINAL CONCERT

Miss Florence Hinkle, Soprano, to be Soloist This Evening.

The sixth and final concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Karl Muck, will be given in Infantry Hall this evening at 8:15 o'clock. Miss Florence Hinkle, the American soprano, will be the soloist.

The programme is light and melodious and appropriate to the season. Beethoven's "Little Symphony in F" shows the composer in a really genial mood. Bach's suite for flute and string orchestra and Goldmark's Oriental "Sakuntala" will be other orchestral numbers on the programme.

The order of numbers on the programme follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8, in F-major: Mozart, aria, "Vio Che Sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," Miss Florence Hinkle; Bach, suite in B-minor for flute and string orchestra, Andre Marquarre, solo flute; Bruch, "Ave Maria," from the cantata, "The Cross of Fire;" Goldmark, overture, "Sakuntala," Miss Florence Hinkle.

From Examiner
Address San Francisco. Cal.
Date APR - 4 1915

Establis

BY REDFERN MASON.

IN Boston the sale of seats for the concerts of the Boston Symphony is a social event. Not a seat of the whole series is left unsold and the rivalry of the social elect in the competition for places is keen. San Francisco will be able to show whether its interest in the first orchestral organization in the world is as great as the occasion demands it should be. The best that Europe has to give has been drawn upon to build up this magnificent orchestra; men like Gericke, Fiedler, Henschel and Karl Muck have devoted their energy and genius to welding the tonal body into a homogeneous whole. And a Boston banker, Henry Lee Higginson, has footed the bill. If it had been necessary to make the Boston Symphony a paying investment in the financial sense of the word, America would lack the brightest jewel in its musical crown.

The men of the Boston Symphony devote their lives solely to its service; they are well paid; an endowment secures them a pension; they rehearse every day; their ideal is perfection, and exacting judges say they as nearly approximate to its realization as anything human can do.

I am in hopes that the coming of the Boston Symphony will beget in the hearts of our music lovers such a spirit of divine discontent as will lead to the placing of the San Francisco Symphony on a more satisfactory basis. We must have daily rehearsals; the weak spots in the ranks must be remedied, and the players must be paid well enough to devote all their time to symphonic work. To do this means the spending of much more money; but the credit of San Francisco as a musical center is involved in the future of the Symphony Orchestra.

The sale of seats for the concerts of the Boston Symphony will open to-morrow morning at 343 Powell street, St. Francis Hotel. The prices for the whole series of twelve concerts range from $7 to $25, according to location. Mail orders will be received and filled as near the desired location as possible, and all checks, money orders and communications should be addressed to W. H. Leahy, manager, 343 Powell street, San Francisco.

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date APR 191

Estab

Big Seat Sale for Boston Orchestra

Interest is keen in the coming series of concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, unquestionably the greatest organization of the kind in the world, and when the subscription sale of seats for the twelve concerts began at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street, this morning, there was a long line of music lovers in attendance.

Impressario W. H. Leahy, who is in charge of the concerts, which will begin at Festival Hall Friday evening, May 14, expressed himself as delighted with the [illegible] cessful season

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

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The pleasing announcement is made that there will be six concerts again next season and the dates have been fixed for the following Tuesday evenings: Oct. 19, Nov. 23, Dec. 28, Feb. 8, March 7, April 11.

Dr. Muck will, of course, again be at his post as conductor of the orchestra.

The management of the orchestra has been successful in engaging for this series of concerts as soloists, six artists of extraordinary high quality. The list is headed by Madame Melba, who will be the soloist at the first concert, Oct. 19. Madame Melba is coming to America in September for an extended concert tour under the management of C. A. Ellis of Boston. As a part of her tour, she will make a limited number of appearances in Boston and the larger cities with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the first of these appearances will be in Providence. One other singer appears on the list—this is the ever-popular American contralto, Madame Louise Homer. Madame Homer has long been a favorite here in Providence, and her name strengthens the list greatly.

For pianists, the orchestra offers Mr. Ernest Schelling and Miss Laeta Hartley. Both of these pianists are Americans. Mr. Schelling has the added renown of having been a pupil of the great Paderewski. He has long been recognized as a pianist of highest quality. Miss Hartley is one of the younger pianists who had a most suc-

The other two soloists will be drawn from the ranks of the orchestra. Providence will have its first hearing of both of them. One is Sylvain Noack, the second concert master of the orchestra, and the other is Josef Malkin who shares the first desk of the 'cellos with Mr. Heinrich Warnke. Mr. Noack is in every sense of the word a great artist, and his annual appearances in Boston are always looked forward to greatly by the patrons of the orchestra there. Mr. Malkin joined the orchestra last fall. He had long been regarded as one of the great 'cello virtuosos of Europe, and only an organization like the Boston Symphony Orchestra could get such a man in its membership.

To-day the subscribers of this year's series of concerts received notices informing them that to retain their seats, they must notify the Boston office of the orchestra on or before June 1.

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, coming to Jewel City, and Mme.

BOSTON SYMPHONY DUE HERE IN MAY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is coming to San Francisco in May and will give a series of concerts in Festival Hall at Jewel City. This organization of 100 instrumentalists stands at the head of symphonic orchestras and during the thirty-three years of its existence it has never reached a higher pinnacle of perfection than under the leadership of Dr. Karl Muck, who first conducted the orchestra in 1906.

The coming of the orchestra is an extraordinary event, the organization coming direct from Boston in a special train and returning to its home city immediately after the final concert here. The sale of seats for the series of twelve concerts began this morning at 343 Powell street, with a demand that indicates great interest in the season.

Mme. Julia Culp, the great lieder singer, will give the first of a series of three concerts at the Columbia Theater beginning Sunday afternoon, April 11.

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date APR 18 1915

A Neutral Season of Music—New York Served Impartially by Its Artistic Purveyors.

MUSIC in New York has observed strict neutrality in the musical season now drawing to a close. The programs here have contained about the same proportion of music by Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Frenchmen, Belgians, Russians, Englishmen, and English colonists, and by the composers of neutral countries, as they did before the first of August, 1914. And if the number of English compositions given this Winter has been small, it is not smalle than the average of their number in years before war was thought of the cause is not to be sought in the war. No doubt there is plenty of very positive feeling on the part of conductors, managers, singers, instrumental soloists, and orchestral players in regard to the war and the merits and demerits of the respective combatants. It would be strange, considering the origin of most of them, if there were not. But so far as has appeared on the face of things, there has been no disturbance, mental or physical, caused by undue expression of these feelings, and there has been no trace of chauvinism in the programs of any of the organizations or the private individuals who have contributed to the music of the season. New York can properly say, and so can the other musical cities of the United States, that art for her as a neutral, officially, knows no nationality, no prejudices, no bitterness of feeling, and that such things enter not at all into the estimate and appreciation of music. Music has indeed been called not infrequently and importunately to contribute to the aid of almost every sort of person, every nationality in Europe that is suffering from the war, and has responded liberally, unstintedly—and impartially.

It is perhaps not unnatural that nations in the throes of a life-and-death struggle should have their passions so wrought upon, and that individuals should be so set on edge that it should seem disloyalty, even treason, to perform or to listen to the work of an "enemy." We, at this distance, and at this time, are not called upon to judge whether, if it is comprehensible that a living composer's music should be barred out because he is an "enemy," a dead one, who can have had no part in the war and lives only in his works, should be treated to the same process of exclusion. If Saint-Saëns is not now wanted in Berlin concert halls, is Bizet logically to be considered anathema in the opera house? Still harder is it to find a good reason to denounce and proscribe the classical composers of any nation, however hated; the Olympians, untroubled by the affairs of men. As a matter of fact, it has not been possible to do it with a good grace or any grace at all. Any nation that tried to be "musical" without the help of the Germans would soon find itself in embarrassment.

It seems likewise rather foolish, at this distance, for the German societies and associations to expel from their membership all French and Belgian and English musicians whom aforetime they had elected, and for the French or the English to reciprocate in kind and in bitterness. Membership, it would seem, might have been allowed to be neglected or forgotten till the war was over, when perhaps a different feeling will some time arise. Foolish things have been said and written, but there are, after all, more foolish things in war than talking and writing. Our interests are not engaged in a manner that makes it possible to enter fully into the feelings that have controlled in this matter.

New Yorkers have fortunately been able to listen to all music without an "arrière pensée"; music has spoken for itself. Italian opera, German opera, French opera, Russian opera, have been given with equal scrupulousness and fidelity; and if French opera has had a showing less conspicuous at the Metropolitan Opera House than its place in the world of art should have given it, the causes long antedate the war and operated before the war began. The complaint is an old one. Nor has there been, so far as the public has been allowed to know, friction between artists of the warring nationalities, who are represented in the roster of the Opera House.

Mr. Damrosch at the very beginning of the season made it plain how such friction was to be avoided among the different nationalities in his orchestra, and its members have apparently found something more profitable to do than to quarrel about the war at 3,000 miles' distance. His programs for the season have shown a complete independence of any warlike feelings. So have the programs of the Philharmonic Society arranged by Mr. Stransky; so have those of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Muck. Not even the most sensitive and suspicious could find a trace of musical chauvinism in the arrangement of any of these programs. One or two unwise and overzealous vocalists may have taken occasion in public performance to emphasize some striking line or sentiment that seemed to them to liberate something of their own patriotic or sympathetic feelings. Not much of a "rise" was to be obtained from their public thereby, and they scarcely did more than injure the artistic symmetry of their own work.

All this is as it should be; and it is one of the advantages of the American position that American music lovers have been enabled to have their tastes gratified with as much catholicity as ever before, during the season just closed. The public in various European capitals which has demanded or suffered a limitation of the programs presented, in accordance with composers' nationalities, to suit the various angry passions roused inevitably by war, have had the worst of it.

* *

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

PROGRAMME FOR BOSTON SYMPHONY FINAL CONCERT

Miss Florence Hinkle, Soprano, to be Soloist This Evening.

The sixth and final concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Karl Muck, will be given in Infantry Hall this evening at 8:15 o'clock. Miss Florence Hinkle, the American soprano, will be the soloist.

The programme is light and melodious and appropriate to the season. Beethoven's "Little Symphony in F" shows the composer in a really genial mood. Bach's suite for flute and string orchestra and Goldmark's Oriental "Sakuntala" will be other orchestral numbers on the programme.

The order of numbers on the programme follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8, in F-major; Mozart, aria, "Vio Che Sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," Miss Florence Hinkle; Bach, suite in B-minor for flute and string orchestra, Andre Marquarre, solo flute; Bruch, "Ave Maria," from the cantata, "The Cross of Fire;" Goldmark, overture, "Sakuntala," Miss Florence Hinkle.

From Examiner
Address San Francisco Cal
Date APR

BY REDFERN MASON.

IN Boston the sale of seats for the concerts of the Boston Symphony is a social event. Not a seat of the whole series is left unsold and the rivalry of the social elect in the competition for places is keen. San Francisco will be able to show whether its interest in the first orchestral organization in the world is as great as the occasion demands it should be. The best that Europe has to give has been drawn upon to build up this magnificent orchestra; men like Gericke, Fiedler, Henschel and Karl Muck have devoted their energy and genius to welding the tonal body into a homogeneous whole. And a Boston banker, Henry Lee Higginson, has footed the bill. If it had been necessary to make the Boston Symphony a paying investment in the financial sense of the word, America would lack the brightest jewel in its musical crown.

The men of the Boston Symphony devote their lives solely to its service; they are well paid; an endowment secures them a pension; they rehearse every day; their ideal is perfection, and exacting judges say they as nearly approximate to its realization as anything human can do.

I am in hopes that the coming of the Boston Symphony will beget in the hearts of our music lovers such a spirit of divine discontent as will lead to the placing of the San Francisco Symphony on a more satisfactory basis. We must have daily rehearsals; the weak spots in the ranks must be remedied, and the players must be paid well enough to devote all their time to symphonic work. To do this means the spending of much more money; but the credit of San Francisco as a musical center is involved in the future of the Symphony Orchestra.

The sale of seats for the concerts of the Boston Symphony will open to-morrow morning at 343 Powell street, St. Francis Hotel. The prices for the whole series of twelve concerts range from $7 to $25, according to location. Mail orders will be received and filled as near the desired location as possible, and all checks, money orders and communications should be addressed to W. H. Leahy, manager, 343 Powell street, San Francisco.

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date APR

Big Seat Sale for Boston Orchestra

Interest is keen in the coming series of concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, unquestionably the greatest organization of the kind in the world, and when the subscription sale of seats for the twelve concerts began at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street, this morning, there was a long line of music lovers in attendance.

Impressario W. H. Leahy, who is in charge of the concerts, which will begin at Festival Hall Friday evening, May 14, expressed himself as delighted with the [illegible] cessful season.

From BULLETIN

Address …ce, R. I.

Date

PROGRAMME FOR BOSTON SYMPHONY FINAL CONCERT

Miss Florence Hinkle, Soprano, to be Soloist This Evening.

The sixth and final concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Karl Muck, will be given in Infantry Hall this evening at 8:15 o'clock. Miss Florence Hinkle, the American soprano, will be the soloist.

The programme is light and melodious and appropriate to the season. Beethoven's "Little Symphony in F" shows the composer in a really genial mood. Bach's suite for flute and string orchestra and Goldmark's Oriental "Sakuntala" will be other orchestral numbers on the programme.

The order of numbers on the programme follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8, in F-major; Mozart, aria, "Vio Che Sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," Miss Florence Hinkle; Bach, suite in B-minor for flute and string orchestra, Andre Marquarre, solo flute; Bruch, "Ave Maria," from the cantata, "The Cross of Fire;" Goldmark, overture, "Sakuntala," Miss Florence Hinkle.

…, 1884

From TRIBUNE

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The final concert of the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in Infantry Hall this evening at 8:15. Miss Florence Hinkle, the American soprano, will be the soloist. The programme is as follows:

Beethoven, Symphony No. 8, in F-Major; Mozart, aria, "Voi che sapete" from "The Marriage of Figaro"; Bach, Suite in B-Minor for flute and string orchestra, Andre Maquarre, solo flute; Bruch, "Ave Maria," from the cantata, "The Cross of Fire"; Goldmark, overture, "Sakuntala," Miss Florence Hinkle.

1884

From NEWS

Address Providence, R. I.

Date

Miss Florence Hinkle, the American soprano, who won such favor with the Symphony orchestra here last year, will be soloist at the final concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry hall Tuesday evening, April 13. She will sing the "Ave Maria" from Max Bruch's cantata, "The Cross of Fire," and Cherubino's aria, "Voi che sapete" from Mozart's "the Marriage of Figaro." The rest of the program is to be announced.

Estab

From TRIBUNE

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date APR 1915

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The last concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is scheduled for next Tuesday evening in Infantry Hall. As already announced, the soloist will be Florence Hinkle, who now by common consent, seems to rank as the foremost American who has devoted herself entirely to concert work.

Miss Hinkle appeared here with such success with the orchestra a year ago that she was engaged for this season. She has sung already a number of times with the orchestra, including appearances at the regular series of concerts in Boston where she sang the same pieces she will sing in Providence, Cherubini's aria "Voi che sapete" from "The Marriage of Figaro," and the "Ave Maria" from Max Bruch's cantata, "The Cross of Fire." The symphony will be the ever delightful Eighth by Beethoven.

The sale of tickets opens at Seddon's newstand, Butler Exchange, Saturday morning.

Est… 84

From EVENING TELEGRAM

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date APR

for this production.

A varied program of songs and piano solos has been arranged for the joint recital of Celine Verkerk, soprano, and Miss Louise Hopkins, pianist, which will be held at the Little Theatre Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Miss Hopkins, who is a Philadelphian, is remembered here as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and has also scored a success abroad and has been studying in Germany under Breithaupt since last she was heard here. Mme. Verkerk makes her debut here, having already sung in New York, where the beauty of her voice and her clear enunciation have been commended.

1884

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From NEWS

Address …ce, R. I.

Date

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Beethoven's bright and joyous Eighth symphony, Bach's quaint old world suite for flute and string orchestra and Goldmark's glowingly Oriental "Sakuntala" Overture will be the orchestral numbers on the program of the sixth and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry hall next Tuesday evening, April 13.

The program is light and melodious and appropriate to the season. Beethoven's "little symphony in F," one of the indubitable masterpieces of all times, shows the composer in a really genial, even playful mood, and is filled with the joy of living.

Bach's Suite for flute and strings, in which the solo part will be played by Mr. Andre Maquarre, the admirable flutist of the orchestra, is full of old world charm in melody and rhythm, while Goldmark's "Sakuntala" Overture is gorgeously Oriental in its color and feeling.

As already announced, the soloist will be Miss Florence Hinkle, that most delightful American singer who was soloist with the orchestra here with such success a year ago. She will sing twice. Her first number will be Cherubino's Canzona "Voi che sapete" from "The Marriage of Figaro," and her second will be the "Ave Maria" from Max Bruch's cantata, "The Cross of Fire," which is founded on an episode of Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake."

The program in its proper order is as follows:

Beethoven — Symphony No. 8, in F-Major.

Mozart—Aria, "Voi che sapate" from "The Marriage of Figaro."

Bach—Suite in B-Minor for Flute and String Orchestra.

Mr. Andre Maquarre, Solo Flute.

Bruch—"Ave Maria," from the cantata, "The Cross of Fire."

G…k—Overture, "Sakuntala."

…nce Hinkle.

Est

From BULLETIN

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 10 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The programs that Dr. Carl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has arranged for the twelve concerts at the Exposition from May 12 to 26, are on a par with the reputation of the orchestra itself. This is considered the finest symphony organization in the world It is fitting, therefore, that it should play the finest music in the world. And that is exactly what it is going to do.

The following programs tell the tale:

NO. 1.

Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, Op. 55, "Eroica" ....Beethoven

Variations on a Theme by Josef Haydn, Op. 56a ....Brahms

"Don Juan," Tone Poem (after Lenau), Op. 20 ....Richard Strauss

Overture to the opera "Euryanthe"..........Weber

NO. 2.

Overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage," Op. 27 ....Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Symphony No. 6, in G major, "Surprise"..Haydn

Suite No. 2, in E minor, "Indian," Op 48.. ....MacDowell

"Hungaria," symphonic poem, No. 9..........Liszt

NO. 3 (FRENCH PROGRAM).

Symphony in D minor..........Cesar Franck

"L' Apprenti Sorcier" (The Sorcerer's Apprentice), scherzo (after ballad of Goethe) ....Dukas

Suite, "L' Arlesienne," No. 1, Music to Alphonse Daudet's play ....Bizet

Rhapsody for orchestra, "Espana"..........Chabrier

NO. 4.

Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68.....Brahms

Suite for flute and strings in B minor, No. 2 ....J. S. Bach

(Solo flute, Mr. Andre Maquarre.)

Symphony (shepherds' music), from the Christmas Oratorio ....J. S Bach

Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84..Beethoven

NO. 5 (WAGNER PROGRAM).

Overture to "Rianzi."

Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

Introduction and bacchanale from "Tannhauser," Act 1 (Paris version).

Prelude to "Lohengrin."

Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde."

Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods."

Prelude to "Parsifal."

NO. 6.

Overture to the opera "Der Freischutz".....Weber

Symphony No. 8, in F major, Op. 93....Beethoven

Symphonic sketches: Suite for Orchestra..Chadwick

"Karelia," overture for full orchestra; "The Swan of Tuonela," legend from the Finnish folk epic, "Kalevala"; "Finlandia," symphonic poem for orchestra, Op. 26, No 7 ....Sibelius

Symphonic poem, No. 3, "Les Preludes" (after Lamartine) ....Liszt

Tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," Op. 24 ....Richard Strauss

Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" .... Wagner

NO. 8 (ITALIAN PROGRAM).

Symphony No. 1, in D major, Op. 16—Sgambati

Overture to the opera "Anacreon".......Cherubini

Intermezzi Goldoniani, Op 127..........Bossi

Overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chiozzote," Op. 32 (The Squabbles of the People of Chiozza) ....Sinigaglia

NO. 9.

Symphony No. 2, in G minor (K. 550)......Mozart

Concerto in D minor for two violins and orchestra of strings ....J. S. Bach

(Solo violins, Messrs. Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack.)

Overture to "Sakuntala," Op. 13........Goldmark

"A Siegfried Idyl" ....Weber

Overture, "Carnival," Op. 92..........Dvorak

NO. 10 (FRENCH PROGRAM).

Symphony No. 3, for orchestra and organ, Op. 78 ....Saint-Saens

Prelude to Stephane Mallarme's Eclogue, "The Afternoon of a Faun"..........Debussy

Three pieces from "The Damnation of Faust," Op. 24 ....Berlbaz

Overture to the opera "Gwendoline".....Chabrier

NO. 11

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74 ....Tschaikowsky

Overture Solonelle, Op. 73..........Glazounoff

On the Steppes of Central Asia, orchestral sketch, Op. 7 ....Borodin

Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34.......... Rimsky-Korsakoff

NO. 12.

Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Op. 39.....Sibelius

Tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" (freely after Friedrich Nietsche), Op. 30.......... ....Richard Strauss

Overture, "Leonora," No. 3, Op. 72....Beethoven

Establis

From BULLETIN

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date

Established: 1

THE announcement that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is coming to San Francisco in May and will give a series of concerts at Festival Hall has created intense interest among music lovers of California and that it will be greeted by a succession of crowded houses seems a foregone conclusion. This organization of one hundred instrumentalists, the pick of the profession, stands at the very head of symphonic orchestras, and during the thirty-three years of its experience it has never reached a higher pinnacle of perfection than under the present leader, Dr. Karl Muck.

The sale of seats for the series of twelve concerts will begin Monday morning at 343 Powell street, and at the St. Francis Hotel, with prices ranging from $7 to $25, according to location.

From JOURNAL

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date

Establi

BOSTON SYMPHONY'S 34TH SEASON ENDS

Sixth Concert of Series Has Gay Programme.

FLORENCE HINKLE SOLOIST

Beethoven's Eighth Symphony Given Under Leadership of Dr. Muck. Programme, Aptly Chosen for Spring Season, Heartily Approved by Critical Audience.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra brought its 34th season of concerts in this city to a close last evening in Infantry Hall with its sixth and last concert of the present series, at which the soloist was Miss Florence Hinkle, who was also the soloist at the last concert last year.

The programmme was singularly gay and lively for one of its length, and aptly chosen for the spring season; and from the first bright notes of the symphony to the close of the overture, seemed to meet with favor from the audience, which though smaller in size, … thusiastic as at earlier conce… season.

In the order of its perform… programmme was as follows:

Beethoven.....Symphony No. 8, F-m…
- I. Allegro vivace e con brio.
- II. Allegretto scherzando.
- III. Tempo di menuetto.
- IV. Allegro vivace.

Mozart..........Aria, "Voi che sa… ...."Le Nozze…

Bach..Suite No. 2, in B-minor, fo… ....

(Hans von Buelow's Arrange…
- I. Overture: Largo; Allegro.
- II. Rondo: Allegretto espressivo…
- III. Sarabande: Andante.
- IV. Bourree I. and Bourree II.: A…
- V. Polonaise with Double: Mod…
- VI. Minuet.
- VII. Badinerie: Presto.

Solo Flute, Mr. Andre Mac…

Bruch.."Ave Maria," from "The Cro… ....A Dramatic Cant…

Goldmark......Overture to "Sakuntala," Op. 13

Of the nine symphonies of Beethoven the last two have been less often heard here than those which antedate them, and the eighth, given last evening, although performed here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra but a little over two years ago, had previously hardly been recorded among such productions.

Written by Beethoven at a sad period of his life, when out of health and embroiled in a family quarrel, the eighth symphony gives no hint of anything depressing, but is cheerful, bright and apparently full of humor. The composer's ability to rise above distressing details, which was shown in his serene fourth symphony, is again manifested in the eighth, which was given last evening in all its beauty under the skilful leadership of Dr. Muck. Gayly the first movement began and pursued its way like the jocular companionship of kindred spirits, to which was contrasted the more delicate second movement, which was played to perfection, as the wind instruments "ticked" a background for the delicate tracery of the strings.

With these the "tempo di Menuetto" taken at an ordinary pace, embellished by the beautiful "dialogue" for clarinet and horns, and the final loud and lively movement, combined to show again the skill in composition, and the wonderful working out of themes which have made these symphonies immortal. Beethoven called this symphony the "little" symphony, but in its way it is as impressive and as perfect as those which are more majestic and better known. In the hands of such performers as the Boston orchestra, directed by a master mind, it was a performance worthy of attention.

The Bach suite for flute and strings, the second orchestral number, with its old-time dance measures of various forms, was an agreeable continuation of the motive of cheer, admirably played by soloist and such of the orchestra as played the "sinfu', wee fiddles" or their deeper-toned brethren. Mr. Maquarre evolved from his instrument a beautiful tone, remarkably sustained, dominated by an intelligence and taste that made his performance an addition of unique quality to the list of the solos already contributed by members of the orchestra from time to time. In its rhythms the music had a flavor of the past, but in its interpretation it was of the sort that made it a welcome addition to a modern programme.

The last number on the programme, the Goldmark overture to "Sakuntala," was that which established the fame of the composer, who lived to see the opening of this year. It was played with a spirit that made it a fitting finale to a season of concerts that has maintained the standard of the orchestra.

Of the work of Miss Hinkle, one can speak only with praise, the purity of her voice; the beauty of its tone, the sincerity of her method have all been manifested at her previous appearances here; and the friends she made at the two concerts of the University Glee Club, at which she sang before singing with the Symphony Orchestra last year, as well as on that occasion, welcomed her back last evening, recalling her again and again after each appearance.

The Canzona was given with much charm, and the more serious "Ave Maria" with the depth of feeling it commanded.

While it is a matter of regret that the season has come to an end, it is with satisfaction that the announcement is made of six concerts to be given next season if all goes well. According to established custom they will be given on Tuesday evenings for which the dates have been set at Oct. 19, Nov. 23, Dec. 28, Feb. 8, March 7 and April 11. A. W. C.

MME. MELBA HEADS LIST OF BOSTON SYMPHONY SOLOISTS

Six Concerts Already Arranged for Next Season in Providence.

Mme. Melba will be the soloist at the first of the six concerts already arranged to be given in Providence by the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season, under the direction of Dr. Carl Muck. The concerts, as in recent years, will be given on Tuesday evenings and the following dates have been selected: Oct. 19, Nov. 23, Dec. 28, 1915; Feb. 8, March 7 and April 11, 1916.

As soloists, the management has been successful in engaging for this series of concerts artists of extraordinary high quality. In addition to Mme. Melba, who will sing on Oct. 19, prior to starting an extensive tour of America under the direction of C. A. Ellis of Boston, the American contralto, Mme. Louise Homer, who has long been a favorite in this city, has been secured.

For pianists, the orchestra offers Ernest Schelling and Miss Laeta Hartley, both Americans. Mr. Schelling, a pupil of the great Paderewski, has long been recognized as a pianist of highest quality. Miss Hartley is one of the younger pianists who had successful debuts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra last season.

The other two soloists will be drawn from the ranks of the orchestra and Providence concert lovers will have the first opportunity of hearing them. One is Sylvain Noack, the second concert master of the orchestra, and the other is Josef Malkin, who shares the 'cello honors with Heinrich Warnke. Mr. Malkin joined the orchestra last fall. He has long been regarded as one of the great 'cello virtuosos of Europe.

To-day the subscribers of this year's series of concerts will receive notices, informing them that to retain their seats they must notify the Boston office of the orchestra on or before June 1.

From BULLETIN

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 15 1915

Established

BOSTON SYMPHONY TO BE WELCOMED

Much interest is centering on the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will begin a series of twelve concerts in Festival Hall, Friday evening, May 14.

This great organization, the finest of the kind in the world, was founded in 1881 by Henry L. Higginson of Boston, the orchestra then consisting of sixty musicians with the composer, Georg Henschel, as leader. He was succeeded three years later by Wilhelm Gericke of Vienna. After five years under Gericke, during which time the orchestra increased to one hundred musicians and became world famous, the great Arthur Nikisch came from Leipsic and conducted it for five years, giving way to Emil Paur, also from Leipsic.

Then Gericke came back for eight years, and, on his retirement, the orchestra had the good fortune to secure for two years the services of Dr. Karl Muck, general music director for the Royal Theater of the Kingdom of Prussia.

Dr. Muck is one of the most interesting personalities in the world of music and a conductor of genius. The orchestra, fine as it was before, has reached a height of achievement greater than ever under him, and has attained a popularity that is unique. In a regular season in Boston, it gives 110 concerts. Last season every seat was sold for every concert.

The subscription sale for the twelve concerts, eight of which will take place at night, is progressing at 343 Powell street with a very large demand. Mail orders, accompanied by funds, addressed to W. H. Leahy, will receive prompt attention and seats will be allotted as near to the location desired as is possible.

From BULLETIN
Address ...ence, R. I.
Date

PROGRAMME FOR BOSTON SYMPHONY FINAL CONCERT

Miss Florence Hinkle, Soprano, to be Soloist This Evening.

The sixth and final concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Karl Muck, will be given in Infantry Hall this evening at 8:15 o'clock. Miss Florence Hinkle, the American soprano, will be the soloist.

The programme is light and melodious and appropriate to the season. Beethoven's "Little Symphony in F" shows the composer in a really genial mood. Bach's suite for flute and string orchestra and Goldmark's Oriental "Sakuntala" will be other orchestral numbers on the programme.

The order of numbers on the programme follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8, in F-major; Mozart, aria, "Vio Che Sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," Miss Florence Hinkle; Bach, suite in B-minor for flute and string orchestra, Andre Marquarre, solo flute; Bruch, "Ave Maria," from the cantata, "The Cross of Fire;" Goldmark, overture, "Sakuntala," Miss Florence Hinkle.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The final concert of the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in Infantry Hall this evening at 8:15. Miss Florence Hinkle, the American soprano, will be the soloist. The programme is as follows:

Beethoven, Symphony No. 8, in F-Major; Mozart, aria, "Voi che sapete" from "The Marriage of Figaro"; Bach, Suite in B-Minor for flute and string orchestra, Andre Maquarre, solo flute; Bruch, "Ave Maria," from the cantata, "The Cross of Fire"; Goldmark, overture, "Sakuntala," Miss Florence Hinkle.

From NEWS
Address Providence, R. I.
Date

Miss Florence Hinkle, the American soprano, who won such favor with the Symphony orchestra here last year, will be soloist at the final concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry hall Tuesday evening, April 13. She will sing the "Ave Maria" from Max Bruch's cantata, "The Cross of Fire," and Cherubino's aria, "Voi che sapete" from Mozart's "the Marriage of Figaro." The rest of the program is to be announced.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The last concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is scheduled for next Tuesday evening in Infantry Hall. As already announced, the soloist will be Florence Hinkle, who now by common consent, seems to rank as the foremost American who has devoted herself entirely to concert work.

Miss Hinkle appeared here with such success with the orchestra a year ago that she was engaged for this season. She has sung already a number of times with the orchestra, including appearances at the regular series of concerts in Boston where she sang the same pieces she will sing in Providence, Cherubini's aria "Voi che sapete" from "The Marriage of Figaro," and the "Ave Maria" from Max Bruch's cantata, "The Cross of Fire." The symphony will be the ever delightful Eighth by Beethoven. The sale of tickets opens at Seddon's newsstand, Butler Exchange, Saturday morning.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date APR

for this production.

A varied program of songs and piano solos has been arranged for the joint recital of Celine Verkerk, soprano, and Miss Louise Hopkins, pianist, which will be held at the Little Theatre Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Miss Hopkins, who is a Philadelphian, is remembered here as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and has also scored a success abroad and has been studying in Germany under Breithaupt since last she was heard here. Mme. Verkerk makes her debut here, having already sung in New York, where the beauty of her voice and her clear enunciation have been commended.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World
From NEWS
Address ...ence, R. I.
Date

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Beethoven's bright and joyous Eighth symphony, Bach's quaint old world suite for flute and string orchestra and Goldmark's glowingly Oriental "Sakuntala" Overture will be the orchestral numbers on the program of the sixth and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry hall next Tuesday evening, April 13.

The program is light and melodious and appropriate to the season. Beethoven's "little symphony in F," one of the indubitable masterpieces of all times, shows the composer in a really genial, even playful mood, and is filled with the joy of living.

Bach's Suite for flute and strings, in which the solo part will be played by Mr. Andre Maquarre, the admirable flutist of the orchestra, is full of old world charm in melody and rhythm, while Goldmark's "Sakuntala" Overture is gorgeously Oriental in its color and feeling.

As already announced, the soloist will be Miss Florence Hinkle, that most delightful American singer who was soloist with the orchestra here with such success a year ago. She will sing twice. Her first number will be Cherubino's Canzona "Voi che sapete" from "The Marriage of Figaro," and her second will be the "Ave Maria" from Max Bruch's cantata, "The Cross of Fire," which is founded on an episode of Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake."

The program in its proper order is as follows:

Beethoven — Symphony No. 8, in F-Major.
"The Marriage of Figaro."
Mozart—Aria, "Voi che sapate" from
Bach—Suite in B-Minor for Flute and String Orchestra.
Mr. Andre Maquarre, Solo Flute.
Bruch—"Ave Maria," from the cantata, "The Cross of Fire."
Goldmark—Overture, "Sakuntala."
Miss Florence Hinkle.

BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date APR 10 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The programs that Dr. Carl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has arranged for the twelve concerts at the Exposition from May 12 to 26, are on a par with the reputation of the orchestra itself. This is considered the finest symphony organization in the world It is fitting, therefore, that it should play the finest music in the world. And that is exactly what it is going to do.

The following programs tell the tale:

NO. 1.

Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, Op. 55, "Eroica" .... Beethoven
Variations on a Theme by Josef Haydn, Op. 56a .... Brahms
"Don Juan," Tone Poem (after Lenau), Op. 20 .... Richard Strauss
Overture to the opera "Euryanthe" .... Weber

NO. 2.

Overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage," Op. 27 .... Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
Symphony No. 6, in G major, "Surprise" .. Haydn
Suite No. 2, in E minor, "Indian," Op 48 .... MacDowell
"Hungaria," symphonic poem, No. 9 .... Liszt

NO. 3 (FRENCH PROGRAM).

Symphony in D minor .... Cesar Franck
"L' Apprenti Sorcier" (The Sorcerer's Apprentice), scherzo (after ballad of Goethe) .... Dukas
Suite, "L' Arlesienne," No. 1. Music to Alphonse Daudet's play .... Bizet
Rhapsody for orchestra, "Espana" .... Chabrier

NO. 4.

Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68 ..... Brahms
Suite for flute and strings in B minor, No. 2 .... J. S. Bach
(Solo flute, Mr. Andre Maquarre.)
Symphony (shepherds' music), from the Christmas Oratorio .... J. S Bach
Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84 .. Beethoven

NO. 5 (WAGNER PROGRAM).

Overture to "Rianzi."
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."
Introduction and bacchanale from "Tannhauser," Act 1 (Paris version).
Prelude to "Lohengrin."
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."
Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods."
Prelude to "Parsifal."

NO. 6.

Overture to the opera "Der Freischutz" ..... Weber
Symphony No. 8, in F major, Op. 93 .... Beethoven
Symphonic sketches: Suite for Orchestra. Chadwick
"Karelia," overture for full orchestra; "The Swan of Tuonela," legend from the Finnish folk epic, "Kalevala"; "Finlandia," symphonic poem for orchestra, Op. 26, No .... Sibelius

Symphonic poem, No. 3, "Les Preludes" (after Lamartine) .... Liszt
Tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," Op. 24 .... Richard Strauss
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" .... Wagner

NO. 8 (ITALIAN PROGRAM).

Symphony No. 1, in D major, Op. 16—Sgambati
Overture to the opera "Anacreon" .... Cherubini
Intermezzi Goldoniani, Op 127 .... Bossi
Overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chiozzote," Op. 32 (The Squabbles of the People of Chiozza) .... Sinigaglia

NO. 9.

Symphony No. 2, in G minor (K. 550) ...... Mozart
Concerto in D minor for two violins and orchestra of strings .... J. S. Bach
(Solo violins, Messrs. Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack.)
Overture to "Sakuntala," Op. 13 .... Goldmark
"A Siegfried Idyl" .... Weber
Overture, "Carnival," Op. 92 .... Dvorak

NO. 10 (FRENCH PROGRAM).

Symphony No. 3, for orchestra and organ, Op. 78 .... Saint-Saens
Prelude to Stephane Mallarme's Eclogue, "The Afternoon of a Faun" .... Debussy
Three pieces from "The Damnation of Faust," Op. 24 .... Berlbaz
Overture to the opera "Gwendoline" ..... Chabrier

NO. 11

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74 .... Tschaikowsky
Overture Solonelle, Op. 73 .... Glazounoff
On the Steppes of Central Asia, orchestral sketch, Op. 7 .... Borodin
Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34 .... Rimsky-Korsakoff

NO. 12.

Symphony No. 1, in E minor, Op. 39 ..... Sibelius
Tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" (freely after Friedrich Nietsche), Op. 30 .... Richard Strauss
Overture, "Leonora," No. 3, Op. 72 .... Beethoven

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BULLETIN
San Francisco, Cal.

THE announcement that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is coming to San Francisco in May and will give a series of concerts at Festival Hall has created intense interest among music lovers of California and that it will be greeted by a succession of crowded houses seems a foregone conclusion. This organization of one hundred instrumentalists, the pick of the profession, stands at the very head of symphonic orchestras, and during the thirty-three years of its experience it has never reached a higher pinnacle of perfection than under the present leader, Dr. Karl Muck.

The sale of seats for the series of twelve concerts will begin Monday morning at 343 Powell street, and at the St. Francis Hotel, with prices ranging from $7 to $25, according to location.

* * *

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY'S 34TH SEASON ENDS

Sixth Concert of Series Has Gay Programme.

FLORENCE HINKLE SOLOIST

Beethoven's Eighth Symphony Given Under Leadership of Dr. Muck. Programme, Aptly Chosen for Spring Season, Heartily Approved by Critical Audience.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra brought its 34th season of concerts in this city to a close last evening in Infantry Hall with its sixth and last concert of the present series, at which the soloist was Miss Florence Hinkle, who was also the soloist at the last concert last year.

The programmme was singularly gay and lively for one of its length, and aptly chosen for the spring season; and from the first bright notes of the symphony to the close of the overture, seemed to meet with favor from the audience, which though smaller in size, was as enthusiastic as at earlier concerts of the season.

In the order of its performance the programmme was as follows:

Beethoven ..... Symphony No. 8, F-major, Op. 93
I. Allegro vivace e con brio.
II. Allegretto scherzando.
III. Tempo di menuetto.
IV. Allegro vivace.
Mozart .... Aria, "Voi, che sapete," from .... "Le Nozze di Figaro"
Bach .. Suite No. 2, in B-minor, for Flute and .... Strings
(Hans von Buelow's Arrangement.)
I. Overture: Largo; Allegro.
II. Rondo: Allegretto espressivo.
III. Sarabande: Andante.
IV. Bourree I. and Bourree II.: Allegro molto.
V. Polonaise with Double: Moderato.
VI. Minuet.
VII. Badinerie: Presto.
Solo Flute, Mr. Andre Maquarre.
Bruch .. "Ave Maria," from "The Cross of Fire." .... A Dramatic Cantata, Op. 52
Goldmark ...... Overture to "Sakuntala," Op. 13

Of the nine symphonies of Beethoven the last two have been less often heard here than those which antedate them, and the eighth, given last evening, although performed here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra but a little over two years ago, had previously hardly been recorded among such productions.

Written by Beethoven at a sad period of his life, when out of health and embroiled in a family quarrel, the eighth symphony gives no hint of anything depressing, but is cheerful, bright and apparently full of humor. The composer's ability to rise above distressing details, which was shown in his serene fourth symphony, is again manifested in the eighth, which was given last evening in all its beauty under the skilful leadership of Dr. Muck. Gayly the first movement began and pursued its way like the jocular companionship of kindred spirits, to which was contrasted the more delicate second movement, which was played to perfection, as the wind instruments "ticked" a background for the delicate tracery of the strings.

With these the "tempo di Menuetto" taken at an ordinary pace, embellished by the beautiful "dialogue" for clarinet and horns, and the final loud and lively movement, combined to show again the skill in composition, and the wonderful working out of themes which have made these symphonies immortal. Beethoven called this symphony the "little" symphony, but in its way it is as impressive and as perfect as those which are more majestic and better known. In the hands of such performers as the Boston orchestra, directed by a master mind, it was a performance worthy of attention.

The Bach suite for flute and strings, the second orchestral number, with its old-time dance measures of various forms, was an agreeable continuation of the motive of cheer, admirably played by soloist and such of the orchestra as played the "sinfu', wee fiddles" or their deeper-toned brethren. Mr. Maquarre evolved from his instrument a beautiful tone, remarkably sustained, dominated by an intelligence and taste that made his performance an addition of unique quality to the list of the solos already contributed by members of the orchestra from time to time. In its rhythms the music had a flavor of the past, but in its interpretation it was of the sort that made it a welcome addition to a modern programme.

The last number on the programme, the Goldmark overture to "Sakuntala," was that which established the fame of the composer, who lived to see the opening of this year. It was played with a spirit that made it a fitting finale to a season of concerts that has maintained the standard of the orchestra.

Of the work of Miss Hinkle, one can speak only with praise, the purity of her voice; the beauty of its tone, the sincerity of her method have all been manifested at her previous appearances here; and the friends she made at the two concerts of the University Glee Club, at which she sang before singing with the Symphony Orchestra last year, as well as on that occasion, welcomed her back last evening, recalling her again and again after each appearance.

The Canzona was given with much charm, and the more serious "Ave Maria" with the depth of feeling it commanded.

While it is a matter of regret that the season has come to an end, it is with satisfaction that the announcement is made of six concerts to be given next season if all goes well. According to established custom they will be given on Tuesday evenings for which the dates have been set at Oct. 19, Nov. 23, Dec. 28, Feb. 8, March 7 and April 11. A. W. C.

MME. MELBA HEADS LIST OF BOSTON SYMPHONY SOLOISTS

Six Concerts Already Arranged for Next Season in Providence.

Mme. Melba will be the soloist at the first of the six concerts already arranged to be given in Providence by the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season, under the direction of Dr. Carl Muck. The concerts, as in recent years, will be given on Tuesday evenings and the following dates have been selected: Oct. 19, Nov. 23, Dec. 28, 1915; Feb. 8, March 7 and April 11, 1916.

As soloists, the management has been successful in engaging for this series of concerts artists of extraordinary high quality. In addition to Mme. Melba, who will sing on Oct. 19, prior to starting an extensive tour of America under the direction of C. A. Ellis of Boston, the American contralto, Mme. Louise Homer, who has long been a favorite in this city, has been secured.

For pianists, the orchestra offers Ernest Schelling and Miss Laeta Hartley, both Americans. Mr. Schelling, a pupil of the great Paderewski, has long been recognized as a pianist of highest quality. Miss Hartley is one of the younger pianists who had successful debuts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra last season.

The other two soloists will be drawn from the ranks of the orchestra and Providence concert lovers will have the first opportunity of hearing them. One is Sylvain Noack, the second concert master of the orchestra, and the other is Josef Malkin, who shares the 'cello honors with Heinrich Warnke. Mr. Malkin joined the orchestra last fall. He has long been regarded as one of the great 'cello virtuosos of Europe.

To-day the subscribers of this year's series of concerts will receive notices, informing them that to retain their seats they must notify the Boston office of the orchestra on or before June 1.

ETIN
n Francisco, Cal.
APR 15 1915

STON SYMPHONY TO BE WELCOMED

Much interest is centering on the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will begin a series of twelve concerts in Festival Hall, Friday evening, May 14.

This great organization, the finest of the kind in the world, was founded in 1881 by Henry L. Higginson of Boston, the orchestra then consisting of sixty musicians with the composer, Georg Henschel, as leader. He was succeeded three years later by Wilhelm Gericke of Vienna. After five years under Gericke, during which time the orchestra increased to one hundred musicians and became world famous, the great Arthur Nikisch came from Leipsic and conducted it for five years, giving way to Emil Paur, also from Leipsic.

Then Gericke came back for eight years, and, on his retirement, the orchestra had the good fortune to secure for two years the services of Dr. Karl Muck, general music director for the Royal Theater of the Kingdom of Prussia.

Dr. Muck is one of the most interesting personalities in the world of music and a conductor of genius. The orchestra, fine as it was before, has reached a height of achievement greater than ever under him, and has attained a popularity that is unique. In a regular season in Boston, it gives 110 concerts. Last season every seat was sold for every concert.

The subscription sale for the twelve concerts, eight of which will take place at night, is progressing at 343 Powell street with a very large demand. Mail orders, accompanied by funds, addressed to W. H. Leahy, will receive prompt attention and seats will be allotted as near to the location desired as is possible.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date APR 18 1915
Established:

MR. TOSCANINI TO CONDUCT AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT THIS WEEK

The concert of orchestral musi which Mr. Toscanini is to conduct in th Metropolitan Opera House on Frida will challenge the attention of the p: trons of the concerts which have bee given by the *Philharmonic and Syn* phony societies and the Boston Orche tra. The programme is calculated pique a twofold curiosity. What w Mr. Toscanini do with such famili compositions as Brahms's Symphony D, and Beethoven's "Pastoral?" Th music does not give wide latitu in the matter of interpretatio nor does the overture to "Tan häuser." The conductor may be pected to bring out the virtuoso quality of the opera orchestra in Debussy's "La Mer," and in that capital piece of musical grotesquerie, Dukas's "L'Apprenti Sorcier." The latter is the better known work, though the sketches in which Debussy has undertaken to picture the moods of old ocean have also been heard here. Sibelius's "En Saga" is practically a stranger to our concert rooms, though played here five years ago by the Boston Orchestra, but Roger-Ducasse's "Sarbande" is a complete novelty. It is not, as one might surmise from its title, a piece in the form of the old dance which used to hold a place in the suite and the operatic ballets of the 18th century, but a symphonic poem designed to illustrate a fragment taken from an old French chronicle. The passage runs as follows:

"In the morning of the next day the dead princeling was brought to the Abbey of Aisnay. Before passing away he had often requested with sweet amiability: 'Play for me the "Saraband," a dance of Spain which his favorite lutenist played most beautifully. And in his last agony he kept repeating, 'Play the "Saraband" for me.' Whereupon, as is often vouchsafed to the departing, the whole length of the roadway leading to the abbey seemed to resound with the 'Saraband'—viols, hautboys d'amour and flutes mingling its music with the psalms of the priests and clerks, and the frequent lamentations of the good Pope, who wept loudly. And at the same time all the bells rang out and all the church towers droned with the melodious music."

Sibelius's composition is a piece of programme music which the composer has left unprovided with a programme. It is like a song without words. The language of its title suggests that the tale, or story, or legend, which the composer leaves for the listener to construct, is Norse in character; yet Dr. Walter Niemann, who has written with enthusiastic appreciation about Sibelius as the greatest of all bards who have sung of the glories and sorrows of Finland, maintains that the underlying story is that of the Finnish people. In his opinion, "En Saga" is "one of the most magnificent, most heartrending and strongly affecting tone pictures of our time—in which, as one can perceive easily, Sibelius has set forth in tones for posterity the present lot of his people."

In support of this notion it can be urged that Sibelius has placed a distinctively national stamp upon much of his music by making it illustrative of episodes from the Finnish epic "Kalevala." It was thence he drew his "Swan of Tuonela," "Lemminkainen Journeys Homeward," "Pohjola's Daughter," "Kullerwo" and the three pianoforte pieces called "Kyilikki." But Sibelius is, by parentage, as much Swedish as he is Finnish, and his life has been passed under Russian political and artistic influences. His music is basically German, like all Scandinavian music, though it is tinged with the idioms of Swedish folksong and the spirit of Finnish literature. It could not well be different. The Finns have no racial relationship with the peoples of the northern peninsula under whose cultural influence they have lived for centuries. They are Ugrians and cousins german to the Hungarians and Turks. But their art music derives from Germany through Sweden.

"Saga" is not a Finnish word, but a Norse. Its root is the ancient Icelandic *segja*, "to say," which we recognize in the German *sagen*, the old English *secgan*, and which has preserved a meaning for the modern English "a saw." Originally, a *saga* was a tale that was told orally, handed down by word of mouth, as all history all law, all legends were till writin was invented. Its subject matte might be of any character—religiou mythical, historical, romantic, amator or what not; so long as it came direc ly, or remotely from the mouth of th *sagaman* it was a *saga*. This symphon poem resembles the pieces which S belius has written to illustrate stori from the "Kalevala," in that it is not wholly or strictly narrative, though it contains features which suggest the unfolding of a tale. On the whole, however, it seems to be a large mood picture, a delineation of a character of heroic stature under the influence of primordial passions, powers or agencies—such impulses as we naturally associate with life in the dark, damp, cold, misty and mystical Northland. There is much melancholy, much tenderly veiled gloom in the music. We hear it proclaimed in the triste melody sung by the clarinet early in the composition. But there is also an heroic energy in the rhythmical figure which takes possession of it at the climax, in which we hear something like the song of Ragnar Lodbrok: "We smote with swords!" The close, with its exquisitely beautiful clarinet song, accompanied by muted strings and overspread with the faint sheen which arises from the shivering cymbals, not clashed but gently pounded, suggests a pathetic outcome for the story, whatever it be.

H. E. K.

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date
Establ

BOSTON SYMPHONY TO BE HERE MAY 14

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin a series of twelve concerts in Festival Hall at the Exposition Friday evening, May 14. This great organization was founded in 1881 by Henry L. Higginson of Boston, the orchestra consisting of sixty musicians with the famous singer and composer, Georg Henschel, as leader, he being succeeded three years later by Wilhelm Gericke of Vienna. After five years under Gericke, during which time the orchestra of the 100 musicians became world famous, Arthur Nikisch came from Leipzig conducting for five years, giving way to Emil Paur, also from Leipzig, and who directed for a like number of years. Then Gericke came back and for eight years conducted and on his retirement the orchestra had the good fortune to secure for two years the services of Dr. Karl Muck, general music director for the royal theaters of the kingdom of Prussia, who is the present conductor.

Dr. Muck has wrought wonders with the orchestra. Fine as it was before, it has reached a height of achievement greater than ever before in its history.

The subscription sale of seats for the twelve concerts, eight of which will take place at night, is progressing.

Anton Witek, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is coming here.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date APR 11
Estab

SYMPHONIC WORKS WORLD'S EPITOMI

Dr. Muck Will Lead Orchestra Through Twelve Great Programmes in May.

Interest is being shown on every side in the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is considered by all odds the music event of the year. A large number of applicants for tickets, season and otherwise, is an encouraging feature both as an expression of the appreciation of fine music and as a prop to the financial end of the venture, which has been brought under great expense.

Perhaps there is as much interest in Dr. Karl Muck himself as in the organized body of players under his direction, for Muck holds a wonderfu place in the mind and estimation of the world's musical fraternity and has gai

ics. Of him H. T. Parker of Bost says: "Dr. Muck has held and heigh ened the orchestra in its techni range and perfection until there is range of virtuosity, however fleet, acting or subtle, left that it can do. He has schooled it to a sensu beauty of tone that ranges from exquisite finesse to a glowing spl dor. He has taught the orchestra phrase the song of its instruments though they were human voices, w the keenest musical sensibility dir ing them. He has made rhythm second nature and accent as an stinctive impulse. He stands in first rank of the conductors of time and has excelled all his predecessors with the orchestra."

The list of works for the twelve concerts will provide for many preferences and is an example of what breadth may be exercised in a season of this length. Several of these works have been made partially familiar to us during San Francisco's local symphony seasons and many others will be virtually new, and welcome, for hearsay knowledge has had to be sufficient for some of our musical residents. Two days will be devoted to French composers. There will be days for German composers, including an all-Wagner programme, a Russian day and an Italian day, with generous contributions from such other writers as all musical people are interested in.

The first concert will take place on the evening of May 14th, at 8:30 o'clock, in Festival Hall, when Dr. Muck will raise his baton over the Beethoven "Eroica" as the introductory number. Following will be the Brahms "Variations" on a theme by Josef Haydn, the Richard Strauss tone poem, "Don Juan," and Weber's overture to "Euryanthe."

The season will then present the following programme:

Saturday afternoon, May 15, 2:30 o'clock.
Overture, Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage ....Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
"Surprise Symphony" ....Haydn
Indian Suite in E minor....MacDowell
Hungaria, symphonic poem ....Liszt
Sunday afternoon, May 16, 2:30 o'clock; French programme.
Symphony in D minor ....Cesar Franck
L'Apprenti Sorcier ....Dukas
L'Arlesienne, suite ....Bizet
Espana, rhapsody for orchestra....Chabrier
May 17, 8:30 o'clock.
Symphony in C minor ....Brahms
Suite for flute and strings....Bach
Symphony, Shepherd's music from the Christmas Oratorio ....Bach
Overture to Goethe's "Egmont"....Beethoven
May 18th, 8:30 o'clock; Wagner programme.
Overture to "Rienzi."
Overture to "Flying Dutchman."
Introduction and Bacchanale from "Tannhauser" (Paris version).
Prelude to "Lohengrin."
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude to the "Meistersingers."
Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods."
Prelude to "Parsifal."
May 19th, 8:30 o'clock.
Overture to "Der Freischutz"....Weber
Symphony, No. 8, in F major....Beethoven
Symphonic sketches ....Chadwick
"Karelia."
"The Swan of Tuonela."
"Kalevala."
"Finlandia" ....Sibelius
May 20th, 8:30 o'clock.
Symphony, No. 2, in D major....Brahms
Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes"....Liszt
Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration" ....Strauss
Prelude to "The Meistersingers"....Wagner
May 21st, 8:30 o'clock; Italian programme.
Symphony, No. 1, in D major....Sgambati
Overture to "Anacreon" ....Cherubini
Intermezzo Goldoniani ....Bossi
Overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chiozzote" ....Sinigaglia
May 22d, 2:30 o'clock.
Symphony, No. 2, in G minor....Mozart
Concerto in D minor, for two violins and orchestra of strings....Bach
Overture to "Sakuntala" ....Goldmark
"A Siegfried Idyl" ....Wagner
Overture, "Carnival" ....Dvorak
May 23, 2:30 o'clock; French programme.
Symphony, No. 3, in C minor for orchestra and organ ....Saint-Saens
Overture to the opera "Gwendoline"..Chabrier
Three Pieces from "The Damnation of Faust" ....Berlioz
Symphonic Poem, "Viviane" ....Chausson
May 24th, 8:30 o'clock; Russian programme.
Symphony, "Pathetic" ....Tschaikowsky
Overture, "Solenelle" ....Glazounoff
Orchestral sketch, "On the Steppes of Central Asia" ....Borodin
Caprice on Spanish Themes..Rimsky-Korsakoff
May 25th, 8:30 o'clock.
Symphony, No. 1, E minor....Sibelius
Tone Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" ....Strauss
Overture, "Leonora" ....Beethoven

Dr. Karl Muck

From Examiner
Address Francisco, Cal
Date APR 14
Established:

BEST OF MUSIC WITH US SOON

Boston Symphony Orchestra Will Open Season Here on May 14.

BY REDFERN MASON.

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Every taste will be considered. There will be the great Viennese composer, from Mozart to Brahms, for the classicist; Weber and Wagner for the lover of German opera; Cesar Franck, Chabrier and Saint-Saens for those who look for musical salvation to France; Rimsky Korsakworw, Glazounoff and Tschaikowsky for the Muscovite.

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[153]

From **TRIBUNE**
Address: **New York City**
Date APR 18 1915
Established:

MR. TOSCANINI TO CONDUCT AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT THIS WEEK

The concert of orchestral music which Mr. Toscanini is to conduct in the Metropolitan Opera House on Friday will challenge the attention of the patrons of the concerts which have been given by the *Philharmonic* and Symphony societies and the Boston Orchestra. The programme is calculated to pique a twofold curiosity. What will Mr. Toscanini do with such familiar compositions as Brahms's Symphony in D, and Beethoven's "Pastoral?" This music does not give wide latitude in the matter of interpretation; nor does the overture to "Tannhäuser." The conductor may be expected to bring out the virtuoso quality of the opera orchestra in Debussy's "La Mer," and in that capital piece of musical grotesquerie, Dukas's "L'Apprenti Sorcier." The latter is the better known work, though the sketches in which Debussy has undertaken to picture the moods of old ocean have also been heard here. Sibelius's "En Saga" is practically a stranger to our concert rooms, though played here five years ago by the Boston Orchestra, but Roger-Ducasse's "Sarbande" is a complete novelty. It is not, as one might surmise from its title, a piece in the form of the old dance which used to hold a place in the suite and the operatic ballets of the 18th century, but a symphonic poem designed to illustrate a fragment taken from an old French chronicle. The passage runs as follows:

"In the morning of the next day the dead princeling was brought to the Abbey of Aisnay. Before passing away he had often requested with sweet amiability: 'Play for me the "Saraband," a dance of Spain which his favorite lutenist played most beautifully. And in his last agony he kept repeating, 'Play the "Saraband" for me.' Whereupon, as is often vouchsafed to the departing, the whole length of the roadway leading to the abbey seemed to resound with the 'Saraband'—viols, hautboys d'amour and flutes mingling its music with the psalms of the priests and clerks, and the frequent lamentations of the good Pope, who wept loudly. And at the same time all the bells rang out and all the church towers droned with the melodious music."

Sibelius's composition is a piece of programme music which the composer has left unprovided with a programme. It is like a song without words. The language of its title suggests that the tale, or story, or legend, which the composer leaves for the listener to construct, is Norse in character; yet Dr. Walter Niemann, who has written with enthusiastic appreciation about Sibelius as the greatest of all bards who have sung of the glories and sorrows of Finland, maintains that the underlying story is that of the Finnish people. In his opinion, "En Saga" is "one of the most magnificent, most heartrending and strongly affecting tone pictures of our time—in which, as one can perceive easily, Sibelius has set forth in tones for posterity the present lot of his people."

In support of this notion it can be urged that Sibelius has placed a distinctively national stamp upon much of his music by making it illustrative of episodes from the Finnish epic "Kalevala." It was thence he drew his "Swan of Tuonela," "Lemminkainen Journeys Homeward," "Pohjola's Daughter," "Kullerwo" and the three pianoforte pieces called "Kyllikki." But Sibelius is, by parentage, as much Swedish as he is Finnish, and his life has been passed under Russian political and artistic influences. His music is basically German, like all Scandinavian music, though it is tinged with the idioms of Swedish folksong and the spirit of Finnish literature. It could not well be different. The Finns have no racial relationship with the peoples of the northern peninsula under whose cultural influence they have lived for centuries. They are Ugrians and cousins german to the Hungarians and Turks. But their art music derives from Germany through Sweden.

"Saga" is not a Finnish word, but a Norse. Its root is the ancient Icelandic *segja*, "to say," which we recognize in the German *sagen*, the old English *secgan*, and which has preserved a meaning for the modern English "a saw." Originally, a *saga* was a tale that was told orally, handed down by word of mouth, as all history, all law, all legends were till writing was invented. Its subject matter might be of any character—religious, mythical, historical, romantic, amatory or what not; so long as it came directly, or remotely from the mouth of the *sagaman* it was a *saga*. This symphonic poem resembles the pieces which Sibelius has written to illustrate stories from the "Kalevala," in that it is not wholly or strictly narrative, though it contains features which suggest the unfolding of a tale. On the whole, however, it seems to be a large mood picture, a delineation of a character of heroic stature under the influence of primordial passions, powers or agencies—such impulses as we naturally associate with life in the dark, damp, cold, misty and mystical Northland. There is much melancholy, much tenderly veiled gloom in the music. We hear it proclaimed in the triste melody sung by the clarinet early in the composition. But there is also an heroic energy in the rhythmical figure which takes possession of it at the climax, in which we hear something like the song of Ragnar Lodbrok: "We smote with swords!" The close, with its exquisitely beautiful clarinet song, accompanied by muted strings and overspread with the faint sheen which arises from the shivering cymbals, not clashed but gently pounded, suggests a pathetic outcome for the story, whatever it be.

H. E. K.

CALL
s: **San Francisco, Cal.**

BOSTON SYMPHONY TO BE HERE MAY 14

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin a series of twelve concerts in Festival Hall at the Exposition Friday evening, May 14. This great organization was founded in 1881 by Henry L. Higginson of Boston, the orchestra consisting of sixty musicians with the famous singer and composer, Georg Henschel, as leader, he being succeeded three years later by Wilhelm Gericke of Vienna. After five years under Gericke, during which time the orchestra of the 100 musicians became world famous, Arthur Nikisch came from Leipzig conducting for five years, giving way to Emil Paur, also from Leipzig, and who directed for a like number of years. Then Gericke came back and for eight years conducted and on his retirement the orchestra had the good fortune to secure for two years the services of Dr. Karl Muck, general music director for the royal theaters of the kingdom of Prussia, who is the present conductor.

Dr. Muck has wrought wonders with the orchestra. Fine as it was before, it has reached a height of achievement greater than ever before in its history.

The subscription sale of seats for the twelve concerts, eight of which will take place at night, is progressing.

Anton Witek, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is coming here.

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m **CHRONICLE**
'ess: **San Francisco, Cal.**
APR 11

MPHONIC WORKS ORLD'S EPITOME

Dr. Muck Will Lead Orchestra Through Twelve Great Programmes in May.

Interest is being shown on every side in the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is considered by all odds the music event of the year. A large number of applicants for tickets, season and otherwise, is an encouraging feature both as an expression of the appreciation of fine music and as a prop to the financial end of the venture, which has been brought under great expense.

Perhaps there is as much interest in Dr. Karl Muck himself as in the organized body of players under his direction, for Muck holds a wonderful place in the mind and estimation of the world's musical fraternity and has gain

ics. Of him H. T. Parker of Boston says: "Dr. Muck has held and heightened the orchestra in its technical range and perfection until there is no range of virtuosity, however fleet, exacting or subtle, left that it cannot do. He has schooled it to a sensuous beauty of tone that ranges from an exquisite finesse to a glowing splendor. He has taught the orchestra to phrase the song of its instruments as though they were human voices, with the keenest musical sensibility directing them. He has made rhythm as second nature and accent as an instinctive impulse. He stands in the first rank of the conductors of our time and has excelled all his predecessors with the orchestra."

The list of works for the twelve concerts will provide for many preferences and is an example of what breadth may be exercised in a season of this length. Several of these works have been made partially familiar to us during San Francisco's local symphony seasons and many others will be virtually new, and welcome, for hearsay knowledge has had to be sufficient for some of our musical residents. Two days will be devoted to French composers. There will be days for German composers, including an all-Wagner programme, a Russian day and an Italian day, with generous contributions from such other writers as all musical people are interested in.

The first concert will take place on the evening of May 14th, at 8:30 o'clock, in Festival Hall, when Dr. Muck will raise his baton over the Beethoven "Eroica" as the introductory number. Following will be the Brahms "Variations" on a theme by Josef Haydn, the Richard Strauss tone poem, "Don Juan," and Weber's overture to "Euryanthe."

The season will then present the following programme:

Saturday afternoon, May 15, 2:30 o'clock.
Overture, Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage .... Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
"Surprise Symphony" .... Haydn
Indian Suite in E minor........ MacDowell
Hungaria, symphonic poem .... Liszt

Sunday afternoon, May 16, 2:30 o'clock; French programme.
Symphony in D minor .... Cesar Franck
L'Apprenti Sorcier .... Dukas
L'Arlesienne, suite .... Bizet
Espana, rhapsody for orchestra........ Chabrier

May 17, 8:30 o'clock.
Symphony in C minor .... Brahms
Suite for flute and strings........ Bach
Symphony, Shepherd's music from the Christmas Oratorio .... Bach
Overture to Goethe's "Egmont".... Beethoven

May 18th, 8:30 o'clock; Wagner programme.
Overture to "Rienzi."
Overture to "Flying Dutchman."
Introduction and Bacchanale from "Tannhauser" (Paris version).
Prelude to "Lohengrin."
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude to the "Meistersingers."
Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods."
Prelude to "Parsifal."

May 19th, 8:30 o'clock.
Overture to "Der Freischutz"........ Weber
Symphony, No. 8, in F major...... Beethoven
Symphonic sketches .... Chadwick
"Karelia."
"The Swan of Tuonela."
"Kalevala."
"Finlandia" .... Sibelius

May 20th, 8:30 o'clock.
Symphony, No. 2, in D major........ Brahms
Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes"...... Liszt
Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration" .... Strauss
Prelude to "The Meistersingers"...... Wagner

May 21st, 8:30 o'clock; Italian programme.
Symphony, No. 1, in D major....... Sgambati
Overture to "Anacreon" .... Cherubini
Intermezzo Goldoniani .... Bossi
Overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chiozzote" .... Sinigaglia

May 22d, 2:30 o'clock.
Symphony, No. 2, in G minor........ Mozart
Concerto in D minor, for two violins and orchestra of strings........ Bach
Overture to "Sakuntala" .... Goldmark
"A Siegfried Idyl" .... Wagner
Overture, "Carnival" .... Dvorak

May 23, 2:30 o'clock; French programme.
Symphony, No. 3, in C minor for orchestra and organ .... Saint-Saens
Overture to the opera "Gwendoline".. Chabrier
Three Pieces from "The Damnation of Faust" .... Berlioz
Symphonic Poem, "Viviane" ...... Chausson

May 24th, 8:30 o'clock; Russian programme.
Symphony, "Pathetic" .... Tschaikowsky
Overture, "Solenelle" .... Glazounoff
Orchestral sketch, "On the Steppes of Central Asia" .... Borodin
Caprice on Spanish Themes.. Rimsky-Korsakoff

May 25th, 8:30 o'clock.
Symphony, No. 1, E minor........ Sibelius
Tone Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" .... Strauss
Overture, "Leonora" .... Beethoven

Dr. Karl Muck

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amine
Francisco, Cal
APR 14

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[133]

ADVERTISER,

APRIL 24,

ELSON'S REVIEW OF SYMPHONY CONCERT

A FINE PIANIST ON PROGRAMME

MacDowell Orchestral Work Meets Favor—His "Indian Suite" of Merit

By Louis C. Elson

PROGRAMME

MacDowell—"Indian Suite."
Mozart—Concerto in D Minor.
Weber—Concertstueck, for Piano and Orchestra.
Pianist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch.
Debussy—"Afternoon of a Faun."
Nowskowski—"The Steppe."

A programme which did not force one to think too deeply and which was somewhat pictorial in its style. MacDowell's "Indian Suite" claims the merit, if there be any merit in it, of introducing some real Indian themes. We are not at all in sympathy with the efforts to build a national style of music upon the foundation of the musical phrases of the aborigines. When Dvorak or Chadwick brought in the flavor of the Southern plantation in their symphonic music, it was clearly recognizable to every auditor. But we cannot imagine any auditor, even of the most musical nature, being able to absolutely identify what parts of the Indian Suite are aboriginal. That the work sounds beautiful is no especial recommendation for the Indian phrases used, for we may remember the French cook who could make a delicious Ragout out of an old glove saying, "it all lies in the sauce." In such a work as this it all lies in the treatment, which is so entirely civilized that we doubt if any Indian would recognize his suite.

The first number, "Legend," was full of poetic dreaminess and led up to a more powerful climax. The second and fourth movements ("Love song" and "Dirge") were perhaps too much in the same subdued vein, but in the "War-song" Dr. Muck brandished his tomahawk—we should say his baton—vehemently, as if he were going after the scalps of all the ultra-modern composers. The picturesque effect of the braves galloping away was splendidly shaded. The final movement—in the village—seemed to indicate that the redskins take their pleasures either sadly or noisily, but it made a very successful ending to the Suite, which was applauded vociferously until the orchestra was obliged to rise in response.

Comparative Stranger

Debussy's Faun has not nad an afternoon at the Symphony for some time. The last afternoon of this melancholy individual in Boston was in the evening when George Copeland turned him into a piano solo. There is nothing new to be said about the work. It has been given some two dozen times by our Symphony Orchestra and we have become inured to its pensive sadness. It wears better than we thought it would. It is far better than "The Sea," by the same composer. He is more at home in the woods than on the waves. But it is not a case where we pass from the stage of enduring, to that of embracing. We consider the composition a poetic example in a dainty pastoral school. Watteau is not Michael Angelo, and when Debussy decries Schumann and patronizes Wagner we feel doubtful of the composer ever growing more versatile.

Dr. Muck entered heartily into the spirit of the work. It was as if Keats' poetry had been translated into instrumental music. All the daintiness of the work was given with great finesse, and one could only praise the interpretation; but there was one thing that we could not praise. The delicate work was given after the most fiery and theatrical number of the programme,—Weber's very military and ecstatic picture of the Crusader's return—"Concert-piece"—and was made as ineffective as possible by the juxtaposition. One does not serve Arrack punch before Chateau Yquem; one does not read Jack London just before Keats; the poor faun was about crushed with Weber coming before it and Nowskowski directly after. But we are becoming sufficiently interested in this faun to be curious as to how he would behave at 9 a.m. We have had the p.m. pensiveness; let Debussy add the a.m. activity.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch (may we suggest to the reader to accent the "O"?) is evidently a growing artist; one endowed not only with an abundant technique, but with a poetic nature as well. It was exceptional to hear a soloist give two concerted pieces in a single symphony concert, but there was a certain advantage in this case, for the versatility of the pianist was made very evident thereby. A stronger contrast could not be imagined than that between Mozart's concerto and Weber's Concert-piece. The one all conservative, classical, symmetrical, and "Absolute," not "Programme-music," the other theatrical, and giving a picture of a Crusader returning from the wars. The flavor of the footlights is in Weber's music and it demands a totally different style of interpretation from that required by Mozart. Yet let no one imagine that Mozart is an easy matter to play. One can hide a dozen slips and errors in a modern concerto, but every false note would stand out in a Mozart concerto like a flaw in a crystal.

No Such Flaws

There were no such flaws yesterday afternoon, and Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave excellent support in just the proper unforced vein.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch played with limpid purity and, although delicate in most of the work, did not make it effeminate. The cadenzas were very modern and brilliant, yet did not seem to oppose the concerto in [illegible] these old masters (especially Mozart and Haydn) seem to have faded most, but even here there was a brilliant episode in the centre which saved the movement from monotony. There was great applause after each movement, an ovation at the end.

But the real triumph was made in Weber's Concert-piece. This is not often heard nowadays. It is ten years since poor Reisenauer played it in Boston. Gabrilowitsch gave it with tremendous effect, working up to a climax that was full of bravura. The whole story was easily understood, and at the end the audience went fairly wild with enthusiasm. Well, Mr. Gabrilowitsch thoroughly deserved it, but all the same we think it a bad precedent to allow an instrumentalist to give two long numbers on a single symphony programme.

Then came "The Steppe"; our fair readers will at once ask was it a two-steppe or a one-steppe? As much of it was chromatic we should say it was chiefly half-steppe. Although Nowskowski is Polish, he has steeped himself in the glorious Russian melodies, and they were here in full force,—the Cossack dances, the Muscovite songs of triumph, the barbaric splendor of military marches. Russia has such a wealth of noble song that she will probably remain melodic for generations to come, while Germany is becoming merely modulatory.

The reading of the work was superb and many remained to applaud instead of rushing for the corridors. The concert was a trifle extended, but it is a long journey from the American prairies to the Russian Steppes.

BOSTON GLOBE—

APRIL 24,

NOTABLE CONCERT.

Symphony Rehearsal One of True Inspiration.

Dr Muck and Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Soloist, Vie in Their Art.

The 22d Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon will be remembered as a brilliant occasion in the waning season. The program was unusual. A soloist who stands alone as a pianist of musicianship of intelligence and of poetic perceptions, was present in Mr Gabrilowitsch. Dr Muck and the orchestra, always the makers of artistic musical standards for the community, outdid themselves in their inspiration and the emotional fullness of beauty.

MacDowell's "Indian" suite, music conceived in an epic vein, was played in an appropriate manner. The composer has said that the themes employed in his work were chosen for the greater part from Indian sources. The different movements bear titles indicative of Indian life. But the significance of the music is beyond any implied characterization in tone of the American savage. It has been thought by some that the work of the American composer lacks identity, individuality, a National idiom.

The contention of "nationality" in music is largely a fatuous one. Music develops through epochs rather than through nationalities; but to those familiar with the pine forests of New England, temples that well might have been the habitation of a past and stalwart race, this score has a character which is poignant and searching in its emotional appeal.

It is music of nature, of her vast stillness, of the stress of her storms, of the procession of changing seasons; music that depicts the gayety of elemental man, his savage strife and ambitions, but underneath there is ever the note of gravity, a sadness, the portent as if something to come. It is a score of which every American should be proud, one that holds a lofty expression of poetic beauty.

Debussy's Prelude.

The performance of Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun" was one of as perfect appreciation in its own manner. It was a marvelous reading in exquisite sensuousness, in variety and delicacy of color tints, in plasticity of nuance and in continuity.

Noskowski's "The Steppe," whatever its program, begins and ends with a passage of modal harmonies, streaming from divided strings like light through a cathedral window which are of unearthly beauty. There is little suggestion of the terror or the solitude of the desert.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave a consummate exhibition of artistic piano playing in Mozart's concerto in D minor. The clarity, delicacy, patrician elegance and pervading grace of the classically romantic music were wrought into tone as by magic. Such treatment of the piano—that of a superb technician, a sterling musician and above all that of a poet and a romanticist—cannot be recalled among all the efforts of the various exponents.

Resonant Oldtimer.

Fortunately the intermission divided MacDowell's noble music and this heavenly concerto from Weber's trumpery old concert piece—F minor—which Mr Gabrilowitsch chose to add. Boarding-school graduates have tested its endurance. We have heard our grandmothers and maiden aunts tell of its glories, and can see their orderly rows of curls tremble with the emotion it inspired in them.

Mr Gabrilowitsch assumed for the time the pompous and showy virtuosity of the music and its period, and swept the keyboard with aplomb, until another generation might have rubbed its eyes to see the old piece in all its furbelows. Soloist, conductor and orchestra galloped through it bravely, nostrils dilated, mane and tail in air, and great was the enjoyment of the men. The audience fairly hung upon Mr Gabrilowitsch's neck for joy.

BOSTON JOURNAL—

APRIL 24,

GABRILOWITSCH IN FINE FETTLE

Pianist Divides Honors With the Symphony Orchestra.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch's artistic performance of the Mozart concerto in D minor and of Weber's "Concert Piece" in F minor was enthusiastically applauded yesterday by the large audience attending the first of this week's Symphony concerts. But no less impressive was the work of the orchestra, which played MacDowell's "Indian Suite," Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" and the Noskowski tone poem, "The Steppe."

The brilliant Russian pianist was recalled repeatedly after his two solos—and two solos by the same performer are rare features of a Symphony program—and one of the numerous ovations of the season was awarded Dr. Muck and the orchestra after the spirited and poetical performance of MacDowell's suite.

The program this week is one of the most interesting of the season. The Mozart concerto reappears after an absence of 29 years; the Weber number is revived after a lapse of a decade; "The Steppe" is brought out again for the first time since Dr. Muck's initial season and the Debussy tone poem was last conducted at these concerts by Mr. Fiedler in 1911. These works would be welcome if only as rarities, but, like the "Indian Suite," they are beautiful, each in a different style, and they lend remarkable variety and artistic merit to the program.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch's performance was profoundly impressive on account of its clarity, brilliancy and esthetic feeling. The elegance of the Mozart concerto and the flashing virtuosity of the Weber "Concertstuecke" were both set forth with the utmost effectiveness.

Next week the orchestra will play the Cesar Franck symphony in D minor, Goldmark's "In the Spring" overture, Smetana's symphonic poem, "From Bohemia's Gravoes and Meadows," and Chabrier's rhapsody, "Espana."

The final program of the season, to be played May 7 and 8, will include Beethoven's fifth symphony, Liszt's symphonic poem, "Mazeppa;" a Strauss tone poem, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and the prelude to Wagner's "Mastersingers."

BOSTON POST,

APRIL 24,

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE IS DELIGHTED

Gabrilowitsch's Artistry Gives Rare Pleasure

BY OLIN DOWNES

Even for the standard observed at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the public rehearsal held yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall was of unusual interest. The orchestral music included MacDowell's "Indian Suite"; Debussy's "Prelude a L'Apres-midi d'un Faun," and Noskowski's symphonic poem, "The Steppe." And this music, remarkably performed, was but half the tale, since Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the soloist, interpreted music by Mozart and Weber with a brilliancy and versatility of style that no great artist who has appeared in recent seasons with the Boston Symphony Orchestra has surpassed.

CHOSE OLD FAMILIARS

The Post has had occasion this season to refer more than once to the splendid development and the [illegible] maturity of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's talent as a pianist. Yesterday he provided unique pleasure. He had chosen the Mozart piano concerto in D minor, and the concert-piece of Weber in F minor, more familiar to audiences of half a century ago than to those of today. Few pianists would have had the initiative and the daring to play these two pieces in one concert; still fewer would have been so successful as Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Every note in the concerto of Mozart was the accomplishment of a great artist.

In the beauty of every tone, the treatment of each phrase and figure and the sterling musicianship which Mr. Gabrilowitsch displayed, he gave a performance that was almost unsurpassable in its technical perfection and its exquisite art.

Every Tone a Jewel

Another matter should be emphasized. If Mr. Gabrilowitsch had played a concerto by Liszt or Tschaikowsky comment upon his technic would be entirely superfluous and beside the mark. The mechanical consideration no longer enters into the mind of the hearer when Mr. Gabrilowitsch appears, but the technic which he displayed in the extremely simple and difficult music of Mozart really deserves a treatise in itself. To smash a piano and exult in speed and power is one thing, but to play a slow movement with such a wonderful sing to the tone, and an articulation of phrase and melody as expressive and varied, or rather more so than the most sensitve inflection in speech, and to play the last movement of the concerto heard yesterday with such magical speed, clearness, and finesse that every tone was like a jewel in itself—this was, indeed, an apotheosis of the art of the pianist. And worthily was this art expended, for the classical balance and the romantic content of this concerto of Mozart is one of the wonders of musical literature. It should also be said that Dr. Muck's accompaniment was not only as important, but as difficult and as notable an achievement as that of the pianist.

Elegance of Weber

Then Mr. Gabrilowitsch turned over his page, as it were, and played the old-fashioned music of Weber—far more old-fashioned than that of his predecessor, Mozart—with an elegance and elan which carried everyone away. One might say that this gallant and showy music fairly cavorted over the keyboard. But in speaking a little condescendingly of Weber and his flourishes let us not forget Weber and his melody and his piano style that was so new and so colorful in its time, and also the youth and the romantic spirit which sanctifies for us, at least, many measures of convention and artifice now time worn with which the piece abounds. In the singing of the melodies Mr. Gabrilowitsch was a poet, and in the finale with its gayety and inimitable savoir faire, he was simply a conqueror.

It was astonishing that the wires did not smoke with the intrepid virtuosity of that performance. Those glissandos, like lightning flashes, those mighty crescendos, the scales and passage work that seemed to ride in tournament over the key-board! This performance was as intoxicating as the performance of Mozart's concerto was in the highest sense beautiful. It is seldom that a soloist at an orchestral concert necessitates extended comment on the part of the reviewer, and it is seldom that he is not accorded by the public more prominence than he should be given in an orchestral programme, but yesterday the playing of Mr. Gabrilowitsch was so masterly that his achievement stood by the side of the works of Dr. Muck and his men.

MacDowell's Suite

The orchestral music was engrossing. MacDowell's suite is so individual and poetic, so rich in its harmonic and orchestral dress, and so simple and happy in its workmanship that it must rank, not only as the greatest piece of orchestral music which this country has yet produced, but also as one of the great orchestral compositions of the last quarter century. Dr. Muck's reading was in the nature of a new revelation of its beauty. What wonder, then, that the audience sat absorbed and in sorrow for the untimely end of a man whom America so sorely needed.

The hearer who is not obliged to peruse scores in preparation for professional listening need only enjoy such a performance as that of Dubussy's Prelude, but perhaps its complete significance is only to be understood by an orchestral player or conductor, or in part by those who know just enough of the music to realize its demands upon the interpreter. Dr. Muck seemed to have made this amazing music part of him. It would not have been his own admirable performance if every color, sonority and nuance had been that of other conductors. There were new vistas of color and sonority, additional evidences of the exactness and logic of a piece of music which has seemed through many hearings to be so magically written that no one of the laws of its structure or trace of the origin of its musical being can be discovered. Surely there is no work which condenses into a few pages so much sheer genius. And in interpreting this piece Dr. Muck was assisted incomparably by his players, particularly those of the wood wind.

Noskowski's poem is good second rate music, competently put together, and especially suggestive of vast plains and spaces in its introduction and conclusion. The concert was unusually long. It was also rarely entertaining.

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ADVERTISER,

APRIL 24,

ELSON'S REVIEW OF SYMPHONY CONCERT

A FINE PIANIST ON PROGRAMME

MacDowell Orchestral Work Meets Favor—His "Indian Suite" of Merit

By Louis C. Elson

PROGRAMME

MacDowell—"Indian Suite."
Mozart—Concerto in D Minor.
Weber—Concertstueck, for Piano and Orchestra.
Pianist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch.
Debussy—"Afternoon of a Faun."
Nowskowski—"The Steppe."

A programme which did not force one to think too deeply and which was somewhat pictorial in its style. MacDowell's "Indian Suite" claims the merit, if there be any merit in it, of introducing some real Indian themes. We are not at all in sympathy with the efforts to build a national style of music upon the foundation of the musical phrases of the aborigines. When Dvorak or Chadwick brought in the flavor of the Southern plantation in their symphonic music, it was clearly recognizable to every auditor. But we cannot imagine any auditor, even of the most musical nature, being able to absolutely identify what parts of the Indian Suite are aboriginal. That the work sounds beautiful is no especial recommendation for the Indian phrases used, for we may remember the French cook who could make a delicious Ragout out of an old glove saying, "it all lies in the sauce." In such a work as this it all lies in the treatment, which is so entirely civilized that we doubt if any Indian would recognize his suite.

The first number, "Legend," was full of poetic dreaminess and led up to a more powerful climax. The second and fourth movements ("Love song" and "Dirge") were perhaps too much in the same subdued vein, but in the "War-song" Dr. Muck brandished his tomahawk—we should say his baton—vehemently, as if he were going after the scalps of all the ultramodern composers. The picturesque effect of the braves galloping away was splendidly shaded. The final movement—in the village—seemed to indicate that the redskins take their pleasures either sadly or noisily, but it made a very successful ending to the Suite, which was applauded vociferously until the orchestra was obliged to rise in response.

Comparative Stranger

Debussy's Faun has not nad an afternoon at the Symphony for some time. The last afternoon of this melancholy individual in Boston was in the evening when George Copeland turned him into a piano solo. There is nothing new to be said about the work. It has been given some two dozen times by our Symphony Orchestra and we have become inured to its pensive sadness. It wears better than we thought it would. It is far better than "The Sea," by the same composer. He is more at home in the woods than on the waves. But it is not a case where we pass from the stage of enduring, to that of embracing. We consider the composition a poetic example in a dainty pastoral school. Watteau is not Michael Angelo, and when Debussy decries Schumann and patronizes Wagner we feel doubtful of the composer ever growing more versatile.

Dr. Muck entered heartily into the spirit of the work. It was as if Keats' poetry had been translated into instrumental music. All the daintiness of the work was given with great finesse, and one could only praise the interpretation; but there was one thing that we could not praise. The delicate work was given after the most fiery and theatrical number of the programme,—Weber's very military and ecstatic picture of the Crusader's return—"Concert-piece"—and was made as ineffective as possible by the juxtaposition. One does not serve Arrack punch before Chateau Yquem; one does not read Jack London just before Keats; the poor faun was about crushed with Weber coming before it and Nowskowski directly after. But we are becoming sufficiently interested in this faun to be curious as to how he would behave at 9 a.m. We have had the p.m. pensiveness; let Debussy add the a.m. activity.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch (may we suggest to the reader to accent the "O"?) is evidently a growing artist; one endowed not only with an abundant technique, but with a poetic nature as well. It was exceptional to hear a soloist give two concerted pieces in a single symphony concert, but there was a certain advantage in this case, for the versatility of the pianist was made very evident thereby. A stronger contrast could not be imagined than that between Mozart's concerto and Weber's Concert-piece. The one all conservative, classical, symmetrical, and "Absolute," not "Programme-music," the other theatrical, and giving a picture of a Crusader returning from the wars. The flavor of the footlights is in Weber's music and it demands a totally different style of interpretation from that required by Mozart. Yet let no one imagine that Mozart is an easy matter to play. One can hide a dozen slips and errors in a modern concerto, but every false note would stand out in a Mozart concerto like a flaw in a crystal.

No Such Flaws

There were no such flaws yesterday afternoon, and Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave excellent support in just the proper unforced vein.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch played with limpid purity and, although delicate in most of the work, did not make it effeminate. The cadenzas were very modern and brilliant, yet did not seem to oppose the concerto in [illegible] w mov[illegible] these old masters (especially Mozart and Haydn) seem to have faded most, but even here there was a brilliant episode in the centre which saved the movement from monotony. There was great applause after each movement, an ovation at the end.

But the real triumph was made in Weber's Concert-piece. This is not often heard nowadays. It is ten years since poor Reisenauer played it in Boston. Gabrilowitsch gave it with tremendous effect, working up to a climax that was full of bravura. The whole story was easily understood, and at the end the audience went fairly wild with enthusiasm. Well, Mr. Gabrilowitsch thoroughly deserved it, but all the same we think it a bad precedent to allow an instrumentalist to give two long numbers on a single symphony programme.

Then came "The Steppe"; our fair readers will at once ask was it a two-steppe or a one-steppe? As much of it was chromatic we should say it was chiefly half-steppe. Although Nowskowski is Polish, he has steeped himself in the glorious Russian melodies, and they were here in full force,—the Cossack dances, the Muscovite songs of triumph, the barbaric splendor of military marches. Russia has such a wealth of noble song that she will probably remain melodic for generations to come, while Germany is becoming merely modulatory.

The reading of the work was superb and many remained to applaud instead of rushing for the corridors. The concert was a trifle extended, but it is a long journey from the American prairies to the Russian Steppes.

BOSTON GLOBE—

APRIL 24,

NOTABLE CONCERT.

Symphony Rehearsal One of True Inspiration.

Dr Muck and Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Soloist, Vie in Their Art.

The 22d Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon will be remembered as a brilliant occasion in the waning season. The program was unusual. A soloist who stands alone as a pianist of musicianship of intelligence and of poetic perceptions, was present in Mr Gabrilowitsch. Dr Muck and the orchestra, always the makers of artistic musical standards for the community, outdid themselves in their inspiration and the emotional fullness of beauty.

MacDowell's "Indian" suite, music conceived in an epic vein, was played in an appropriate manner. The composer has said that the themes employed in his work were chosen for the greater part from Indian sources. The different movements bear titles indicative of Indian life. But the significance of the music is beyond any implied characterization in tone of the American savage. It has been thought by some that the work of the American composer lacks identity, individuality, a National idiom.

The contention of "nationality" in music is largely a fatuous one. Music develops through epochs rather than through nationalities; but to those familiar with the pine forests of New England, temples that well might have been the habitation of a past and stalwart race, this score has a character which is poignant and searching in its emotional appeal.

It is music of nature, of her vast stillness, of the stress of her storms, of the procession of changing seasons; music that depicts the gayety of elemental man, his savage strife and ambitions, but underneath there is ever the note of gravity, a sadness, the portent as if something to come. It is a score of which every American should be proud, one that holds a lofty expression of poetic beauty.

Debussy's Prelude.

The performance of Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun" was one of as perfect appreciation in its own manner. It was a marvelous reading in exquisite sensuousness, in variety and delicacy of color tints, in plasticity of nuance and in continuity.

Noskowski's "The Steppe," whatever its program, begins and ends with a passage of modal harmonies, streaming from divided strings like light through a cathedral window which are of unearthly beauty. There is little suggestion of the terror or the solitude of the desert.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave a consummate exhibition of artistic piano playing in Mozart's concerto in D minor. The clarity, delicacy, patrician elegance and pervading grace of the classically romantic music were wrought into tone as by magic. Such treatment of the piano—that of a superb technician, a sterling musician and above all that of a poet and a romanticist—cannot be recalled among all the efforts of the various exponents.

Resonant Oldtimer.

Fortunately the intermission divided MacDowell's noble music and this heavenly concerto from Weber's trumpery old concert piece—F minor—which Mr Gabrilowitsch chose to add. Boarding-school graduates have tested its endurance. We have heard our grandmothers and maiden aunts tell of its glories, and can see their orderly rows of curls tremble with the emotion it inspired in them.

Mr Gabrilowitsch assumed for the time the pompous and showy virtuosity of the music and its period, and swept the keyboard with aplomb, until another generation might have rubbed its eyes to see the old piece in all its furbelows. Soloist, conductor and orchestra galloped through it bravely, nostrils dilated, mane and tail in air, and great was the enjoyment of the men. The audience fairly hung upon Mr Gabrilowitsch's neck for joy.

BOSTON JOURNAL—

APRIL 24,

GABRILOWITSCH IN FINE FETTLE

Pianist Divides Honors With the Symphony Orchestra.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch's artistic performance of the Mozart concerto in D minor and of Weber's "Concert Piece" in F minor was enthusiastically applauded yesterday by the large audience attending the first of this week's Symphony concerts. But no less impressive was the work of the orchestra, which played MacDowell's "Indian Suite," Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" and the Noskowski tone poem, "The Steppe."

The brilliant Russian pianist was recalled repeatedly after his two solos—and two solos by the same performer are rare features of a Symphony program—and one of the numerous ovations of the season was awarded Dr. Muck and the orchestra after the spirited and poetical performance of MacDowell's suite.

The program this week is one of the most interesting of the season. The Mozart concerto reappears after an absence of 29 years; the Weber number is revived after a lapse of a decade; "The Steppe" is brought out again for the first time since Dr. Muck's initial season and the Debussy tone poem was last conducted at these concerts by Mr. Fiedler in 1911. These works would be welcome if only as rarities, but, like the "Indian Suite," they are beautiful, each in a different style, and they lend remarkable variety and artistic merit to the program.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch's performance was profoundly impressive on account of its clarity, brilliancy and esthetic feeling. The elegance of the Mozart concerto and the flashing virtuosity of the Weber "Concertstuecke" were both set forth with the utmost effectiveness.

Next week the orchestra will play the Cesar Franck symphony in D minor, Goldmark's "In the Spring" overture, Smetana's symphonic poem, "From Bohemia's Gravoes and Meadows," and Chabrier's rhapsody, "Espana."

The final program of the season, to be played May 7 and 8, will include Beethoven's fifth symphony, Liszt's symphonic poem, "Mazeppa;" a Strauss tone poem, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and the prelude to Wagner's "Mastersingers."

BOSTON POST,

APRIL 24,

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE IS DELIGHTED

Gabrilowitsch's Artistry Gives Rare Pleasure

BY OLIN DOWNES

Even for the standard observed at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the public rehearsal held yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall was of unusual interest. The orchestral music included MacDowell's "Indian Suite"; Debussy's "Prelude a L'Apres-midi d'un Faun," and Noskowski's symphonic poem. "The Steppe." And this music, remarkably performed, was but half the tale, since Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the soloist, interpreted music by Mozart and Weber with a brilliancy and versatility of style that no great artist who has appeared in recent seasons with the Boston Symphony Orchestra has surpassed.

CHOSE OLD FAMILIARS

The Post has had occasion this season to refer more than once to the splendid development and the pre[illegible] maturity of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's talent as a pianist. Yesterday he provided unique pleasure. He had chosen the Mozart piano concerto in D minor, and the concert-piece of Weber in F minor, more familiar to audiences of half a century ago than to those of today. Few pianists would have had the initiative and the daring to play these two pieces in one concert; still fewer would have been so successful as Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Every note in the concerto of Mozart was the accomplishment of a great artist.

In the beauty of every tone, the treatment of each phrase and figure and the sterling musicianship which Mr. Gabrilowitsch displayed, he gave a performance that was almost unsurpassable in its technical perfection and its exquisite art.

Every Tone a Jewel

Another matter should be emphasized. If Mr. Gabrilowitsch had played a concerto by Liszt or Tschaikowsky comment upon his technic would be entirely superfluous and beside the mark. The mechanical consideration no longer enters into the mind of the hearer when Mr. Gabrilowitsch appears, but the technic which he displayed in the extremely simple and difficult music of Mozart really deserves a treatise in itself. To smash a piano and exult in speed and power is one thing, but to play a slow movement with such a wonderful sing to the tone, and an articulation of phrase and melody as expressive and varied, or rather more so than the most sensitve inflection in speech, and to play the last movement of the concerto heard yesterday with such magical speed, clearness, and finesse that every tone was like a jewel in itself—this was, indeed, an apotheosis of the art of the pianist. And worthily was this art expended, for the classical balance and the romantic content of this concerto of Mozart is one of the wonders of musical literature. It should also be said that Dr. Muck's accompaniment was not only as important, but as difficult and as notable an achievement as that of the pianist.

Elegance of Weber

Then Mr. Gabrilowitsch turned over his page, as it were, and played the old-fashioned music of Weber—far more old-fashioned than that of his predecessor, Mozart—with an elegance and elan which carried everyone away. One might say that this gallant and showy music fairly cavorted over the keyboard. But in speaking a little condescendingly of Weber and his flourishes let us not forget Weber and his melody and his piano style that was so new and so colorful in its time, and also the youth and the romantic spirit which sanctifies for us, at least, many measures of convention and artifice now time worn with which the piece abounds. In the singing of the melodies Mr. Gabrilowitsch was a poet, and in the finale with its gayety and inimitable savoir faire, he was simply a conqueror.

It was astonishing that the wires did not smoke with the intrepid virtuosity of that performance. Those glissandos, like lightning flashes, those mighty crescendos, the scales and passage work that seemed to ride in tournament over the key-board! This performance was as intoxicating as the performance of Mozart's concerto was in the highest sense beautiful. It is seldom that a soloist at an orchestral concert necessitates extended comment on the part of the reviewer, and it is seldom that he is not accorded by the public more prominence than he should be given in an orchestral programme, but yesterday the playing of Mr. Gabrilowitsch was so masterly that his achievement stood by the side of the works of Dr. Muck and his men.

MacDowell's Suite

The orchestral music was engrossing. MacDowell's suite is so individual and poetic, so rich in its harmonic and orchestral dress, and so simple and happy in its workmanship that it must rank, not only as the greatest piece of orchestral music which this country has yet produced, but also as one of the great orchestral compositions of the last quarter century. Dr. Muck's reading was in the nature of a new revelation of its beauty. What wonder, then, that the audience sat absorbed and in sorrow for the untimely end of a man whom America so sorely needed.

The hearer who is not obliged to peruse scores in preparation for professional listening need only enjoy such a performance as that of Dubussy's Prelude, but perhaps its complete significance is only to be understood by an orchestral player or conductor, or in part by those who know just enough of the music to realize its demands upon the interpreter. Dr. Muck seemed to have made this amazing music part of him. It would not have been his own admirable performance if every color, sonority and nuance had been that of other conductors. There were new vistas of color and sonority, additional evidences of the exactness and logic of a piece of music which has seemed through many hearings to be so magically written that no one of the laws of its structure or trace of the origin of its musical being can be discovered. Surely there is no work which condenses into a few pages so much sheer genius. And in interpreting this piece Dr. Muck was assisted incomparably by his players, particularly those of the wood wind.

Noskowski's poem is good second rate music, competently put together, and especially suggestive of vast plains and spaces in its introduction and conclusion. The concert was unusually long. It was also rarely entertaining.

BOSTON HERALD,

APRIL 24.

NOSKOWSKI'S POEM IS GIVEN

"The Steppe" Features Boston Symphony Orchestra's 22d Public Rehearsal.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 22d Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gabrilowitsch was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Orchestral Suite in E minor, No. 2, "Indian," Op. 48	MacDowell
Concerto in D minor for piano	Mozart
Concert Piece in F minor for piano	Weber
Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun (Eclogue by Mallarme)"	Debussy
"The Steppe"	Noskowski

Noskowski's symphonic poem was comparatively unfamiliar. It was played here eight years ago last month, when it left no deep impression. There is a printed argument in the score to this effect: The heath is calm and beautiful after the warriors that fought on it are dust; it was indifferent to "drums and tramplings of three conquests," to shepherd's pipe and song of Cossack. This argument recalls a sentence in "The Return of the Native": "Only the imperturbable countenance of the heath, which having defied the cataclysmal onsets of centuries, reduced to insignificance by its seamed and antique features the wildest turmoil of a single man."

Noskowski (1846-1909), a Pole, had here a fine subject for music, pictorial and imaginative. The most striking feature of his composition is the introduction that should portray the health itself without suggestion of man. Here he gives the idea of a monotonous steppe without becoming himself monotonous. The Cossack episode has character, as it is sung by wood wind instruments to harp, tambourine, violins with an opposing figure and violas pizzicati. Yet the hearer, remembering a similar episode in Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture prefers the Russian's melody and his treatment of it. A disproportionate amount of space is given to the battle music and here Noskowski's invention fails. He cast this symphonic poem in the form of an overture and thus deprived himself of freedom. The chief themes are developed and they reappear as in any orthodox overture. The steppe, which is the one important thing, is too long neglected. The battle cries and clashing of warriors' weapons should be more episodic, especially when the descriptive music seldom rises above the commonplace.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave a remarkably efficient interpretation of MacDowell's "Indian" suite. It is nearly 20 years since this work was first performed. During these years there have been changes in the wit of composition, in the theory of music, in the public taste. That which is imaginative, poetic or containing the elements of grandeur survives, whatever the year, whatever the school may be. This Suite with the noble Legend and solemn Dirge, beautiful in its solemnity; with the charming Love Song, the ferocious war dance and the savage gaiety of the festival, is modern in thought and in expression. With each performance the wealth of ideas and the mastery in expression are more and more apparent.

MacDowell and Debussy were together in Marmontel's piano class at the Conservatory in Paris. MacDowell was the older by eight months. If the tragedy in his life had not prematurely put an end to his creative faculty would he have been influenced by his colleague as he was in his later piano music by Grieg? Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" must have appealed to MacDowell and I believe that "Pelleas and Melisande" would have enchanted him. For MacDowell, with all his vigor, his marked virility, was a dreamer, a dreamer not without a streak of mysticism in his nature. The performance of Debussy'c "Eclogue" yesterday was conspicuous for tonal beauty, exquisite proportion, languorous, sensuous atmosphere. The effect would have been still greater in a smaller hall and there were moments when the pace seemed a little too slow.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch made a bold experiment by playing Mozart's concerto in Symphony Hall. He was greatly daring, but he triumphed gloriously. There was an adorable simplicity in the performance; a grace that was not finical; an elegance that did not fall into empty bravura. Mozart, who insisted that passages should "flow like oil," would have clapped his little and shapely hands together in approval. In giving this rarely musical interpretation of the concerto Mr. Gabrilowitsch was aided by the perfect accompaniment of the reduced orchestra.

Weber's Concertstueck was in itself an excellent contrast. No one thinks today of the program of this virtuoso piece, or if one reads the story of the chatelaine and the knight, one smiles, as over a novel of old-fashioned sentiment and stilted phrases; but the music itself still makes its way when it is played in the Weberian chivalric manner. As Mr. Gabrilowitsch caught the spirit of Mozart, so he appreciated the dash and brilliance of Weber, composer and pianist. Dr. Muck and the orchestra furnished a sympathetic, sustaining, inciting accompaniment.

Again a most interesting concert. Alas, there are only two more this season. The orchestra was never so plastic, euphonious and eloquent. In Dr. Muck are all the qualities of the supreme conductor.

The program of the concerts next will be as follows: Franck, Symphony in D minor; Goldmark, Overture

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TRANSCRIPT,

APRIL 24, 1915

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MR. GABRILOWITSCH CARRIES ALL BEFORE HIM

Weber's Romantic Rhetoric and Mozart's Polished Perfections in Equal Mastery from the Pianist—Dr. Muck Conducts for the First Time in "The Afternoon of a Faun"—MacDowell's "Indian Suite" That Is American and Universal Too

THERE is no repressing the virtuosi. When singers are called to symphony concerts they are allotted two numbers of the programme. Why, then, should their brethren of the piano or the violin be limited to a single piece by harsh prescription of unfeeling conductors and by ancient precedent better broken? True, a concerto usually consumes a half hour, while the longest of "scenas" for the voice seldom fills more than fifteen minutes. But what virtuoso ever doubted that his hearers took a limitless pleasure in him and his music? Ruse can evade rule and the ruse of the pianists and the violinists to gain their two pieces praises equally their innocence and their ingenuity. Concertos written in the eighteenth century were shorter than those of the nineteenth and the twentieth. Play one of these elder classics, then, and since it is so short, ask—or take—leave to add to it a modern piece. Mr. Ysaye turned the trick when he played a concerto by Vivaldi and another by Saint-Saëns in a single Symphony Concert; once upon a time Mr. Kreisler also played his two pieces; while yesterday afternoon, for the pianists, Mr. Gabrilowitsch added to a concerto by Mozart, the once classic and familiar "Concert-Piece" by Weber. Of course, the two filled a longer space than would a single number; but the audience rejoiced in both and in the ways of the pianist with them; and there were fewer early departures than there sometimes are when the programme is shorter.

The glory of Mr. Gabrilowitch's playing of either piece was the differentiating sense of style that he brought to it. Weber's "Concert-Piece," as it seems nowadays, is of the rhetoric of music and the piano, pure but not simple. It is impossible to play it too showily. The glissando with which in the march movement, the pianist sweeps the keyboard and an orchestra that has been hushed forthwith begins to shout, is typical of the whole piece. "What an effect!" audiences have been expected to say from 1821 to 1915. Akin are the darting rhythms, the rhapsodic rush and the exuberant returns of the rondo—a "grand finale" of the elder sort, if there ever was one, with music and pianist and audience whirled along in a common excitement. Weber liked to believe that in the "Concert-Piece" he was publishing the emotions of parted, lamenting, approaching, reunited and rejoicing lovers in some sort of romantic environment of the Crusades. Actually he is making showy tonal rhetoric about these sensations which shall display the brilliancy of the piano and the technique of the pianist, as such things went ninety years ago, and his imagination and the imagination of the virtuoso in the piling of effect upon effect. Piano and pianist in the twentieth century, with multiplied sonorities and "transcendental" technique, can begin where Weber ended and conductor and orchestra, as they did yesterday, can add their excitements too. At one moment Mr. Gabrilowitsch and his piano seemed to drive the band before them; at another Dr. Muck and his men were whipping the pianist into new nervous energies. There were crescendi great and small; riots of ornament; sonorous sweeps of song; incessant play in big strokes and little upon the hearer's nervous sensibilties. The operatic Weber and the pianistic Weber jostled each other in and out, only to return as the romantic Weber who ought to have made operas out of the plays of Victor Hugo; for the German composer could summon the rhetoric and the glamor of romantic music as the French poet the rhetoric and the glamor of romantic verse. Equally they loved their effects—and made them.

The Gabrilowitsch of Mozart's little concerto was as another pianist, who had translated himself in mind, temper and even technical accomplishment back into the Vienna of 1785. It is hard to imagine the piece played, even by Mozart himself, with more exquisite limpidity of tone, more elegance of phrase and grace of accent, more even and purling fleetness, more softly glinting tonal color and more melting euphonies with the accompanying orchestra, which oftener than not leaves the piano to go its own way until it is time for cumulation or contrast. There is no "expression" in the music, except of its own beauty of pattern and voice and its own charm of design, ornament and fancy, and Mr. Gabrilowitsch was content to be the felicitously heightening mirror of them. From the first measure to the last the concerto is an innocently adroit and a spontaneously elegant music, and Mr. Gabrilowitsch played it without a hint of conscious effort or of finical artifice. Maybe, out of himself, by sheer play of transfusing imagination, he shed the same charm upon the music that the Viennese chronicles of the time say exhaled from it under Mozart's hand. The ear heard the romanza as it might hear an air from Mozart's operatic comedies and as no singer of these days may sing it. For once a little concerto of the eighteenth century, in spite of a "grand piano," a large orchestra and a big hall, sang in its own voice. Between the poised perfections of Mozart and the romantic rhetoric of Weber, Mr. Gabrilowitsch has not seemed for long so variously accomplished and imaginative a pianist.

On the purely orchestral side of the concert, Dr. Muck conducted for the first time here, or indeed anywhere else, in Debussy's prelude to Mallarmé's eclogue of the faun. Some will say that he departed from the Parisian tradition—the piece is twenty years old now, though the "Debussyites" still speak of it as if it were some strange new thing—in his choice of a slower pace than most French conductors use, so prolonging the phrases dreamily and making characteristic passages, like the motive in the flute, hang for the instant with a kind of sensuous titillation. But is not the gaining of this sensuous suggestiou, the compassing of this dream-like atmosphere, shot with the iridescent instrumental and harmonic colors, the be-all and the end-all of the piece—its characteristic voice and quality? Whatever the pace, the conductor and the orchestra—from Mr. Maquarre, who excelled himself with the outstanding passages for the flute to him who merely clinked the antique cymbals—wrought this illusion as completely and penetratingly as does the music itself. Never have Dr. Muck and the men lent more sensitive and imaginative ear to the quality and the color of their tone, to the delicate modelling of their phrases, to subtle euphonies and to the faintest stir of rhythmic beat. They evoked the glamorous haze of the music; yet through it played its supple form and limpid substance. The whole illusion is purely sensuous—a gradual enveloping and a subtle titillating of ear and fancy with the magic of tonal colors and visioned image. It was a strange new illusion in the Paris of the nineties or the Boston of a decade ago. Now it is one that Debussy himself—for his range is relatively narrow and he many times retraverses it—has often compassed and that his imitators have repeated as often after him. They are saying nowadays in Paris that the change of temper that the war has wrought in the French will be the end of such music. Elsewhere, however—and no doubt there, too—it is more likely to survive by its own intrinsic beauty in its rare kind.

As individuality plus accomplishment may preserve "The Afternoon of a Faun," so individuality plus achievement has already set apart MacDowell's "Indian Suite" from the common run of American music. It is not American because MacDowell happened to be resident in the United States when he wrote it. Mr. Loeffler dwells in Medfield; but his pieces are the expression of an individual mind, imagination and skill that probably would have found voice anywhere in the civilized world. Mr. Converse and twenty other composers abide on our Eastern seaboard, but there is nothing distinctively American in their music. It might as plausibly have been written in London or Berlin. Nor is MacDowell's suite American music because he has utilized in it the suggestion of motives that the archæologists have collected from Indian song. It is good that he uses such material from the primitive music of his own land; but it might have stirred one and another foreign composer to composition as it lately kindled Mr. Busoni. MacDowell's music is American because on its imaginative, pictorial and spiritual sides, it has qualities that are recognizably American and no other.

Hearing the first and the last of Mr. Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches—"Jubilee" and "The Vagrom Ballad"—or a scherzo in one of his symphonies, the listener feels on the instant that characteristically American imagination and mood are fashioning and coloring the music. Hearing the love-song of MacDowell's suite, rising, mounting, dying, penetrating and plangent as from the still depths of great woods, touched with the sentiment that we Americans like to call tenderness yet not lacking romantic glamor, the listener feels again a distinctively American voice and imagination. From the dirge, wailing out of darkness and solitude as across great spaces, persistent and piercing, as from a single mourning heart and mourning in a native wildness, he receives like sensation.

The merry-making of the finale, with or without its touches of barbaric color, is as distinctly American in its sharp-set and racing tumults as Mr. Chadwick's symphonic rejoicings. The vast emptiness of the elder West and the elementary fancy that tried to people it with imagined beings and powers speaks out of the beginning of the suite, as it has touched more than one American temperament. Only in the episode of the war dance with its naked melodies, its barbaric reiterations and its rise and fall between fury and exhaustion does the listener feel that a European might have written it so out of a universal imagination.

Moreover, this distinctively American music has, as it must, if it is to prevail, an intrinsic beauty, power, imagination and suggestion that are universally comprehensible and enkindling. The Prelude of the Faun is characteristically French and Debussyan, yet audiences in America feel its beauty and adroitness of sensuous impression. Beethoven's Choral Symphony is German through and through—even the French and probably the Belgians have sickened of the recent Flemish nonsense—but it is a universal music. Even so, a hearer in Paris or in Munich would be of dull ear and fancy did he not feel the pictorial power, the imaginative range, the emotional warmth, the tonal beauty, the technical skill and cogency of MacDowell's "Indian Suite." The intensity of mood, the glow of expression, the creative force that fill his final piano sonatas fill it too and run so warm and high that they burn away his usual malaise with an orchestra and it becomes an elastic and eloquent instrument to his hand. The suite crowns MacDowell's work, crowns distinctively American music and—Mr. Loeffler's pieces aside—the music that as yet has been written in the United States. If our faith in our composer flags, compare the "Indian Suite" with the commonplace design, the trite "tone-painting," the mechanical handling, the mediocrity unrelieved of Noskowski's piece of "The Step' that ended yesterday's concert. From beginning to end, it was the merest tonal stencelling of conventional patterns.

H. T. P.

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date APR 19 1915

Subscription List for Boston Symphony Open

The last week of the season subscription sale for the twelve concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra began today. The concerts will commence Friday evening, May 14. The organization, which includes 100 of the world's best musicians, comes direct from Boston. Next Monday morning seats for two or more concerts will be on sale and on May 3 the sale for single concerts will begin.

Est 84

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date APR 19

Interest in Coming of Boston Symphony

The last week of the season subscription sale of seats for the twelve concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin this morning at the exposition ticket office, 343 Powell street. Next Monday seats for two or more concerts may be purchased. Great interest is manifested in these concerts, commencing Friday evening, May 14th. The organization, which includes 100 of the world's best musicians, comes direct from Boston to the exposition, and will leave at midnight after the last concert on a special train bound straight for the orchestra's home city.

Estal 884

From Examiner
Address San Francisco, Cal.
Date APR 18 1915

erest in the coming of the Boston Symphony grows apace. People are writing from Los Angeles, from Denver, from British Columbia telling that they have timed their visit to the Exposition so as to be able to assist at the concerts given by this unique organization.

Estab 184

Interest in the personnel of the Symphony is keen. People are already familiar with the life story of Dr. Karl Muck, the director whom Kaiser Wilhelm loaned to Boston for a year. Afterwards, on the earnest appeal of Henry L. Higginson, the emperor extended the musician's leave of absence. But every member of the orchestra is a man of mark.

For sixteen years Anton Witek, the concert-master, was a first prize graduate of the Prague Conservatory, was concert-master of the Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin. He succeeded Willy Hess, who had been concert-master of the orchestra for several years. Otto Urack, assistant conductor of the orchestra, shares with Heinrich Warnke the first desk of the 'cello section, is now in his fourth year in Boston. He had been 'cello soloist at the Wagner Festivals in Bayreuth, solo 'cellist of the Royal Opera Orchestra of Berlin and principal conductor in Barmen, Bucharest, Belgrade and Sofia. Sylvain Noack, the second concert-master, is a Hollander who has been with the Boston Symphony Orchestra seven years. He is a first priz graduate of the Amsterdam Conservatory and before he came to America was concert-master of the Symphony Orchestra at Aix and famous as a player of chamber music. Georges Grisez, the first clarinet, is the famous son of a famous father, for his father was regarded as the first clarinet player of France. He is a first prize graduate of the Paris Conservatoire and is regarded generally as one of the greatest masters of his instrument. Modeste Alloc, the first trombone of the orchestra, is a Belgian winner of the first prize in the Brussels Conservatory. He has been a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for four years.

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MONITOR, BOSTON, MASS.,

S[illegible]RDAY, APRIL 24,

SYMPHONY PROGRAM A UNITY OF EXCELLENT SMALL PIECES

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This program is a master-goldsmith's piece of construction, an assembling of highly colored and for the greater part first quality jewels. Two of the group, the MacDowell suite and the Debussy prelude, are of a beauty that results only from the fusion of fine individuality and original idea. One, the Mozart concerto, is an example from a large collection, all of which have permanent charm. Two of them, the Weber piano work and the Noskowski overture, may be put technically in the class of the precious, though they can hardly be ranked among the rare.

The problem of setting them in attractive relations so disturbed the conductor, that he changed his original scheme, making necessary the printing of a loose leaflet, to be inserted into the program books. According to the first arrangement, the two inferior specimens, the Weber and the Noskowski, were side by side. Under the altered plan, they were framed around the Debussy prelude, unquestionably to the improvement of the design as a whole.

It has been said that the Symphony conductor regards the "Indian" suite of MacDowell as the greatest orchestral work that has yet been composed in the United States. A further comment of his on the value of the piece is his associating it in performance with the "Faun" prelude of the French composer, Debussy. He seems to regard the two works as having a common message, and with good reason, for they both plainly define a state of mind characteristic of the world in the last decade of the nineteenth century—a feeling of optimism veiled under melancholy. They express a sentiment that had but brief existence—one that could get expressed with peculiar effectiveness in terms of instrumental color and one that deserved to be recorded.

MacDowell in the suite and Debussy in the prelude speak with remarkable unanimity of thought, notwithstanding a diversity of method. The American presents his ideas in a number of little pieces as traditional as they can be in form. He sings one song after another, changing his mood with each one, being now dignified, now tender, now vigorous, now sad, now festive. The Frenchman, on the contrary, presents his ideas in continuous form, making constant shifts of mood, but doing so without use of academic conventions.

The piano pieces of early schools called out the best efforts of the soloist. The Mozart concerto gave opportunity to Mr. Gabrilowitsch to employe his delicate touch and his gift for elegant phrasing. The Weber piece gave him opportunity to illustrate the execution of technical impossibilities. The first work tested the understanding of the interpreter as historian; the second tested his talents as an antiquarian. The first one gave great results with a reasonable outlay of mechanical skill. The second gave meager results in return for an enormous expenditure of finger cleverness. The first work represents what is lasting in music; the second what is temporary and trifling. Weber in the Concertstueck was trying to open a path for a more brilliant piano expression than had been known. He was protesting the stiff formalism of the classic school. But he had too slight a harmonic resource to achieve any great results. A Liszt and a Chopin had to take up the whole problem before a solution could be found.

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Witek's father was a Bohemian—a Czech—his mother a Pole, so that he is entirely Slavic. In his solo work he uses a wonderful Stradivarius violin which is valued at $12,000.

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having sixty players at his dis[illegible]. He was followed by Wilhelm G[illegible]e of Vienna, who conducted the men for five years, at the end of which time the membership numbered 100 players. The orchestra was then world famous and Arthur Nikisch came from Leipsic and led for five years before it passed into the hands of Emil Paur, also from Leipsic.

After his regime for five years Paur gave way to Gericke, who retained the orchestra under his control for eight years; the next conductor being Dr. Karl Muck, who came from the Royal Theaters of the Kingdom of Prussia, where he had been general music director. He first arrived through the leniency of the German Emperor, who granted Muck a leave of absence for a year; but this was extended for a year, and on his return to Germany it was with the agreement that he should come back to Boston when his term in Berlin was at an end.

The orchestra was then under Max Fiedler of Hamburg for four years, and its experience and cultivation have been under the best auspices all during its life, though the influence of Dr. Muck has brought it to the highest pinnacle of success. In a course of thirty weeks the orchestra gives 110 concerts, which are always sold out long before the season begins.

Twelve concerts will be given in Festival Hall, beginning May 14th, eight of which will take place at night. Manager W. H. Leahy states that the interest in the Boston Symphony is very great and the season sale is progressing at 343 Powell street with gratifying results.

The orchestra has a double quartet of horns, which is famous throughout America, while the wind and brass sections of thirty-two men are considerably larger than the average military band.

San Francisco is the only city in which the Boston Syhphony Orchestra will play, as the journey across the continent is made expressly for this city, with the return trip directly back to Boston.

BOSTON JOURNAL—
MAY 1, 1915.

ENTHUSIASM OVER FRANCK SYMPHONY

Audience Lavishes Applause on Dr. Muck and His Orchestra.

One of the most complimentary demonstrations of the year followed the performance of Cesar Franck's D minor symphony at yesterday's concert of the Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck, recalled for the third time by the prolonged applause, finally called upon the orchestra to stand up with him and take its share of the honors; and even after this the applause went on until the much-desirel leader returned to make another bow.

The Franck work seems to be especially favored by Symphony patrons. It has been placed on the Symphony programs twice in the last 15 months. Yesterday the warm applause following each one of the three movements testified to the admiration and perhaps affection of the large audience—a tribute that would gladden the heart of Vincent d'Indy, Franck's most ardent disciple anl biographer. The work demands not only sympathetic, but most skilful treatment from conductor and performers, and this it is fortunate to receive from Dr. Muck and his men. The symphony has a rather lofty character that solicits loftiness in the performance. There was nothing lacking yesterday to satisfy the most enthusiastic admirer of the gifted Belgian composer.

The remainder of this week's program is comparatively light, and with just a suggestion of the approach of the "Pop" season. Tunefulness, a spring sprightliness far removed from the gloom cast by yesterday's weather and much tripping as of light, fantastic toes characterize the Goldmark overture, "In the Spring;" Smetana's vernal or midsummer tone poem, "From Bohemia's Groves and Meadows," and the "Espana" rhapsody that Chabrier wrote after his tour of Spain in 1882, and which is wrought upon two Spanish dances, the fiery jota and the voluptuous malaguena. These were seasonable, enjoyable, and they were played con amore.

The Symphony season will end with next week's concerts. The program will be as follows: Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Beethoven; Symphonic poem, "Mazeppa," Liszt; tone poem, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," R. Strauss; prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg," Wagner.

The day after the season closes the orchestra will start for San Francisco to give 12 concerts at the fair. It will return on May 31. The "Pop" season is to open June 1.

ADVERTISER,

MAY 1,

SYMPHONY CONCERT AND DR. MUCK

PURELY ORCHESTRAL; FRANCK'S GREAT WORK

Dramatic Conductor Makes Most of Points in Smetana's Symphonic Poem

By Louis C. Elson

PROGRAMME

Cesar Franck—Symphony in D minor.
Goldmark—Overture, "In the Spring."
Smetana—"From Bohemia's Groves." Tone Poem.
Chabrier—"Espana," Orchestral Rhapsody.

Franck's symphony will be remembered when D'Indy's asceticism and Debussy's aestheticism are forgotten. The two best outcomes of modern Musical France are Bizet and Franck. Yet Franck's D minor symphony is not a sugar-coated pill. One can readily imagine the sydupy Gounod saying (as he did) that this symphony was incompetence pushed to dogmatic length. The noblest music is that in which the intellectual and emotional are well blended, and both elements are present in this great work. There is a vein of sadness running through much of the composition, made more noticeable by the absence of a Scherzo, but the intellectual appeal is always powerful and Franck shows himself a great master of development.

The homogeneity of the work is another masterly point. The transference of figures from one movement to another is skilfully done and the third movement becomes an epitome of the work in something of the manner of the finale of Brahms' C minor symphony. The simple figure of three notes which is made so prominent in the first movement is very easily recognized in all of its ingenious transformations, even if it is not made as grand as the Wagner "Fate-motif," which it resembles.

One might call Franck the French Brahms, for there is much of similarity in the work of the two men. Neither was intensely dramatic in the modern sense, and in both the intellectual side was often more prominent than the emotional.

The symphony was read in a very broad manner, sometimes a little too fortissimo. The brass canon in the first movement could not have been heavier if it had come from Krupp's foundry. The work appeals both to the general public and to the trained auditor. The latter, however, can revel in contrapuntal beauties which are not revealed to the less-educated listener. But Dr. Muck and his orchestra brought out the subtle points, so that one could follow the interweavings, the canons and other contrapuntal touches with comparative ease. The beautiful work of the English horn is to be especially commended.

In Highest Degree

The work was appreciated in the highest degree, three recalls following its conclusion. The symphony audiences seem to show in a very marked manner that they do not belong to the ultra-radical school; they at once appreciate logical and beautiful music, and receive the ultra-modern experiments much more coldly.

Now followed Goldmark's "In the Spring" overture. It may be that Dr. Muck intended a compliment to Spring by this work, but we do not have this kind of a Spring in Boston. There were gentle carollings, soft zephyrs, and a very mellifluous picture altogether, which suited to the melodic and sensuous style of Goldmark finely. But our Boston Spring would demand very different treatment. There would need be an umbrella motif, a sneeze-motif, an overcoat figure, sudden skips from piccolo to bass tuba, to illustrate the changes of the thermometer. A New England spring would never be scored in the pleasant manner of this overture, but would demand bass drum, cymbals, and high wind passages. But the agreeable style of Goldmark was appreciated after the more severe vein of Franck. Browning did not abolish Tennyson in literature, and all the heavier composers will not crush out the melodic Goldmark, who died so recently, and was so sincerely mourned. There were many wood-wind warblings in the overture and the flutes deserve especial praise for florid work. There were powerful passages interspersed at times, the coda being full of robust jollity.

Smetana's "From Bohemia's Groves and Meadows" is not quite as great as some of the other numbers of this set of symphonic poems, which he wrote to celebrate his native land. The "tutti" phrases at the beginning, with their constant contrasts of major and minor, suggested that the Bohemian landscape ran in sharply defined layers. The sudden entrance of the exposition of a fugue seemed to intimate that a Conservatory professor was taking a promenade across it, accompanied by his class in counterpoint.

But now there enters a lofty theme on the brasses, a species of apotheosis of the Bohemian Folk-song. With this the work begins to be more coherent and works up to a very impressive climax. Then follows a picture of peasant revelry of rather feverish type. These are not the kind of peasants that can be pictured upon the oboe, but they demand the whole orchestra to portray their frenzied proceedings. While we have the greatest appreciation of Smetana's music, we do not rank this symphonic poem with "Vltava," or "Vysehrad," which belong to the same set of national pieces.

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MONITOR, BOSTON, MASS.,

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The orchestra was then under Max Fiedler of Hamburg for four years, and its experience and cultivation have been under the best auspices all during its life, though the influence of Dr. Muck has brought it to the highest pinnacle of success. In a course of thirty weeks the orchestra gives 110 concerts, which are always sold out long before the season begins.

Twelve concerts will be given in Festival Hall, beginning May 14th, eight of which will take place at night. Manager W. H. Leahy states that the interest in the Boston Symphony is very great and the season sale is progressing at 343 Powell street with gratifying results.

The orchestra has a double quartet of horns, which is famous throughout America, while the wind and brass sections of thirty-two men are considerably larger than the average military band.

San Francisco is the only city in which the Boston Syhphony Orchestra will play, as the journey across the continent is made expressly for this city, with the return trip directly back to Boston.

BOSTON JOURNAL—
MAY 1, 1915.

ENTHUSIASM OVER FRANCK SYMPHONY

Audience Lavishes Applause on Dr. Muck and His Orchestra.

One of the most complimentary demonstrations of the year followed the performance of Cesar Franck's D minor symphony at yesterday's concert of the Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck, recalled for the third time by the prolonged applause, finally called upon the orchestra to stand up with him and take its share of the honors; and even after this the applause went on until the much-desirel leader returned to make another bow.

The Franck work seems to be especially favored by Symphony patrons. It has been placed on the Symphcny programs twice in the last 15 months. Yesterday the warm applause following each one of the three movements testified to the admiration and perhaps affection of the large audience—a tribute that would gladden the heart of Vincent d'Indy, Franck's most ardent disciple anl biographer. The work demands not only sympathetic, but most skilful treatment from conductor and performers, and this it is fortunate to receive from Dr. Muck and his men. The symphony has a rather lofty character that solicits loftiness in the performance. There was nothing lacking yesterday to satisfy the most enthusiastic admirer of the gifted Belgian composer.

The remainder of this week's program is comparatively light, and with just a suggestion of the approach of the "Pop" season. Tunefulness, a spring sprightliness far removed from the gloom cast by yesterday's weather and much tripping as of light, fantastic toes characterize the Goldmark overture, "In the Spring;" Smetana's vernal or midsummer tone poem, "From Bohemia's Groves and Meadows," and the "Espana" rhapsody that Chabrier wrote after his tour of Spain in 1882, and which is wrought upon two Spanish dances, the fiery jota and the voluptuous malaguena. These were seasonable, enjoyable, and they were played con amore.

The Symphony season will end with next week's concerts. The program will be as follows: Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Beethoven; Symphonic poem, "Mazeppa," Liszt; tone poem, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," R. Strauss; prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg," Wagner.

The day after the season closes the orchestra will start for San Francisco to give 12 concerts at the fair. It will return on May 31. The "Pop" season is to open June 1.

ADVERTISER,

MAY 1,

SYMPHONY CONCERT AND DR. MUCK

PURELY ORCHESTRAL; FRANCK'S GREAT WORK

Dramatic Conductor Makes Most of Points in Smetana's Symphonic Poem

By Louis C. Elson

PROGRAMME

Cesar Franck—Symphony in D minor.
Goldmark—Overture, "In the Spring."
Smetana—"From Bohemia's Groves." Tone Poem.
Chabrier—"Espana," Orchestral Rhapsody.

Franck's symphony will be remembered when D'Indy's asceticism and Debussy's aestheticism are forgotten. The two best outcomes of modern Musical France are Bizet and Franck. Yet Franck's D minor symphony is not a sugar-coated pill. One can readily imagine the sydupy Gounod saying (as he did) that this symphony was incompetence pushed to dogmatic length. The noblest music is that in which the intellectual and emotional are well blended, and both elements are present in this great work. There is a vein of sadness running through much of the composition, made more noticeable by the absence of a Scherzo, but the intellectual appeal is always powerful and Franck shows himself a great master of development.

The homogeneity of the work is another masterly point. The transference of figures from one movement to another is skilfully done and the third movement becomes an epitome of the work in something of the manner of the finale of Brahms' C minor symphony. The simple figure of three notes which is made so prominent in the first movement is very easily recognized in all of its ingenious transformations, even if it is not made as grand as the Wagner "Fate-motif," which it resembles.

One might call Franck the French Brahms, for there is much of similarity in the work of the two men. Neither was intensely dramatic in the modern sense, and in both the intellectual side was often more prominent than the emotional.

The symphony was read in a very broad manner, sometimes a little too fortissimo. The brass canon in the first movement could not have been heavier if it had come from Krupp's foundry. The work appeals both to the general public and to the trained auditor. The latter, however, can revel in contrapuntal beauties which are not revealed to the less-educated listener. But Dr. Muck and his orchestra brought out the subtle points, so that one could follow the interweavings, the canons and other contrapuntal touches with comparative ease. The beautiful work of the English horn is to be especially commended.

In Highest Degree

The work was appreciated in the highest degree, three recalls following its conclusion. The symphony audiences seem to show in a very marked manner that they do not belong to the ultra-radical school; they at once appreciate logical and beautiful music, and receive the ultra-modern experiments much more coldly.

Now followed Goldmark's "In the Spring" overture. It may be that Dr. Muck intended a compliment to Spring by this work, but we do not have this kind of a Spring in Boston. There were gentle carollings, soft zephyrs, and a very mellifluous picture altogether, which suited to the melodic and sensuous style of Goldmark finely. But our Boston Spring would demand very different treatment. There would need be an umbrella motif, a sneeze-motif, an overcoat figure, sudden skips from piccolo to bass tuba, to illustrate the changes of the thermometer. A New England spring would never be scored in the pleasant manner of this overture, but would demand bass drum, cymbals, and high wind passages. But the agreeable style of Goldmark was appreciated after the more severe vein of Franck. Browning did not abolish Tennyson in literature, and all the heavier composers will not crush out the melodic Goldmark, who died so recently, and was so sincerely mourned. There were many wood-wind warblings in the overture and the flutes deserve especial praise for florid work. There were powerful passages interspersed at times, the coda being full of robust jollity.

Smetana's "From Bohemia's Groves and Meadows" is not quite as great as some of the other numbers of this set of symphonic poems, which he wrote to celebrate his native land. The "tutti" phrases at the beginning, with their constant contrasts of major and minor, suggested that the Bohemian landscape ran in sharply defined layers. The sudden entrance of the exposition of a fugue seemed to intimate that a Conservatory professor was taking a promenade across it, accompanied by his class in counterpoint.

But now there enters a lofty theme on the brasses, a species of apotheosis of the Bohemian Folk-song. With this the work begins to be more coherent and works up to a very impressive climax. Then follows a picture of peasant revelry of rather feverish type. These are not the kind of peasants that can be pictured upon the oboe, but they demand the whole orchestra to portray their frenzied proceedings. While we have the greatest appreciation of Smetana's music, we do not rank this symphonic poem with "Vltava," or "Vysehrad," which belong to the same set of national pieces.

TIGHT BINDING

INFORMATION OBSCURED

BOSTON HERALD.

MAY 1, 1915.

23D PUBLIC SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Orchestral Brilliance Characterizes Next to Last of Season's Programs.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 23d Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in D minor..................Franck
Overture, "In the Spring," Op. 36....Goldmark
Symphonic Poem, "From Bohemia's Groves and Meadows," from "My Country," No. 4..........Smetana
"Espana,"...........................Chabrier

There was an unusual event yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. For the first time within the recollection of many the conductor was obliged to bow more than once after the first movement of a symphony at the beginning of a concert. This tribute was due to the music itself and to the remarkable performance.

When Franck's symphony was first performed here under Mr. Gericke's leadership, 16 years ago, the majority of the hearers were perplexed; some were grieved; others were incensed; they considered the production an outrage. I believe there were a few that went so far as to characterize the music as "immoral." Yesterday this same music was enthusiastically applauded. The applause was singularly spontaneous and prolonged. Yet this symphony was in itself as beautiful and glorious in April, 1899, when the work had been diligently rehearsed, and the performance was excellent. Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges to the joy of us who from the beginning recognized the nobility and grandeur of the work and were moved and thrilled by it.

Anr what symphony since the ninth of Beethoven is to be compared with it as a whole? Certainly not one by Mendelssohn or Schumann. We are not unmindful of pages in Schubert's in C major, and in the first symphony of Brahms. There is fine music in the first of Sibelius. There are wonderful things in d'Indy's symphony in B-flat major, a pure and lofty spirit, a wealth of ideas, an unsurpassable mastery of expression. But Franck's symphony has something that is nearer and farther. For such a musical portrayal of doubts, not querulous, but known to the bravest, of compassion and consolation, of the final triumph and rejoicing that are voiced in a celestial Alleluia, we must go back to Beethoven, and Franck's symphony is worthy to stand by the side of Beethoven's greatest.

Overtures associated with the thought of Spring are usually played on days that are far from spring-like. "And the Spring comes slowly up this way." It comes slowly; there is a day that leads one to think the poets are after all not romantic liars; the malicious east and north winds arise and tarry; lo, it is summer. But Goldmark's "Spring" is the season of the poets. There is the vernal outbursts, the exultation of nature. The suggestion of birds in praise is not two mimetic. The sentiment that might be called rural does not become lackadaisical. There is the spontaneity of the earth. "Warble me now, for joy of Lilac-time."

Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

The Program Book that had buried Goldmark earlier in the season with becoming and solemn words stated yesterday through carelessness that he was still living in Vienna. The composer of this overture, other overtures and "The Queen of Sheba," is still living and not only in Vienna.

And what is to be said of Smetana's symphonic poem? It has not been played here since 1900. With all due respect to the composer we can willingly wait another 15 years. The beginning is effective, and the fugato is not without interest; but the thematic material on the whole is too naive and the polka is for a brass-band on the Sophien Island in the Moldau. There is a naivete that is delightful. The naivete of genius, and Smetana has shown it in other works. Dvorak, his countryman, was also naive, before he went to England and was spoiled there, but his naivete was most fascinating when it was artfully cloaked. Smetana was passionately fond of dancing; the polka was the national dance and in his wish to portray the Bohemians at play he naturally turned to the polka. Would that he had written a better one!

A concert that was characterized by the utmost orchestral brilliance ended with a dazzling performance of Chabrier's "Espana." Here we have the Spain that we all have imagined. Rimsky-Korsakoff heard the Spanish dance tunes with Russian ears. The Spaniards do not accept Bizet's "Carmen." Debussy has portrayed Seville, Grenada and the Alhambra, but as a poet, a dreamer, remote and solitary. Chabrier mixed with the dancers; he drank the manzanilla and looked in the eyes of the gypsy girls; he, too, clapped hands as the Andalusians twisted their hips; he, too, in his ecstasy shouted "Olle, Olle."

The program of the concerts next week, the last ones of the season, will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony

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MONITOR, BOSTON

MAY 1, 1915

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL BIT OF EXCELLENT PROGRAM MAKING

SYMPHONY HALL—Twenty-third public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of April 30. The program: Franck, symphony in D minor; Goldmark, overture, "In the Spring"; Smetana, symphonic poem, "Bohemia's Groves," No. 4 in "My Country" cycle; Chabrier, "Espana."

Composers of the sort that would support Franck, that would supply certain marked deficiencies of his, and that would make agreeable contrast with him, could hardly have been better chosen than Goldmark, Smetana and Chabrier. The three writers who were represented with short pieces in the second half of the afternoon, gave what the writer of the symphony could not, but at the same time they contributed ideas that were companionable to his. That is to say, they and he together produced a scheme of expression that was congruous throughout, no less than varied.

The selection of short works to go with the Franck symphony was happy indeed, achieving in the first place unity of mood, for all four of the composers are sentimentalists of one kind or another, and attaining in the second place as strong a contrast in orchestral style between opening and closing numbers as could be planned. The conductor in drawing up the program might easily have picked out pieces that would supply the thing most wanting in Franck, orchestral humor, but such a procedure would only have mocked the composer of the three-movement symphony in D minor. The "Till Eulenspiegel" rondo might have been moved back from next week's concerts into this week's. The contrast between Franck and Strauss would have been striking enough. But Dr. Muck is too well schooled in the art of comedy himself to put fun in the wrong place.

The requirements that large symphonic works shall have a scherzo movement, or shall have passages developed at some length in the comedy vein, seems arbitrary, but there is no escape from it. A composer does not get around it, Franck's way, by entitling a portion of his music scherzo, and by writing it after the classic scherzo model. He must put on a touch of burlesque somewhere, or listeners are not satisfied. Tone poems in continuous and free form are subject to this requirement no less than symphonies written to the old pattern. When comedy is wanting, the piece is likely to have either an overbuilt or an under-planned effect. Franck's symphony belongs in the latter class. His structure lacks openness and breadth of conception. It is cramped. It has unity, but a unity that is attained by a hard and stiff interlocking of leading ideas. It stands altogether safer on its foundations than is necessary. It needs an impossibility or two in the way of roof pressure or of arch thrust that is buttressed up with a satiric comment or is held static with a laugh.

When comedy is wanting, sentiment goes a long way to make up for it. And sentiment of the rarest kind imbues the three movements of the D minor symphony. It inheres in every interval of the leading melody, it vibrates in every chord and in every tone color combination from opening bars to closing.

And sentiment glows no less brightly in the pages of the three minor composers who supported Franck.

In the case of their music it was associated not with abstract musing, but with contemplation of nature,—or of open-air folk scenes. The charm of the three pieces, as arranged on the program was progressive. It took hold of listeners vaguely in the Goldmark number, turning their thoughts from the concert hall to out-of-doors. It sank into them deeper in the Smetana number, making them think they were watching dances on a village green. It carried them away completely in the Chabrier number, setting them down in a festal village of Spain and compelling them to join in the merry-making.

BOSTON POST,
MAY 1, 1915

SYMPHONY BY FRANCK PERFORMED

Dazzlingly Brilliant Playing of Goldmark and Chabrier

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Cesar Franck Symphony; Goldmark's Spring Overture; Smetana's symphonic poem from "Bohemia's Groves and Meadows," and Chabrier's Espana made the programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

FRANCK IN HIGH FAVOR

The Franck Symphony, only a few years ago a puzzling and ultra-modern work, and now almost a popular favorite with audiences in this city, had never had such an enthusiastic reception in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck's reading was very dramatic and very clear in its exposition of each feature of the score. And it was his own reading, with which some may have disagreed, although there was no question of its reception by the majority. We personally prefer a slightly faster tempo for the allegro in the first movement; a broader, more pontifical treatment of that passage when the first theme is proclaimed in canon by the brass instruments; a slower tempo and a more mystical and shadowy mood for the middle movement. Where Franck was exalted or serenely majestic in his profession of faith, Dr. Muck made him at times assertive as well as prophetic. The outlines of the work were more powerful and rugged than usual.

It was the difference between Francis of Assisi and Martin Luther. The musings of the allegretto were as the troubled dialogue of the soul and God. Aspiration was at times near to defeat. The finale was more dramatic than ever before, and more plastic in its tempi and its treatment of phrases, and always searchingly eloquent. The reading was not as characteristic of Franck, as we know him, as other readings of the work which we have heard, but it was convincing and of the deepest sincerity, and the rejoicing conclusion was memorable.

Impressive Performance

It was evident that the conductor was not standing aloof and ordering intelligently the interpretation of beautiful music. The performance seemed, in fact, unusually subjective with Dr. Muck. He could well have said: "This may not be your religion, but it is mine." So saying, in a figurative sense, he gave a reading that was not only unusually effective, but also, after its own logic, very impressive.

The performance of Goldmark's overture was of astonishing brilliancy. As a virtuoso piece for orchestra, at the hands of such a conductor and such players, it is capital. As music it will not live by the side of "Sakuntala" or "Sappho" overtures, or other works of Goldmark in which he is Oriental and unutterably gorgeous. Nor is Smetana's tone poem, sincere as it is, to be ranked in musical value with the better known "Vysehrad" and "Vltava," other poems of the cycle, "My Country." True, it is fresh and melodic, and the concluding measures are the best in the whole work, but it did not make a pronounced effect yesterday.

Riot of Wit and Joy

The features of the concert were the Franck symphony and the electric performance of Chabrier's "Espana." This is one of the wittiest pieces of music in existence, one of the most intoxicating in its rythms and in its color. It is a perfect volcano of esprit, with a roar of laughter in every measure. The orchestration, of course, is pure genius, from the first note to the last. There is no end to the resource and the astonishing inventiveness of the composer. Dr. Muck allowed no detail to escape him. This is especially his piece. It is one side of his own temperament. No wonder that even at the end of a long concert the audience remained to applaud. If there were a remark to add to all this, it would be that there was, if anything, too much tonal excitement for one concert. Only Franck's symphony was relatively quiet in its coloring, and that coloring was made far more brilliant than usual.

Monitor, May [illegible]

HISTORIC VALUES OF MUSIC OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY RESTATED IN SYMPHONY YEAR

Audience Acclaims Liszt's "Faust" Symphony Above All Else of Season—Scant Approval for Schoenberg—Other Composers Considered in a Review

Liszt's "Faust" symphony is the piece which has brought the Boston Symphony orchestra the greatest acclaim of the season. Wherever people discuss the winter's Wherever people discuss the winter's work of the orchestra, in musical or in domestic gatherings, the performance of the "Faust" symphony has preeminent mention. Let the programs of the Boston orchestral season become a topic of studio talk or table talk, and immediately the comparative interest of the three character episodes relating to Faust, Marguerite and Mephistopheles, or some other question touching the Liszt compositon is argued. The manner in which the "Faust" symphony was conducted and played at the two pairs of concerts in which it was the principal number, has been a marvel to musicians. The revelation which a masterful reading of it gave of Liszt as the greatest, perhaps of mid-nineteenth century musical thinkers, has caused general listeners to revise their valuations.

Awakening

In former years, the revival of a grea composition that the public had half forgotten, or the production of a new composition of startling qualities, has had the same effect that the performance of the Liszt piece had this season. Such revival or production has absorbed more attention than anything else and has caused an awakening of one sort or another, sometimes not a pleasant one. Last year, the fourth symphony of Sibelius, when played for the first time, stirred the artistic sensibilities of the public in an extraordinary way. It divided listeners into two camps, the larger by far being the one opposed to Sibelius and his laconic, somber expression. In the two years before, when the orchestra took a new conductor and let gc an old one, no piece made a much deeper impression than any other. But in the three years before that, when Max Fiedler was at the height of his influence as conductor, the Strauss "Don Quixote" tone poem (season of 1910-11) the Rachmaninoff "Island of the Dead" tone poem (1909-10) and the Bruckner eighth symphony (1908-09) were conspicuous. Likewise in the first year of Dr. Muck's first term of conducting 1906-07, one piece entranced everybody's ears, and that was the Strauss "Domestic" symphony, which was then new.

Two Occurrences

Of all these times of musical renascence, these moments of esthetic readjustment, two are especially noteworthy, the one which occurred in Dr Muck's first term and the one which has occurred this season. The interpretation of the "Domestic" symphony eight years ago brought the orchestral public out of a state of half hostility to modern composers into a state of complete friendliness to them. With the season of 1906-07, the classical dominance ended in Boston. The shield on the proscenium lintel in Symphony hall, inscribed with the name of Beethoven, might colorably at that time have been taken down; not to have the name of Strauss substituted, but to have some impersonal device put on it signifying the union of classic and modern appreciations. The interpretation of the "Faust" symphony this season put the public into a new state of mind with regard to Liszt as an originative force in nineteenth century art. It made listeners aware that Liszt is the master musical engineer after Beethoven. It made them understand that Liszt not only invented the method of structure by theme transformation that was always admitted; but that he perfected it too. It proved that Liszt applied his ideas with all the thoroughness of his greatest contemporary and of his greatest successor to make short, that he taught Wagner and Strauss all they ever knew about musical architecture.

Motives of Listening

Such exalted experiences could come only to a public vitally interested in music; and they could be caused only by performers who study the problem of expression in the most serious way. To regard them as mere accidents of program arrangement or as mere technical exploits would be a great mistake. They explain the community which enjoyed them. They explain, in fact, every community which sustains an orchestra. The two most vivid experiences of the Boston Symphony public in eight years illustrate two motives of listening. The first one, the experience with the Strauss symphony, satisfied that curiosity which audiences feel in the social purport of present-day music. The second one, the experience with the Liszt symphony, satisfied that interest which audiences have in revising historic valuations.

Schoenberg

These two motives underlie all orchestral pleasure; they are the basis of all orchestral discussion. They usually get about equal emphasis in the programme making of a conductor, and that is what has happened in the season [illegible] closing. Strongly contrasted with the favorable declaration in the case of Liszt, was the fiinding in the case of Arnold Schoenberg, writer of the "Five Pieces" for orchestra. Whether the public desired to frown upon this composer for painting an unintelligible picture of modern society, whether it wished to call him to task for uttering trivial and pessimistic sentiments, or whether it meant to discountenance his breaking with old melodic and harmonic law, cannot easily be told. But it put itself on record distinctly enough as taking no joy in the sound of the "Five Pieces." Perhaps it thus left for a future public the very opportunity for revision of opinion that a former one bequeathed to it in the "Faust" symphony.

Important modern works produced to uncertain applause last season and repeated this season with happier consequences, were the Reznicek tone biography, "Schlemihl," and the Sibelius fourth symphony. The public showed unmistakable delight in having a closer acquaintance with the magnificently colored piece of portraiture by Reznicek. It broke into a more even division of opinion on the Sibelius work than the year before, the opposition camp counting a small, if any, majority.

A little tone poem that was expected to cause a commotion but did not, was the Stravinsky "Fireworks." Doubtless the disturbingly modern Stravinsky is not heard in this little study. He may be expected another year; and when he comes he may justify all that is reported of him in the thorough manner of Schoenberg in the "Five Pieces." A new set of tone poems, amounting to a symphony in free form, which illustrate an altered tendency in German musical expression, were the pieces of Reger after four paintings by Boecklin. There is an asceticism and a restraint in this symphonic group which make a plain protest against the romanticism and irrepressibility of Strauss. Reger brings a fresh social view in his compositions, and he merits much hearing.

Minor Works

Two new works that contained little comment of world significance, but that held many moments of interesting sonority, were the Guy Ropartz symphony in C major, No. 4; and the Fritz Volbach symphony in B minor. Other minor poetry in small forms which disclosed great charm and workmanlike finish were the "Spanish Rhapsody" suite of Maurice Ravel, and the variations on an original theme of Gustav Strube. There was more new music of one sort and another, including Oskar Fried's prelude and fugue for strings; the same composer's adagio and scherzo for wind and percussion instruments; Mahler's "Songs of a Journeyman," for tenor voice and orchestra; Friedrich Klose's organ prelude and double fugue, with ending for choir of brasses, and the youthful Eric Korngold's sinfonietta, scored in the sumptuous instrumental style of Mahler.

Markworthy in the list of *revivals* were the Borodin symphony, No. 2, *in* B minor, which had a fresher sound and a deeper appeal than anything else from the nineteenth century Russian repertory; the Strauss "Don Juan" and "Zarathustra" tone poems; the Brahms first symphony; the Converse "Ormazd" tone poem; and the MacDowell "Indian" suite. A revival that was of little more than biographical interest was the Strauss "From Italy" fantasia.

All the visiting artists at the concerts have distinguished themselves. The short list of them takes in Messrs

Addr ss

Bauer, Borwick
pianists; Mr. Kreisler, viol
asals, violoncellist; Miss Hi
ulp and Miss Gerhardt, sop
raper, tenor, and Mr. Amato
oloists from the orchestra
cluded Messrs. Witek and No
linists; Mr. Ferir, viola player
Warnke and Malkin, violoncell
Maquarre, flutist; Mr. Longy
and Mr. Marshall, organist. Th
Club of male voices assisted
choral ending of the Liszt "Fau
phony in the two pairs of con
which it was presented. Mr.
the assistant conductor, took Dr.
place at one pair of concerts in
season.

BOSTON TRAV

MAY 1, 19

EXCEPTIONAL D FOR THE SYMPH

Particularly Attractive P Finely Given Arouses N able Enthusiasm.

An exceptionally fine progra
in the orchestra's best style,
story of yesterday afternoo
phony concert in a nutshell.
afternoon to be remembered
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bent upon going previous re
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came Smetana's "From
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to learn that once upon a
weather was seasonable.
"Espana" closed the concert,
drew sharp contrasts and aff
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MAY 1, 1

THE SYMPHONY

FRENCH MUSIC WI INTERME

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TIGHT BINDING

INFORMATION OBSCURED

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"Espana," ....Chabrier

There was an unusual event yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. For the first time within the recollection of many the conductor was obliged to bow more than once after the first movement of a symphony at the beginning of a concert. This tribute was due to the music itself and to the remarkable performance.

When Franck's symphony was first performed here under Mr. Gericke's leadership, 16 years ago, the majority of the hearers were perplexed; some were grieved; others were incensed; they considered the production an outrage. I believe there were a few that went so far as to characterize the music as "immoral." Yesterday this same music was enthusiastically applauded. The applause was singularly spontaneous and prolonged. Yet this symphony was in itself as beautiful and glorious in April, 1899, when the work had been diligently rehearsed, and the performance was excellent. Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges to the joy of us who from the beginning recognized the nobility and grandeur of the work and were moved and thrilled by it.

Anr what symphony since the ninth of Beethoven is to be compared with it as a whole? Certainly not one by Mendelssohn or Schumann. We are not unmindful of pages in Schubert's in C major, and in the first symphony of Brahms. There is fine music in the first of Sibelius. There are wonderful things in d'Indy's symphony in B-flat major, a pure and lofty spirit, a wealth of ideas, an unsurpassable mastery of expression. But Franck's symphony has something that is nearer and farther. For such a musical portrayal of doubts, not querulous, but known to the bravest, of compassion and consolation, of the final triumph and rejoicing that are voiced in a celestial Alleluia, we must go back to Beethoven, and Franck's symphony is worthy to stand by the side of Beethoven's greatest.

Overtures associated with the thought of Spring are usually played on days that are far from spring-like. "And the Spring comes slowly up this way." It comes slowly; there is a day that leads one to think the poets are after all not romantic liars; the malicious east and north winds arise and tarry; lo, it is summer. But Goldmark's "Spring" is the season of the poets. There is the vernal outbursts, the exultation of nature. The suggestion of birds in praise is not two mimetic. The sentiment that might be called rural does not become lackadaisical. There is the spontaneity of the earth. "Warble me now, for joy of Lilac-time."

Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

The Program Book that had buried Goldmark earlier in the season with becoming and solemn words stated yesterday through carelessness that he was still living in Vienna. The composer of this overture, other overtures and "The Queen of Sheba," is still living and not only in Vienna.

And what is to be said of Smetana's symphonic poem? It has not been played here since 1900. With all due respect to the composer we can willingly wait another 15 years. The beginning is effective, and the fugato is not without interest; but the thematic material on the whole is too naive and the polka is for a brass-band on the Sophien Island in the Moldau. There is a naivete that is delightful. The naivete of genius, and Smetana has shown it in other works. Dvorak, his countryman, was also naive, before he went to England and was spoiled there, but his naivete was most fascinating when it was artfully cloaked. Smetana was passionately fond of dancing; the polka was the national dance and in his wish to portray the Bohemians at play he naturally turned to the polka. Would that he had written a better one!

A concert that was characterized by the utmost orchestral brilliance ended with a dazzling performance of Chabrier's "Espana." Here we have the Spain that we all have imagined. Rimsky-Korsakoff heard the Spanish dance tunes with Russian ears. The Spaniards do not accept Bizet's "Carmen." Debussy has portrayed Seville, Grenada and the Alhambra, but as a poet, a dreamer, remote and solitary. Chabrier mixed with the dancers; he drank the manzanilla and looked in the eyes of the gypsy girls; he, too, clapped hands as the Andalusians twisted their hips; he, too, in his ecstasy shouted "Olle, Olle."

The program of the concerts next week, the last ones of the season, will ... follows: Beethoven, Symphony

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MONITOR, BOSTON

MAY 1, 1915

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL BIT OF EXCELLENT PROGRAM MAKING

SYMPHONY HALL—Twenty-third public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of April 30. The program: Franck, symphony in D minor; Goldmark, overture, "In the Spring"; Smetana, symphonic poem, "Bohemia's Groves," No. 4 in "My Country" cycle; Chabrier, "Espana."

Composers of the sort that would support Franck, that would supply certain marked deficiencies of his, and that would make agreeable contrast with him, could hardly have been better chosen than Goldmark, Smetana and Chabrier. The three writers who were represented with short pieces in the second half of the afternoon, gave what the writer of the symphony could not, but at the same time they contributed ideas that were companionable to his. That is to say, they and he together produced a scheme of expression that was congruous throughout, no less than varied.

The selection of short works to go with the Franck symphony was happy indeed, achieving in the first place unity of mood, for all four of the composers are sentimentalists of one kind or another, and attaining in the second place as strong a contrast in orchestral style between opening and closing numbers as could be planned. The conductor in drawing up the program might easily have picked out pieces that would supply the thing most wanting in Franck, orchestral humor, but such a procedure would only have mocked the composer of the three-movement symphony in D minor. The "Till Eulenspiegel" rondo might have been moved back from next week's concerts into this week's. The contrast between Franck and Strauss would have been striking enough. But Dr. Muck is too well schooled in the art of comedy himself to put fun in the wrong place.

The requirements that large symphonic works shall have a scherzo movement, or shall have passages developed at some length in the comedy vein, seems arbitrary, but there is no escape from it. A composer does not get around it, Franck's way, by entitling a portion of his music scherzo, and by writing it after the classic scherzo model. He must put on a touch of burlesque somewhere, or listeners are not satisfied. Tone poems in continuous and free form are subject to this requirement no less than symphonies written to the old pattern. When comedy is wanting, the piece is likely to have either an overbuilt or an under-planned effect. Franck's symphony belongs in the latter class. His structure lacks openness and breadth of conception. It is cramped. It has unity, but a unity that is attained by a hard and stiff interlocking of leading ideas. It stands altogether safer on its foundations than is necessary. It needs an impossibility or two in the way of roof pressure or of arch thrust that is buttressed up with a satiric comment or is held static with a laugh.

When comedy is wanting, sentiment goes a long way to make up for it. And sentiment of the rarest kind imbues the three movements of the D minor symphony. It inheres in every interval of the leading melody, it vibrates in every chord and in every tone color combination from opening bars to closing.

And sentiment glows no less brightly in the pages of the three minor composers who supported Franck.

In the case of their music it was associated not with abstract musing, but with contemplation of nature,—or of open-air folk scenes. The charm of the three pieces, as arranged on the program was progressive. It took hold of listeners vaguely in the Goldmark number, turning their thoughts from the concert hall to out-of-doors. It sank into them deeper in the Smetana number, making them think they were watching dances on a village green. It carried them away completely in the Chabrier number, setting them down in a festal village of Spain and compelling them to join in the merry-making.

BOSTON POST,
MAY 1, 1915

SYMPHONY BY FRANCK PERFORMED

Dazzlingly Brilliant Playing of Goldmark and Chabrier

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Cesar Franck Symphony; Goldmark's Spring Overture; Smetana's symphonic poem from "Bohemia's Groves and Meadows," and Chabrier's Espana made the programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

FRANCK IN HIGH FAVOR

The Franck Symphony, only a few years ago a puzzling and ultra-modern work, and now almost a popular favorite with audiences in this city, had never had such an enthusiastic reception in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck's reading was very dramatic and very clear in its exposition of each feature of the score. And it was his own reading, with which some may have disagreed, although there was no question of its reception by the majority. We personally prefer a slightly faster tempo for the allegro in the first movement; a broader, more pontifical treatment of that passage when the first theme is proclaimed in canon by the brass instruments; a slower tempo and a more mystical and shadowy mood for the middle movement. Where Franck was exalted or serenely majestic in his profession of faith, Dr. Muck made him at times assertive as well as prophetic. The outlines of the work were more powerful and rugged than usual.

It was the difference between Francis of Assisi and Martin Luther. The musings of the allegretto were as the troubled dialogue of the soul and God. Aspiration was at times near to defeat. The finale was more dramatic than ever before, and more plastic in its tempi and its treatment of phrases, and always searchingly eloquent. The reading was not as characteristic of Franck, as we know him, as other readings of the work which we have heard, but it was convincing and of the deepest sincerity, and the rejoicing conclusion was memorable.

Impressive Performance

It was evident that the conductor was not standing aloof and ordering intelligently the interpretation of beautiful music. The performance seemed, in fact, unusually subjective with Dr. Muck. He could well have said: "This may not be your religion, but it is mine." So saying, in a figurative sense, he gave a reading that was not only unusually effective, but also, after its own logic, very impressive.

The performance of Goldmark's overture was of astonishing brilliancy. As a virtuoso piece for orchestra, at the hands of such a conductor and such players, it is capital. As music it will not live by the side of "Sakuntala" or "Sappho" overtures, or other works of Goldmark in which he is Oriental and unutterably gorgeous. Nor is Smetana's tone poem, sincere as it is, to be ranked in musical value with the better known "Vysehrad" and "Vltava," other poems of the cycle, "My Country." True, it is fresh and melodic, and the concluding measures are the best in the whole work, but it did not make a pronounced effect yesterday.

Riot of Wit and Joy

The features of the concert were the Franck symphony and the electric performance of Chabrier's "Espana." This is one of the wittiest pieces of music in existence, one of the most intoxicating in its rythms and in its color. It is a perfect volcano of esprit, with a roar of laughter in every measure. The orchestration, of course, is pure genius, from the first note to the last. There is no end to the resource and the astonishing inventiveness of the composer. Dr. Muck allowed no detail to escape him. This is especially his piece. It is one side of his own temperament. No wonder that even at the end of a long concert the audience remained to applaud. If there were a remark to add to all this, it would be that there was, if anything, too much tonal excitement for one concert. Only Franck's symphony was relatively quiet in its coloring, and that coloring was made far more brilliant than usual.

Monitor, May 1, 15

HISTORIC VALUES OF MUSIC OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY RESTATED IN SYMPHONY YEAR

Audience Acclaims Liszt's "Faust" Symphony Above All Else of Season—Scant Approval for Schoenberg—Other Composers Considered in a Review

Liszt's "Faust" symphony is the piece which has brought the Boston Symphony orchestra the greatest acclaim of the season. Wherever people discuss the winter's Wherever people discuss the winter's work of the orchestra, in musical or in domestic gatherings, the performance of the "Faust" symphony has preeminent mention. Let the programs of the Boston orchestral season become a topic of studio talk or table talk, and immediately the comparative interest of the three character episodes relating to Faust, Marguerite and Mephistopheles, or some other question touching the Liszt compositon is argued. The manner in which the "Faust" symphony was conducted and played at the two pairs of concerts in which it was the principal number, has been a marvel to musicians. The revelation which a masterful reading of it gave of Liszt as the greatest, perhaps of mid-nineteenth century musical thinkers, has caused general listeners to revise their valuations.

Awakening

In former years, the revival of a great composition that the public had half forgotten, or the production of a new composition of startling qualities, has had the same effect that the performance of the Liszt piece had this season. Such revival or production has absorbed more attention than anything else and has caused an awakening of one sort or another, sometimes not a pleasant one. Last year, the fourth symphony of Sibelius, when played for the first time, stirred the artistic sensibilities of the public in an extraordinary way. It divided listeners into two camps, the larger by far being the one opposed to Sibelius and his laconic, somber expression. In the two years before, when the orchestra took a new conductor and let go an old one, no piece made a much deeper impression than any other. But in the three years before that, when Max Fiedler was at the height of his influence as conductor, the Strauss "Don Quixote" tone poem (season of 1910-11) the Rachmaninoff "Island of the Dead" tone poem (1909-10) and the Bruckner eighth symphony (1908-09) were conspicuous. Likewise in the first year of Dr. Muck's first term of conducting 1906-07, one piece entranced everybody's ears, and that was the Strauss "Domestic" symphony, which was then new.

Two Occurrences

Of all these times of musical renascence, these moments of esthetic readjustment, two are especially noteworthy, the one which occurred in Dr Muck's first term and the one which has occurred this season. The interpretation of the "Domestic" symphony eight years ago brought the orchestral public out of a state of half hostility to modern composers into a state of complete friendliness to them. With the season of 1906-07, the classical dominance ended in Boston. The shield on the proscenium lintel in Symphony hall, inscribed with the name of Beethoven, might colorably at that time have been taken down; not to have the name of Strauss substituted, but to have some impersonal device put on it signifying the union of classic and modern appreciations. The interpretation of the "Faust" symphony this season put the public into a new state of mind with regard to Liszt as an originative force in nineteenth century art. It made listeners aware that Liszt is the master musical engineer after Beethoven. It made them understand that Liszt not only invented the method of structure by theme transformation; that was always admitted; but that he perfected it too. It proved that Liszt applied his ideas with all the thoroughness of his greatest contemporary and of his greatest successor; to make short, that he taught Wagner and Strauss all they ever knew about musical architecture.

Motives of Listening

Such exalted experiences could come only to a public vitally interested in music; and they could be caused only by performers who study the problem of expression in the most serious way. To regard them as mere accidents of program arrangement or as mere technical exploits would be a great mistake. They explain the community which enjoyed them. They explain, in fact, every community which sustains an orchestra.

The two most vivid experiences ... Boston Symphony public in eight ... illustrate two motives of listening ... first one, the experience with the S... symphony, satisfied that curiosity ... audiences feel in the social purp... present-day music. The second one ... experience with the Liszt symphony, satisfied that interest which audiences ha... in revising historic valuations.

Schoenberg

These two motives underlie all ... chestral pleasure; they are the bas... all orchestral discussion. They us... get about equal emphasis in the prog... making of a conductor, and that is ... has happened in the season pres... closing. Strongly contrasted with ... favorable declaration in the cas... Liszt, was the finding in the ca... Arnold Schoenberg, writer of the F... Pieces" for orchestra. Whether th... lic desired to frown upon this comp... for painting an unintelligible picture ... modern society, whether it wished ... call him to task for uttering trivial a... pessimistic sentiments, or whether ... meant to discountenance his break ... with old melodic and harmonic law, ca... not easily be told. But it put itself ... record distinctly enough as taking ... joy in the sound of the "Five Pie..." Perhaps it thus left for a future ... the very opportunity for revision of opin-ion that a former one bequeathed to the "Faust" symphony.

Important modern works produced ... uncertain applause last season and repeated this season with happier consequences, were the Reznicek tone biography, "Schlemihl," and the Sibelius fourth symphony. The public showed unmistakable delight in having a closer acquaintance with the magnificently colored piece of portraiture by Reznicek. It broke into a more even division of opinion on the Sibelius work than the year before, the opposition camp counting a small, if any, majority.

A little tone poem that was expected to cause a commotion but did not, was the Stravinsky "Fireworks." Doubtless the disturbingly modern Stravinsky is not heard in this little study. He may be expected another year; and when he comes he may justify all that is reported of him in the thorough manner of Schoenberg in the "Five Pieces." A new set of tone poems, amounting to a symphony in free form, which illustrate an altered tendency in German musical expression, were the pieces of Reger after four paintings by Boecklin. There is an asceticism and a restraint in this symphonic group which make a plain protest against the romanticism and irrepressibility of Strauss. Reger brings a fresh social view in his compositions, and he merits much hearing.

Minor Works

Two new works that contained little comment of world significance, but that held many moments of interesting sonority, were the Guy Ropartz symphony in C major, No. 4; and the Fritz Volbach symphony in B minor. Other minor poetry in small forms which disclosed great charm and workmanlike finish were the "Spanish Rhapsody" suite of Maurice Ravel, and the variations on an original theme of Gustav Strube. There was more new music of one sort and another, including Oskar Fried's prelude and fugue for strings; the same ...poser's adagio and scherzo for wind ... percussion instruments;* Mahler's ...gs of a Journeyman," for tenor voice ... orchestra; Friedrich Klose's organ ...de and double fugue, with ending ...hoir of brasses, and the youthful ... Korngold's sinfonietta, scored in ... sumptuous instrumental style of ...er.

...kworthy in the list of revivals ... the Borodin symphony, No. 2, in ...or, which had a fresher sound and ...er appeal than anything else from ...neteenth century Russian repertory ... the Strauss "Don Juan" and ...ustra" tone poems; the Brahms ...mphony; the Converse "Ormazd" ...m; and the MacDowell "Indian" ... revival that was of little more ...ographical interest was the ..."From Italy" fantasia.

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BOSTON TRAV...

MAY 1, 19...

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Bauer, Borwick and ilowitsch, pianists; Mr. Kreisler, violinist; Mr. Casals, violoncellist; Miss Hinkle, Mme. Culp and Miss Gerhardt, sopranos; Mr. Draper, tenor, and Mr. Amato, baritone. Soloists from the orchestra have included Messrs. Witek and Noack, violinists; Mr. Ferir, viola player; Messrs. Warnke and Malkin, violoncellists; Mr. Maquarre, flutist; Mr. Longy, oboist, and Mr. Marshall, organist. The Apollo Club of male voices assisted in the choral ending of the Liszt "Faust" symphony in the two pairs of concerts at which it was presented. Mr. Schmidt, the assistant conductor, took Dr. Muck's place at one pair of concerts in the mid-season.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

MAY 1, 1915

EXCEPTIONAL DAY FOR THE SYMPHONY

Particularly Attractive Program Finely Given Arouses Noticeable Enthusiasm.

An exceptionally fine program, played in the orchestra's best style, tells the story of yesterday afternoon's Symphony concert in a nutshell. It was an afternoon to be remembered and treasured. Both leader and players seemed bent upon going previous records one better.

After hearing Dr. Muck's reading of the Franck D minor symphony one is tempted to say the harsh criticisms that greeted its first presentation were dictated rather by prejudice than judgment. It is a beautiful work, masterly written, and was grandly interpreted. Enthusiasm reigned throughout its reading, culminating in a triple recall for Dr. Muck at its close, the conductor insisting upon the players sharing in the audience's tribute.

The mind of more than one in the hall might well have drawn a contrast between the weather Goldmark pictured in his Spring overture and that prevailing in Boston. Goldmark's weather was ideal. To carry the contrast still further came Smetana's "From Bohemia's Groves and Meadows." It was pleasant to learn that once upon a time the weather was seasonable. Chabrier's "Espana" closed the concert, one that drew sharp contrasts and afforded the conductor and players many opportunities for demonstrating their artistry. One thinks with regret that there is to be but one more concert this season. San Francisco is to be congratulated upon its opportunities to hear these great players during the next month.

TRANSCRIPT,

MAY 1, 1915

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

FRENCH MUSIC WITH AUSTRIAN INTERMEZZI

Franck's Symphony and Chabrier's Rhapsody Out of a Golden Period—Dr. Muck and the True Voice of Franck—Commonplace Smetana from Prairie to Polka, and Goldmark's Glowing Overture of the Spring

FOR once, with the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, it was possible to wish a programme more "unified" than even is Dr. Muck's custom. He began with Franck's familiar symphony and he ended with Chabrier's glowing rhapsody, "España." Between the two stood pieces by Goldmark and Smetana. If only in their stead, Dr. Muck had reserved Lalo's "Spanish Symphony," played by Mr. Noack only a fortnight ago and added to it, say, the suite of Bizet's music to "L'Ariésienne," that must be restudied for one of the concerts in San Francisco! Then would the programme of Friday have been a little epitome of what now appears as one of the most glorious periods of modern French music. "There were kings before Agamemnon"; there were illustrious Parisian composers in the last half of the nineteenth century before Debussy and Ravel, d'Indy, Dukas and Schmitt began to kindle and hold the interest of their own and other worlds. Fortunate men, they have had not a little reward in their time, though, as some say, the readjustments of the future may lessen what now seems their importance in the course of French and of European music. Perhaps and perhaps; but it is easier to agree that they and their innovating work have unduly overshadowed the achievement of the great generation that preceded them in the seventies and eighties and that enriched Paris and the world with the music of Franck and Lalo, Chabrier and Bizet.

LETI
San Francisco, Cal.
From

Nowadays we take "Carmen" as an opera for granted and sit down to consider it as the fortunate "vehicle" of a long line of eminent singing-actresses from Mme. Galli-Marié to Miss Farrar. Yet in itself and by itself, it is a masterpiece of lyric drama. The brass bands play transcriptions of Bizet's music to "L'Arlésienne" and even they may not altogether blur and roughen its wondrous beauty, fervor and pictorial power. Lalo virtually lives for us in two cencertos and an overture, though many another of his pieces deserve re-hearing. Yet sufficiently these three prove him a composer of rare invention and artistry who sought and gained an individual beauty in his music. We know the Chabrier of "España," the overture to "Gwendoline" and the "Bourré Fantasque" and we might know the Chabrier of a few other orchestral fragments. All mark him as a composer of puissant heats of imagination and eloquence. Franck in his symphony, in a tone-poem or two, and in his chamber music is familiar and placed—among the illustrious and enduring composers of a century that began with a Beethoven and ended with a Wagner. In their day all four composers went relatively neglected and despised; the seventies and the eighties were for the lyric sweetness of Gounod and the eclectic and polished artifice of Saint-Saëns. Now they sit deservedly in posthumous glory and on this earth and may be in the Elysian Fields, a rich period in French music is stamped with their names. Their successors have been more fortunate in their own day; the sifting future that sealed the others' fame awaits them.

Sufficient unto the day was the programme thereof, especially with an audience that probably took more thought of the variegated entertainment that it proffered than of the kindred composers whom it omitted. As usual it rose—or rather in this particular instance stayed in its seats—for Chabrier's "España" at the end of the concert. If "encores" were permissible on these Fridays of Symphony Hall no piece would so quickly and surely gain one. The stern young purists, recalling their Ravel and Laparra, their Albeñiz and Granados, like to say that the rhapsody is of the fictitious Spain that picture and play, verse and prose, have fashioned exotically for us these many years. There is no "veracity" in it, they repeat, as there is in "real" Spanish music. It is easy to retort that Chabrier actually took down all his motives but one on the tables of Spanish cafés and "dancing-places," and there heard the rhythms that he intensified and blended. It is better to answer that his music makes us that hear believe in his "fictitious" Spain and thrill to it, which is the "real" business of artistry and imagination.

Chabrier does not condescend to persuade us; he merely sweeps us into the hot flame of his temperament and imagination, translating into tones his impression of the Spain that kindled him. The rhythmic force of "España," whether the rhythms are in conflict or union, whether they run in normal beat or caprice whirls them; the diverse intensity of the striding or the languorous melody; the glow of the instrumental colors; the bite of the modulations; the far-flung eagerness and zest of the whole are the old story of the analysts. True, they are more than the dry bones of the piece; they are even its flesh and blood. But its life is the magnificent projecting power, the limitless fervor, the transmitting force of Chabrier's blazing spirit. Whatever he has written, opera or rhapsody, song or piano piece, he pours it forth in exuberant ardor. There is no resisting such a molten torrent; there is no thought of what is really a very expert yet spontaneous "ordnance" of it. No one analyzes the blaze that sets him in equal glow.

Franck's symphony, by ampler and more just title, has now succeeded Dvořák's symphony "Of the New World," beloved in the nineties and Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, no less cherished later and for longer, as the modern symphony that present-day audiences like most to hear. It is applauded beyond any other in Chicago; the Bostonians multiply their clapping until orchestra and conductor and maybe the listening ghost of Father Franck himself have bowed time and again; even New York, as it is the custom of the outlanders to say, comes to the symphony gladly. Hardly a year passes that it is not heard in America, if not in its own France; and twice within fifteen months it has been played in Boston. The outcome is twofold. Exactly as with Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, far inferior as it is to Franck's, frequent repetition brings a familiarity with the composer's characteristic procedures that makes them seem his manner and his convention beyond due proportion. By this time, everyone that hears the Russian's symphony knows when to expect the frenzied and tossing orchestral outbursts, the languorous and brooding sensual melodies, the broken rhythms, the up-piled climaxes, the whole neurotic design in alternations of struggle and despair. Similarly with Franck's symphony, the ear listens prepared and accustomed to his "cyclic" processes and there is no stir of surprise at the dramatic return or cumulation of this or that motive. As expectedly come the slow mounting in his moods and music of longing aspiration into more and more ardent ecstasy and brighter and brighter illumination; as regularly descend the shadows of doubt and the torment of struggle; triumphant measures sound their sonorous gladness and conviction; then the hushed whispers again and so on to the final pæan of the whole half-mystical and half-human, half-earthly and half-celestial design. Even an inspired symphony may have its routine and familiarity may heighten the listener's sense of it.

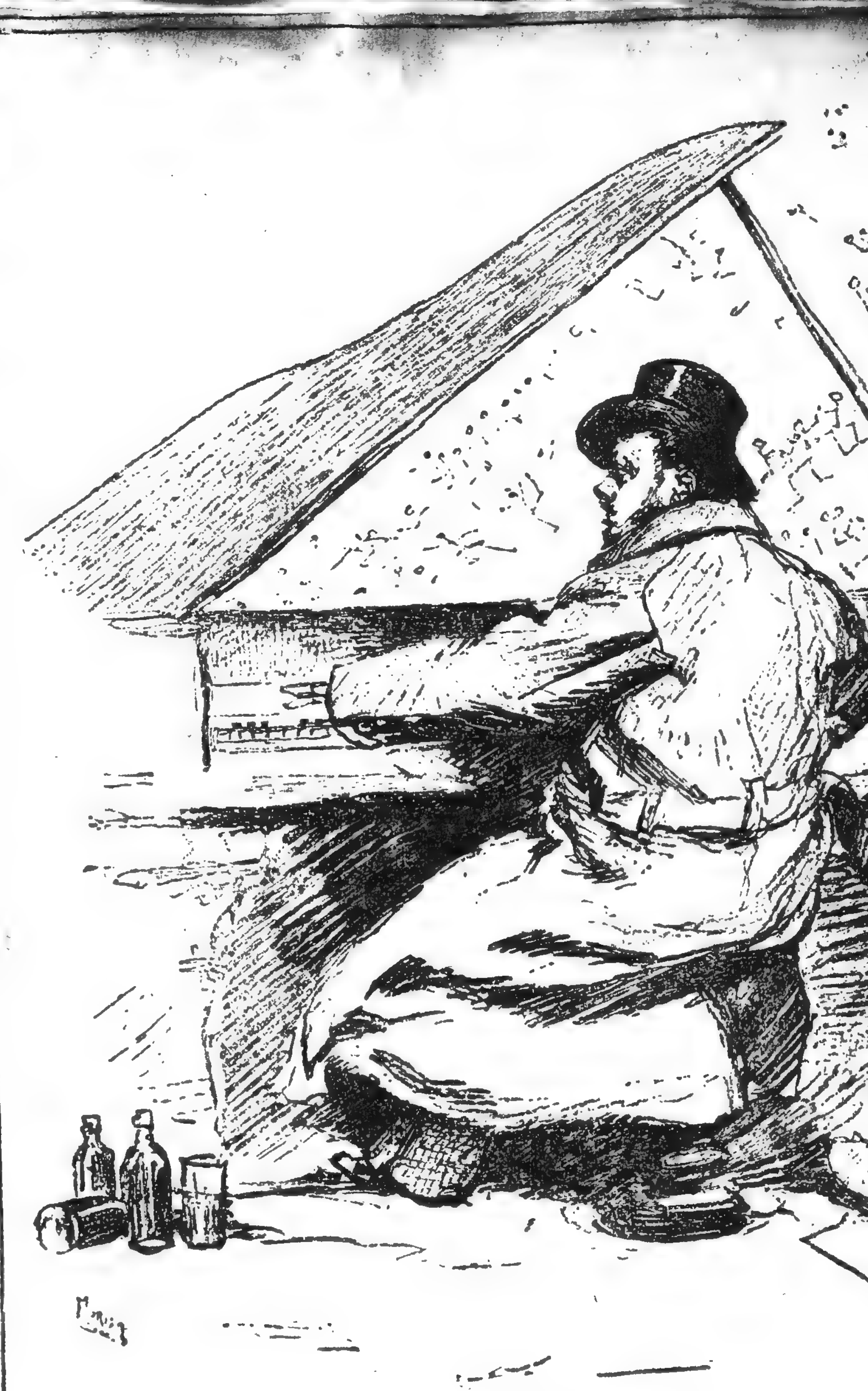
On the other hand, frequent repetition does heighten the hearer's sense of the beauty and, under Dr. Muck's hand, of the power of the music. The conductor was largely eloquent with the symphony yesterday—puissant beyond the endurance of some of those same young purists already cited. But when they protest against what they call Dr. Muck's excess of power are they not harking back to what is a traditional and in many respects false view of Franck and his music? When he and it first became known on this side of the Atlantic it was the custom to harp upon the hearty and expansive Père Franck (as full of Belgian humanity as he was of spiritualized visions, and living the life of a "bon bourgeois" who was musician, too) as some celestially minded organist dreaming his dreams over the keyboard in the lights and shadows of the stained glass and Gothic arches of Sainte-Clothilde. It was also the custom with his music to dwell upon its devout, msytical and ecstatic side, to etheralize it beyond its actual and normal content and quality in these things, and to reduce it, most unjustly, to a kind of luminous and spiritual gossamer born of a soul too pure and simple for those earthly contacts and emotions in which Father Franck took a normal delight.

With better understanding of music and man, the just and intelligent reaction was bound to come. César Franck, with all his mystical aspirations and ecstasies, was a full-sized and vital human being, formed and living in the round, and because he was such in his music, it has its power and beauty in the minds and the hearts of other men. It is such a Franck speaking out of his symphony that Dr. Muck calls to life, when he swells the finale as with myriad voices and with passion and power in exaltation and exultation; when he points high the dark tonal shadows and the mounting tonal lights of the first movement; when he intensifies the aspiration and torment of the allegretto until it pierces to the very quick of responsive mood. He would have Franck's symphony, as it really is, of all human doubt and struggle, spiritual ascent and spiritual triumph, and not of one dreaming and mystical organist. Divination is better than tradition.

Of the two intermezzi, one was familiar—Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring"; the other relatively new and strange—Smetana's tone-poem, "From Bohemia's Groves and Meadows," heard but once before and fifteen years back at the Symphony Concerts. Each piece is a full-bodied, full-blooded, transparent and immediately pleasurable music, and upon both conductor and orchestra spent their songful sonorities, zest and command of rhythm, richness of color, and exhaustless plasticity of design and detail. Smetana's tone-poem rewarded such eloquence poorly; Goldmark's overture recompensed it largely; and the sources of the difference are not far to seek. The Bohemian's music would picture his native landscape—outspread meadow, thick woodland, circling hill, nodding trees, smiling turf and all in the hot glow of summer sunshine. Emotion rises at the sight and should fill the music with lofty mood. A polka—an elate and tireless polka—interrupts these meditations, and lo! all Bohemia is dancing upon its lawns and hillsides until the music exhausts itself in the whirl as though it were some patriotic and dervish-like rite of these excited Czechs. There is little imagination in the design, and not much more in the accomplishment. The "nature-picturing" and the mood that it quickens are expressed in tonal commonplace; only the excitement of the polka—and the rhythmic bite of the orchestra yesterday—save it from like fate.

On the other hand, the rich melody beginning Goldmark's overture, expanding into manifold song, and then steadily dominating it, seizes ear and imagination by its spontaneous beauty, intensity and fitness to the mood and the purpose of the music. It seems to have leapt in full harmonic and instrumental panoply from the composer's imagination, yet as richly he amplifies, transmutes and adorns it. Like the spring sap in the trees, it stirs and mounts in the listener's ear and fancy until it floods them even as it floods the music. Quick with invention and ardor, Goldmark sets his playful arabesques about it; runs away in his little excursions with subordinate motives; "springs" his craftsman's moment of suspense before he swings away into his gay finale and throughout keeps the pervading mood and the unflagging freshness of the whole. Once more invention and imagination carry the day as all the patriotic zeal in the world will not. Chabrier, cudgelling his brains for a classification of "España," finally called it a rhapsody. Goldmark, by as just a title, might have named his overture so.

H. T. P.



Chabrier

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BOSTON GLOBE

MAY 1,

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Next to Last Program of the Season.

Franck's Noble Symphony Played With Wealth of Beauty.

The last Symphony rehearsal of the season but one brought a beautiful performance of Cesar Franck's noble symphony in D minor. This great work might well be heard once each year. Time does not tarnish its purity of inspiration, its spirituality, its expression of a lofty and triumphant faith. Adapting old models to a more plastic form, it was music beyond the comprehension of pedants as late as 25 years ago. The fountain of emotion within it was as the desert to their senses.

This symphony without the monumental chamber works—the incomparable quintet, the quartet and the trio—would have left a portrait of Franck, just, faithful, sympathetic in its revelation of the organist of Ste Clotilde, a dreamer, a seer of visions, one who found solace and strength from ceaseless labor in quiet contemplation of the things of the spirit. The music of a man beyond his time, one antipodal to materialism, yet surrounded by it, and judged by its standards, by the standards of the music of "Faust."

Often one can see the composer at his organ, evoking these harmonies, as in the passage for woodwind in the lento of the first movement. The effect of the first theme of the second movement, in plucked strings, repeated with the song of the English horn, is that of rapt and ecstatic communion. The culmination of the motives in the last movement is as the triumphal restatement of beliefs and convictions of soul that have moulded life, and now declare it a beautiful, complete and perfect thing.

As a work embodying the creative use of the cyclic idea of thematic development, it has its technical interest and significance to the analyst. But the interrelated employment of these themes reveals more inward and seizing beauty than the mere skill of the contrapuntist.

Smetana's symphonic poem, "From Bohemia's Groves and Meadows," the fourth of the cycle of six poems, "My Country," has a simple folk character which Dvorak continued and developed after him. There are scenes of pastoral suggestion, tranquil in their pictures of nature, with peaceful streams flowing through verdant fields. There is the dancing of the simple peasants. The fugal subject introduced in the five-string choirs is one of improvisational beauty. It is unpretentious, honest music, rich in melody, colorful, pictorial and National in suggestion.

Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring," was played in spirit of vernal inspiration. Chabrier's Spanish rhapsody, always sure of a brilliant performance at these concerts, closed the program.

The performance of the symphony was one worthy of its majesty of thought and transforming beauty. Dr Muck has brought the orchestra to a point of technical vertuosity, incomparable euphony, agreement, eloquence and passion in expression beyond which it would seem impossible to go.

There reasonably should have been the special tribute of the audience after the music of Franck.

TRANSCRIPT,
MAY 8, 1915

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

THE FINAL RITES OF THE ENDED SEASON

Such Tribute from the Audience as Dr. Muck Has Never Received for the Concerts Known Heretofore—The Just Occasion for It—Classic Pieces, Elder and Younger, in Which the Qualities of Conductor and Orchestra Passed as in Epitome

SINCE Mr. Gericke departed from the Symphony Orchestra, nine years ago, no audience at its concerts has shown such fervor toward the conductor as did that of yesterday afternoon toward Dr. Muck—and with such reason. As Mr. Gericke at the end of his second term had made the orchestra a more nearly perfect instrument than it had ever been before, so Dr. Muck at the end of the fifth year at his post, maintaining, amplifying and refining these perfections, has carried it to a range and height of expressive eloquence that it has never known before. In the season now ending, by the final swift and cumulating concentration of a gradual process five years long, the audiences of the Symphony Concerts seem at last to realize fully and deeply that week by week they listen to an orchestra unmatched in the world in technical and tonal sensibility and quality, in scope of responsive voice and imagination to whatever music is opened for it; and in transmission of substance and spirit, character and style by all the means of finesse and by all the resources of power, a clairvoyant, vitalizing and enkindling beauty.

The orchestra has become such because it plays in the image of him who leads it and who has gradually permeated it by the unique power—hidden in its processes, revealed in its results—that is the stamp of a great conductor. By his works, ripened, unhampered and unclouded in Boston as they never were in Berlin, Dr. Muck has proved the genius—for his qualities and faculties justify the word—that make him unsurpassed among the orchestral leaders of our time. There is no music into which he does not enter with penetrating understanding, responsive imagination, individualizing sense of style and full surrender of himself as imparting and devoted instrument of the composer. There is no artistry of large design and mounting progression, of euphonious detail, of pointing accent, of arresting modulation to which he is strange or inert. Pace and rhythm, the whole range of orchestral song, the underlying and informing melody that is as the soul within the body of the piece lock no secrets from him. With these things he first divines and then accomplishes—and both surely. His ear knows every beauty of tone; his imagination visions it; his guiding hand and his outflowing inspiration to the capacities of his men achieve it.

Out of this beauty pours eloquence that Dr. Muck bears into floods of power and passion; that he sharpens into vivid suggestion and illusive delineation; that he outspreads into glamorous at mosphere; that he refines into endless subtlety and delicacy; that he makes the voice of tonal drama, tonal romance, tonal picture and characterization and of the pure loveliness and exhilaration of music that is tonal pattern-weaving. Upon whatever his recreating force plays, for the instant it vitalizes. The whole field of music lies equally open to him; all the faculties of the great conductor dwell in him; genius crowns them; and self-mastery and self-devotion control them. The world now holds none to match him in his art and his calling as it holds no other band to match the orchestra upon which he plays as he has upbuilded and transformed it. Dr. Muck has his visions of the ideal orchestra and its ideal accomplishment, the like of which no ears have hitherto known, and he is nearer than most mortals to coming to the fulfilment of his ideal. And modestly and to himself he has dwelt and worked among us at the fulness of all his powers and will so live and work for years to come. Now, at last, at the end of a season, the like of which in achievement, the Symphony Orchestra has not before known, his audiences seem to know him for a great conductor and an illustrious man bestowed upon them again, as upon no other audiences in the world.

Yesterday this knowledge, this faith and these glories were fulfilled in Dr. Muck's ears and in the ears of all those that heard as they have never been before. The applause was long and fervent when he came first to his place, until the homage of his audience yielded to his eagerness to set to his work. At the end of the symphony—the Fifth Beethoven—there was the suspensive moment of pause in which thrilled hearers return to themselves out of their excited absorption in music and performance and then a flood of plaudits that would not be stayed until the conductor had returned once and twice; until he had stood with his men standing around him; until he had come back yet again into their circle. Even then, the applause subsided slowly and at the close of the concert—after the tonal pomps with which the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" ends—it rose in fuller and higher flood and with what seemed a note of personal regard and liking that was a new and rare sensation in such plaudits of assembled hundreds. Not long would the conductor, almost tremulous with the emotion of the instant keep it for himself. He turned and called to his encircling men; he shook Mr. Witek's hand as the proxy of them all with a relieving fervor; his glance slowly traversing the crescent of the orchestra spoke what was in his heart; the momentary hush of the audience swelled again into ardent clapping. And so [illegible] orchestra and conductor thus as on[illegible] public of Friday afternoons, whic[illegible] criterion of the concerts [illegible]

The music of the day—elder and younger classics and all, but one, familiar—seemed, as the performance ran its course, like an epitome in little of the qualities in orchestra and conductor that seal their distinctions and warrant such plaudits. The opening nearness of Beethoven's symphony seemed to leap into puissant and rugged being; the tonal strife and struggle that ensue smote the ear with its raining blows and then smoothed it with its recoils into spent and sombre brooding. Here were spiritual passion and spiritual drama in tones; yet how full and rich were the great chorals, how Beethovenish the rounded and songful phrases, how eloquent the transitions, how fluid the details and how stinging the progressions that conveyed them. The melancholy phrase of the Andante recurred in its wistful beauty of longing; and subtle moulding and a perfect evenness of repetition heightened its haunt. Above it and almost over t the stouter and soberer beauty of the melody went its conquering way, quickened and intensified by its own emitional life. Yet it was pace and accent that so vitalized and illuminated it. The scherzo went its way of restless mystery into the high suspense out of which springs the finale and the listening seemed as breathless as the music; while once more out of that finale, Dr. Muck reared, united and cumulated such a triumphant song—of Beethoven aflame as with the universal emotion of all the folk—as he is wont to set free in the finale of Brahms's first symphony and as he will some day release out of Beethoven's own "Ode to Joy." The beauty, the power and the passion of the symphony is not often so proclaimed.

The conductor's largeness and intensity of imagination; the rush and swirl of his rhythms; his sharp strokes of tonal delineation; his seeming emotional abandonment—yet with what control behind!—to the phantasmagoria of Mazeppa's ride to the flickering sweep of the harried hero's momentary emotions and to the sheer tonal bombast of the pageant-like transfiguring end recalled Liszt's tone-poem to its romantic life and glamor and thrill, without which it is as sound and fury signifying nothing. And once more the orchestra was as the conductor's voice understood, felt, multiplied. In the sharpest of contrasts, they recounted with pith and point, with the aptest of delineative stroke, and with an astute play of ironic humor, the traits, the adventures and the hapless end of Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel." Along the way they did little miracles of individual virtuosity. Clearly they set forth the structure of the complex rondo so that every convolution of its lines and every arabesque upon them fell into its place and accord. They missed not a shading of his tonal being nor a detail of his adventures. Yet did it all sound like a homely folk-piece—a tale told in tones. Orchestral characterization and delineation might hardly further go. Then, for end, the manifold tonal stream of the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"—eddies of counterpoint and ripples of harmonic and instrumental color if the hearer will and truly so, but bearing upon its flood the poetry, the romance, the beauty, the beauty of the power that is the life and soul of music. The burgher folk strode through it; the youth danced to it; young illusions made young love in its passing song. It left us, for leave-taking, in the world of excellent and creating imagination which is the world that music makes for us.

H. T. P.

ADVERTISER,

MAY 10, 1915

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA STARTS FOR THE FAIR

Entire Company of 110 Persons With Several Friends on Trip

The Boston Symphony Orchestra left yesterday afternoon on a trip to San Francisco, where it is to appear at the Exposition in a series of concerts. The trip of this party, numbering 110 persons and several friends, is one of the longest "jumps," as the theatrical people call it, which a great musical organization has ever made. To accommodate this party the B. & A. not only arranged for a special train from Boston clear through to Oakland Pier, opposite San Francisco, but is sending in charge of the party Charles E. Colony, City Ticket Agent, who is the man who made all the arrangements and piloted ex-President Taft in the more than 15,000-mile trip which he took from Boston to the Pacific Coast and back.

The train consisted of five Pullman sleepers, a private car and two baggage cars. In the private car were Dr. and Mrs. Muck, C. A. Ellis, W. H. Brennan and John Sauerquell, the librarian. The train is due to arrive at San Francisco next Thursday morning, May 13.

The orchestra will give 13 concerts at the Panama-Pacific fair. The first one will be Friday evening, May 14, and the last one Wednesday evening, May 26.

THE MUSIC NEWS

Celebrated Boston Symphony Orchestra to Give Thirteen Concerts at the Panama Pacific International Exposition

The celebrated Boston Symphony Orchestra will be heard in an extended series of concerts at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition for two weeks during the latter half of the month of May.

The coming to San Francisco of this, the greatest symphonic organization in existence, without question will be the most important musical event of the world during the coming year. The entire series of concerts will be heard in Festival Hall, on the Exposition grounds.

The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the famous Dr. Carl Muck, for many years conductor of Kaiser Wilhelm's Royal Opera, Berlin. Under the magic of the baton of this great master, the 104 musicians composing the orchestra, each one an artist of renown and each a master, chosen from all of the greatest musical organizations of the world, will weave such melodic harmonies as to make of the Exposition City, for the time, the musical capital of the world.

Following the invariable rule of this organization, the full strength of the orchestra of over 100 musicians will be heard during the fortnight of their engagement. In order that they might fill this engagement, it was necessary for Conductor Muck to omit two weeks of popular concerts in Boston. They will come and return to Boston on special trains, making no stops en route in either direction. Thus the only opportunity which the public will have for hearing them between the closing of their seasons of Boston Symphony concerts and the opening of the following season, will be at the Exposition at San Francisco. The supreme excellence of this organization is due largely to the fact that under no circumstances, no matter how far they may travel, has the management ever consented to decrease the full number composing the orchestra. This is the first time that the people of the Pacific slope ever have been given the opportunity of listening to this greatest of orchestras, the organization never before having been further west than Chicago and St. Louis. Repeated attempts in past years on the part of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle and other centers to secure Conductor Muck and his melodists have been abortive, owing to the vast sum of money required, and to the fact that the eastern seaboard cities have insisted on monopolizing them.

It is said that it is costing the Exposition management a fabulous sum to secure the presence of the Boston Symphony people for this engagement of two weeks. The Exposition directors, however, took the position that the organization secured ought to be of such superlative merit as to stand on a par with the Panama-Pacific Exposition itself—the greatest in point of cost, comprehensiveness and artistic beauty ever given to the world; and the engagement of the Boston organization—only one of a number of similar triumphs, announcement of which will be made in a few days—was the logical result.

Commenting on this signal achievement, one of the most capable authorities on things musical in America, who is now in San Francisco, yesterday said:

"The Boston Symphony Orchestra is acknowledged throughout the world to be the greatest orchestra that has ever existed. Collectively and individually, it is made up of the best musical ability that can be found in the known world. The leading players of its different sections, year by year, have been brought from Paris, Vienna, Berlin, London, Rome, Buda Pesth and other great centers of music; and in practically every instance, each man secured was the most important musician in his city. It is easily to be seen therefore that the orchestra contains a larger number of virtuosi than any other organization in the world.

"Among the thirty violinists in the orchestra, headed by Anton Witek, the concert master, are such masters as Roth, Hoffman, Rissland, Mahn, Berger and Gerardi. There are ten violas, ten 'cellos, eight basses, nine horns, four each of flutes, bassoons, trumpets and trombones, and three each of drums, oboes and clarinets, besides harps, tympani, tuba, bass clarinet and an organist and two librarians.

"This orchestra was composed 35 years ago by the man of wealth and culture who still is responsible for its maintenance, Major Lee Higginson, a grandson of the famous aide of Washington, "Light Horse Harry Lee," and one of the little group who on Tuesday were first to send the human voice from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific—at which time, along with President Wilson, he conferred with the Exposition officials. In its early years Major Higginson personally maintained the orchestra, many times with yearly deficits ranging from $50,000 to $75,000. Recently, in order to perpetuate the orchestra, he announced that he had created for it an endowment of $1,500,000.

"At San Francisco the orchestra will be under the leadership of Dr. Karl Muck, who was selected by Kaiser Wilhelm many years ago as the conductor of the Royal Opera in Berlin. Dr. Muck unquestionably stands pre-eminent as the greatest conductor of symphonic music in the world today. Eight years ago, Major Higginson, through his personal acquaintance with the Kaiser, induced him to loan Dr. Muck for two seasons to the Boston Symphony Orchestr After the conductor's return to Berlin, ever influence was brought to bear from year t year to induce him to come permanently Boston; but not until his contract with the Kaiser terminated was he permitted to return to America. This will be the greatest of many great musical events secured by the management of the Exposition at San Francisco."

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BOSTON GLOBE—
—SATURDAY. MAY 8.

LAST REHEARSAL.

Dr Muck and Orchestra Get Noteworthy Farewell.

Performance Is One of Supreme and Dazzling Virtuosity.

The final Symphony rehearsal of the season was one of marked spirit. Dr Muck conducted with an animation that swept all before it. The orchestra played with a supreme and dazzling virtuosity. The audience, sensible of another year's passing, and possibly of the tour which shortly will bring the organization to its first concerts in the extreme West, was roused to unusual enthusiasm, and applauded after Beethoven's fifth symphony with an ardor that denoted a special occasion.

Visitors at the Panama Exposition and the directors thereof may well count themselves favored. An orchestral performance such as that of yesterday would add glory to any concourse of Nations or of wonders. May the long journey across the country fail to lessen the authority, the fine abandon, the rhetorical eloquence of the interpretation of the symphony of Liszt's stormy old tone poem, "Mazeppa," of Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and the prelude to "The Mastersingers."

Liszt's music, now in passages strangely old-fashioned, obvious, at times theatrical, was recreated at times with excessive brass, but was given dramatic fire and continuity. Always a master of the vitalizing effects gained through rhythm, Dr Muck imparted dignity to these measures, which, in the hands of the unperceiving, would become banal. The Struss music, an artistic descendant of the form Liszt brought forward scintillated in brilliance and satirical play.

The feature of the concert was the last movement of the symphony. It was a song of shouting, exultant victory. A performance of such overwhelming force, of such majesty and breadth, cannot be recalled in recent seasons. Dr Muck and the members of the orchestra will entrain tomorrow for San Francisco. May safe preservation, artistic success and pleasurable diversion all wait upon them.

TRANSCRIPT,
MAY 8, 1915

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

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SINCE Mr. Gericke departed from the Symphony Orchestra, nine years ago, no audience at its concerts has shown such fervor toward the conductor as did that of yesterday afternoon toward Dr. Muck—and with such reason. As Mr. Gericke at the end of his second term had made the orchestra a more nearly perfect instrument than it had ever been before, so Dr. Muck at the end of the fifth year at his post, maintaining, amplifying and refining these perfections, has carried it to a range and height of expressive eloquence that it has never known before. In the season now ending, by the final swift and cumulating concentration of a gradual process five years long, the audiences of the Symphony Concerts seem at last to realize fully and deeply that week by week they listen to an orchestra unmatched in the world in technical and tonal sensibility and quality, in scope of responsive voice and imagination to whatever music is opened for it; and in transmission of substance and spirit, character and style by all the means of finesse and by all the resources of power, a clairvoyant, vitalizing and enkindling beauty.

The orchestra has become such because it plays in the image of him who leads it and who has gradually permeated it by the unique power—hidden in its processes, revealed in its results—that is the stamp of a great conductor. By his works, ripened, unhampered and unclouded in Boston as they never were in Berlin, Dr. Muck has proved the genius—for his qualities and faculties justify the word—that make him unsurpassed among the orchestral leaders of our time. There is no music into which he does not enter with penetrating understanding, responsive imagination, individualizing sense of style and full surrender of himself as imparting and devoted instrument of the composer. There is no artistry of large design and mounting progression, of euphonious detail, of pointing accent, of arresting modulation to which he is strange or inert. Pace and rhythm, the whole range of orchestral song, the underlying and informing melody that is as the soul within the body of the piece lock no secrets from him. With these things he first divines and then accomplishes—and both surely. His ear knows every beauty of tone; his imagination visions it; his guiding hand and his outflowing inspiration to the capacities of his men achieve it.

Out of this beauty pours eloquence that Dr. Muck bears into floods of power and passion; that he sharpens into vivid suggestion and illusive delineation; that he outspreads into glamorous at mosphere; that he refines into endless subtlety and delicacy; that he makes the voice of tonal drama, tonal romance, tonal picture and characterization and of the pure loveliness and exhilaration of music that is tonal pattern-weaving. Upon whatever his recreating force plays, for the instant it vitalizes. The whole field of music lies equally open to him; all the faculties of the great conductor dwell in him; genius crowns them; and self-mastery and self-devotion control them. The world now holds none to match him in his art and his calling as it holds no other band to match the orchestra upon which he plays as he has upbuilded and transformed it. Dr. Muck has his visions of the ideal orchestra and its ideal accomplishment, the like of which no ears have hitherto known, and he is nearer than most mortals to coming to the fulfilment of his ideal. And modestly and to himself he has dwelt and worked among us at the fulness of all his powers and will so live and work for years to come. Now, at last, at the end of a season, the like of which in achievement, the Symphony Orchestra has not before known, his audiences seem to know him for a great conductor and an illustrious man bestowed upon them again, as upon no other audiences in the world.

Yesterday this knowledge, this faith and these glories were fulfilled in Dr. Muck's ears and in the ears of all those that heard as they have never been before. The applause was long and fervent when he came first to his place, until the homage of his audience yielded to his eagerness to set to his work. At the end of the symphony—the Fifth Beethoven—there was the suspensive moment of pause in which thrilled hearers return to themselves out of their excited absorption in music and performance and then a flood of plaudits that would not be stayed until the conductor had returned once and twice; until he had stood with his men standing around him; until he had come back yet again into their circle. Even then, the applause subsided slowly and at the close of the concert—after the tonal pomps with which the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" ends—it rose in fuller and higher flood and with what seemed a note of personal regard and liking that was a new and rare sensation in such plaudits of assembled hundreds. Not long would the conductor, almost tremulous with the emotion of the instant keep it for himself. He turned and called to his encircling men; he shook Mr. Witek's hand as the proxy of them all with a relieving fervor; his glance slowly traversing the crescent of the orchestra spoke what was in his heart; the momentary hush of the audience swelled again into ardent clapping. And so[illegible] orchestra and conductor thus as on[illegible]ublic of Friday afternoons, whic[illegible] the criterion of the [illegible]erts [illegible]

The music of the day—elder and younger classics and all, but one, familiar—seemed, as the performance ran its course, like an epitome in little of the qualities in orchestra and conductor that seal their distinctions and warrant such plaudits. The opening nearness of Beethoven's symphony seemed to leap into puissant and rugged being; the tonal strife and struggle that ensue smote the ear with its raining blows ond then smoothed it with its recoils into spent and sombre brooding. Here were spiritual passion and spiritual drama in tones; yet how full and rich were the great chorals, how Beethovenish the rounded and songful phrases, how eloquent the transitions, how fluid the details and how stinging the progressions that conveyed them. The melancholy phrase of the Andante recurred in its wistful beauty of longing; and subtle moulding and a perfect evenness of repetition heightened its haunt. Above it and almost over t the stouter and soberer beauty of the melody went its conquering way, quickened and intensified by its own emitional life. Yet it was pace and accent that so vitalized and illuminated it. The scherzo went its way of restless mystery into the high suspense out of which springs the finale and the listening seemed as breathless as the music; while once more out of that finale, Dr. Muck reared, united and cumulated such a triumphant song—of Beethoven aflame as with the universal emotion of all the folk—as he is wont to set free in the finale of Brahms's first symphony and as he will some day release out of Beethoven's own "Ode to Joy." The beauty, the power and the passion of the symphony is not often so proclaimed.

The conductor's largeness and intensity of imagination; the rush and swirl of his rhythms; his sharp strokes of tonal delineation; his seeming emotional abandonment—yet with what control behind!—to the phantasmagoria of Mazeppa's ride to the flickering sweep of the harried hero's momentary emotions and to the sheer tonal bombast of the pageant-like transfiguring end recalled Liszt's tone-poem to its romantic life and glamor and thrill, without which it is as sound and fury signifying nothing. And once more the orchestra was as the conductor's voice understood, felt, multiplied. In the sharpest of contrasts, they recounted with pith and point, with the aptest of delineative stroke, and with an astute play of ironic humor, the traits, the adventures and the hapless end of Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel." Along the way they did little miracles of individual virtuosity. Clearly they set forth the structure of the complex rondo so that every convolution of its lines and every arabesque upon them fell into its place and accord. They missed not a shading of his tonal being nor a detail of his adventures. Yet did it all sound like a homely folk-piece—a tale told in tones. Orchestral characterization and delineation might hardly further go. Then, for end, the manifold tonal stream of the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"—eddies of counterpoint and ripples of harmonic and instrumental color if the hearer will and truly so, but bearing upon its flood the poetry, the romance, the beauty, the beauty of the power that is the life and soul of music. The burgher folk strode through it; the youth danced to it; young illusions made young love in its passing song. It left us, for leave-taking, in the world of excellent and creating imagination which is the world that music makes for us.

H. T. P.

ADVERTISER,

MAY 10, 1915

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA STARTS FOR THE FAIR

Entire Company of 110 Persons With Several Friends on Trip

The Boston Symphony Orchestra left yesterday afternoon on a trip to San Francisco, where it is to appear at the Exposition in a series of concerts. The trip of this party, numbering 110 persons and several friends, is one of the longest "jumps," as the theatrical people call it, which a great musical organization has ever made. To accommodate this party the B. & A. not only arranged for a special train from Boston clear through to Oakland Pier, opposite San Francisco, but is sending in charge of the party Charles E. Colony, City Ticket Agent, who is the man who made all the arrangements and piloted ex-President Taft in the more than 13,000-mile trip which he took from Boston to the Pacific Coast and back.

The train consisted of five Pullman sleepers, a private car and two baggage cars. In the private car were Dr. and Mrs. Muck, C. A. Ellis, W. H. Brennan and John Sauerquell, the librarian. The train is due to arrive at San Francisco next Thursday morning, May 13.

The orchestra will give 13 concerts at the Panama-Pacific fair. The first one will be Friday evening, May 14, and the last one Wednesday evening, May 26.

THE MUSIC NEWS

Celebrated Boston Symphony Orchestra to Give Thirteen Concerts at the Panama Pacific International Exposition

The celebrated Boston Symphony Orchestra will be heard in an extended series of concerts at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition for two weeks during the latter half of the month of May.

The coming to San Francisco of this, the greatest symphonic organization in existence, without question will be the most important musical event of the world during the coming year. The entire series of concerts will be heard in Festival Hall, on the Exposition grounds.

The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the famous Dr. Carl Muck, for many years conductor of Kaiser Wilhelm's Royal Opera, Berlin. Under the magic of the baton of this great master, the 104 musicians composing the orchestra, each one an artist of renown and each a master, chosen from all of the greatest musical organizations of the world, will weave such melodic harmonies as to make of the Exposition City, for the time, the musical capital of the world.

Following the invariable rule of this organization, the full strength of the orchestra of over 100 musicians will be heard during the fortnight of their engagement. In order that they might fill this engagement, it was necessary for Conductor Muck to omit two weeks of popular concerts in Boston. They will come and return to Boston on special trains, making no stops en route in either direction. Thus the only opportunity which the public will have for hearing them between the closing of their seasons of Boston Symphony concerts and the opening of the following season, will be at the Exposition at San Francisco. The supreme excellence of this organization is due largely to the fact that under no circumstances, no matter how far they may travel, has the management ever consented to decrease the full number composing the orchestra. This is the first time that the people of the Pacific slope ever have been given the opportunity of listening to this greatest of orchestras, the organization never before having been further west than Chicago and St. Louis. Repeated attempts in past years on the part of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle and other centers to secure Conductor Muck and his melodists have been abortive, owing to the vast sum of money required, and to the fact that the eastern seaboard cities have insisted on monopolizing them.

It is said that it is costing the Exposition management a fabulous sum to secure the presence of the Boston Symphony people for this engagement of two weeks. The Exposition directors, however, took the position that the organization secured ought to be of such superlative merit as to stand on a par with the Panama-Pacific Exposition itself the greatest in point of cost, comprehensiveness and artistic beauty ever given to the world; and the engagement of the Boston organization—only one of a number of similar triumphs, announcement of which will be made in a few days—was the logical result.

Commenting on this signal achievement, one of the most capable authorities on things musical in America, who is now in San Francisco, yesterday said:

"The Boston Symphony Orchestra is acknowledged throughout the world to be the greatest orchestra that has ever existed. Collectively and individually, it is made up of the best musical ability that can be found in the known world. The leading players of its different sections, year by year, have been brought from Paris, Vienna, Berlin, London, Rome, Buda Pesth and other great centers of music; and in practically every instance, each man secured was the most important musician in his city. It is easily to be seen therefore that the orchestra contains a larger number of virtuosi than any other organization in the world.

"Among the thirty violinists in the orchestra, headed by Anton Witek, the concert master, are such masters as Roth, Hoffman, Rissland, Mahn, Berger and Gerardi. There are ten violas, ten 'cellos, eight basses, nine horns, four each of flutes, bassoons, trumpets and trombones, and three each of drums, oboes and clarinets, besides harps, tympani, tuba, bass clarinet and an organist and two librarians.

"This orchestra was composed 35 years ago by the man of wealth and culture who still is responsible for its maintenance, Major Lee Higginson, a grandson of the famous aide of Washington, "Light Horse Harry Lee," and one of the little group who on Tuesday were first to send the human voice from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific—at which time, along with President Wilson, he conferred with the Exposition officials. In its early years Major Higginson personally maintained the orchestra, many times with yearly deficits ranging from $50,000 to $75,000. Recently, in order to perpetuate the orchestra, he announced that he had created for it an endowment of $1,500,000.

"At San Francisco the orchestra will be under the leadership of Dr. Karl Muck, who was selected by Kaiser Wilhelm many years ago as the conductor of the Royal Opera in Berlin. Dr. Muck unquestionably stands pre-eminent as the greatest conductor of symphonic music in the world today. Eight years ago, Major Higginson, through his personal acquaintance with the Kaiser, induced him to loan Dr. Muck for two seasons to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. After the conductor's return to Berlin, eve influence was brought to bear from year year to induce him to come permanently Boston; but not until his contract with t Kaiser terminated was he permitted to return to America. This will be the greatest of many great musical events secured by the management of the Exposition at San Francisco."

BOSTON GLOBE—
—SATURDAY. MAY 8.

LAST REHEARSAL.

Dr Muck and Orchestra Get Noteworthy Farewell.

Performance Is One of Supreme and Dazzling Virtuosity.

The final Symphony rehearsal of the season was one of marked spirit. Dr Muck conducted with an animation that swept all before it. The orchestra played with a supreme and dazzling virtuosity. The audience, sensible of another year's passing, and possibly of the tour which shortly will bring the organization to its first concerts in the extreme West, was roused to unusual enthusiasm, and applauded after Beethoven's fifth symphony with an ardor that denoted a special occasion.

Visitors at the Panama Exposition and the directors thereof may well count themselves favored. An orchestral performance such as that of yesterday would add glory to any concourse of Nations or of wonders. May the long journey across the country fail to lessen the authority, the fine abandon, the rhetorical eloquence of the interpretation of the symphony of Liszt's stormy old tone poem, "Mazeppa," of Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and the prelude to "The Mastersingers."

Liszt's music, now in passages strangely old-fashioned, obvious, at times theatrical, was recreated at times with excessive brass, but was given dramatic fire and continuity. Always a master of the vitalizing effects gained through rhythm. Dr Muck imparted dignity to these measures, which, in the hands of the unperceiving, would become banal. The Struss music, an artistic descendant of the form Liszt brought forward scintillated in brilliance and satirical play.

The feature of the concert was the last movement of the symphony. It was a song of shouting, exultant victory. A performance of such overwhelming force, of such majesty and breadth, cannot be recalled in recent seasons. Dr Muck and the members of the orchestra will entrain tomorrow for San Francisco. May safe preservation, artistic success and pleasurable diversion all wait upon them.

Address

MONITOR, BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BRINGS 34TH SEASON TO END

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The program summed up the achievement of the nineteenth century in orchestration. And it illustrated, in broad outline, the methods of nineteenth century musical structure. A fairer statement of what has been accomplished in the long period during which the world has been under the sway of the romantic movement could hardly be drawn up. There were represented in the fifth symphony on the one hand, and in the "Mazeppa" and "Till Eulenspiegel" pieces on the other, forms which have served the two chief classes of composers whom we know as romanticists. The first of these forms is the symphony, which Beethoven surveyed and bounded, and which Schubert, Schumann and Brahms gardened and landscaped to perfection. The second is the tone poem, which Liszt originated, and which Strauss and other contemporary composers have labored into various types of expression, biographical, autobiographical, philosophical and pictorial. Furthermore, there was indicated in the last number on the program, the opera form, one which, according to the observation of some, Wagner revolutionized, but which, according to that of others, he merely forced into particular grooves, into grooves nationalistic and flamboyantly romantic.

Played in any city of the world, such a program would mean a great deal in the way of social interpretation and historic comment. It would have objective interest of an important kind, to say the least, in any artistic locality. Played in Boston, it has something more than external and documentary meaning. It is an intimate revealing of three decades of civic aspiration. It reviews a space of time during which sensitive people of the community have been studying the European orchestral product, to find what it contains for their emotional chastening and their intellectual clarification.

Approval or revision? Encouragement of the forces that have ruled music for 100 years, or not? These are questions which Symphony listeners must have asked themselves in hearing the summary of the case for romanticism, as Dr. Muck and his men presented it on Friday afternoon.

A simple yes or no, certainly will not affect matters. That style of answer has been given many times since the Symphony orchestra began interpreting the classic and modern masters in Music hall the second generation back. Saying that we like or dislike the Straussian romanticism will change the situation no whit. If the symphony public is ever to express its conclusions about the right and wrong, the good and bad of orchestral sound, it must do so through its own composers. It must set men to building symphonic works and keep them at it, just as methodically as it keeps its artists rehearsing and playing for its pleasure three weeks of every winter month, and sends them traveling on a circuit of cities to the South the fourth week. It must put the making as well as the performing of music into its plans.

The reading of the music of the twenty-fourth rehearsal was extraordinary for its accuracy and its technical mastery, even in a season that has been distinguished for such traits. The fifth symphony was little short of letter perfect. Every traditional expression mark was heeded, here and there with an almost playful exactitude. The piece was presented with the simplicity of an overture, its four divisions sounding like contrasting passages in a short work, instead of like exhaustive studies in intellectual, sentimental, humorous and triumphant vein in a long one. Tune and tone had crystalline transparency, but at the same time idea and feeling, persuaded and moved. Liszt's symphonic poem was phrased with a style that made it seem like a song. Strauss' rondo was manipulated with an episodic cunning that made it a veritable recitation in words. Wagner's prelude was commanded with a dignified sonority that has hardly been attained before in a particularly sonorous year. Enthusiastic applause for conductor and players promised high public interest in concerts of next season.

JOURNAL—

-MONDAY, MAY 10,

SEE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OFF FOR THE COAST

300 at Station Say Affectionate Farewell to Musicians.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, in its entire strength, left Boston yesterday afternoon from the South Station for San Francisco, where the orchestra will give a number of concerts at the Panama-Pacific Fair.

The company's popularity in Boston was shown by a crowd of more than 300 which gathered at the station. It was a strongly temperamental gathering and the affectionate farewells previous to the departure of the train and the many women who stood silently waving handkerchiefs, with tears streaming down their cheeks, resembled more the departure of soldiers to the front than the peaceful invasion of the Pacific coast by America's greatest body of musicians.

The company traveled in a special train of Pullman cars, which will be at their service during the entire trip. It consisted of five standard 16-section Pullman sleepers, a private car, a dining car and two baggage coaches. In the private car were Dr. and Mrs. Karl Muck, C. A. Ellis, W. H. Brennan and John Sauerquell, the librarian.

The train is due at Union Station, Chicago, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. There the members of the orchestra will have three hours of leisure in which the time will be their own while the special train is being switched around to the station of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. At 7.05 o'clock this evening the train leaves Chicago as the second section of the Overland Limited and follows that train direct to San Francisco, going by way of Council Bluffs, Cheyenne and Ogden.

The party is due to arrive in San Francisco next Thursday morning. The orchestra will give 13 concerts at the Fair. The first will be given Friday evening, May 14 and the last Wednesday evening, May 26.

JOURNAL—

MAY 8, 1915.

SYMPHONY GIVING FINAL CONCERTS

Matinee Audience Enjoys Rare Program Played Brilliantly.

With tonight's concerts at Symphony Hall, the 34th season of the nonpareil Boston Symphony Orchestra will close; and for these closing concerts, the first of which was given yesterday, Dr. Muck has arranged a program of an Olympian character. With the possible exception of "Mazeppa," the symphonic poem by Liszt, it is music fit for the gods, and, all in all, a splendid example of the Teutonic genius that has ruled the world of music for the last century and a quarter.

Here is the program complete: Beethoven, smphony in C minor; Liszt, "Mazeppa;" Richard Strauss, rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks;" Wagner, prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

The Beethoven symphony, which dazzled Berlioz and prompted Balzac to refer to it as with bated breath in his most famous tragedy—if only this work were offered the season would end in superlative splendor, so full of grandeur is the symphony itself and so dramatic is the reading given by Dr. Muck. Hardly on a par with this towering composition, yet remarkable for their beauty and individuality, are the Strauss and Wagner numbers.

Yesterday the performance of the bristling Strauss rondo was fully as brilliant as that of the symphony which, a little while before, had been most enthusiastically applauded.

Dr. Muck and his hundred men indeed got a hearty send-off from the rehearsal patrons.

Tomorrow afternoon the orchestra will start for San Francisco, to be gone three weeks. It will give twelve concerts at the fair, the first next Friday night and the last on Wednesday night, May 26. These are being subscribed for—and, according to accounts, very generously. A 13th concert will

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THE BOSTON GLOBE—MONDAY, MAY 10, 1915

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OFF TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Famous Boston Organization Will Give 13 Concerts At the Exposition This Month.

MEMBERS OF BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ON WAY TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Left to Right—Mrs Anton Witek, Anton Witek, 1st concert master; Heinrich Warnke, 'cellist; J. Malkin; Sylvain Noack, 2d concert master. Insert, Dr Carl Muck, leader.

Aboard a private train, consisting of five sleepers, a dining car and two baggage cars, the Boston Symphony Orchestra left the South Station shortly after 2 yesterday afternoon bound for San Francisco. There was a big gathering of musical people at the station to wave farewell to the famous organization.

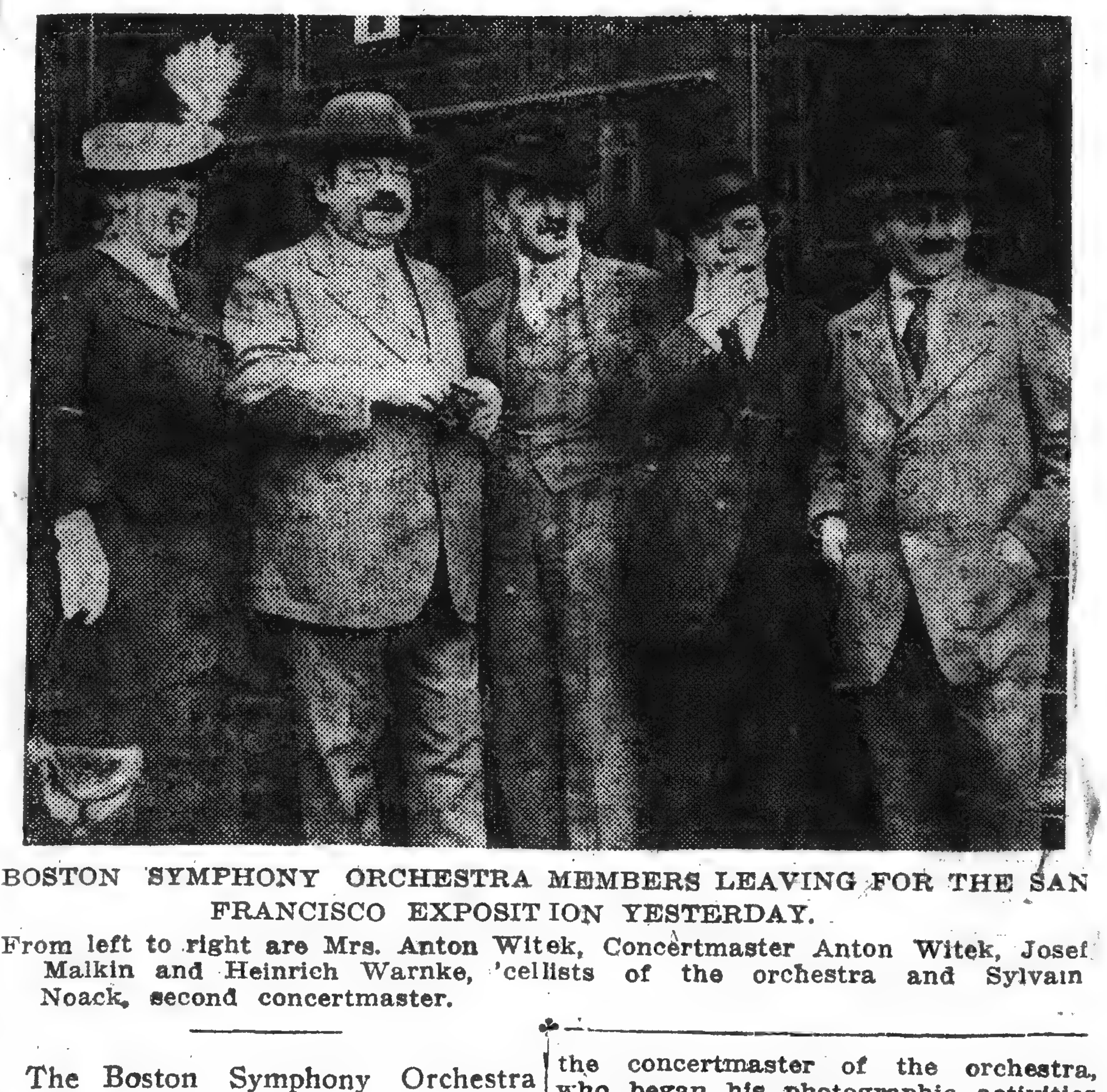
In one of the private cars were Dr and Mrs Muck, C. A. Ellis, W. H. Brennan and John Sauerquell, the librarian of the orchestra. Dr and Mrs Muck will not return with the others the last of the month, but will remain in the West on a sight-seeing tour.

The train is due in Chicago at 3 today and in San Francisco on Thursday. The orchestra will give 13 concerts at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, beginning May 14 and closing May 26. The last concert will be devoted to Wagnerian music and the place for its performance has not yet been settled. The other dozen concerts are in a subscription and will be given in Festival Hall.

BOSTON POST, MAY 10, 1915

Symphony Players Are Off for Frisco

DR. KARL MUCK,
Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MEMBERS LEAVING FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION YESTERDAY.

From left to right are Mrs. Anton Witek, Concertmaster Anton Witek, Josef Malkin and Heinrich Warnke, 'cellists of the orchestra and Sylvain Noack, second concertmaster.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra of 100 players, with Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, Mrs. Muck, C. A. Ellis and William H. Brennan of Symphony Hall, took the 2:05 train from the South station yesterday afternoon for San Francisco, where they will give 13 concerts at the Pan-American Exposition.

RELATIVES AT STATION

In the private car with Dr. and Mrs. Muck were Messrs. Ellis and Brennan and John Sauerquell, librarian of the orchestra. In five cars ahead were the players, nearly all of whom carried cameras with them to take photographs at the exposition and of the far-famed Western scenery. One of the

the concertmaster of the orchestra, who began his photographic activities by dodging about with several newspaper men who were actively engaged in "snapping" Doctor Muck.

Wives and other members of the families of the players were standing in a long row by the side of the train, bidding husbands, brothers and fathers farewell.

The San Francisco trip will take the place, this summer, of the usual return to Europe, which is the annual holiday of the majority of the players in the orchestra, many of whom rejoice in the prospect, at last, of seeing America.

The orchestra will travel to San Francisco practically without stop, save for three hours which will be spent in Chicago.

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THE BOSTON GLOBE—MONDAY, MAY 10, 1915

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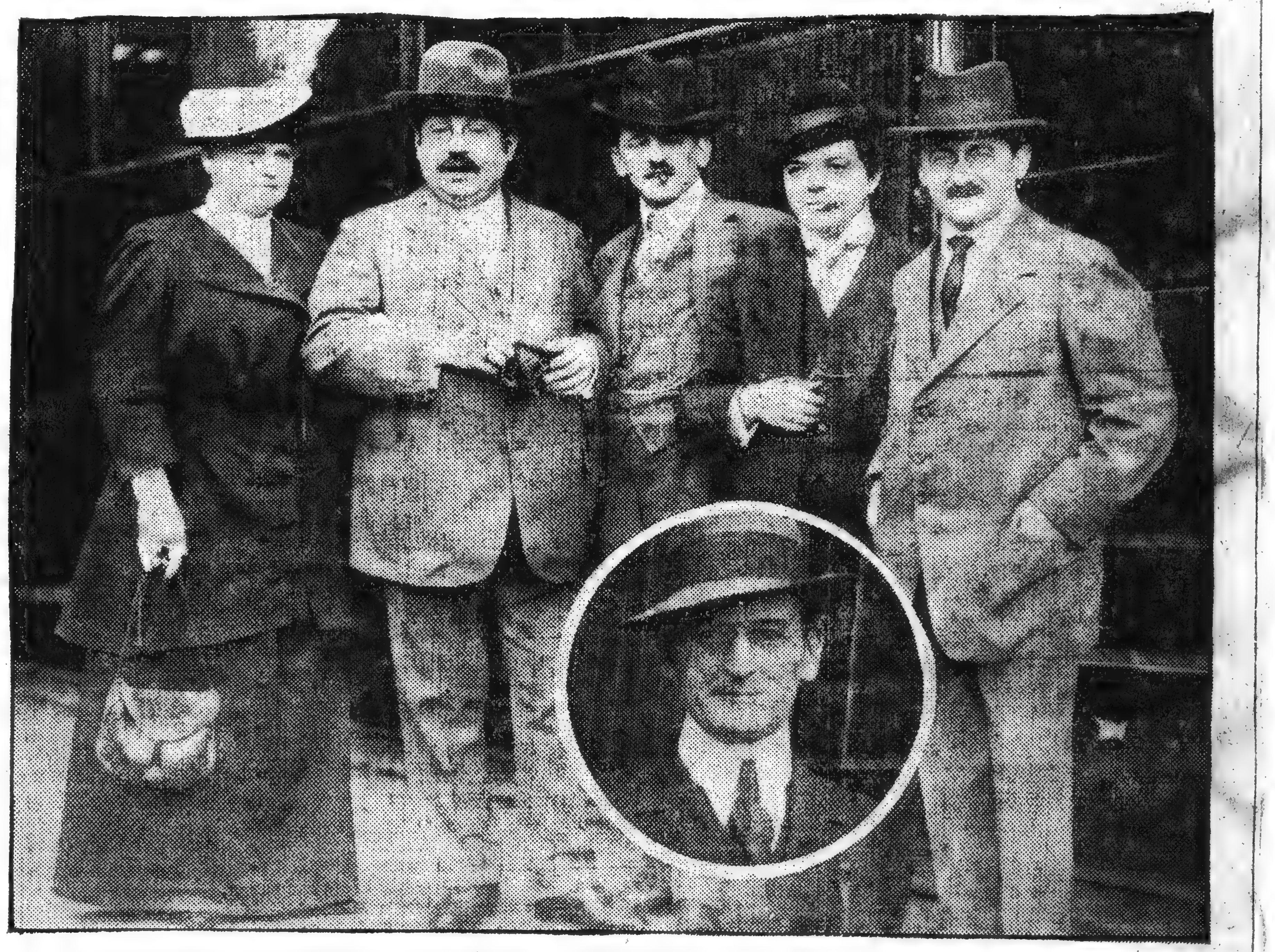

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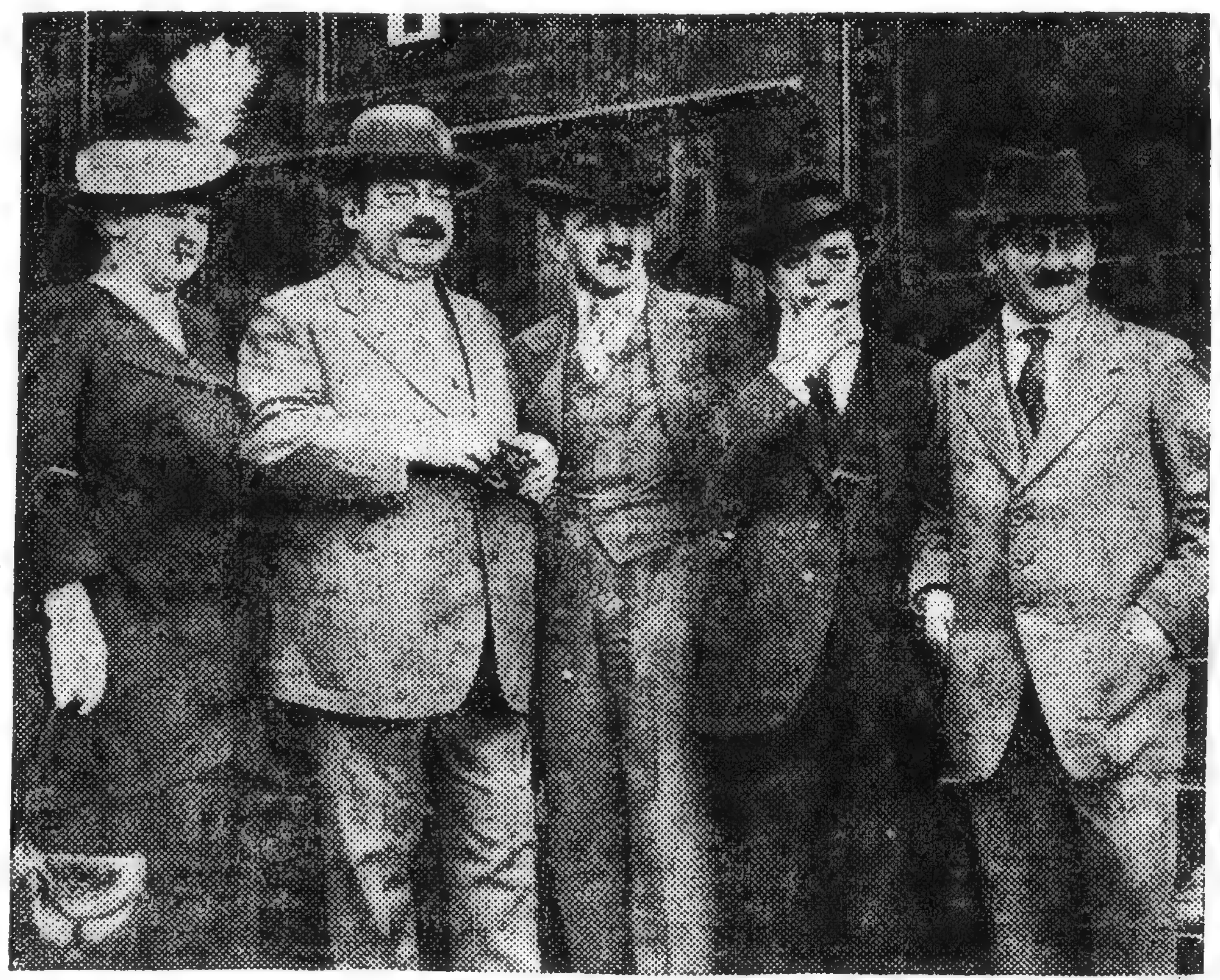

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[160]

Address

MONITOR, BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BRINGS 34TH SEASON TO END

SYMPHONY HALL—Last concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of May 7. The program: Beethoven, symphony No. 5 in C minor: Liszt, "Mazeppa" tone poem; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel" rondo; Wagner, prelude to "Meistersinger."

The program summed up the achievement of the nineteenth century in orchestration. And it illustrated, in broad outline, the methods of nineteenth century musical structure. A fairer statement of what has been accomplished in the long period during which the world has been under the sway of the romantic movement could hardly be drawn up. There were represented in the fifth symphony on the one hand, and in the "Mazeppa" and "Till Eulenspiegel" pieces on the other, forms which have served the two chief classes of composers whom we know as romanticists. The first of these forms is the symphony, which Beethoven surveyed and bounded, and which Schubert, Schumann and Brahms gardened and landscaped to perfection. The second is the tone poem, which Liszt originated, and which Strauss and other contemporary composers have labored into various types of expression, biographical, autobiographical, philosophical and pictorial. Furthermore, there was indicated in the last number on the program, the opera form, one which, according to the observation of some, Wagner revolutionized, but which, according to that of others, he merely forced into particular grooves, into grooves nationalistic and flamboyantly romantic.

Played in any city of the world, such a program would mean a great deal in the way of social interpretation and historic comment. It would have objective interest of an important kind, to say the least, in any artistic locality. Played in Boston, it has something more than external and documentary meaning. It is an intimate revealing of three decades of civic aspiration. It reviews a space of time during which sensitive people of the community have been studying the European orchestral product, to find what it contains for their emotional chastening and their intellectual clarification.

Approval or revision? Encouragement of the forces that have ruled music for 100 years, or not? These are questions which Symphony listeners must have asked themselves in hearing the summary of the case for romanticism, as Dr. Muck and his men presented it on Friday afternoon.

A simple yes or no, certainly will not affect matters. That style of answer has been given many times since the Symphony orchestra began interpreting the classic and modern masters in Music hall the second generation back. Saying that we like or dislike the Straussian romanticism will change the situation no whit. If the symphony public is ever to express its conclusions about the right and wrong, the good and bad of orchestral sound, it must do so through its own composers. It must set men to building symphonic works and keep them at it, just as methodically as it keeps its artists rehearsing and playing for its pleasure three weeks of every winter month, and sends them traveling on a circuit of cities to the South the fourth week. It must put the making as well as the performing of music into its plans.

The reading of the music of the twenty-fourth rehearsal was extraordinary for its accuracy and its technical mastery, even in a season that has been distinguished for such traits. The fifth symphony was little short of letter perfect. Every traditional expression mark was heeded, here and there with an almost playful exactitude. The piece was presented with the simplicity of an overture, its four divisions sounding like contrasting passages in a short work, instead of like exhaustive studies in intellectual, sentimental, humorous and triumphant vein in a long one. Tune and tone had crystaline transparency, but at the same time idea and feeling, persuaded and moved. Liszt's symphonic poem was phrased with a style that made it seem like a song. Strauss' rondo was manipulated with an episodic cunning that made it a veritable recitation in words. Wagner's prelude was commanded with a dignified sonority that has hardly been attained before in a particularly sonorous year. Enthusiastic applause for conductor and players promised high public interest in concerts of next season.

JOURNAL—

-MONDAY, MAY 10,

SEE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OFF FOR THE COAST

300 at Station Say Affectionate Farewell to Musicians.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, in its entire strength, left Boston yesterday afternoon from the South Station for San Francisco, where the orchestra will give a number of concerts at the Panama-Pacific Fair.

The company's popularity in Boston was shown by a crowd of more than 300 which gathered at the station. It was a strongly temperamental gathering and the affectionate farewells previous to the departure of the train and the many women who stood silently waving handkerchiefs, with tears streaming down their cheeks, resembled more the departure of soldiers to the front than the peaceful invasion of the Pacific coast by America's greatest body of musicians.

The company traveled in a special train of Pullman cars, which will be at their service during the entire trip. It consisted of five standard 16-section Pullman sleepers, a private car, a dining car and two baggage coaches. In the private car were Dr. and Mrs. Karl Muck, C. A. Ellis, W. H. Brennan and John Sauerquell, the librarian.

The train is due at Union Station, Chicago, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. There the members of the orchestra will have three hours of leisure in which the time will be their own while the special train is being switched around to the station of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. At 7.05 o'clock this evening the train leaves Chicago as the second section of the Overland Limited and follows that train direct to San Francisco, going by way of Council Bluffs, Cheyenne and Ogden.

The party is due to arrive in San Francisco next Thursday morning. The orchestra will give 13 concerts at the Fair. The first will be given Friday evening, May 14 and the last Wednesday evening, May 26.

JOURNAL—

MAY 8, 1915.

SYMPHONY GIVING FINAL CONCERTS

Matinee Audience Enjoys Rare Program Played Brilliantly.

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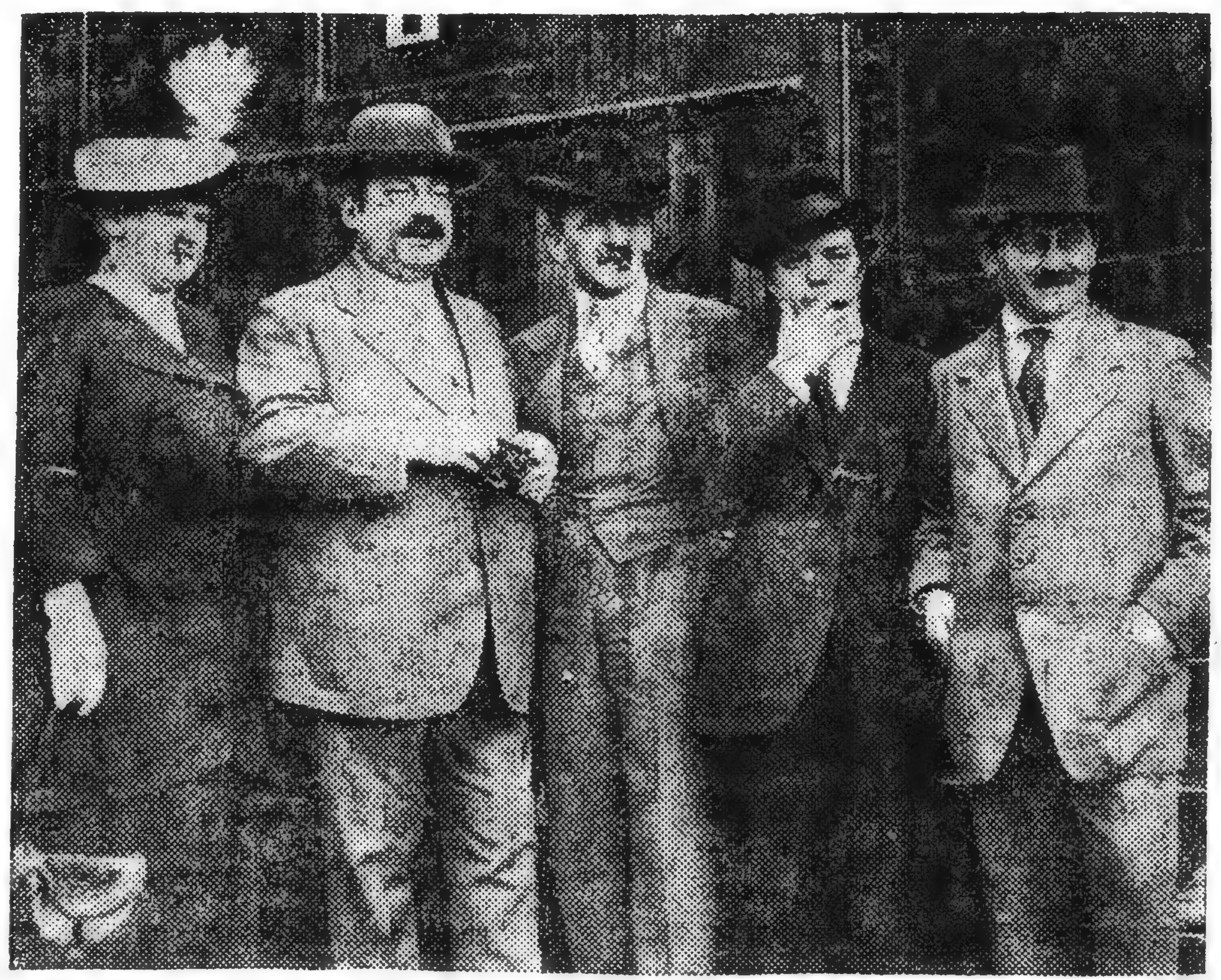

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[160]

BOSTON HERALD.

SATURDAY, MAY 8.

LAST SYMPHONY REHEARSAL OF THE SEASON

Concert One to Be Remembered Gratefully—Brilliant Closing Performance.

By PHILIP HALE

The 24th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. It was the last of the 34th season. The program was as follows:

Beethoven........—Symphony in C minor, No. 5
Liszt..
"Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem, No. 6 (after Victor Hugo).
Strauss....."Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"
Wagner..
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg"

This concert was one to remember gratefully rather than one to discuss. The vocabulary of eulogy is more limited than that of blame. Swinburne with all his verbal wealth, high-sounding sentences and varied rhythms is never so tiresome as in his dithyrambs in praise of the Elizabethan dramatists. Heap adjective on adjective, weave phrases out-coloring Tyrian purple, and you cannot give an adequate idea of a musical composition or performance to him that did not hear it.

A brilliant season was brought to an extraordinarily brilliant end. Beethoven's symphony was played most eloquently. The conception was superb in its breadth; dramatic without singularity, affectation, extravagance; perfectly rounded, rich in beautifully expressive details. In the minds of some conductors the Finale after the first glorious outburst is a falling from the lofty height; but in this Finale Dr. Muck triumphed where some have been only laborious, and others have wholly failed. He not only maintained the interest; he so treated the various sections that they seemed indispensable to a stupendous whole. The final triumphal song for once was not an anticlimax.

Vividly picturesque was his interpretation of Liszt's "Mazeppa," which is as flamboyant as Victor Hugo's poem. The composition has the "panache" that is characteristic of the romantic music and painting inspired by "Jeune France." Mr. George Moore described Hugo's "Les Orientales," in which "Mazeppa" was published, as "an East of painted cardboard, tin daggers and a military band playing the 'Turkish Patrol' in the Palais Royal"; but he also wrote: "The verse is grand, noble, tremendous." The symphonic poem of Liszt should be played in this plumed spirit of romanticism. He did not write it with his tongue in his cheek. To him Mazeppa symbolized genius, persecuted, crushed, but at last rising superior, standing erect and victorious in royal might." All this was real to him. He expressed in music his convictions with the audacity of a melodramatic genius. There should be no sand-papering of the music descriptive of Mazeppa's wild ride; nor should the conductor shrink from the tonitruant delivery of the typical theme swayed by the thought that the motive might be called bombastic, or even vulgar. Here is the "panache" in all its romantic splendor. The Hungarian episode in the March-Finale, with its piquant instrumentation, is eminently Lisztian. Dr. Muck not only recognized the "panache" and gloried in it; as an interpreter, as a leader of his men, he wore it.

The performance of Strauss's Rondo, one of the most admirable of the composer's works—perhaps the one that is wholly excellent in its combination of beauty, humor, sentiment and bold imagination—was remarkably elastic and impressive. The Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" brought a sonorous close, yet after the preceding compositions Wagner's instrumentation in this instance often seemed thick and turgid.

The great audience was enthusiastic. Applauded again and again as he came upon the stage, Dr. Muck was recalled with fervor several times after the symphony, and after Wagner's prelude there was a prolonged demonstration in his honor.

A few notes concerning the work of the season may not be amiss.

Forty-eight composers were represented with 101 orchestral pieces, concertos, arias, song, etc. Of these composers nine were French: Berlioz (1), Chabrier (2), Debussy (1), Franck (a Walloon, but naturalized Frenchman, 2), d'Indy (1), Lalo (2), Ravel (1), Ropartz (1), Saint-Saens (1).

Four Russian and Polish composers were represented: Borodin (1), Noskowski (1), Stravinsky (1), Tschaikowsky (1).

Three Italians: Bossi (1), Monteverdi; (1), Sinigaglia (1).

Enesco, a Roumanian by birth, might have been enumerated among the French.

Five works of Sibelius, the Finn, were played.

The three Americans were Chadwick, Converse, MacDowell.

The other composers were German, Austrian, Bohemian, Hungarian.

These composers led in number of works performed: Beethoven, 14; Brahms, 7; Mozart, 6; Sibelius, 5; Liszt, 4; Strauss, 4; Weber, 4.

These orchestral compositions were performed for the first time in Boston:

Symphonies—Korngold

Ropartz, Symphony No. 4, C major; Volbach, Symphony in B minor.

Symphonic Poems, etc.—Reger, Four Tone Poems (after Boecklin); Shoenberg, five pieces for orchestra; Strube, variations on an Original Theme, (first performance anywhere).

Concertos, etc.—D'Indy, Fantasia for oboe and orchestra on French folk-tunes, first time with orchestra; Klose, Prelude and Double Fugue for organ (choral at the end with trumpets and trombones).

These works were performed for the first time at these concerts: Franck, C., Chorale in A minor for organ; Fried, Adagio and Scherzo for wind instruments, two harps, and kettle-drums; Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole; Stravinsky, Feuerwerk.

The soloists were as follows: Sopranos, Miss Gerhardt, Miss Hinkle; mezzo-soprano, Mme. Culp; baritone, Mr. Amato; pianists, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Borwick, Mr. Gabrilowitsch; organist, Mr. Marshall; violinists, Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Noack, Mr. Witek; violoncellists, Mr. Casals, Mr. Warnke.

Miss Hinkle and Messrs. Amato, Borwick and Casals appeared for the first time here at Symphony concerts. Messrs. Witek, Noack, Warnke and Marshall are members of the orchestra.

A season that will long be conspicuous in the annals of the orchestra will end tonight.

DAILY ADVERTISER,

MAY 8, 1915

LAST SYMPHONY GREAT TRIUMPH

FINAL PROGRAMME ENTIRELY ORCHESTRAL

But Ran From Grave to Gay, From Lively to Severe

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Beethoven. Symphony No. 5, C minor.
Liszt. "Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem.
Strauss. "Till Eulenspiegel," Symphonic Poem.
Wagner. "The Mastersingers," Prelude.

Although the last programme was entirely orchestral it was by no means without contrast, for it ran from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and it was triumphantly successful almost from first to last. There is nothing new to read into Beethoven's fifth symphony. There is probably not a finer instance of figure development in the entire symphonic catalogue than that of the first movement of this work. It is interesting to trace, through the investigation of Beethoven's pocket-memorandum books, the fact that he did not at first think of the grandeur of this figure at all. He writes it down and develops it as a lively, chattering theme, and marks it "Presto." Only upon revision did he come to the idea of carrying it out as if Destiny were knocking at the door. It was somewhat exaggerated in the performance and it sometimes seemed as if Destiny intended to kick the door in.

The same four-noted figure is often begun rather raggedly, because of its abruptness. Von Bulow used to beat a measure before the beginning of the music, so as to get the swing of it into the minds of his men, but Dr. Muck does not need such a device with his superb orchestra. The whole first movement went with a vigor and virility that aroused great enthusiasm, even if we must find the reading too extreme.

The second movement also had its changes from its first inception. Nottebohm, in his transcriptions from the memorandum-books, shows that Beethoven at first contemplated a Minuet-like theme for this movement, and the brilliant and bold modulation at the end of the chief theme s absent altogether in the first sketch.

This movement is a fine display for the strings, which vary the theme from violins to contrabasses. It is needless to say how these string variations were performed. Our string orchestra is absolutely the best in the world at present.

Full Freedom

The Scherzo of this symphony is to our mind the first in which the full freedom of this movement is revealed. The scherzo of the second symphony is tentative, that of the third rollicking, the Minuet of the fourth symphony is an eccentric Scherzo, but in this Scherzo of the fifth symphony, all the possibilities of the new form are revealed. We believe that the bold passage of the contrabasses, in the Trio of this movement, was a defiance of the criticism of Von Weber, who had satirized the florid work of the contrabasses in the end of the fourth symphony. Our contrabasses played this part of the work without flaw.

The finale of this symphony has seemed to many as the true finale to the Heroic Symphony. The end of that symphony is rather bizarre, and its variations are not heroic, while this finale is certainly a fiery and more warlike one. Here Dr. Muck sounded a note of triumph that was most powerful. The work was applauded to the echo. The symphonies of Beethoven may not be as long as some of the modern ones, but they are somewhat broader and deeper.

Liszt's "Mazeppa" served to remind us that this composer's symphonic poems were nearly equal to Berlioz's Symphonies in being pioneers in the field of modern programme music. "Mazeppa" is a very exciting composition peppered up with piccolo, with wooden bow-strokes on the violin-strings, and with every other device of modern music. There are a good many fast trotters in the modern musical stable, such as the Walkyrie stallions, Brunnhilde's Grane, Berlioz's matched pair in the "Damnation of Faust," and many others, but none of them can out-pace this "Tartar of the Ukraine breed." We must

Hugo, not Byron, and the Triumph at the close is the uprising of Truth after persecution. This triumph was grandly interpreted by a March that was barbaric in its splendor, which gave a conclusion to the work that was indescribably effective. Never have we heard such continuous enthusiasm at an afternoon concert. It began before the first number (when Dr. Muck appeared), and it lasted long after the last number, when the conductor was recalled again and again.

We confess to prizing Strauss's works of the middle period more highly than his later extremes. "Death and Transfiguration," "Zarathustra," "Don Quixotte," and "Till Eulenspiegel" appeal more to us than his self-worship in "Heldenleben," or his family life with double-fugues for breakfast, in the Sinfonia Domestica. "Till Eulenspiegel" is great in its portrayal of burly, mediaeval, German humor. It is wonderfully graphic too, and Till's crumpling up before his enemies is as clear as anything in the programme-music field.

Dramatic Effect

Dr. Muck played the work with unctuous comicality. All the way from Till's opening insouciance to his final squeaks at his execution there was elasticity, clearness and dramatic effect.

In every one of the works of this most successful concert the technique of our orchestra was displayed most vividly. One could make a long list of wonderful touches in this great final concert. The contrabasses in the Andante and Scherzo of the Symphony; the violin work in the first part of "Mazeppa"; the trombone and piccolo work, and the trumpet fanfares, in the last part of the same; the splendid work of the horn in the Till Eulenspiegel figure, are but a few of the excellences of a concert that will long be remembered, and we were glad to see the incessant tributes to Dr. Muck and our noble orchestra.

Wagner's Prelude to the "Meistersingers" is the greatest Prelude ever achieved. It brings the prelude almost into the domain of overture, both in its dimensions and shape. Splendid pomp was in the performance of the March in the Master-singer's Motive, sharp contrast in the sudden entrance of the Meistersinger motive in diminution and in its subsequent parody, eloquent beauty in the touches of the Prize-song and it was altogether a triumphant ending of a series of efforts which has carried the orchestra through a very trying season. Let us recall that there were moments at the beginning of the season when we doubted the possibility of gathering our orchestra together, when we feared that the Symphony Concerts might follow the Boston Opera into oblivion. We have had a great season, nevertheless, and our orchestra was never in finer condition. It was very apropos, however, that the climax should come thus in the final concert.

And now our musical heroes are to start upon their voyage into far distant climes. We are disappointed that their first great excursion was not made to Europe, during the old days of Peace, that England, Germany and France might have learned that we have an orchestra here that excels any of their own. But all the same we wish our young Jasons success in their adventurous journey. May they bring back the Golden Fleece. "Bon Voyage!"

SUNDAY GLOBE—MAY 9,

Musical Season in Review.

The season of music which closed with the Symphony concert last night has been one more conspicuous for interpretative than for creative merit. The new contemporaneous music which came to performance during the Winter, especially that in the larger forms, appeared likely to be of little enduring value. Compositions for orchestra by Schoenberg, Stravinsky and Korngold have been played. Stravinsky's "Fireworks" is an early work, written for an occasion, and not a just indication of the composer mature powers. Korngold's "Sinfonietta" combined with astounding precocity the promise of greater individuality in ideas. Schoenberg's Five pieces provoked ardent supporters, those who would not have posterity find them lacking in true discernment and those who found the music irritating, stupid, pathological.

The less revolutionary sextet of earlier years made it a pity that Schoenberg had not retained his first ideals, his first vitality of imagination and dramatic force. A pleasureable memory of the season was Emanuel Moor's suite of three preludes for solo violin. The first two of these were of a finely rhapsodical flavor and played in the vein by Mr Pochon.

Mr Grainger's music for piano in the folk vein had distinct character. Debussy's two pieces for the piano, especially the first, reveal again the fine-fibred imagination of the poet. There would have been interest in hearing Spendiarow's ballet played with a larger string choir than Mr Stier had at his disposal.

There were various new works in chamber music played by the Flonzaley, Kneisel and Zoellner quartets. With but slight exception they showed more labor than inspiration.

Following is a list of compositions played during the season for the first time in Boston. Those marked with three asterisks (***) were performed for the first time anywhere. BSO signifies Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Aulin, Tor—Concerto A minor for violin, Emanuel Ondricek recital, March 10.

Bach-Gibson—Pastoral Suite for 11 wind instruments, Longy Club concert, Nov 25.

Beach, Mrs H. H. A.—Valse Fantasie for piano, recital by composer, Dec 16.

Brandts-Buys, J.—Romantische Serenade, Zoellner String Quartet, Dec 3.

Converse, Frederick S.—Song of World Adventures, concert by Choral Music Society, Stephen Townsend, conductor, Dec 9.

Debussy—Feuilles Mortes and Berceuse Heroique. Piano recital by George Copeland, Feb 18.

Foote, Arthur—The Wind and the Day, chorus for mixed voices, concert by Choral Music Society, Stephen Townsend, conductor, Dec 9.

Fried, Oscar—Adagio and Scherzo for wind instruments, harp and kettle drums, op. 2, Jan 16 (*B. S. O. concerts).

Glazounoff—Music to ballet, "Raymonda," Boston Theatre, Mlle Pavlowa and company, March 4.

Grainger, Percy—Colonial Song and Mock Morris Dance for piano, recital by composer, March 6. Shepherd's Hey and Irish Tune from County Derry for piano, played by the composer at concert with Miss Culp, Sunday afternoon, March 21.

Grieg—Three Norwegian folksongs: In Ola Valley, Cattle Call and Roetnamsknut for piano, played by Mr Grainger at his recital

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From CHRONICLE

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 25 1915

Est 884

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BOSTON HERALD.

SATURDAY, MAY 8,

LAST SYMPHONY REHEARSAL OF THE SEASON

Concert One to Be Remembered Gratefully—Brilliant Closing Performance.

By PHILIP HALE

The 24th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. It was the last of the 34th season. The program was as follows:

Beethoven........—Symphony in C minor, No. 5
Liszt...
"Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem, No. 6 (after Victor Hugo).
Strauss....."Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"
Wagner...
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg"

This concert was one to remember gratefully rather than one to discuss. The vocabulary of eulogy is more limited than that of blame. Swinburne with all his verbal wealth, high-sounding sentences and varied rhythms is never so tiresome as in his dithyrambs in praise of the Elizabethan dramatists. Heap adjective on adjective, weave phrases out-coloring Tyrian purple, and you cannot give an adequate idea of a musical composition or performance to him that did not hear it.

A brilliant season was brought to an extraordinarily brilliant end. Beethoven's symphony was played most eloquently. The conception was superb in its breadth; dramatic without singularity, affectation, extravagance; perfectly rounded, rich in beautifully expressive details. In the minds of some conductors the Finale after the first glorious outburst is a falling from the lofty height; but in this Finale Dr. Muck triumphed where some have been only laborious, and others have wholly failed. He not only maintained the interest; he so treated the various sections that they seemed indispensable to a stupendous whole. The final triumphal song for once was not an anticlimax.

Vividly picturesque was his interpretation of Liszt's "Mazeppa," which is as flamboyant as Victor Hugo's poem. The composition has the "panache" that is characteristic of the romantic music and painting inspired by "Jeune France." Mr. George Moore described Hugo's "Les Orientales," in which "Mazeppa" was published, as "an East of painted cardboard, tin daggers and a military band playing the 'Turkish Patrol' in the Palais Royal"; but he also wrote: "The verse is grand, noble, tremendous." The symphonic poem of Liszt should be played in this plumed spirit of romanticism. He did not write it with his tongue in his cheek. To him Mazeppa symbolized genius, persecuted, crushed, but at last rising superior, standing erect and victorious in royal might." All this was real to him. He expressed in music his convictions with the audacity of a melodramatic genius. There should be no sand-papering of the music descriptive of Mazeppa's wild ride; nor should the conductor shrink from the tonitruant delivery of the typical theme swayed by the thought that the motive might be called bombastic, or even vulgar. Here is the "panache" in all its romantic splendor. The Hungarian episode in the March-Finale, with its piquant instrumentation, is eminently Lisztian. Dr. Muck not only recognized the "panache" and gloried in it; as an interpreter, as a leader of his men, he wore it.

The performance of Strauss's Rondo, one of the most admirable of the composer's works—perhaps the one that is wholly excellent in its combination of beauty, humor, sentiment and bold imagination—was remarkably elastic and impressive. The Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" brought a sonorous close, yet after the preceding compositions Wagner's instrumentation in this instance often seemed thick and turgid.

The great audience was enthusiastic. Applauded again and again as he came upon the stage, Dr. Muck was recalled with fervor several times after the symphony, and after Wagner's prelude there was a prolonged demonstration in his honor.

A few notes concerning the work of the season may not be amiss.

Forty-eight composers were represented with 101 orchestral pieces, concertos, arias, song, etc. Of these composers nine were French: Berlioz (1), Chabrier (2), Debussy (1), Franck (a Walloon, but naturalized Frenchman, 2), d'Indy (1), Lalo (2), Ravel (1), Ropartz (1), Saint-Saens (1).

Four Russian and Polish composers were represented: Borodin (1), Noskowski (1), Stravinsky (1), Tschaikowsky (1).

Three Italians: Bossi (1), Monteverdi; (1), Sinigaglia (1).

Enesco, a Roumanian by birth, might have been enumerated among the French.

Five works of Sibelius, the Finn, were played.

The three Americans were Chadwick, Converse, MacDowell.

The other composers were German, Austrian, Bohemian, Hungarian.

These composers led in number of works performed: Beethoven, 14; Brahms, 7; Mozart, 6; Sibelius, 5; Liszt, 4; Strauss, 4; Weber, 4.

These orchestral compositions were performed for the first time in Boston: Symphonies—Korngold, [illegible] Ropartz, Symphony No. 4, C major; Volbach, Symphony in B minor.

Symphonic Poems, etc.—Reger, Four Tone Poems (after Boecklin); Shoenberg, five pieces for orchestra; Strube, variations on an Original Theme, (first performance anywhere).

Concertos, etc.—D'Indy, Fantasia for oboe and orchestra on French folk-tunes, first time with orchestra; Klose, Prelude and Double Fugue for organ (choral at the end with trumpets and trombones).

These works were performed for the first time at these concerts: Franck, C., Chorale in A minor for organ; Fried, Adagio and Scherzo for wind instruments, two harps, and kettle-drums; Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole; Stravinsky, Feuerwerk.

The soloists were as follows: Sopranos, Miss Gerhardt, Miss Hinkle; mezzo-soprano, Mme. Culp; baritone, Mr. Amato; pianists, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Borwick, Mr. Gabrilowitsch; organist, Mr. Marshall; violinists, Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Noack, Mr. Witek; violoncellists, Mr. Casals, Mr. Warnke.

Miss Hinkle and Messrs. Amato, Borwick and Casals appeared for the first time here at Symphony concerts. Messrs. Witek, Noack, Warnke and Marshall are members of the orchestra.

A season that will long be conspicuous in the annals of the orchestra will end tonight.

DAILY ADVERTISER,

MAY 8, 1915

LAST SYMPHONY GREAT TRIUMPH

FINAL PROGRAMME ENTIRELY ORCHESTRAL

But Ran From Grave to Gay, From Lively to Severe

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Beethoven. Symphony No. 5, C minor.
Liszt. "Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem.
Strauss. "Till Eulenspiegel," Symphonic Poem.
Wagner. "The Mastersingers," Prelude.

Although the last programme was entirely orchestral it was by no means without contrast, for it ran from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and it was triumphantly successful almost from first to last. There is nothing new to read into Beethoven's fifth symphony. There is probably not a finer instance of figure development in the entire symphonic catalogue than that of the first movement of this work. It is interesting to trace, through the investigation of Beethoven's pocket-memorandum books, the fact that he did not at first think of the grandeur of this figure at all. He writes it down and develops it as a lively, chattering theme, and marks it "Presto." Only upon revision did he come to the idea of carrying it out as if Destiny were knocking at the door. It was somewhat exaggerated in the performance and it sometimes seemed as if Destiny intended to kick the door in.

The same four-noted figure is often begun rather raggedly, because of its abruptness. Von Bulow used to beat a measure before the beginning of the music, so as to get the swing of it into the minds of his men, but Dr. Muck does not need such a device with his superb orchestra. The whole first movement went with a vigor and virility that aroused great enthusiasm, even if we must find the reading too extreme.

The second movement also had its changes from its first inception. Nottebohm, in his transcriptions from the memorandum-books, shows that Beethoven at first contemplated a Minuet-like theme for this movement, and the brilliant and bold modulation at the end of the chief theme s absent altogether in the first sketch.

This movement is a fine display for the strings, which vary the theme from violins to contrabasses. It is needless to say how these string variations were performed. Our string orchestra is absolutely the best in the world at present.

Full Freedom

The Scherzo of this symphony is to our mind the first in which the full freedom of this movement is revealed. The scherzo of the second symphony is tentative, that of the third rollicking, the Minuet of the fourth symphony is an eccentric Scherzo, but in this Scherzo of the fifth symphony, all the possibilities of the new form are revealed. We believe that the bold passage of the contrabasses, in the Trio of this movement, was a defiance of the criticism of Von Weber, who had satirized the florid work of the contrabasses in the end of the fourth symphony. Our contrabasses played this part of the work without flaw.

The finale of this symphony has seemed to many as the true finale to the Heroic Symphony. The end of that symphony is rather bizarre, and its variations are not heroic, while this finale is certainly a fiery and more warlike one. Here Dr. Muck sounded a note of triumph that was most powerful. The work was applauded to the echo. The symphonies of Beethoven may not be as long as some of the modern ones, but they are somewhat broader and deeper.

Liszt's "Mazeppa" served to remind us that this composer's symphonic poems were nearly equal to Berlioz's Symphonies in being pioneers in the field of modern programme music. "Mazeppa" is a very exciting composition peppered up with piccolo, with wooden bow-strokes on the violin-strings, and with every other device of modern music. There are a good many fast trotters in the modern musical stable, such as the Walkyrie stallions, Brunnhilde's Grane, Berlioz's matched pair in the "Damnation of Faust," and many others, but none of them can out-pace this "Tartar of the Ukraine breed." We must [illegible] Hugo, not Byron, and the Triumph at the close is the uprising of Truth after persecution. This triumph was grandly interpreted by a March that was barbaric in its splendor, which gave a conclusion to the work that was indescribably effective. Never have we heard such continuous enthusiasm at an afternoon concert. It began before the first number (when Dr. Muck appeared), and it lasted long after the last number, when the conductor was recalled again and again.

We confess to prizing Strauss's works of the middle period more highly than his later extremes. "Death and Transfiguration," "Zarathustra," "Don Quixotte," and "Till Eulenspiegel" appeal more to us than his self-worship in "Heldenleben," or his family life with double-fugues for breakfast, in the Sinfonia Domestica. "Till Eulenspiegel" is great in its portrayal of burly, mediaeval, German humor. It is wonderfully graphic too, and Till's crumpling up before his enemies is as clear as anything in the programme-music field.

Dramatic Effect

Dr. Muck played the work with unctuous comicality. All the way from Till's opening insouciance to his final squeaks at his execution there was elasticity, clearness and dramatic effect.

In every one of the works of this most successful concert the technique of our orchestra was displayed most vividly. One could make a long list of wonderful touches in this great final concert. The contrabasses in the Andante and Scherzo of the Symphony; the violin work in the first part of "Mazeppa"; the trombone and piccolo work, and the trumpet fanfares, in the last part of the same; the splendid work of the horn in the Till Eulenspiegel figure, are but a few of the excellences of a concert that will long be remembered, and we were glad to see the incessant tributes to Dr. Muck and our noble orchestra.

Wagner's Prelude to the "Meistersingers" is the greatest Prelude ever achieved. It brings the prelude almost into the domain of overture, both in its dimensions and shape. Splendid pomp was in the performance of the March in the Master-singer's Motive, sharp contrast in the sudden entrance of the Meistersinger motive in diminution and in its subsequent parody, eloquent beauty in the touches of the Prize-song, and it was altogether a triumphant ending of a series of efforts which has carried the orchestra through a very trying season. Let us recall that there were moments at the beginning of the season when we doubted the possibility of gathering our orchestra together, when we feared that the Symphony Concerts might follow the Boston Opera into oblivion. We have had a great season, nevertheless, and our orchestra was never in finer condition. It was very apropos, however, that the climax should come thus in the final concert.

And now our musical heroes are to start upon their voyage into far distant climes. We are disappointed that their first great excursion was not made to Europe, during the old days of Peace, that England, Germany and France might have learned that we have an orchestra here that excels any of their own. But all the same we wish our young Jasons success in their adventurous journey. May they bring back the Golden Fleece. "Bon Voyage!"

SUNDAY GLOBE—MAY 9,

Musical Season in Review.

The season of music which closed with the Symphony concert last night has been one more conspicuous for interpretative than for creative merit. The new contemporaneous music which came to performance during the Winter, especially that in the larger forms, appeared likely to be of little enduring value. Compositions for orchestra by Schoenberg, Stravinsky and Korngold have been played. Stravinsky's "Fireworks" is an early work, written for an occasion, and not a just indication of the composer mature powers. Korngold's "Sinfonietta" combined with astounding precocity the promise of greater individuality in ideas. Schoenberg's Five pieces provoked ardent supporters, those who would not have posterity find them lacking in true discernment and those who found the music irritating, stupid, pathological.

The less revolutionary sextet of earlier years made it a pity that Schoenberg had not retained his first ideals, his first vitality of imagination and dramatic force. A pleasureable memory of the season was Emanuel Moor's suite of three preludes for solo violin. The first two of these were of a finely rhapsodical flavor and played in the vein by Mr Pochon.

Mr Grainger's music for piano in the folk vein had distinct character. Debussy's two pieces for the piano, especially the first, reveal again the fine-fibred imagination of the poet. There would have been interest in hearing Spendiarow's ballet played with a larger string choir than Mr Stier had at his disposal.

There were various new works in chamber music played by the Flonzaley, Kneisel and Zoellner quartets. With but slight exception they showed more labor than inspiration.

Following is a list of compositions played during the season for the first time in Boston. Those marked with three asterisks (***) were performed for the first time anywhere. BSO signifies Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Aulin, Tor—Concerto A minor for violin, Emanuel Ondricek recital, March 10.

Bach-Gibson—Pastoral Suite for 11 wind instruments, Longy Club concert, Nov 25.

Beach, Mrs H. H. A.—Valse Fantasie for piano, recital by composer, Dec 16.

Brandts-Buys, J.—Romantische Serenade, Zoellner String Quartet, Dec 3.

Converse, Frederick S.—Song of World Adventures, concert by Choral Music Society, Stephen Townsend, conductor, Dec 9.

Debussy—Feuilles Mortes and Berceuse Heroique. Piano recital by George Copeland, Feb 18.

Foote, Arthur—The Wind and the Day, chorus for mixed voices, concert by Choral Music Society, Stephen Townsend, conductor, Dec 9.

Fried, Oscar—Adagio and Scherzo for wind instruments, harp and kettle drums, op. 2, Jan 16 (*B. S. O. concerts).

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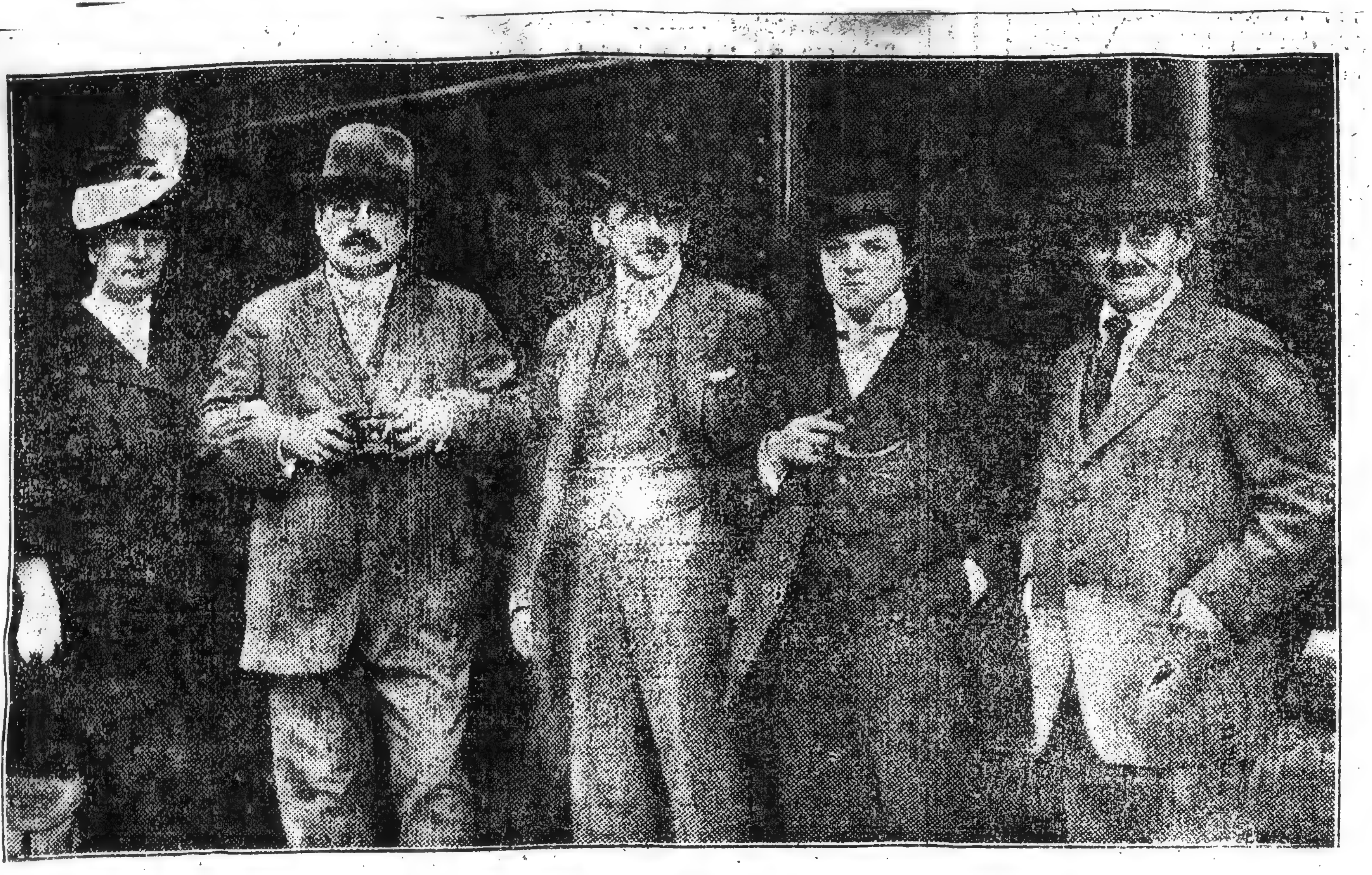
EVENING RECORD, MAY 10, 1915



From left to right ... and Heinrich Warnke, ...

ation) West ... aster; Anton Witek, Josef Malkin

Examiner

From

Address San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 22 1915

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

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Es... 1884

From HERALD BROOKLYN EDIT

Address: New York City

Date

For Boston Symphony Concerts.

Members of the board of women's auxiliary of the philharmonic concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra held their annual spring meeting recently at the art room of the Brooklyn Institute, in Montague street. Mrs. Camden C. Dike presided, and much important business was transacted. It was reported that three-quarters of the old subscribers for last season had subscribed for next season and that the finances of the organization were in excellent shape. The dates for next season's concerts are as follows:—November 5, December 3, January 7, February 18 and March 17.

E... 1884

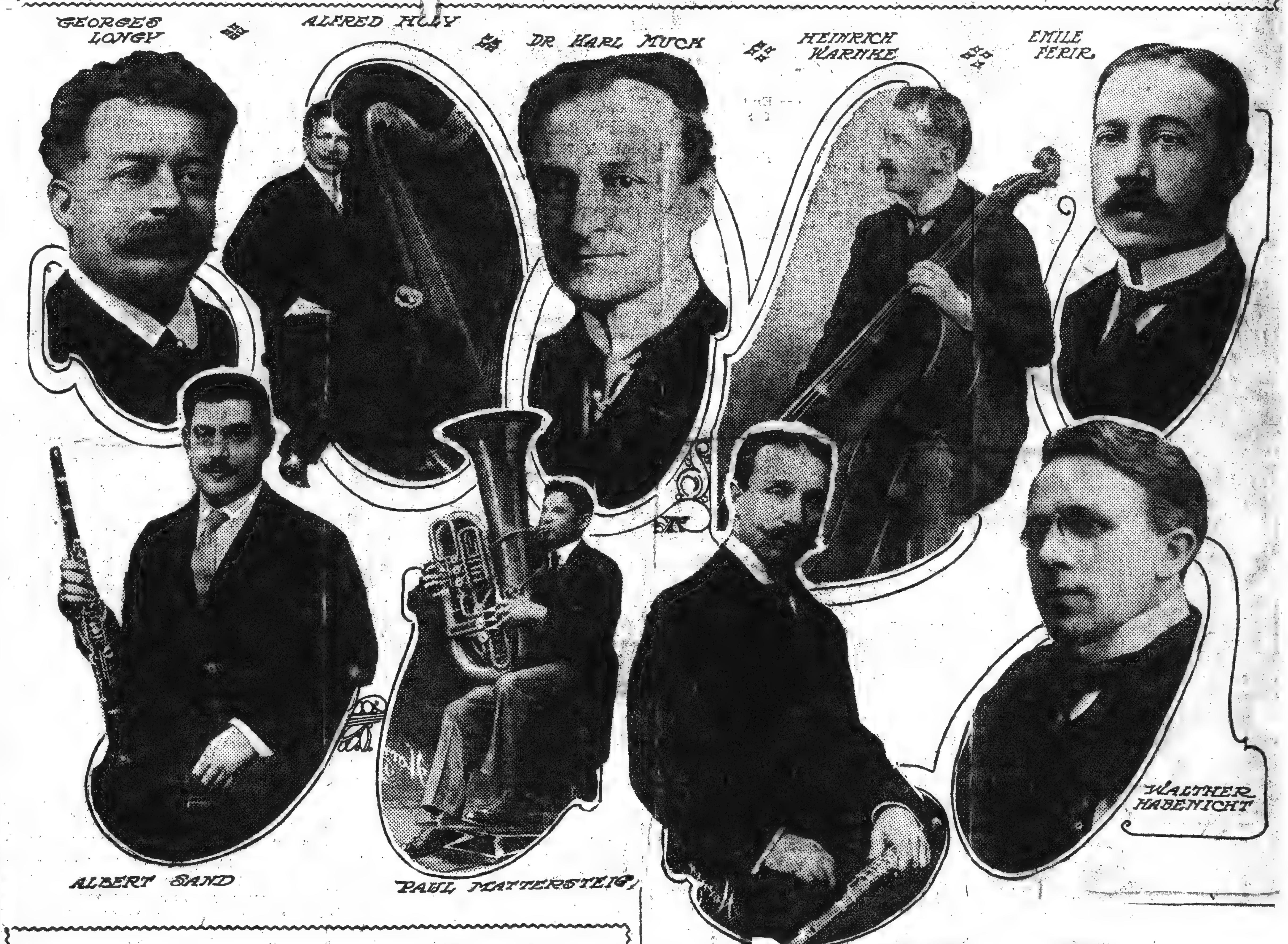
From BULLETIN

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 24 1915

Established:

IN THE WORLD'S FINEST ORCHESTRA



Dr. Carl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony, and a group of his solo artists. Of those whose instruments do not appear in the picture. Longy is solo oboist, Habenicht leads the second violins and Ferir is viola soloist.

Symphony Me... Started Sun... On Record

To Give 13 Concerts ... Francisco and Then to Return for "Pops"

Fair skies and every auspicious circumstance attended the departure of the Boston Symphony Orchestra of 100 players who, with Dr. Carl Muck, conductor; Mrs. Muck, C. A. Ellis and William H. Brennan of Symphony Hall, left the South Station in a special train at 2:05 yesterday afternoon for San Francisco, where they will give 13 concerts.

Stipulations in the contract made by the Exposition management require that the players give no concerts either on the way out or returning from the Pacific Coast, so the trip will be made practically without a stop, with the exception of three hours which will be spent in Chicago.

At the conclusion of the Exposition engagement, with the exception of Mrs. Musk and one or two others who plan to stay over a short period in California, will return to Boston for the "Pops" season.

The trip is one of the longest "jumps" (in theatrical parlance), ever made by a great musical organization.

A veritable shower of roses and flowers of all kinds brought by relatives and friends, added a touch of color to the occasion, and the party, including those who had come to bid "bon voyage" to father, mother, brother or friend, completely filled the long station platform.

The San Francisco trip will take the place, this summer, of the usual voyage to Europe, which is the annual holiday of the majority of the players in the orchestra, many of whom rejoice in the prospect, at last, of really "seeing America."

Enthusiasm ran high and bouquets and handkerchiefs fluttered excitedly and farewells were shouted amid some tears, much laughter and a battle royal of flowers between some of the more demonstrative as the long special train puffed slowly out through the maze of tracks.

To accommodate the party the B. & A., not only arranged for a special train of five Pullman sleepers, a private car and two baggage cars from Boston to run clear through to Oakland Pier, opposite San Francisco, but is sending in charge of the party Charles E. Colony, city ticket agent, who made all the arrangements and piloted Ex-President Taft in the more than 13,000-mile trip which he made from Boston to the Pacific Coast and back.

In the private car on the rear end of the train were Messrs. Ellis and Brennan and John Sauerquell, librarian of the orchestra. In the sleepers ahead were the players, nearly all of whom carried cameras to "bring back a photographic record of our first real good look at America," as Witek expressed it.

The train is due to arrive at San Francisco next Thursday morning, May 13.

Boston Symphony Season Greatest Musical Event

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On Monday morning the sale of seats for two or more concerts will begin at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street, continuing for one week, after which seats for single concerts will be ready.

The function of the Boston Symphony Orchestra always has been to provide music of the highest class in the most perfect manner humanly possible. Such was the sole object of its founder, Henry L. Higginson, a wealthy Bostonian. Only by adhering steadfastly to this ideal since its foundation, thirty-three years ago, has the orchestra been able to hold its present position. It is now without a superior in the world. It is famous in all countries, accepted as a model to be followed by all others, an orchestra whose concerts are eagerly sought by all cities, and whose coming will be the greatest event in the history of instrumental music — San Fran...

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Its conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, is a man of extraordinary personality and genius. From 1892 to 1912 he was principal conductor of the Royal Opera, Berlin, and in 1910 the German Emperor gave him the title of "generalmusikdirector," the highest honor that can come to a musician in Germany. Formerly he had been chief conductor in Graz and Prague and had often appeared as "guest conductor" in St. Petersburg, Moscow, London, Paris, Madrid, Budapest and other cities. For two years he was one of the conductors of the famous Philharmonic Orchestra of Vienna. Since 1901 he has conducted "Parsifal" at the Bayreuth Festivals, and within the last two years has been urged to accept the post of musical director of the Royal Operas in Vienna, Munich and Dresden.

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Examiner

Address San Francisco, Cal.

Date

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Est 1884

Address

EVENING RECORD, MAY 10, 1915

(Photo made by Record Photographer at the South Station)

Symphony Celebrities About to Start West

From left to right—Mrs. Anton Witek, wife of the orchestra's concert master; Anton Witek, Josef Malkin and Heinrich Warnke, 'cellists; and Sylvain Noack, second concert master.

Examiner

From

Address San Francisco, Cal.

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Est 1884

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PAUL MATTERSTEIG
ANDRE MAQUARRE

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[162]

Address: San Francisco, Cal

Date APR

Estal

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From PUBLIC LEDGER

Address Philadelphia

Date

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PUBLIC LEDGER—PHILAD

YOUNG HARPIST FROM HERE JOINS BOSTON SYMPHONY

THEODORE CELLA Photograph by Marceau.

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Mr. Cella not only is a finished harpist, but also is a composer from dainty small numbers to elaborate concertos, one of which was played last season by the Martini Orchestra; and much is expected of him in the future in the way of composition for this instrument. He has a reputation of being one of the most talented harpists in this city. He is the third son of Joseph Cella, all four of the brothers being musicians and all well known in the musical life of this city.

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standards the Boston Symphony has become famous in all musical countries and is accepted as a model to be followed by all others.

Its roster today consists of 100 musicians, drawn largely from the leading orchestras of Europe, many of whom had individual reputations as artists in Europe. A New York critic said of their concerted efforts, "It is not only a virtuous orchestra, but an orchestra of virtuosi." Five of the very distinguished men are Anton Witek, concert master; Walther Habenicht, leader of second violins; Alfred Holy, harpist; Otto Urack, assistant conductor, and Andre Maquarre, first flute, the five representing the three nationalities of German, Bohemian and French.

The day has gone by when the second violin of an orchestra can be composed of less competent players than those of the first section, for modern music makes as strenuous a demand on one as on the other, and, in fact, the two violin sections are interchangeable. Otto Urack, also one of the principal cellists of the orchestra, leads the men at such times as Dr. Muck may be indisposed, and during his first season in Boston was called upon to conduct twenty of the most important concerts. Urack also is a composer of promise.

The brass section alone virtually comprises a small band, and to secure this section fittingly always is a hard task for any orchestra. Not only must brass players be accomplished musicians, but they must be able to draw from their instruments a tone which will melt into the tones of the wood winds and strings, and as modern writers are continually scoring for more elaborate brass work than ever before, the matter of adjustment is becoming more delicate.

The double quartet of horns is now famous throughout America. The trumpets are headed by Gustave Heim, who first won laurels as leader of the headquarters band of the German expedition to Peking in 1900.

The head of the trombones is Modeste Alloc, a Belgian.

From Examiner

Address San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 25 1915

Establ 384

It is four years since I last heard the Boston Symphony. Dr. Karl Muck was the director then as now. He is a man who combines delicacy and strength in the most remarkable manner. It is a nervous strength, not the quiet Titanism of Richter; but I never saw a director who could draw the tone, as it were, during the whole duration of his beat, more vitally than he can. Gericke gave me the impression of a martinet, quietly authoritative and a trifle academic; Fiedler, I thought, had less personality than either his predecessor or his successor. But Muck has culture in the true sense of the word, not the "Kultur" of blood and iron, but the urbanity one finds in the great German litterateurs from Lessing Heine. When he played "Tod and Verklarung," there was something in his pure and elevated idealism which reminded me of Jean Paul Richter and his Beethoven sent me back to the greatest German of them all, the world-poet, Goethe.

By the way, I notice that some exasperated patriot in the East blames Doctor Muck because of the compositions set down for performance in Festival Hall, thirty-two are by men classified as German, and only twenty by composers of other nationality. But common fairness forces one to recognize that Germany loomed larger in the musical culture of the world during the century from Mozart onward than any other nation. No good comes of blinking patent facts. Since the rise of Caesar Franck, Saint Saens and Debussy, Gallic culture may be said to vie on equal terms with that of Germany; nor must we forget that England has its Elgar, its Bantock and Cyril Scott, and America its MacDowell, its Chadwick and Edgar Stillman Kelley. That MacDowell and Chadwick should be the only Americans represented in the Boston-San Francisco concerts of the Boston Symphony is matter for regret, perhaps. But the arrangement represents Doctor Muck's ideal of what is fair, and his judgment is entitled to respect.

May 14 is the date of the first concert, and for twelve successive days we shall have orchestral concerts in Festival Hall the like of which cannot be offered by proud Berlin or brilliant Paris or mighty London.

* * *

From CALL

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 2

Estal 384

Concert Series

Not alone are musical circles interested in the series of twelve concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but society folk as well will be abundantly represented in the audiences that assemble to do homage to music on the eight evenings and four afternoons of the engagement. The series will open Friday evening, May 14, in Festival Hall at the Exposition. The list of season subscribers is very large and among the purchasers of boxes and seats are the following:

Mrs. William Sproule, Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mrs. William B. Bourn, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Sara M. Gerstle, Mrs. Hannah Gerstle, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. L. Schwabacher, Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. M. A. Gunst, Mrs. L. M. Robbins, Mrs. C. F. Kohl, Mrs. A. B. Spreckels, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. James Otis, Miss F. Grenhood, Gordon Blanding, Alden Anderson, Allen I. Kittle, John Rothschild, Judge Frank H. Dunne, Walter Bliss, D. J. Guggenheim, John B. Casserly, John Parrott, Mortimer Fleishhacker, Dr. A. Barkan, G. D. Grant, E. J. Wickson, Edmond Godchaux, Herbert Fleishhacker, Dr. E. Rixford, R. M. Eyre, Louis Sloss, J. K. Armsby.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Mary Sullivan and Frank

From CHRONICLE

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 25 191

Esta 384

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SEASON SALE OF BOSTON PLAYERS OPENS TOMORROW

Subscription for the Famous Orchestra Shows Enthusiasm—Brass Section Alone Is Remarkable.

The title of "General musik director," bestowed upon Dr. Karl Muck in 1910 by the German Emperor, is the highest honor that can come to a musician in Germany. This is the man that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has for its leader, and the season of twelve concerts in Festival Hall, to begin May 14th, is creating great interest in San Francisco and the surrounding communities. Tomorrow morning the sale of seats for two or more concerts will begin at 343 Powell street and will continue for a week. After that seats for the single concerts will be ready.

Manager W. H. Leahy has been handling the subscription sale for three weeks or more, and the indications are for a very large attendance. The function of this orchestra has been for thirty-three years to give music of the highest class in the most perfect manner humanly possible, and the ideal has been maintained ever since the establishment of the organization which has

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L. Schwabacher	Miss F. Greenhood
Leon Sloss	

MESSRS.

Gordon Blanding	G. D. Grant
Alden Anderson	E. J. Wickson
Allen I. Kittle	Edmond Godchaux
John Rothschild	Herbert Fleishhacker
Frank H. Dunne	Dr. E. Rixford
Walter Bliss	R. M. Eyre
D. J. Guggenheim	Louis Sloss

From CHRONICLE

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 25 1915

E , 188

SEASON SALE OF BOSTON PLAYERS OPENS TOMORROW

Subscription for the Famous Orchestra Shows Enthusiasm—Brass Section Alone Is Remarkable.

The title of "General musik director," bestowed upon Dr. Karl Muck in 1910 by the German Emperor, is the highest honor that can come to a musician in Germany. This is the man that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has for its leader, and the season of twelve concerts in Festival Hall, to begin May 14th, is creating great interest in San Francisco and the surrounding communities. Tomorrow morning the sale of seats for two or more concerts will begin at 343 Powell street and will continue for a week. After that seats for the single concerts will be ready.

Manager W. H. Leahy has been handling the subscription sale for three weeks or more, and the indications are for a very large attendance. The function of this orchestra has been for thirty-three years to give music of the highest class in the most perfect manner humanly possible, and the ideal has been maintained ever since the establishment of the organization, which has other attractions

standards the Boston Symphony has become famous in all musical countries and is accepted as a model to be followed by all others.

Its roster today consists of 100 musicians, drawn largely from the leading orchestras of Europe, many of whom had individual reputations as artists in Europe. A New York critic said of their concerted efforts, "It is not only a virtuous orchestra, but an orchestra of virtuosi." Five of the very distinguished men are Anton Witek, concert master; Walther Habenicht, leader of second violins; Alfred Holy, harpist; Otto Urack, assistant conductor, and Andre Maquarre, first flute, the five representing the three nationalities of German, Bohemian and French.

The day has gone by when the second violin of an orchestra can be composed of less competent players than those of the first section, for modern music makes as strenuous a demand on one as on the other, and, in fact, the two violin sections are interchangeable. Otto Urack, also one of the principal cellists of the orchestra, leads the men at such times as Dr. Muck may be indisposed, and during his first season in Boston was called upon to conduct twenty of the most important concerts. Urack also is a composer of promise.

The brass section alone virtually comprises a small band, and to secure this section fittingly always is a hard task for any orchestra. Not only must brass players be accomplished musicians, but they must be able to draw from their instruments a tone which will melt into the tones of the wood winds and strings, and as modern writers are continually scoring for more elaborate brass work than ever before, the matter of adjustment is becoming more delicate.

The double quartet of horns is now famous throughout America. The trumpets are headed by Gustave Heim, who first won laurels as leader of the headquarters band of the German expedition to Peking in 1900.

The head of the trombones is Modeste Alloc, a Belgian.

From

Address San Francisco, Cal

Date APR 25 1915

Establ 384

It is four years since I last heard the Boston Symphony. Dr. Karl Muck was the director then as now. He is a man who combines delicacy and strength in the most remarkable manner. It is a nervous strength, not the quiet Titanism of Richter; but I never saw a director who could draw the tone, as it were, during the whole duration of his beat, more vitally than he can. Gericke gave me the impression of a martinet, quietly authoritative and a trifle academic; Fiedler, I thought, had less personality than either his predecessor or his successor. But Muck has culture in the true sense of the word, not the "Kultur" of blood and iron, but the urbanity one finds in the great German litterateurs from Lessing Heine. When he played "Tod and Verklarung," there was something in his pure and elevated idealism which reminded me of Jean Paul Richter and his Beethoven sent me back to the greatest German of them all, the world-poet, Goethe.

By the way, I notice that some exasperated patriot in the East blames Doctor Muck because of the compositions set down for performance in Festival Hall, thirty-two are by men classified as German, and only twenty by composers of other nationality. But common fairness forces one to recognize that Germany loomed larger in the musical culture of the world during the century from Mozart onward than any other nation. No good comes of blinking patent facts. Since the rise of Caesar Franck, Saint Saens and Debussy, Gallic culture may be said to vie on equal terms with that of Germany; nor must we forget that England has its Elgar, its Bantock and Cyril Scott, and America its MacDowell, its Chadwick and Edgar Stillman Kelley. That MacDowell and Chadwick should be the only Americans represented in the Boston-San Francisco concerts of the Boston Symphony is matter for regret, perhaps. But the arrangement represents Doctor Muck's ideal of what is fair, and his judgment is entitled to respect.

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* * *

[163]

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 23 1915

Sylvain Noack, second concert master of the Boston Symphony.

Estal

BOSTON SYMPHONY SOUGHT FOR DANCE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will give twelve concerts at Festival Hall, commencing May 14, is a fairly well known institution. Nevertheless, the management received a letter a few years ago from a town a little over 100 miles from Boston, in which it was stated that a certain society in that town was planning to give a grand concert and ball on an evening in February. They were anxious to have the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which they heard was a good one, and thought they could go as far as paying $300 if the orchestra would play for the dancing as well as for the concert. A politely worded note was sent in which regret was expressed that on the night in question the orchestra was engaged in giving a concert in Carnegie Hall, New York, and would be unable to accept the engagement offered.

The hundred musicians of the orchestra include the foremost artists of the world and notable among them is Sylvain Noack, the second concertmaster, a Hollander who has been with the organization for six years. He is a first prize graduate of the Amsterdam Conservatory and before he came to America was concertmaster of the symphony orchestra at Aix and famous as a player of chamber music.

The engagement of the Boston Symphany Orchestra promises to be the most notable event of recent years and the sale of season seats, which is now drawing to a close, is very encouraging to the management. A subscription sale for two or more seats will begin at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street, next Monday morning, lasting for one week, after which seats for single concerts will be ready.

From CALL

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 24 1915

Estal 384

Concert Series

Not alone are musical circles interested in the series of twelve concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but society folk as well will be abundantly represented in the audiences that assemble to do homage to music on the eight evenings and four afternoons of the engagement. The series will open Friday evening, May 14, in Festival Hall at the Exposition. The list of season subscribers is very large and among the purchasers of boxes and seats are the following:

Mrs William Sproule, Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mrs. William B. Bourn, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Sara M. Gerstle, Mrs. Hannah Gerstle, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. L. Schwabacher, Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. M. A. Gunst, Mrs. L. M. Robbins, Mrs. C. F. Kohl, Mrs. A. B. Spreckels, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. James Otis, Miss F. Grenhood; Gordon Blanding, Alden Anderson, Allen I. Kittle, John Rothschild, Judge Frank H. Dunne, Walter Bliss, D. J. Guggenheim, John B. Casserly, John Parrott, Mortimer Fleishhacker, Dr. A. Barkan, G. D. Grant, E. J. Wickson, Edmond Godchaux, Herbert Fleishhacker, Dr. E. Rixford, R. M. Eyre, Louis Sloss, J. K. Armsby.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Mary Sullivan and Frank

LIC LEDGER

Philadelphia

lished:

PUBLIC LEDGER—PHILAD

YOUNG HARPIST FROM HERE JOINS BOSTON SYMPHONY

THEODORE CELLA Photograph by Marceau.

Philadelphian, who has been selected by Doctor Muck to be harpist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He is only 18 years old.

PHILADELPHIANS should feel complimented in the announcement that Doctor Muck, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has selected as harpist for that organization Theodore Cella, 18 years old, of this city. Mr. Cella has played with the Boston Symphony at its last three concerts, and is its youngest member.

Doctor Muck, who recently had his attention called to the talent of this young man, indicated his desire to hear him play. When he was in this city on March 15, the last concert given here by the Boston Symphony, he had the opportunity. Immediately upon his return to Boston he telegraphed to Mr. Cella to go to that city to discuss the prospects of an engagement. The result was that he was asked to remain there for the end of this season, and to sign a contract for the next two seasons.

The Boston Symphony also will take Mr. Cella with them to San Francisco to play during the 13 concerts the orchestra will give at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. He expects in future to call Boston his home and thereby Philadelphia loses one of its talented young musicians.

Theodore Cella comes of a musical family in the southern part of this city. He has made a study of the harp from the time he was old enough to reach the compass of the strings. He has played here a number of times during last winter, at the Academy of Music, the Metropolitan Opera House and at various private musicals, at which his playing has always produced a favorable impression. For several years he has been studying the harp with one of the most eminent teachers of that instrument in New York. Visitors at Atlantic City last summer will remember his solo work as a member of the Martini Orchestra.

Mr. Cella not only is a finished harpist, but also is a composer from dainty small numbers to elaborate concertos, one of which was played last season by the Martini Orchestra; and much is expected of him in the future in the way of composition for this instrument. He has a reputation of being one of the most talented harpists in this city. He is the third son of Joseph Cella, all four of the brothers being musicians and all well known in the musical life of this city.

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om CHRONICLE

'ress: San Francisco, Cal.

APR 25 1915

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ociety Is terested in mphony Concerts

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MESDAMES

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Joseph A. Donohoe	M. A. Gunst
William B. Bourn	L. M. Robbins
William H. Crocker	C. F. Kohl
Sara M. Gerstle	A. B. Spreckels
Hannah Gerstle	Henry Crocker
Louis F. Monteagle	James Otis
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CHRONICLE

s: San Francisco, Cal.

APR 25 1915

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From

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* * *

[163]

Address

From STANDARD UNION

Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date APR 28 1915

Establis

ANNOUNCE NEXT SEASON'S PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS

The Women's Auxiliary Board of Philharmonic Concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra held its spring business meeting at 11 A. M. to-day in the art room of the Brooklyn Institute at the Academy of Music, Mrs. Camden C. Dike presiding and Mrs. Benjamin Price, formerly Mrs. M. Lupton, secretary. Those present were Mrs. Otto Goepel, Miss Marion J. Terry, Mrs. James F. Waterman, Mrs. Frank M. Avery, Mrs. Edward C. Blum, Mrs. Elisha T. Everett, Miss Ella W. Hall, Mrs. J. Morton Halstead, Mrs. V. Jervis, Mrs. Charles S. Prey, Mrs. Tyler W. Wardell and Mrs. Julian Ross.

Report was given on the concerts held last season, and announcement was made of a large waiting list of persons who desired to subscribe. It was stated that seventy-five per cent. of the old subscribers had resubscribed for the coming season. It was decided to continue the auxiliary, although it is not necessary to foster the interest of the concerts. The treasurer's report of receipts for the winter was made, and these dates for next season announced: Nov. 5, Dec. 3, Jan. 7, Feb. 18 and March 17. Soloists were not announced.

From BULLETIN

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 26 1915

Ests 84

3

MANY TO HEAR FETE OF MUSIC

After a most successful season sale for the twelve concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall, the sale of seats for two or more concerts began this morning at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street, with an immense demand. No musical event of recent years has excited such interest as has the coming of this famous organization, the finest of its kind in the world, and orders for season seats were received from such far distant points as New York City.

On account of the large audiences which will attend these concerts, beginning Friday evening, May 14, it will be necessary to enlarge the seating capacity of Festival Hall, and that already spacious auditorium will be closed for the eleven days beginning next Monday, to permit of the installation of a balcony and a horseshoe of boxes.

The sale of seats for single concerts will commence next Monday morning at the Exposition box office.

From CHRONICLE

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 29 1915

Es 1884

FAMED MUSICIANS TO VISIT THE CITY

Much Interest in Approaching Concerts of Boston Symphony Orchestra.

As the date of the series of concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall draws nearer, greater becomes the interest in this really wonderful musical event, and when Dr. Karl Muck raises his baton over the world-famed organization in this city for the first time Friday evening, May 14th, he will be greeted by an audience worthy of this occasion.

It was Ysaye who said a few years ago that there was no orchestra with which he liked to play so much as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and at the same time there was no orchestra which he dreaded so much. There is no orchestra in the world that has among its first violins so many men who rank high among virtuosi. Witek, like his predecessors in the chair of the concert master, is one of the very great violinists of the world. Noack, who sits beside him as second concert master, although just in his thirties, was famous in Europe before he came to Boston. Other men in the first violins who could prosper greatly as virtuosos, if they chose, are Roth, Hoffman, Theodorowicz and Bak. The leader of the second violins, Walter Habenicht, who came to Boston two [illegible] was concert master of the Kiel Philharmonic Orchestra, and sat at the second desk of the first violins of the Festival Orchestra in Bayreuth.

It is this fact that makes an appearance with the orchestra such a trying test for even so great a man as Ysaye.

Arture Toscanini, the great conductor of the Metropolitan Operahouse, once remarked to a friend that he would be willing to give up six months of his career in order to, as he termed it, "play with" the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

From EVENING POST

Address: New York City

Date

Es 384

New York's Unsurpassed Orchestra.

AMONG the eminent soloists already engaged for next season's Carnegie Hall concerts of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, are the singers Emmy Destinn, Lucrezia Bori, and Julia Culp; the violinists and 'cellists, Fritz Kreisler, Arrigo Serato, Maximilian Pilzer, Leo Schulz, and Pablo Casals; and the pianists, Harold Bauer, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Percy Grainger, Ernest Hutcheson, Yolando Mérö, and Ernest Schelling.

There is every indication that the Philharmonic concerts will have record audiences next season. The books open at Carnegie Hall next Monday for new subscribers. Josef Stransky has been engaged for three more seasons. Under him these concerts have attained unprecedented popularity, partly because of the excellent performances and partly because of the enticing programmes from which good music is not excluded simply because it happens to be popular.

As an orchestra, the New York Philharmonic is second to none in the world, the equal in every way of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to which, in fact, it is superior in the brass department. It also has no equal in the matter of leaders of each group of instruments—an important matter in view of the expressive melodic passages for solo instruments so often occurring in modern music. There have been weak spots, too, in the past, but as Manager Leifels announces:

"Eleven new men will play in the Philharmonic Orchestra next season. Conductor Josef Stransky has made these changes in accordance with his policy of freeing the orchestra absolutely from all players who could not stand the severest critical test. Most of the new members of the Philharmonic Society will be younger men. The string section is the most affected, there being four changes among the first violins, and four among the seconds."

To enjoy the advantages of the low subscription rates, it is not necessary to subscribe for all of the Philharmonic concerts given during the season. There are separate series of Sunday afternoon, Friday afternoon, Thursday evening, and Saturday evening concerts. Of these, the Sunday afternoon and Saturday evening programmes are of the most popular character. The Friday afternoon concerts have the same programmes as those of Thursday evening. Usually the Friday audiences are the larger; but those who can attend in the evening would do well to go on Thursdays, when the audiences show the most enthusiasm, which reacts on the conductor and the players and makes them do their best.

From CHRONICLE

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date APR 26 1915

Estal 4

Heavy Ticket Sales for Boston Symphony

The subscription sale of seats for the series of twelve concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall closed yesterday, after three weeks of active demand on the part of music lovers, not alone of San Francisco but from all over the country.

This morning seats for two or more concerts, the first of which will be Friday evening, May 14th, will be placed on sale at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street, where they may be obtained all week. Next Monday seats for single concerts will be ready at the same place.

[1.4]

From RECORD

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

Establ 84

JOINS BOSTON SYMPHONY

Theodore Cella, of Family of Musicians, Has Grateful Distinction.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has engaged Theodore Cella, 18 years of age, who is a harpist of unusual accomplishments, as a member of that organization. Cella, who is a native Philadelphian, has, during the past two years, frequently played here in concert, not only at the Academy of Music and the Metropolitan Opera House, but in many private musicales. His unusual talent was brought to the attention of Dr. Karl Muck, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and by appointment he heard Cella play last March. Muck was so impressed with the young man that upon return to Boston the famous conductor telegraphed for the harpist to come to that city, and he was at once engaged to play the remainder of the season with the Symphony, and to go with the orchestra to San Francisco for a series of concerts at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. In addition, Cella was asked to sign a contract with the Boston Symphony to play with it during the coming two seasons.

THEODORE CELLA.

Cella is the youngest member of the Boston Orchestra. He comes of a family of musicians who live in the southern part of this city. He made a study of the harp from the time he was old enough to compass the strings. He has been studying, for a number of years, with one of the most eminent harp teachers in New York city, and visitors to Atlantic City the past summer will remember Cella's fine solo work with Martini's Orchestra.

Cella is a composer, and one of his concertos was played last season by the Martini Orchestra. He is the third son of Joseph Cella, who is a fine performer on the violin. Amieda Cella, 23 years of age, the oldest son, has long been recognized as one of the best harpists of this city, as well as a skillful performer on the violin. Romeo Cella, the second one, 20 years of age, is a finished 'cellist. The youngest son, Herman Cella, only 16 years of age, displays, like his brothers, unusual talent and is at present studying

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From PRESS

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

Established:

PHILA HARPIST IN BOSTON SYMPHONY

Theodore Cella, Only 18, Will Accompany Orchestra to San Francisco.

A Philadelphia musician, Theodore Cella, who is only eighteen years of age, will be among the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to make the trip to the Panama-Pacific Exposition this month. The orchestra will give thirteen concerts there.

Cella, who lives at 642 Carpenter Street, is a member of a family of musicians. He obtained his engagement with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the last season through an appeal made by "The Press" to Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor. Dr. Muck readily recognized the talent of the young man and a contract was signed.

Theodore Cella is considered a wonderfully talented harpist. Also, he is a remarkable composer, considering his age. He is a son of Joseph Cella, an Italian, himself a talented violinist. The father has been playing in this city several years and his sons were born here.

The oldest son, Amieda Cella, also a harpist of great skill and a violinist as well, has been heard here frequently in recitals. The second son, Romeo, twenty years old, is a fine 'cellist. Musicians have lauded him highly. Theodore Cella is the third son. The youngest is Herman Cella, sixteen years old. He is developing rapidly as a pianist.

Address

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From EVENING POST
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Date

Es 884

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[illegible] the New York Philharmonic is second to none in the world, the equal in every way of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to which, in fact, it is superior in the brass department. It also has no equal in the matter of leaders of each group of instruments—an important matter in view of the expressive melodic passages for solo instruments so often occurring in modern music. There have been weak spots, too, in the past, but as Manager Leifels announces:

"Eleven new men will play in the Philharmonic Orchestra next season. Conductor Josef Stransky has made these changes in accordance with his policy of freeing the orchestra absolutely from all players who could not stand the severest critical test. Most of the new members of the Philharmonic Society will be younger men. The string section is the most affected, there being four changes among the first violins, and four among the seconds."

To enjoy the advantages of the low subscription rates, it is not necessary to subscribe for all of the Philharmonic concerts given during the season. There are separate series of Sunday afternoon, Friday afternoon, Thursday evening, and Saturday evening concerts. Of these, the Sunday afternoon and Saturday evening programmes are of the most popular character. The Friday afternoon concerts have the same programmes as those of Thursday evening. Usually the Friday audiences are the larger; but those who can attend in the evening would do well to go on Thursdays, when the audiences show the most enthusiasm, which reacts on the conductor and the players and makes them do their best.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date APR 2 6 1915

Estal 4

Heavy Ticket Sales for Boston Symphony

The subscription sale of seats for the series of twelve concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall closed yesterday, after three weeks of active demand on the part of music lovers, not alone of San Francisco but from all over the country.

This morning seats for two or more concerts, the first of which will be Friday evening, May 14th, will be placed on sale at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street, where they may be obtained all week. Next Monday seats for single concerts will be ready at the same place.

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

Establ 84

JOINS BOSTON SYMPHONY

Theodore Cella, of Family of Musicians, Has Grateful Distinction.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has engaged Theodore Cella, 18 years of age, who is a harpist of unusual accomplishments, as a member of that organization. Cella, who is a native Philadelphian, has, during the past two years, frequently played here in concert, not only at the Academy of Music and the Metropolitan Opera House, but in many private musicales. His unusual talent was brought to the attention of Dr. Karl Muck, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and by appointment he heard Cella play last March. Muck was so impressed with the young man that upon return to Boston the famous conductor telegraphed for the harpist to come to that city, and he was at once engaged to play the remainder of the season with the Symphony, and to go with the orchestra to San Francisco for a series of concerts at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. In addition, Cella was asked to sign a contract with the Boston Symphony to play with it during the coming two seasons.

THEODORE CELLA.

Cella is the youngest member of the Boston Orchestra. He comes of a family of musicians who live in the southern part of this city. He made a study of the harp from the time he was old enough to compass the strings. He has been studying, for a number of years, with one of the most eminent harp teachers in New York city, and visitors to Atlantic City the past summer will remember Cella's fine solo work with Martini's Orchestra.

Cella is a composer, and one of his concertos was played last season by the Martini Orchestra. He is the third son of Joseph Cella, who is a fine performer on the violin. Amieda Cella, 23 years of age, the oldest son, has long been recognized as one of the best harpists of this city, as well as a skillful performer on the violin. Romeo Cella, the second one, 20 years of age, is a finished 'cellist. The youngest son, Herman Cella, only 16 years of age, displays, like his brothers, unusual talent and is at present studying the piano forte. The family resides at No. 642 Carpenter street.

Fro
Address:
Date

Established:/

PHILA HARPIST IN BOSTON SYMPHONY

Theodore Cella, Only 18, Will Accompany Orchestra to San Francisco.

A Philadelphia musician, Theodore Cella, who is only eighteen years of age, will be among the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to make the trip to the Panama-Pacific Exposition this month. The orchestra will give thirteen concerts there.

Cella, who lives at 642 Carpenter Street, is a member of a family of musicians. He obtained his engagement with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the last season through an appeal made by "The Press" to Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor. Dr. Muck readily recognized the talent of the young man and a contract was signed.

Theodore Cella is considered a wonderfully talented harpist. Also, he is a remarkable composer, considering his age. He is a son of Joseph Cella, an Italian, himself a talented violinist. The father has been playing in this city several years and his sons were born here.

The oldest son, Amieda Cella, also a harpist of great skill and a violinist as well, has been heard here frequently in recitals. The second son, Romeo, twenty years old, is a fine 'cellist. Musicians have lauded him highly. Theodore Cella is the third son. The youngest is Herman Cella, sixteen years old. He is developing rapidly as a pianist.

Phila. Harpist to Go to Coast

As a result of exceptional talent displayed during engagements in this city, despite the fact that he is only eighteen years old, Theodore Cella has been engaged by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its term of concerts at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

From Examiner

Address San Francisco, Cal

Date 3 0 1915

Esta 188

MUSIC LOVERS ARE DELIGHTED

Coming of Boston Symphony to Be Musical Event; Barrere Concert To-Day.

The coming of the Boston Symphony has impressed music lovers in San Francisco as no musical event has ever impressed them before.

The fame of the organization, its indorsement by uthorities of every nationality, its evolution under a series of conductors of the first rank, all tend to this end.

Ysaye declared that of all the orchestras with which he played the Boston Symphony gave him the greatest pleasure. And he well might say so, for every member of the organization is a master of the instrument which he plays. Witek, the concertmaster, is a violinist of the first rank; his colleague, Noack, was famous in Europe. First violins like Roth, Theodorowicz and Bak would command the respect of connoisseurs anywhere.

Walther Habenicht, the leader of the second violins, was concertmaster of the Kiel Philharmonic and occupied the second desk among the first violins at the Bayreuth festivals.

Arturo Toscanini, conductor of the Metropolitan Opera, said he would give six months of his life to be able to "play with" the Boston Symphony.

The first concert will be given in Festival Hall on May 14. The subscription sale of seats for two or more concerts, now concluding, has been very large and seats for single concerts will be ready on Monday morning, May 3, at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

From

Address San Francisco, Cal

Date

Estab 84

* * *

NOT alone are musical circles deeply interested in the series of twelve concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall, commencing Friday evening, May 14, but society folk as well will be abundantly represented in the audiences that assemble to do homage to music on the eight evenings and four afternoons of the engagement. The list of season subscribers is very large, and among the purchasers of boxes and seats are the following:

Mesdames—
Sproule, William
Donohoe, Joseph A.
Bourn, William B.
Crocker, William H.
Gerstle, Sara M.
Gerstle, Hannah
Monteagle, Louis F.
Scott, Henry T.
Schwabacher, L.
Sloss, Leon
Sloss, Judge M. C.
Gunst, M. A.
Robbins, L. M.
Kohl, C. F.
Spreckels, A. B.
Crocker, Henry
Otis, James
Greenhood, Miss F.

Messrs.—
Blanding, Gordon
Anderson, Alden
Kittle, Allen I.
Rothschild, John
Dunne, Judge Frank H.
Bliss, Walter
Guggenheim, D. J.
Cassorly, John B.
Parrott, John
Fleishhacker, Mortimor
Barkan, Dr. A.
Grant, G. D.
Wickson, E. J.
Godchaux, Edmond
Fleishhacker, Herbert
Rixford, Dr. E.
Eyre, R. M.
Sloss, Louis
Armsby, J. K.

* * *

THE annual [illegible] given by Kappa

BOSTON POST,
FRIDAY, MAY 14,

FRISCO GREETS HUB SYMPHONY

Mayor Gives Address—Advance Sale Large

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 13.—San Francisco, in the person of Mayor Rolph, gave warm welcome to the Boston Symphony Orchestra on its arrival by ferry at Oakland this morning at 11.

He greeted Dr. Muck and Mr. Ellis and made a short speech to members of the orchestra. The first concert will be given tomorrow, and the advance sale for the series of 12 concerts is very large.

BOSTON POST,
SATURDAY, MAY 15,

FIRST CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

SAN FRANCISCO, May 14.—The artistic climax of the Panama Pacific Exposition was reached tonight when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, 100 strong, under Dr. Karl Muck, gave the first of a series of 12 subscription concerts in Festival Hall. For the orchestra, the interior of the hall was largely remodeled, incrasing its capacity by a balcony and boxes, from 2500 to 4000. Every seat was filled by the audience whose brilliance was unequalled since the days of the Metropolitan opera. Society turned out in full force, while artistic and professional circles were fully represented.

Festival Hall, most picturesque in exterior and interior, and the changes completed just before the concert, made it acoustically almost perfect. Dr. Muck was greeted on entrance by applause and after each number.

BOSTON GLOBE—
MAY 14, 1915

WELCOMED BY MAYOR.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Arrives in San Francisco and Will Give Its First Concert Tonight.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13—San Francisco in the person of Mayor Rolph gave a warm welcome to the Boston Symphony Orchestra on its arrival this morning. He greeted Dr Muck and Mr Ellis and made a short speech to the members of the orchestra. The first concert will be given tomorrow evening. The advance sale for the series of 12 concerts has been very large.

BOSTON HERALD,
FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1915.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AT SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13—The Boston Symphony Orchestra arrived direct from Boston in a special train at 11 o'clock this forenoon to give a series of symphony concerts in Festival Hall. Mayor Rolph and President Levison of the music commission met them on arrival and Mayor Rolph extended a warm welcome to Dr. Muck and members. The first concert for tomorrow night is sold out.

ADVERTISER, FRIDAY
MORNING, MAY 14,

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ARRIVE AT FAIR

Mayor Rolph and Prominent Citizens Give Boston Men Royal Reception

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, which arrived here today by special train, was given a royal welcome by Mayor James Rolph jr. and a delegation of prominent citizens. The party left Boston last Sunday via the B. & A. and New York Central roads, and all the members from Dr. Muck down expressed enthusiastic delight at the treatment accorded them in the various cities on the route.

The orchestra will remain in San Francisco and give concerts at the Exposition for two weeks, returning by the same special train, arriving in Boston on May 31.

BOSTON JOURNAL
—FRIDAY, MAY 14,

'FRISCO WELCOMES BOSTON SYMPHONY

Mayor Rolph Makes Speech to Players at Oakland Ferry.

San Francisco, May 13.—Mayor Rolph gave an official greeting to the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra when they arrived here this morning. The mayor met the orchestra at the Oakland ferry. After Dr. Muck, the conductor, and C. E. Ellis, the manager, had been presented to him, Rolph made a little speech of welcome.

The orchestra has come to San Francisco by special invitation to give a series of 12 concerts at the fair. The first will take place tomorrow night. A heavy advance sale is reported.

Public interest in the visit of the famous orchestra is so keen that in all probability an extra concert will be given in some big hall in the city before the Bostonians leave for home.

SUNDAY POST,
MAY 16, 1915

From all accounts which have reached us up to the present time, the Metropolitan Opera or Boston Symphony Orchestra has been greeted with much acclaim at the San Francisco exposition, where, in addition to the concerts already given, it will play each day through the coming week, and where the concerts are being heavily patronized. It may be added here that, contrary to reports, the Musical Union of San Francisco had not the slightest objection, on the part of the local heads or members, to the Boston Symphony visit; that other orchestras which desired to make the trip to San Francisco found that they could not close enough engagements on the route to make such a visit possible—to say nothing of any guarantee for their concerts in San Francisco; that the Boston orchestra was selected by parties in San Francisco from all the orchestras in the United States for this visit, and that, again contrary to published report, Mr. Higginson did not pay part of the expenses of the trip, for the Symphony Orchestra of Boston is so well paid for its visit that a handsome profit will remain to recompense Mr. Higginson for the unusually heavy deficit which, as a result of the war, has confronted him at the close of the subscription concerts in Boston. True, there were interested parties, not in San Francisco, who endeavored, as one might say, to put a spoke in the wheel of the Boston orchestra, partly through the press. These efforts were fruitless and emphasized the more the ability and the reputation of the local organization.

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SUNDAY POST,

MAY 16, 1915

FRISCO PRAISE FOR SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck and His Players Lauded on Coast

Following is some comment of San Francisco newspapers on the first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Panama Exposition, Friday night:

Chronicle—The world's greatest orchestra was brought to us last night, and we knew the difference, though the programme was not new, it was made so by a performance which probably no other organization save the Boston orchestra, could summon.

Bulletin—They told us the Boston Symphony Orchestra was perfection . . . and after last night's opening concert, there is nothing to do but repeat what we have been told.

Call—It is a wonderful orchestra that Dr. Muck has brought from Boston for us. In perfection of composite skill and direction, it is an instrument in itself more thrilling and inspiring than any single instrument in the catalogue may be.

Examiner—It was an ovation with which the audience greet

From GLOBE
Address: New York City
Date

THE COMBATANTS IN MUSIC.

In spite of the incontrovertible fact that national lines should not be drawn in the commonwealth of a there has been a good deal of comment, speculati and gossip this year in regard to performances of music of the nations at war. Any one can understa why France and Belgium should not care to h Brahms and Wagner, while England could listen them without too much resentment. There is no pate reason why "Carmen" and "Mignon" should offend people of Berlin, though Vienna and Budapest mig turn a deaf ear to Tchaikowsky and Rimsky-Korsako But, as we all know, the combat in music has be carried into America.

Especially apt now is the summary of the ho concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who eminent conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, is known to be frankly pro-German in his sympathies. During the earlier part of the season Dr. Muck noticeably neglected the music of the Triple Entente for the music of Germany and Austria-Hungary. When that fact was pointed out in the public press of Boston Dr. Muck altered his course. The completed list of the works performed at the twenty-four concerts now makes interesting reading.

Beethoven leads with fourteen compositions and Brahms follows with seven. Then comes Mozart with six. In the case of these leaders it is, however, important to note that all their works performed are not instrumental pieces. Beethoven's total is swollen by four songs, Brahms's by three, and Mozart's by one opera air. Liszt, Strauss, and Weber, of countries in the Teutonic alliance, score four works each; Bach, Dvorak, and Haydn three each. But between the six and the four comes the five, and the only composer in the five class is the Finn, Sibelius. That is a notable achievement for a living composer who is far from being accepted as yet in toto, and Sibelius is a subject of the czar, but, it is understood, a sympathizer with the Germans.

Turning from the Teutons and their supporters, the New Yorker, bombarded with Tchaikowsky, war or no war, in his own town, finds just one Tchaikowsky work on the Boston list. The other Russians represented are Borodin and Stravinsky, and there is one Pole, Noskowski, each contributing a single work. The French composers number Berlioz, Chabrier, Debussy, d'Indy, Lalo, Ravel, Ropartz, and Saint-Saëns, to whom may be added as virtually French César Franck, a Belgian, and Enesco, a Roumanian. These all figure with one work each save Chabrier, Franck, and Lalo, who rise to two. Both the Lalo compositions, however, are concertos played by soloists, and the single Saint-Saëns piece is an opera air. English music was untouched, unless one regards Handel as English.

An emerging curiosity in the somewhat curious list is the probably unprecedented neglect of Wagner, represented by only two compositions, the "Faust Overture" and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," which is hardly to be expected from a German programme maker now that Wagner more than any other is looked on as the representative composer of the Fatherland, in spite of the fact that he was once a revolutionist and a fugitive in Switzerland. The sole Tchaikowsky work is not the "1812" overture. And thereby hangs a tale. Probably never has that deafening composition been ignored so generally as this year. The tonal duel between the Russian national hymn and the "Marseillaise," ending in the extinction of the latter, would hardly be acceptable in the countries of the Triple Entente, and Germans are not credited with enough sense of humor to make it the piece of the hour in the Fatherland. But even in New York performances of it have been limited to an opera concert or two.

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date 3 0 1915
Established: L

INTEREST HIGH IN SYMPHONY

As the series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall grows nearer greater becomes the interest in this wonderful musical event. When Dr. Carl Muck raises his baton here on Friday evening, May 14, he will be greeted by an audience worthy of this occasion.

The subscription sale of seats for two or more concerts, now concluding, has been very large and seats for single concerts will be ready Monday morning, May 3, at the Exposition boxoffice, 343 Powell street.

It was Ysaye who said a few years ago that there was no orchestra with which he liked to play so much as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and at the same time there was no orchestra which he dreaded so much. There is no orchestra in the world that has among its first violins so many men who rank high among virtuosi. There is not a man in the ranks of the first violins who is not a better violinist than the average touring soloist.

Some interesting tales might be told of things that have happened at rehearsals of the orchestra, when famous visiting virtuosi have been applauded with hardly a perfunctory tapping of bows on violins. On the other hand, there have been occasions when the whole orchestra got up and cheered the soloist.

Arture Toscanini, the great conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, once remarked to a friend that he would be willing to give up six months of his career in order to, as he termed it, "play with" the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Alden Anderson
A. F. Agard
V. B. Appleton
Dr. T. J. Argust
J. K. Armsby
Mrs. Arno
Mrs. Blanche Ashley
Mary Ayres
Dr. A. Barkan
E. Baerwald
Fred A. Baker
Martha D. Baker
Miss E. Beronic
D. Berry
Allen Bier
Gordon Blanding
W H Blatchly
Walter Bliss
G. G. Blymyer
Mrs. W. B. Bourn
Mrs. E. Bowman
Mrs. G. F. Bowman
Mrs. John F. Boyd
E. E. Brice
Walter Brooks
Mrs. W. S. Burnett
Leandro Campanari
John B. Casserly
Mrs. W. H. Crocker
Mrs. Henry Crocker
Mrs. M. R. Carroll
Mrs. W. H. Chapman
T. M. Childs
Miss A. Clement
S. Coffin
C. W. Conlisk
Helen E. Cowell
R. A. Curran
Judge F. H. Dunne
Baron de Nicolics
Mrs. L. V. N. Denman
Mrs. J. A. Donohoe
E. B. Dunham
R. M. Eyre
A. Eloesser
F. P. Farquhar
A. W. Foster
Herbert Fleishhacker
Mortimer Fleishhacker
Henry Fortman
Nathan Firestone
Mrs. Hannah Gerstle
Mrs. Sarah H. Gerstle
Edmond Godchaux
Mrs. A. A. Gerst
Miss Gilbert
Mrs. Sara S. Goodrich
Chauncey S. Goodrich
G. D. Grant
W. H. Graves
Emil Greenbaum
Miss F. Greenhood
Jessie Gregory
D. J. Guggenheim
Mrs. M. A. Gunst
E. S. Heller
E. M. Hecht
Sir Henry Heyman
Mrs. G. P. Hague
J. C. Haight
A. B. Hammond
R. E. Hartley
Mrs. A. Hasbrouck
L. M. Hayes
Mrs. H. C. Hellman
J. Henry
Mrs. J. C. Henkonius
J. A. Hillman
David Hirschler
Fred J. Housley
Miss I. G. Hughes
E. C. Hutchison
P. J. Jacoby
Miss A. G. Jewell
I. H. Johnson
Allen I. Kittle
Mrs. C. F. Kohl
L. M. Kaiser
A. R. Knell
W. B. Kollmyer
Mrs. Theo. Kytka
Mrs. A. L. Longfeld
Emma E. La Motte
L. O. Levison
Arthur Lewis
W. A. Liebenam
Mrs. Sophie Lilienthal
Miss C. H. Lindley
Miss Folva Low
Mrs. F. L. MacBennett
Lewis S. Mace
Mrs. A. Mack
Miss A. B. McBoyle
David McClure
John D. McKee
G. S. McManns
Mrs. Manheim
Roland Marx
William Melander
Mrs. G. Millberry
Henry G. Meyer
Carrie B. Millett
Mrs. J. T. Monges
D. B. Moody
Mrs. L. F. Monteagle
Miss Ella Morgan
I. F. Morrow
Dr. A. H. Morse
Blanche Morse
Dora H. Morse
M. S. Neugass
Mrs. James Otis
Mrs. Elenor Owens
Eliza Olds
Miss H. Osmers
John Parrott
Gertrude Pauson
Miss M. Passmore
Mary Earle Payne
W. J. Phelps
Ella E. Potter
George S. Potter
L. H. Rand
Miss Edith
nard
Mrs. L. Rehf
Dr. E. Rixford
Mrs. L. M. R
Dr. Julius R stern
John Rothsch
J. D. Ruggles
A. H. R. Schmidt
F. S. Scheinstein
Mrs. L. Schwabacker
Mrs. Henry T. Scott
Mrs. Jessie S. Seal
Mrs. S. Simon
Mrs. Leon Sloss
Louis Sloss
Mrs. M. C. Sloss
F. M. Slosson
Helen T. Spencer
Mrs. A. B. Spreckels
Mrs. William Sproule
Mrs. E. H. Steele
Mrs. J. Stein
L. H. Steinagger
Mrs. J. F. Stone
Mrs. H. Roy Stovel
Mrs. George Stowe
Mrs. James Ellis Tucker
Frederic Torrey
S. Trask
Melville S. Toplitz
W. M. Todd
R. A. Thompson
H. R. Techau
Harry Unna
M. L. Van Dykes
Mrs. F. H. Varney
Miss F. Volkmann
J. R. Wade
Mrs. E. T. W
Mrs. H. H. V
Mrs Dr. G. E
ple
A. W. Wilson
Francis W. W
Miss Wolker
Glen Woods
Edgar Wooldrid
J. B. Wright

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 1 1915
Es 1884

and 2 bassoons.

Boston Symphony

As the series of concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall grows nearer, greater becomes the interest in this musical event and when Dr. Karl Muck raises his baton over the world famed organization in this city for the first time, Friday evening, May 14, he will be greeted by a great audience. The subscription sale of seats for two or more concerts, now concluding, has been large and seats for single concerts will be ready Monday morning, May 3, at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

It was Ysaye who said a few years ago that there was no orchestra with which he liked to play so much as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and at the same time there was no orchestra which he dreaded so much. There is no orchestra in the world that has among its first violins so many men who rank high among virtuosi.

Witek, the concert master, is one of the great violinists of the world; Neack, second concert master, was famous in Europe before he came to Boston. Other men in the first violins who could prosper greatly as virtuosi if they chose, are Roth, Hoffman, Theodorowicz and Bak.

The leader of the second violins, Walther Habenicht, was second concert master of the Kiel Philharmonic Orchestra and first violin of the Festival Orchestra in Bayreuth.

It is this fact that makes an appearance with the orchestra such a trying test for even so great a man as Ysaye. The visiting virtuoso can not fool any of the men who are accompanying him. Arturo Toscanini, the great conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, once remarked to a friend that he would be willing to give up six months of his career in order to, as he termed it, the Boston Sym

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From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date APR 3 0 1915
Establis

Georges Longy, leader of the wood-wind section of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

G. LONGY ADDS TO ORCHESTRA FAME

Wherever the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will give twelve concerts at Festival Hall, beginning May 14, goes, it is preceded by the fame of its wood wind section. The wood wind section comprises the oboes, the flutes, the clarinets and the bassoons, and in the Boston Symphony Orchestra there are four each of these instruments.

The solo players of its flutes, clarinets and oboes are French, because France is supreme in its school of wood wind players. The bassoons, however, are Germans, for the Boston Symphony uses German horns.

The leader of the wood wind section is always the first oboe, and in Georges Longy, who for sixteen years has held this position, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has one of the most remarkable players in the world.

The subscription sale of seats for two or more concerts, now progressing, is very large. The sale of seats for single concerts will begin Monday morning at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street. Those who have taken boxes or groups of seats for the season include the following:

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisc
Date
Established: Lond
Est 1884

Boston Symphony Lures Smart Set

No musical event of recent years has excited the interest that the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Festival Hall has occasioned. The series of twelve concerts, the first of which will take place Friday evening, May 14, will bring out a succession of brilliant audiences and the list of season subscribers is full of notable names.

Those who have taken boxes and groups of seats for the season include the following:

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 1 1915
Establi 84

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BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The interest aroused by the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is very large and the subscription sale of seats for two or more concerts, now concluding, is very gratifying to W. H. Leahy, who is in charge of the local engagement. The sale of seats for single concerts will begin Monday morning at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street, where mail orders, accompanied by check made payable to Mr. Leahy, will receive prompt attention.

From Examiner
Address San Francisco, Cal.
Date 1915
Estat 84

Mrs. E. M. Savercool.

Seats on Sale To-Day For Boston Symphony

Tickets for Single Concerts May Be Had; First Recital May 14.

The subscription sale of seats for two or more concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concluded last evening, the demand having been very heavy all the week. This morning at 9 o'clock seats for single concerts will be ready at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

The series of twelve concerts, four of which are scheduled for the afternoons, will begin Friday evening, May 14, and the organization with 108 people, including the managerial force, will come direct from Boston in a special train, playing nowhere else while on the way, and leaving for their home city at midnight after the last concert, playing again in Boston on the following Monday.

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date 1 1915

Music Season Pauses to Await Boston Symphony

By ERNEST J. HOPKINS.

MUSIC here will now enter upon a little time of holding its breath in anticipation of the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on May 14. After tomorrow's concerts Festival Hall will close and the Greenbaum season end; Thursday's important choral event at Berkeley will be the last of its for the season, and the People's Opera Company and the Central Musicales will have the home field pretty much to themselves.

BRAHMS' "REQUIEM."

The production of Brahms' "Requiem" in Harmon Gymnasium, Berkeley, on Thursday night, May 6, is among the really important choral events of the year. Paul Steindorff has undertaken to present the most difficult and beautiful choral composition in the literature of modern music. The "Requiem" has never been heard adequately in its entirety hereabouts, its complexities having stood in the way of its proper presentation.

The chorus which will sing it is comprised of the various choral bodies which have remained together for many seasons under Steindorff.

This requiem is placed side by side with the Bach Passions, Beethoven's Mass in D major or Boah's B minor Mass, at the summit of devotional music. It is a "triumphlied," suggesting the victory of life rather than the ascendancy of death. It begins with "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," follows with "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy," sings of the coming of Christ, breaks into a glory of tone on the words "The Redeemed of the Lord shall return again and come rejoicing," and then offers a chorus in which it has been said "the perfect peace of heaven is reflected," in the words and music, "How lovely are thy dwellings, O Lord of Hosts." One of its most tender numbers was written to the memory of Brahms' mother, and the words are "As one whom his mother comforteth, so I comfort you."

Spiritual exaltation is the mood of the final chorus on the words "The trumpet shall sound."

The baritone is assigned two solos with chorus, and the soprano sings the "As one whom." Mme. Johanna Kristoffy and Lowell Redfield are the artists. The piano score will be played by Mrs. Lowell Redfield and Steindorff's orchestra will play the score.

Address

INFORMATION OBSCURED

SUNDAY POST,

MAY 16, 1915

FRISCO PRAISE FOR SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck and His Players Lauded on Coast

Following is some comment of San Francisco newspapers on the first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Panama Exposition, Friday night:

Chronicle—The world's greatest orchestra was brought to us last night, and we knew the difference, though the programme was not new, it was made so by a performance which probably no other organization save the Boston orchestra, could summon.

Bulletin—They told us the Boston Symphony Orchestra was perfection . . . and after last night's opening concert, there is nothing to do but repeat what we have been told.

Call—It is a wonderful orchestra that Dr. Muck has brought from Boston for us. In perfection of composite skill and direction, it is an instrument in itself more thrilling and inspiring than any single instrument in the catalogue may be.

Examiner—It was an ovation with which the audience greeted Dr. Muck ... symphony. They ... knew him for

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From GLOBE

Address: New York

Date

THE COMBATANTS IN MUSIC.

In spite of the incontrovertible fact that national lines should not be drawn in the commonwealth of art, there has been a good deal of comment, speculation, and gossip this year in regard to performances of the music of the nations at war. Any one can understand why France and Belgium should not care to hear Brahms and Wagner, while England could listen to them without too much resentment. There is no patent reason why "Carmen" and "Mignon" should offend the people of Berlin, though Vienna and Budapest might turn a deaf ear to Tchaikowsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff. But, as we all know, the combat in music has been carried into America.

Especially apt now is the summary of the home concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose eminent conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, is known to be frankly pro-German in his sympathies. During the earlier part of the season Dr. Muck noticeably neglected the music of the Triple Entente for the music of Germany and Austria-Hungary. When that fact was pointed out in the public press of Boston Dr. Muck altered his course. The completed list of the works performed at the twenty-four concerts now makes interesting reading.

Beethoven leads with fourteen compositions and Brahms follows with seven. Then comes Mozart with six. In the case of these leaders it is, however, important to note that all their works performed are not instrumental pieces. Beethoven's total is swollen by four songs, Brahms's by three, and Mozart's by one opera air. Liszt, Strauss, and Weber, of countries in the Teutonic alliance, score four works each; Bach, Dvorak, and Haydn three each. But between the six and the four comes the five, and the only composer in the five class is the Finn, Sibelius. That is a notable achievement for a living composer who is far from being accepted as yet in toto, and Sibelius is a subject of the czar, but, it is understood, a sympathizer with the Germans.

Turning from the Teutons and their supporters, the New Yorker, bombarded with Tchaikowsky, war or no war, in his own town, finds just one Tchaikowsky work on the Boston list. The other Russians represented are Borodin and Stravinsky, and there is one Pole, Noskowski, each contributing a single work. The French composers number Berlioz, Chabrier, Debussy, d'Indy, Lalo, Ravel, Ropartz, and Saint-Saëns, to whom may be added as virtually French César Franck, a Belgian, and Enesco, a Roumanian. These all figure with one work each save Chabrier, Franck, and Lalo, who rise to two. Both the Lalo compositions, however, are concertos played by soloists, and the single Saint-Saëns piece is an opera air. English music was untouched, unless one regards Handel as English.

An emerging curiosity in the somewhat curious list is the probably unprecedented neglect of Wagner, represented by only two compositions, the "Faust Overture" and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," which is hardly to be expected from a German programme maker now that Wagner more than any other is looked on as the representative composer of the Fatherland, in spite of the fact that he was once a revolutionist and a fugitive in Switzerland. The sole Tchaikowsky work is not the "1812" overture. And thereby hangs a tale. Probably never has that deafening composition been ignored so generally as this year. The tonal duel between the Russian national hymn and the "Marseillaise," ending in the extinction of the latter, would hardly be acceptable in the countries of the Triple Entente, and Germans are not credited with enough sense of humor to make it the piece of the hour in the Fatherland. But even in New York performances of it have been limited to an opera concert or two.

From BULLETIN

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date 3 0 1915

Established: L

INTEREST HIGH IN SYMPHONY

As the series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall grows nearer greater becomes the interest in this wonderful musical event. When Dr. Carl Muck raises his baton here on Friday evening, May 14, he will be greeted by an audience worthy of this occasion.

The subscription sale of seats for two or more concerts, now concluding, has been very large and seats for single concerts will be ready Monday morning, May 3, at the Exposition boxoffice, 343 Powell street.

It was Ysaye who said a few years ago that there was no orchestra with which he liked to play so much as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and at the same time there was no orchestra which he dreaded so much. There is no orchestra in the world that has among its first violins so many men who rank high among virtuosi. There is not a man in the ranks of the first violins who is not a better violinist than the average touring soloist.

Some interesting tales might be told of things that have happened at rehearsals of the orchestra, when famous visiting virtuosi have been applauded with hardly a perfunctory tapping of bows on violins. On the other hand, there have been occasions when the whole orchestra got up and cheered the soloist.

Arture Toscanini, the great conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, once remarked to a friend that he would be willing to give up six months of his career in order to, as he termed it, "play with" the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Alden Anderson
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Chauncey S. Goodrich
G. D. Grant
W. H. Graves
Emil Greenbaum
Miss F. Greenhood
Jessie Gregory
D. J. Guggenheim
Mrs. M. A. Gunst
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I. H. Johnson
Allen I. Kittle
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A. R. Knell
W. B. Kollmyer
Mrs. Theo. Kytka
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L. H. Rand
Miss Edith
nard
Mrs. L. Rehf
Dr. E. Rixford
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Dr. Julius R stern
John Rothsch
J. D. Ruggles
A. H. R. Schmidt
F. S. Scheinstein
Mrs. L. Schwabacker
Mrs. Henry T. Scott
Mrs. Jessie S. Seal
Mrs. S. Simon
Mrs. Leon Sloss
Louis Sloss
Mrs. M. C. Sloss
F. M. Slosson
Helen T. Spencer
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Mrs. George Stowe
Mrs. James Ellis Tucker
Frederic Torrey
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Melville S. Toplitz
W. M. Todd
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Miss F. Volkmann
J. R. Wade
Mrs. E. T. Walker
Mrs. H. H. Watson
Mrs Dr. G. H. Whipple
A. W. Wilson
Francis W. Wolfe
Miss Wolker
Glen Woods
Edgar Wooldridge
J. B. Wright

From CALL

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 1 1915

1884

and 2 bassoons.

Boston Symphony

As the series of concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall grows nearer, greater becomes the interest in this musical event and when Dr. Karl Muck raises his baton over the world famed organization in this city for the first time, Friday evening, May 14, he will be greeted by a great audience. The subscription sale of seats for two or more concerts, now concluding, has been large and seats for single concerts will be ready Monday morning, May 3, at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

It was Ysaye who said a few years ago that there was no orchestra with which he liked to play so much as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and at the same time there was no orchestra which he dreaded so much. There is no orchestra in the world that has among its first violins so many men who rank high among virtuosi.

Witek, the concert master, is one of the great violinists of the world; Neack, second concert master, was famous in Europe before he came to Boston. Other men in the first violins who could prosper greatly as virtuosi if they chose, are Roth, Hoffman, Theodorowicz and Bak.

The leader of the second violins, Walther Habenicht, was second concert master of the Kiel Philharmonic Orchestra and first violin of the Festival Orchestra in Bayreuth.

It is this fact that makes an appearance with the orchestra such a trying test for even so great a man as Ysaye. The visiting virtuoso can not fool any of the men who are accompanying him. Arturo Toscanini, the great conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, once remarked to a friend that he would be willing to give up six months of his career in order to, as he termed it, "play with" the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Francisco,

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om CALL

dress: San Francisco, Cal.

te APR 3 0 1915

Georges Longy, leader of the wood-wind section of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

G. LONGY ADDS TO ORCHESTRA FAME

Wherever the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will give twelve concerts at Festival Hall, beginning May 14, goes, it is preceded by the fame of its wood wind section. The wood wind section comprises the oboes, the flutes, the clarinets and the bassoons, and in the Boston Symphony Orchestra there are four each of these instruments.

The solo players of its flutes, clarinets and oboes are French, because France is supreme in its school of wood wind players. The bassoons, however, are Germans, for the Boston Symphony uses German horns.

The leader of the wood wind section is always the first oboe, and in Georges Longy, who for sixteen years has held this position, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has one of the most remarkable players in the world.

The subscription sale of seats for two or more concerts, now progressing, is very large. The sale of seats for single concerts will begin Monday morning at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street. Those who have taken boxes or groups of seats for the season include the following:

From BULLETIN

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 1 1915

Boston Symphony Lures Smart Set

No musical event of recent years has excited the interest that the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Festival Hall has occasioned. The series of twelve concerts, the first of which will take place Friday evening, May 14, will bring out a succession of brilliant audiences and the list of season subscribers is full of notable names.

Those who have taken boxes and groups of seats for the season include the following:

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om BULLETIN

ldress: San Francisco, Cal.

te MAY 1 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The interest aroused by the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is very large and the subscription sale of seats for two or more concerts, now concluding, is very gratifying to W. H. Leahy, who is in charge of the local engagement. The sale of seats for single concerts will begin Monday morning at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street, where mail orders, accompanied by check made payable to Mr. Leahy, will receive prompt attention.

Examiner

ress San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. E. M. Savercool.

Seats on Sale To-Day For Boston Symphony

Tickets for Single Concerts May Be Had; First Recital May 14.

The subscription sale of seats for two or more concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concluded last evening, the demand having been very heavy all the week. This morning at 9 o'clock seats for single concerts will be ready at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

The series of twelve concerts, four of which are scheduled for the afternoons, will begin Friday evening, May 14, and the organization with 108 people, including the managerial force, will come direct from Boston in a special train, playing nowhere else while on the way, and leaving for their home city at midnight after the last concert, playing again in Boston on the following Monday.

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1 1915

Music Season Pauses to Await Boston Symphony

By ERNEST J. HOPKINS.

MUSIC here will now enter upon a little time of holding its breath in anticipation of the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on May 14. After tomorrow's concerts Festival Hall will close and the Greenbaum season end; Thursday's important choral event at Berkeley will be the last of its sort for the season, and the People's Opera Company and the Central Musicales will have the home field pretty much to themselves.

BRAHMS' "REQUIEM."

The production of Brahms' "Requiem" in Harmon Gymnasium, Berkeley, on Thursday night, May 6, is among the really important choral events of the year. Paul Steindorff has undertaken to present the most difficult and beautiful choral composition in the literature of modern music. The "Requiem" has never been heard adequately in its entirety hereabouts, its complexities having stood in the way of its proper presentation.

The chorus which will sing it is comprised of the various choral bodies which have remained together for many seasons under Steindorff.

This requiem is placed side by side with the Bach Passions, Beethoven's Mass in D major or Boah's B minor Mass, at the summit of devotional music. It is a "triumphlied," suggesting the victory of life rather than the ascendancy of death. It begins with "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," follows with "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy," sings of the coming of Christ, breaks into a glory of tone on the words "The Redeemed of the Lord shall return again and come rejoicing," and then offers a chorus in which it has been said "the perfect peace of heaven is reflected," in the words and music, "How lovely are thy dwellings, O Lord of Hosts." One of its most tender numbers was written to the memory of Brahms' mother, and the words are "As one whom his mother comforteth, so I comfort you."

Spiritual exaltation is the mood of the final chorus on the words "The trumpet shall sound."

The baritone is assigned two solos with chorus, and the soprano sings the "As one whom." Mme. Johanna Kristoffy and Lowell Redfield are the artists. The piano score will be played by Mrs. Lowell Redfield and Steindorff's orchestra will play the score.

From
Address Examiner San Francisco
Date MAY

FINEST MUSIC IN WORLD TO BE HERE SOON

Boston Symphony Orchestra Recitals at Exposition Will Begin at Festival Hall May 14

BACKED BY AN AMERICAN

Organization Is Known to Music Lovers as Absolutely the Best One in Existence

BY REDFERN MASON

San Francisco will have its first hearing of the greatest orchestra in the world on Friday, May 14. To call the Boston Symphony by that name is no bombast; it is merely the assertion of a truth vouched for by the musical authorities of many countries. Germany has had the leading hand in the formation of the organization. Men like Henschel, Nikisch, Gericke, Fiedler and Muck have helped in its development.

But the work of these men would have been impossible if it had not been for the truly patriotic enthusiasm and generosity of an American banker, Henry Lee Higginson. Mr. Higginson is, of course, a man of wealth; but he is not a money magnate. Indeed, compared with the Astors and the Vanderbilts, the Goulds and the Rockefellers, he is a poor man. But the idea possessed him of enriching Boston with an orchestra which should be the pride of the country. He knew that it would not pay, as a financial venture; indeed, year after year, he has made good the ever-threatening deficit. That was the price he paid for living up to his ideal of an American citizen.

FAME SPREADS ABROAD.

The fame of the orchestra spread abroad. Ysaye said he would rather play with it than with any other orchestra in the world. Kriesler and Paderewski accounted it a privilege to be heard with it. The untried virtuoso faced the phalanx of Bostonians with a nervousness he could not always disguise. To win their plaudits at a rehearsal was a thing to be proud of; to be received by them with coldness was a sign of grave augury.

By degrees the various instrumental choirs were built up to as near perfection as can be hoped for in anything human. The process was one of experiment and elimination.

When a good French horn player was found, be it in Paris, or Dresden, or Buda Pesth he was brought across the ocean. The best men of the orchestral world were sought out.

EACH MEMBER SOLOIST.

The result is that to-day the Boston Symphony is an orchestra every member of which is an eminent soloist on the instrument which he plays. The men do no outside work: they play solely with the Boston Symphony; they rehearse daily: they are sure of a good living as long as they remain in the orchestra, and they are pensioned when they become too old for active service.

Here is no contamination of the cabaret, no fear lest the orchestra should suspend operations, no dread of dismissal if increasing years should bring with it loss of facility.

To look through the list of leaders is an inspiration. The concert-master, Witek, is a soloist of the first rank; Walther Habenicht, who heads the second violins, was concert-master of the Kiel Philharmonic; the solo viola is Emil Ferir; Heinrich Warnke leads the 'cellists. Georges Longy, the solo oboe, established the lub of reed players which is one of Boston's most delightful musical institutions. The first flutist is Andre Maquarre; Albert San has preminence among the clarinettists, nd so on.

S COSMOPOLITAN BODY.

A more cosmopolitan body than he Boston Symphony does not exist n the ranks of music. The Germans ead the list in point of numbers ith forty-five players; America omes second with fifteen; the Ausrians number eleven; there are six Iollanders, five Frenchmen, four Belgians, three Russians, three Bohemians, three Italians, two Englishen, one Pole and one Croatian. Dr. Iuck, the director, is a Bavarian.

The making of the programmes for e twelve concerts in Festival Hall as been a labor of love. All the eat schools of music, from Bach awards, are represented. The great iennese composers are largely, but ot excessively, drawn upon; modern rance and Italy are given their due; merica is represented by Chadwick d MacDowell; there will be Ruan and Italian programmes.

In a word, the series of concerts ill be an illustrative exposition of e art of music as it has grown and versified during the last two cen-

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From Examiner
Address San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 2 1915

SOCIETY is busily planning to hear as many concerts while the Boston Symphony orchestra is playing at Festival Hall as possible. There was a veritable rush to procure season boxes and seats as soon as they were placed on sale. During the twelve days the orchestra will be here much entertaining will be done in connection with the concerts. There will be luncheon parties before the matinee and tea at the Exposition afterward. There will be dinners before the night concerts and the usual number of summer parties later.

No musical society event of recent years has excited the interest that the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has occasioned. The series of twelve concerts, the first of which will take place Friday evening, May 14, will bring out a succession of brilliant audiences. The list of season subscribers is full of notable names

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From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date 1915

MANY TO HEAR RECITAL SERIES

The sale of seats for single concerts for the engagement of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began this morning at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street, with a demand that kept the ticket sellers rushed to their utmost capacity. No musical event of recent years has excited the interest that has been occasioned by the coming of this famous organization to Festival Hall. The series of twelve concerts, four of which are scheduled for the afternoons, will begin Friday evening, May 14, and the organization, which includes 108 people, will come direct from Boston in a special train.

From Examiner
Address San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 4 1915

RUSH FOR SYMPHONY SEATS

Big Sale of Season Tickets for Boston Orchestra.

The sale of season tickets for the series of concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall opened yesterday morning, and until closing time at the exposition box office, 343 Powell street, it was necessary to run two separate windows to accomodate purchasers.

Two clerks were kept busy all day filling mail orders, and it is predicted that the engagement of this famous organization will be the biggest event in the musical history of California.

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 4 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY PRAISED BY WIRE

Charles S. Fee heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its home town Saturday and sent W. H. Leahy, who will manage the organization during the coming series of concerts at Festival Hall, the following wire:

"It was my privilege tonight to attend the farewell concert for the season of the world famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, prior to its departure for San Francisco. It was a marvelous performance, enjoyed by an enthusiastic audience of more than 4000 people."

The sale of seats for single concerts, the first of which takes place Friday evening of next week, commenced yesterday morning at 343 Powell street.

[16]

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 6 1915

FAMOUS ARTISTS IN BIG ORCHESTRA

Boston Symphony Organization Is Coming With Musicians of World Fame.

Five world-famous artists who have helped make the Boston Symphony Orchestra the most famous organzation of its kind will be with the orchestra when it opens its series of twelve concerts in Festival Hall at the exposition, May 14th. They are Anton Witek, concert master; Walther Habernicht, leader of the second violins; Alfred Holy, harpist; Otto Urack, assistant conductor, and Andre Maquerre, first flute. Witek and Holy are Bohemians, Urack and Habernicht German and Maquerre French. All were famous virtuosi before they came to America, and each has increased his fame since.

Witek was for many years concert master of the celebrated Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin and Habernicht was formerly concert master of the Symphony Orchestra at Kiel. Urack, who is one of the principal cellists of the orchestra in addition to being assistant conductor, is a composer of great promise. He was called upon to lead the Boston Symphony during his first season with the organization, in 1912-1913. Alfred Holy is the successor to Heinrich Schuebecker, who was for years harpist with the orchestra. He came from Vienna, where he had been the first harpist with the Philharmonic Orchestra and of the Royal Opera. Andre Maquerre, the flutist, has won several prizes in the Paris Conservatory and has been with the Boston Symphony since 1898. In addition to his solo and concert work, he is one of the leaders of the "pop" concerts.

The engagement of the Boston Symphony Orchestra promises to be the most notable musical event of the exposition season. Mail orders are pouring in for seats, and yesterday there was a line at the Powell-street headquarters waiting to secure seats.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 5 1915

Praise for Boston Symphony Orchestra

Charles S. Fee Tells of Wonderful Musical Organization to Be Heard at Exposition.

W. H. Leahy has received a wire from Charles S. Fee, Southern Pacific official, praising the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is to appear shortly in Festival Hall at the exposition. Fee's telegram follows:

> It was my privilege this evening to attend the farewell concert for the season of the world famous Boston Symphony Orchestra prior to their departure for San Francisco. It was a marvelous performance and enjoyed by an enthusiastic audience of over 4000 persons. The music loving people of San Francisco and California, than whom none are more appreciative, have a great treat in store, and I am sure that they will be given an enthusiastic reception.

The sale of seats for single concerts, the first of which takes place Friday evening of next week, is being conducted at 343 Powell street. So great has been the demand that it has been found necessary to run two ticket windows, and Impresario Leahy feels confident that the season of this great organization will be the most important musical event in the history of California.

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 7 1915

NOTED ARTISTS TO PLAY HERE

Wherever the Boston Symphony Orchestra—which will give a series of twelve concerts at Festival Hall beginning May 14—goes, it is preceded by the fame of its wood-wind sect , which from all accounts is une led by that of any orchestra in th world. The wood-wind section comp s the oboes, the flutes, the clar ts and the bassoons, and in the Boston Symphony Orchestra there are four each of these instruments.

The leader of the wood-wind section is always the first oboe, and in Georges Longy, who for sixteen years has held this position, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has one of the most remarkable players in the world.

The second oboe is Clement Lenom, a first-prize graduate of the Paris Conservatoire; and the fourth oboe, who also plays the English horn, is Friedrich Mueller.

The flutes are on a par with the oboes. The leader of the flutes is Andre Maquarre, one of the conductors of the "Pop" concerts which the Boston Symphony gives in the spring, and also one of the most distinguished graduates of the Paris Conservatoire. The second flute is Arthur Brooke, an Englishman; the third flute is Albert Chevrot, and the fourth flute and piccolo is Arthur Bettles, an American and a pupil of Maquarre.

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 7 1915
Established:

Albert Sand, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

BOSTON SYMPHONY SPARES NO PAINS

That nothing is left undone to get the finest results from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will give a series of twelve concerts at Festival Hall beginning May 14, is illustrated by an incident which happened a number of years ago. Mr. Gericke was then conductor of the orchestra, and he got an idea that if the entire string choir had instruments of the same make he would secure a homogeneity of tone such as he had never been able to obtain before. The suggestion had only to be made and Mr. Higginson ordered from a certain celebrated firm of violin makers in Vienna thirty violins, ten violas, ten cellos and eight double basses.

The cost was enormous and Mr. Gericke's experiment was a complete failure. Many of these instruments are stored away in the loft of Symphony Hall, Boston, covered with dust, and some have been sold to other orchestras, but the money invested in them was practically lost.

It is, however, experiments like this which have made the Boston Symphony what it is—the most expensive in the world. If there is a new instrument of popular make from which better results are expected, that instrument is bought immediately. The storeroom in Symphony Hall is cluttered up with brass instruments and newfangled wood-wind instruments and strange tympani which have been purchased and on trial found wanting. No expense has ever been spared, and it is felt that if one experiment out of a dozen is successful the expense involved in the failures is more than justified.

And it is the same with musicians.

A conductor of the orchestra may know of a particularly fine artist in Europe. He informs the management that he wants him, and more often than not the contract is made by cable. All this costs money, but results justify it.

One of the many noted players with this famous organization is Albert Sand, the clarinet soloist, who ranks among the world's foremost artists on his chosen instrument.

The public is taking a tremendous interest in the engagement of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the corps of ticket sellers at 343 Powell street is kept busy every day from 9 in the morning till 10 at night. Mail orders, accompanied by check, addressed to W. H. Leahy, will receive prompt attention.

From Examiner
Address San Francisco. Cal
Date MAY - 2 1915

FINEST MUSIC IN WORLD TO BE HERE SOON

Boston Symphony Orchestra Recitals at Exposition Will Begin at Festival Hall May 14

BACKED BY AN AMERICAN

Organization Is Known to Music Lovers as Absolutely the Best One in Existence

BY REDFERN MASON

San Francisco will have its first hearing of the greatest orchestra in the world on Friday, May 14. To call the Boston Symphony by that name is no bombast; it is merely the assertion of a truth vouched for by the musical authorities of many countries. Germany has had the leading hand in the formation of the organization. Men like Henschel, Nikisch, Gericke, Fiedler and Muck have helped in its development.

But the work of these men would have been impossible if it had not been for the truly patriotic enthusiasm and generosity of an American banker, Henry Lee Higginson. Mr. Higginson is, of course, a man of wealth; but he is not a money magnate. Indeed, compared with the Astors and the Vanderbilts, the Goulds and the Rockefellers, he is a poor man. But the idea possessed him of enriching Boston with an orchestra which should be the pride of the country. He knew that it would not pay, as a financial venture; indeed, year after year, he has made good the ever-threatening deficit. That was the price he paid for living up to his ideal of an American citizen.

FAME SPREADS ABROAD.

The fame of the orchestra spread abroad. Ysaye said he would rather play with it than with any other orchestra in the world. Kriesler and Paderewski accounted it a privilege to be heard with it. The untried virtuoso faced the phalanx of Bostonians with a nervousness he could not always disguise. To win their plaudits at a rehearsal was a thing to be proud of; to be received by them with coldness was a sign of grave augury.

By degrees the various instrumental choirs were built up to as near perfection as can be hoped for in anything human. The process was one of experiment and elimination.

When a good French horn player was found, be it in Paris, or Dresden, or Buda Pesth he was brought across the ocean. The best men of the orchestral world were sought out.

EACH MEMBER SOLOIST.

The result is that to-day the Boston Symphony is an orchestra every member of which is an eminent soloist on the instrument which he plays. The men do no outside work; they play solely with the Boston Symphony; they rehearse daily; they are sure of a good living as long as they remain in the orchestra, and they are pensioned when they become too old for active service.

Here is no contamination of the cabaret, no fear lest the orchestra should suspend operations, no dread of dismissal if increasing years should bring with it loss of facility.

To look through the list of leaders is an inspiration. The concert-master, Witek, is a soloist of the first rank; Walther Habenicht, who heads the second violins, was concert-master of the Kiel Philharmonic; the solo viola is Emil Ferir; Heinrich Warnke leads the 'cellists. Georges Longy, the solo oboe, established the club of reed players which is one of Boston's most delightful musical institutions. The first flutist is Andre Maquarre; Albert San has preminence among the clarinettists, and so on.

S COSMOPOLITAN BODY.

A more cosmopolitan body than he Boston Symphony does not exist n the ranks of music. The Germans ead the list in point of numbers with forty-five players; America omes second with fifteen; the Ausrians number eleven; there are six Hollanders, five Frenchmen, four Belgians, three Russians, three Bohemians, three Italians, two Englishmen, one Pole and one Croatian. Dr. Muck, the director, is a Bavarian.

The making of the programmes for e twelve concerts in Festival Hall as been a labor of love. All the eat schools of music, from Bach wards, are represented. The great iennese composers are largely, but ot excessively, drawn upon; modern rance and Italy are given their due; merica is represented by Chadwick d MacDowell; there will be Rusan and Italian programmes.

In a word, the series of concerts ll be an illustrative exposition of e art of music as it has grown and versified during the last two cen-

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Examiner
San Francisco, Cal.
MAY - 2 1915

OCIETY is busily planning to hear as many concerts while the Bosn Symphony orchestra is playing Festival Hall as possible. There as a veritable rush to procure sean boxes and seats as soon as they ere placed on sale. During the elve days the orchestra will be re much entertaining will be done in connection with the concerts. There will be luncheon parties before the matinee and tea at the Exposition afterward. There will be dinners before the night concerts and the usual number of summer parties later.

musical society event of recent years has excited the interest that the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has occasioned. The series of twelve concerts, the first of which will take place Friday evening, May 14, will bring out a succession of brilliant audiences. The list of season subscribers is full of notable names

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From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date 3 1915

MANY TO HEAR RECITAL SERIES

The sale of seats for single concerts for the engagement of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began this morning at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street, with a demand that kept the ticket sellers rushed to their utmost capacity. No musical event of recent years has excited the interest that has been occasioned by the coming of this famous organization to Festival Hall. The series of twelve concerts, four of which are scheduled for the afternoons, will begin Friday evening, May 14, and the organization, which includes 108 people, will come direct from Boston in a special train.

From Examiner
Address San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 4 1915

RUSH FOR SYMPHONY SEATS

Big Sale of Season Tickets for Boston Orchestra.

The sale of season tickets for the series of concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall opened yesterday morning, and until closing time at the exposition box office, 343 Powell street, it was necessary to run two separate windows to accomodate purchasers.

Two clerks were kept busy all day filling mail orders, and it is predicted that the engagement of this famous organization will be the biggest event in the musical history of California.

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 4 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY PRAISED BY WIRE

Charles S. Fee heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its home town Saturday and sent W. H. Leahy, who will manage the organization during the coming series of concerts at Festival Hall, the following wire:

"It was my privilege tonight to attend the farewell concert for the season of the world famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, prior to its departure for San Francisco. It was a marvelous performance, enjoyed by an enthusiastic audience of more than 4000 people."

The sale of seats for single concerts, the first of which takes place Friday evening of next week, commenced yesterday morning at 343 Powell street.

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From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 6 1915

FAMOUS ARTISTS IN BIG ORCHESTRA

Boston Symphony Organization Is Coming With Musicians of World Fame.

Five world-famous artists who have helped make the Boston Symphony Orchestra the most famous organzation of its kind will be with the orchestra when it opens its series of twelve concerts in Festival Hall at the exposition, May 14th. They are Anton Witek, concert master; Walther Habernicht, leader of the second violins; Alfred Holy, harpist; Otto Urack, assistant conductor, and Andre Maquerre, first flute. Witek and Holy are Bohemians, Urack and Habernicht German and Maquerre French. All were famous virtuosi before they came to America, and each has increased his fame since.

Witek was for many years concert master of the celebrated Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin and Habernicht was formerly concert master of the Symphony Orchestra at Kiel. Urack, who is one of the principal cellists of the orchestra in addition to being assistant conductor, is a composer of great promise. He was called upon to lead the Boston Symphony during his first season with the organization, in 1912-1913. Alfred Holy is the successor to Heinrich Schuebecker, who was for years harpist with the orchestra. He came from Vienna, where he had been the first harpist with the Philharmonic Orchestra and of the Royal Opera. Andre Maquerre, the flutist, has won several prizes in the Paris Conservatory and has been with the Boston Symphony since 1898. In addition to his solo and concert work, he is one of the leaders of the "pop" concerts.

The engagement of the Boston Symphony Orchestra promises to be the most notable musical event of the exposition season. Mail orders are pouring in for seats, and yesterday there was a line at the Powell-street headquarters waiting to secure seats.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 5 1915

Praise for Boston Symphony Orchestra

Charles S. Fee Tells of Wonderful Musical Organization to Be Heard at Exposition.

W. H. Leahy has received a wire from Charles S. Fee, Southern Pacific official, praising the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is to appear shortly in Festival Hall at the exposition. Fee's telegram follows:

> It was my privilege this evening to attend the farewell concert for the season of the world famous Boston Symphony Orchestra prior to their departure for San Francisco. It was a marvelous performance and enjoyed by an enthusiastic audience of over 4000 persons. The music loving people of San Francisco and California, than whom none are more appreciative, have a great treat in store, and I am sure that they will be given an enthusiastic reception.

The sale of seats for single concerts, the first of which takes place Friday evening of next week, is being conducted at 343 Powell street. So great has been the demand that it has been found necessary to run two ticket windows, and Impresario Leahy feels confident that the season of this great organization will be the most important musical event in the history of California.

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 7 1915

NOTED ARTISTS TO PLAY HERE

Wherever the Boston Symphony Orchestra—which will give a series of twelve concerts at Festival Hall beginning May 14—goes, it is preceded by the fame of its wood-wind sect , which from all accounts is un- led by that of any orchestra in th world. The wood-wind section com es the oboes, the flutes, the clar ts and the bassoons, and in the Boston Symphony Orchestra there are four each of these instruments.

The leader of the wood-wind section is always the first oboe, and in

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Georges Longy, who for sixteen years has held this position, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has one of the most remarkable players in the world.

The second oboe is Clement Lenom, a first-prize graduate of the Paris Conservatoire; and the fourth oboe, who also plays the English horn, is Friedrich Mueller.

The flutes are on a par with the oboes. The leader of the flutes is Andre Maquarre, one of the conductors of the "Pop" concerts which the Boston Symphony gives in the spring, and also one of the most distinguished graduates of the Paris Conservatoire. The second flute is Arthur Brooke, an Englishman; the third flute is Albert Chevrot, and the fourth flute and piccolo is Arthur Bettles, an American and a pupil of Maquarre.

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 7 1915
Established:

Albert Sand, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

BOSTON SYMPHONY SPARES NO PAINS

That nothing is left undone to get the finest results from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will give a series of twelve concerts at Festival Hall beginning May 14, is illustrated by an incident which happened a number of years ago. Mr. Gericke was then conductor of the orchestra, and he got an idea that if the entire string choir had instruments of the same make he would secure a homogeneity of tone such as he had never been able to obtain before. The suggestion had only to be made and Mr. Higginson ordered from a certain celebrated firm of violin makers in Vienna thirty violins, ten violas, ten cellos and eight double basses.

The cost was enormous and Mr. Gericke's experiment was a complete failure. Many of these instruments are stored away in the loft of Symphony Hall, Boston, covered with dust, and some have been sold to other orchestras, but the money invested in them was practically lost.

It is, however, experiments like this which have made the Boston Symphony what it is—the most expensive in the world. If there is a new instrument of popular make from which better results are expected, that instrument is bought immediately. The storeroom in Symphony Hall is cluttered up with brass instruments and newfangled wood-wind instruments and strange tympani which have been purchased and on trial found wanting. No expense has ever been spared, and it is felt that if one experiment out of a dozen is successful the expense involved in the failures is more than justified.

And it is the same with musicians.

A conductor of the orchestra may know of a particularly fine artist in Europe. He informs the management that he wants him, and more often than not the contract is made by cable. All this costs money, but results justify it.

One of the many noted players with this famous organization is Albert Sand, the clarinet soloist, who ranks among the world's foremost artists on his chosen instrument.

The public is taking a tremendous interest in the engagement of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the corps of ticket sellers at 343 Powell street is kept busy every day from 9 in the morning till 10 at night. Mail orders, accompanied by check, addressed to W. H. Leahy, will receive prompt attention.

From Herald
Address New York
Date [illegible]

"The Boston Symphony Orchestra."

In the introduction to his book on "The Boston Symphony Orchestra" (Houghton-Mifflin Company), Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe frankly states that his work is not that of a musical critic, but of an editor. Perhaps that is the reason why the general reader will find it so interesting, for, while musical criticism has its enthusiastic readers among professional people, it is often sadly wearisome to the amateur. Mr. Henry Lee Higginson, to whom America owes what Mr. Emil Paur has described as the best orchestra in the world, spent four years as a young man in Europe, devoting most of his time to the study of music in Vienna. Returning to America in 1860, he fought in the Civil War and at its close went into business. The time came when he could afford to retire and lead a life of comparative leisure, but he chose to continue work and realize the dream of his life, the establishment of an orchestra. The statement of Mr. Higginson, which appeared under the heading "In Re the Boston Symphony Orchestra," written while plans for the enterprise were still in process of formation, is extremely interesting now, as showing how many of its promises have been fulfilled. The first concert was given on October 22, 1881, under the leadership of Mr. (now Sir) Georg Henschel, and the programme contained numbers by Beethoven, Gluck, Haydn and other classical writers, with Miss Annie Louise Cary as soloist. From the first the Symphony concerts have been the fashion in Boston, a fact which has not interfered with their merit, but has given food to the grumblers. Beginning with seventy performers, the orchestra now consists of a hundred, and it has had six leaders, Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch, Paur, Fiedler and Muck, of whom Gericke and Muck have served twice. There have been more than four hundred and fifty soloist, some of the more popular, like Mme. Schumann-Heink and Adamowski, having appeared many times. There is an interesting account of the opening, in 1900, of the new Symphony Hall in Boston, when, on the appearance of Mr. Higginson on the platform, the entire audience rose to its feet. The author has many amusing anecdotes to relate of the vagaries of musical taste some fifty years ago, but one can hardly imagine a duet upon themes from "Maritana," arranged for mouth harmonica and the great organ, a performance described by Mr. W. F. Apthorpe, the musical critic, as "an adventurous combination." It is also a surprise to read Mr. Higginson's opinion of Wagner's music. He may have changed in later years, but in 1883 he considered it noisy and far too strong in its appeal to the senses. There is an interesting appendix containing the names of all the men who have played in the orchestra, the répertoire and other matters connected with the organization.

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 8 1915

Boston Symphony

Next Friday evening will witness the first of a series of twelve concerts to be given at Festival Hall by the world famed Boston Symphony Orchestra, and it is safe to say that the magnificent and spacious auditorium, in which a balcony seating nearly 1000 people has just been completed, will house an audience worthy of the occasion when Dr. Muck raises his baton over the hundred artists of the organization.

Dr. Carl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is neither in appearance nor character according to the time honored tradition of a celebrated musician. When meeting him casually one would take him for anything but a musician, and the first guess might be that he was a military officer. His face, deeply marked with scars of student duels, is one which is not easily forgotten. Large, keen eyes and eaglelike nose and a small, thin lipped mouth above jaws which show any amount of determination, his face is certainly an index of his unusual personality.

A bit of a dandy in dress, his clothes always betray the fact that he has a most excellent tailor. He always gives the impression of enormous force under absolute control, and in this case the impression is correct. Muck is decidedly a man of the world, although society, as such, has few charms for him. His title of doctor was won after three years' hard work in the universities of Heidelberg and Leipsic, and he is the holder of the German degree of doctor juris. In his career in Europe he has been drawn into court circles and is a close friend of the German emperor. As general musical director of the royal theaters of Prussia he is a member of the imperial court.

His interests are by no means confined to music, although in his art he is an indefatigable worker. He takes a keen interest in current events and is thoroughly posted in literature and art.

Although he is really a most kindly, thoughtful and considerate man, there is a certain Satanic aspect about him which often misleads those who do not know him well. In his hours of ease he is a most delightful companion, but when there is work to be done he demands the utmost effort on the part of those under him, as he himself always gives the best. He is a stern disciplinarian, an untiring drillmaster, and Felix Weingartner, the great German conductor, said in Boston last winter that Muck was absolutely the most conscientious man he had ever known. He leaves noth-

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ing to chance when it comes to musical performances, but everything is worked out absolutely in rehearsal as it must go in concert.

There will be four afternoon performances during the series, on Saturdays and Sundays, and seats for all concerts may be obtained at 343 Powell street, where mail orders, addressed to W. H. Leahy, and accompanied by check, will receive prompt attention.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date

Wins Conservatory Prize.

BOSTON, May 7.—The prize of a grand piano, which is annually offered by the Mason & Hamlin Company to the most proficient senior or graduate student of the New England Conservatory of Music, was won in competition Monday afternoon by Howard M. Goding, of East Dedham, Mass. There were seven contestants, each of whom played the same programme before a trio of judges consisting of Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Ernest Schelling, and Wallace Goodrich, dean of the Conservatory faculty.

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 8 1915

THE first of a series of twelve concerts in Festival Hall by the world-famed Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given next Friday evening, and, from sale indications, the magnificent and spacious auditorium, in which a balcony seating nearly 1000 people has just been completed, will house an audience worthy of the occasion when Dr. Muck raises his baton over the hundred artists of the organization.

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, does not in appearance bear any resemblance to the celebrated musician of tradition. At first guess one might call him a military officer. His face, deeply marked with the scars of student duels, is one not easily forgotten. He has large, keen eyes, an eagle-like nose, a small, thin-lipped mouth, and jaws betokening great determination.

A bit of a dandy in dress, his clothes are evidence that he has a most excellent tailor. He gives the impression of enormous force under absolute control, and in this case the impression is correct. Muck is decidedly a man of the world, although society, as such, has few charms for him. His title of doctor was won after three years hard work in the Universities of Heidelberg and Leipsic, and he is the holder of the German degree of Doctor Juris. In his career in Europe he has been drawn into court circles, and is a close friend of the German Emperor. As General Music Director of the Royal Theaters of Prussia, he is a member of the Imperial Court.

Although he is really a most kindly, thoughtful and considerate man, there is a certain Satanic aspect about him which often misleads those who do not know him well. In his hours of ease he is a most delightful companion, but when there is work to be done he demands the utmost effort on the part of those under him, as he himself always gives the best. He is a stern disciplinarian, an untiring drill-master. Felix Weingartner, the great German conductor, said in Boston last winter that Muck was absolutely the most conscientious man he had ever known. He leaves nothing to chance when it comes to musical performances, but everything is worked out absolutely in rehearsal as it must go in concert.

There will be four afternoon performances during the series, on Saturdays and Sundays, and seats for all concerts may be obtained at 343 Powell street, where mail orders, addressed to W. H. Leahy and accompanied by check will receive prompt attention.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 9 1915

Local Music Notes

The American Federation of Musicians will meet at Old Faithful Inn, on Thursday and on that occasion Max Bendix, leader of the exposition orchestra, will give a special programme in consideration of the musicianly audience. Also present will be many members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will commence its series of twelve concerts on the following evening, May 14th.

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From Examiner
Address San Francisco, Cal
Date MAY 1 0 19

BOSTON TO S. F. SYMPHONY TRIP

Orchestra Will Cross Continent Twice to Give Concerts at Fair.

A special train left Boston yesterday afternoon carrying the Boston Symphony Orchestra with the managerial staff, a total of 108 persons, and will arrive in this city Thursday morning, giving a rest of one day prior to the series of twelve concerts to be given in Festival Hall at the Exposition.

The organization will again take the train at midnight after the last concert, arriving in Boston in time for a special concert on Decoration Day, the whole trip constituting one of the most remarkable known in musical history.

The sale of seats, now progressing at 343 Powell street, is large. San Franciscans and Cailfornians generally are quick to take advantage of the wonderful treat. Notwithstanding the immense amount of railroading necessary, the prices charged are less than in Eastern cities, where seats always range from $1 to $3, while here the charges are from 75 cents to $2.50. In Eastern cities in addition there is always an auction sale for subscription seats, and the premiums obtained are large. In San Francisco the subscription price was remarkably reasonable.

This reduction in prices has been made possible by the tremendous seating capacity of Festival Hall which, with the new and commodious balcony, will comfortably hold 4,000 persons.

CALL
San Francisco, Cal.
MAY 1 0 1915

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Boston Symphony On Way to Play Here

Following the announcement of its program for twelve classical concerts in Festival Hall, the Boston Symphony odchestra is on its way from the East today. The great musical ensemble, consisting of 108 persons, is due to arrive Thursday. The first concert will be given Friday. Festival Hall has been fitted up to accommodate 4000 persons.

MAJOR PRAISES AEROSCOPE

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 1 0 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY STARTS FOR COAST

Great Orchestra Is Speeding West on Special Train for Series of Concerts.

A special train left Boston yesterday afternoon at 2:05, carrying the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its managerial staff, a total of 108 persons, and will arrive in this city Thursday morning, giving the musicians a rest of one day prior to the series of twelve concerts to be given at Festival Hall at the exposition.

The organization will again take its train at midnight after the last concert, arriving in Boston in time for a programme on Decoration day, the whole trip constituting one of the most remarkable known in musical history.

The sale of seats, now progressing at 343 Powell street, is very large, and shows that San Franciscans and Californians are quick to take advantage of the wonderful treat. Notwithstanding the immense amount of travel necessary for the engagement, the prices charged are less than in Eastern cities. In San Francisco the subscription price was remarkably reasonable.

This reduction in prices has been made possible by the tremendous seating capacity of Festival Hall, which, with the new and commodious balcony, will comfortably hold 4000 people. Mail orders are pouring in from all over the country.

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 1 1 1915

Society Interested In Symphony Season

Society is taking the keenest interest in the series of twelve concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall, beginning Friday evening, and it is safe to say that when Dr. Karl Muck, the distinguished conductor of the world famous organization, raises his baton over the 100 artists for the first time in this city he will be greeted by an audience like that which assembles on the first night of a real grand opera season.

The concerts will begin at 8:30 o'clock in the evenings and at 2:30 in the afternoons, and seats are on sale at 343 Powell street, where mail orders enclosing check addressed to W. H. Leahy receive prompt attention.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 1 1 1915

New Exposition Gate for Symphony Concerts

Special Provisions to Be Made for Autos During Boston Orchestra Engagement.

The series of twelve concerts to be given at Festival Hall at the exposition by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, starting next Friday night, has created keen interest.

It is announced that for the benefit of those attending the concerts in automobiles a special entrance to the exposition will be afforded at a point on Chestnut street, directly opposite Festival Hall and near the foot of Pierce street.

The concerts will begin at 8:30 o'clock in the evenings and 2:30 in the afternoons.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION HAS

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 1 2 1915

Boston Orchestra Is Coming West on Time

Symphony Musicians Will Arrive Tomorrow Morning and Give First Concert Friday Night.

Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, wired W. H. Leahy, the local impresario, yesterday that the special train carrying Dr. Karl Muck and his hundred artists was traveling on schedule time, and left Omaha at 8:05 in the morning. At 9:50 tomorrow morning the train is expected at the Oakland mole, allowing the musicians one day of rest before beginning their series of concerts at the exposition.

Festival Hall, where the first of the twelve concerts will be given Friday evening, has a new balcony fronted by a horseshoe of boxes. The hall will [illegible] a seating capacity of [illegible]

Reservations may be made at the exposition box office, 343 Powell st.

Piedmont Librarian

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 1 2 1915

Boston Symphony Is Due Here Tomorrow

Dr. Karl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with his 100 musicians, are due on their special train at the Oakland mole tomorrow forenoon at 9:50 o'clock, allowing them one day of rest before beginning the series of concerts in Festival Hall Friday night. The hall has been reconstructed inside and will have a seating capacity of 4000.

ANTON WITEK is concert master and Walther Habenicht leader of the second violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Miss Elizabeth Latham is a San Francisco girl, who is making a name for herself in New York in concert work, and will return home in June to give a song recital.

Anton Wit
Walther Habenicht

THE PROGRAMME

Beethoven and Brahms to followed by Mendelssohn a Dowell tomorrow afternoon, programme on Sunday after ploiting Caesar Franck and I modern methods, as placed a classic programme, chaste w music of the three Bs—Bach, ven and Brahms—and these c ers balance or contrast with T night's programme of Wag wonders. And so on through ders. And so on through the

The appetite is likely to be wh by what it feeds upon.

Dr. Muck admits a preferenc the classics, although he is, a said, "one of the old set," figl the battles of Liszt, Wagner and Strauss. But the Strauss of later days makes Dr. Muck turn a quizzical look to heaven and causes him to say, "Such composition is anti-music. Still, I play them all."

AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

As for American composition, Dr. Muck says we have already had big composers, and that more are coming. MacDowell, who is biggest in his smaller works, is greatly admired by the former director of the Royal Opera of Berlin, and Chadwick is doing big things, he says, one of which, a suite for orchestra, "ymphonic Sketches," will be played by the Boston symphonists here. Still another American composer, Dr. Clapp, has made a deep appeal to Dr. Muck. Dr. Clapp is a young man, not yet 30, who is at the head of the music department of Dartmouth College, and one of whose symphonic compositions the Boston Symphony Orchestra has but recently offered.

This is the programme which will be played tonight in Festival Hall as the first of the offerings of the Boston Symphony Orchestra:

Beethoven ....
Symphony, No. 3, in E flat major, Op. 55, "Eroica"
Brahms ....
Variations on a theme by Josef Haydn, Op. 56a (Chorale Sancti Antoni)
Richard Strauss ....
"Don Juan," Tone Poem (after Lenau), Op. 20.
Weber....Overture to the Opera, "Euryanthe"

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 191

Establi

BOSTON ARTISTS DUE TOMORROW

Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, wired W. H. Leahy, the local impresario, this morning that the special train carrying Dr. Karl Muck and the hundred artists of the world-famed organization was traveling on schedule time, and left Ogden at 10:45, Mountain Time. At 9:50 tomorrow morning the train will pull in to the Oakland Mole, allowing the musicians one day of rest after their long trip across the continent before beginning their series of concerts at the Exposition.

Festival Hall, where the first of the twelve concerts will be given tomorrow evening, has been in the hands of carpenters, electricians and decorators for the past ten days, and in its remodeled state, with a new balcony, fronted by a horse-shoe of boxes, it will have a seating capacity of nearly four thousand. There has been an immense demand for seats for all the concerts, and reservations may be made at the Exposition Box Office, 343 Powell street.

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om CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date

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Symphony Orchestra Is to Arrive Today

Special Train Is Bringing Noted Boston Musicians for Series of Concerts at Exposition.

Dr. Karl Muck and the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will arrive this morning to fill an engagement at the exposition. They will be met at the Ferry building by Mayor Rolph and exposition officials. The orchestra members have made the trip from Boston on a special train, which has been on schedule time all the way.

W. H. Leahy, local representative, received a wire yesterday from Charles A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, that all the members are in the best of spirits and looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to their engagement in Festival Hall, which opens tomorrow night. The sale of seats, progressing at 343 Powell street, is large for the entire season.

CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco
Date M

FINISHED ARTISTS SERVE IN UNIS

Every Man in the Boston Symphony Is a Soloist of Experience and Talent.

Next Friday night will mark a great event in the history of San Francisco's most important music occasions. The Boston Symphony Orchestra will be at hand, and the extended capacity of Festival Hall will place in the balcony alone 1000 people. The audience will be one worthy of the occasion, both as to quality and quantity, and hundreds will welcome Dr. Karl Muck as he raises his baton over his organization of 100 men for the first time in this city.

This leader has a very striking and forceful personality, though not generally considered to be the traditional type of the musician. His military bearing is impressive and his face bears many scars of student duels. His determination is colossal, and for that reason Dr. Muck is a stern disciplinarian, exacting as indefatigable work from his me as himself gives—and that is Felix Weingartner, the famous man conductor, said of Muck tha is the most conscientious man Weingartner has ever known. He acquired the title of Doctor after three years' hard work in the universities of Heidelberg and Leipsic, and Muck is also holder of the German degree of Doctor Juris.

Ranking next to Dr. Muck is Anton Witek, the concert master and head of the string section. He relieves Muck at the baton at times when the latter is indisposed, and is himself famous in Berlin as a virtuoso, and is one of the really great violinists of the world. Witek, for sixteen years previous to coming to America, was concert master of the famous Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin.

Walther Habenicht is principal of the second violins, this section being as important at this day of musical ment as the first violins, for they must frequently do the same work and alternate scores. Habenicht came to America three years ago to be with the Boston Symphony, though he had never before sat in the second violin section. He had been concert master and principal soloist in the Opera and Symphony Orchestra in Kiel, Germany, and he sits at the second desk of the first violins in the Festival Orchestra at Beyreuth.

The position of second desk with the first violins in this orchestra is occupied by Sylvain Noack, a first-prize graduate of the Conservatory of Amsterdam. He has been with the Boston Symphony six years and in Europe was not only concert master with two symphony orchestras in Holland, but had won a reputation principally as a chamber music artist.

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From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 1 4 1915

Established: L

Monett for San Francisco.

PEACE HERE WITH HARMONIOUS BAND

Dr. Karl Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra Are Ready for Season.

FIRST CONCERT TONIGHT

Cosmopolitan Organization Is Soothed on Trip by Gentle Art of Pinochle.

By WALTER ANTHONY.

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Estab 884

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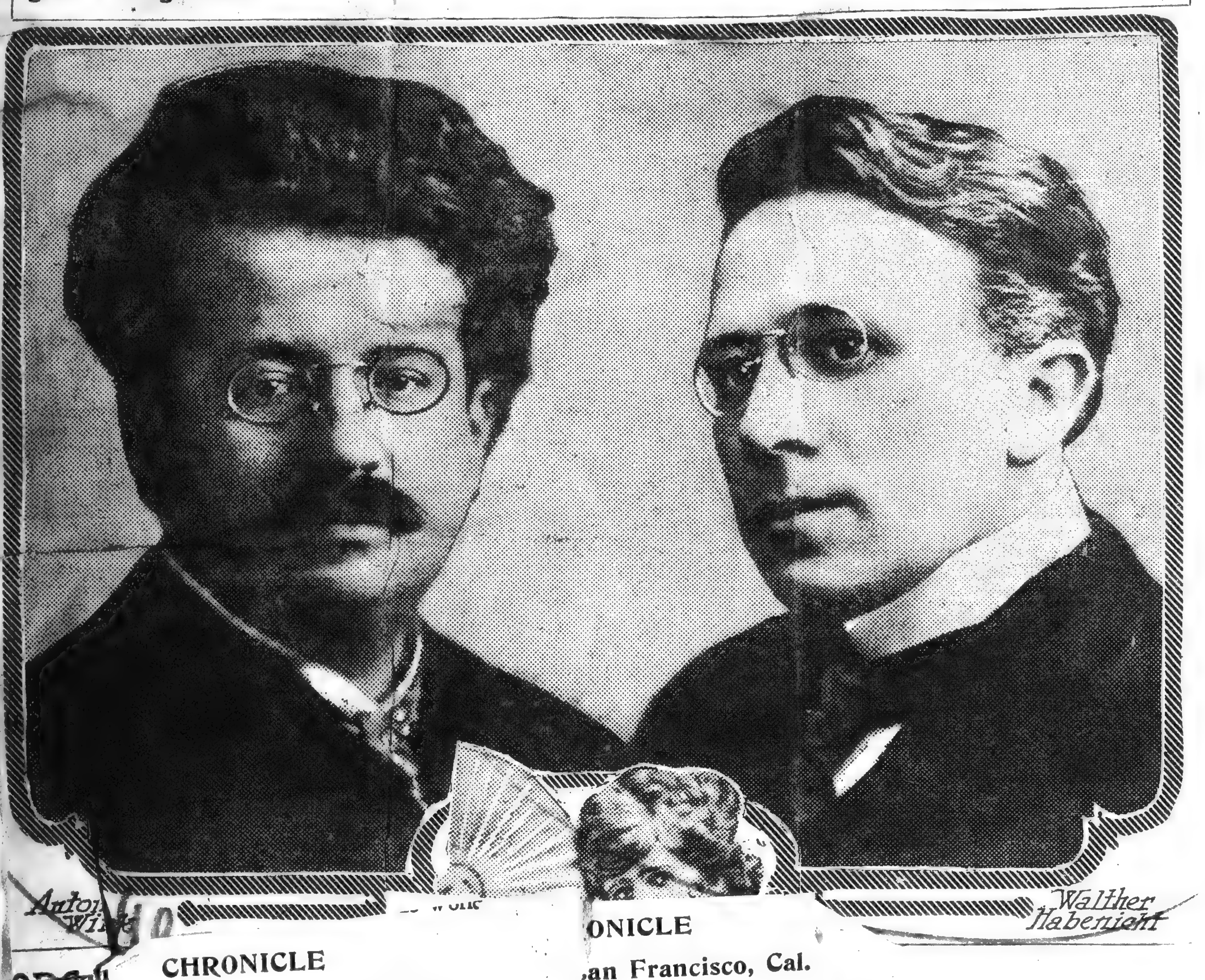
"Hungaria," symphonic poem, No. 9....Liszt

"Only One Mother for

ANTON WITEK is concert master and Walther Habenicht leader of the second violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Miss Elizabeth Latham is a San Francisco girl, who is making a name for herself in New York in concert work, and will return home in June to give a song recital.



CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY - 9

FINISHED ARTISTS SERVE IN UNISON

York, 1884

Every Man in the Boston Symphony Is a Soloist of Experience and Talent.

Next Friday night will mark a great event in the history of San Francisco's most important music occasions. The Boston Symphony Orchestra will be at hand, and the extended capacity of Festival Hall will place in the balcony alone 1000 people. The audience will be one worthy of the occasion, both as to quality and quantity, and hundreds will welcome Dr. Karl Muck as he raises his baton over his organization of 100 men for the first time in this city.

This leader has a very striking and forceful personality, though not generally considered to be the traditional type of the musician. His military bearing is impressive and his face bears many scars of student duels. His determination is colossal, and for that reason Dr. Muck is a stern disciplinarian, exacting as indefatigable work from his men as himself gives—and that is [illegible] Felix Weingartner, the famous [illegible] man conductor, said of Muck that [illegible] is the most conscientious man Weingartner has ever known. He acquired the title of Doctor after three years' hard work in the universities of Heidelberg and Leipsic, and Muck is also holder of the German degree of Doctor Juris.

Ranking next to Dr. Muck is Anton Witek, the concert master and head of the string section. He relieves Muck at the baton at times when the latter is indisposed, and is himself famous in Berlin as a virtuoso, and is one of the really great violinists of the world. Witek, for sixteen years previous to coming to America, was concert master of the famous Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin.

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THE PROGRAMMES.

Beethoven and Brahms tonight are followed by Mendelssohn and MacDowell tomorrow afternoon, a French programme on Sunday afternoon, exploiting Caesar Franck and Dukas, modern methods, as placed against classic programme, chaste with the music of the three Bs—Bach, Beethoven and Brahms—and these composers balance or contrast with Tuesday night's programme of Wagnerian wonders. And so on through wonders. And so on through the series.

The appetite is likely to be whetted by what it feeds upon.

Dr. Muck admits a preference for the classics, although he is, as he said, "one of the old set," fighting the battles of Liszt, Wagner and Strauss. But the Strauss of later days makes Dr. Muck turn a quizzical look to heaven and causes him to say, "Such composition is anti-music. Still, I play them all."

AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

As for American composition, Dr. Muck says we have already had big composers, and that more are coming. MacDowell, who is biggest in his smaller works, is greatly admired by the former director of the Royal Opera of Berlin, and Chadwick is doing big things, he says, one of which, a suite for orchestra, "Symphonic Sketches," will be played by the Boston symphonists here. Still another American composer, Dr. Clapp, has made a deep appeal to Dr. Muck. Dr. Clapp is a young man, not yet 30, who is at the head of the music department of Dartmouth College, and one of whose symphonic compositions the Boston Symphony Orchestra has but recently offered.

This is the programme which will be played tonight in Festival Hall as the first of the offerings of the Boston Symphony Orchestra:

Beethoven ....
Symphony, No. 3, in E flat major, Op. 55, "Eroica"
Brahms ....
Variations on a theme by Josef Haydn, Op. 56a (Chorale Sancti Antoni)
Richard Strauss ....
"Don Juan," Tone Poem (after Lenau), Op. 20.
Weber....Overture to the Opera, "Euryanthe"

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1—Adagio cantabile e vivaco assai. 2—Andante. 3—Menuetto. 4—Allegro di molto.
Suite No. 2 in E minor, "Indian," op. 48 .... MacDowell
1—Legend: Not fast; with much dignity and character; twice as fast; with decision. 2—Love song; not fast; tenderly. 3—In war time; with rough vigor; almost savagely. 4—Dirge: Dirge like, mournfully. 5—Village festival: Swift and light.
"Hungaria," symphonic poem. No. 9....Liszt

"Only One Mother for

BULLETIN
San Francisco, Cal.
MAY 191

OSTON ARTISTS DUE TOMORROW

Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, wired W. H. Leahy, the local impresario, this morning that the special train carrying Dr. Karl Muck and the hundred artists of the world-famed organization was traveling on schedule time, and left Ogden at 10:45, Mountain Time. At 9:50 tomorrow morning the train will pull in to the Oakland Mole, allowing the musicians one day of rest after their long trip across the continent before beginning their series of concerts at the Exposition.

Festival Hall, where the first of the twelve concerts will be given tomorrow evening, has been in the hands of carpenters, electricians and decorators for the past ten days, and in its remodeled state, with a new balcony, fronted by a horse-shoe of boxes, it will have a seating capacity of nearly four thousand. There has been an immense demand for seats for all the concerts, and reservations may be made at the Exposition Box Office, 343 Powell street.

CHRONICLE
San Francisco, Cal.

mphony Orchestra Is to Arrive Today

Special Train Is Bringing Noted Boston Musicians for Series of Concerts at Exposition.

Dr. Karl Muck and the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will arrive this morning to fill an engagement at the exposition. They will be met at the Ferry building by Mayor Rolph and exposition officials. The orchestra members have made the trip from Boston on a special train, which has been on schedule time all the way.

W. H. Leahy, local representative, received a wire yesterday from Charles A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, that all the members are in the best of spirits and looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to their engagement in Festival Hall, which opens tomorrow night. The sale of seats, progressing at 343 Powell street, is large for the entire season.

Address

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BULLETIN

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Date

From CHRONICLE

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 15 1915

Esta 1884

ORCHESTRA FROM BOSTON WINS AUDIENCE

Festival Hall Nearly Filled With Music Lovers, Who Wildly Applaud.

DR. MUCK GIVEN OVATION

Acoustics of Big Room Are Greatly Improved by Folds of Felt.

By WALTER ANTHONY.

Though the programme was not new, it was made to seem so by a performance which probably no other organization save the Boston Symphony Orchestra could summon. Festival Hall was not quite full last night, but it was nearly so. The balcony and galleries, newly placed in the big building, were quite full. The audience, in short, was a nice demonstration of that appreciation which is due to the forces which brought the great Boston orchestra across the continent to play twelve times for us.

Dr. Karl Muck—slender, wiry, dynamic, self-controlled and masterful—is a new type of conductor to us. He is like those impressive persons with soft, low voices, full of vital energy repressed, yet abounding. When he does achieve an emotional climax it is tumultuous, yet controlled. His beat is of brief extent; he uses his left hand sparingly, and there is a conservation of force which goes into his slightly moved baton and carries the instrumentalists irresistibly. When he waves it laterally over his orchestra there comes an overwhelming volume of tone, or, if need be, a tone of tenderest pianissimo utterly perfect in balance and beauty.

GREATNESS EXHIBITED.

Beethoven's "Eroica" exhibited at once the full measure of this orchestra's bigness and its director's greatness; the "off-beat accents," the serenity of attack, in which now a single section and now the entire orchestra participated; the mellow, fluent quality of the brasses, particularly the beauty of the French horn melody under the figuration of delicate violin harmonies—these were some of the elements of a performance of the Third symphony which revealed a Beethoven new to those San Francisco music lovers who have had to stay at home.

The world's greatest orchestra was brought to us last night, and we knew the difference.

Celtically one may say that all eyes were turned on the acoustics of Festival Hall last night, and none, no doubt was more anxious than Dr. Karl Muck himself.

The trip of the Boston Symphony Orchestra across the country would be robbed of its real effectiveness if the acoustics were no better than they have in Festival Hall—for the very excellences which differentiate the Boston Symphony Orchestra from its inferiors would be precisely those qualities which poor acoustics would smother—clarity of attack, agreement in quitting chords, delicacy of tone coloring, shading and the achievement of that homogeneous tone which makes an orchestra a unit—sometimes.

HALL IS IMPROVED.

It is pleasant, therefore, to record that Festival Hall has been vastly improved. Great folds of felt above the orchestra, a heavy curtain stretched before the lower section of the pipe organ; curtains hanging from the "proscenium arch" and the installation of the balconies crowded with humanity served as "sound absorbers" nicely, and rendered of shorter spell the former bewildering duration of tone wherein the sonorous brasses were wont to swallow up the lighter tones of strings and slender woodwind.

Of course with the correction of this former annoying tone duration, has come a fault which is much less distressing: I mean a subduing of the brightness of the orchestral tones, deadened slightly by the presence of the folds on folds of absorbing felt. But of echo and of undue life of staccato notes, from where I sat, there was none to be observed, and the relief should be great to those who have the success of this big venture most at heart.

SECTIONS PROVE FITNESS.

Brahms' delicious variations of a Haydn theme (did Haydn really write it?) were given following the Beethoven number, and then from this classic treat, our leader introduced us to Strauss. We have met before, 'tis true, but never under such happy circumstances. In this number every individual section of the orchestra was heard in a way to prove its fitness to belong from Concert Master A. Witek to the manipulator of the tympany drums. The latter, in truth, and owing to a still slightly tricky hall, were sometimes too much in evidence. Weber's overture to "Euryanthe" closed the programme with a wealth of melody made warm with the director's romantically eloquent baton.

This is the programme for this afternoon:

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Overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," Op. 27.
Haydn ....
Symphony No. 6, in G major, "Surprise."
I. Adagio cantabile e vivaco assai.
II. Andante.
III. Menuetto.
IV. Allegro di molto.
MacDowell ....
Suite, No. 2, in E minor, "Indian," Op. 48.
I. Legend: Not fast; with much dignity and character. Twice as fast: with decision.
II. Love Song: not fast; tenderly.
III. In war time: with rough vigor; almost savagely.
IV. Dirge: Dirge-like, mournfully.
V. Village Festival: swift and light.
Liszt...."Hungaria": Symphonic Poem, No. 9

INDICTMENT FOR SMUGGLING.

Y. Nakane, a merchant of Tokio, was indicted yesterday by the Federal Grand Jury on the charge of smuggling 2048 pearls. He is charged with bring the gems on the Tanyo Maru by concealing them in a toy dog.

GREAT BOSTON SYMPHONY IS HERE AT LAST

World's Finest Orchestra Is Greeted by Mayor Rolph at Ferry; Crossed Continent on Special Train.

BY EARNEST J. HOPKINS.

EVERYTHING about the arrival here today of the Boston Symphony Orchestra seemed unprecedented. First, of course, the orchestra itself is unprecedented, as we will hear for ourselves tomorrow night. Then, the 108 musicians whizzed through direct from Boston—an unprecedented jaunt for an orchestra—in unprecedented time, namely, from 2 p. m. last Sunday to just 10:30 this morning.

Dr. Karl Muck, the vigorous-appearing youngish director, didn't object much to getting his picture taken—another precedent gone. C. A. Ellis, who manages the Boston Symphony when he isn't arranging tours for great solo artists, came along with the orchestra; Ellis is the managerial source from whom all good things flow to San Francisco, but he hasn't been here himself in years. Even W. E. Walter, the press man of the orchestra, is not the ordinary press agent; he is a brother of Eugene Walter, the playwright, and himself is a writer of ability.

MAYOR GREETS THEM.

The visitors were greeted at Oakland pier by several enthusiasts, and again at the Ferry, where Mayor Rolph addressed them while they stood with bare heads. They applauded the Mayor, as he will them tomorrow night.

Anton Witek, the concert-master, is here, but Sylvain Noack, second concertmaster and leader of the second violins, isn't, for the reason that he is getting married in Salt Lake. Noack seized the opportunity to take unto himself a bride, and will arrive here tomorrow in time for the concert.

FUN ON TRIP.

Mrs. Muck accompanied her husband. Dr. Muck refused to leave the rear platform, and now knows by heart every hill and river between this city and Boston.

The musicians played pinochle across the continent, changing to auction bridge in certain States.

The players of the brasses had to keep their "lip" in shape, so they sneaked off into the baggage cars and other cubby-holes, between games, and mournfully tooted at the passing stations. Last night there was a stop at a city consisting mainly of a watertank, and the eminent leader of the trumpets, with a couple of famous trombonists, got off and rendered "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," to the great edification of the natives, who had only just heard that song and thought it was new.

BIG SEASON IS HERE.

George W. Stewart, Exposition director of music, greeted Dr. Muck today, and the first question asked by the conductor was, "How are the acoustics?" Stewart was able to assure him that the new balcony in Festival Hall, with a little adjustment, had improved the acoustics greatly, and that now conditions were practically perfect.

Just before leaving Boston there was a concert at which 1500 [illegible] people tried to get into the only 500 seats that were for sale. The resulting scene is not unlikely to be duplicated here tomorrow night, though Festival Hall seats 4000 and has a lot of standing-room. The coming of this orchestra to San Francisco is considered the greatest musical event in years.

The program for tomorrow night is as follows:

"Eroica" symphony........Beethoven
Variations on a theme by Handel.. ....Brahms
Tone-poem, "Don Juan"....R. Strauss
"Euryanthe" Overture.........Weber

NOTED CONDUCTOR AND WIFE

Dr. Karl Muck, noted conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Mrs. Muck, caught by The Bulletin photographer as they responded to greetings on the ferry boat today.

From BULLETIN

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 14 1915

Established:

The Bulletin

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Symphonic Poem, "Hungaria," No. 9

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From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 1 3 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY MUSICIANS ARRIVE FOR FAIR CONCERTS

Dr. Karl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Muck. Call-Post photo.

Aggregation of 100 Artists Here on Special Train, Get S. F. Welcome

Led by Dr. Karl Muck, the Boston Symphony Orchestra of 100 artist America's premier musical organiz tion of its kind, arrived today fro Boston for a series of concerts in Fe tival Hall at the Exposition.

The party of famous musicia made the trip to this city on a sp cial train. This is the first time sin its foundation in 1881 that the sym phony orchestra has made such a tri and is the biggest "jump" on recor for a musical organization. No sto were made across the continent a no other cities will hear the celebrate musicians before their return to Boston.

MUSICIANS GREETED

The party was greeted at the Oakland ferry by George W. Stewart, Exposition director of music; W. H. Leahy, local manager of the orchestra, and Mayor Rolph. Mayor Rolph greeted the musicians in the name of San Francisco.

Eight evening concerts and four matinees will be given in Festival Hall by the orchestra before its return May 25.

"This trip is unusual," said Dr. Muck, who was accompanied by Mrs. Muck, "but we feel that no better trip could be made this year than to San Francisco, which seems to be the center of everything in the world of art. I hear that the people here are earnest supporters of musical organizations. If we receive your appreciation we will be satisfied."

ALL GREAT MUSICIANS

The orchestra includes its entire personnel of great musicians, among whom are Anton Witek, concertmaster and one of the most famous violin virtuosos in the world; Sylvain Noack, second concertmaster; Heinrich Warnke and Josef Malkin, 'cellists; Emil Ferir, leader of the viola section; Andre Maquarre, first flute; Georges Longy, first oboe; Albert Sand, first clarinet, and Alfred Holy and Theodore Cella, harpists.

"Acoustics" was the sole topic of conversation of the musicians as they crossed the bay.

"With proper acoustics and one rehearsal to become accustomed to the hall, we will be able to render the best for San Franciscans," said Dr. Muck. "In the East we know every hole and cranny in every hall, but we will have to become accustomed to our surroundings here."

FIRST CONCERT TOMORROW

The orchestra is under the management of Charles A. Ellis. The first program will be rendered in Festival Hall tomorrow night beginning at 8:30 o'clock. There will be matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 o'clock

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From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 5
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To Sell Single Seats for Boston Symphony

The subscription sale of seats for two or more concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concluded last evening, the demand having been very heavy all the week. This morning at 9 o'clock seats for single concerts will be ready at the exposition box office, 343 Powell street, and the inquiry will undoubtedly tax the ticket sellers, for no musical event of recent years has excited the interest, not only in San Francisco, but in all parts of the State, that has been occasioned by the coming of this famous organization to Festival Hall.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 1 [illegible] 1915
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k, 1884

CALL AND POST

MONDAY, MAY 17, 1915

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Date MAY 13 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY MUSICIANS ARRIVE FOR FAIR CONCERTS

Dr. Karl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Muck. Call-Post photo.

Aggregation of 100 Artists Here on Special Train, Get S. F. Welcome

Led by Dr. Karl Muck, the Boston Symphony Orchestra of 100 artists, America's premier musical organization of its kind, arrived today from Boston for a series of concerts in Festival Hall at the Exposition.

The party of famous musicians made the trip to this city on a special train. This is the first time since its foundation in 1881 that the symphony orchestra has made such a trip and is the biggest "jump" on record for a musical organization. No stops were made across the continent and no other cities will hear the celebrated musicians before their return to Boston.

MUSICIANS GREETED

The party was greeted at the Oakland ferry by George W. Stewart, Exposition director of music; W. H. Leahy, local manager of the orchestra, and Mayor Rolph. Mayor Rolph greeted the musicians in the name of San Francisco.

Eight evening concerts and four matinees will be given in Festival Hall by the orchestra before its return May 25.

"This trip is unusual," said Dr. Muck, who was accompanied by Mrs. Muck, "but we feel that no better trip could be made this year than to San Francisco, which seems to be the center of everything in the world of art. I hear that the people here are earnest supporters of musical organizations. If we receive your appreciation we will be satisfied."

ALL GREAT MUSICIANS

The orchestra includes its entire personnel of great musicians, among whom are Anton Witek, concertmaster and one of the most famous violin virtuosos in the world; Sylvain Noack, second concertmaster; Heinrich Warnke and Josef Malkin, 'cellists; Emil Ferir, leader of the viola section; Andre Maquarre, first flute; Georges Longy, first oboe; Albert Sand, first clarinet, and Alfred Holy and Theodore Cella, harpists.

"Acoustics" was the sole topic of conversation of the musicians as they crossed the bay.

"With proper acoustics and one rehearsal to become accustomed to the hall, we will be able to render the best for San Franciscans," said Dr. Muck. "In the East we know every hole and cranny in every hall, but we will have to become accustomed to our surroundings here."

FIRST CONCERT TOMORROW

The orchestra is under the management of Charles A. Ellis. The first program will be rendered in Festival Hall tomorrow night beginning at 8:30 o'clock. There will be matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 o'clock.

CHRONICLE
: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 15

To Sell Single Seats for Boston Symphony

The subscription sale of seats for two or more concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concluded last evening, the demand having been very heavy all the week. This morning at 9 o'clock seats for single concerts will be ready at the exposition box office, 343 Powell street, and the inquiry will undoubtedly tax the ticket sellers, for no musical event of recent years has excited the interest, not only in San Francisco, but in all parts of the State, that has been occasioned by the coming of this famous organization to Festival Hall.

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BOSTONIANS ARRIVE FOR FAIR SERIES

Dr. Karl Muck and the Famous Symphony Orchestra to Oper Concert Season This Evening

LEADER IS GENUINE ARTIST

Talks of His Music Ideals and of Last Work Left Us by Great Masters of Harmony

DR. KARL MUCK, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which arrived here yesterday for a series of concerts at the Exposition, and Mrs. Muck.

BY REDFERN MASON.

The director of the orchestra has this in common with the actor; that thousands of people know him through his art who have never exchanged a word with him. For the man who conducts the works of the great masters not only interprets them, but reveals himself.

I had known Dr. Karl Muck through the medium of Beethoven and Bach and come under the spell of his artistic personality. Yesterday we met face to face. It was at the Fairmont. According to tradition, we ought to have rapturized over the scene which spread before our eyes. But we ignored it as completely as St. Bernard ignored the beauties which surrounded his famous monastery. Our talk was of music, of the glory that is Bach and the grandeur that is Beethoven.

Dr. Muck might be of the race of Von Moltke; but the humor of his glance and quiet irony in the play of his lips are suggestive of Heinrich Heine. Moreover, he has "plenty of nose," and that means authority. Wherever you met him, you would pick out Dr. Muck as a personality. His deep brow is lined with thought; but absorption in the classics has not made him coldly academic; the play of his features bespeaks a nature genial and full of sympathy.

HAS NEED OF HIS GIFTS.

And the leader of the Boston symphony has need of all the gifts with which God has endowed him. The successor of Nikisch and Gericke must be a master of the art of music; he must be able to kindle enthusiasm; he must have the diplomacy of a Talleyrand, the honesty and kindness of a true paterfamilias. What wonder then that the Bostonians love and respect him?

Judge then of the state of mind of the guardians of the orchestra when, in the beginning of the war, Dr. Muck, who was in Berlin at the time, tendered his services to the German government and, for four weeks, was actually in the service. Henry Lee Higginson wired him that, if he stayed away, the Boston Symphony must be disbanded. C. A. Ellis crossed the ocean as quickly as the fastest liner would carry him and laid the whole situation before him. Not only was the artistic future of the organization in jeopardy; but the players themselves, a hundred of the finest instrumentalists in the world, were face to face, not merly wth the loss of their positions, but with actual penury; for the Boston Symphony is a non-union organization and it would be impossible for its members to obtain places in any other orchestra.

GERMANY'S LOSS OUR GAIN.

Dr. Muck's heart was with his country. He wanted to fight. But the thought of the loss to art and the sufferings to so many families which the cessation of the activities of the Boston Symphony would involve outweighed every other consideration. He returned to America and Germany's loss is our gain.

His presence was sorely needed. The Symphony is a body composed of many nationalities. All the warring races form part of it. So he talked with them. "My friends," he said, "our nations are at war; but we are musicians and in a neutral country. If we would make music, we must be in harmony with one another. We must refrain from the bitterness of debate and do our duty to the organization of which we form part and the country in which we dwell."

"And all has been peaceful," said the doctor. "I was a little nervous in crossing the continent, lest too close proximity should cause trouble; but everybody was affable; everybody was considerate, and we enjoyed the journey.

"It is a great undertaking, this giving of twelve concerts in as many days. Some of the works we had not played for a long time and all had to be rehearsed. We have done our best to prepare for the people of San Francisco a series of programmes which shall be good and comprehensive."

BEETHOVEN IN FIRST PLACE.

"You start with the 'Eroica' and end with the 'Leonora, No. 3'" I interpolated.

"Ah, yes, of course, the works of Beethoven stand high in our affections. I hope you love your Mozart, too, your Haydn and Bach. These are the fathers of music. Love them and you will easily understand the rest. It makes me smile," continued Dr. Muck ruminatively, "when I see our young men attempting to start composing where Strauss and Reger left off, forgetful of the fact that these very men steeped themselves in Bach and the great Viennese masters before they began to write."

I told Dr. Muck of the young people who write to me that they "know nothing about harmony" but can improvise so that it "sounds like Debussy." A smile that was grimly tolerant crossed the musician's face, and we recalled the fact that Beethoven studied theory for twelve years before he felt himself able to compose "with a free spirit."

LET THEM STUDY BACH.

"If they want modernism, let them study Bach," said Dr. Muck. "The great old cantor was forever experimenting. But America does not know Bach. Look into the wonderful series of chorales published in the fifty odd volumes of the Bach Gesellschaft. There you will find progressions as daring as any of those of the moderns, but always the expression of a law-abiding spirit. Bach was like Haydn in this respect, that because he knew the rules, he could win from them new means of expression. But our young men imagine that the way of progress is the way of revolution. Art follows the path of development, not of anarchy.

"It is much more difficult to give a perfect performance of Mozart or Beethoven than of the impressionistic moderns; for the music of these men is logical; it is architectural; part fits into part, and every detail must be sung exquisitely. Yet I do not believe that we should cling too literally to the text of the masters as to be the slaves of conditions from which they would gladly have emancipated themselves.

"Take the great first theme of the 'Eroica,' for instance. Beethoven could not give it wholly to the horns, as he wanted to do, but had to distribute it. But to-day the horns can play the whole theme. Then why not let them do so? But to change the instrumental color, as some innovators wish to do, seems to me inartistic and an affront to the genius of the composer. Besides there is no finality to such proceedings. If Beethoven is to be reorchestrated today, why not again twenty years hence?"

Dr. Muck was keenly interested in the orchestral situation in San Fran-

MAYOR ROLPH GREETS MUSICIANS AT FERRY

The Boston Symphony, 108 musicians, arrived in San Francisco yesterday morning, and from now until Tuesday, May 25, they will be San Franciscans. Mayor Rolph was at the Ferry building to greet them; George W. Stewart was there to assure Dr. Karl Muck that the acoustics of Festival Hall are satisfactory, and the general public was there to look on.

The musicians enjoyed the trip and all save one made the journey without a break. The exception was Silvain Noack, the violinist, who stopped at Salt Lake City to take a wife. He will be with us to-night in time for the first concert.

Never before has the Boston Symphony traveled so far, and a good many of them had no notion that there was so much land between the Atlantic and the Pacific. But the trip was a pleasant one. Talk about the war was barred; the men played pinochle, and, as the train was a special chartered solely for the symphony, those who wanted to practice could do so.

C. A. Ellis, manager with the orchestra, has accompanied the organization; so, too, has W. E. Walter, the press agent.

To-night our great twelve-day festival begins. Festival Hall holds 4,000 people and it is expected that it will be filled. Because of the demand a block of the $2 seats has been set aside.

For the accommodation of those attending the concerts of the symphony orchestra in automobiles or carriages, special turnstiles have been installed at the Exposition directly opposite the entrance to Festival Hall on Chestnut street at the foot of Pierce. The walk between this entrance and the doors of Festival Hall will also be covered with an awning to afford protection to patrons in the event of inclement weather.

To-night's programme will open with the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven; it will include the [illegible] tions written by Brahms [illegible] the Anthony" chorale of Haydn and the "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss, and will conclude with Weber's overture to "Euryanthe."

Postal Bids Wanted.

partment at Washington, Postmaster Charles W. Fay yesterday advertised for bids for the contracts for mail wagon delivery and collection, amounting to $40,000 for the three-year term.

INSERT.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

By Redfern Mason

IF San Francisco were a little Old World town of a century ago the crier of the place would sally forth to the public square and address the citizens in terms like these:

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! This evening, a little after the eighth hour, in the Festival Hall of our glorious exposition, will be heard the Boston Symphony. It is the greatest orchestra in all the world, and His Honor Mayor Rolph earnestly wills it that all good dames and their men folk, likewise those of the younger sort of both sexes who are of an age for such entertainments, shall show themselves sensible of the great good fortune which has befallen us by being present to hearken to their music. Moreover, His Worship greatly desireth that the people, so many as conveniently can do so, shall attend each and all of the twelve concerts to be holden; for it is little likely to be their luck soon to hear such music again."

And the crier would have been telling the literal truth. Never in this land has there been such an orchestra as this Boston Symphony, and it is doubtful whether proud Europe herself can show its peer.

The currency of English speech has been so debased by the excesses of newspaperese that words which will make the importance of the coming of Dr. Muck and his Bostonians stand out in its proper relief are almost unfindable. So I must again summon the town crier to my aid. I see him in my mind's eye, standing at the meeting of the ways, where Market and Kearny streets intersect, delivering his message to the passersby:

"The choicest players of the world have joined their talents to make this orchestra. Proud France has sent her men skilled in the magic of reeds; there are fiddlers the like of whom, in equal number, you will seek in vain in gay Vienna and superb Berlin; never was heard such magic of horns or such hallowed sound of trombones as these men make."

O O O

THEN he would tell how the Boston Symphony came to be what it is. He would rehearse the tale of Boston's lowly estate in the '80s, and how one Henry Lee Higginson, a banker not too rich in this world's goods but wealthy in God's gifts of idealism and enthusiasm, had a vision, and, being a practical man as well as a dreamer of dreams, set to work with all his might, and with the passing of days made it the living reality which now delights the world.

"Hearken to me, fellow-citizens of San Francisco!" he would say: "such a goodly happening as this which has befallen you and me may never occur again. It has cost sixty-five thousand golden dollars to bring this orchestra across the plains and over the mountains from New England to this fair State of California. We must look at it, therefore, that we show ourselves worthy of what has been done for us. When the fair is no more than a memory the playing of these men will be to many of us its golden crown.

"Think of the men of genius who have toiled to make the Boston Symphony what it is. First came George Henschel, singer and composer, one of the chosen people of music. Then Wilhelm Gericke, a tone-wizard with the spirit of a soldier, disciplined the musical cohort into splendid obedience. Arthur Nikisch added the flame of his genius, and, last of all, the Kaiser of Germany, the lord of all the German folk, sent his trusty henchman, Karl Muck, to weld the men into such an artistic unity as the people from whose loins sprang Bach and Beethoven must bow down before.

"Teuton and Muscovite, Briton and Frenchman, Magyar and Belgian, make harmony together in this inviolable phalanx of tonal warriors. Here racial dissonance is forgotten in the harmonies of the masters."

O O O

AND if my crier were the moralizer of the tale I should wish him to be he would exhort his hearers to incite the players to noblest efforts by the priceless gift of enthusiasm:

"You and I are on our trial. Not to give the Boston Symphony the greeting which is their due would be to prove ourselves insensible clods and to stand esthetically disgraced in the eyes of our fellow-countrymen. For many have longed to hear these prophets of the art of song and have not heard them. Let us show them that we love them and they will repay us in symphonic coin not to be measured in coin of gold.

"If we listen aright there will be stirred within us such a divine discontent that we shall not rest satisfied till we have created, here on the Pacific Coast, such an orchestra of our own that the people of Australia and the islands of the sea will send to beg the boon of its coming. I cherish the hope that there may be one among us who will do for San Francisco what Mr. Higginson has done for Boston. What a crown of achievement that would be for some industrial captain, who, satiated with material success, looks around for an undertaking the realization of which would link his name with the immortals of the western world!

"Here in California is the new Hellas. Who will be the man to make it possible for us to realize our destiny in the realm of music? The golden apples of the Hesperides are ours from the bounty of nature. But the nobler fruit of art must be of our own cultivation. Let us go, then, to Festival Hall, hear the gospel which is Mozart, and come away to put in practice that gospel by dint of an impassioned and triumphant emulation.

"During these twelve days San Francisco will be the musical capital of all the Americas, the gladsomest spot in the whole of this anguished world. 'To understand is to equal.' Let us give Dr. Muck and his associates the gift of loving appreciation. Let us fill Festival Hall till it will hold no more, and let the atmosphere of the place be tremulous with constructive joy. For, according to the measure of our gifts, so shall we receive."

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1915.

SYMPHONISTS FILL FESTIVAL HALL WITH WAGNER

German Composer and Dr. Muck Draw Largest Audience Ever Seen in City.

POSER FOR MUSICIANS

Thirty Violinists Join in One Tone That a Kreisler Might Covet.

By WALTER ANTHONY.

Waguerian music in concert, divorced utterly from dramatic action and all that pertains to the theater, and given in the abstract, so to say, was the lure that drew the first entirely "sold out house" that Festival Hall has known. The seats were not only all occupied, but standing-room was at a premium.

Could Wagner have seen this more than half a century ago when the Jockey Club was hissing his "Tannhauser" into a brief oblivion, he might have given less time to defending his music and more to writing it. Instead of volumes of literature we might have another masterpiece. He would have been assured of the future of his work, for Bach, Beethoven, Brahms nor Strauss nor Caesar Franck could summon such attendance and attention as last night were given to the master worker in dramatic music.

AN IMMENSE AUDIENCE.

Those in a position to know assert that last night's audience and receipts were the largest that have yet been assembled to listen to a symphony orchestra in America. If this be true, it is certainly to the credit of our city and a vindication of our good taste and discrimination.

Every concert given thus far by the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been the medium of new revealments. Last night's programme played by Dr. Muck and his hundred men presented two numbers that emphasized the dynamic versatility of the orchestra. The prelude to "Lohengrin" and the prelude to "Tristan and Isolde" were the offerings.

The ethereal harmonies of the violins in the "Lohengrin" prelude have never been played so delicately and softly for us, and by contrast the gradually developed climax has never seemed so overwhelming.

POSER FOR THE EXPERTS.

In the development of this sonorous accumulation of tone, an infinite variety of shading was laid on with most delicate touch, and the music ebbed and flowed and shimmered, always gaining in height and power until the tumultuous climax was thundered from livid trumpets and clamorous horns. I give you something to speculate upon concerning this remarkable orchestra. This is the poser:

Thirty violinists conjoin in a tone of such softness that a Kreisler might covet it, and warmed by a color and beauty that the Russian Elman might be proud to own as his own; yet not one of the violinists assisting in producing this composite perfection would be capable of the tone alone. Mutually complementing each other, these musical personalities under Dr. Muck's welding baton are not as one man—they combine the excellencies of thirty, and their individual faults are brushed away by the guiding hand of the genius that holds the baton.

HAND OF THE MASTER.

The prelude to "The Mastersingers" was an exhibition of the independence of each section of the orchestra and their interdependence in the web of counterpoint which is the admiration of the pedants in music and the wonder of us all.

But the funeral music from "The Dusk of the Gods" seemed greatest to me. It was as played by the Boston symphonists an apocalypse unveiling the destruction of Walhalla and the future of music. Here Dr. Muck was as near to vehemence as his orderly conception of beauty in music would permit, and those of us who had hoped to hear a chaos of tone in the "Tannhauser" climax found it here in magnified and splendid relation to the composition itself and to the programme in its entirety.

Tonight's schedule will include compositions by German, American and Finnish composers. Sibelius is

lia," "The Swan of Tuonela" and his better known "Finlandia" will be played. George W. Chadwick is the American composer, and his "Symphonic Sketches" will be played. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony will be interpreted. This is Beethoven's gayest composition in symphonic form. Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz" will be the opening number.

SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER—

—WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1915.

ALL THRILLED BY WAGNER'S MIGHTY ART

Bostonians Heard in Concert That Fills Festival Hall and Offers Untold Delight

OVER 4,000 ARE PRESENT

BY REDFERN MASON

After the comparatively slim audience of the Monday night—there were some 2,500 present, when there should have been 4,000—we must have been on our trial last night. If so, I think the Boston Symphony will acquit us, for Festival Hall was full to overflowing. I noted one empty box of three seats; but people were standing up at the back of the hall and in the galleries in hundreds.

For it was a Wagner night, and Wagner has always ben a favorite with the people. Nay, they accepted him when musicians looked askance at him. For the public judges with the heart and cares nothing for theory or aesthetic tendencies.

UNINSPIRED AT FIRST.

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After this riot of the sense we listened to the prelude to "Lohengrin" and rejoiced when the violins, in seraphic harmony, brought the Holy Grail down heaven to earth. You may seek the wide world over, but I doubt whether you will find strings to play that music as we heard it last night. Incidentally, I ought to remark that the idea of "divided" strings in high positions is not Wagner's invention. Old Scarlatti did the same thing a hundred years earlier.

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After this cloying atmosphere, it was a relief to breathe in the merriment, the bracing irony, the sane and normal love of the overture to "Die Meistersinger." How we loved the stirring sonorities of trumpet of trombone, and how we enjoyed the crabbed counterpoint in which Wagner ridiculed Hanslick and his like, fellows who will not admit that anything can be right unless it has been done before by the masters. A prayer against narrow-mindedness and conceit should be part of the critic's litany.

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4 '15

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

By Redfern Mason

IF San Francisco were a little Old World town of a century ago the crier of the place would sally forth to the public square and address the citizens in terms like these:

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! This evening, a little after the eighth hour, in the Festival Hall of our glorious exposition, will be heard the Boston Symphony. It is the greatest orchestra in all the world, and His Honor Mayor Rolph earnestly wills it that all good dames and their men folk, likewise those of the younger sort of both sexes who are of an age for such entertainments, shall show themselves sensible of the great good fortune which has befallen us by being present to hearken to their music. Moreover, His Worship greatly desireth that the people, so many as conveniently can do so, shall attend each and all of the twelve concerts to be holden; for it is little likely to be their luck soon to hear such music again."

And the crier would have been telling the literal truth. Never in this land has there been such an orchestra as this Boston Symphony, and it is doubtful whether proud Europe herself can show its peer.

The currency of English speech has been so debased by the excesses of newspaperese that words which will make the importance of the coming of Dr. Muck and his Bostonians stand out in its proper relief are almost unfindable. So I must again summon the town crier to my aid. I see him in my mind's eye, standing at the meeting of the ways, where Market and Kearny streets intersect, delivering his message to the passersby:

"The choicest players of the world have joined their talents to make this orchestra. Proud France has sent her men skilled in the magic of reeds; there are fiddlers the like of whom, in equal number, you will seek in vain in gay Vienna and superb Berlin; never was heard such magic of horns or such hallowed sound of trombones as these men make."

O O O

THEN he would tell how the Boston Symphony came to be what it is. He would rehearse the tale of Boston's lowly estate in the '80s, and how one Henry Lee Higginson, a banker not too rich in this world's goods but wealthy in God's gifts of idealism and enthusiasm, had a vision, and, being a practical man as well as a dreamer of dreams, set to work with all his might, and with the passing of days made it the living reality which now delights the world.

"Hearken to me, fellow-citizens of San Francisco!" he would say; "such a goodly happening as this which has befallen you and me may never occur again. It has cost sixty-five thousand golden dollars to bring this orchestra across the plains and over the mountains from New England to this fair State of California. We must look at it, therefore, that we show ourselves worthy of what has been done for us. When the fair is no more than a memory the playing of these men will be to many of us its golden crown.

"Think of the men of genius who have toiled to make the Boston Symphony what it is. First came George Henschel, singer and composer, one of the chosen people of music. Then Wilhelm Gericke, a tone-wizard with the spirit of a soldier, disciplined the musical cohort into splendid obedience. Arthur Nikisch added the flame of his genius, and, last of all, the Kaiser of Germany, the lord of all the German folk, sent his trusty henchman, Karl Muck, to weld the men into such an artistic unity as the people from whose loins sprang Bach and Beethoven must bow down before.

"Teuton and Muscovite, Briton and Frenchman, Magyar and Belgian, make harmony together in this inviolable phalanx of tonal warriors. Here racial dissonance is forgotten in the harmonies of the masters."

O O O

AND if my crier were the moralizer of the tale I should wish him to be he would exhort his hearers to incite the players to noblest efforts by the priceless gift of enthusiasm:

"You and I are on our trial. Not to give the Boston Symphony the greeting which is their due would be to prove ourselves insensible clods and to stand esthetically disgraced in the eyes of our fellow-countrymen. For many have longed to hear these prophets of the art of song and have not heard them. Let us show them that we love them and they will repay us in symphonic coin not to be measured in coin of gold.

"If we listen aright there will be stirred within us such a divine discontent that we shall not rest satisfied till we have created, here on the Pacific Coast, such an orchestra of our own that the people of Australia and the islands of the sea will send to beg the boon of its coming. I cherish the hope that there may be one among us who will do for San Francisco what Mr. Higginson has done for Boston. What a crown of achievement that would be for some industrial captain, who, satiated with material success, looks around for an undertaking the realization of which would link his name with the immortals of the western world!

"Here in California is the new Hellas. Who will be the man to make it possible for us to realize our destiny in the realm of music? The golden apples of the Hesperides are ours from the bounty of nature. But the nobler fruit of art must be of our own cultivation. Let us go, then, to Festival Hall, hear the gospe which is Mozart, and come away to p in practice that gospel by dint of an impassioned and triumphant emulation.

"During these twelve days San Francisco will be the musical capital of all the Americas, the gladsomest spot in the whole of this anguished world. 'To understand is to equal.' Let us give Dr. Muck and his associates the gift of loving appreciation. Let us fill Festival Hall till it will hold no more, and let the atmosphere of the place be tremulous with constructive joy. For, according to the measure of our gifts, so shall we receive."

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1915.

SYMPHONISTS FILL FESTIVAL HALL WITH WAGNER

German Composer and Dr. Muck Draw Largest Audience Ever Seen in City.

POSER FOR MUSICIANS

Thirty Violinists Join in One Tone That a Kreisler Might Covet.

By WALTER ANTHONY.

Wagnerian music in concert, divorced utterly from dramatic action and all that pertains to the theater, and given in the abstract, so to say, was the lure that drew the first entirely "sold out house" that Festival Hall has known. The seats were not only all occupied, but standing-room was at a premium.

Could Wagner have seen this more than half a century ago when the Jockey Club was hissing his "Tannhauser" into a brief oblivion, he might have given less time to defending his music and more to writing it. Instead of volumes of literature we might have another masterpiece. He would have been assured of the future of his work, for Bach, Beethoven, Brahms nor Strauss nor Caesar Franck could summon such attendance and attention as last night were given to the master worker in dramatic music.

AN IMMENSE AUDIENCE.

Those in a position to know assert that last night's audience and receipts were the largest that have yet been assembled to listen to a symphony orchestra in America. If this be true, it is certainly to the credit of our city and a vindication of our good taste and discrimination.

Every concert given thus far by the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been the medium of new revealments. Last night's programme played by Dr. Muck and his hundred men presented two numbers that emphasized the dynamic versatility of the orchestra. The prelude to "Lohengrin" and the prelude to "Tristan and Isolde" were the offerings.

The ethereal harmonies of the violins in the "Lohengrin" prelude have never been played so delicately and softly for us, and by contrast the gradually developed climax has never seemed so overwhelming.

POSER FOR THE EXPERTS.

In the development of this sonorous accumulation of tone, an infinite variety of shading was laid on with most delicate touch, and the music ebbed and flowed and shimmered, always gaining in height and power until the tumultuous climax was thundered from livid trumpets and clamorous horns. I give you something to speculate upon concerning this remarkable orchestra. This is the poser:

Thirty violinists conjoin in a tone of such softness that a Kreisler might covet it, and warmed by a color and beauty that the Russian Elman might be proud to own as his own; yet not one of the violinists assisting in producing this composite perfection would be capable of the tone alone. Mutually complementing each other, these musical personalities under Dr. Muck's welding baton are not as one man—they combine the excellencies of thirty, and their individual faults are brushed away by the guiding hand of the genius that holds the baton.

HAND OF THE MASTER.

The prelude to "The Mastersingers" was an exhibition of the independence of each section of the orchestra and their interdependence in the web of counterpoint which is the admiration of the pedants in music and the wonder of us all.

But the funeral music from "The Dusk of the Gods" seemed greatest to me. It was as played by the Boston symphonists an apocalypse unveiling the destruction of Walhalla and the future of music. Here Dr. Muck was as near to vehemence as his orderly conception of beauty in music would permit, and those of us who had hoped to hear a chaos of tone in the "Tannhauser" climax found it here in magnified and splendid relation to the composition itself and to the programme in its entirety.

Tonight's schedule will include compositions by German, American and Finnish composers. Sibelius is

lia," "The Swan of Tuonela" and his better known "Finlandia" will be played. George W. Chadwick is the American composer, and his "Symphonic Sketches" will be played. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony will be interpreted. This is Beethoven's gayest composition in symphonic form. Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz" will be the opening number.

SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER—

—WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1915.

ALL THRILLED BY WAGNER'S MIGHTY ART

Bostonians Heard in Concert That Fills Festival Hall and Offers Untold Delight

OVER 4,000 ARE PRESENT

BY REDFERN MASON

After the comparatively slim audience of the Monday night—there were some 2,500 present, when there should have been 4,000—we must have been on our trial last night. If so, I think the Boston Symphony will acquit us, for Festival Hall was full to overflowing. I noted one empty box of three seats; but people were standing up at the back of the hall and in the galleries in hundreds.

For it was a Wagner night, and Wagner has always ben a favorite with the people. Nay, they accepted him when musicians looked askance at him. For the public judges with the heart and cares nothing for theory or aesthetic tendencies.

UNINSPIRED AT FIRST.

And the more Wagnerian Wagner is, the more the public likes him. Last night we began with the "Rienzi" overture, which is blatant and bombastic. The audience listened dutifully, much in the same manner as Dr. Muck conducted; but not ever the voice of the 'cellos in the famous "Prayer" could make them enthusiastic. "Rienzi" might please Wagner's wife; but San Franciscans prefer the music which was inspired by the Wesendonck. But that came later.

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From Examiner
Address San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 17 1915

Established: L

DEVOUT MUSIC IS GIVEN BY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

BY REDFERN MASON

If you would enter the kingdom music you must become as little ch dren. To listen to the Boston Sy phony in the mental attitude of Pococurante is to miss half beauty. But if you can heark large-eyed, like the little girl who being told the story of Red Ridi Hood, the music will tell you thin hidden from the supercilious a critical.

The conviction that this was came over me yesterday afternoon I was listening to the Cesar Fran Symphony, the devoutest mus penned since Palestrina. I could n prove my assertions, perhaps, but am sure to the point of certitude th this score is a spiritual confession of faith not less sincere than the Confessions of St. Augustine. Old "Father" Franck was a profoundly religious man. "It is impossible to write good counterpoint unless you are pure of heart," he said, and, while this statement may not be literally true, for Wagner wrote marvelous counterpoint in "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger," nevertheless it is assuredly true that such spiritual melody as Cesar Franck's was never penned by any but an innocent and holy man.

LED WITH LOVE FOR WORK.

So we sat in our places in Festival Hall and let the devout rapture of the music sink into our souls. Dr. Muck led with as manifest a love for the work as if Franck had been a German, not a Belgian, and I thanked the high gods that the merciless war cannot rob us of this inspired music. Weighed in the balance of the muses, that little three-note phrase which sings throughout the symphony is of more worth than all the death-dealing skill that is ruining Europe today.

After the symphony we had a philosophic Scherzo, to wit, the overture written by Paul Dukas to the "Apprenti Soricer." It is a sort of musical allegory, telling how passion, seductively ingratiating in its first advances, becomes an enslaving master with indulgence, and in the end a merciless tyrant. "But would one guess that, if one listened as a little child?" you may ask. To that reasonable objection I reply that the boy who reads "The Pilgrim's Progress" as a story may not appreciate the allegory at first; but its meaning will come home to him sooner or later, and it will do so with all the greater force because he first regarded Christian and Faithful and Giant Despair and Evangelist as real persons, not abstractions.

HAS SINISTER ALLUREMENT.

You do not need to know the story to recognize the sinister allurement of that theme for bassoons. It begins with fascination, and eventually, with the scream of trumpets, the squealing of piccolos, and the serrated song of violins, puts on a Macabre-like menace. If Berlioz had not written his "Fantastic" Symphony, and Saint Saens his "Danse Macabre," Dukas would never have composed this overture.

I wish I could express in words the vertiginous riot of that music as the Bostonians played it. It was orchestral virtuosity of an unsurpassable kind.

But it was a relief to turn to the pastoral sweetness of Bizet's "Aresienne" suite. Bizet is one of the great ones of music, and this score is as grateful to the spirit as one of the finest canvasses of Corot. Never did wood-wind sing more mellifluously or tell a tale of longing and tender melancholy more eloquently. We would have liked the Adagietto repeated; but the laws of the Boston Symphony are like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, not to be changed, and that is aesthetically as it should be.

ENDS WITH "ESPANA."

The concert ended with Chabrier's glowing "Espana." Men have talked of France, as if it were decadent. But a decadent country does not create or its people love music like this. Incidentally it is interesting to note that though the facture of the work is Gallic, the material, the tunes of which the orchestral web is fabricated, are the folk-dances of the Spanish peasantry. You many imagine how the orchestra revelled in those incisive rhythms, and how the tonal picture blazed with color. Dr. Muck brought out the lovely detail like the exquisite master of miniature that he is. But he is a miniaturist who can also think in ample forms; he has the rare gift of combining delicacy and force.

To-night the programme will be devoted to the three B's, Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. The Bach will be the "Shepherds' Music" from the "Christmas Oratorio" and the Suite in B minor for flute and strings; Brahms' First Symphony will be played, and Beethoven's magnificent overture to "Egmont."

Yesterday's audience was another splendid gathering. San Franciscans have risen nobly to the occasion.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 16 1915

DR. MUCK'S GENIUS SHINES IN BIG PROGRAMME

Second Symphony Concert Is Heard by Enthusiastic Music Lovers.

By WALTER ANTHONY.

Two expressions of genius, at least, marked yesterday's programmes at Festival Hall when the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented its second schedule of wonder-music under Dr. Karl Muck's crisp and undebatable leadership. One was found in the assembling of the programme—and the other in its interpretation. It is nothing short of a flash of genius that envisages Mendelssohn's "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage," MacDowell's "Indian Suite," Haydn's archaically charming "Surprise" symphony and Liszt's almost hysterical "Hungaria." It is true that both Mendelssohn and MacDowell took turns at interpreting moods of the sea, but, save in the name, there is nothing else in common, and while Haydn, in biblical language, begat Beethoven, and Beethoven begat Schumann and Schumann begat Brahms and Brahms begat a numerous progeny, including Liszt and others who have gone astray, it is certain that a distance immeasurable parts Grandpa Haydn from the able Liszt.

A brooding beauty hovers over the opening measures of Mendelssohn's "Sea." It is not at all the vast expanse which MacDowell precipitated, so to say, in his little sea sketch. It is without storm or tumult or tempest; but as peaceful as are always the moods of gentle Felix. The orchestra showed again what it was capable of in pianissimo passages, though in this there were reaches that stretched closer to silence in the Haydn symphony than in the Mendelssohn tone poem. Haydn put the huge audience in splendid humor. We laughed in the andante and wanted to dance in the minuet movement. The former was the refinement of tonal and dynamic control and the latter was the last expresion of rhythmic perfection. To the andante was brought the result of many rehearsals for first violins, so that the thirty players in that section conjoined in the production of a unison tone so delicate, brief and vibrant that it wouldn't even drown the humming of the wings of a dragon fly. As for the minuet, Du Maupasant must have heard some such interpretation of the third movement of Haydn's G major symphony just befor he wrote his quaint Paris story of the ancient ballet dancer and her decrepit partner who enjoyed a brief hour of rejuvenation and danced as never they danced before.

Naturally the MacDowell "Indian Suite" is monotonous, rhythmically; naturally, too, it is interesting melodically, and still more to be expected is the fact that it is remarkable harmonically. Whether it is Indian throughout does not matter, but there may be found a commentary which adaptors of essentially alien music should note in the circumstance that the best movement of the suite—the last—was the least obviously Indian.

Today's programme, beginning at 2:30, will be as follows:

Cesar Franck...........Symphony in D minor
I. Lento. Allegro non tropps.
II. Allegretto.
III. Allegro non troppo.
Dukas....................."L'Apprenti Sorcier"
(The Sorcerer's Apprentice), Scherzo (after a ballade of Goethe).
Bizet............Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1
Music to Alphonse Daudet's play.
I. Prelude.
II. Minuetto.
III. Adagietto.
IV. Carillon.
Chabrier...Rhapsody for orchestra, "Espana"

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 15 1915

GREAT OVATION GIVEN BOSTON SYMPHONISTS

By ERNEST J. HOPKINS.

They had told us that the Boston ymphony Orchestra was perfection; d we whose musical experience has een confined to the West had beeved them, as well as we could, ever having heard orchestral perfecion and having nothing to go by: o today, after last night's opening oncert at Festival Hall, there is othing to do but repeat what we ave been told, with a better unerstanding—the Boston Symphony rchestra is perfection.

Perfection is now perceived to mean an unmarred suavity; unity among a hundred musicians to a degree that is absolute and incredible; and yet independence of the individual player, miraculously preserved within the limits of this unity, so that the deeds of separate artists—Witek and Noack, the violinists; Maquarre, the flutist; Longy, the oboist; Warnke and Malkin, the 'cellists; Sadony, the bassoon player, and that wonderful horn section led by Wendler and Jaenicke—somehow jut out in recollection, without in the least marring the impression that the orchestra really consists of the single personality of that most quiet and overwhelming of conductors, Dr. Karl Muck.

UNITY AND INDIVIDUALITY.

That is the orchestral paradox—slavery and freedom at one and the same time. Never has this paradox been brought home to us as in last night's concert. The Marxians have shouted that this conditon was possible on earth, and we have not believed them. It is easier to believe that if a man sinks his individuality in a collective whole, all thought of individuality is thereby sacrificed. But if you perceive the aroma of joy over every phrase of last night's music, it only remains to realize that this joy comes to each man in doing his share—that is it, doing his share—of the magnificent whole; and you get a vision of a whole world that acts in perfect rhythm and ensemble, and thereby gains for its members a joy that friction or disaccord cannot bring. Whether or not such a world would need a Dr. Muck at its head is still the thing to argue about.

"EROICA" SYMPHONY.

Beethoven's deep-felt adoration of heroism was laid bare to us in the "Eroica" symphony. The funeral march movement was seen once more to be the height of his high work. But the whole thing was new—new because Beethoven has not been so played before when we have been privileged to listen. The sharp-tapping rhythms, simple melodic phrases and calm, impressive orchestral variety were set forth in a way that will not soon be forgotten.

Then we had Brahms' variations on a Haydn theme; the theme, by the way, being merely the excuse and starting point for a revel of the Brahms complexity and cryptic humor. These variations are a Britannica of orchestration; it seemed that no instrument failed to have its chance, and that each was used in the manner best suited to its own personality. On previous hearings this piece has seemed understanding; it is curious to recall that now, seeing it was the most deeply enjoyed portion of last night's concert.

THEATRICAL STRAUSS.

The Strauss "Don Juan" brought us to the theatrical, just when the sublime and the intellectual had been sated. This isn't the most Straussian Strauss; Wagner with a sense of humor might have written it; it is character-drawing rather than psychology, and you saw the daredevil, moody, urbane, irrepressible scapegrace, rioting triumphantly through his lawless erotic adventures. Here the soloists had their obvious opportunity, and there was a beautiful violin solo by Witek, a flute solo, a brilliant passage for the 'celli, some delicious horn work and some flaming thrusts by the trumpets, to carry away and gloat over while young. It was all very stagey and supremely brilliant, with something about it for the deeper judgment to reject.

The romantic Weber overture to "Euryanthe" concluded the concert.

Never, after hearing this orchestra, will San Francisco be satisfied with a second-rate organization. If I had a million dollars——

SPLENDID PROGRAMS.

Here are the programs for this afternoon and tomorrow:

Today at 2:30 o'clock:

Overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage". Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
"Surprise" Symphony..........Haydn
Indian Suite................Macdowell
"Hungaria," symphonic poem...Liszt

Tomorrow at 2:30 o'clock (French program):

D minor symphony....Cesar Franck
"L'Apprenti Sorcier" (scherzo).......................Dukas
"L'Arlesienne" Suite...........Bizet
Rhapsody, "Espana".........Chabrier

Club Women Coming

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 15 1915

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT RIOT OF HARMONY

By ARTHUR L. PRICE

While listening to the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening in Festival hall, it was most agreeable to think that one was in the Exposition grounds. It was appropriate that such a unified and perfectly assembled tone of sound should be heard in so brilliant a setting. Of course, once in Festival Hall, one might as well be anywhere, but it was pleasant to think that about the hall in which one sat and heard the splendid orchestra which Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor, has merged into one great strument, were the structures and grounds of the Jewel City. It was a happy thought to have the orchestra come in the first place, and a suitable and consistent development to have the concerts given in the ideal city of festival and culture. Why does not a tone-poet or a symphony composer prepare a great musical composition on an exposition?

BAY SECTION RESPONDS

San Francisco responded fittingly to the enterprise of the Boston Symphony—not only San Francisco, but all the bay section came in its musical and cultural masses, and from distant points outside and inside the state gathered last night to greet the musicians that came from Boston. More than 3500 were in the audience that filled the newly arranged in Festival Hall. It must have been an inspiring audience to the orchestra, and surely the orchestra was inspiring to the audience. One read the names of the members of the Boston orchestra and wondered just how much the historic Boston people had to do with forming its personnel. For there was not a Cabot, or a Lodge, or a Lowell, or a Lawrence, or an Adams, or an Emerson, a Hollmes or a Quincy in the list. The only real old Boston name that appears on the program is that of Philip Hale, and he represents the literary, not the musical, side of the venture. Mr. Hale writes the historical and descriptive notes in the program, without which too many would be tossed about recklessly on the sea of beautiful tones, without knowing which esthetic straw they had best clutch.

GERMAN NAMES PREDOMINATE

As a matter of fact, the list of orchestra members reads for the most part like a roster of the landwehr, but the music is neutral and universal. The opening number was the German Beethoven's symphony on the French national hero, Napoleon.

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It is a wonderful orchestra that Dr. Muck has brought from Boston for us. An orchestra such as his is not a combination of violins, violas, basses, bassoons, flutes and oboes and English horns, but is a new instrument entirely, just as an organ is not a combination of an electric motor and a number of high standing pipes, but is an intimate animated musical entity. And Dr. Muck is the master who plays the instrument with tenderness, vigor, authority, power.

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From Examiner

Address San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 17 1915

Established: L

DEVOUT MUSIC IS GIVEN BY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

BY REDFERN MASON.

If you would enter the kingdom of music you must become as little children. To listen to the Boston Symphony in the mental attitude of a Pococurante is to miss half its beauty. But if you can hearken large-eyed, like the little girl who is being told the story of Red Riding Hood, the music will tell you things hidden from the supercilious and critical.

The conviction that this was so came over me yesterday afternoon as I was listening to the Cesar Franck Symphony, the devoutest music penned since Palestrina. I could not prove my assertions, perhaps, but I am sure to the point of certitude that this score is a spiritual confession of faith not less sincere than the Confessions of St. Augustine. Old "Father" Franck was a profoundly religious man. "It is impossible to write good counterpoint unless you are pure of heart," he said, and, while this statement may not be literally true, for Wagner wrote marvelous counterpoint in "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger," nevertheless it is assuredly true that such spiritual melody as Cesar Franck's was never penned by any but an innocent and holy man.

LED WITH LOVE FOR WORK.

So we sat in our places in Festival Hall and let the devout rapture of the music sink into our souls. Dr. Muck led with as manifest a love for the work as if Franck had been a German, not a Belgian, and I thanked the high gods that the merciless war cannot rob us of this inspired music. Weighed in the balance of the muses, that little three-note phrase which sings throughout the symphony is of more worth than all the death-dealing skill that is ruining Europe today.

After the symphony we had a philosophic Scherzo, to wit, the overture written by Paul Dukas to the "Apprenti Soricer." It is a sort of musical allegory, telling how passion, seductively ingratiating in its first advances, becomes an enslaving master with indulgence, and in the end a merciless tyrant. "But would one guess that, if one listened as a little child?" you may ask. To that reasonable objection I reply that the boy who reads "The Pilgrim's Progress" as a story may not appreciate the allegory at first; but its meaning will come home to him sooner or later, and it will do so with all the greater force because he first regarded Christian and Faithful and Giant Despair and Evangelist as real persons, not abstractions.

HAS SINISTER ALLUREMENT.

You do not need to know the story to recognize the sinister allurement of that theme for bassoons. It begins with fascination, and eventually, with the scream of trumpets, the squealing of piccolos, and the serrated song of violins, puts on a Macabre-like menace. If Berlioz had not written his "Fantastic" Symphony, and Saint Saens his "Danse Macabre," Dukas would never have composed this overture.

I wish I could express in words the vertiginous riot of that music as the Bostonians played it. It was orchestral virtuosity of an unsurpassable kind.

But it was a relief to turn to the pastoral sweetness of Bizet's "Aresienne" suite. Bizet is one of the great ones of music, and this score is as grateful to the spirit as one of the finest canvasses of Corot. Never did wood-wind sing more mellifluously or tell a tale of longing and tender melancholy more eloquently. We would have liked the Adagietto repeated; but the laws of the Boston Symphony are like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, not to be changed, and that is aesthetically as it should be.

ENDS WITH "ESPANA."

The concert ended with Chabrier's glowing "Espana." Men have talked of France, as if it were decadent. But a decadent country does not create or its people love music like this. Incidentally it is interesting to note that though the facture of the work is Gallic, the material, the tunes of which the orchestral web is fabricated, are the folk-dances of the Spanish peasantry. You many imagine how the orchestra revelled in those incisive rhythms, and how the tonal picture blazed with color. Dr. Muck brought out the lovely detail like the exquisite master of miniature that he is. But he is a miniaturist who can also think in ample forms; he has the rare gift of combining delicacy and force.

To-night the programme will be devoted to the three B's, Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. The Bach will be the "Shepherds' Music" from the "Christmas Oratorio" and the Suite in B minor for flute and strings; Brahms' First Symphony will be played, and Beethoven's magnificent overture to "Egmont."

Yesterday's audience was another splendid gathering. San Franciscans have risen nobly to the occasion.

NICLE

San Francisco, Cal.

te MAY 16

DR. MUCK'S GENIUS SHINES IN BIG PROGRAMME

Second Symphony Concert Is Heard by Enthusiastic Music Lovers.

By WALTER ANTHONY.

Two expressions of genius, at least, marked yesterday's programmes at Festival Hall when the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented its second schedule of wonder-music under Dr. Karl Muck's crisp and undebatable leadership. One was found in the assembling of the programme—and the other in its interpretation. It is nothing short of a flash of genius that envisages Mendelssohn's "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage," MacDowell's "Indian Suite," Haydn's archaically charming "Surprise" symphony and Liszt's almost hysterical "Hungaria." It is true that both Mendelssohn and MacDowell took turns at interpreting moods of the sea, but, save in the name, there is nothing else in common, and while Haydn, in biblical language, begat Beethoven, and Beethoven begat Schumann and Schumann begat Brahms and Brahms begat a numerous progeny, including Liszt and others who have gone astray, it is certain that a distance immeasurable parts Grandpa Haydn from the able Liszt.

A brooding beauty hovers over the opening measures of Mendelssohn's "Sea." It is not at all the vast expanse which MacDowell precipitated, so to say, in his little sea sketch. It is without storm or tumult or tempest; but as peaceful as are always the moods of gentle Felix. The orchestra showed again what it was capable of in pianissimo passages, though in this there were reaches that stretched closer to silence in the Haydn symphony than in the Mendelssohn tone poem. Haydn put the huge audience in splendid humor. We laughed in the andante and wanted to dance in the minuet movement. The former was the refinement of tonal and dynamic control and the latter was the last expresion of rhythmic perfection. To the andante was brought the result of many rehearsals for first violins, so that the thirty players in that section conjoined in the production of a unison tone so delicate, brief and vibrant that it wouldn't even drown the humming of the wings of a dragon fly. As for the minuet, Du Maupasant must have heard some such interpretation of the third movement of Haydn's G major symphony just befor he wrote his quaint Paris story of the ancient ballet dancer and her decrepit partner who enjoyed a brief hour of rejuvenation and danced as never they danced before.

Naturally the MacDowell "Indian Suite" is monotonous, rhythmically; naturally, too, it is interesting melodically, and still more to be expected is the fact that it is remarkable harmonically. Whether it is Indian throughout does not matter, but there may be found a commentary which adaptors of essentially alien music should note in the circumstance that the best movement of the suite—the last—was the least obviously Indian.

Today's programme, beginning at 2:30, will be as follows:

Cesar Franck..........Symphony in D minor
  I. Lento. Allegro non troppe.
  II. Allegretto.
  III. Allegro non troppo.
Dukas....................."L'Apprenti Sorcier"
  (The Sorcerer's Apprentice), Scherzo (after a ballade of Goethe).
Bizet.............Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1
  Music to Alphonse Daudet's play.
  I. Prelude.
  II. Minuetto.
  III. Adagietto.
  IV. Carillon.
Chabrier...Rhapsody for orchestra, "Espana"

From BULLETIN

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 15 1915

Estab

GREAT OVATION GIVEN BOSTON SYMPHONISTS

By ERNEST J. HOPKINS.

They had told us that the Boston Symphony Orchestra was perfection; and we whose musical experience has been confined to the West had believed them, as well as we could, never having heard orchestral perfection and having nothing to go by; so today, after last night's opening concert at Festival Hall, there is nothing to do but repeat what we have been told, with a better understanding—the Boston Symphony Orchestra is perfection.

Perfection is now perceived to mean an unmarred suavity; unity among a hundred musicians to a degree that is absolute and incredible; and yet independence of the individual player, miraculously preserved within the limits of this unity, so that the deeds of separate artists—Witek and Noack, the violinists; Maquarre, the flutist; Longy, the oboist; Warnke and Malkin, the 'cellists; Sadony, the bassoon player, and that wonderful horn section led by Wendler and Jaenicke—somehow jut out in recollection, without in the least marring the impression that the orchestra really consists of the single personality of that most quiet and overwhelming of conductors, Dr. Karl Muck.

UNITY AND INDIVIDUALITY.

That is the orchestral paradox—slavery and freedom at one and the same time. Never has this paradox been brought home to us as in last night's concert. The Marxians have shouted that this conditon was possible on earth, and we have not believed them. It is easier to believe that if a man sinks his individuality in a collective whole, all thought of individuality is thereby sacrificed. But if you perceive the aroma of joy over every phrase of last night's music, it only remains to realize that this joy comes to each man in doing his share—that is it, doing his share—of the magnificent whole; and you get a vision of a whole world that acts in perfect rhythm and ensemble, and thereby gains for its members a joy that friction or disaccord cannot bring. Whether or not such a world would need a Dr. Muck at its head is still the thing to argue about.

"EROICA" SYMPHONY.

Beethoven's deep-felt adoration of heroism was laid bare to us in the "Eroica" symphony. The funeral march movement was seen once more to be the height of this high work. But the whole thing was new—new because Beethoven has not been so played before when we have been privileged to listen. The sharp-tapping rhythms, simple melodic phrases and calm, impressive orchestral variety were set forth in a way that will not soon be forgotten.

Then we had Brahms' variations on a Haydn theme; the theme, by the way, being merely the excuse and starting point for a revel of the Brahms complexity and cryptic humor. These variations are a Britannica of orchestration; it seemed that no instrument failed to have its chance, and that each was used in the manner best suited to its own personality. On previous hearings this piece has seemed understanding; it is curious to recall that now, seeing it was the most deeply enjoyed portion of last night's concert.

THEATRICAL STRAUSS.

The Strauss "Don Juan" brought us to the theatrical, just when the sublime and the intellectual had been sated. This isn't the most Straussian Strauss; Wagner with a sense of humor might have written it; it is character-drawing rather than psychology, and you saw the daredevil, moody, urbane, irrepressible scapegrace, rioting triumphantly through his lawless erotic adventures. Here the soloists had their obvious opportunity, and there was a beautiful violin solo by Witek, a flute solo, a brilliant passage for the 'celli, some delicious horn work and some flaming thrusts by the trumpets, to carry away and gloat over while young. It was all very stagey and supremely brilliant, with something about it for the deeper judgment to reject.

The romantic Weber overture to "Euryanthe" concluded the concert.

Never, after hearing this orchestra, will San Francisco be satisfied with a second-rate organization. If I had a million dollars——

SPLENDID PROGRAMS.

Here are the programs for this afternoon and tomorrow:

Today at 2:30 o'clock:

Overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage".Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
"Surprise" Symphony.........Haydn
Indian Suite...............Macdowell
"Hungaria," symphonic poem...Liszt

Tomorrow at 2:30 o'clock (French program):

D minor symphony....Cesar Franck
"L'Apprenti Sorcier" (scherzo)..........................Dukas
"L'Arlesienne" Suite...........Bizet
Rhapsody, "Espana".........Chabrier

Club Women Coming

From CALL

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 15 1915

884

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT RIOT OF HARMONY

By ARTHUR L. PRICE

While listening to the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening in Festival hall, it was most agreeable to think that one was in the Exposition grounds. It was appropriate that such a unified and perfectly assembled tone of sound should be heard in so brilliant a setting. Of course, once in Festival Hall, one might as well be anywhere, but it was pleasant to think that about the hall in which one sat and heard the splendid orchestra which Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor, has merged into one great strument, were the structures and grounds of the Jewel City. It was a happy thought to have the orchestra come in the first place, and a suitable and consistent development to have the concerts given in the ideal city of festival and culture. Why does not a tone-poet or a symphony composer prepare a great musical composition on an exposition?

BAY SECTION RESPONDS

San Francisco responded fittingly to the enterprise of the Boston Symphony—not only San Francisco, but all the bay section came in its musical and cultural masses, and from distant points outside and inside the state gathered last night to greet the musicians that came from Boston. More than 3500 were in the audience that filled the newly arranged in Festival Hall. It must have been an inspiring audience to the orchestra, and surely the orchestra was inspiring to the audience. One read the names of the members of the Boston orchestra and wondered just how much the historic Boston people had to do with forming its personnel. For there was not a Cabot, or a Lodge, or a Lowell, or a Lawrence, or an Adams, or an Emerson, a Holmes or a Quincy in the list. The only real old Boston name that appears on the program is that of Philip Hale, and he represents the literary, not the musical, side of the venture. Mr. Hale writes the historical and descriptive notes in the program, without which too many would be tossed about recklessly on the sea of beautiful tones, without knowing which esthetic straw they had best clutch.

GERMAN NAMES PREDOMINATE

As a matter of fact, the list of orchestra members reads for the most part like a roster of the landwehr, but the music is neutral and universal. The opening number was the German Beethoven's symphony on the French national hero, Napoleon.

The program for last evening included four numbers. As it isn't the etiquette of a symphony orchestra to respond with its fiddles and drums and horns to an encore, the program stayed at four numbers. There was plenty of incentive for an encore, if it had been the acceptable thing. Dr. Muck was called back time after time at the conclusion of the symphony, which opened the program, and at the end of the evening. He gracefully included his players in the reception and signaled to them to stand in response to the applause that filled the vast arched hall. That pleased the audience. The director of an orchestra is the central figure and is the man of transcending importance, but the players who merge their splendid talents in the great effect that is produced, are worthy of all recognition.

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From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 17 1915

Establ

MUSIC OF FRANCE CAPTURES BIG AUDIENCE

Boston Symphonists Heard in Modern Works by Gallic Composers.

By WALTER ANTHONY.

With each rehearing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the consciousness of the auditor is expanded to make room for its new conceptions of the possibilities of instrumental music. Each recital has been a deeper, finer revealment, and each offering has led us at least a step farther up the heights where vistas are vast and where only genius lives and creates.

It was a brutal remark, perhaps, but there was a grim germ of truth in what a neighbor of mine said to her friend—and which I overheard—yesterday in Festival Hall after the Chabrier Rhapsody had shouted itself to silence. This is what she remarked:

"It seems as though the orchestras we have had and heard have just been for the purpose of showing us how the 'tunes' were supposed to 'go.'"

THE REAL DIFFERENCE.

The difference is not so much in the matter of the individuals comprising the orchestra—for we have many of the finest at home. The difference is a matter of conductor and rehearsals. It is, in short, the difference between a permanent orchestra organized for symphony and an orchestra with which the presentation of symphony is merely casual and a "high spot" between cafe, theater and cabaret engagements.

If the coming of Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra will have no other result (I except the eternal memories of its pre-heavenly harmonies) than to show San Francisco the abysmal difference between the great and the nearly great in music, and to persuade us in favor of a really "permanent" orchestra and a director of genuine distinction—as such—it will have accomplished that for which it was dedicated by Higginson, its founder. It will have spread the gospel of great music.

Caesar Franck's Symphony in D Minor was the first of yesterday's offerings. With material almost as bald of apparent possibilities as Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the first movement opened in sober, solemn, yet spiritual beauty.

A TENDER SONG.

It was agreeable to note how instantly the entire orchestra adopted the mood of the magnetic director. No waiting to "warm up" was here, but a spirit as immediate as that which animates the thoroughbred everywhere. A tender song which found its most congenial place in the heart of the wood winds and a vigorous theme (a scale passage) were some of the elements which Franck toyed with and developed and made beautiful. The conclusion of the movement brought out, to a greater degree than we have yet heard, the solidity of the orchestra's tone, and the bright major chord at the close was as a firm and beautiful promise.

If the second movement was the most popular it was perhaps because of the languid melody much given to the sultry tones of the English horn; to the harp's delicate tracery of harmony and to the whispering strings which sang of a soul state in exquisite peace with the world and God. This movement, tempered with tender sadness in places, was an exhibition of silence made audible. With every violinist to right and left of the leader's hands bowing his strings, there yet resulted a conjoined tone of such softness as few players are able to secure on their single violin; and, paradoxically, the music seemed the stiller because of the multitude engaged in suppressing noise.

MARVELOUS COLORING.

The third movement was best, but that was because it was made up mainly of the preceding two movements, and a single hearing of the work cannot possibly be expected to yield complete conception of the formal perfection of this most beatific symphony. In review its greatness develops.

If tone was reduced to its lowest dimensions in the second movement of the Franck symphony, it was given its most marvelous coloring in the Adagietto from Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suite No. 1. Here with equal repression of volume there was added a warmth and color with only a great virtuoso like Kreisler or Elman, or else a great number of players under a virtuoso conductor, can paint in sound's symmetrical vibrations. This movement was luminous and limpid like the surface of a Corot landscape. How many times have we heard the Bizet Suite? Innumerable times, you say. That's because you didn't hear Dr. Muck's interpretation yesterday. If you had you would agree that we have heard it but once.

Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" served the manifold purpose of making the audience laugh at the grotesqueries in the sorcerer's shop; thrill at the blunt dissonances in which Dukas revels, and finally to exhibit the individual virtuosity of each section of [illegible] at Dukas' humor. It seems sinister, and sometimes as though he were sardonically laughing. It is never the rollicking, robust humor of Beethoven or the melancholy merriment of Chopin.

Chabrier's "Espana" brought the programme to a close with an apotheosis of Spanish music, as frenzied almost as Liszt's Hungarian rhapsody in climacteric madness.

It was truly a great programme played marvelously.

Indeed, yesterday was France's at the exposition, so far as music was concerned, for reluctantly we had to part with Gabriele Pares' French band last night. The farewell concert was given in Festival Hall to a large audience and to big enthusiasm, dampened by the thought that this splendid body of musicians was about to leave us for—how long? The French band has placed itself in a unique niche by the refinement of its tone quality and the high standard of its gallic programmes.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give the fourth concert of the series at Festival Hall tonight at 8:30 sharp and those attending are requested by the management to be in their seats at that time, as no one will be seated while Dr. Muck is conducting the famous organization of one hundred artists. The programme is as follows:

Brahms Symphony, No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68; J. S. Bach Suite for flute and strings in B minor, No. 2: (Solo, flute, Andre Maquarre); J. S. Bach Symphony (Shepherds' music) from the Christmas oratorio; Beethoven overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 18 1915

Es 384

* * * *

The actual presence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city is an event which will cause constant satisfaction. The coming of Dr. Muck to America in 1906 created a standard for orchestral work which has not been excelled. He has inspired the body as no other leader ever has and at the end of his leave of absence to this country, by permission of the German Emperor, the leave was extended, though it was not possible to engage Dr. Muck as permanent conductor for the orchestra until 1912. He has placed the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the unassailable position of being the finest in the world.

Matinees at Festival Hall will be given today and next Saturday and Sunday, with performances every night except Saturday and Sunday. Tuesday night, May 25th, will be the last performance.

* * * *

From NEWS
Address San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 14 1915

Est .884

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HAS NO WAR SPIRIT

The harmonious qualities of music were exemplified today with the lodging in San Francisco of 49 Germans, two Englishmen, nine Austrians, four Russians, five Belgians, four Frenchmen, 15 Americans and four Hollanders, all intact after a trip across the continent together as the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Germans and the English and the French and the Austrians played pinochle together without the slightest of hard feelings. Their noted conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, will direct them in a series of concerts at Festival Hall on the Exposition grounds, beginning tonight, for 12 night concerts and four afternoon ones.

San Francisco Chroni

DR. KARL MUCK, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and his wife, who arrived yesterday morning with the famous instrumental organization, after a trip across the continent, during which no stops were made between the Massachusetts metropolis and California's.

SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER—

—TUESDAY, MAY 18, 1915.

BEETHOVEN, BRAHMS AND BACH PLAYED

Boston Symphony Orchestra Gives Notable Concert From World's Greatest Masters

MAGNIFICENT WORK DONE

Dr. Karl Muck Leads His Players Through Beautiful and Enthralling Programme

BY REDFERN MASON.

"To-night there are four of them." Time has stolen away four days of the greatest festival of music San Francisco has ever had, or is likely to have, and the words of the lamented Ali Baba came into my head like a warning to make the best use of the eight days which remain.

Last night's concert was devoted to Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, the "Three B's," as Von Bulow called them. Now the three B's are classics, albeit romantic classics, and the popular idea of classical music is something which sounds difficult and is dreadfuly dull. So I must sadly confess that there were not so many people in Festival Hall last night to hear the Boston Symphony as there ought to have been. Still, it was a goodly crowd, probably about 2,500, and those who came were made happy.

FIRST BRAHMS SYMPHONY.

For we had the first Brahms Symphony, the one in C minor, which has been referred to as Beethoven's tenth, meaning thereby, I suppose, that it is the kind of work he would have written if he had been spared. But it is nothing of the sort; for, apart from a common indebtedness to the German volkslied and a sovereign gift of patience, they had not really a great deal in common. Beethoven would have approved of Brahms' dictum that a work of art must be perfect, whether it is beautiful or not. But there is a dignity and breadth in the Beethovenian moledy to which, save in a comparatively few inspired moments, Brahms did not rise. One of those great moments is in the C minor symphony. The chorale-like theme of the Finale is curiously suggestive of the Ninth Symphony, but not in a plagiaristic sense. We are happy unspeakably when the Bostonians played that music; happy, too, in the lovely Andante.

MIGHTIEST MAN OF MUSIC.

After Brahms came Bach, the mightiest man of music Germany ever begat—or any other country. He came of a race of musicians; the Bachs of old were town-pipers such as you will see in the etchings of Albert Durer, men for whom music was a trade, which they were apprenticed to and followed as conscientiously as if it were shoemaking or tailoring. And, when Bach came across a composition in a new fashion, he imitated it, just as a cobbler might copy a kind of shoe that was new to him.

The lovely suite in B minor, played by flute and strings, with Andre Maquarre as soloist, illustrates his method of going to work. He wrote numbers on the rhythms of old dances borrowed from France, from Poland and Spain; wrote an overture in the form sanctioned by Lully, and added a "Badinerie" which is a veritable tour de force of musical witticism. Do you want to know how the Boston strings played this music and how Mr. Maquarre broidered it with elegant, wistful and sportive melody? I can only assure you that it was beautiful exceedingly, literally an exhibition of flawless musicianship.

OF OLD ARCADIAN TYPE.

There was another Bach number and, to my mind, a greater; it was the "Shepherds' Music" from the "Christmas Oratorio." It is a sort of transcendental variety of the kind of music the Calabrian bagpipers still play at Christmas before the crib of the infant Jesus. I don't doubt that originally they danced as well; for the melody is of the old Arcadian type which Virgil must have listened to when he taught the Mantuan groves to sing the name of Amarillis. One theme suggests the angels; for it is a phrase which Bach always uses when his music has to do with the people of heaven; then the strings sing a sort of bucolic lullaby. It seems as if it were going on forever, and I always grieve that it doesn't.

Last of the trio came Beethoven, represented by one of the finest of his overtures, the immortal "Egmont," second only to the "Leonora No. 3." This is war music, with hoarse clangor of brass, themes that cleave the air like a falchion, and contrasting melodies that speak of love. The Bach was largely music of reverie; philosophy and the nature-note entered into the Brahms; but here was action. Egmont was a hero, and marvelously those strings and throbbing double-basses and trumpets proclaimed it.

Now we are hearing the authentic Beethoven, the Beethoven whom music-lovers have hailed as the greatest master of the orchestra. When Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony play him, he seems as great as his reputation.

To-night Wagner, and all San Francisco will be there.

From

AN FRANCISCO EXAMINER—SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1915.

BOSTONIANS CAST SPELL OVER FIRST-NIGHT AUDIENCE

Symphony Orchestra, With Dr. Karl Muck as Its Leader, Reveals Itself in All That Has Been Claimed for It.

BY REDFERN MASON.

There are seats for some 3,700 persons in Festival Hall, and they were all filled last night save a beggarly couple of hundred. That is San Francisco's act of faith in the Boston Symphony. True, the audience were not all San Franciscans. People had come from Denver, from Los Angeles, from a hundred places large and small in the Western States, and some had crossed the continent in order to combine the delights of the Exposition and the privilege of hearing the greatest orchestra in the world.

It has been said that people often imagine themselves in love, but when the genuine visitation comes upon them, there is no room for doubt. Falling in love with orchestras presents the same symptoms, and, when one hears the Bostonians, the sense of superiority, of abounding musical grace, of an art so perfect that it seems natural and instinctive, sweeps down on one, complete and overwhelming.

NEVER ROBBED OF CHARM.

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AN FRANCISCO EXAMINER—SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1915.

BOSTONIANS CAST SPELL OVER FIRST-NIGHT AUDIENCE

Symphony Orchestra, With Dr. Karl Muck as Its Leader, Reveals Itself in All That Has Been Claimed for It.

BY REDFERN MASON.

There are seats for some 3,700 persons in Festival Hall, and they were all filled last night save a beggarly couple of hundred. That is San Francisco's act of faith in the Boston Symphony. True, the audience were not all San Franciscans. People had come from Denver, from Los Angeles, from a hundred places large and small in the Western States, and some had crossed the continent in order to combine the delights of the Exposition and the privilege of hearing the greatest orchestra in the world.

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CALLS SCHUBERT TO MIND.

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From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 18 1915

Es 1884

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Address San Francisco. Cal
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Established

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ized Brahms played with the vehement quality appropriate to Strauss in his "Domestica" and "Don Juan" tone poems. At the end of this highway is found Brahms dallying with a damsel. In some such spirit we have usually heard Brahms interpreted. There is still a middle highway that leads to the heart of this composer, and down that road we were taken last night by Dr. Muck, and we found a man, serenely walking the fields of God's eternal meadows. Here was a new Brahms—or, rather, here we met him for the first time.

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From **CHRONICLE**
Address: **San Francisco, Cal.**

Date MAY 1 8 1915

Established

San Francisco's Attitude Was Discreetly Missourian

Waited for Boston Symphony Orchestra to Show Us; But Now—Aha!

By HELEN DARE.

NOTHING could have been more interesting—especially to those of us who love to watch the oft-tempted (and sometimes betrayed) San Franciscan swim 'round the bait and cautiously nibble at it—than the way San Francisco acted at the initial concert, on Friday night, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It was a splendid "house" assembled in Festival Hall—distinctly creditable to San Francisco—but watchful, expectant, non-committal.

It's attitude to the famous orchestra, and the still more famous conductor, was discreetly but firmly Missourian; as though it were murmuring to itself, politely and decorously:

"Oh! Yes! We've heard all about you, and we are perfectly willing to accept you on your merits; but—you've got to show us!"

It was noticeably taut, one might say—unless you can think of a better word—in the very way it sat in its chairs, and inclined the listening ear, tasted of the music critically before swallowing it; and in the way it applauded.

SAN FRANCISCO HERSELF AGAIN.

But that tautness relaxed before the evening was over—long before the evening was over; and San Francisco was her joyous, cordial, appreciative, vociferous self again, holding Dr. Karl Muck and his marvelous hundred in her arms, pressing them to her bosom ecstatically, so to speak.

San Francisco's been stung so often, even by authoritatively hall-marked prodigies; but this time——

Fulfillment exceeds promise.

Now that we are "in right" up to our ears; now that everybody is talking (and, what's more and better, is thinking) "Dr. Karl Muck" and "Boston Symphony"; now that in the glow of the full revelation of this incomparable treat that has been secured for us we are doing our duty to each other by urging each other under no circumstances and for no consideration to miss it, we can afford to confess our little cautiousness; we can tell this on ourselves:

We were resolved to judge for ourselves—independently, critically.

So set upon this were we that on that memorable first night I found that many shared the same experience, admitted the same sensations—which were these:

So alert were we to the occasion—to the test, shall I say?—that the marvel of the perfection of execution claimed our attention to the exclusion of the music it produced.

SURPRISE AND DELIGHT.

We actually were deprived of our natural pleasure in the thing done by our surprise at, and delight in, the way it was done; amazed that it could be so well done.

But we soon got used to that, adjusted ourselves with facility, accepted the good the gods sent, and settled down to the enjoyment of our good fortune.

And great good fortune it is to hear the best music at its best—as we've imagined (in unbridled moments) it might be; as the composer meant it to be.

For music—good music, rendered in such polished perfection as the Boston Symphony Orchestra renders it under the inspiring genius of Dr. Karl Muck—is not a luxury; it is a necessity.

It is as much a necessity of the starved, wearied, worn, suffering, striving spirit as are food and air and warmth and exercise and rest necessities of the body—and money expended to obtain it is as wisely and justly expended as for the creature comforts we acknowledge our need of.

Therefore we are saying to each other that we must not let our children of appreciative age miss it; we must not let any students of music be deprived of it—for there is more education in the heights reached, the standards set at one concert by the Boston Symphony under this gifted conductor than in countless lessons from mediocre teachers; yes, and admittedly good teachers.

FOOD FOR MUSIC HUNGRY.

We must not let any lover of music, who is grateful for whatever he can get, but cherishes ideals of unrealized beauty that he thinks can be attained to only in elysium, be denied the exquisite enjoyment of this

I think if I were a multi-millionare, or even just a plain little old one-million millionaire, I would turn Good Samaritan (for the Boston Symphony season only) and slip concert tockets to the music-hungry.

I know, if I could extend persuasion so far, I would stampede every father or mother (father AND mother, if necessary) of a musically sensitive child into spending the money for that child's summer wardrobe, or next winetr's overcoat, if necessary, having an abiding faith in Providence) for admissions to the symphony concerts—for the child.

Almost I got the Child's Welfare Society and the Mothers' Congress down on me by leaving out that last detail.

But really (between ourselves) doesn't it seem a pity that anyone who could get the enjoyment out of this rare treat that the opportunity now before us gives should miss it through any inability or indifference of his own or some one else's?

Wouldn't an empty seat staring you in the face at one of the few concerts left be a reproach to you, if you had the price of it in your purse and a music-loving friend to occupy it?

YOU WOULD BE SORRY.

And wouldn't you be sorry if you fooled around and put off going until i was too late?

However——

All this wasn't what I started out to say.

What I had on my mind was this, backed up by the letter of one with a like complaint to make:

Isn't there some way of inducing those persons who come to musical entertainments filled with conversation to conserve that conversation for the blank spaces between numbers, or to get it out of their system before or after the concert?

To say the least, it seems an imposition to have to listen, willy-nilly, to anyone's conversation when you paid for your seat because you wanted to hear the music.

No one's conversation, however enjoyable to the converser, seems worth the price under the circumstances.

MONITOR, BOSTON,
THURSDAY, MAY 27,

MUSIC NOTES

Leaving a profit in the treasury of the Panama-Pacific exposition guarantors, the men of the Boston Symphony Orchestra take the train home from San Francisco today. They will arrive in Boston on Monday afternoon. The season of 13 concerts given in Festival hall closed last night with great acclaim, according to a telegram received at Symphony hall this morning from William H. Brennan, the business manager of the tour. Dr. Muck and the players, the message says, were received enthusiastically at the closing performances. "The concerts have been largely patronized," it adds, "and a considerable profit is assured the exposition."

BOSTON HERALD.

MAY 28, 1915.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CLOSES FAIR SEASON "GLORIOUSLY"

Concerts a Success Artistically and Financially.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra Wednesday night ended its series of 13 concerts at the Panama-Pacific international exposition in San Francisco. W. H. Brennan, business manager of the orchestra, sent the following telegram to the home office:

"Season ended gloriously. Concerts have been largely patronized and a considerable profit is assured the exposition. Muck and orchestra had tremendous reception tonight. We leave for Boston 4:05 tomorrow afternoon."

It is a source of great gratification to Mr. Higginson, Mr. Ellis and Dr. Muck that the concerts given in San Francisco have not only been a great success artistically, but have proved to be profitable. The sum paid the orchestra for the concerts was very large and those who were responsible for the concerts looked forward to a considerable monetary loss, but felt that the advertisement of having the Boston Symphony Orchestra would more than offset this. The fact that these concerts have been a paying proposition means that their audiences would have more than filled Smyphony Hall at a scale of prices considerably larger than prevails in the East The orchestra is due in Boston next Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

From **BULLETIN**
Address: **San Francisco, Cal.**

Date MAY 19 1915

Established: L

Wagner Crowd a Record; Orchestra's Work Isn't

By ERNEST J. HOPKINS.

People came out to Festival Hall last night. They came by the carload, and not only was every seat occupied, but people stood around the edges and crowded the space at the rear. I don't know how much cash that house represented, but it wasn't far from $7000, and it left about $2000 at the Exposition gates. It created the American record for receipts at a symphonic concert, I understand. Truly San Francisco likes its Wagner.

And just when everything was at its happiest from the audience standpoint, the "off night," that eternal bugbear of artistic humanity, descended upon Dr. Muck's matchless orchestra. Not that the concert wasn't great; if it were any other orchestra no fault could be found; but it happens that the Boston Symphony sets its own standard, clear above the ruck, and that it challenges criticism on an exceedingly high plane of its own. And I am sure that Dr. Muck and his musicians feel today that their art last night was under some sort of cloud; that a subtle something-or-other was lacking. What was the cause I do not know—perhaps a little fatigue, the thing that makes a man miss keys on his typewriter or forget to mail a letter. Fearing lest the fatigue was my own, I found corroboration from several others. Just a touch was missing; but to the Boston Symphony with its ideals of perfection a touch is all-important.

RIENZI OVERTURE.

Things started off bravely. The Rienzi overture, not really Wagnerish Wagner, was dutifully played, and the "Flying Dutchman" overture, that followed, was given magnificently, and lingers in the memory as the most convincing rendition of the evening. But in the midst of the Tannhauser bacchanale, after a wonderfully played overture, the "off night" descended. I could hardly believe my ears when an attack that should have been spirited came with a little raggedness; later the trombones sinned by a perceptible fraction of a beat; this is not the sort of thing which this orchestra has trained our ears to expect. The bacchanale thereafter called up a picture of bacchanalians who had also bacchanaled the night before.

The Lohengrin prelude, before the intermission, was played with the fullest poetry, and it would be wonderful, indeed, to hear this orchestra play it when the poetry would be felt and not merely remembered. The purity of tone in the strings was remarkable.

"TRISTAN" MUSIC.

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BOSTON GLOBE-
-FRIDAY, MAY 28,

ORCHESTRA STARTS HOME.

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From **CHRONICLE**
Address: **San Francisco, Cal.**
Date MAY 13 1915
Established

San Francisco's Attitude Was Discreetly Missourian

Waited for Boston Symphony Orchestra to Show Us; But Now—Aha!

By HELEN DARE.

NOTHING could have been more interesting—especially to those of us who love to watch the oft-tempted (and sometimes betrayed) San Franciscan swim 'round the bait and cautiously nibble at it—than the way San Francisco acted at the initial concert, on Friday night, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It was a splendid "house" assembled in Festival Hall—distinctly creditable to San Francisco—but watchful, expectant, non-committal.

It's attitude to the famous orchestra, and the still more famous conductor, was discreetly but firmly Missourian; as though it were murmuring to itself, politely and decorously:

"Oh! Yes! We've heard all about you, and we are perfectly willing to accept you on your merits; but—you've got to show us!"

It was noticeably taut, one might say—unless you can think of a better word—in the very way it sat in its chairs, and inclined the listening ear, tasted of the music critically before swallowing it; and in the way it applauded.

SAN FRANCISCO HERSELF AGAIN.

But that tautness relaxed before the evening was over—long before the evening was over; and San Francisco was her joyous, cordial, appreciative, vociferous self again, holding Dr. Karl Muck and his marvelous hundred in her arms, pressing them to her bosom ecstatically, so to speak.

San Francisco's been stung so often, even by authoritatively hall-marked prodigies; but this time——

Fulfillment exceeds promise.

Now that we are "in right" up to our ears; now that everybody is talking (and, what's more and better, is thinking) "Dr. Karl Muck" and "Boston Symphony"; now that in the glow of the full revelation of this incomparable treat that has been secured for us we are doing our duty to each other by urging each other under no circumstances and for no consideration to miss it, we can afford to confess our little cautiousness; we can tell this on ourselves:

We were resolved to judge for ourselves—independently, critically.

So set upon this were we that on that memorable first night I found that many shared the same experience, admitted the same sensations—which were these:

So alert were we to the occasion—to the test, shall I say?—that the marvel of the perfection of execution claimed our attention to the exclusion of the music it produced.

SURPRISE AND DELIGHT.

We actually were deprived of our natural pleasure in the thing done by our surprise at, and delight in, the way it was done; amazed that it could be so well done.

But we soon got used to that, adjusted ourselves with facility, accepted the good the gods sent, and settled down to the enjoyment of our good fortune.

And great good fortune it is to hear the best music at its best—as we've imagined (in unbridled moments) it might be; as the composer meant it to be.

For music—good music, rendered in such polished perfection as the Boston Symphony Orchestra renders it under the inspiring genius of Dr. Karl Muck—is not a luxury; it is a necessity.

It is as much a necessity of the starved, wearied, worn, suffering, striving spirit as are food and air and warmth and exercise and rest necessities of the body—and money expended to obtain it is as wisely and justly expended as for the creature comforts we acknowledge our need of.

Therefore we are saying to each other that we must not let our children of appreciative age miss it; we must not let any students of music be deprived of it—for there is more education in the heights reached, the standards set at one concert by the Boston Symphony under this gifted conductor than in countless lessons from mediocre teachers; yes, and admittedly good teachers.

FOOD FOR MUSIC HUNGRY.

We must not let any lover of music, who is grateful for whatever he can get, but cherishes ideals of unrealized beauty that he thinks can be attained to only in elysium, be denied the exquisite enjoyment of this

I think if I were a multi-millionare, or even just a plain little old one-million millionaire, I would turn Good Samaritan (for the Boston Symphony season only) and slip concert tockets to the music-hungry.

I know, if I could extend persuasion so far, I would stampede every father or mother (father AND mother, if necessary) of a musically sensitive child into spending the money for that child's summer wardrobe ,or next winetr s overcoat, if necessary, having an abiding faith in Providence) for admissions to the symphony concerts—for the child.

Almost I got the Child's Welfare Society and the Mothers' Congress down on me by leaving out that last detail.

But really (between ourselves) doesn't it seem a pity that anyone who could get the enjoyment out of this rare treat that the opportunity now before us gives should miss it through any inability or indifference of his own or some one else's?

Wouldn't an empty seat staring you in the face at one of the few concerts left be a reproach to you, if you had the price of it in your purse and a music-loving friend to occupy it?

YOU WOULD BE SORRY.

And wouldn't you be sorry if you fooled around and put off going until i was too late?

However——

All this wasn't what I started out to say.

What I had on my mind was this, backed up by the letter of one with a like complaint to make:

Isn't there some way of inducing those persons who come to musical entertainments filled with conversation to conserve that conversation for the blank spaces between numbers, or to get it out of their system before or after the concert?

To say the least, it seems an imposition to have to listen, willy-nilly, to anyone's conversation when you paid for your seat because you wanted to hear the music.

No one's conversation, however enjoyable to the converser, seems worth the price under the circumstances.

From

MONITOR, BOSTON,
THURSDAY, MAY 27,

MUSIC NOTES

Leaving a profit in the treasury of the Panama-Pacific exposition guarantors, the men of the Boston Symphony Orchestra take the train home from San Francisco today. They will arrive in Boston on Monday afternoon. The season of 13 concerts given in Festival hall closed last night with great acclaim, according to a telegram received at Symphony hall this morning from William H. Brennan, the business manager of the tour. Dr. Muck and the players, the message says, were received enthusiastically at the closing performances. "The concerts have been largely patronized," it adds, "and a considerable profit is assured the exposition."

BOSTON HERALD.
MAY 28, 1915.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CLOSES FAIR SEASON "GLORIOUSLY"

Concerts a Success Artistically and Financially.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra Wednesday night ended its series of 13 concerts at the Panama-Pacific international exposition in San Francisco. W. H. Brennan, business manager of the orchestra, sent the following telegram to the home office:

"Season ended gloriously. Concerts have been largely patronized and a considerable profit is assured the exposition. Muck and orchestra had tremendous reception tonight. We leave for Boston 4:05 tomorrow afternoon."

It is a source of great gratification to Mr. Higginson, Mr. Ellis and Dr. Muck that the concerts given in San Francisco have not only been a great success artistically, but have proved to be profitable. The sum paid the orchestra for the concerts was very large and those who were responsible for the concerts looked forward to a considerable monetary loss, but felt that the advertisement of having the Boston Symphony Orchestra would more than offset this. The fact that these concerts have been a paying proposition means that their audiences would have more than filled Smyphony Hall at a scale of prices considerably larger than prevails in the East The orchestra is due in Boston next Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

From **BULLETIN**
Address: **San Francisco, Cal.**
Date MAY 19
Established: Lo

Wagner Crowd a Record; Orchestra's Work Isn't

By ERNEST J. HOPKINS.

People came out to Festival Hall last night. They came by the carload, and not only was every seat occupied, but people stood around the edges and crowded the space at the rear. I don't know how much cash that house represented, but it wasn't far from $7000, and it left about $2000 at the Exposition gates. It created the American record for receipts at a symphonic concert, I understand. Truly San Francisco likes its Wagner.

And just when everything was at its happiest from the audience standpoint, the "off night," that eternal bugbear of artistic humanity, descended upon Dr. Muck's matchless orchestra. Not that the concert wasn't great; if it were any other orchestra no fault could be found; but it happens that the Boston Symphony sets its own standard, clear above the ruck, and that it challenges criticism on an exceedingly high plane of its own. And I am sure that Dr. Muck and his musicians feel today that their art last night was under some sort of cloud; that a subtle something-or-other was lacking. What was the cause I do not know—perhaps a little fatigue, the thing that makes a man miss keys on his typewriter or forget to mail a letter. Fearing lest the fatigue was my own, I found corroboration from several others. Just a touch was missing; but to the Boston Symphony with its ideals of perfection a touch is all-important.

RIENZI OVERTURE.

Things started off bravely. The Rienzi overture, not really Wagnerish Wagner, was dutifully played, and the "Flying Dutchman" overture, that followed, was given magnificently, and lingers in the memory as the most convincing rendition of the evening. But in the midst of the Tannhauser bacchanale, after a wonderfully played overture, the "off night" descended. I could hardly believe my ears when an attack that should have been spirited came with a little raggedness; later the trombones sinned by a perceptible fraction of a beat; this is not the sort of thing which this orchestra has trained our ears to expect. The bacchanale thereafter called up a picture of bacchanalians who had also bacchanaled the night before.

The Lohengrin prelude, before the intermission, was played with the fullest poetry, and it would be wonderful, indeed, to hear this orchestra play it when the poetry would be felt and not merely remembered. The purity of tone in the strings was remarkable.

"TRISTAN" MUSIC.

The second half of the program was the deeper Wagner, he of "Tristan" and the "Ring"—is there any other composer from whose works a program can be built in strict chronological order? And while the playing was apparently faultless, it seemed cold except for a portion of the Tristan prelude; and the applause, except for the popular Meistersinger prelude, was not what should have been drawn from that expectant audience.

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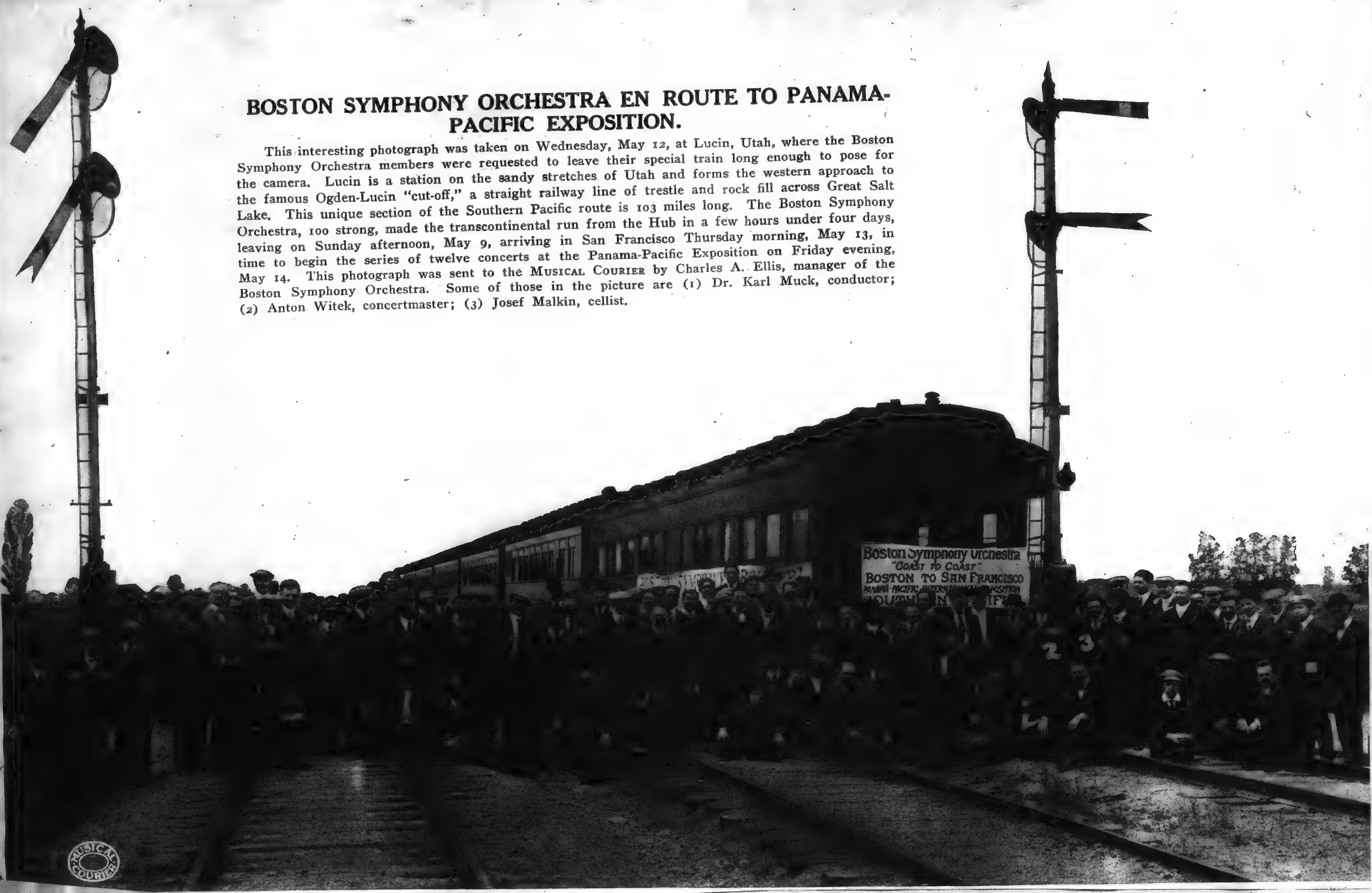

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA EN ROUTE TO PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

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Boston Symphony Orchestra
"COAST TO COAST"
BOSTON TO SAN FRANCISCO
PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
1
2
3
MUSICAL COURIER

From BULLETIN

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

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Established: Lond

ORCHESTRA AT HIGH MARK IN FINNISH MUSIC

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Tuonela is the Finnish Hades, the program explained, and there is a river to cross before you get to the place of departed souls; and up and down the river, in the Finnish legend, there swims a sacred Swan. The hero Lemminkainen, in order to win his bride, pledges himself to shoot the Swan, using but a single arrow. He reaches the mystic river; but on the bank lies an old and sightless cowherd, Markahattu, who knows of his intention, and kills the hero by sending a serpent through his heart, "like a reed from out the billows."

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Sibelius' music is as poetic as this wonderful story. The English horn sang the main theme. The Sibelius orchestration is highly individual, and theer are many weird and beautiful solo passages for the woodwinds, the French horn and finally the ~~solo violin~~. Dr. Muck's rendition was drenched with the truest of poetry. I wish this, and the other Sibelius pieces, the interpretation of the Finnish racial spirit entitled "Karelia," and the national expression entitled "Finlandia," could be repeated while the orchestra is here.

The symphony was Beethoven's eighth, a warm-hearted and genial work, played with a delightful freshness that told plainly of the players' love for this most human of works. The Chadwick symphonic sketches were slight, with the graceful tunefulness typical of American composers; the orchestration is clever, but the impression is something like that of the phrase in Gilbert's opera, where "The House of Lords did nothing much, and did it very well."

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From TRIBUNE

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date MAY 23 1915

Est 34

Art and War.

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The orchestra is composed of Germans, Austrians, French, Belgians, Dutch, Russians, Italians, Bohemians, English, Americans. Many of the players have relatives and friends in actual warfare. Some have had cause to mourn. Musicians are proverbially nervous and excitable, if not so irritable as the traditional poet. Yet during this trying season, under a conductor whose sympathies are known to every one as naturally frankly pro-German, there has been the utmost harmony in rehearsal and in private intercourse. If there was discussion, it was amicable. The men of the various nations and the conductor worked together in full artistic concord. As a result the season of 1914-15 will long be conspicuous in the annals of the orchestra. The exhibition of self-restraint, of tact, of forbearance, may well be a lesson to men in other and less nerve-rasping walks of life.

Nor should a feature of this last concert pass unnoticed. The atrocious sinking of the Lusitania was in the mind of every hearer on Saturday night. Every one knew that the conductor and the majority of the orchestra are Germans. The programme was made up of compositions by Germans, for Liszt, though a Hungarian by birth, is ranked among German composers. Yet the demonstrations of approval were unprecedented. Conductor and orchestra were applauded to the skies. For the audience realized that in art there should be no prejudice of nationality. Thus the behavior of the audience was as praiseworthy as the performance on the platform. It is not easy to think of a similar scene under the same conditions in any European city in these evil days.

From CALL

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

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Est 884

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Visiting From South

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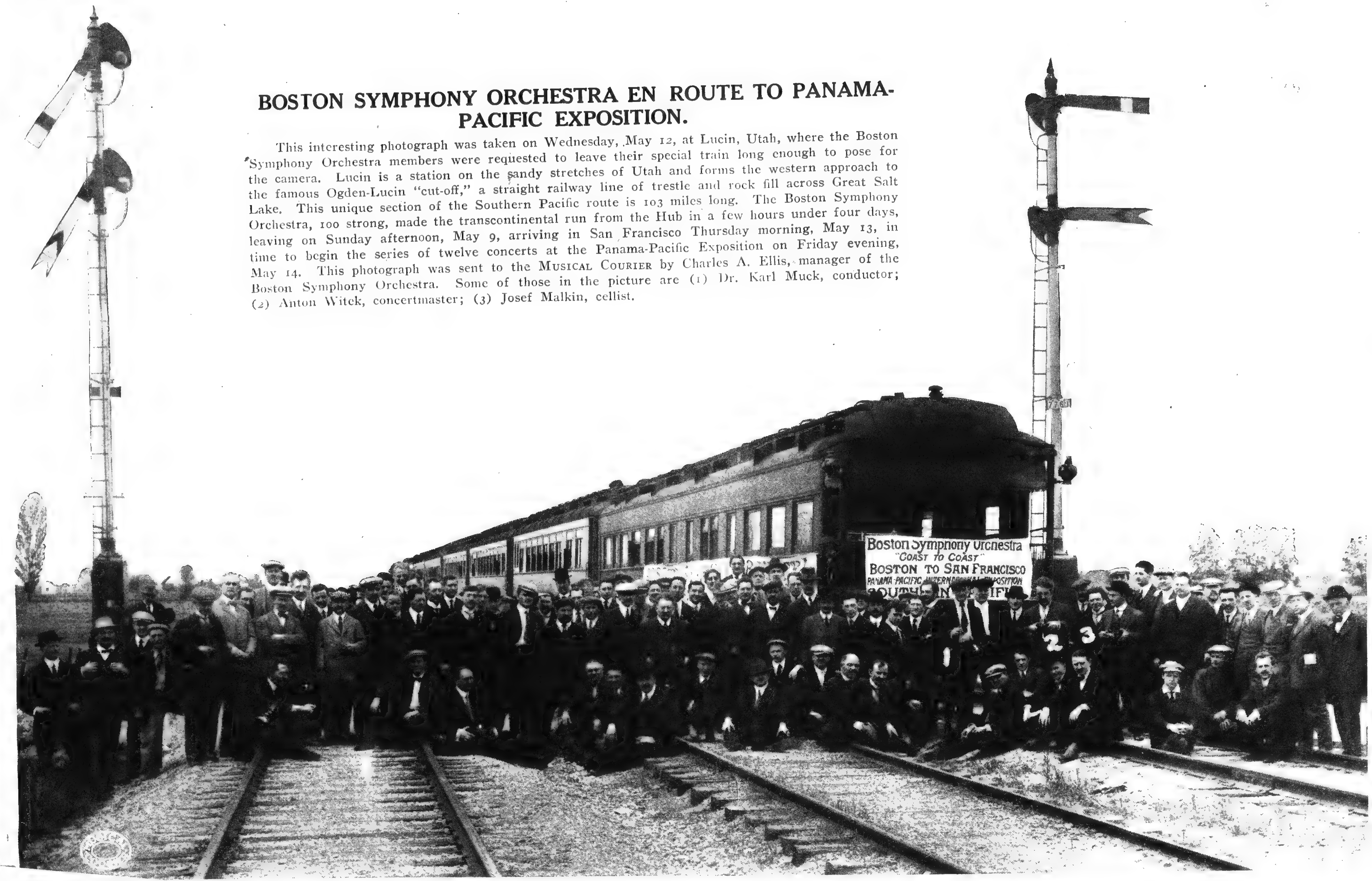
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Visiting From South

[179]

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date

Est 1884

WAGNER DRAWS RECORD CROWD TO SYMPHONY

Filling Festival Hall to overflowing, Wagnerian enthusiasts left no doubt last night that there is full appreciation here of the masterly performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The house was sold out for the first time since the series began. Favorable weather may have had something to do with this, but Wagner had more. It is asserted today that the audience and receipts were the largest known for a symphony orchestra concert in America.

It was the public's night to do homage to its popular composer, and the program was to its liking.

PILGRIMS' CHORUS MASTERFUL

Perhaps there was not the fullest enthusiasm over the "Rienzi" overture, but the music inspired by the "Wesendock," which came later, brought forth atonement from the auditors. Nor was there a complete thrill inspired by "The Flying Dutchman," the opening number, but when the "Pilgrim's Song" in the "Tannhauser" overture pealed forth all capitulated to the magic of the musicians. The "Bacchanale" version of the overture was given. It was written at a time when Paris would not tolerate opera without a ballet.

The strings brought out heavenly harmonies from the prelude to "Lohengrin," and the audience was thrilled to its highest pitch:

The second part of the concert opened with the "Tristan" Vorspiel, and then followed the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the Siegfried's "Funeral March" and finally the "Parsifal" prelude.

VERSATILITY IS SHOWN

The prelude to "Die Meistersinger" showed what could be accomplished by the various sections of the orchestra independently. The versatility of the orchestra was best exemplified in "Lohengrin" and the prelude to "Tristan and Isolde."

German, American and Finnish compositions will make up the program for tonight. The overture "Karolia," by Sibelius, the Finlander, his "Swan of Tuonela," and the better known "Finlandia" are among the numbers to be rendered. "Symphonic Sketches" by George W. Chadwick, the American composer, will be played. The program will include Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz" will be the opening number.

R. L. LEV[illegible]

Examiner
From
Address San Francisco Cal.
Date MAY 20 1915

Est 1884

ORCHESTRA'S ART FLAWLESS IN GIANT TASK

Despite Production of 12 Concerts Without Duplicating a Number, Muck Again Triumphs

UNWEARIED UNDER STRAIN

Beethoven's "Little Symphony" Is Played Exquisitely; Alegretto Scherzando a Cameo in Music

BY REDFERN MASON.

To travel twice from Eastern to Western ocean, to give twelve concerts and not duplicate a number, and to do all this within the space of three weeks; this is a veritable labor of Hercules, and I question whether a parallel achievement on the part of an organization of the first rank can be cited in the whole course of musical history.

No wonder, then, that Dr. Karl Muck looked tired last night. But it was only the outward man that showed evidence of weariness. The audience at Festival Hall could detect nothing in his direction of the Beethoven's Eighth Symphony or any of the other numbers to suggest that the man has been and still is undergoing a strain which would break down most musicians.

We were eager to hear the Eighth Symphony, the "little one" as Beethoven called it; for, though it is an outcome of the time when the composer had become hopelessly afflicted with deafness, it is gay and sprightly. Nay, it is the most "unbuttoned" work, to use Beethoven's own word, that he has left us.

WORK PLAYED EXQUISITELY.

And Dr. Muck and his men played it exquisitely. The opening movement was full of charm; the instruments conversed; the sense of well-being was over all. But it was the adorable Allegretto Scherzando that delighted me most, though the Tempo di Menuetto came near to it in sheer delightfulness and the Finale sparkled and was glad.

But that Allegretto Scherzando was a mosaic; nay, a cameo, chiseled by a master hand. In response to the conductor's sensitively authoritative beat, the reeds and horns gave out that metronomic tick in which Beethoven glanced musically at his friend Maelzel, who, by the way, invented the metronome. An insinuating movement of the baton drew from the violins an instrumental witticism, a sort of Attic embroidery; 'cellos and basses grunted their approval. Oboes and calrinets, fagotts and horns continued their metronomic chatter and the flutes added gay comment. The first violins interjected a mirthful sally; the basses retorted in kind and, in a moment, the whole string choir was engaged in a duel of repartee which the high Olympian deties and Loki, too, might rejoice in.

SORT OF EVOCATION.

Mark Twain says in his "Mississippi Pilot" that a pilot must know the river as well as the average landlubber knows the hall of his own house. Something of the same kind may be said of the conductor of an orchestra. Dr. Muck could not evoke the effects which he draws from his players if he did not know his Beethoven so well that his direction of the work is a sort of evocation. The Eighth Symphony does not exist in the symbols of the printed page; it abides in the vital appreciation of the work which dwells, like the plan of a house in the mind of an architect, in the brain of the master musician, who wields the baton.

There are people who say Dr. Muck is cold. But we loved the man when he directed the Eighth Symphony last night. His baton does not describe goemetrical figures, square-cut and rigid; it is a wand of power, a talisman; it outlines desings of greater potency than those which Faustus saw in his book of black magic; it pictures soul-states in contours which Raffaelle might envy. And, as the cryptic lines are drawn, there rise into the air at its bidding palaces of sound such as Browning dreamed of in "Abt Vogler."

HAS CREATIVE GIFT.

The first number on the programme was the overture to "Der Freischutz" and, as the music took form, one divined the sympathy, fine as that which exists between lovers, which unites director and orchestra. We have heard this work dozens of times, without doubt. Dr. Muck has the creative gift which makes it seem a new composition and, listening to its blending of elements of love and terror, as they were born into new being, we could divine the delight of Germans who heard that work at its first performance and divined that, at last, the Italian domination of opera was at an end, and the Teuton genius had begotten music-drama in its own image. We revelled in that lovely music for Agatha; we shuddered at the suggestion of the supernatural; the horns sang such woodland music as will set a standard here in San Francisco which we shall not be satisfied until we have made it our own.

George Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" gave pleasure; but they did not impress us as being of the same aesthetic significance as their companion works on the programme. Mr. Chadwick had a notable command of the art of orchestration; but his ideas are not always very remote from the commonplace. I could not but think that the "Jubilee" and "Noel" might better have been called orchestral ballads. But the Scherzo, with its picture of Robin Goodfellow, is on a higher plane. It is high-fanastic and picturesque. The "Vagrom Ballad" has, perhaps, the best title to be considered symphonic. I felt sorry that Dr. Muck had not given us something by Charles Martin Loeffler, say, for example, his "Pagan Poem."

COMPOSITION BY FINN.

Last came three compositions by the Finn, Sibelius, and they restored us to the aesthetic plane of the earlier part of the programme. Especially [illegible] the "Swan of T[illegible] told how emmenkainen goes to shoot the wan which floats on the black wat[illegible]s of the Finnish Tartarus. The English horn sings the swan song. Saint Saens would have given it to the 'cello. This work is truly poetic music, like a Northern version of the seventh book of the "Aeneid" told in terms of tone.

The symphonic poem, "Finnlandia," with which the concert ended, is a noble example of national music. I never heard grander harmonies for brass; they bespoke the spirit of an indomitable people, "the stern resolve not to submit or yield." As in the "Marseillaise," as in the folk songs of Erin, I knew, in listening to this music, that, though peoples may be crushed for a time, the race spirit is deathless.

The fifth concert was a glorious one, like its predecessors. It is idle to try to pick faults; the one right thing to do is to adopt a spirit of reverent and constructive appreciation.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 20 1915

Est 188

MUSIC ROAMS IN FREEDOM OVER TONE WORLD

From Boston to Finland the Audience Is Guided by Dr. Muck's Baton.

SIBELIUS WORKS ENJOYED

Suite by Chadwick Is Given Melodious Interpretation at Festival Hall.

By WALTER ANTHONY.

Other programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Festival Hall have been more classic, or more romantic, or more new to us than that which Dr. Karl Muck beckoned into being last night, but none has been as inclusively catholic or so extended in its scope as that which last night began with Von Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz" and closed with Sibelius' symphonic poem, "Finlandia."

Some of the big audience, no doubt, found Sibelius to be as some in an 1820 audience found Von Weber—a little too turgid, complex or tonally too revolutionary; but it is certain that no taste went ungratified last night. There was something to please everybody. It was a Christmas tree programme with gifts for all.

MUSIC IS UNUSUAL.

The Sibelius music was undoubtedly the most interesting, because most unusual. It clearly could have come from no land but that which Havelock Ellis describes so vividly: "Where the summer is a perpetual warm, sunlit day, and the rest of the year a night of darkness and horror; a land which is the extreme northern limit of European civilization on the outskirts of which the primitive gods still dwell; and where elves and fairies and mermaids are still regarded as tame domestic animals."

The orchestra played the "Carelia" overture, "The Swan of Tuonela," and "Finlandia," which should be enough to give us a fair notion of the genius of this Finnish composer. The overture seemed less inspired, and less characteristic than the other two numbers, the most important of which was the legend of the swan which the northern youth must needs shoot with an arrow before ever he could win the hand of his cold inamorata.

MYSTIC AND MOURNFUL.

This swan belongs to no flock of Saint-Saens' graceful birds, nor to any swan that fluttered white before Wagnerian eyes. Sibelius' "Swan" is mystic, strange and mournful, and sad. It sweeps over a lake like that which washed Poe's "House of Usher," and it is not to be tamed. Though breathing the wild beauty of the north, a wierd touch of almost Oriental langour was achieved when the English horn plaintively sang a tremulous song.

Chadwick's suite of Symphonic Sketches, including "A Jubilee," "Noel," "Hobgoblin" and "A Vagrom Ballad," was doubly interesting, first for itself and second for the fact that it was the first work by an American composer to be played by the Boston artists. The jubilee was a shout of triumph, alternating with a melody of Celtic genealogy—or at least of Celtic sweetness.

"NOEL" NICE ADJUSTMENT.

"Noel" was a nice adjustment of a tender song to an embracing instrumentation beginning with an English horn announcement of the tune and ending with the melody in orchestral thunders. The theme was rigidly built to stand the dynamic strain, though it seemed at first to be such a song as might be inspired on a winter night by music half sad, half sweet, at the hearthstone.

"Hobgoblin" was nice grotesquerie, and "A Vagrom Ballade" might have meant anything that concerned the woods and a gay companion. In the middle there must have been some sort of trouble, however, for the melody is made to limp along with half a tone cut from its major merriment. Its minor sadness causes the bassoon to say sepulchrally, "Ah me, ah me," after which spirits are perked up a bit and irresponsibility is heard gayly shouting through the manifold voices of the orchestra.

UNSURPASSED DELICACY.

Of Beethoven's eighth symphony as of Von Weber's "Der Freischutz," it must be said again that they were heard for the first time. No such delicacy has ever characterized the humor of the second movement of Beethoven's merriest symphony, and the spirit of rollicking humor was never lost save in such infrequent moments as that in the first movement, when the violins, reiterating the initial theme become impetuous with feeling. Dr. Muck, to me, is greatest when he plays Beethoven; which is to say, he is greatest when confronted with the greatest tasks.

Tonight's programme will be devoted to Brahms, Liszt, Richard Strauss and Wagner, and that spells a programme of inclusiveness not even excelled by that which is still ringing in grateful ears.

EVENING RECORD,

MAY 27, 1915

Triumph for Symphony in Frisco Close

Bostonians' Orchestra Artistic and Financial Success at the Exposition

(Special Dispatch.)

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27.—The Boston Symphony Orchestra has closed its strikingly successful season at the exposition in a blaze of glory not only artistically, but financially. It left money in the pockets of the Exposition managers which they had far from expected.

The great triumph of the orchestra will naturally be most gratifying to Maj. Higginson and to the friends and admirers of the Boston institution. And about as remarkable as anything in the season here was the personal triumph of Director Muck.

The season ended gloriously, in the words of Business Manager Burnham. The concerts have drawn remarkably large audiences, and not only that, but they have endeared the Boston orchestra most warmly to Pacific Coast music lovers.

When the season of Boston Symphony concerts was arranged the management of the great Exposition hardly expected even to break even financially on the orchestra engagement. In fact the talk had been persistent that the venture would almost certainly result in a considerable financial loss to the fair. But far otherwise has been the actual result. According to Mgr. Burnham the Exposition management is assured of a considerable profit from the concert season.

The enthusiasm of those hereabouts for the orchestra was strikingly expressed in a tremendous ovation accorded to Director Muck and members of the orchestra as a feature of the close of the concert season. This was done at a reception which showered the Director and his musicians with evidences of the esteem of Californians for the orchestra and its work.

Members of the orchestra were scheduled to leave for Boston today at 4.05 p.m., and are due to arrive in the Hub at 3 p.m. Monday.

BOSTON HERALD.

MAY 25, 1915.

BOSTON SYMPHONY SCORES BIG HIT AT EXPOSITION

William H. Walter, press representative of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, returned from San Francisco yesterday and told of the success of the organization at the Panama exposition.

"Artistically the playing was a revelation to the people of the Golden Gate," he said. "Dr. Muck made no allowances for the fact that very little symphony music has been heard on the coast, and arranged such programs as he would give in Boston or New York. The public and the press were delighted, and were most enthusiastic in their praise.

"The concerts were given in Festival Hall, an ornate structure inside the fair grounds, which has a seating capacity of 4000. In the first five concerts the smallest audience was on Monday night, May 17, when the program consisted of Brahms, Bach and Beethoven numbers. There were about 2500 persons present. On the following Wednesday night Dr. Muck gave his first Wagner program, and the orchestra played to the largest audience in its history. Every seat was sold and more than 500 stood through the two hours of the concert. The prices were by no means cheap. In addition to the 50 cents admission to the grounds, the seats were $1, $1.50 and $2.50.

"At first the fair directors looked forward to considerable financial loss, and brought the orchestra to the exposition for the prestige that would come to the fair from its performances. Already there have been sufficient receipts to guarantee against any loss, and the chances are the series of concerts will show a profit.

"Dr. Muck won success artistically and personally. He and Mrs. Muck will not return with the orchestra. They are to spend some time in California and then may take a trip to Hawaii, or return by the way of the Grand Canyon or Yosemite valley. They expect to be back in Boston about the first of July.

"The orchestra closes its engagement tomorrow, and is to leave San Francisco on Thursday. Its special train is due in Boston Monday at 3 o'clock."

MONITOR, BOSTON,

MAY 24, 1915

THRONG HEARS BOSTON MEN IN SAN FRANCISCO

Symphony Orchestra's Wagner Program Attended by 4500, Says Member of Staff Returned From Panama Fair

Playing a program of Wagner's music the Boston Symphony orchestra enjoyed at its concert of May 19 at the Panama-Pacific exposition in San Francisco, the applause of the largest audience it ever called out in its history, according to William E. Walter of the orchestra's business staff, who has just returned home. "There were 4000 persons seated in Festival hall on that occasion," said Mr. Walter, talking to a representative of The Christian Science Monitor, "and there were 500 standing. They had to pay from $2.50 down to $1 for their places in the hall, besides 50 cents at the gate. This was the largest house of the five concerts at which I was present. The smallest was two days before, when the program consisted of works by Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, but even that audience would have more than filled Symphony hall."

Notwithstanding the comparatively light interest in the three composers of the initial "B," it happened that the most enthusiastic applause given to any selection in the time Mr. Walter was in San Francisco was the one familiar in the Christmas week concerts in Symphony hall, from the "Christmas" oratorio of Bach, known as the "Shepherds' Music." "There was every prospect when I left," said Mr. Walter, "that the committee would take in money enough to pay expenses, a thing they did not expect to do when they invited the orchestra to give a series of concerts. The acclaim of having the Boston Symphony men appear at the exposition, the members considered, would make up for a deficit. Now they are not likely to meet any loss; and if they are allowed to count in the gate receipts from those attending the performances, they will figure out a gain. The tickets have been going well the last few days. I hear from Mr. Ellis, the Symphony orchestra manager, that the concert tonight, which is to be of Russian music, has sold out the house."

In regard to the auditorium in which the orchestra plays, Mr. Walter explained that a balcony had been put into Festival hall, which both increased the seating capacity and counteracted an echo which originally existed. "At present," he commented, "I should say that the acoustic engineers had got the hall a little too dull, and that the orchestra does not sound with its full brilliancy. The civic auditorium, seating 12,000, in which the final concert was to have been held, will not, I am pretty sure, be found suitable. Dr. Muck tested it with players and declared it unsatisfactory. I do not think it will be put in readiness in time for use; so the closing performance on Wednesday, May 26, which will be of Wagner's music, will have to be held in Festival hall."

The orchestra, according to the itinerary, will leave San Francisco on Thursday of this week and will arrive in Boston a week from today at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Dr. Muck will not return with the players. He and Mrs. Muck are to stay in the West for a few weeks visiting places of scenic interest.

EVENING RECORD,

MONDAY, MAY 24,

Symphony Captures the West

Hub Orchestra is Toast of 'Frisco

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has taken San Francisco by storm. On one night alone the orchestra played to the largest audience in its history, and press and public has been enthusiastic in its praise of the organization.

Such is the message brought home to the Hub by William E. Walter, press representative of the orchestra, which has just been playing at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. Walter has just returned and pictures the orchestra as one of the triumphs of the exposition program.

The last concert will be given Wednesday, and the orchestra leaves Thursday on a special train. It is due to arrive in Boston Monday afternoon.

If the orchestra's playing was a triumph, the leadership of Dr. Muck was no less so. He has been hailed as a hero of the occasion. He and Mrs. Muck plan to spend some time in California.

Success Has Passed Highest Expectations

"The success of the orchestra in every respect surpasses the highest expectation," says Walter. "Artistically its playing has been a veritable revelation to the people of San Francisco. Dr. Muck made no allowances for the general lack of Symphony music on the Coast, but arranged a set of programmes such as he would give in Boston or New York. The papers in San Francisco have been most enthusiastic in their praise of the orchestra and the public has been delighted.

"Festival Hall, where the concerts are given, is an ornate structure inside of the Fair Grounds which originally had a seating capacity of 2500. Just before the arrival of the Orchestra a balcony holding 1500 people was put in so that the total seating capacity is now 4000.

"In the first five concerts the smallest audience was Monday night, May 17th, when the programme consisted of Brahms, Bach and Beethoven and that audience contained over 2500 people. The following Wednesday night, the 19th, Dr. Muck gave his first Wagner programme and the orchestra played to the largest audience in its history. Every seat in the house was sold and over 500 stood through the two hours of performance.

"The concerts are not cheap. The prices for seats are $1, $1.50 and $2.50, and in addition to this every person going to the concerts must pay the 50 cents entrance to the Grounds.

"The directors of the concerts looked forward to a considerable financial loss, but regarded the prestige that would come to the Fair from the presence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra would more than balance it. The sales, so far, have guaranteed them against any actual financial loss and the chances are favorable that the concerts will show a considerable profit. All this, naturally, is more than gratifying to Mr. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, and to Dr. Muck.

"The hero of the occasion has been Dr. Muck, not only artistically but personally. His artistic success, as was certain, has been complete. Personally he has quite captured the affections of the San Franciscans. It has been impossible for him and Mrs. Muck to accept all the entertainments that have been planned for them and the papers out there openly say that if it is possible they intend to kidnap him and keep him there.

"Mr. and Mrs. Muck will not return with the orchestra. They purpose spending a considerable time in California, planning a week or more in the Yosemite Valley and after that they are undecided what they will do. They may go to the Grand Canyon, or more likely they may return by the way of the Northern Pacific, spending a week or more in the Yellowstone Park, and the middle of the last week they were considering seriously the possibility of going to Honolulu and spending a fortnight in the Hawaiian Islands. At any rate, they do not expect to return to Boston much before the first of July, and it may be later."

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 22 1915

Famous Composer Exposition Visitor

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS.

SAINT-SAENS SAYS INSPIRATION IS FOUND HERE

Dean of French Composers Brings Score to "Hail California."

By WALTER ANTHONY.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS, honored guest of the exposition and San Francisco, arrived from Paris, via New York yesterday morning as chipper and spry as though he had not counted nearly eighty years. He indignantly denied the implied impeachment that he was wearied with his journey across the continent, and to prove it said he was going tonight to the exposition to listen to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which he purposed to hear every time it played, and most certainly on Sunday afternoon, when a French programme will be presented, featuring his own C minor symphony, scored for orchestra and organ.

He reminded his interviewer that in 1906 when he made his first and only other visit to the United States, this work was played in Boston Symphony Hall at a concert given in his honor under Dr. Carl Muck's leadership. At that time Saint-Saens played the organ part. At tomorrow's concert in Festival Hall that portion of the symphony will be under the adept and sympathetic fingers of Wallace Sabin and Saint-Saens will be an interested auditor.

DEDICATED TO EXPOSITION.

He has brought with him the coveted composition which he wrote for and dedicated to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. It is titled, "Hail California," and is in free fantasia form, mingling the music of France with melodies of this country in a sonorous and artistic manner.

Saint-Saens, who is the best known of the French composers, will remain here for several weeks and will himself direct some of his compositions, which will be played by the Exposition Orchestra in June.

EXPECTS INSPIRATION.

"I believe," said he, "that my visit to San Francisco will fill me with a disposition to write something which may embody my impressions of this wonderful country and this wonderful people. I have nothing in hand just now, but I expect I shall compose as long as I live."

Camille Saint-Saens, though past 79 years of age, is vigorous and sturdy, with a keen sensitiveness to present day art and an abiding interest in the future of music in his own country.

He declined in most polite manner to discuss the works of any contemporaneous composers and avoided the subject of the war, mentioning it only in connection with a statement that Paris has resumed her concerts and he music generally, and finally that her music generally, and finally that reflect itself in future heroic music of big form and virile content.

Automobile Manager

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 21 1915

RICHARD SECOND IS ORCHESTRA KING AT CONCERT

At Least He Was So Declared When Symphonic Poem "Death" Was Played.

WAGNER IN SECOND PLACE

At Least He Was in Opinion of Big Audience Last Night.

By WALTER ANTHONY.

For taking an audience around, Dr. Karl Muck is the Cook of all conductors. There may be some bumps in transit, but they come between stops and not during them. We leaped from Brahms at his most gracile to Liszt in one of his stormiest moods, and after we had been led to the muse of Strauss we were turned back—or wouldn't you rather say ahead—to Richard Wagner, whose "Meistersinger" overture, after the stormy mortuary chamber scene of the Strauss "Death and Transfiguration," was so clear and simple that Dr. Muck did not deign, part of the time, to indicate the rhythm at all, but let his instrumentalists unravel the many strands of counterpoint undirected.

If it hadn't been for the Hungarian Liszt, last night's programme might well have been stamped "made in Germany," and modern Teuton music could scarcely have been better represented, if one is willing to agree that in Brahms one finds the spirit of Bach and the sinew of Beethoven.

SYMPHONY BEAUTIFUL.

The Hamburg composer was present in the serene spirit of his second symphony, in D major, in which many find Mendelssohn, but I do not, and others find Mozart, but it is a modern Mozart with more of dissonantal vigor than Wolfgang's delicately classic ears would welcome, I think. How beautifully was this peaceful, sometimes humorous and always clear symphony played! I think Dr. Muck brings the devotion of complete sympathy to Brahms as he does to Beethoven; he is like those intimate friends of long years' acquaintance, who see past the uttered word the inarticulate thought which moved you to speak. The lovely melody of English horn in the third movement, the brave controversial melodies of the final movement, the clearing up of doubtful matter in the second movement, usually muddy with uncertain meaning, were some of the pleasures brought from the luminous grays of this sun-kissed work.

I'm probably wrong, but it pleases me to think that Dr. Muck would have been better pleased if the outburst of enthusiasm that came after the Strauss fantasy had been devoted to the stiller voice of Strauss' better.

IS STRAUSS' NIGHT.

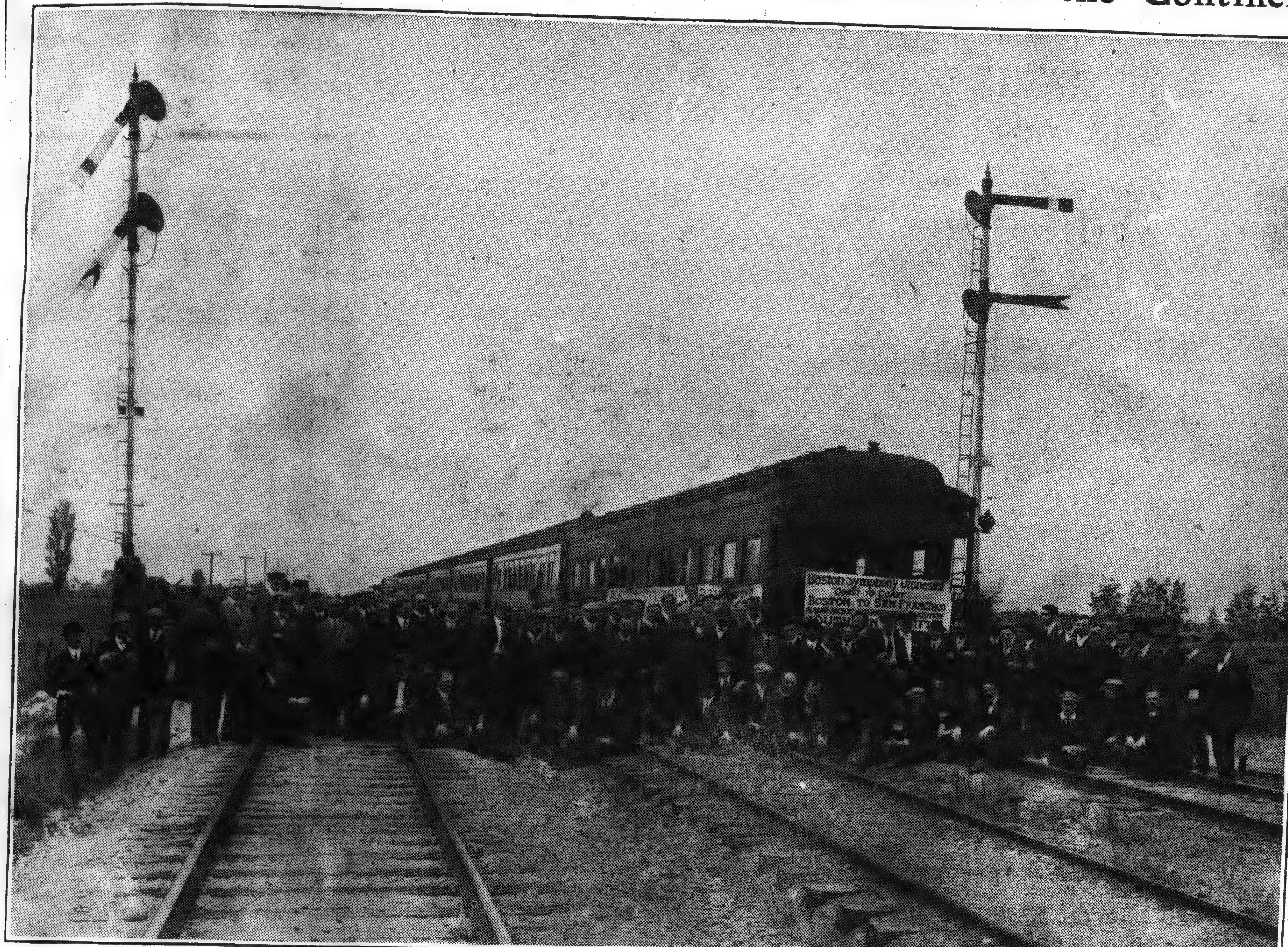
However, it was Strauss' night. His "Death and Transfiguration" was the work that commanded the most applause—an applause that was not stilled until Dr. Muck had called upon his instrumentalists to acknowledge it standing. And truly it was a wonderful agglomeration of thrilly music, interspersed with tender suggestions of melodies, and passages that led to climaxes such as the orchestra has not before been called upon to produce. The sonorous climaxes following discordant conjoining of distantly or rather utterly unrelated chords were the more effective for the very pains that were endured to reach them, and there are few more solemn, sinister, portentous silences in music than those punctuated by Strauss in this symphonic poem, when Death wins the victory which is announced with solemn gonglike knell.

BEAUTY OF LISZT.

The opulence of color in the Liszt "Symphonic Poem," No. 3, led the way measurably to Strauss' orgy of tone but Liszt, like Wagner, seemed ineffably beautiful and consonant whe separated by the mighty storm o Strauss' instrumentation.

Tonight will be given to Italia music, and Cherubini, Sgambati, Boss and Goldini will make a nice contras with last night's performance, givin a glimpse of that sunny land whic Strauss lamented could not be hi home, and where perhaps he migh have shaken off the gloom of northern mists.

The Boston Orchestra, Bound for the Fair, in a "Pause" in the Middle of the Continent



Stopping at Lucin, Utah, on the Southern Pacific

Dr. Muck is the figure under the sign in the unfamiliar garb of knickers and golf cap. Near him by the signal post is Witek, the concert-master. Those familiar with the band will easily recognize its other prominent members.

May 21st Transcript, Ma

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 22 1915

k, 1884

Dr. Karl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was the guest of honor at a reception in the Massachusetts building at the exposition last night after the symphony concert. The affair was given by the Massachusetts Board of Managers. Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Power and Dr. and Mrs. Muck received.

Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Longyear of Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, General Nelson A. Miles, Messrs. and Mesdames Horace Davis Pillsbury, John B. Casserly, William H. Crocker, John Rothschild, William B. Bourn, George A. Pope, W. H. Leahy, J. B. Levison, George E. Bates, C. T. C. Whitcomb, Clifford C. Martin, Charles W. Camm, C. Frederick Kohl, John C. Manning; Colonel and Mrs. L. H. Clement, the Misses Evelyn and Marie Withrow, Ethel Clement, Messrs. Max Bendix, H. T. Parker, musical critic of the Boston Transcript; C. A. Ellis, W. H. Brennan and George W. Stewart.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 21 1915

, 1884

INDIANS WILL DANCE TODAY FOR SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR

As a special compliment to Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Indians of the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch will give a special performance of their tribal dances in Festival Hall at the exposition at 11 A. M. today. The Indians from Glacier Park, who are a part of the Great Northern exhibit at the exposition, have also been asked to take part. Dr. Muck has never seen an Indian dance, and while the programme will be for him especially, the public is invited.

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 21 1915

Heard In the Drawingrooms

k, 1884

Reception Tonight

Following the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra tonight a reception and supper will be given in compliment to Dr. and Mrs. Karl Muck by the board of managers of the Massachusetts Building in the Exposition grounds. Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Power, resident hosts of the building, and John C. Daniels, in charge of the educational exhibit of that state, will receive the company, which will include Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. William Leahy, Mr. and Mrs. John Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. James N. Longyear, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Levison, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford C. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Camm, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Manning, Colonel and Mrs. L. H. Clement, Mrs. H. A. Beach, Mrs. N. K. Withrow, Mrs. Shattuck, Miss Bertha Camm, Miss Ethel Clement, General Nelson Miles, W. H. Brennon, C. A. Ellis, George W. Stewart, Max Bendix and H. T. Parker.

Pianoforte Recital

From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 21 1915

1884

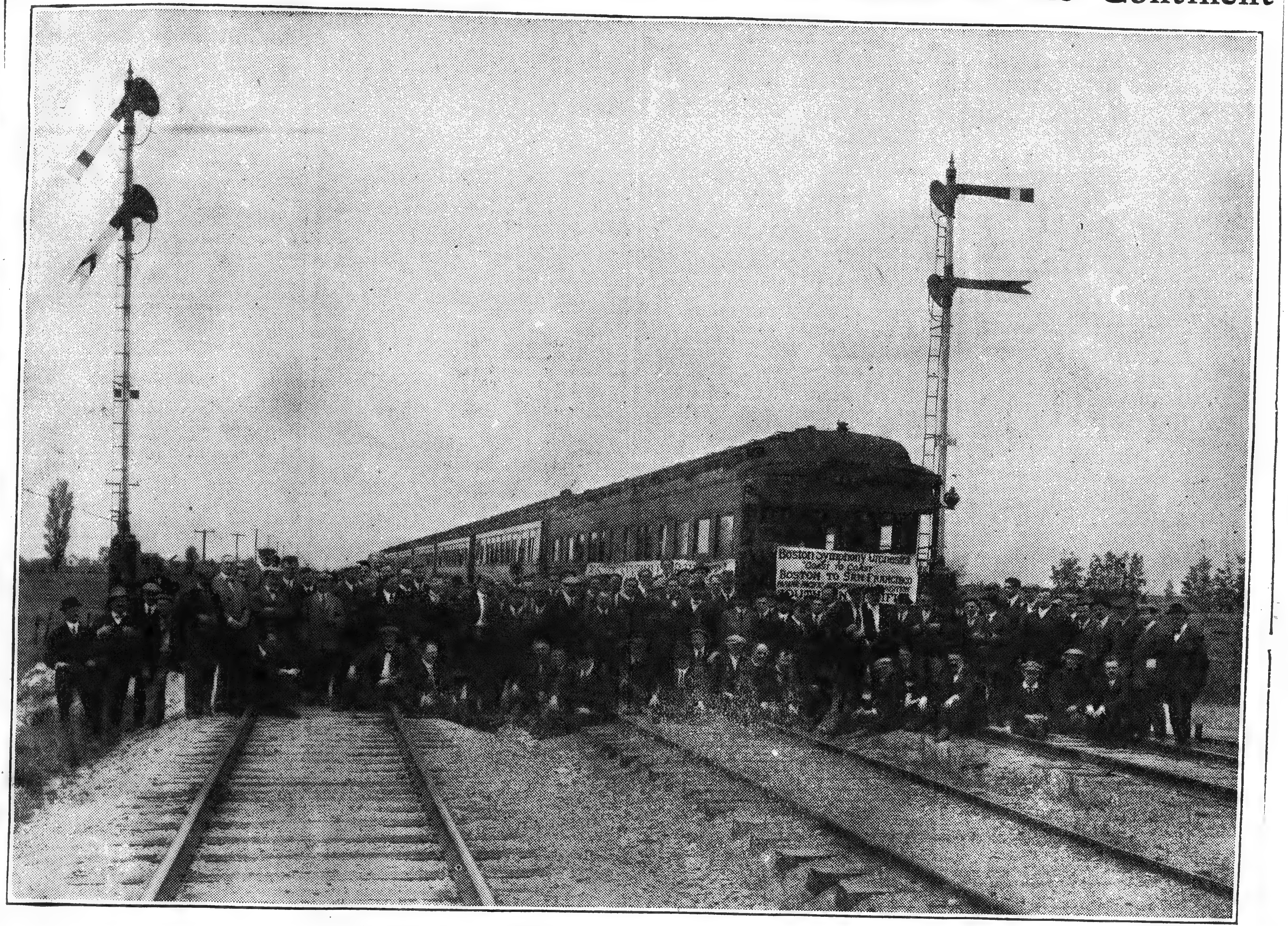
Indians Stage War Dance for Dr. Muck

Director Karl Muck and the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as well as several hundred other visitors to the Exposition today, were treated to an event of barbaric interest at noon, when a number of braves and squaws from the 101 Ranch show staged a primitive singing and dancing entertainment on the steps of Festival Hall.

For half an hour the Indians made the grounds echo with their solemn dirges and warlike chants, until the great siren on Machinery Hall, which had grown hoarse in an effort to announce the noon hour, finally lapsed into quiet sleep.

Some of the Indian steps seemed strangely reminiscent of the Highland fling and the hornpipe, but this was explained by Director Muck and his associates as being due to the influence of the pale faces over the Sioux Indians.

The Boston Orchestra, Bound for the Fair, in a "Pause" in the Middle of the Continent



Stopping at Lucin, Utah, on the Southern Pacific

Dr. Muck is the figure under the sign in the unfamiliar garb of knickers and golf cap. Near him by the signal post is Witek, the concert-master. Those familiar with the band will easily recognize its other prominent members.

May 21st Transcript, Ma

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From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
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k, 1884

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Dr. Karl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was the guest of honor at a reception in the Massachusetts building at the exposition last night after the symphony concert. The affair was given by the Massachusetts Board of Managers. Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Power and Dr. and Mrs. Muck received.

Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Longyear of Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, General Nelson A. Miles, Messrs. and Mesdames Horace Davis Pillsbury, John B. Casserly, William H. Crocker, John Rothschild, William B. Bourn, George A. Pope, W. H. Leahy, J. B. Levison, George E. Bates, C. T. C. Whitcomb, Clifford C. Martin, Charles W. Camm, C. Frederick Kohl, John C. Manning; Colonel and Mrs. L. H. Clement, the Misses Evelyn and Marie Withrow, Ethel Clement, Messrs. Max Bendix, H. T. Parker, musical critic of the Boston Transcript; C. A. Ellis, W. H. Brennan and George W. Stewart.

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INDIANS WILL DANCE TODAY FOR SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR

As a special compliment to Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Indians of the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch will give a special performance of their tribal dances in Festival Hall at the exposition at 11 A. M. today. The Indians from Glacier Park, who are a part of the Great Northern exhibit at the exposition, have also been asked to take part. Dr. Muck has never seen an Indian dance, and while the programme will be for him especially, the public is invited.

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Heard In the Drawingrooms

Reception Tonight

Following the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra tonight a reception and supper will be given in compliment to Dr. and Mrs. Karl Muck by the board of managers of the Massachusetts Building in the Exposition grounds. Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Power, resident hosts of the building, and John C. Daniels, in charge of the educational exhibit of that state, will receive the company, which will include Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. William Leahy, Mr. and Mrs. John Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. James N. Longyear, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Levison, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford C. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Camm, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Manning, Colonel and Mrs. L. H. Clement, Mrs. H. A. Beach, Mrs. N. K. Withrow, Mrs. Shattuck, Miss Bertha Camm, Miss Ethel Clement, General Nelson Miles, W. H. Brennon, C. A. Ellis, George W. Stewart, Max Bendix and H. T. Parker.

Pianoforte Recital

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Indians Stage War Dance for Dr. Muck

Director Karl Muck and the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as well as several hundred other visitors to the Exposition today, were treated to an event of barbaric interest at noon, when a number of braves and squaws from the 101 Ranch show staged a primitive singing and dancing entertainment on the steps of Festival Hall.

For half an hour the Indians made the grounds echo with their solemn dirges and warlike chants, until the great siren on Machinery Hall, which had grown hoarse in an effort to announce the noon hour, finally lapsed into quiet sleep.

Some of the Indian steps seemed strangely reminiscent of the Highland fling and the hornpipe, but this was explained by Director Muck and his associates as being due to the influence of the pale faces over the Sioux Indians.

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This announcement, of treble interest at this time, when the Boston orchestra has aroused deep enthusiasm here, was made in verification of a rumor, by Richard M. Tobin, chairman of the music committee of the San Francisco Musical Association.

Another announcement of deep importance is the statement by Manager Frank Healey that next season the orchestra will give ten special concerts on Sunday afternoons at popular prices, in addition to the ten on the regular subscription series.

Five rehearsals will be held for each pair of concerts, instead of four per concert, as in past seasons.

TOWARD DEMOCRACY.

In other words, the orchestra, which has been too largely a society affair, is to come out of its shell and become a real institution. Artistic success is impossible with the old limited clientele. Those who remember the magnificent audience of 3,000 which filled the Exposition-Civic Auditorium one Sunday afternoon last Januar yto hear this orchestra play will realize what the ten extra concerts may signify.

And here is a third great announcement: Alfred Hertz has been asked to come out here and conduct a couple of Wagnerian concerts in August and has replied favorably. The concerts will probably be held, with a special orchestra of local artists.

It is at this time that Hertz will look over the field, and if all goes well, next season we shall have a conductor who ranks among the first few of the land.

HADLEY APPRECIATED.

Hadley's contract has expired. Many of the most influential members of the Musical Association are urging its renewal. But there is a strong sentiment against it on the part of men all of whom admire Hadley personally and appreciate what he has done, yet who also realize that greater artistic development will only be possible under a changed leadership.

Hadley as composer ranks among the first living Americans. As conductor he has certain shortcomings, mainly a lack of interest in all but the most modern music. His Beethoven has been dead for ninety years.

MONEY NEEDED.

Were it not for the financial consideration, it would seem, the announcement of Hadley's departure could be made now with certainty. But the money problem is difficult.

"People ask," said Tobin, "'Why can't we have an orchestra as good as the Boston Symphony?' The whole answer is, 'We can't get the money.'

"Henry L. Higginson has spent $900,000 on the Boston orchestra out of his own coffers. The San Francisco Musical Association puts up only $30,000 a year, and it is doubtful whether we can get any more.

"We have never really had a symphony orchestra at all, in the sense that Boston has. Their musicians play for nobody except Dr. Muck. Our poor fellows play in cafes and theaters and hotels. We could only afford to pay for their services for every other week. It actually happened last year that some of those men only got $13 from the orchestra every alternate week.

"When these things are told to the conductors they look serious. Few would face such trying conditions. I doubt whether many conductors, even of real eminence, could do any better under these limitations than Hadley. People should understand these things; they would be less ready to condemn."

INCREASED SKILL.

One added source of revenue next year will be the ten special concerts, and with an orchestra more work means better work.

It has always been matter for regret that the orchestra has been kept aloof from the general public. The Friday afternoon concerts in the Cort Theater have been mainly attended by a special, not a general, audience. True artistic success could not come without a more liberal policy, for art draws its life from life at large.

There is no question as to the ability of the musicians who will form the orchestra. They are San Francisco's best, and the best here is very good. Among the announcements is that Stanislas Bem, the fine 'cellist, will replace Arthur Hadley.

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ORCHESTRA SALUTES APPLAUSE

Brahms was represented by the serene spirit of his second symphony, in D major. This semi-peaceful, semi-laughing symphony was a thing of beauty in the hands of Dr. Muck and his cohorts. With the devotion of complete sympathy to Brahms, Dr. Muck is able to treat his music as a friend of long years' acquaintance.

The Strauss "Death and Transfiguration" was the work that commanded the most applause. The applause was not stilled until Dr. Muck had called upon his men to acknowledge it standing. It was wonderfully thrilling music, interspersed with tender suggestions of melodies and passages that led to sonorous climaxes.

"MADE IN GERMANY" MUSIC

The Liszt symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," became an embodiment in music of the seerlike poetry of Lemartine. Hearing this music was an experience. If it had not been for the Hungarian composer, Liszt, the program could have been stamped "Made in Germany," for modern Teutonic music could scarcely have been better represented and certainly never better rendered.

Wagner's prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" was the closing number of the program. It became a beautiful example of clarity and simplicity under the sway of Dr. Muck and concluded an evening of rare art and feeling and interpretation.

ITALIAN PROGRAM TONIGHT

Tonight will be given to Italian music, and Cherubini, Sgambati, Bossi and Goldini will make a nice contrast with last night's performance, giving a glimpse of that sunny land which Strauss lamented could not be his home, and where perhaps he might have shaken off the gloom of northern mists.

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"All orchestras would sound alike in this room," declared Dr. Muck after listening to the exposition players in a test of the Auditorium yesterday. Those who waited for the decision of the Boston conductor interpreted it to mean that there is still sufficient reverberation from the dome to make it impossible to appreciate the fact that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is greater than other symphony orchestras. So the plan to have the Bos

symphony concert in the Civic Cent Auditorium at popular prices has be reluctantly abandoned.

But the ambition remains to hav the Auditorium made perfect in it acoustics. In fact it is more than a ambition. It is a determination.

"Not absolutely perfect now," William H. Crocker, chairman of the exposition building committee said yesterday, "but it is not too much to say that the Auditorium is 95 per cent perfect in its acoustics. That small remaining defect is sufficient, however, to make it impossible for the appreciation of the finest musical performances.

"But this defect is going to be remedied. The Johns-Manville Company, which recently took the contract to remedy the defect, gave a guarantee to make the Auditorium perfect. The representative of the company informed me the other day that the felt had been put in place on the ceiling and that the acoustics were now absolutely perfect.

Dr. Muck's criticism has, however, been called to his attention by H. D. H. Connick, and we understand that the company will live up to its guarantee. This can be done, I am told, by simply adding to the surface covered by the felt."

The contract with the Johns-Manville Company calls for a payment of $12,000 when the annoying resonance shall have been absolutely corrected.

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SYMPHONY GIVES FINE ITALIAN PROGRAM

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The program included a symphony by Sgambati, a Cherubini overture, Bossi's intermezzo and a Sinigaglia overture.

Saint-Saens was an unannounced guest. From his loge box he appeared the most interested and enthusiastic auditor in the hall.

PEACE TONES RULE

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The Cherubini overture to the opera "Anacreon" was a beautiful work and admirably adapted to show the mervelous capacity of the strings of the Boston organization to meet any demand on their scope and elasticity.

WORK IS PERFECT

No body of violinists could have faced a more difficult task and accomplished their work better than did the Bostonians.

The Bossi intermezzo, which consisted of five archaic dance movements and a serenatina, were for the strings alone. The entire body of strings, in many octave movements, proved a superb unanimity as to pitch and again developed an impetuosity of spirit that was enlivening and refreshing.

Sinigaglia's overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chiozzote" closed the program. It was a suggestion of wit and humor, that was the first touch thus far to reveal a little of the modernity of orchestration.

CONCERT THIS AFTERNOON

This afternoon's concert will include Mozart's Symphony in G minor, which, though not so well known as the "Jupiter," is really a more effective and important work, and its presentation should be the more enjoyable because its simplicities have usually stood in the way of its adequate interpretation.

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Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture will provide a nice contrast to the classics of Mozart and Bach, while Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" belongs on any program and makes its way in any company.

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A special farewell concert has been arranged for Wednesday evening at 8:30 o'clock, at Festival Hall, with a second program devoted entirely to the works of Richard Wagner. Dr. Muck is admittedly an authority on Wagner's music and he is the last of that group of the extraordinary conductors who drew their inspiration from Bayreuth when it was at the highest point of its artistic value. The program he has arranged is one of thrilling beauty and contains one number which he will play in concert for the first time, "The Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal." He has steadfastly refused to play any excerpts from "Parsifal" in concert, except the prelude, but he has decided that it is due to San Francisco to hear this exquisite bit, which depicts the meadows and fields flowering under the radiance of Good Friday morn.

The program begins with the great "A Faust Overture," which is very characteristic and shows many traces of the "Tristan" period in which it was revised. The second number will be the charming "Siegfried Idyl," played a few days ago. This will give a very stunning arrangement of parts of Siegfried and "Dusk of the Gods," and the wonderful pictorial music which accompanies Siegfried's venture through the magic fire to find the sleeping Brunhilde, from the last act of "Siegfried," the coming of dawn from the prologue of the "Dusk of the Gods," the parting of Siegfried and Brunhilde and finally Siegfried's Rhine journey, from the same work.

In the second part of the program will be heard "The Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal," and an admirably arranged selection from the last act of "Die Meistersinger," which includes "The Dance of the Apprentices," "The Entrance of the Guilds of the Ancient City of Nuremberg" and the homage to Hans Sachs. The final number will be the "Tannhauser" overture. Seats will be ready Monday morning at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

From CALL
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tablist

BEETHOVEN ART CHARMS THRONG IN SYMPHONY

Wide range and scope marked the rogram of the Boston Symphony rchestra in Festival Hall last night. nwearied by the rapid succession of nduplicated concerts, Dr. Karl Muck voked exquisite renditions from his rchestra of a catholic range of comositions which began with Von Veber's overture to "Der Freischutz" nd closed with Sibelius' symphonic oem, "Finlandia."

Beethoven's Eighth Symphony was cluded in the scope of the proram, the symphony that has been alled "the little one." Dr. Muck and is men play it exquisitely and with charm that seemed to spread over ll.

SHOWS COMPOSER'S GENIUS

The Sibelius music was undoubtedly e most interesting, because most unsual. The orchestra played the Carelia" overture, "The Swan of Tuoela" and "Finlandia"—enough to give fair notion of the genius of the Finish composer.

Chadwick's suite of symphonic ketches, including "A Jubilee," "Noel," Hobgoblin" and "A Vagrom Ballad," vas interesting as being the first work of an American composer to be played here by the Boston orchestra.

The "Jubilee" was a song of trimph and Celtic sweetness. "Noel" was nice adjustment of tender song. 'Hobgoblin" was gotesquerie.

AT BEST IN BEETHOVEN

The first number on the program vas the overture to "Der Freischutz," nd as the music took form, one ivined the sympathy which unites irector and orchestra.

The Beethoven symphony was rendered in a spirit of rollicking humor hat lost none of the impetuous feel-

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In the second part of the program will be heard "The Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal," and an admirably arranged selection from the last act of "Die Meistersinger," which includes "The Dance of the Apprentices," "The Entrance of the Guilds of the Ancient City of Nuremberg" and the homage to Hans Sachs. The final number will be the "Tannhauser" overture. Seats will be ready Monday morning at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 20 1915
tablist

BEETHOVEN ART CHARMS THRONG IN SYMPHONY

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From BULLETIN
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 22 1915
Establishe

Noted Conductor May Succeed Henry Hadley

Number of Concerts by San Francisco Orchestra Next Season To Be Doubled; Hertz May Come Here.

By ERNEST J. HOPKINS.

HENRY HADLEY in all likelihood will not be the conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra during the coming season. Alfred Hertz, the very noted Wagnerian conductor of the eMtropolitan Opera; Max Fiedler, who preceded Dr. Muck in the Boston Symphony, and one or two others are being considered as possible successors.

This announcement, of treble interest at this time, when the Boston orchestra has aroused deep enthusiasm here, was made in verification of a rumor, by Richard M. Tobin, chairman of the music committee of the San Francisco Musical Association.

Another announcement of deep importance is the statement by Manager Frank Healey that next season the orchestra will give ten special concerts on Sunday afternoons at popular prices, in addition to the ten on the regular subscription series.

Five rehearsals will be held for each pair of concerts, instead of four per concert, as in past seasons.

TOWARD DEMOCRACY.

In other words, the orchestra, which has been too largely a society affair, is to come out of its shell and become a real institution. Artistic success is impossible with the old limited clientele. Those who remember the magnificent audience of 8,000 which filled the Exposition-Civic Auditorium one Sunday afternoon last Januar yto hear this orchestra play will realize what the ten extra concerts may signify.

And here is a third great announcement: Alfred Hertz has been asked to come out here and conduct a couple of Wagnerian concerts in August and has replied favorably. The concerts will probably be held, with a special orchestra of local artists.

It is at this time that Hertz will look over the field, and if all goes well, next season we shall have a conductor who ranks among the first few of the land.

HADLEY APPRECIATED.

Hadley's contract has expired. Many of the most influential members of the Musical Association are urging its renewal. But there is a strong sentiment against it on the part of men all of whom admire Hadley personally and appreciate what he has done, yet who also realize that greater artistic development will only be possible under a changed leadership.

Hadley as composer ranks among the first living Americans. As conductor he has certain shortcomings, mainly a lack of interest in all but the most modern music. His Beethoven has been dead for ninety years.

MONEY NEEDED.

Were it not for the financial consideration, it would seem, the announcement of Hadley's departure could be made now with certainty. But the money problem is difficult.

"People ask," said Tobin, "'Why can't we have an orchestra as good as the Boston Symphony?' The whole answer is, 'We can't get the money.'

"Henry L. Higginson has spent $900,000 on the Boston orchestra out of his own coffers. The San Francisco Musical Association puts up only $30,000 a year, and it is doubtful whether we can get any more.

"We have never really had a symphony orchestra at all, in the sense that Boston has. Their musicians play for nobody except Dr. Muck. Our poor fellows play in cafes and theaters and hotels. We could only afford to pay for their services for every other week. It actually happened last year that some of those men only got $13 from the orchestra every alternate week.

"When these things are told to the conductors they look serious. Few would face such trying conditions. I doubt whether many conductors, even of real eminence, could do any better under these limitations than Hadley. People should understand these things; they would be less ready to condemn."

INCREASED SKILL.

One added source of revenue next year will be the ten special concerts, and with an orchestra more work means better work.

It has always been matter for regret that the orchestra has been kept aloof from the general public. The Friday afternoon concerts in the Cort Theater have been mainly attended by a special, not a general, audience. True artistic success could not come without a more liberal policy, for art draws its life from life at large.

There is no question as to the ability of the musicians who will form the orchestra. They are San Francisco's best, and the best here is very good. Among the announcements is that Stanislas Bem, the fine 'cellist, will replace Arthur Hadley.

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ddress: San Francisco, Cal.
MAY 21 1915
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3000 THRILLED BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Dr. Karl Muck conducted an audience of over 3000 music lovers in Festival Hall last night through the beauties of Brahms, Liszt, Strauss and Richard Wagner, his instrumentalists, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, meanwhile, painting the glories of the world through which its auditors traveled.

From Brahms at his most gracile to Liszt at his stormiest, to Strauss in his revelry and Wagner in his joy, the music rendered by the symphonists bore the minds of all. The honeyed philosophies of Brahms unfolded only to be superseded in the hearts of the audience by the poetic revery of Liszt. Wagner and Strauss were beautifully clear and simple.

ORCHESTRA SALUTES APPLAUSE

Brahms was represented by the serene spirit of his second symphony, in D major. This semi-peaceful, semi-laughing symphony was a thing of beauty in the hands of Dr. Muck and his cohorts. With the devotion of complete sympathy to Brahms, Dr. Muck is able to treat his music as a friend of long years' acquaintance.

The Strauss "Death and Transfiguration" was the work that commanded the most applause. The applause was not stilled until Dr. Muck had called upon his men to acknowledge it standing. It was wonderfully thrilling music, interspersed with tender suggestions of melodies and passages that led to sonorous climaxes.

"MADE IN GERMANY" MUSIC

The Liszt symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," became an embodiment in music of the seerlike poetry of Lemartine. Hearing this music was an experience. If it had not been for the Hungarian composer, Liszt, the program could have been stamped "Made in Germany," for modern Teutonic music could scarcely have been better represented and certainly never better rendered.

Wagner's prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" was the closing number of the program. It became a beautiful example of clarity and simplicity under the sway of Dr. Muck and concluded an evening of rare art and feeling and interpretation.

ITALIAN PROGRAM TONIGHT

Tonight will be given to Italian music, and Cherubini, Sgambati, Bossi and Goldini will make a nice contrast with last night's performance, giving a glimpse of that sunny land which Strauss lamented could not be his home, and where perhaps he might have shaken off the gloom of northern mists.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
MAY 22 1915
Date
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1884

MUCK CRITICISES CIVIC AUDITORIUM

Says All Orchestras Would Sound Alike There Owing to Faulty Acoustics.

"Absolutely perfect acoustics," the ideal set for the Civic Center Auditorium, has not yet been attained, according to Dr. Karl Muck, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

"All orchestras would sound alike in this room," declared Dr. Muck after listening to the exposition players in a test of the Auditorium yesterday. Those who waited for the decision of the Boston conductor interpreted it to mean that there is still sufficient reverberation from the dome to make it impossible to appreciate the fact that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is greater than other symphony orchestras. So the plan to have the Bos- symphony concert in the Civic Center Auditorium at popular prices has been reluctantly abandoned.

But the ambition remains to have the Auditorium made perfect in its acoustics. In fact it is more than an ambition. It is a determination.

"Not absolutely perfect now," William H. Crocker, chairman of the exposition building committee said yesterday, "but it is not too much to say that the Auditorium is 95 per cent perfect in its acoustics. That small remaining defect is sufficient, however, to make it impossible for the appreciation of the finest musical performances.

"But this defect is going to be remedied. The Johns-Manville Company, which recently took the contract to remedy the defect, gave a guarantee to make the Auditorium perfect. The representative of the company informed me the other day that the felt had been put in place on the ceiling and that the acoustics were now absolutely perfect.

Dr. Muck's criticism has, however, been called to his attention by H. D. H. Connick, and we understand that the company will live up to its guarantee. This can be done, I am told, by simply adding to the surface covered by the felt."

The contract with the Johns-Manville Company calls for a payment of $12,000 when the annoying resonance shall have been absolutely corrected

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From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
MAY 22 19
Date
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SYMPHONY GIVES FINE ITALIAN PROGRAM

A feast of Italian music in the Festival Hall, rendered by Dr. Muck, the foremost German conductor, and his internationally composed orchestra from Boston, with Camille Saint-Saens, the foremost composer of France, the guest of honor, proved to a large audience last night the universal language of the symphonic muse.

The program included a symphony by Sgambati, a Cherubini overture, Bossi's intermezzo and a Sinigaglia overture.

Saint-Saens was an unannounced guest. From his loge box he appeared the most interested and enthusiastic auditor in the hall.

PEACE TONES RULE

The interpretation of the music of the Italian symphonists by Dr. Muck and his orchestra had more of peace and quiet than has thus far been heard from the masterful musicians. The instruments seemed to laugh and gossip and breathe the tones of the compositions as if they were truly human.

The first rendition was Sgambati's Symphony, No. 1, in D major. It was not the Italian music of fire and passion and vehemence. It was an interesting movement of tenderness as if inspired by the hopeless song of a rejected lover.

The Cherubini overture to the opera "Anacreon" was a beautiful work and admirably adapted to show the mervelous capacity of the strings of the Boston organization to meet any demand on their scope and elasticity.

WORK IS PERFECT

No body of violinists could have faced a more difficult task and accomplished their work better than did the Bostonians.

The Bossi intermezzo, which consisted of five archaic dance movements and a serenatina, were for the strings alone. The entire body of strings, in many octave movements, proved a superb unanimity as to pitch and again developed an impetuosity of spirit that was enlivening and refreshing.

Sinigaglia's overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chiozzote" closed the program. It was a suggestion of wit and humor, that was the first touch thus far to reveal a little of the modernity of orchestration.

CONCERT THIS AFTERNOON

This afternoon's concert will include Mozart's Symphony in G minor, which, though not so well known as the "Jupiter," is really a more effective and important work, and its presentation should be the more enjoyable because its simplicities have usually stood in the way of its adequate interpretation.

Bach's double concerto, written for two violins and orchestra of strings, will be given, with A. Witek and S. Noak, first and second concert masters, respectively, as the soloists.

Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture will provide a nice contrast to the classics of Mozart and Bach, while Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl'" belongs on any program and makes its way in any company.

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dress: San Francisco, Cal.
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'WAGNER NIGHT,' BOSTONIANS' FAREWELL

The visit to San Francisco of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which has been productive of such artistic benefit and delight to the music loving public of California, is drawing to a close, and the last concerts of the series will be given at Festival Hall today and tomorrow afternoons at 2:30 o'clock and on Monday and Tuesday evenings at 8:30.

A special farewell concert has been arranged for Wednesday evening at 8:30 o'clock, at Festival Hall, with a second program devoted entirely to the works of Richard Wagner. Dr. Muck is admittedly an authority on Wagner's music and he is the last of that group of the extraordinary conductors who drew their inspiration from Bayreuth when it was at the highest point of its artistic value. The program he has arranged is one of thrilling beauty and contains one number which he will play in concert for the first time, "The Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal." He has steadfastly refused to play any excerpts from "Parsifal" in concert, except the prelude, but he has decided that it is due to San Francisco to hear this exquisite bit, which depicts the meadows and fields flowering under the radiance of Good Friday morn.

The program begins with the great "A Faust Overture," which is very characteristic and shows many traces of the "Tristan" period in which it was revised. The second number will be the charming "Siegfried Idyl," played a few days ago. This will give a very stunning arrangement of parts of Siegfried and "Dusk of the Gods," and the wonderful pictorial music which accompanies Siegfried's venture through the magic fire to find the sleeping Brunhilde, from the last act of "Siegfried," the coming of dawn from the prologue of the "Dusk of the Gods," the parting of Siegfried and Brunhilde and finally Siegfried's Rhine journey, from the same work.

In the second part of the program will be heard "The Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal," and an admirably arranged selection from the last act of "Die Meistersinger," which includes "The Dance of the Apprentices," "The Entrance of the Guilds of the Ancient City of Nuremberg" and the homage to Hans Sachs. The final number will be the "Tannhauser" overture. Seats will be ready Monday morning at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

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est in Beethoven, which is to say
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y his greatest task.

The fifth concert was a glorious
ne, like its predecessors. It is idle
o try to pick faults; the one right
hing to do is to adopt a spirit of
everent and constructive apprecia-
ion.

Tonight we shall have works by
rahms (Second Symphony), Liszt
"Les Preludes"), Richard Strauss
"Death and Transfiguration") and
Vagner ("Meistersinger" Prelude).
ould program be more attractive?

From **BULLETIN**
Address: **San Francisco, Cal.**
Date MAY 22
Establishe

Boston Symphony to Give Farewell Wagner Concert

A special farewell concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been arranged for Wednesday evening, at 8:30, at Festival Hall, with a program devoted entirely to the works of Richard Wagner.

Dr. Muck is admittedly a final authority on Wagner's music. He is the last of that group of extraordinary conductors who drew their inspiration from Bayreuth when it was at the highest point of its artistic value.

The program he has arranged is one of thrilling beauty and contains one number which he will play in concert for the first time, "The Good Friday Spell" from Parsifal. He has hitherto steadfastly refused to play any excerpts from Parsifal in concert, except the Prelude, but he has decided to give this exquisite excerpt, which depicts the meadows and fields flowering under the radiance of a Good Friday morn.

The program begins with the great "Faust Overture," which is very characteristic and shows many traces of the "Tristan" period in which it was revised. The second number will be the charming "Siegfried Idyl," including the wonderful pictorial music which accompanies Siegfried's venture through the magic of fire to find the sleeping Brunhilde from the last act of "Siegfried"; the coming of dawn from the prologue of the "Dusk of the Gods," the parting of Siegfried and Brunhilde and finally Siegfried's Rhine journey, from the same work.

In the second part of the program will be heard "The Good Friday Spell," an admirably arranged selection from the last act of "Die Meistersinger," and the "Tannhauser" overture.

Seats will be ready Monday morning at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street. The members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will leave at midnight, after the Wednesday concert, on their special train, returning direct to Boston. Their trip has made orchestral history.

FINAL CONCERTS.

Tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 the second French program will be given, and for the first time the great organ will be used. The principal work on the program will be Saint-Saens' Symphony in C minor, the great French composer will hear the performance himself. When Saint-Saens was in America in the fall of 1906, a special concert for him was given in Symphony Hall, Boston, and among the works played was this symphony, under the leadership of Dr. Muck, Saint-Saens himself playing the organ part. Today Mr. Wallace Sabin will play the organ.

The symphony shows Saint-Saens at his best. He uses the organ and the orchestra with surpassing skill, and the work is one of Dr. Muck's favorites.

The second half of the program will comprise Debussy's fascinating Prelude to Mallarme's eclogue, "The Afternoon of a Faun"; the three orchestra pieces from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust"; "Dance of the Sylphs"; "Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps" and the stirring "Racoczy March," while the final number will be the magnificent overture to Chabrier's opera, "Gwendoline."

The program for Monday evening will be Russian and contains as its chief number the stupendous Symphony, "Pathetique," of Tschaikowsky. That Tschaikowsky wrote it with a forboding of the tragic death which was soon to come to him is nonsense, but nevertheless it remains one of the curious coincidences in the history of art.

The other works on this program are the flambuoyantly Slavic Overture by Glazounoff, the extraordinary symphonic sketch, "On the Steppes," by Borodin, and finally the clever Caprice on Spanish themes by Rimsky-Korsakoff.

TUESDAY'S PROGRAM.

Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra" is the outstanding feature of the Tuesday night program. He has taken for his inspiration Friedrich Nietsche's work of the same name, and carries Zarathustra through the various phases of experience outlined by the German philosopher. The opening of this work is most stupendous. In a theme built on three notes, Strauss would have the audience see the rising of the sun. This in many respects is the most astounding work of modern musical literature. It is probably being played west of the Mississippi for the first time, nor is it likely to be heard soon again, as it demands an orchestra of the largest size and highest skill.

Those who heard the three pieces by Sibelius the other evening will be glad to hear his first symphony in E minor.

This wonderful series will be brought to an end by the Third "Leonora" Overture of Beethoven.

ANDRE' MAQUARRE

BOSTON JOURNAL

MAY 29, 1915.

POPS WILL OPEN THURSDAY NIGHT

Concerts on Tuesday and Wednesday Will Be Private.

The Symphony Orchestra is due to return from San Francisco Monday afternoon. Tuesday morning Andre Maquarre, the first conductor of the Pops, will have a rehearsal for his first week and the season will open Tuesday evening. It should be noted, however, by the general pcblic that the house has been sold out in its entirety both Tuesday evening, June 1, and Wednesday evening, June 2, to private organizations, so, as a matter of fact, the opening night for the general public will be Thursday evening, June 3.

Owing to the San Francisco engagement of the Orchestra, the season of Pops will last only five weeks, the final concert coming on Saturday evening, July 3. Andre Maquarre will have charge of the concerts for the first two weeks. He will be followed for the next two weeks by Ernest Schmidt. For the final week Clement Lenom will be the conductor. "Request night" this year is set for Wednesday, June 30. Friday night, June 4, will bring the first Wagner program of the season and for Saturday night, Mr. Maquarre has arranged a characteristic program, such as appeals to the very large audiences that are always present at the end of the week.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

MAY 29, 1915

The Pops

The Symphony orchestra returns from San Francisco Monday afternoon. Tuesday morning Andre Maquarre, the first conductor of the Pops, will have a rehearsal for his first week, and the season will open Tuesday evening. It should be noted, however, by the general public that the house has been sold out in its entirety both Tuesday evening, June 1 and Wednesday evening, June 2—Tuesday evening to the Women's City Club, Wednesday evening to Boston University—so, as a matter of fact, the opening night for the general public will be Thursday evening, June 3.

Andre Maquarre, first flute of the orchestra, who has been a favorite Pop conductor now for several years, will have charge of the concerts for the first few weeks. He will be followed for the next two weeks by Ernst Schmidt, assistant conductor of the Symphony orchestra. For the final week, Clement Lemon will be the conductor. In his week will come one of the most popular nights of the season, "Request night," which, this year, is set for Wednesday evening, June 30.

There will be the usual number of special nights. Friday night, June 4, will bring the first Wagner program of the season, and for Saturday night Mr. Maquarre has arranged a characteristic program. The season closes Saturday evening, July 3.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1	
Women's City Club Night.	
March, "El Capitan"	Sousa
Overture, "Light Cavalry"	Suppe
Waltz, "Vienna Blood"	Strauss
Selection, "Chin-Chin"	Caryll
Suite, "Peer Gynt"	Grieg
(a) "Morning Mood," (b) "Anitra's Dance," (c) "In the Hall of the Mountain King."	
Violin solo, "Romance"	Svendsen
Mr. Hoffman	
Selection, "La Boheme"	Puccini
Marche Hongroise	Berlioz
Overture, "Rienzi"	Wagner
Entr'acte, "I Pagliacci"	Leoncavallo
Waltz, "Chanteurs des bois"	Fahrbach
March, "For the Country"	Milloecker
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2	
Boston University Night	
Cortege, "Queen of Sheba"	Gounod
Overture, "Mignon"	Thomas
Waltz, "Artist's Life"	Strauss
March, from "Tannhauser"	Wagner
Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 2	Bizet
(a) "Pastorale," (b) "Menuet" (fluite, Mr. Brooke)), (c) "Farandole"	
Intermezzo and Barcarole	Offenbach
Ali Baba Waltzes	
Malcolmn Jenney, B. U. Law School, 1915	
"Clarissima"	
Brenton Patterson, B. U. C. L. A., 1911	
Words by R. W. Taylor, B. U. C. L. A. 1911	
Organ solos,	
(a) "Benediction Nuptiale"	Dubois
(b) "Grand Chorus" in E flat	Guilmant
Mr. Marshall	
"Largo"	Handel
Violin, Mr. Hoffmann; harp, Mr. Holy; Organ, Mr. Marshall	
Waltz, "Roses of the South"	Strauss
"American Fantasy"	Herbert
Organ, Mr. Marshall	
THURSDAY, JUNE 3	
March, "Boccaccio"	Suppe
Overture, "Fra Diavolo"	Auber
Waltz, "Pomone"	Waldteufel
Selection, "The Little Cafe"	Caryll
Ballet music, "La Gioconda"	Ponchielli
Prelude to "The Deluge"	Saint-Saens
Solo violin, Mr. Hoffmann	
Selection, "Carmen"	Bizet
"Pomp and Circumstance"	Elgar
Organ, Mr. Marshall	
Overture, "Der Freischutz"	Weber
Selection, "A Petits Pas"	Sudessi
Waltz, "Girls of Baden"	Komzak
March, "Merry Soldiers"	Sabathil

DAILY ADVERTISER,

JUNE 1, 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BACK

ARRIVES IN CITY AFTER RECORD TRIP OVERLAND

All Members of Party Vote the Event a Big Success Artistically and Financially

The Boston Symphony Orchestra reached the Huntington ave. station yesterday afternoon after a record trip across the continent. The special train left San Francisco last Thursday afternoon at 4 p.m. and reached Boston 93 hours later. Railroad officials claim that the trip was a record for transcontinental travel to Boston. The members of the orchestra were all mighty glad to see Boston after the trip and their unusual absence.

"An artistic and financial success," was the statement of Mr. Ellis, the manager. The audiences were very large and appreciative at every one of the concerts. The Symphony gave 13 concerts in all to an official attendance of 46,000 paid admissions. The last concert on Wednesday evening was a special one, and over 4000 turned out for this farewell performance.

The concerts were all given in the Festival Hall on the fairgrounds. The Festival Hall seats 3800, or 1300 more than Symphony Hall, and was filled for every performance. Mr. Ellis says that the scale of prices was higher than those in Boston.

The concerts were attended by people from all parts of the Pacific Coast.

Several entertainments were planned for the players, but according to Mr. Ellis, the finest of all was the one given by the Commissioners of the Massachusetts State Building. The Commissioners also tendered a private reception to Dr. and Mrs. Muck, as did many of the musical clubs of San Francisco. Dr. Muck was more than pleased by the reception and the appreciation shown by the Pacific coast people to the Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. and Mrs. Muck remained on the Pacific coast. They are planning on visiting the Yosemite and Yellowstone parks and many other points of interest before returning to Boston about Aug. 1. Mrs. Muck was the only woman of the party, as there was no soloist at any of the concerts. The entire party of 108 returned with the exception of Dr. and Mrs. Muck and Mr. Sylvain Noack, the second concert-master, who stopped off at Salt Lake City, where he is to be married to Miss Hartley of that city on June 5.

BOSTON HERALD

JUNE 1, 1915.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BACK FROM 6500-MILE TOUR

Gave 13 Concerts in Successive Nights at the Fair.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra reached home yesterday from the Panama fair, after an absence of three weeks and a day, having traveled 6500 miles and given 13 concerts on 13 successive days to a total paid attendance of 46,000. It was the largest undertaking in the history of musical enterprise anywhere in the world, for the entire orchestra of over 100 went to San Francisco on a special train, without a stop, gave 13 different programs and returned on the same train, without stop.

Dr. and Mrs. Muck are in the Yosemite, whence they go to Los Angeles, San Diego, the Grand Canyon and the Yellowstone and Glacier Parks. Second Concert Master Sylvain Noack halted in Salt Lake City, where he is to be married Saturday. The orchestra came back in charge of Manager Charles A. Ellis and Business Manager W. H. Brennan.

Mr. Ellis spoke enthusiastically of the journey. "Too much credit," he said, "cannot be given to J. B. Levison, commissioner of music of the exposition, and George W. Stewart, the director of music, for their daring and imagination in planning the undertaking. I have never seen such rapt audiences, and the demonstration the last night, by 4000, was one of the greatest I have ever seen. Financially, the concerts, instead of showing a loss, as was expected, show a large profit. Prices ranged from $1 to $2.50, besides the 50 cents admission to the grounds. People came from Los Angeles, Phoenix, Denver, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma merely to hear the orchestra. The hospitality extended was unbounded. Dr. and Mrs. Muck could not accept all the invitations they received. Finally, I might add that the enterprise has done Boston no harm."

BOSTON GLOBE—

JUNE 1, 1915

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HOME

Exposition Trip Great Success and Actually Made Money—Dr Muck Sightseeing in West.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra arrived home yesterday afternoon from the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Of the 108 persons who left for San Francisco 106 returned. Dr and Mrs Karl Muck are going to do a little sightseeing in the West, and will not be in Boston until July. The other missing member is Sylvain Noack, the second concert-master, who injected a little romance into the trip by dropping off at Salt Lake City, where he is to be married next Saturday to a Miss Hartley, a resident of that city.

In 13 concerts on successive days, the last being Wednesday evening, there were 46,000 paid admissions.

At the final concert there were fully 4000 persons in the hall, though the seating capacity is only 3800. At the conclusion Dr Muck was given a tremendous ovation.

"This farewell to Dr Muck was one of the most extraordinary things I ever witnessed," said Charles A. Ellis, the business manager, who came through with the party. "I was told that nothing like it had ever before been seen on the Pacific Coast. The entire trip was an overwhelming success.

"One of the most remarkable things about it was that it was a financial success. We went to the Exposition on a guarantee. The backers were prepared to lose money, but the orchestra actually made money—a previously almost unheardof thing in music circles."

The orchestra took its special train at San Francisco at 4 o'clock last Thursday afternoon, coming by way of Salt Lake City, Omaha and Chicago.

BOSTON JOURNAL—
JUNE 1, 1915.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HOME

Played Before 46,000 Persons at Panama-Pacific Exposition.

The special train bringing back the Boston Symphony Orchestra party of 108 reached Boston just before 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, after a 93-hour run from San Francisco, and "after a wonderfully successful trip," as Manager Charles A. Ellis said.

"It was without the slightest mishap—unless that Third Concert Master Sylvian Noack left us at Salt Lake City to be married. I don't know the details of the romance, but the lady's name is Miss Hartley."

The orchestra played to a total of 46,000 persons, exclusive of those receiving complimentary tickets, during the thirteen concerts given on consecutive days. Festival Hall, within the fair grounds, in which the concerts were held, has a seating capacity of 3800, and there were fully 4000 persons at several of the concerts. Boston Symphony Hall seats 2500.

"Our last concert was a remarkable testimonial to the orchestra," said Mr. Ellis. "At the end of the concert, every person remained and cheered, applauded or waved a handkerchief. And, in general, the audiences were remarkably appreciative. The management of the fair had expected to meet at least a small deficit from the trip of the orchestra there, for the guarantee was a generous one; but they have actually made a profit. The scale of prices was higher than in Boston—from $1 to $2.50—and, when it is recalled that this was paid in addition to the 50 cents admission to the fair grounds, it will be understood that the large attendance was a most gratifying surprise."

The orchestra was entertained at a special reception held in the Massachusetts Building, at which the Massachusetts commissioners to the fair were hosts. Another reception at the Massachusetts Building was given to the conductor, Dr. Muck, and Mrs. Muck, and they were entertained at various other special affairs. Dr. and Mrs. Muck remained in San Francisco and will return some time in July.

BOSTON POST,
JUNE 1, 1915

SYMPHONY BACK FROM THE COAST

Orchestra's Tour Big Financial and Artistic Success

The Boston Symphony Orchestra detrained yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the South station from the same train which carried them to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition three weeks ago, where, under Dr. Muck's baton, 13 of the most successful concerts in the history of the orchestra were given before a total number of 46,000 people who paid for their seats. The orchestra returned in charge of Charles A. Ellis, manager, and W. H. Brennan, business manager.

THE MUCKS SIGHTSEEING

Dr. and Mrs. Muck parted from the orchestra at San Francisco, for a sightseeing tour in the West. They will return to Boston some time in July. At present they are in Yosemite. From the Yosemite they will go South to Los Angeles, San Diego, and the Grand Canyon. From there they will go North to the Yellowstone and Glacier Parks. One other member of the orchestra remains in the West, Mr. Sylvain Noack, who is to be married next Saturday in Salt-Lake City.

The trip taken by the orchestra was one of the biggest undertakings of its kind in the history of any musical enterprise. The entire Boston Symphony Orchestra of 100 players left Boston, proceeded without a stop to San Francisco, gave 13 concerts which presented 13 entirely different programmes, and then returned, without a stop, to their own city.

Memorable Enthusiasm

The audiences at each concert were larger than those which pack Boston's Symphony Hall to its capacity, the enthusiasm was memorable, the financial returns were such that in spite of the very large sum paid the Boston orchestra for its performances in San Francisco, a considerable profit, instead of the deficit which might reasonably have accured from such an expensive undertaking, goes to the guarantors.

"It was a great undertaking," said Mr. Ellis, "and has turned out most successfully from every point of view. Too much credit cannot be given to J. B. Levison, the commissioner of music of the exposition, and to George W. Stewart, the director of music, for their daring and imagination in planning to take the orchestra to San Francisco. And William H. Leahy, who had the direct management of the concerts, deserves highest praise for the manner in which he handled such a big undertaking.

Never Such Rapt Audiences

"It is more than gratifying for us here in Boston that the concerts were so successful. Artistically, the orchestra was a revelation to the audiences, and I may add that in all my experience I have never seen such attentive, actually rapt audiences. This feature impressed Dr. Muck also very strongly. I may add, too, that the orchestra has never played more magnificently.

"Last Wednesday night, when the last number of the last programme had been played, the audience, which numbered over 4000, did not make a move to leave their seats, but brought Dr. Muck out time and time again; then it finally began to cheer. It was one of the greatest demonstrations I have ever seen.

A Success Financially

"From the financial point of view," continued Mr. Ellis, "the success was remarkable. Naturally, a very large sum was paid the orchestra for the concerts, and the exposition expected to lose money on the undertaking. As a matter of fact, the concerts themselves more than paid, and when the 'gate money' is added they showed a large profit.

"Mr. Leahy informed me the day I left San Francisco that in round numbers 46,000 people paid to hear the 13 concerts.

"The prices ranged from $1 to $2.50 and everyone had in addition to this to pay 50 cents admission to the grounds. The concerts have been a great thing for the Pacific Coast. People came from as far as Los Angeles, Phoenix, Denver, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma merely to hear the orchestra, and all went away satisfied. It is only fair to remark that this has done Boston no harm.

Everybody Very Cordial

"Everybody was very cordial," said Mr. Ellis. "The members of the orchestra were entertained continually, and Dr. and Mrs. Muck were unable to find time for all the things planned for them. A very pleasant incident was a greeting from Mayor Ralph of San Francisco, and a telegram from Governor Walsh when we arrived there, and very pleasant was the hospitality shown us by Messrs. Powers and Daniels at the Massachusetts building.

"Altogether, the trip was worth while from every standpoint. We are glad we went, and I think everyone of us is glad to be home again."

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EVENING RECORD,
JUNE 1, 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BACK

ARRIVES IN CITY AFTER RECORD TRIP OVERLAND

All Members of Party Vote the Event a Big Success Artistically and Financially

The Boston Symphony Orchestra reached the Huntington ave. station yesterday afternoon after a record trip across the continent. The special train left San Francisco last Thursday afternoon at 4 p.m. and reached Boston 93 hours later. Railroad officials claim that the trip was a record for transcontinental travel to Boston. The members of the orchestra were all mighty glad to see Boston after the trip and their unusual absence.

"An artistic and financial success," was the statement of Mr. Ellis, the manager. The audiences were very large and appreciative at every one of the concerts. The Symphony gave 13 concerts in all to an official attendance of 46,000 paid admissions. The last concert on Wednesday evening was a special one, and over 4000 turned out for this farewell performance.

The concerts were all given in the Festival Hall on the fairgrounds. The Festival Hall seats 3800, or 1300 more than Symphony Hall, and was filled for every performance. Mr. Ellis says that the scale of prices was higher than those in Boston.

The concerts were attended by people from all parts of the Pacific Coast.

Several entertainments were planned for the players, but according to Mr. Ellis, the finest of all was the one given by the Commissioners of the Massachusetts State Building. The Commissioners also tendered a private reception to Dr. and Mrs. Muck, as did many of the musical clubs of San Francisco. Dr. Muck was more than pleased by the reception and the appreciation shown by the Pacific coast people to the Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. and Mrs. Muck remained on the Pacific coast. They are planning on visiting the Yosemite and Yellowstone parks and many other points of interest before returning to Boston about Aug. 1. Mrs. Muck was the only woman of the party, as there was no soloist at any of the concerts. The entire party of 108 returned with the exception of Dr. and Mrs. Muck and Mr. Sylvain Noack, the second concert-master, who stopped off at Salt Lake City, where he is to be married to Miss Hartley of that city on June 5.

TRANSCRIPT,
JUNE 1, 1915

A TOUR OF TRIUMPH

England never expected every man to do his duty half so confidently as Boston expects that the Symphony Orchestra, wherever it goes, will gain for itself new glory. The habit of success seems as firmly fastened upon it as the habit of painstaking work and artistic striving which make success possible. Yet when the players return from a trip that has spread wide their fame through all of the nation assembled in holiday concourse at the Panama fairs, surely the time is come for the word of praise extraordinary. Forty-six thousand persons attended the orchestra's thirteen concerts; forty-six thousand persons may thus be assumed to associate now in their minds the mere mention of Boston with the thought of what standards of excellence they discovered that Boston's orchestra keeps. How much more valuable is this kind of publicity, if we may use an unpleasant word for a very real asset, than the notoriety which the average boom-maker seeks. The one stands with dignity on great past endeavors whereof the present production is tangible evidence, the other floats on the promise of future accomplishments. A realized success in art and in proper financial return, the Symphony Orchestra's trip to the coast was truly a triumph. The players need no further procession in Boston.

Many of the members will enter at once into the season of Pop concerts, those musical entertainments which by their management unique in America have won for Boston another title to peculiar distinction, quite different from that which it bears for the fame of its Symphony concerts, but which still is unique in America. It is true that frequent attendance on the concerts of the regular season seems to take much of the pleasure away from frequent attendance at the Pops. One's ear becomes so trained to music flawlessly played that it will not accept with complacency playi

less perfect. But the two seasons are designed for different publics and serve different publics. Malediction upon the head of the æsthete who cannot discover the value in these popular nightly festivals when Americans come together for the enjoyment of much good music quite as though they were Europeans, and praised be he who having an ear for musical subtleties can still, through the buzzing of much conversation, the noises of waiters, hear both the harmonies of the orchestra and the overtones of humanity.

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Seventy players of the Boston Symphony orchestra rehearsed in Symphony hall this morning for the opening of the pop concert season, with Andre Maquarre directing. It is the largest group that has ever been engaged for the summer season. The concerts open tonight with the members of the Women's City Club and their friends holding the house. The selections to be played are by Sousa, Suppe, Strauss, Caryll, Grieg, Svensden, Puccini, Berlioz, Wagner, Leoncavallo. Fahrbach and Milloecker.

Tomorrow evening students of Boston University and their friends will attend. Orchestral pieces by Gounod, Thomas, Strauss, Wagner, Bizet and Offenbach and organ selections by Dubois, Guilmant and Handel will be on the program. The concerts will go on without special visitors on the evenings of Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Some of the players in the leading positions of the orchestra, including Messrs. Witek, Noack, Ferir, Longy and Sand, will begin their vacation at once, not resuming orchestral duties until the fall, when the tour of western cities opens.

The members of the orchestra arrived from San Francisco on Monday afternoon, confirming the reports sent on last week of the success of their concerts at the Panama-Pacific exposition.

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JUNE 2, 1915

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Women's City Club Entertains.

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The time was when all those disposed either to lend or to reflect glory at the opening night of the "Pops" found it their privilege to do so. That time is passed. The Women's City Club has monopolized this occasion, and last evening the newly elected treasurer, Mrs Goodwin, after thanking the members for their cooperation, said she believed the club would continue to open the "Pop" seasons.

The women of the club and men guests welcomed the orchestra, or 70 members of it, back from the brief but triumphant sojourn at the Exposition at San Francisco. Mr Maquarre, the first flutist of the usual season, conducted in his enthusiastic manner a program well suited to the tastes of an audience pleased with music, light and serious.

The strings are more numerous than in any recent season, and to the obvious and recognizable improvement in the quality and breadth of tone. The program was an attractive one, blending lighter pieces with the more serious overtures and selections, including the "Peer Gynt" suite without the movement of the mother's death, and Svendsen's "Romance," played with good

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The strings are more numerous than in any recent season, and to the obvious and recognizable improvement in the quality and breadth of tone. The program was an attractive one, blending lighter pieces with the more serious overtures and selections, including the "Peer Gynt" suite without the movement of the mother's death and Svendsen's "Romance," played with good tonal quality and se[illegible] without exaggeration by Jacques Hoffmann, who is concertmaster. Encores were generously given, "The Blue Danube" being one of them. The tables on the floor were practically all taken and for the greater part the seats in the galleries filled.

During the second intermission Mrs James Storrow, Dr Blanche Dennig and Mrs Goodwin, escorted by Maj Higginson, appeared on the platform. Mr Higginson introduced Mrs Dennig, who said that a moving picture man would be at the front entrance of the clubhouse this afternoon to take pictures of the club women as they enter and leave the building; the pictures to be represented in 26 States, as of important local interest. Mrs Storrow reported on the committee's suggestion of a beach site near Annisquam for the Summer camp. Mrs Goodwin looked forward to a women's club night at all successive openings.

Mrs F. E. A. Goodwin, to whom credit is due for the success of the affair, was recipient of many congratulations. Among those who entertained guests at the tables were Mrs James J. Storrow, Mrs Charles Sumner Bird, Miss Frances G. Curtis, Mrs John J. Enneking, Mrs Mary Schenck Woolman, Mrs May Alden Ward, Miss Josephine Bruorton, Mrs C. A. Codman, Mrs Ada F. Endres, Mrs W. H. Foster, Mrs F. E. A. Goodwin, Miss Margaret Murray, Mrs Myra B. Lord, Miss Flora MacDonald, Miss Hortense Lewis, Miss Alice H. Grady and other prominent members.

Special nights to occur this season will be Wagner Night, Friday, June 4; Amherst Night, Monday, June 7; Tech Night, Tuesday, June 8, and Boston College Night, Thursday, June 10.

This evening wil be Boston University night. The program will be as follows:

Cortege, Queen of Sheba................Gounod
Overture, Mignon......................Thomas
Waltz, Artist's Life....................Strauss
March, from Tannhauser..................Wagner
Suite, L'Arlesienne, No 2.................Bizet
(a) Pastorale (b) Menuet (Flute, Mr Brooke)
(c) Farandole
Intermezzo and Barcarole............Offenbach
Ali Baba Waltzes,
Malcolm Jenney, B U Law School, 1915
Clarissima. Brenton Patterson, B U C L A, 1911
Words by R. W. Taylor, B U C L A, 1911
Organ Solos,
(a) Benediction Nuptiale............Dubois
(b) Grand Chorus in E flat.......Guilmant
Mr Marshall
Largo ....Handel
Violin, Mr Hoffman Harp, Mr Holy
Organ, Mr Marshall
Waltz, Roses of the South..............Strauss
American Fantasy......................Herbert
Organ, Mr Marshall

BOSTON JOURNAL—

JUNE 2, 1915.

POPS OPEN WITH WOMEN PRESIDING

Women's City Club and Its Guests Monopolize Festivities.

"W. C. C." were the letters in golden lights that glowed over the stage of Symphony Hall last night to mark Women's City Club night at the Pops.

This is the 30th season of the Pops, and last night was the first opening in the history of these springtime soirees to be monopolized by any private organization. Thus the W. C. C. showed its enterprise and its appreciation of the pleasures of the Pops. Mrs. F. E. A. Goodwin, who is credited with promoting the successful affair, was roundly congratulated.

Among those who entertained guests at the tables were Mrs. James J. Storrow, Mrs. Charles Sumner Bird, Miss Frances G. Curtis, Mrs. John J. Enneking, Mrs. Mary Schenck Woolman, Mrs. May Alden Ward, Miss Josephine Bruorton, Mrs. C. A. Codman, Mrs. Ada F. Endres, Mrs. W. H. Foster, Mrs. F. E. A. Goodwin, Miss Margaret Murray, Mrs. Myra B. Lord, Miss Flora MacDonald, Miss Hortense Lewis and Miss Alice H. Grady.

Of course, the big brother of the W. C. C., the Boston City Club, was much in evidence with compliments for the ladies and applause for Conductor Andre Maquarre and his band of Symphony players.

The hall was comfortably filled, and weather, audience and orchestra combined to make it an ideal evening for a club musicale.

Tonight will be Boston University night at the Pops. Prof. Marshall will play several organ selections, and B. U. music will have a place on the program. Among the 'varsity pieces will be the "Ali Baba Waltzes," written by Malcolm Jenney, '15, of the Law School, and selections from "Clarissima," with music by Brenton Patterson, '11, and words by R. W. Taylor, '11.

Friday will bring the first Wagner night. Amherst will celebrate next Monday night, "Tech" next Tuesday night, Boston College on Thursday, June 10, and Roxbury Latin the following night.

BOSTON HERALD,

JUNE 2, 1915.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB AT POPS

More Than 2000 Persons at Initial Concert of the Season.

Pops are here again. The initial concert of the season last evening drew more than 2000 persons to Symphony Hall, where attractively gowned women and men in evening clothes listened to the strains of a Strauss waltz or a rhapsody from "Peer Gynt." It was Women's City Club night and the orchestra, conducted by A. Maquarre, was given an enthusiastic reception.

The bright hues of the women's gowns made a brilliant spectacle and the applause, which was frequent and prolonged, testified to the popularity of the Pops, which have become one of Boston's favorite institutions.

At the tables were many members of the club who entertained parties of friends. Flowers decorated the tables and added to the festive appearance. The balconies also were crowded.

Conductor Maquarre was applauded with much fervor when he picked up his baton and gave the signal for the first number on the program, which was Sousa's march, "El Capitan," and the hum of voices ceased as the first strains of the music filled the hall. The applause was at all times enthusiastic and there were several encores.

Mrs. James J. Storrow, president of the Women's City Club, and Mrs. F. E. A. Goodwin, its treasurer, appeared on the platform during intermission, which brought forth more applause from all parts of the hall.

Among those who entertained guests at tables were Mrs. Storrow, Mrs. Charles Sumner Bird, Miss Frances G. Curtis, Mrs. John J. Enneking, Mrs. Mary S. Woolman, Mrs. May Alden Ward, Miss Josephine Bruorton, Mrs. C. A. Codman, Mrs. Ada F. Endres, Mrs. W. H. Foster, Mrs. F. E. A. Goodwin, Miss Margaret Murray, Mrs. Myra B. Lord, Miss Flora MacDonald, Miss Hortense Lewis and Miss Alice H. Grady. Former Mayor and Mrs. John F. Fitzgerald were also among the first nighters.

The program was: Overture, "Light Cavalry," Suppe; waltz, "Vienna Blood," Strauss; selection from "Chin Chin," Caryll; suite from Grieg's "Peer Gynt," "Morning Mood," "Anitra's Dance," "In the Hall of the Mountain King"; violin solo, "Romance" (Mr. Hoffman) Svendsen; selection from "La Boheme," Puccini; "Marche Hongroise," Berlioz; overture, "Rienzi," Wagner; entr'acte "I Pagliacci," Leoncavallo; waltz, "Chanteurs des bois," Fahrbach; march, "For the Country," Milloecker.

Boston University will celebrate this evening at the Pops in Symphony Hall. The program is as follows:

Cortege, "Queen of Sheba"........Gounod
Overture, "Mignon"...............Thomas
Waltz, "Artist's Life"...........Strauss
March, from "Tannhaeuser"........Wagner
Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 2 (a) Pastorale, (b) Menuet (flute, Mr. Brooke),
(c) Farandole........................Bizet
"Ali Baba" waltzes—
Intermezzo and Bacarole........Offenbach
Malcolm Jenney, B. U. law school, 1915.
"Clarissima"..........................
Words by R. W. Taylor, B. U. C. L. A., 1911
Brenton Patterson, B. U. C. L. A., 1911.
Organ solos—
(a) "Benediction Nuptiale"........Dubois
(b) Grand Chorus in E-flat......Guilmant
Mr. Marshall.
Largo..............................Handel
Violin, Mr. Hoffmann; harp, Mr. Holy; organ, Mr. Marshall.
Waltz, "Roses of the South"........Strauss
American Fantasy..................Herbert
Organ, Mr. Marshall.

DAILY ADVERTISER,

JUNE 2, 1915

CROWDED HOUSE WELCOMES "POPS"

M. ANDRE MAQUARRE EXCELLENT LEADER

Women's City Club Night to Be Followed by Boston University Today

By **Louis C. Elson**

Better a half-loaf than no bread. Our Pops have been cut down this season from about ten weeks to five. Of course every Bostonian is proud of the success achieved by our Orchestra in San Francisco, but the light dessert to the musical banquet of the year is craved none-the-less.

The immediate outcome of the shortened season is likely to be seen in very crowded houses. Last night was a special one, as the house was taken by the Women's City Club. We are glad to see such a female influence in this field, for we can recollect a time when there were some people in Boston who banned the Pops (and banned the band also) from the odor of sanctity.

After all the liquid measures and the measured liquids go well enough together. It is not so far from Meyerbeer to Lager Beer, or from "Tannhauser" to Anhauser. But, enjoyable as these concerts are, in their informality, their high standard of execution, and their well-contrasted programmes, there is nothing for the critic to say about them that would not be a ten-times-told tale. M. Andre Maquarre conducted last night, and he is an excellent leader. That a man should be a first-class flute-player, a good composer and a well-equipped conductor, is quite enough of versatility for one person.

After a couple of weeks Mr. Ernst Schmidt will have his innings. Those who remember the excellent Schumann reading which this assistant conductor of our Symphony Orchestra gave to Boston will await his more extensive work with pleasant anticipation; and the last week will bring back M. Clement Lenom, who has won his spurs in many fields of music.

The programme last night was as follows:—

March, "El Capitan"........................Sousa
Overture, "Light Cavalry".................Suppe
Waltz, "Vienna Blood"....................Strauss
Selection, "Chin-Chin"....................Caryll
Suite, "Peer Gynt".........................Grieg
(a) Morning Mood. (b) Anitra's Dance.
(c) In the Hall of the Mountain King.
Violin Solo, Romance...................Svendsen
Mr. Hoffmann.
Selection, "La Boheme"..................Puccini
Marche Hongroise........................Berlioz
Overture, "Rienzi"........................Wagner
Entr'acte, "I Pagliacci"...........Leoncavallo
Waltz, "Chanteurs des bois"...........Fahrbach
March, "For the Country"............Milloecker

Most of these numbers are familiar to our concert-goers, but it is not the kind of familiarity that breeds contempt.

Almost every number won its applause, many were encored, and Mr. Jaques Hoffmann's violin solo held the audience in rapt attention.

"Chin-Chin," by the way, was not a tone poem of a Congressional debate, but a pleasant piece of pseudo-Oriental music.

Tonight is another special night, and the Boston University takes the house, which is to be as crowded as yesterday.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 30 1915

PROMINENT MEN ARE FLEECED

Self-Styled Representative of "Fatherland" Arrested at the Fairmont.

FIGHTS WITH DETECTIVE

Dr. Karl Muck Plans to Have Man Captured After Giving Up $300.

What the police assert was a wholesale swindling of rich German-Americans ended last night in the arrest at the Fairmont Hotel of Henry M. Meyers, alias Frank M. Granlan, living at the Berg Hotel, 221 Mason street, at the instance of Dr. Karl Muck, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. Muck charged that he had been fleeced of $300 by Meyers, who claimed to be representing the "Fatherland," a German newspaper published by the New York German Press and devoted to the Teuton cause.

Meyer sought to escape from Detective Fred Kracke when he was taken into custody, but after a fierce fight with the officer failed in his attempt.

Dr. Muck said he gave Meyers $100 on May 21st to aid the "Fatherland" on credentials submitted by him stating that the paper needed funds with which to "refute English lies" printed in the United States. Later, he said, Meyers obtained $200 additional.

PROMINENT VICTIMS.

Among Meyers' alleged victims were the following prominent San Franciscans and others:

Dr. Karl Muck, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, $300.
William Bauer, broker, $100.
E. L. Heuter, $300.
Charles Schultz, $50.
California Brick Company, $50.
Dr. Max Magnus.
Robert Cappell, agent North German Steamship Company.
Dr. M. K. Krotoszyner.
C. E. Grunsky, civil engineer, $300.
Fred Hagemann, $100.
Max Schmidt, $75.
N. Ohlandt, banker, $150.
F. J. Ruhstaller, Sacramento, Ruhstaller Brewing Company.
L. C. Brandt, Sacramento, Buffalo Brewing Company.
G. L. Bovereaux, manager Haas Grocery Company.
Jacob Blumlein, manager Sussman-Wormser, 140 Spear street.
Dr. Hugo Leiber.
H. H. Lochbaum & Co.

SUSPICIONS AROUSED.

Dr. Muck's suspicions were aroused by the hurried cashing of his two checks at the hotel. Being intimately acquainted with Professor Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard and George S. Viereck, editor of the Fatherland, he telegraphed to see if Meyers was authorized to collect subscriptions. Replies came back that he was not. Dr. Muck then went to see James Steward, local representative of the publication, and the matter was placed before Lieutenant Layne at police headquarters.

Dr. Muck was instructed to notify the department if Meyers approached him again. Last night the man visited Dr. Muck at the Fairmont with the proposal that for $175 he would have the orchestra director's picture published in the Fatherland. Muck detained him until Detective Fred Kracke arrived.

Kracke stood in the hotel writing-room listening to the conversation and then asked Meyers to go with him to headquarters. Meyers went peacefully, although protesting, until the pair turned the corner at Mason street to go down California street.

PUTS UP FIGHT.

Then he swung on Kracke's jaw and attempted to escape. Kracke clinched with his man and the two went down, fighting and rolling. They rolled down the sidewalk the entire length of the block to Powell street. Here Special Officer Loedge of the Fairmont, attracted by the noise and crowd, came to Kracke's assistance.

Meyers was then taken to the City Prison and is being held in detinue, pending the filing of charges against him.

A search of his clothing at the prison disclosed the names of a score of men from whom he had received money on his representations.

A list of men who, the police believe, Meyers intended as prospective victims, contained the following names:

Otto Von Gildern, Dr. Charles Hoffman, J. D. Stuse, 3079 Sixteenth street; John Hermann, Hermann Safe Company, 720 Folsom street; Max Kuhl, attorney and former Police Commissionr, Hobart building; Henry Eickhoff, attorney and member State Prison Board, Mills building; E. C. and E. L. Hueter.

Four promissory notes, three for $175 and one for $200, made payable to Dr. Muck were found in Meyers' clothing. They were accompanied by what the police believe is a forged telegram, directing Meyers to cash the notes in the event he ran short of expense money.

In the face of telegraphic denials from Professor Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard University and George S. Viereck, editor of The Fatherland, that he is an impostor, Meyers stoutly maintained his innocence.

James Stewart of 525 Market street, San Francisco representative of The Fatherland, told the police Meyers was not a representative of the publication.

In searching Meyers' rooms at the Berg Hotel the police found a return ticket to Chicago, which showed that the man had left there March 25th. In addition, a number of pawn tickets made out to F. M. Gresham in Los Angeles, a safe deposit box key and two opium pipes were found.

The police will attempt to locate the deposit box, hoping to recover much of the money Meyers has obtained through his operations.

Meyers had $150 on his person when arrested. He has been staying at the hotel for a month.

ROUMANTA AND

From Examiner

Address San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 31 1915

E 1884

SUSPECT IN MUCK CASE IDENTIFIED

Is Frederick M. Greisheimer, Divorced From Lillian Lorraine, Star of Ziegfeld's "Follies"

Son of Millionaire, Has Had Varied Career; Had Wife in This City, Shubert Show Girl

Refuses to Discuss Charge That He Swindled Prominent Germans in San Francisco

FRANK M. GRESHAM, as he called himself when arrested Saturday and charged with obtaining money under false pretenses from Dr. Karl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and many other prominent Germans in San Francisco, was identified at the city prison last night as Frederick M. Greisheimer, divorced husband of Lillian Lorraine, stage beauty and star of Ziegfeld's "Follies."

Miss Lorraine had Greisheimer indicted in 1913 on the charge that he had taken a $5,000 diamond from her finger while she was asleep and had sent her a pawn ticket for it after he had raised $2,500 on the gem. They were married in 1912 after a courtship that began in Atlantic City, where Greisheimer had taught Miss Lorraine how to swim.

LOOKED LIKE AN ADONIS

"Freddie looked such a perfect Adonis in a bathing suit," Miss Lorraine said after their marriage, "that I just couldn't resist him."

A year later Miss Lorraine sued her husband for divorce, saying that she had been grossly deceived in Greisheimer and that she had determined to return tc a life of single blessedness and devote all her time to her stage carrer. Art and matrimony, she said she had discovered, were not compatible.

Before their divorce Greisheimer had a fistic encounter with Flo Ziegfeld, now the husband of Billie Burke, declaring that the manager of the Follies was paying altogether too much attention to Miss Lorraine, who had been elevated from a lowly position in the chorus to the place of a Broadway musical comedy star.

Greisheimer is the son of a millionaire clothing manufactur of Chicago and is known from New York to San Francisco. He has been in turn a real estate promoter, a moving picture manager and a solicitor for publishing houses in New York.

HAD WIFE IN THIS CITY.

Gresheimer had a wife living in San Francisco when he married the beautiful Miss Lorrains in 1912. This woman was Mrs. Gertrude McCauley Greisheimer, who before her marriage to the Adonis of the bathing suit had been one of the Shubert show girls. She was living at the Venice Apartments, Post and Taylor streets, when she learned of the marriage of Miss Lorraine and Greisheimer, and said then that she had never been informed that she and Greisheimer had been divorced. Greisheimer had started proceedings in Chicago after she had left him and had come to live in San Francisco, but she had never accepted service of the papers in the proceedings.

Because of the doubt raised over the validity of Greisheimer's divorce from Gertrude McCauley, Miss Lorraine and the Chicago man went through a second marriage ceremony.

"I don't know whether I am a single woman or the wife of Lillian Lorraine's husband," Miss McCauley had said when she heard of the Greisheimer-Lorraine nuptials.

Eventually the tangle was straightened out, but Miss Lorraine soon tired of her Adonis merman and also sought relief in the divorce courts.

SUSPECT IS SILENT.

Greisheimer yesterday refused to make any statement to the police concerning the charges lodged against him by Dr. Muck further than to say he intended to consult an attorney before committing himself in any way. He also said he wanted to get in communication with former State Senator Gus Hartman and another man connected with the Cliff House.

In the list of subscriptions found on Greisheimer after being booked for obtaining money under false pretenses was the name of Dr. Hugo Lieber. Dr. Lieber is president of the German Exposition Commission and has been stopping at the Hotel St. Francis. He has completed the German exhibits at the Fair and has arranged to leave for New York this week to look after radium interests he has with a number of other capitalists.

Greisheimer succeeded in getting subscriptions from Dr Muck after representing himself as a solicitor for "The Fatherland," a New York publication supporting the Teuton cause in the European war. He was arrested after calling on Dr. Muck at the Fairmont Hotel.

From Examiner

Address San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 25 1915

Estal

STRAUSS HAS INNING WITH BOSTONIANS

Next to Final Concert Given at Festival Hall by Dr. Muck and His Peerless Orchestra

ORGAN HAS BAD SPELL

Delay Caused by This and Disturbance Raised by People Who Straggled In Too Late

BY REDFERN MASON.

Last night we heard the Boston Symphony give its twelfth concert. I am glad it was not the last; for it proved to be the one occasion of the whole season on which the god of dullness made his presence felt. There was a little contretemps with the organ, a pipe of which went on singing with joyful persistency, careless whether Richard Strauss or Zarathustra or Dr. Muck looked askance or not. Then the number of people who straggled up the aisle of Festival Hall, between the movements of the Sibelius, was large, and the esteemed director looked at them with an air which suggested that he would like to start an auto da fe, with them for victims.

The programme opened with the Sibelius Symphony, No. 1, in E minor, a work which has this quality in common with the "New World" Symphony of Antonin Dvorak, that it seems strongly to reflect the mood of the folk. But Sibelius is more of a scholar than Dvorak was, and though he does not entirely avoid the pitfalls of idyllicism, he weaves his somewhat folk-songish themes into a more symphonic web than the Bohemian composer could do. The movement which left the liveliest impression on the audience was assuredly the Scherzo, which is of a Berserker fierceness and may be taken to have a national significance. If so, let the Russians look to it, if the Finns ever get a chance to assert themselves.

DELAYS STRAUSS WORK.

So far the concert had gone well enough musically, in spite of the late-comers. But the organ episode delayed the beginning of the Richard Strauss tone-poem, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," for quite a time, and though a pleasant-worded interlocutor explained and apologized when Doctor Muck reappeared, Jovian thunder clouds were about his head. I don't know whether the orchestra was infected by like gloom, but the Strauss did not go nearly as well as did "Tod und Verklarung" the other night.

If I had not heard the work before and studied its symbolic meaning in the text of Nietzsche, I am inclined to think that I should have joined the ranks of those who shake their heads in doubt over the score. "How can you express philosophy in music" people ask. The plain answer is that Strauss does not attempt any direct expression of philosophic ideas. His score is rather a portrayal of the moods of the philosopher as individual, with here and there a bit of nature-music, as in the wonderful picture of the dawn with which the work opens, or suggests a state of mind, as in the cryptic ending of the composition in two keys, a conclusion which may be interpreted as a glance at "the doubtful doom of human kind," or the uncertainty of all knowledge whatsoever.

IS MAGNIFICENT SYMBOL.

What the music does portray with marvellous intensity and variety is the experiences through which the thinker must pass in the unfolding of his ego. There is no mistaking the religious cast of that part of the score which succeeds the dawn, and the Gregorian "Credo" is a manifest symbol. Passion, too, is recognizable and, as De Quincey reminds us in "Levana," joy and sorrow are the great ministers by which the capacities of the spirit are developed. There is Nietzschean irony in the use of the fugue to indicate science, and, after this academic mockery, we listen with a sense of relief to the gurgling laughter of the reeds in the dance.

But last night the number of dark places in the score seemed larger than usual. We got the idea of a mighty cause at stake, the warring of princedoms and powers; but here and there the Homer of the baton seemed to nod. One can say this of Dr. Muck with the more freedom because he is a great man. Even Shakespeare has his moments of banality, and there are cantos of the Divine Commedia over which the veriest Dante enthusiast yawns.

CLEAR, LUMINOUS STORY.

So it was right gladly that we turned to the "Leonora No. 3," and I think the members of the orchestra were glad as well Here is no mystery; but a story clear and luminous. How beautiful sounded the notes of Florestan's song; how joyously the wood-wind sang the second theme "woven out of sobs and pitying sighs"; how jubilant rang the trumpet calls and the song of thanksgiving. I thank the high gods that the concert ended with the splendid optimism of Beethoven and not with the soul-searing doubt of Strauss.

Let us rejoice, therefore, that we are to hear yet another concert. Tonight will be devoted to Wagner, and here is the programme:

"A Faust Overture."
"A Siegfried Idyl."
Selections from "Siegfried" and "Dusk of the Gods," arranged by Hans Richter.
The Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal."
Selectons from Act III, "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg."
Overture to Tannhauser.

From Examiner

Address San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 23 1915

Es 1884

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Power and John C. Daniels, representing the board of managers of the Massachusetts building, entertained some of their friends at a supper party Friday night, following the symphony concert, in honor of Karl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony organization. Mr. Muck is highly connected with literary and musical circles in Boston, being a great favorite in those circles where aesthetic entertainment has its highest value.

Among those at the supper party at the Massachusetts building were:

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, the Misses Withrow, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. John Rothschild, Mrs. H. A. Beach, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Leahy, General Nelson Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Martin, Mr. and Mrs. James Longyear, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Levison, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bates, Mrs. Shattuck, Colonel and Mrs. L. E. Clement, Miss Ethel Clement, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Camm, Miss Bertha Camm, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Manning, C. A. Ellis, Max Bendix, George W. Sweet, H. T. Parker and W. H. Brennan.

* * *

From CHRONICLE

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 25 1915

Est 1884

MUSIC OF RUSSIA CALLS OUT THRONG

Boston Players in Versatile Interpretation of Four Big Composers.

By ANNA CORA WINCHELL.

The devotees of Russian music are numerous and enthusiastic, to judge from the number that went to hear the Boston players last night. Every seat in Festival Hall was taken and hundreds were contented to stand. The event was as great in its importance as any of this symphonic season, and the make-up of the programme could not have been more acceptable. With two of the numbers this community has become fairly well acquainted—the Tschaikowsky "Pathetic" and Glazounow's "Overture Solennelle," but there were "voices" innumerable in each work, which came to recognition last night for the first time.

Whatever the impulse that dominated Tschaikowsky in his creation of the "Pathetic" is almost immaterial. Biographers differ in their opinions concerning it, but its rendition under the baton of Dr. Muck will leave it ringing in the ears as a mighty epic never to be forgotten. The fluency and descriptive power of the instruments were put to full test, and their dynamic strength was no more impressive than their pianissimos; in fact through the entire season, no one item has seemed so potent as

this orchestra's pianissimos drawn to the fineness of a needle's point. Dissonances ceased to be dissonances in their greater capacity of carrying a message and announcing what the composer had in mind.

The "Solennelle" was given with an extreme grace that brought out beauty and dignity in a tone. Borodin's "On the Steppes of Central Asia," called a "sketch," was deeply pictorial, and contained a wonderful amout of mysticism and color for a work of such brevity. It proved entrancing and delightful not only in harmonies, but in construction, which allowed for enunciation from a variety of instruments, notable among which was the English horn, whose plaintive yet hopeful little melody suggested what Larbi might have done with his flute in the Garden of Allah.

Rimsky - Korsakoff's "Caprice on Spanish Themes" gave so much real scenic effect with its dances and festa spirit that an operatic stage was easily before one's vision. The commingling of the Latin music with that of the Russian formed a fanciful composition that was attractive both in originality and vivacious beauty.

Tonight's programme will include Sibelius, Strauss and Beethoven.

BOSTON HERALD.

JUNE 8, 1915.

AMHERST NIGHT AT THE POPS

Ten-Year-Old Son of Old Song Leader Merrill Carries Off Honors.

The annual "Amherst Night" was held last evening at the Pops concert in Symphony Hall, and the college found a future chorister in Frederick Merrill, the 10-year-old son of W. F. Merrill, Amherst '99, of 197 Longwood avenue, Brookline. The youngster, who is bound for Amherst in the class of 1927, jumped to the platform and led the audience in the singing of "Lord Jeffrey Amherst." Though his father, an old song leader, had wrought the house up to a high pitch of enthusiasm, young Frederick brought forth twice the volume, and when, at the end of the song, he ran down the centre aisle, he received the congratulations of former Gov. Foss, who was seated at a table.

Last night, as always, Amherst kept up her reputation for singing. The hall was decorated with Amherst banners, and over the organ was suspended a large electric sign, bearing the word "Amherst" in purple and white lights.

During the second intermission, a crowd of the "boys" gave vent to some real "college barber-shop chords." Throughout the program Amherst songs, hymns and waltzes were given as encores.

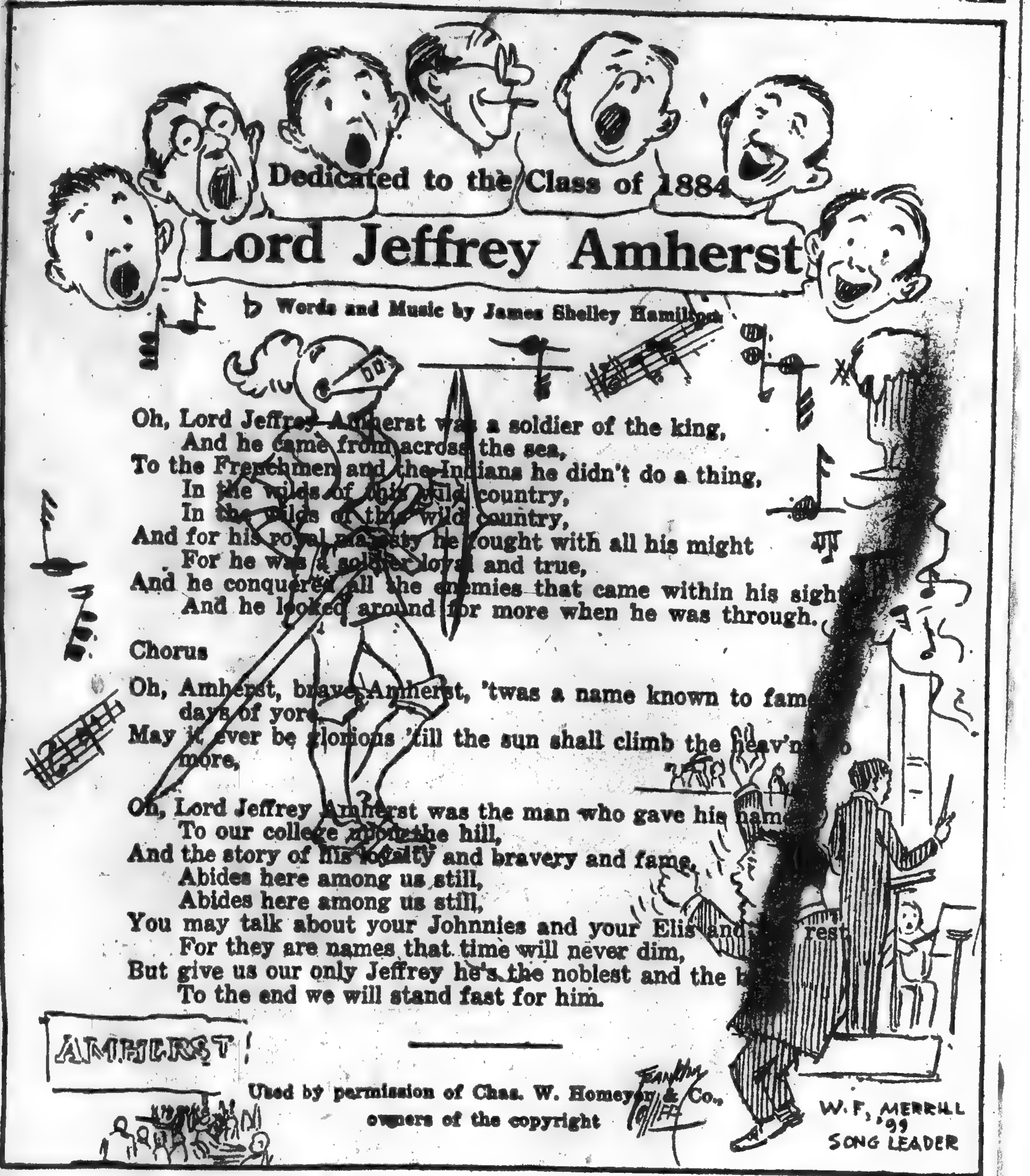
From the first to the last note the audience retained its jolity, and joined in the songs without needing any invitation. During a lapse, someone imported a toy ballon, and aerial polo ensued in the rear of the hall. Men and women in evening clothes joined in pelting the yellow globe with their fists, and it continued on its zigzag course through the air.

Perhaps the favorite selections of the evening were "Lord Jeffrey Amherst" and Handel's "Largo," withMr. Hoffman at the violin, Mr. Holy at the harp and Mr. Marshall at the organ.

The annual "Tech Night' will be held at Symphony Hall this evening. Since the Institute has engaged the entire house, the public will be unable to procure seats.

BOSTON JOURNAL— JUNE 8, 1915

SONG SHEET SKETCHES AT THE POPS


AMHERST!
W. F. MERRILL '99 SONG LEADER

Dedicated to the Class of 1884

Lord Jeffrey Amherst

Words and Music by James Shelley Hamilton

Oh, Lord Jeffrey Amherst was a soldier of the king,
And he came from across the sea,
To the Frenchmen and the Indians he didn't do a thing,
In the wilds of this wild country,
In the wilds of this wild country,
And for his royal majesty he fought with all his might
For he was a soldier loyal and true,
And he conquered all the enemies that came within his sight
And he looked around for more when he was through.

Chorus

Oh, Amherst, brave Amherst, 'twas a name known to fam[illegible]
days of yore,
May it ever be glorious 'till the sun shall climb the heav'n[illegible]
more,

Oh, Lord Jeffrey Amherst was the man who gave his name
To our college upon the hill,
And the story of his loyalty and bravery and fame,
Abides here among us still,
Abides here among us still,
You may talk about your Johnnies and your Elis and [illegible] rest
For they are names that time will never dim,
But give us our only Jeffrey he's the noblest and the [illegible]
To the end we will stand fast for him.

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The song, "Lord Jeffrey Amherst," dedicated to the class of 1884, and one of the most stirring of all college melodies, created intense enthusiasm at Symphony Hall last evening. The artist gives his impressions of "Amherst Night" on margin of the program.

BOSTON POST, JUNE 8, 1915

AMHERST HAS "POP" NIGHT

Amherst College held forth last night at the Pop concert in Symphony Hall. Amherst boys and their girls were present in abundance, and the hall was freely decorated with the college colors. As befitted the occasion the orchestra, under Mr. Maquarre's baton, as well as the singers in the hall, was called upon to celebrate the greatness of Amherst. It was an appropriate occasion for such a celebration, for in addition to hiring practically the entire auditorium, floor and balconies, the men sustained the reputation of Amherst as a musical college. They write songs, as well as sing them there, and the songs are of unusually good quality.

BOSTON HERALD, JUNE 9, 1915.

$1,000,000 GIVEN TECH WITHIN WEEK

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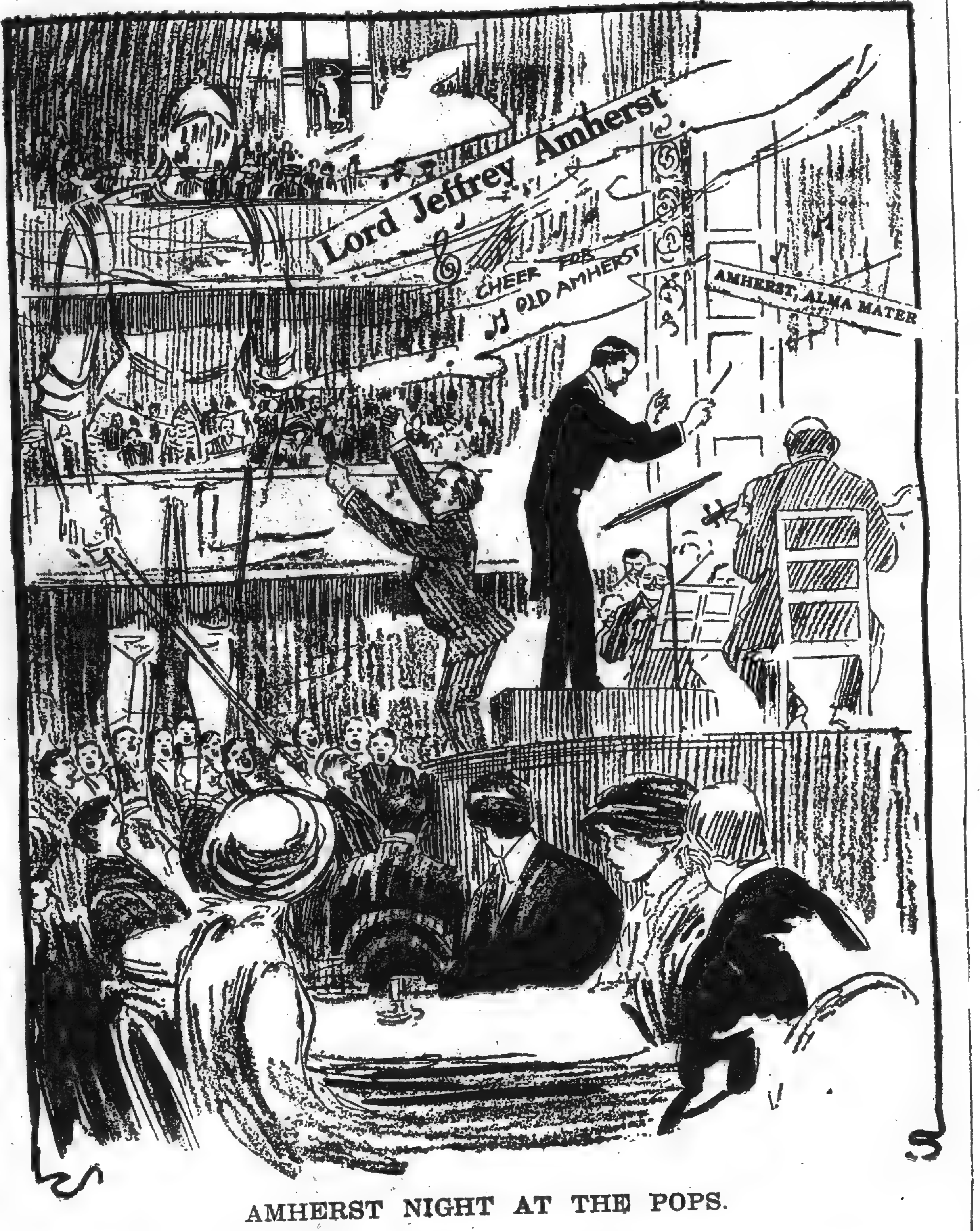

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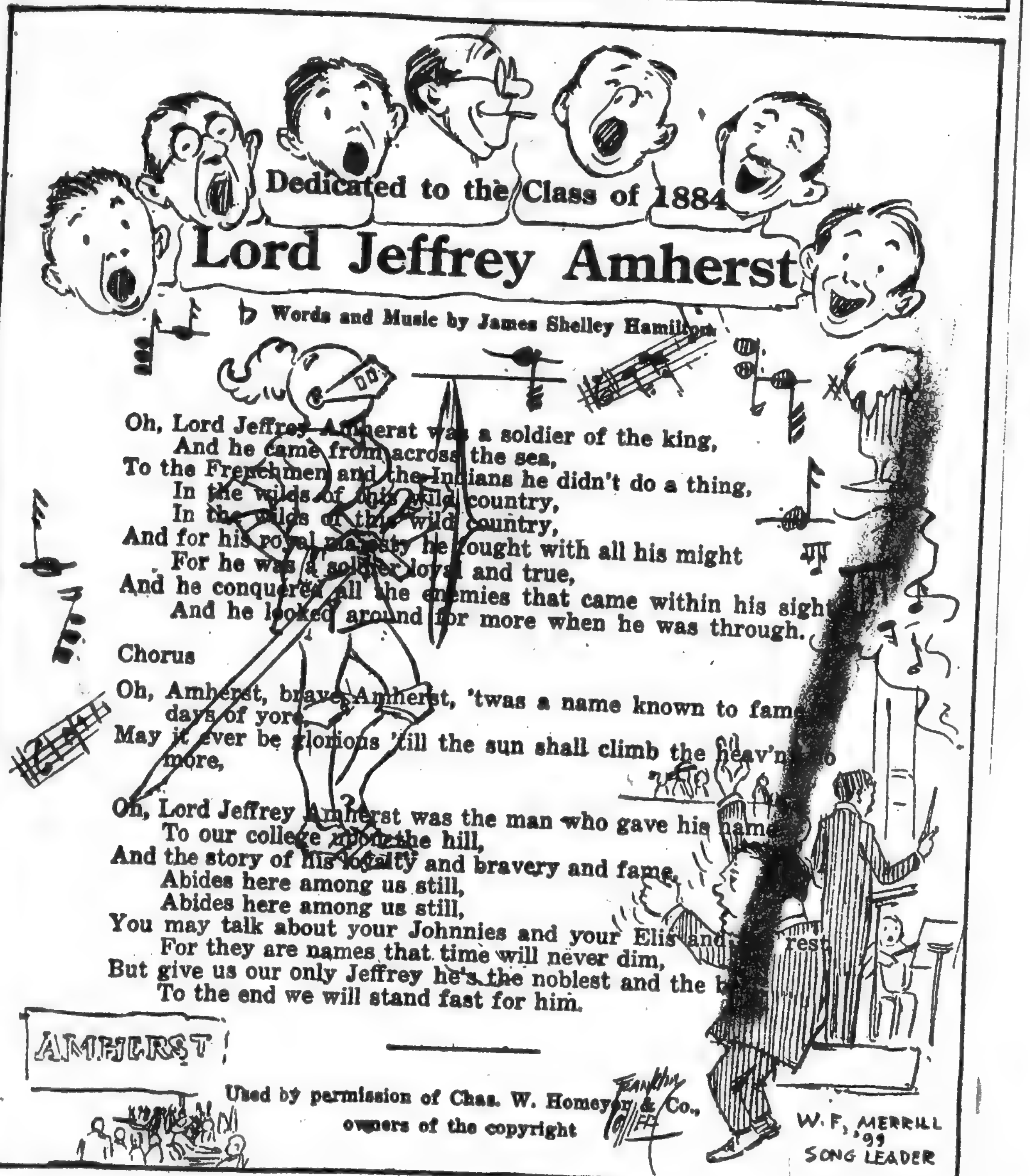
BOSTON JOURNAL— JUNE 8, 1915

SONG SHEET SKETCHES AT THE POPS


AMHERST!
W. F. MERRILL '99 SONG LEADER

Dedicated to the Class of 1884

Lord Jeffrey Amherst

Words and Music by James Shelley Hamilton

Oh, Lord Jeffrey Amherst was a soldier of the king,
And he came from across the sea,
To the Frenchmen and the Indians he didn't do a thing,
In the wilds of this wild country,
In the wilds of this wild country,
And for his royal majesty he fought with all his might
For he was a soldier loyal and true,
And he conquered all the enemies that came within his sight
And he looked around for more when he was through.

Chorus

Oh, Amherst, brave Amherst, 'twas a name known to fam[illegible] days of yore,
May it ever be glorious 'till the sun shall climb the heav'n [illegible] more,

Oh, Lord Jeffrey Amherst was the man who gave his name
To our college upon the hill,
And the story of his loyalty and bravery and fame,
Abides here among us still,
Abides here among us still,
You may talk about your Johnnies and your Elis and [illegible] rest,
For they are names that time will never dim,
But give us our only Jeffrey he's the noblest and the b[illegible]
To the end we will stand fast for him.

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The song, "Lord Jeffrey Amherst," dedicated to the class of 1884, and one of the most stirring of all college melodies, created intense enthusiasm at Symphony Hall last evening. The artist gives his impressions of "Amherst Night" on margin of the program.

BOSTON POST,
JUNE 8, 1915

AMHERST HAS "POP" NIGHT

Amherst College held forth last night at the Pop concert in Symphony Hall. Amherst boys and their girls were present in abundance, and the hall was freely decorated with the college colors. As befitted the occasion the orchestra, under Mr. Maquarre's baton, as well as the singers in the hall, was called upon to celebrate the greatness of Amherst. It was an appropriate occasion for such a celebration, for in addition to hiring practically the entire auditorium, floor and balconies, the men sustained the reputation of Amherst as a musical college. They write songs, as well as sing them there, and the songs are of unusually good quality.

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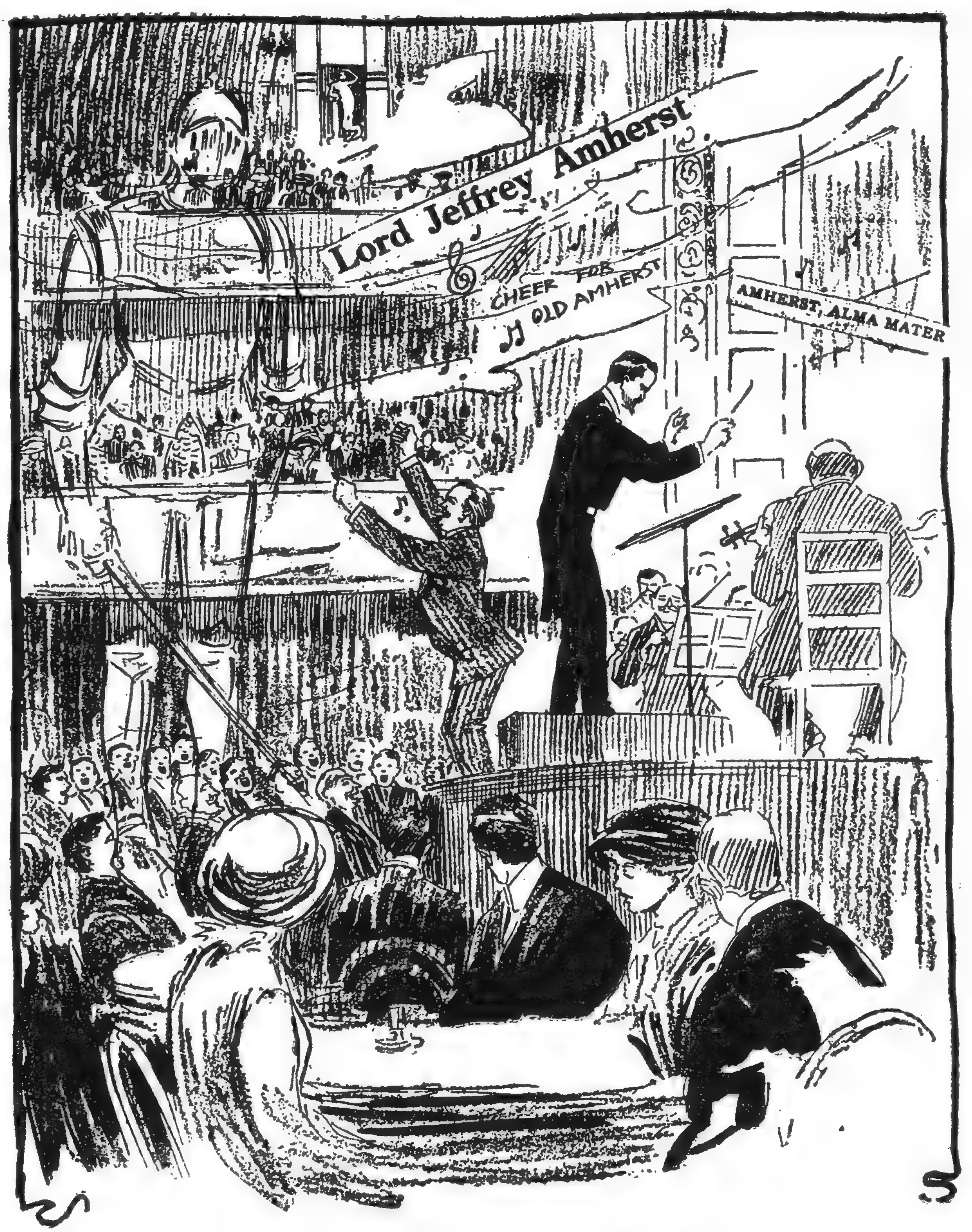

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From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 30 1915
Establishe

Ours the Gain From the "Bos

By HELEN DAR

IT'S been a great season—our San Francisco season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; great for the orchestra, great for the distinguished conductor of the orchestra and great for San Francisco. Felicitations are mutual—and becoming.

San Francisco did herself proud—was splendidly equal to the occasion and not only sustained her reputation but added to it as a city of music lovers and connoisseurs.

When her hand was called she wasn't caught four-flushing—and none there be who can put tongue in cheek and droop a mocking eyelid at our pretentiousness, to point it out as pretense.

We made good with the Boston Symphony, and—the obligation being mutual—the Boston Symphony certainly made good with us.

The orchestra justified its existence and the claims made for it far beyond our most exacting expectations—even to the degree of effervescence of our uncorked enthusiasm.

UNQUALIFIED TRIUMPH.

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But, after all—after the last lovely note died away in the rapt silence of the more than four thousand listeners in Festival Hall; after the last salvo of applause dwindled away in a lingering patter; after the marvelous hundred for the last time rose en masse to be thanked and (metaphorically) patted on the back; after Dr. Muck made his last precise, impersonal courtly bow in acknowledgment of praise that he somehow seemed to always pass on to the music instead of take to himself; after the great event was over and done with, and the last shekel thrust upon the plethoric box office was scooped in—the afterglow of a glory that has passed our way remains with us.

Ours is the gain.

It is we who heard this music that benefit by the "Boston Symphony" season.

While San Francisco can congratulate herself on not having fallen down in what was, in a way, an artistic crisis; while a great sigh of relief goes up from the box office that the venture was a success; yet it is we who ate of the feast, as it were, that are the richer by our opportunity.

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We have acquired a treasure for ourselves, laid it up in memory "where neither moth nor rust do corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

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The Boston Symphony season was not merely a season of pleasure, an opportunity for indulgence, however refined. It was an education—even to the cognoscenti; an artistic and intellectual revelation even to the musically expert.

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THE MUSICAL LEADER

MUSIC IN THE EXPOSITION CITY

San Francisco, May 27, 1915.

Today one of the shining achievements of the Panama-Pacific Exposition goes down in history. At a cost of $65,000, one of the world's greatest orchestras was brought across the country. It was a tremendous gamble on the musical taste of a community that had never before been put under so severe a test. There is always the band of true music lovers, greater or smaller, according to the size of the community, always the group of cognoscenti who are present on every meritorious occasion, but unhappily these do not usually number enough to pay the bills. To this time, with great and justified pride, San Franciscans point out the fact that the box office for the Boston Symphony engagement shows a substantial sum to the good. Every music lover in the West will rejoice at the good news. And it is more than good news—it is significant news. Why should not San Francisco have a yearly spring festival of international work? Together with its many other attractions and advantages, it would become the mecca for the whole Western country. I can see in this place an immense stimulus to the musical life of the whole United States—a friendly and mutually helpful rivalry between the East and West. And suppose that eventually, fed and stimulated by the greatest, our own symphony orchestra becomes the legitimate rival of the peerless Eastern organization? Not at all improbable, with the material at hand, the ideals and the willingness. The future looms big with promise. God grant us a continuance of our national health, and a furtherance of the arts of peace.

Much of the story of the Boston Symphony's visit has been told in two previous letters. The only program devoted to a special composer was that of the fifth concert, a Wagner program. The significance of a house filled to overflowing and wildly enthusiastic, was duly observed, with the result that an extra gala Wagner farewell program was announced to end the engagement. The orchestra was never more magnificent than in the handling of the superb epic eloquence of the Titan of Bayreuth.

Next in popularity with the all-important public, came the Russian evening on Monday. The entire house was sold out days in advance, and many were the disappointed seekers after Muscovite thrills and elemental excitements. The program consisted of the marvelous "Pathetique" Symphony of Tschaikowsky, a work deserving of a more ennobling title; the Overture Solonelle of Glazounow, which as a composition leaves one rather unimpressed by its solemnity and uninspired by its message; the highly illuminating descriptive sketch of Borodine, "On the Steppes of Central Asia," compelling in the charm and strength of its tone pictures; and lastly the "Caprice on Spanish Themes" of Rimsky-Korsakow, colorful and interesting. The occasion of the playing of the Saint-Saens concerto last Sunday was made more interesting by the presence of the composer himself. The audience's demonstration, when it discovered the distinguished visitor, must have warmed his heart. No doubt his feelings were torn to hear his work conducted by a German director, unable as he seems to be to separate his artistic friendships from his political affiliations. A pity, is it not, that Art does not always succeed in transcending the mundane struggle and bias?

A digression this, which in no way detracts from the main theme, the success extraordinary which attended every concert of the Boston Symphony, and which will long preserve its memory in the minds of all who were privileged to attend.

The Pacific Musical Society gave a luncheon in honor of Dr. Karl Muck last Thursday, the affair taking place at the beach. A spirit of informality prevailed, and the occasion gave rise to several impromptu and clever remarks by the various members, which Dr. Muck received with appreciation. Among the speakers were Mme. Emilia Tojetti, Mrs. Toby Schussler, Mrs. David Hirschler, Mrs. William Ritter, Miss May Sinsheimer and Elias M. Hecht.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 24 1915

AN INSPIRING EXPOSITION.

Great Musicians and Artists Confess Having Found Unique Stimulus.

OF THE paying of compliments to the San Francisco exposition, there is apparently no end. And it is not merely that each newcomer offers up his tribute of profound admiration; those who have been and gone continue lavishing their praises in interviews, conversations and contributions to their home town papers. It is the proof of an enthusiasm far deeper than any aroused by previous festivals.

No other exposition has been the source of such literary and artistic inspiration and, in support of this, there is abundant evidence. Following a long series of reprinted tributes, The Chronicle recently reproduced a half-page encomium by Royal Cortissoz, the distinguished art critic, and written for the New York Tribune.

It may have seemed to our readers that Cortissoz then exhausted his adjectives of eulogy, but he was only beginning. He returns to the pleasant duty, and in a contribution taking up nearly a whole page, indulges in even more lavish superlatives.

Still fascinated, to use his own expression, he comes closer and closer to the details, only to find that the more minutely the exposition is examined, the more are the reasons for an admiration bordering upon worship. Space can be found for only one quotation, but it is a summary of all the excellences observed:

> But in closing I must once more enforce the supreme virtue of the fair, its amazing artistic unity. We have never seen anything like it in construction of the sort. Just for the perfect balance of its extraordinary architectural beauty it is worth coming three thousand miles to see.

After reading such whole-souled adulation, the East can only ask one question when considering a visit, and that is: Have I got the price?

But the exposition has given rise to inspiration in more than the devotees to architectural beauty. Camille Saint-Saens, the greatest of living composers, says that the spectacle has inspired him beyond the dreams born of those pictures which prompted him to compose the fantasia, 'Hail California."

The players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have been stimulated by both the spectacle of the exposition and their reception at the hands of San Francisco audiences to work which has been described as the summit of their art.

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From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 2 4 1915

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From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 3 0 1919
Establishe

◆ Ours the Gain From the "Bos

By HELEN DAR

IT'S been a great season—our San Francisco season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; great for the orchestra, great for the distinguished conductor of the orchestra and great for San Francisco. Felicitations are mutual—and becoming.

San Francisco did herself proud—was splendidly equal to the occasion and not only sustained her reputation but added to it as a city of music lovers and connoisseurs.

When her hand was called she wasn't caught four-flushing—and none there be who can put tongue in cheek and droop a mocking eyelid at our pretentiousness, to point it out as pretense.

We made good with the Boston Symphony, and—the obligation being mutual—the Boston Symphony certainly made good with us.

The orchestra justified its existence and the claims made for it far beyond our most exacting expectations—even to the degree of effervescence of our uncorked enthusiasm.

UNQUALIFIED TRIUMPH.

As for Dr. Karl Muck—it was an unqualified triumph carried to a magnificent crescendo climax that must have been (at least so we would wish it who contributed to it by our joy in his genius) extremely gratifying.

But, after all—after the last lovely note died away in the rapt silence of the more than four thousand listeners in Festival Hall; after the last salvo of applause dwindled away in a lingering patter; after the marvelous hundred for the last time rose en masse to be thanked and (metaphorically) patted on the back; after Dr. Muck made his last precise, impersonal courtly bow in acknowledgment of praise that he somehow seemed to always pass on to the music instead of take to himself; after the great event was over and done with, and the last shekel thrust upon the plethoric box office was scooped in—the afterglow of a glory that has passed our way remains with us.

Ours is the gain.

It is we who heard this music that benefit by the "Boston Symphony" season.

While San Francisco can congratulate herself on not having fallen down in what was, in a way, an artistic crisis; while a great sigh of relief goes up from the box office that the venture was a success; yet it is we who ate of the feast, as it were, that are the richer by our opportunity.

ACQUIRED A TREASURE.

We have acquired a treasure for ourselves, laid it up in memory, "where neither moth nor rust do corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

We have that which—now that we have it—we would not part with at any price; and which no one, and no "run of hard luck" can take away from us. Which is why drinking of the joys of life, claiming our share of the beautiful, is more satisfying, and in the end more profitable than cluttering up ourselves with possessions that porch-climbers covet or lawsuits deprive us of.

The Boston Symphony season was not merely a season of pleasure, an opportunity for indulgence, however refined. It was an education—even to the cognoscenti; an artistic and intellectual revelation even to the musically expert.

It has left with us a standard.

We know how beautiful, how perfect music can be—and we know (even the lay admirers of Dr. Muck) how difficult must be the attainment to such beauty, such perfection, such faultless lucidity, as was discovered to us by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MAY CHANGE US.

It seems to me we shall, hereafter, always be more appreciative of all sincerely striving artists, even in their imperfection, because of the possibilities that Dr. Muck has shown us. When they nearly approach his heights, or, having the vision, strive toward it, we shall be kinder, more tolerant, more appreciative—as we love the sun's ray for having known the full effulgence of the sun.

The remarkable thing is that Dr. Muck has not caught us and dazzled us by any glamour; by no special tricks of his art or personality.

In fact he has been as economical of his personality as he is
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THE MUSICAL LEADER

MUSIC IN THE EXPOSITION CITY

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ton Symphony" Season

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TO MUSIC.

us suppression of hich by no means us—he introduced mposers, in a way der if we had ever fore, so that now les and tears, their es, their voices and wild steppes of Russ feet of Spain, the coming of spring im Vaterland, the dimming of the Teuton gods moved them.

With a rare and beautiful loyalty to the composers, the masters who wove their visions into song, he put them forward—stepping to one side as he drew the curtain.

It was never Dr. Muck presenting Dr. Muck against a background of Brahms or Bach or Beethoven, Wagner and the rest. It was always Dr. Muck presenting Brahms or Bach or Beethoven, Wagner and the rest, each in his own person, speaking with his own voice.

He gave us Bach, and Brahms and Beethoven, Wagner and Goldmark, Cherubini, Rimsky-Korsakoff—the whole host—as they are, as they would be given, and not as Dr. Muck plus Bach, Brahms, Beethoven et al.

He let them speak for themselves direct—and no doubt makes his own choice among them.

So, for once in a way, those who care for music and wanted it in its purity had their wish.

Just as Chief Justice Miller of the United States Supreme Court, who was impatient of muddling mediocrity, said that he never really knew what was in the Lord's Prayer until he heard Edwin Booth read it, so many of those who went to the concerts never really heard Bach, Brahms, Beethoven et al., until they heard it under Dr. Muck's knitting-needle baton.

THE BEST AT ITS BEST.

It is something to have heard the best at its best.

But our gain from the Boston Symphony does not end with that.

To know the best cures us of a taste for the worst.

There was, of course, the purely intellectual stimulus—the invigorating close attention demanded; for you cannot with Dr. Muck's programmes listen merely with the ear and trim a hat or plan a menu in the back of your head. It is with him as Napoleon found it was with Cherubini's music (you see we benefit even by the programme notes of Philip Hale) impossible to carry on "dreaming of affairs of state" as a side line.

And besides this there was—what still remains with us—the inspiration that high achievement always awakens; the encouraging conviction that goals can be reached by striving; that effort is worth while.

While Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra afforded great pleasure to many thousands, gave us a rare artistic treat, there was something not so easily defined and not to be measured that we received—the something intangible that we call psychological.

For some there was in this the awakening of old hopes, for some the creating of new hopes, the girding of fainting resolves, the brightening of dimmed visions—for in the thing well done there is always the inspiration to doing.

Both music and life took on a finer, clearer meaning under the magic of Dr. Muck's slender, flashing baton, so that those who affably came as patrons remained as devotees—even those who never touched his hand to make sure that he was real and not the Spirit of Music in an extremely well-fitting dress suit; an impelling, dynamic spirit, at times Plutonian, at times seraphic.

On the whole, we can congratulate ourselves that we got the best out of the Boston Symphony season.

But the faith has proved justified, and there were the profits of two nights, Tuesday and Wednesday, to reward it. I suppose last night's house was about $7000 and the night before perhaps $5,000. There is the entrance to the Exposition to figure upon; of that total of 46,000, at least 30,000 must have been cash admissions, exclusive of season-tickets; which meant that $15,000 was left at the gates. Take $75,000 in the "house" and $15,000 at the gates, and it adds up to $90,000—which is the cash value placed by San Francisco on thirteen days of Boston Symphony.

GREAT EXPERIENCE.

Of last night's program little need be said. It eclipsed the former Wagner concert. It was one of the most wonderful of this wonderful series. It is to Dr. Muck that we owe the wonderful educational gain of the season; he arranged the programs, and gave us Bach, Haydn, Mozart, at their best; Beethoven at his highest, Brahms as we never knew Brahms before, Wagner and Liszt and Berlioz and Strauss at their most eloquent; Sibelius and Macdowell and Saint-Saens and Chabrier and Franck, and the Russians and Italians and other French composers—why, the series was a journey all around the musical globe.

So, no matter who brought the Boston Symphony Orchestra here—and this interesting question is still in dispute—the thanks of many thousands of people are massed together and held in escrow for the right party.

As announced in The Bulletin, we are to have a fine orchestra of our own next season, under improved conditions, and in all probability a very noted conductor. We shall know how to listen to our orchestra now, and how to praise it helpfully. Some day—who knows?—Boston may pay $90,000 to hear the San Francisco Symphony!

From Examiner

Address San Francisco Cal.

Date MAY 25 1915

Established 1884

BOSTONIANS GIVE RUSSIAN PROGRAMME

Music of the Czar's Land Is Interpreted Beautifully by Dr. Muck and His Players

TALE OF NOMADIC PEOPLE

Borodine's "On the Steppes of Central Asia" Is a Marvel of Beauty and Comprehension

BY REDFERN MASON.

Russian music seen through the prism of a Teutonic personality. That is what we heard last night, and our friends of the Boston Symphony were greeted by a gathering of over 4,000 people. Only two nights of this golden season remain to us, and those who wish to hear such orchestral playing as San Francisco has never heard before must seize the chance before it slips away from them.

When I say that we heard Russian music as mirrored in a Teutonic brain, I do not imply any diminution of artistic grace, but simply seek to define the more clearly the significance of what we heard. Dr. Muck is a German in the large sense of the term, a sense which carries with it the idea of broad, yet ingoing understanding of the music of non-Germanic peoples.

WAS PROFOUNDLY MOVING.

That reading of the "Pathetic" was beautiful throughout, and, in moments, as for example, the passionate climax of the first allegro, and the conclusion of the Adagio-Lamentoso, profoundly moving. But, in order to play the valse in five-four time as the Russians play it, I think Dr. Muck would have had to drink vodka in his youth and whirl a maiden through the measures, now langourous, now frenzied, of the Cossacks dance. It had German domesticity where it should have had Muscovite madness and melancholy. It was beautiful, but of a beauty which savored too much of Teutonic decorum.

The Glazounoff "Overture Solonelle," which followed, is a finely knit and brilliant score of a marked festal character. Here there is no perplexing Weltschmerz, but jubilant tone-painting, a sort of Russian analogue to certain pages which Weber has left us.

MUCH MORE RUSSIAN.

Much more characteristically Russian was Borodine's famous sketch "On the Steppes of Central Asia," with its well-defined programme of a caravan on the march through the wilds, its snatches of exotic song and powerful suggestions of the illimitable waste. Borodine was a master who left us all too little; but this composition is a masterpiece. Though the French writers, with Felicien David and Saint Saens at their head, have been the pioneers in the use of Oriental pigments, the Russians have outdone them in subtle realism. This work is as documentary in its way as is Burton's "Pilgrimage to Al Madinah," or the canvasses of Gerome.

Dr. Muck seemed to emancipate himself from his Teutonic leading strings and to contemplate the Asiatic wilderness and the nomadic dwellers therein with a soul artistically free. When I heard the masterly reading of the Borodine I was tempted to regret that the director had not done violence to his sense of form in the drawing up of the programme and given us the Glazounoff first, then the Borodine, taking the "Pathetic" at a time when he had been swept out of himself, so to speak, and freed from academic bonds by the magic of the works he s directing. Then, I fancy, we might have had a performance of the Tschaikowsky as truly Muscovite as was the "Steppenskizze."

RACIAL PRISM MORE COMPLEX.

Last of the works performed was Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice on Spanish Themes." Here the racial prism is more complex even than in the other works. Here we have the music written by a Russian on themes borrowed from Spanish dances with a German for director. Add the fact that the listeners were American, and the intricacy of the psychological problem which the performance of this art presents may be realized.

Some people say there is no such thing as national music. But who could hear those Hispanic rhythms and not recognize that they have only one possible place of origin? Here I felt the Teuton in Dr. Muck not at all. I have heard Sarasate play those dances and Gogorza sing songs tinged with the same color, and Dr. Muck's reading of the Caprice seems to form a natural and inevitable coda to those memories. How the Bostonians played them you may imagine. It was as beautiful a performance as any they have given us in the long and varied tale of their doings.

WILL BE OF PAST.

The pity of it that, a few days from now, all these splendid things will be one with the irreclaimable past. But we in San Francisco have had our draught of the world's best music making, and it will never be the same with us as it was before

To-night Sibelius the Finn, Strauss and Beethoven the Teutons, will provide the programme. The Sibelius will the First Symphony, in E minor; the Strauss, "Also sprach Zarathustra"; the Beethoven, the immortal "Leonora No. 3," the greatest overture ever written. On Wednesday we shall have an evening with Wagner, and the rest, alas! as far as the Boston Symphony is concerned, will, for us, be silence.

From CALL

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 26 1915

Establishe

STRAUSS MUSIC BEAUTIFIED BY BOSTONIANS

By GRENA J. BENNETT

For fully half an hour it looked as if only half a concert would be given last evening at Festival Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Sibelius' symphony No. 1 had just been presented and the musicians were tuning up for one of Strauss' most notable tone poems when the mammoth organ protested by ciphering on one of its high pitched pipes. Of course, it might not have been due to Strauss at all; it probably was only faulty mechanism. But, whatever the cause, it took a good half hour to adjust it, and the large audience good naturedly accepted the excuses and apologies offered by one of the musicians, who explained briefly the cause of the delay.

[190]

The program consisted of three [illegible] a symphony [illegible] tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," by Strauss, and the "Leonore," No. 3 overture by Beethoven.

"DESPOT OF DIN"

Interest centered in the Strauss number, an excellent example of modern composition by the "Despot of Din," as Strauss has aptly been called. The work is program music i strictest sense, though no on Strauss himself could "get unde skin" of it without the assistan the printed thematic program g ously distributed among the au by the management of the socie

Consistent with precedent St has augmented his orchestra for he considers a proper presentati the story of the superman which inated in the mind of the mad zsche.

To be sure there are momen delightful melodiousness, severa them in fact. And again Strauss in this work occasionally foregon taste for discord and dissonance given his hearers infinitesimal sages of glorious harmonization. was in these latter that the inc parable work of the orchestra was most thankfully heard. Not even a Dr. Muck, however, could have read some of the clanging noisy, ear-splitting phrases with pleasing effect.

The audience owed a debt of gratitude to the conductor and to the musicians for their masterly effort in a work containing such stupendous difficulties, and so few really grateful opportunities.

BEETHOVEN SOOTHES

And the audience owed a double debt of gratitude to Dr. Muck for his considerateness in giving the lovely, suave Beethoven overture immediately after the Strauss work.

There is no indication of Beethoven's dissatisfaction in his work and changeableness in his ideas in "Leonore" No. 3. Not only is this a charming example of the master's most tender and expressive musical thoughts, but it offers unlimited opportunities in interpretation. As it was heard last night, the overture was intensely dramatic, a wonderful mosaic of tonal blending, with episodes well contrasted and eloquently revealed.

The symphony given last night is the most gracious of Sibelius' four, offering only a hint of its composer's present tendencies toward ultra-modernism. Though the product of a Finnish writer, it contains much thematic material as warm and sensuous as the characteristic melodies of the Neopolitans. The second movement was particularly gracious, and the work of the musicians, especially that of the strings, was deserving of the highest praise.

With tonight's all Wagner special program the season of the Boston orchestra will terminate.

From BULLETIN

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 27

By ERNEST J. HOPKINS.

The greatest artistic event of the Exposition is over; last night, after thrilling an audience of 4200 people, the Boston Symphony Orchestra stepped nonchalantly aboard its special train and flitted eastward. Hereafter folks will say, "Before the Boston Symphony," and "Since the Boston Symphony."

The total attendance at the thirteen concerts was 46,037. This tells the tale in itself. When in America before have people gone to symphony concerts in the aggregate of 46,000 in thirteen nights?

Dr. Muck and his men are used to large audiences. In Boston they always "sell out." But Festival Hall is far larger than this orchestra's usual home; and if you will divide out the figure of 46,037 you will find that the average attendance for the dozen-and-one concerts was actually 3541.

CASH ELOQUENT.

It's a poor way to figure the artistic importance of an event; but even the cash returns are eloquent. W. H. Leahy announced that on Monday night the box office receipts equaled the huge guarantee of $60,000, and the expense guarantee, $5,000 additional, which had been necessary to get the Boston Symphony out here.

From Examiner

Address Cal.

Date MAY 30 1915

Established:

Music

BY REDFERN MASON.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY is come and gone. The result is that our ideal of what orchestral music ought to be has been greatly raised. Never again will the work which passed muster last season satisfy. A deep discontent has been sown in our hearts. Either the membership of the San Francisco Musical Association will have to be increased or the present members will have to give more. Given the necessary funds, we can multiply rehearsals and engage better men, if better men are needed. But first and foremost the question of a leader will have to be considered. A man may be a composer of rare creative gifts and yet lack the magnetism and authority which are necessary to weld instrumentalists into a satisfactory orchestral organism. That, it seems to me, is the difficulty under which we have been laboring. True, nobody can make an ideal orchestra out of men who have to eke out their subsistence by playing in cafes. But we also want a man who does not believe that Beethoven is old-fashioned. When Dr. Muck directs the "Eroica" it sounds modern; his Mozart G Minor is not only of yesterday, but of to-day also. We do not want a pedant; but we want a director of broad sympathies, not so modernistic as to despise "Papa" Haydn, not so rootedly old-fashioned as to be out of touch with the movements championed by Strauss, Debussy, Schonberg and the rest. And such men are to be found, men like Pohlig of Philadelphia, Kroeger of Cincinnati, Hertz of New York, Oberhoffer of Minneapolis. The wisest economy is to

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From JOURNAL

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date

South Main street.

* * *

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has returned from its trip to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, after an absence of three weeks and a day, during which it travelled over 6500 miles, gave 13 concerts on 13 consecutive days to a total paid attendance of 46,000.

Established 1884

Commenting on the fact, the Boston Herald says: "It was the largest undertaking in the history of musical enterprise anywhere in the world, for the entire orchestra of over 100 went to San Francisco on a special train, without a stop, gave 13 different programmes and returned on the same train without stop."

Financially, the concerts, instead of showing a loss, as was expected, show a large profit. People came from Los Angeles, Phoenix, Denver, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma merely to hear the orchestra. The hospitality extended was unbounded.

Dr. and Mrs. Muck who could not accept all the invitations, they received, are in the Yosemite, whence they go to Los Angeles, San Diego, the Grand Canyon and the Yellowstone and Glacier Parks.

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...ng People," "Sports | James C. M. Bayliss, E. O'Grady, A. Heaney, L. L. Heath, G. J. Axen, A. Lindemann, M. | go whenever they choose. It is one | Catlin. Special music.

...ton Symphony" Season

E

...f his gesnothing ...f economy that knit...ver by any ...ose electric ...ands, or the ...crisp nod of ...of an inch ...requires. He ...onomy with the ...his eyes—aiming ...ect and shooting ...pierce; wasteful ...en the signal for ...f cymbals.

...TO MUSIC.

...us suppression of ...hich by no means ...us—he introduced ...mposers, in a way ...der if we had ever ...fore, so that now ...es and tears, their ...s, their voices and ...wild steppes of Rus...g feet of Spain, the coming of spring im Vaterland, the dimming of the Teuton gods moved them.

With a rare and beautiful loyalty to the composers, the masters who wove their visions into song, he put them forward—stepping to one side as he drew the curtain.

It was never Dr. Muck presenting Dr. Muck against a background of Brahms or Bach or Beethoven, Wagner and the rest. It was always Dr. Muck presenting Brahms or Bach or Beethoven, Wagner and the rest, each in his own person, speaking with his own voice.

He gave us Bach, and Brahms and Beethoven, Wagner and Goldmark, Cherubini, Rimsky-Korsakoff—the whole host—as they are, as they would be given, and not as Dr. Muck plus Bach, Brahms, Beethoven et al.

He let them speak for themselves direct—and no doubt makes his own choice among them.

So, for once in a way, those who care for music and wanted it in its purity had their wish.

Just as Chief Justice Miller of the United States Supreme Court, who was impatient of muddling mediocrity, said that he never really knew what was in the Lord's Prayer until he heard Edwin Booth read it, so many of those who went to the concerts never really heard Bach, Brahms, Beethoven et al., until they heard it under Dr. Muck's knitting-needle baton.

THE BEST AT ITS BEST.

It is something to have heard the best at its best.

But our gain from the Boston Symphony does not end with that.

To know the best cures us of a taste for the worst.

There was, of course, the purely intellectual stimulus—the invigorating close attention demanded; for you cannot with Dr. Muck's programmes listen merely with the ear and trim a hat or plan a menu in the back of your head. It is with him as Napoleon found it was with Cherubini's music (you see we benefit even by the programme notes of Philip Hale) impossible to carry on "dreaming of affairs of state" as a side line.

And besides this there was—what still remains with us—the inspiration that high achievement always awakens; the encouraging conviction that goals can be reached by striving; that effort is worth while.

While Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra afforded great pleasure to many thousands, gave us a rare artistic treat, there was something not so easily defined and not to be measured that we received—the something intangible that we call psychological.

For some there was in this the awakening of old hopes, for some the creating of new hopes, the girding of fainting resolves, the brightening of dimmed visions—for in the thing well done there is always the inspiration to doing.

Both music and life took on a finer, clearer meaning under the magic of Dr. Muck's slender, flashing baton, so that those who affably came as patrons remained as devotees—even those who never touched his hand to make sure that he was real and not the Spirit of Music in an extremely well-fitting dress suit; an impelling, dynamic spirit, at times Plutonian, at times seraphic.

On the whole, we can congratulate ourselves that we got the best out of the Boston Symphony season.

But the faith has proved justified, and there were the profits of two nights, Tuesday and Wednesday, to reward it. I suppose last night's house was about $7000 and the night before perhaps $5,000. There is the entrance to the Exposition to figure upon; of that total of 46,000, at least 30,000 must have been cash admissions, exclusive of season-tickets; which meant that $15,000 was left at the gates. Take $75,000 in the "house" and $15,000 at the gates, and it adds up to $90,000—which is the cash value placed by San Francisco on thirteen days of Boston Symphony.

GREAT EXPERIENCE.

Of last night's program little need be said. It eclipsed the former Wagner concert. It was one of the most wonderful of this wonderful series. It is to Dr. Muck that we owe the wonderful educational gain of the season; he arranged the programs, and gave us Bach, Haydn, Mozart, at their best; Beethoven at his highest, Brahms as we never knew Brahms before, Wagner and Liszt and Berlioz and Strauss at their most eloquent; Sibelius and Macdowell and Saint-Saens and Chabrier and Franck, and the Russians and Italians and other French composers—why, the series was a journey all around the musical globe.

e So, no matter who brought the Boston Symphony Orchestra here—and this interesting question is still in dispute—the thanks of many thousands of people are massed together and held in escrow for the right party.

As announced in The Bulletin, we are to have a fine orchestra of our own next season, under improved conditions, and in all probability a very noted conductor. We shall know how to listen to our orchestra now, and how to praise it helpfully. Some day—who knows?—Boston may pay $90,000 to hear the San Francisco Symphony!

From Examiner

Address San Francisoc. Cal.

Date MAY 25 1915

Established 1884

"BOSTONIANS" GIVE RUSSIAN PROGRAMME

Music of the Czar's Land Is Interpreted Beautifully by Dr. Muck and His Players

TALE OF NOMADIC PEOPLE

Borodine's "On the Steppes of Central Asia" Is a Marvel of Beauty and Comprehension

BY REDFERN MASON.

Russian music seen through the prism of a Teutonic personality. That is what we heard last night, and our friends of the Boston Symphony were greeted by a gathering of over 4,000 people. Only two nights of this golden season remain to us, and those who wish to hear such orchestral playing as San Francisco has never heard before must seize the chance before it slips away from them.

When I say that we heard Russian music as mirrored in a Teutonic brain, I do not imply any diminution of artistic grace, but simply seek to define the more clearly the significance of what we heard. Dr. Muck is a German in the large sense of the term, a sense which carries with it the idea of broad, yet ingoing understanding of the music of non-Germanic peoples.

WAS PROFOUNDLY MOVING.

That reading of the "Pathetic" was beautiful throughout, and, in moments, as for example, the passionate climax of the first allegro, and the conclusion of the Adagio-Lamentoso, profoundly moving. But, in order to play the valse in five-four time as the Russians play it, I think Dr. Muck would have had to drink vodka in his youth and whirl a maiden through the measures, now langourous, now frenzied, of the Cossacks dance. It had German domesticity where it should have had Muscovite madness and melancholy. It was beautiful, but of a beauty which savored too much of Teutonic decorum.

The Glazounoff "Overture Solonelle," which followed, is a finely knit and brilliant score of a marked festal character. Here there is no perplexing Weltschmerz, but jubilant tone-painting, a sort of Russian analogue to certain pages which Weber has left us.

MUCH MORE RUSSIAN.

Much more characteristically Russian was Borodine's famous sketch "On the Steppes of Central Asia," with its well-defined programme of a caravan on the march through the wilds, its snatches of exotic song and powerful suggestions of the illimitable waste. Borodine was a master who left us all too little; but this composition is a masterpiece. Though the French writers, with Felicien David and Saint Saens at their head, have been the pioneers in the use of Oriental pigments, the Russians have outdone them in subtle realism. This work is as documentary in its way as is Burton's "Pilgrimage to Al Madinah," or the canvasses of Gerome.

Dr. Muck seemed to emancipate himself from his Teutonic leading strings and to contemplate the Asiatic wilderness and the nomadic dwellers therein with a soul artistically free. When I heard the masterly reading of the Borodine I was tempted to regret that the director had not done violence to his sense of form in the drawing up of the programme and given us the Glazounoff first, then the Borodine, taking the "Pathetic" at a time when he had been swept out of himself, so to speak, and freed from academic bonds by the magic of the works he was directing. Then, I fancy, we might have had a performance of the Tschaikowsky as truly Muscovite as was the "Steppenskizze."

RACIAL PRISM MORE COMPLEX.

Last of the works performed was Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice on Spanish Themes." Here the racial prism is more complex even than in the other works. Here we have the music written by a Russian on themes borrowed from Spanish dances with a German for director. Add the fact that the listeners were American, and the intricacy of the psychological problem which the performance of this art presents may be realized.

Some people say there is no such thing as national music. But who could hear those Hispanic rhythms and not recognize that they have only one possible place of origin? Here I felt the Teuton in Dr. Muck not at all. I have heard Sarasate play those dances and Gogorza sing songs tinged with the same color, and Dr. Muck's reading of the Caprice seems to form a natural and inevitable coda to those memories. How the Bostonians played them you may imagine. It was as beautiful a performance as any they have given us in the long and varied tale of their doings.

WILL BE OF PAST.

The pity of it that, a few days from now, all these splendid things will be one with the irreclaimable past. But we in San Francisco have had our draught of the world's best music making, and it will never be the same with us as it was before

To-night Sibelius the Finn, Strauss and Beethoven the Teutons, will provide the programme. The Sibelius will the First Symphony, in E minor; the Strauss, "Also sprach Zarathustra"; the Beethoven, the immortal "Leonora No. 3," the greatest overture ever written. On Wednesday we shall have an evening with Wagner, and the rest, alas! as far as the Boston Symphony is concerned, will, for us, be silence.

From CALL

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 26 1915

Established

STRAUSS MUSIC BEAUTIFIED BY BOSTONIANS

By GRENA J. BENNETT

For fully half an hour it looked as if only half a concert would be given last evening at Festival Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Sibelius' symphony No. 1 had just been presented and the musicians were tuning up for one of Strauss' most notable tone poems when the mammoth organ protested by ciphering on one of its high pitched pipes. Of course, it might not have been due to Strauss at all; it probably was only faulty mechanism. But, whatever the cause, it took a good half hour to adjust it, and the large audience good naturedly accepted the excuses and apologies offered by one of the musicians, who explained briefly the cause of the delay.

The program consisted of three numbers—a symphony by Sibelius, the tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," by Strauss, and the "Leonore," No. 3 overture by Beethoven.

"DESPOT OF DIN"

Interest centered in the Strauss number, an excellent example of modern composition by the "Despot of Din," as Strauss has aptly been called. The work is program music in the strictest sense, though no one but Strauss himself could "get under the skin" of it without the assistance of the printed thematic program generously distributed among the auditors by the management of the society.

Consistent with precedent Strauss has augmented his orchestra for what he considers a proper presentation of the story of the superman which originated in the mind of the mad Nietzsche.

To be sure there are moments of delightful melodiousness, several of them in fact. And again Strauss has in this work occasionally foregone his taste for discord and dissonance and given his hearers infinitesimal passages of glorious harmonization. It was in these latter that the incomparable work of the orchestra was most thankfully heard. Not even a Dr. Muck, however, could have read some of the clanging noisy, ear-splitting phrases with pleasing effect.

The audience owed a debt of gratitude to the conductor and to the musicians for their masterly effort in a work containing such stupendous difficulties, and so few really grateful opportunities.

BEETHOVEN SOOTHES

And the audience owed a double debt of gratitude to Dr. Muck for his considerateness in giving the lovely, suave Beethoven overture immediately after the Strauss work.

There is no indication of Beethoven's dissatisfaction in his work and changeableness in his ideas in "Leonore" No. 3. Not only is this a charming example of the master's most tender and expressive musical thoughts, but it offers unlimited opportunities in interpretation. As it was heard last night, the overture was intensely dramatic, a wonderful mosaic of tonal blending, with episodes well contrasted and eloquently revealed.

The symphony given last night is the most gracious of Sibelius' four, offering only a hint of its composer's present tendencies toward ultra-modernism. Though the product of a Finnish writer, it contains much thematic material as warm and sensuous as the characteristic melodies of the Neopolitans. The second movement was particularly gracious, and the work of the musicians, especially that of the strings, was deserving of the highest praise.

With tonight's all Wagner special program the season of the Boston orchestra will terminate.

GIRL CATCHES THIEF

[190]

From BULLETIN

Address: San Francisco, Cal.

Date MAY 27

By ERNEST J. HOPKINS.

The greatest artistic event of the Exposition is over; last night, after thrilling an audience of 4200 people, the Boston Symphony Orchestra stepped nonchalantly aboard its special train and flitted eastward. Hereafter folks will say, "Before the Boston Symphony," and "Since the Boston Symphony."

The total attendance at the thirteen concerts was 46,037. This tells the tale in itself. When in America before have people gone to symphony concerts in the aggregate of 46,000 in thirteen nights?

Dr. Muck and his men are used to large audiences. In Boston they always "sell out." But Festival Hall is far larger than this orchestra's usual home; and if you will divide out the figure of 46,037 you will find that the average attendance for the dozen-and-one concerts was actually 3541.

CASH ELOQUENT.

It's a poor way to figure the artistic importance of an event; but even the cash returns are eloquent. W. H. Leahy announced that on Monday night the box office receipts equaled the huge guarantee of $60,000, and the expense guarantee, $5,000 additional, which had been necessary to get the Boston Symphony out here.

Examiner

Cal.

MAY 30 1915

Music

BY REDFERN MASON.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY is come and gone. The result is that our ideal of what orchestral music ought to be has been greatly raised. Never again will the work which passed muster last season satisfy. A deep discontent has been sown in our hearts. Either the membership of the San Francisco Musical Association will have to be increased or the present members will have to give more. Given the necessary funds, we can multiply rehearsals and engage better men, if better men are needed. But first and foremost the question of a leader will have to be considered. A man may be a composer of rare creative gifts and yet lack the magnetism and authority which are necessary to weld instrumentalists into a satisfactory orchestral organism. That, it seems to me, is the difficulty under which we have been laboring. True, nobody can make an ideal orchestra out of men who have to eke out their subsistence by playing in cafes. But we also want a man who does not believe that Beethoven is old-fashioned. When Dr. Muck directs the "Eroica" it sounds modern; his Mozart G Minor is not only of yesterday, but of to-day also. We do not want a pedant; but we want a director of broad sympathies, not so modernistic as to despise "Papa" Haydn, not so rootedly old-fashioned as to be out of touch with the movements championed by Strauss, Debussy, Schonberg and the rest. And such men are to be found, men like Pohlig of Philadelphia, Kroeger of Cincinnati, Hertz of New York, Oberhoffer of Minneapolis. The wisest economy is to engage the best man we can get.

Providence, R. I.

1884

...on South Main street.

* * *

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has returned from its trip to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, after an absence of three weeks and a day, during which it travelled over 6500 miles, gave 13 concerts on 13 consecutive days to a total paid attendance of 46,000.

Commenting on the fact, the Boston Herald says: "It was the largest undertaking in the history of musical enterprise anywhere in the world, for the entire orchestra of over 100 went to San Francisco on a special train, without a stop, gave 13 different programmes and returned on the same train without stop."

Financially, the concerts, instead of showing a loss, as was expected, show a large profit. People came from Los Angeles, Phoenix, Denver, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma merely to hear the orchestra. The hospitality extended was unbounded.

Dr. and Mrs. Muck who could not accept all the invitations, they received, are in the Yosemite, whence they go to Los Angeles, San Diego, the Grand Canyon and the Yellowstone and Glacier Parks.

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BOSTON GLOBE— JUNE 9, 1915

GIFTS OF $655,000 TO TECH MADE PUBLIC

Announced by Pres Maclaurin to the Alumni at Concert.

Two '88 Men Also Promise to Erect Building As a Residence for President.

Gifts to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology totaling $655,000 were announced last evening by Pres Maclaurin at the Tech Pop concert in Symphony Hall. This announcement was the sensation of the evening, and was vociferously applauded by the great gathering of Tech men and their friends, who were met for the concluding exercises of senior week.

Gifts of $250,000 and $100,000, respectively, were announced from two men who emulate the original "Mr Smith" in their anonymity. These sums are to be used as a fund for the erection of dormitories at the new Tech.

Then followed the announcement that $305,000 had been given the institute to build the mining building—$75,000 each by Col Charles Hayden, '90, of Boston, and Pierre S. Du Pont, '90, of Wilmington, Del, and $155,000 by Gen T. Coleman Du Pont, '83, also of Delaware.

Finally Pres Maclaurin anounced that Charles A. Stone, '88, and Edwin S. Webster, '88, had presented a residence for the president, to be erected on the Cambridge site.

The class of 1915 entered the hall escorted by the class of 1890, their predecessors by 25 years, acting as the sponsors for this year's class. When they were seated a special little pageant play which led up to the initiation of the class of 1915 into the alumni association was enacted. There was presented on the stage the "Presidential Range" in which the presidents of Tech from Rogers to Maclaurin were portrayed.

The following was the cast: Pres Rogers, G. E. Whitwell; Pres Runkle, W. S. Thomas; Pres Walker, J. A. Tobey; Pres Crafts, E. J. Casselman; Pres Pritchet, C. L. Hall; Pres Noyes, O. F. Freeman; Pres Maclaurin, C. W. Howlett; Little Bobby Richards, Prof R. H. Richards; Miss Co-ed, Miss Mary Plummer; Tech Cadet, L. E. Best; Boisterous Student, G. B. Hilton; Baby Alumni Association, R. M. Rennie; Association of Today, I. W. Litchfield; Mysterious Mr Smith, Person Unknown; Fair Harvard, E. S. Coldwell.

The hall was decorated with class banners and Tech colors, and streamers and confetti were thrown from the balcony by the guests of the alumni. There was special music for the occasion interspersed with Tech songs in which all joined.

RECORD NUMBER OF DEGREES

Miss Plummer Only Woman Among 326 Graduates—Massachusetts With 102 Leads States.

Dr Richard C. Maclaurin, president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, presented degrees yesterday afternoon in Huntington Hall to 326 students, including two doctors of philosophy, one doctor of engineering, 30 masters of science and 293 bachelors of science. This is the record total number of graduates and the number of masters particularly high.

There are 24 graduates from foreign countries, 41 from the West, 60 from New York and the South, and the rest are from New England, Massachusetts leading with 162. Thirty-four States are represented and the foreign contingent includes 12 Chinese, one Hindu, one Syrian, and one each from Russia, Turkey, Brazil, Paraguay, Hawaii and the Philippines. Canada furnishes four.

Of the Massachusetts men taking degrees 44 are from Boston.

The platform was occupied by the faculty. Each student was applauded as he went forward to receive his diploma and the applause was particularly loud for Miss Mary E. Plummer of Newton, the only woman in the class. Miss Plummer took the regular course in chemistry and had for a thesis "The Adaptability of Calcium Acid Lactate as a Baking Powder Material."

Thesis were read by Alfred Clark, Herman E. Morse, Robert A. Schmucker, Philip L. Small, Robert W. Mitchell, Leo B. Miller, AB; Edward Wallker, AB; Peter Masucci, Robert E. Haylett, BS; Evers Burtner and Richard O. Bailey.

CLASS OF '90 DINES.

Present Scarfpin to Secretary as Mark of Appreciation for 25 Years' Work—Three Other Banquets.

Four classes of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology before going to the Pop concert last night dined at the Boston City Club—'90, '95, '98 and '05.

The class of '90, the 25-year class, had 22 members at dinner and G. D. Mansfield, '74, was a guest. G. L. Gilmore, the secretary, presided. Mr Gilmore received a scarfpin as a gift from his classmates in token of their appreciation of his 25 years' work as secretary of the class.

Among those at the dinner were D. de Lancey of Waterbury, Conn; H. W. Spaulding, J. O. DeWolf, H. B. Burley, A. F. Brown, C. W. Sherman, H. M. Goodwin, J. L. Bachellor, W. Z. Ripley, A. Loring, F. W. Atwood, G. E. Borden, W. H. Root, W. Ellis, E. T. Simpson, L. C. Wason, K. C. Richmond, J. F. Baker, F. M. White, C. J. Morse.

The class of '96 had 16 at dinner. W. H. Winkley, the secretary, presided in the absence of the president, E. H. Clapp.

The class of '98 dinner was attended by 14, Arthur Blanchard presiding.

The class of '05, which had spent the day at the Point Shirley Yacht Club, had 40 to dinner.

M. I T. CLASS REUNIONS

Informal Dinners Enjoyed at Various Boston Hotels.

Ten members of the M. I. T. class of '94 dined informally last evening at the Copley Square Hotel. Prof Samuel Prescot presided. There were no speeches.

Plans were made at a dinner of the class of '01 at the Copley Square Hotel, attended by 17, for the quindecennial next year. Ex-Pres Player spoke.

Officers elected were: M. J. Monohan of Watertown, president; Frederick C. Boyd of Lynn, vice president; William Pepperell of Holyoke, chairman of the executive committee.

Sixteen graduates in the class of '07 dined informally at the Hotel Westminster.

BOSTON JOURNAL—

JUNE 9,

$500,000 GIVEN TO TECHNOLOGY BY GRADUATES

Announcement Is Made by President Maclaurin at Pop Concert.

It was Tech night at the Pops last evening, and announcements were made of gifts of nearly half a million dollars to the institution.

Everything was given over to the Tech students. Their music was the music sung and played; their cheers were the only cheers heard in the building and their colors—the famous gray and crimson—were the only colors used in the attractive scheme of decoration.

The real sensation of the night was when President Maclaurin made the announcement of the gifts to the Institute amounting to about half a million dollars. Two anonymous benefactors tendered to the institute gifts of $150,000 and $100,000 respectively. The sums are to be used as a starter for the dormitories, and are the entering wedge toward a happy solution of a question which has been constantly discussed at any meeting of Tech students the world over. In addition there is a gift of $100,000 from T. C. Dupont of Wilmington, Del.

Then it was announced that the funds with which to construct the mining building, some $225,000, had been offered by Charles Hayden, '90, of Boston; T. Coleman DuPont, '83, and S. Pierre DuPont of Wilmington, Del., past and present presidents of the DuPont DeNemours Powder Company. It was T. Coleman DuPont, who a few years ago by his gift of half a million, made the purchase of the new Tech site in Cambridge possible. Charles A. Stone, '88, and Edwin S. Webster, '88, although both members of the same business firm, made a gift individually and not as a firm of a residence for the president.

These gifts have practically solved the dormitory question which for years has been the greatest source of worry among the authorities of the institute.

The buildings can now be built as a component part of the original scheme and will be completed when Tech sessions open in September.

JUNE 9, 1915

DAILY ADVERTISER,

$655,000 IN GIFTS TO M. I. T.

"Tech" Night at Pops Made Memorable by Announcements of Pres. Maclaurin

NEW HOME FOR THE PRESIDENT DONATED

Enthusiastic Scenes in Symphony Hall Make Fitting Climax to Graduation Exercises

The main feature of the M. I. T. Pop night last evening was contributed by Pres. Maclaurin when he announced gifts to the Institute amounting to $655,000 and a new residence for the president. The announcement was made from the conductor's platform shortly after the initiation of the graduating class into the alumni association.

No longer can the mysterious Mr. Smith enjoy the praise of Tech men alone, for he was joined by two other anonymous donors who gave gifts of $100,000 and $250,000 respectively. Col. Charles Hayden '90 of Boston made a gift of $75,000 and Pierre S. du Pont '90, present president of the du Pont de Nemours Powder Co., contributed gift of $75,000 and Pierre S. duPont '90, present president of the duPont mours Powder Co., tendered a gift of $155,000.

The last gift to be announced was declared by Pres. Maclaurin to be the most appreciated of all by himself, for it was a tribute by the alumni to Mrs. Maclaurin for the constant interest which she has taken in the so-

for them. The gift of the residence of the president comes from two Boston men of the class of 1888, Charles A. Stone and Edwin S. Webster, who made the gift as individuals and not as a firm. Messrs. Stone and Webster plan to erect the president's home on the corner of the M. I. T. grounds east of Ames st., and the dormitories.

The anonymous gifts as well as a part of the gift of Coleman duPont will be used to start the construction of new dormitories and thus opens a solution of the problem of what was to be done with the students on removal to the new site in Cambridge. The other building provided for in these new gifts is the mining building. Such a structure formed a part of the original plans, but on account of financial stringencies it had been decided to improve the basement of the Rogers Building for the mining courses.

The announcement of the gifts aroused the greatest enthusiasm of the evening, but things had been moving along very rapidly even before financial matters appeared on the scene. It was alumni night, including the most recent and largest accession which has ever been made to the alumni, the initiation of the senior class. The first student and a member of the oldest class, Prof. R. H. Richards, was there. So was Miss Mary Elsa Plummer, in a black hat and a green dress, the only girl graduate of this year's class.

For decorations the platform held a picture of the old Rogers Building and a scene sketch of the New Technology. There were Tech banners and class numerals. There were the indescribable and variagated senior "goose hats," the "tall lids" of '05 and bright hued streamers to greet the class of 1890, the sponsors of the seniors to the allumni association.

The royal attraction of the evening was a special pageant play which led up to the initiation of the class of 1915 into M. I. T. Alumni Association. There was disclosed the "Presidential Range," the presidents, however, were those of M. I. T., and each of them in turn told a tale or some moral illustrating the history of Tech from 1865 to 1915. The presidents were portrayed by members of the senior class, opening with G. B. Whitewell as Pres. Rogers, quoting from Rogers' diary, "Opened school this morning, 15 students entered. May this prove a memorable day," and closing with a $500,000 gift of the alumni to Pres. Maclaurin, who was impersonated by C. W. Howlett in Highland kilts. There was also enacted the refusal of Tech to be absorbed by Harvard, and the ultimate union of "Fair Harvard" and "Mr. Tech." It might also be added that the Symphony Orchestra was present and rendered a programme at intermissions.

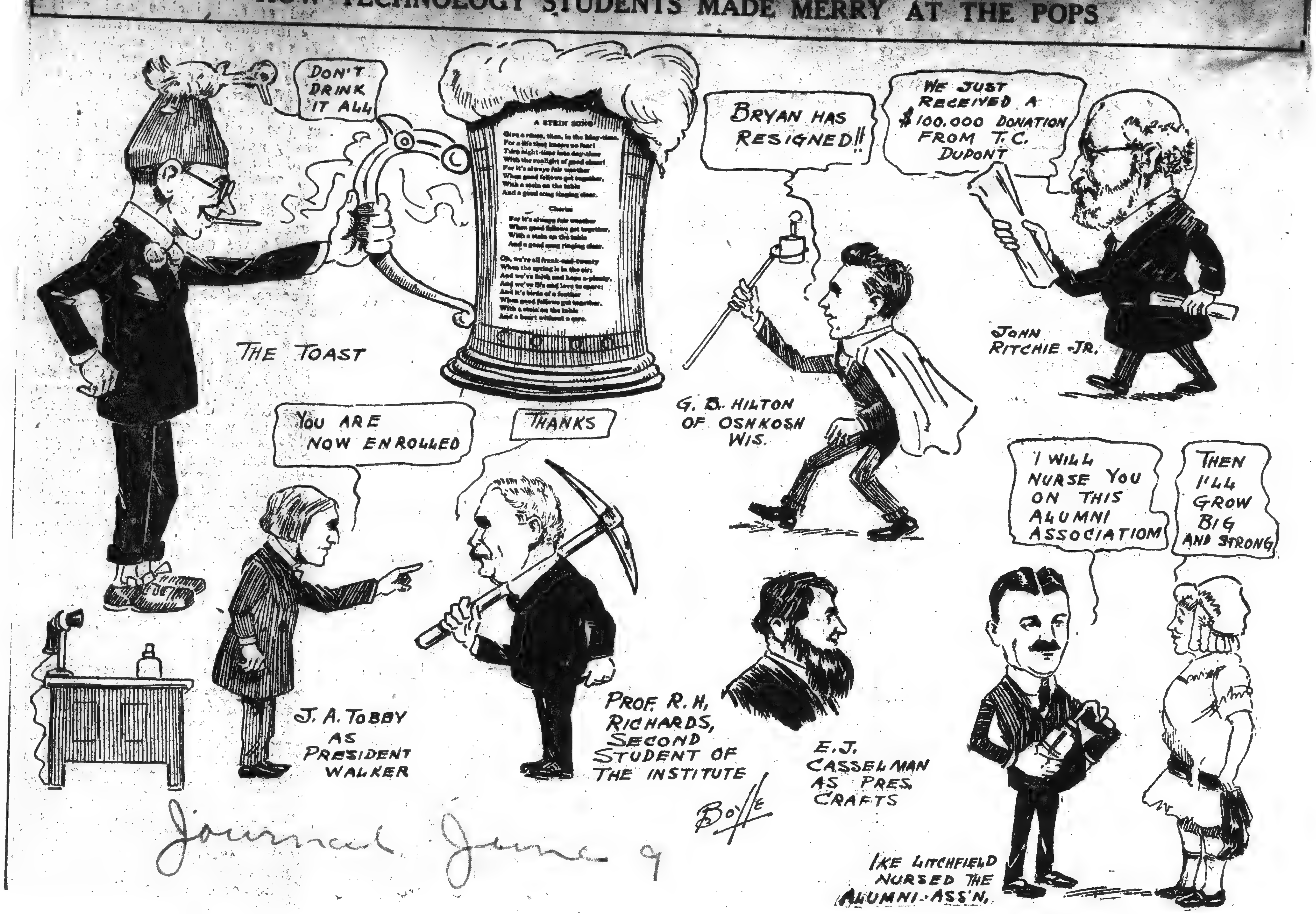
Graduations exercises were held in Huntington Hall in the afternoon. The diplomas were distributed by Pres. Maclaurin.

Of the young men receiving degrees, two are doctors of philosophy; one of doctor of engineering; 30 of master of science, and 293 of bachelor of science. In every particular this is the highest record yet, the figures for 1914, itself a record year, being 24 masters and 286 bachelors.

Of the graduates 24 are from foreign countries, 41 from the West, 60 from New York and the South, and the rest from New England, with Massachusetts in the lead with 162. Thirty-four States are represented and the foreign contingent includes 12 Chinese, one Hindu and a Syrian, and one each from Russia, Turkey, Brazil, and Paraguay. Canada furnishes four of the students and Hawaii and the Philippines one each. Of the Massachusetts men taking degrees 44 are from Boston.

One woman, Mary Elsa Plummer of Newton, graduated with the class, having taken the regular courses in chemistry. Her thesis was on "The Adaptability of Calcium Acid Lactate as a Baking Powder Material."

HOW TECHNOLOGY STUDENTS MADE MERRY AT THE POPS


DON'T DRINK IT ALL
A STEIN SONG
Give a rouse, then, in the May-time,
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into day-time
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
And a good song ringing clear.
Chorus
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
And a good song ringing clear.
Oh, we're all frank-and-twenty
When the spring is in the air;
And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
And we've life and love to spare;
And it's birds of a feather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
And a heart without a care.
THE TOAST
BRYAN HAS RESIGNED!!
WE JUST RECEIVED A $100.000 DONATION FROM T.C. DUPONT
G. B. HILTON OF OSHKOSH WIS.
JOHN RITCHIE JR.
YOU ARE NOW ENROLLED
THANKS
J. A. TOBBY AS PRESIDENT WALKER
PROF. R. H. RICHARDS, SECOND STUDENT OF THE INSTITUTE
E.J. CASSELMAN AS PRES. CRAFTS
I WILL NURSE YOU ON THIS ALUMNI ASSOCIATIOM
THEN I'LL GROW BIG AND STRONG
IKE LITCHFIELD NURSED THE ALUMNI-ASS'N.
Boyle

Journal June 9

SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER—

—SUNDAY, MAY 30, 1915.

KARL MUCK DISCLOSES WAR FRAUD

Boston Symphony Leader Lays Trap Which Captures Bogus Collector for German Cause

Many Prominent San Franciscans on List of Contributors; Dr. Muck Himself Gives Up $300

F. M. Gresham Alias H. H. Meyers Is Caught by Detective Kracke After Hard Fight in Street

Frank M. Gresham, alias H. H. Meyers, representing himself as a soliciting agent for "The Fatherland," a German publication of New York, was arrested last night after he had wrestled and rolled with Detective Fred Kracke for a block down the hill along California street from the Fairmont Hotel to Powell street.

He is charged with obtaining money from Germans in San Francisco under false pretenses.

Meyers had just left the Fairmont after engaging in a lengthy conversation in the lobby with Dr. Karl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, when he was tackled by Detective Kracke.

MANY NAMES SECURED.

After he was booked at police headquarters a list was found on him containing the names of many prominent persons in San Francisco who had agreed to subscribe to the Teuton cause.

Amounts were affixed after some of the names, and blank spaces were left after others.

These were among the entries in the list:

Dr. Karl Muck, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra	**$300**
E. L. Hueter	**300**
C. E. Grunsky, civil engineer	**300**
Fred Hagemann	**300**
Robert Cappell, agent North German Lloyd Steamship Co.	**---**
Dr. Max Magnus	**---**
Dr. M. Krotoszynerl	**---**
George B. Brockman	**150**
N. Ihlandt, banker	**150**
Max Schmidt	**75**
California Brick Co	**50**
Chris Schulz	**50**
C. J. Bovereaux	**---**
William Bauer	**---**
Dr. Hugo Liber	**---**
Buffalo Brewing Company	**---**
H. W. Lockbaum & Company	**---**
T. J. Rehstote, Sacramento	**---**

A day or two ago Dr. Muck came to the conclusion that Meyers was not all he represented himself to be, and he got in communication with the police.

$50 ADDITIONAL SOUGHT.

Last night Meyers called, by appointment, at the Fairmont to have another talk with Dr. Muck. Detective Kracke was seated unobserved in a chair a short distance from Dr. Muck while he talked with Meyers. The solicitor mentioned to Dr. Muck that for an extra $50, in addition to the $300 already subscribed, the doctor might have an especially prominent portrait of himself published in "The Fatherland."

Meyers turned around after making this statement and noticed that Detective Kracke was listening to the conversation. He then decided to leave the hotel. Detective Kracke followed after him, and engaged Meyers in conversation at the corner of Mason and California streets. Then they clinched in a struggle, which was not ended until they had rolled down the steep hill and Special Policeman Lodge of the Fairmont went to Kracke's assistance.

MEYERS SECURES $300.

Dr. Muck told the police that upon the strength of the representations made to him by Meyers he had given the solicitor $100. He had given him another $200 last Friday, when Meyers showed him a telegram from the people purporting to be connected with "The Fatherland" in New York, thanking him for his generosity.

Dr. Muck then came to the conclusion that Meyers was an imposter, and he got into communication with James Stuart, 525 Market street, San Francisco, agent of "The Fatherland." The agent confirmed his impression about the character of Meyers, and Dr. Muck had a conference with the police and arranged for the arrest of the man.

Meyers represented to Dr. Muck that he has been living at the Palace Hotel since his arrival here. The police learned that he has been actually living at the Berg Hotel in Mason street, and searched his room after his arrest. They said he worked in conjunction with another man since coming to San Francisco, and that all the credentials, telegrams and other papers he has exhibited in collecting subscriptions are spurious.

From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date MAY 27 1915

Estal 384

BOSTON MUSICIANS IN FINAL CONCERT

Dr. Muck Presents Wagner's Music to Large Audience.

By ANNA CORA WINCHELL.

San Francisco paid splendid tribute to Dr. Muck and his Boston musicians last night, their final appearance in Festival Hall beckoning a "capacity house." Two special reasons might be given for this, aside from the fact that the Boston Symphony is a drawing card at any time.

Many grasped it last night as the last opportunity to hear an organization which is world famous and second to none, and the programme was Wagnerian. The hold of this composer on all classes of hearts and minds is something that defies analysis, for a Wagner house seldom fails to be filled and the attendance is of the kind best described as cosmopolitan.

WAGNER LOGICAL OFFERING.

In the extension of the symphonic season Wagner was the logical offering, and even though his works were generously presented but a week ago they took nothing from the enthusiasm of last night. The selections were especially attractive to the students of Wagner, while his admirers on any ground found much to engage their ears and ponder over, and in giving the "Good Friday Spell" Dr. Muck made a concession as he has previously refused to play other than the "Prelude" to "Parsifal."

From the rendition of the latter, one gained some of the most potent passages of the music drama and experienced the spiritual depth of the storp emphasized by Wagner's inspired pen. This music was presented immediately following the intermission, opportuntely and effectively, the listeners by that time having mellowed to the mood of religious receptivenes through the influence of the preceding numbers, which, opening with "A Faust Overture," included "A Siegfried Idyl," besides selections from "Siegfried" and "Dusk of the Gods."

The overture revealed, through exquisite manipulations of the orchestra, all the purpose Wagner had in mind when he wrote to portray a "soul aweary of life, yet forced to engage anew in life's endeavors." In the "Idyl" were distinctly traces of the joy felt by the master of Weimar in his possession of a son, while the last number of this first group again contained much of the solemn motif.

"The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" has a share of comedy which was made apt and contagious by those skilled strings and their several aids. It seemed, however, that "Tannhauser" brought not only the keenest satisfaction of the night, but that it found more actual response in the players themselves. In some respects it was far more interesting as a musical revelation than any other number on the programme.

NEW INTERPRETATION.

Everyone knows "Tannhauser" through its quality of tunefulness; few know it as it is written. Nine out of ten conductors give it color and speed, especially the latter. In the customary interpretation it would be easy to believe that "Tannhauser" was a march towards some gay and even frivolous event. On the other hand, being a march of pilgrims, Dr. Muck plays it so and gives many wonderful insights into the real beauty and dignity of the theme which has for its basis the religious heart.

The restricted tempo was solemn but glorious in its perfection of interpretation, and surely it will spoil many in the future for the gala type of reading.

The thirteen concerts have also proved that San Francisco once more declares for the best things. The cooperation of music-lovers has been complete and the result emphasizes that only the best is acceptable.

PATIENT ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

From CALL
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date.......... MAY

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By GRENA J. BENNETT

The season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is over. The twelve promised events were insufficient to supply the appetite of local music lovers and the unpopularity of number thirteen vanished when an extra concert was given last night.

The success of the season was remarkable. Nearly 48,000 persons visited Festival Hall, making capacity audiences at each of the concerts.

Last night's attendance was a representative one. The all-Wagner program proved a lure that few admirers of the creator of musical realism could resist. Musicians and conductor were in perfect accord and the audience's reception of their efforts must have been uncommonly gratifying.

OVATION FOR DR. MUCK

When the last note of the closing number had become wisps of echoes the audience burst into an applause that grew in volume until it became a mighty round of cheers. Dr. Muck, usually so self-controlled and restrained, appeared to be really affected by such a show of appreciation; he shook hands with the concert master; received a lovely laurel wreath from which hung the Exposition colors; and after repeated bows retired from the stage.

History was made by the visit just ended; because of a mutual love of good music a firm link has undoubtedly been established between the metropolis of the Pacific Coast and the metropolis of New England.

DESERVED ALL ITS PRAISE

And surely the treatment accorded the Boston orchestra's efforts was deserved. In the interpretations heard last night, for instance, one noticed, among the laudable qualities, a sincerity of purpose and a devotion to high ideals. There was no attempt at individual exploitation, nor was there an effort to shatter familiar ideals.

If Dr. Muck entertained personal and peculiar views of how Wagner should be read he refrained from presenting them except in modified form.

It might be that there was a slight variant in the matter of accentuation in the excerpts from "Siegfried" and "Goetterdaemmerung"; the sensitive listener may also have heard unusually poetic tone gradations and color contrasts in the Good Friday music from "Parsifal," or, one familiar with the compositions of Wagner's early period perhaps noticed exceptional deliberation of tempo in the overture to "Tannhauser."

EVERY MEMBER ARTISTIC

But none could conscientiously consider these in any but a favorable light, for each selection was given with true artistic spirit; with an understanding of underlying mysticism (when that quality was appropriate); with fine dramatic vigor, and with a well developed taste for light and shade.

And again the experiment of an entire program by one composer, an experiment which has frequently proved monotonous, was one of varied delights. As it was presented the list was composed of "A Faust Overture," "A Siegfried Idyl," selections from "Siegfried" and "Dusk of the Gods" (arranged by Richter), extract from "Parsifal," selections from "Die Meistersinger" and the "Tannhauser," each a singularly significant composition and each interpreted with comforting beauty and under-

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From CHRONICLE
Address: San Francisco, Cal.
Date JUN 1 1915
Established: ..., 1884

Dr. Karl Muck Likes Our Manners and Musical Taste

And Has Highest Praise for Artistic Aspect of the Exposition

By HELEN DARE.

IT NOW develops—in the cordial exchange of amenities between San Francisco and the Boston Symphony Orchestra—that that famous organization, and particularly its unrivaled conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, were as well pleased with San Francisco as a musical center, San Franciscans as an audience and the exposition as an artistic achievement as was San Francisco with Dr. Muck and his marvelous hundred.

Perhaps it would be better—out of consideration for those who are fussy about mathematical accuracy—to say ALMOST as well pleased; for, making due allowance for the relative difference, it is quite clear that the preponderance of delight was with the greater number, and therefore San Francisco's was the greater pleasure, of course.

However——

Dr. Muck—whose habit tends rather toward repression than effervescence, and who thinks, Mm-m! I should say about eleven times before he speaks once; and then sometimes, doesn't speak, but gives you a tingling once-over with those flashing eyes—registered some flattering impressions of us and our doings while he was here; and, before leaving for the Yosemite, spoke enthusiastic words of praise, both of San Franciscans as an audience to play to, and of the exposition as a work of art.

AUDIENCES REMARKABLE.

He seems to have observed us pretty closely, even though circumstances and the nature of his occupation kept his back turned to us most of the time; for he said of his immense audiences in Festival Hall that in number and in attentiveness they were remarkable.

Remarkable from this point of view, he explained:

That here we are—population and visitors—in the throes of restless sight-seeing which the diverting (not to say distracting) variety of interests and diversity of attractions naturally occasion; and that, yet, those great audiences assembled, in increasing numbers, in Festival Hall for the thirteen closely-crowded-together concerts and listened with rapt attention to programmes which, even under usual and reposeful conditions, make an exacting demand on listeners.

Of course, Dr. Muck was denied that really wonderful sight of the "packed house," with that vast leveled expanse of heads (as even of surface as though a lawn roller had been over them) meeting the rising tiers of the galleries that were pressed full to the walls, and fringed in turn by the S. R. O's, who formed, as it were, the inclosing hedge. He couldn't see the tensity of attention, nor, perhaps, hear the sibillant Sh!-Shushing of the faintest rustle of a programme, creaking of a step or breath too stertorously drawn.

APPRECIATION MANIFESTED.

But he managed to "get it" just the same; and getting it he was not nearly as impatient as the audience itself of such slight but annoying contretemps as the seating—say, between movements of a symphony—of the rustling, chattering late-comers.

The very impatience of the audience at such interruption couldn't help being for him an added proof of interest in the music.

And so, in making his farewells, he paid his respects to our musical taste and our good manners.

He said that only in a community where there was real love of music and a cultivated taste for it could such audiences—in size and intelligent appreciation—be assembled; and that only a people who love and appreciate and know music could have listened with such beautiful manners.

This compliment, from such a source, surely ought to permanently and securely establish San Francisco's reputation as a musical center—and make us feel pleased with ourselves.

However, it but supports and confirms the expressed opinions of other competent authorities who have come our way; for it still remains (as a bonne bouche) in the memories of the loyal who look to a San Francisco that shall be an art center, that Theodore Thomas said there was no dearth of the musically-talented here, and that it was one of the easiest places in the world to gather a chorus on short notice.

In spite of the arduousness of the symphony season, Dr. Muck found time and opportunity to "do" the exposition: exteriorally at least.

FELT ARTISTIC APPEAL.

So completely the artist himself, he felt poignantly the artistic appeal it makes as a whole, by night and by day, and he said of it:

"In architecture and arrangement, in its extraordinarily beautiful and natural setting between hills and bay and sky, in decoration and garniture, in color and lighting it is admirable; and I never have seen anything of the kind in Europe or this country to equal it in beauty. The lighting effects, particularly, are marvelous; marking the birth of a new art.

"Now that I have seen it I feel that it would have been an irreparable loss to have missed it."

It's rather nice to be appreciated by one who won such unstinted meed of our appreciation, isn't it?

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KEEP PROMISE.

[193]

DETROIT SATURDAY NIGHT

June 19

MUSIC *and* *the* DRAMA

EDITED BY
N. J. and
A. B. Corey

"Who Done It"

THE sensational topic of the month has been the trip of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to San Francisco for thirteen concerts during as many days, and the enormous success attending the enterprise. One of the San Francisco papers says that history was made which will cause the people to say for years—"Before the Boston Symphony," and "Since the Boston Symphony." With a total attendance at the thirteen concerts of 46,037, the receipts were $90,000, a figure which astonished citizens, as it was confidently expected by business men that several thousand dollars of the $60,000 guarantee fund would have to be used. C. A. Ellis, the manager, has published a large collection of the San Francisco newspaper comments which affords much interesting, as well as some amusing, reading. The success of the season was so great that universal comment centered in determining who was responsible for the orchestra coming to the coast city. An amusing treatment of the subject from the San Francisco *Bulletin* is well worth reading, as it is in reality such an admirable epitome of human nature in all successful ventures:

"Who brought the Boston Symphony Orchestra to San Francisco?

"Everybody is asking, in order to find out whom to thank. There is a feeling that somebody deserves thanks. And a whole list of modest candidates are standing forward and saying, 'I done it;' and nominations are still open.

"In a speech the other day, Director of Music George W. Stewart is reported as saying: 'In bringing the Boston Symphony here, I believe my record speaks for itself.'

"'Doc' W. H. Leahy, the San Francisco impresario who is handling the local details of the engagement, declared: 'I put up the money—$60,000 guarantee and $5,000 for expenses.' So, of course, 'Doc' brought the orchestra here.

"A morning newspaper states unqualifiedly that Exposition Director J. B. Levison is the man to thank.

"A certain business man avers we must thank the Fleishhackers, bankers, who are said to have stood behind the $60,000 guarantee.

"Thornwell Mullally, chairman of special events, the other evening kicked his way through a closed dor in order to break into the concert, and replied to protests by indicating that he was the man responsible for the orchestra's presence.

"C. A. Ellis, of Boston, manager of the orchestra, believes he has some claims, since he made the proposal originally to Stewart.

"Then something might even be said for the humble music-lovers who are paying to hear the concerts at the rate of some 3,000 admissions per night.

"Let's thank every one we meet and be on the safe side."

DETROIT SATURDAY NIGHT votes for Ellis, the manager.

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END OF
VOLUME

VOLUME 34

BSO
Pops

1915 - 1916

C. A. Ellis
C. A. Ellis

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Season 1915–1916

HILL, SMITH & CO.
STATIONERS AND
BLANK BOOK
MANUFACTURERS
8 MILK STREET,
[illegible]
BOSTON.
Job No. 911
Duplicate this book by sending the above number.

SUNDAY HERALD

AUGUST 29, 1915.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The administrative offices at Symphony Hall are already at work preparing for the 35th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which will open in Boston Friday afternoon, Oct. 15, and Saturday evening, Oct. 16.

The auction sales of seats come at the end of September, the dates being Monday, Sept. 27; Tuesday, Sept. 28; Thursday, Sept 30, and Friday, Oct. 1. The rehearsal seats will be held on Monday and Tuesday, and concert seats Thursday and Friday, as the custom has always been in past years.

A year ago, on account of the war, the orchestra was compelled to abandon a trip through the middle west. This year, conditions are such that the trip will be made in the first week of October, although there have been some changes in the cities to be visited. The scheme of the trip calls for concerts in Toledo, Ohio; Milwaukee; Peoria, Ill.; Omaha; St. Joseph, Mo.; St. Louis and Chicago. The first concert will be given Monday evening, Oct. 4, and the last concert in Chicago, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 10.

The orchestra has been called together for its first rehearsal, Monday evening, Sept. 27, and will work through that entire week preparing for its western trip, and incidentally, for the first Boston program.

Dr. Muck is not yet prepared to make definite announcements as to his plans fo the season. One thing, however, is certain. The great success of last year were the performances of Liszt's Faust Symphony. This year he purposes giving Liszt's Dante Symphony with a woman's chorus.

As already announced, among those who will appear as soloists with the orchestra are Madame Melba, Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Kreisler. Other soloists of distinction will be announced in due time.

Boston American

AUGUST 29,

MUSIC NOTES

At the request of Otto Kahn and Mr. Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, Charles A. Ellis of this city has consented to undertake a season of opera at the Boston Opera House to be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York next Winter.

The season will be for three weeks, and under the contract, the Metropolitan Opera Company is bound to bring to Boston its entire personnel of artists, conductors, artists and its entire stage equipment for the operas to be performed. What these operas are will naturally be decided later on, as matters have not yet progressed that far.

The fact that Mr. Ellis has assumed the responsibility of this season of grand opera in Boston will be welcome news to the large opera-loving public of this city. Mr. Ellis, in his years as manager of the Symphony Orchestra, and as manager of great artists, has demonstrated how thoroughly he may be depended upon to keep faith with the public, and make good his promises.

The personnel of the company will be headed by Miss Farrar and Caruso, while Toscanini will be the conductor.

SUNDAY GLOBE

AUGUST 29,

Outline of Plans For Symphony Season.

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No such doubt about the continuance of the orchestra assails its friends and patrons in Boston as it did a year ago. Then nearly one-third of the members, including Dr Muck, were in Europe, and the sudden outbreak of the war made it a serious question whether they would be able to return and the orchestra continue its work. This year no members of the orchestra left the country.

A year ago, on account of the war, the orchestra was compelled to abandon a trip through the Middle West which had been mapped out for it. This year, conditions are such that the trip will be made in the first week of October, although there have been some changes in the cities to be visited. The scheme of the trip calls for concerts in Toledo, Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St Joseph, St Louis and Chicago. The first concert will be given Monday evening, Oct 4, and the last concert in Chicago, Sunday afternoon, Oct 10.

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Dr. Muck did not return from San Francisco with the orchestra last May, but spent his time, up to Aug. 1, exploring the West. With Mrs. Muck he visited Southern California, the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone and Glacier Parks and returned to Boston three weeks ago. He is now on the north shore, where he will be until the end of next month.

A year ago, on account of the war, the orchestra was compelled to abandon a very interesting trip through the Middle West which had been mapped out for it. This year conditions are such that the trip will be made in the first week of October, although there have been some changes in the cities to be visited. The scheme of the trip calls for concerts in Toledo, Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Louis and Chicago. The first concert will be given Monday evening, Oct. 4, and the last concert in Chicago, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 10.

The orchestra has been called together for its first rehearsal Monday evening, Sept. 27, and will work through that entire week, preparing for its Western trip and, incidentally, for the first Boston programme.

Dr. Muck is not yet prepared to make definite announcements as to his plans for the season. On thing, however, is certain. The great success of last year was the performances of Liszt's Faust Symphony. This year he purposes giving Liszt's Dante Symphony with a woman's chorus.

As already announced, among those who will appear as soloists with the orchestra are Madame Melba, Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Kreisler. Other soloists of distinction will be announced in due time.

TRANSCRIPT,

AUGUST 28,

The Symphony Season

Preparations are afoot at Symphony Hall for the thirty-fifth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will open Friday afternoon, Oct. 15, and Saturday evening, Oct. 16. The auction sales of seats will be held on Monday, Sept. 27; Tuesday, Sept. 28; Thursday, Sept. 30, and Friday, Oct. 1. The rehearsal seats will be sold on Monday and Tuesday, and concert seats Thursday and Friday, as in past years.

Dr. Muck did not return from San Francisco with the orchestra last May, but spent his time, up to the first of August, exploring the West. With Mrs. Muck he visited Southern California, the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone and Glacier Parks, and returned to Boston three weeks ago. He is now on the North Shore, where he will be until the end of next month. A year ago, on account of the war, the orchestra was compelled to abandon a trip through the Middle West. This year the trip will be made the first week of October, although there have been some changes in the cities to be visited. The itineray calls for concerts in Toledo, Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Louis and Chicago.

Dr. Muck has not yet completed his plans for the season, but it is certain that he will give Liszt's Dante Symphony with a woman's chorus. Among those who will appear as soloists are Madame Melba, Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Kreisler.

TRANSCRIPT,

SEPTEMBER 15,

NEWS OF MUSIC

INNOVATIONS IN THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

"Public Rehearsals" Renamed at Last, and No More Auctions of Tickets After the Current Season—The Wisdom of the Change—Plans for the Worcester Festival—Considering Mr. Toscanini's Return—Autumn Opera

THOSE that closely scanned the announcement of the Symphony Concerts for the impending season, printed in the newspapers of last Saturday, remarked a sensible change in the wording. For thirty years it had been the absurd custom to designate the concerts of Friday afternoons as "public rehearsals." Now, at last, they stood in the advertisements for what they really are and have long been—"afternoon concerts." [illegible] seats for the follow[illegible]

It is doubtful whether they ever were "rehearsals" in exact application of the word; and certainly they have not been such in any appreciable sense since the first years of Mr. Gericke's first term with the orchestra in the distant eighties. For the whole present generation of the Symphony Concerts—conductor, band, "assisting artists" and audiences—the concert of Friday afternoon has been no less a concert than that of the following Saturday evening and as worthy of their mutual pains. In fact, the public, though for reasons not always related to musical achievement and pleasure, has preferred the afternoon to the evening series. To call the concerts of Friday "public rehearsals" was mere tradition in silly variance with actual fact. Years since the new conditions invited the new name.

All this was relatively trifling—if any matter is trifling that has to do with so minutely organized an undertaking as the Symphony Concerts—but now on the heels of one happy break with outworn custom comes another of more moment. By announcement made this morning, the seats for the Symphony Concerts will be sold at auction for the last times when they are so distributed a fortnight hence. Beginning with the concerts of 1916-1917, the holders of places may retain them from season to season by a mere renewal of their subscriptions in the spring or the autumn. These subscriptions will be made at fixed prices—presumably to be announced next spring—and seats not so retained will be similarly sold at the box-office. That is to say, seats bought at the approaching auctions may be held indefinitely by the occupants under an easy annual routine, while in the future newcomers to the concerts will seek the box-office and not the auditorium, made for four summer days an auction-room. The management of the orchestra so sells the seats for the concerts in New York and in the other cities to which the band pays regular visits. Every orchestra in the United States and in Europe, too, so arranges the distribution of places.

If there were ever conditions in Boston to justify the ancient procedure, they have long since passed. Perhaps, years ago, the auctions stimulated interest in the concerts, reassembled the smaller and mutually acquainted public of the eighties and the early nineties and increased the revenues of the orchestra. Gradually, however, Symphony Hall on three or four days of each September became a kind of ticket-brokers' exchange where these agents filled the orders placed with them and made their own purchases. Now and then, a duel between two of them for seats that their respective clients especially desired enlivened dull routine and provided a paragraph for the newspapers. Once and again, "outsiders" bid for seats that they wished—timid amateurs hovering on the outskirts of the professional ranks. The public of the concerts murmured over the cost and other incidental conditions of this annual procedure and the unfortunate under it bewailed the occasional loss of places they had long occupied and cherished. The management, in turn, found it more and more burdensome and these many years nobody but the ticket-brokers has had a good word for the auctions. Only custom, inertia and the time and pains necessary to the arrangement of a schedule of fixed prices have maintained them. At last the end is at hand and the seats for the Symphony Concerts will be sold like the seats for any similar series the world over. But, how the public of Symphony Hall will buzz with comment when those same fixed prices are announced next spring! Meanwhile, in the midst of these breaks with outworn routine, the modest hope once more rekindles that the Symphony Concerts in the evening may sooner or later begin at the normal hour of 8.15 and not at the eight of the ways of a Boston long since vanished.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

SEPTEMBER 15,

SYMPHONY PLANS TO ABANDON SEAT SALE BY AUCTION

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will not sell tickets for its concerts and public rehearsals at auction after this season, according to an announcement made yesterday by C. A. Ellis, manager of the organization. Beginning next fall, it is planned to sell seats at fixed prices, by subscription. Persons desiring to retain the same seats from year to year may do so by informing the management at the end of each season.

The adoption of the new plan means that the auction this year may determine the holding of a seat for years to come. The purchaser of a seat at the auctions that begin Sept. 27 will have an option on the same sitting for the following season, and may renew it indefinitely. Under this plan seats may become almost a family possession, as at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The fixed rate subscription has been adopted by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its concerts in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Providence and Baltimore.

Manager Ellis describes the new plan as an attempt to "get rid of cumbersome and inconvenient methods that suit nobody." He described the auctions as the outgrowth of peculiar conditions that existed in Boston 30 years ago, but says they have served their purpose and are now outworn. "They

have lost the distinction that they had in the early days," he asserts. "The vast majority of the patrons used to attend the auctions personally and bid on their seats. The sales were amusing, and had a social value. All that is changed. Patrons commission brokers to bid on their seats and the sales are almost in the hands of a dozen or less agents."

Under the new plan the importance of agents will decrease. Patrons will be permitted to take up their options on their seats before a given date, send their check, and that will end the transaction. Seat holders will no longer have the just complaint that they are paying $20 more or less than someone sitting next to them, in a seat as well situated in every way.

EVENING RECORD,

SEPTEMBER 15,

Last Auction Of Tickets at the Symphony

Fixed Price Method of Selling Seats to Be Started Next Year

Boston patrons of the Symphony Orchestra will be agreeably surprised to learn that the old system of selling of tickets by auction is to be done away with and that for next year, the season of 1916-17, a radical change in the method of disposing of season tickets for the public rehearsals and the concerts will be adopted. C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, announced yesterday that he had practically decided to substitute for that method a subscription at fixed prices varying according to location, both for the Friday afternoon rehearsals and the Saturday evening concerts.

This plan would carry with it the privilege to subscribers of retaining the same seats from year to year and, naturally, will mean that purchasers of tickets at this year's auction sales which begin Sept. 27, will have an option for 1916-1917 on the seats then secured.

"We have been trying for several years," said Mr. Ellis yesterday, "to work out a plan by which we could get rid of the cumbersome and inconvenient auction sales which suit nobody, and we think we should be able to put the new method into force a year from this fall. The auction sales are an outgrowth of peculiar conditions that existed in Boston 30 years ago. They served their purpose, but now they are outworn and troublesome to everybody and altogether unsatisfactory. No other orchestra in the country sells its season tickets by auction, and we do not do so in any other city but Boston.

"Under the new plan, if we put it through, as we probably shall," said Mr. Ellis, "patrons have only to announce their intention of renewing their subscription before a given date, send their check, and that is all there is to it. Patrons will no longer have the just complaint that they are paying $20 to $50 more for their seats than their neighbors, which is now not at all uncommon. They will not be uneasy, wondering whether they will be able to retain the seats they like.

"Moreover, in the early days the auction sales had a distinction which they have lost. The vast majority of patrons used to attend the auctions personally and bid on their seats. The sales were not only amusing, but had a certain social value. Now that is all changed. The average man of business and the average woman interested in the Orchestra has not the time necessary to come to Symphony Hall and wait, sometimes for hours, for the seats they desire to be put up for sale. The result is that the majority of the patrons commission brokers to bid in their seats, and the sales are almost in the hands of a dozen or less agents."

BOSTON AMERICAN

SEPTEMBER 15,

SYMPHONY WILL ABANDON AUCTIONS

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will not sell tickets for its concerts and public rehearsals at auction after this season, according to an announcement by C. A. Ellis, manager of the organization.

Beginning next Fall, it is planned to sell seats at fixed prices by subscription. Persons desiring to retain the same seats from year to year may do so by informing the management at the end of each season.

The adoption of the new plan means that the auction this year may determine the holding of a seat for years to come.

BOSTON GLOBE-

SEPTEMBER 15.

SYMPHONY AUCTION SALES PASSING

This Year Last of the Cumbersome Plan.

Seats Will Hereafter Be Sold at a Fixed Schedule of Prices.

It will come as a surprise to the Boston patrons of the Symphony Orchestra that the management is contemplating for next year, the season of 1916-1917, a radical change in the method of disposing of season tickets for the public rehearsals and concerts.

C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, announced yesterday that he had practically decided to abandon after this year the selling of tickets by auction, and to substitue a subscription at fixed prices varying according to the location, both for the Friday afternoon rehearsals and the Saturday evening concerts.

This plan would permit subscribers to retain the same tickets from year to year and, naturally, will mean that purchasers of tickets at this year's auction sales which begin Sept 27, will have on option for 1916-1917 on the seats then secured.

"We have been trying for several years," said Mr Ellis, "to work out a plan to get rid of the cumbersome and inconvenient auction sales which suit nobody. The auction sales are an outgrowth of peculiar conditions that existed in Boston 30 years ago. No other orchestra in the country sells its season tickets by auction, and we do not do so in any other city but Boston.

"Our subscriptions in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and Providence are at a fixed price. Subscribers retain their seats from season to season as long as they wish, merely by filling in a card of renewal. In New York, for example, where we give two series of five concerts, every seat in Carnegie Hall is sold for both series and not more than 100 seats out of 2600 in each series change hands from season to season. The Metropolitan Opera House handles its huge subscription in the same fashion and seats there become almost a family possession, patrons renewing their subscription for the same seats year after year.

"Here, on the contrary, with auction sales our patrons never know from year to year whether they can get their favorite seats or how much they will have to pay for them. The explanation of some of the abnormally high prices brought about by auctions for a pair of seats is usually that one person wants the seats occupied by another the season previous and bids them up, the other defending them.

"Under the new plan, if we put it through, as we probably shall, patrons will no longer have the just complaint that they are paying $20 to $50 more for their seats than their neighbors, which is now not at all uncommon.

"Moreover, in the early days the auction sales had a distinction which they have lost. The vast majority of patrons used to attend the auctions personally and bid on their seats. The sales were not only amusing, but had a certain social value. Now that is all changed. The result is that the majority of the patrons have commission brokers to bid in their seats and the sales are almost in the hands of a dozen or less agents.

"In working out a plan for a fixed price subscription, we have decided that the fairest way will be to allow the holders of seats for the coming season of 1915-1916, bought at the auction sales at the end of this month, the privilege of taking these seats for the following year. In other words, purchasers of seats for the coming season will have an option on them for as many years as they wish to attend the symphony concers.

"The details of the plan have not yet been fully worked out to our satisfaction. Unexpected obstructions may prevent our putting the plan through, but it is fairly certain that we shall have no more auction sales after this year.

"To secure the benefit of this plan, names and addresses of purchasers of seats will be recorded at the time of the auction sales in Symphony Hall."

BOSTON HERALD.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1915.

SYMPHONY WILL DROP AUCTIONS

After This Year Seats Will Be Sold at Fixed Prices by Subscription.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will not sell tickets for its concerts and public rehearsals at auction after this season, according to an announcement made yesterday by C. A. Ellis, manager of the organization. Beginning next fall, it is planned to sell seats at fixed prices, by subscription. Persons desiring to retain the same seats from year to year may do so by informing the management at the end of each season.

The adoption of the new plan means that the auction this year may determine the holding of a seat for years to come. The purchaser of a seat at the auctions that begin Sept. 27 will have an option on the same sitting for the following season, and may renew it indefinitely. Under this plan seats may become almost a family possession, as at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The fixed rate subscription has been adopted by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its concerts in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Providence and Baltimore.

Manager Ellis describes the new plan as an attempt to "get rid of cumbersome and inconvenient methods that suit nobody." He described the auctions as the outgrowth of peculiar conditions that existed in Boston 30 years ago, but says they have served their purpose and are now outworn. "They have lost the distinction that they had in the early days," he asserts. "The vast majority of the patrons used to attend the auctions personally and bid on their seats. The sales were amusing, and had a social value. All that is changed. Patrons commission brokers to bid on their seats and the sales are almost in the hands of a dozen or less agents."

Under the new plan the importance of agents will decrease. Patrons will be permitted to take up their options on their seats before a given date, send their check, and that will end the transaction. Seat holders will no longer have the just complaint that they are paying $20 more or less than someone sitting next to them, in a seat as well situated in every way.

SEPTEMBER 15,

ADVERTISER,

OLD SYSTEM OF AUCTIONING SYMPHONY TICKETS TO END

Method of Subscriptions at Fixed Prices to Be Provided for Patrons Which Promises to Give More Satisfaction to Patrons of Entertainments

Boston patrons of the Symphony Orchestra will be agreeably surprised to learn that the old system of selling of tickets by auction is to be done away with and that for next year, the season of 1916-1917, a radical change in the method of disposing of season tickets for the public rehearsals and the concerts will be adopted. C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, announced yesterday that he had practically decided to substitute for that method a subscription at fixed prices varying according to location, both for the Friday afternoon rehearsals and the Saturday evening concerts.

This plan would carry with it the privilege to subscribers of retaining the same seats from year to year and, naturally, will mean that purchasers of tickets at this year's auction sales which begin Sept. 27, will have an option for 1916-1917 on the seats then secured.

"We have been trying for several years," said Mr. Ellis yesterday, "to work out a plan by which we could get rid of the cumbersome and inconvenient auction sales which suit nobody, and we think we should be able to put the new method into force a year from this fall. The auction sales are an outgrowth of peculiar conditions that existed in Boston 30 years ago. They served their purpose, but now they are outworn and troublesome to everybody and altogether unsatisfactory. No other orchestra in the country sells its season tickets by auction, and we do not do so in any other city but Boston.

"Our subscriptions in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and Providence are at a fixed price. Subscribers retain their seats from season to season as long as they wish, merely by filling in a card and notifying us of their intention to renew for a coming year. In New York, for example, where we give two series of five concerts, each and every seat in Carnegie Hall is sold for both series and not more than 100 seats out of 2600 in each series change hands from season to season. The Metropolitan Opera House handles its huge subscription in the same fashion and seats there become almost a family possession, the same patrons renewing their subscription for the same seats year after year. Here, on the contrary, with auction

tions for a pair of seats is usually that one person wants the seats occupied by another the season previous and bids them up, the other defending them.

"Under the new plan, if we put it through, as we probably shall," said Mr. Ellis, "patrons have only to announce their intention of renewing their subscription before a given date, send their check, and that is all there is to it. Patrons will no longer have the just complaint that they are paying $20 to $50 more for their seats than their neighbors, which is now not at all uncommon. They will not be uneasy, wondering whether they will be able to retain the seats they like.

"Moreover, in the early days the auction sales had a distinction which they have lost. The vast majority of patrons used to attend the auctions personally and bid on their seats. The sales were not only amusing, but had a certain social value. Now that is all changed. The average man of business and the average woman interested in the Orchestra has not the time necessary to come to Symphony Hall and wait, sometimes for hours, for the seats they desire to be put up for sale. The result is that the majority of the patrons commission brokers to bid in their seats, and the sales are almost in the hands of a dozen or less agents.

"In working out a plan for a fixed price subscription," said Mr. Ellis, "we have tried to devise the most satisfactory way in which to allot the seats. We have decided that the fairest way will be to allow the holders of seats for the coming season of 1915-16, bought at the auction sales at the end of this month, the privilege of taking these seats for the following year. In other words, purchasers of seats for the coming season will have an option on them for as many years as they wish to attend the Symphony concerts."

BOSTON JOURNAL-

SEPTEMBER 15,

SYMPHONY SALES WILL BE CHANGED

Subscription Planned in Place of Auction After This Year.

C. A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony Orchestra, announced yesterday that he had practically decided to abandon, after this year, the selling of tickets by auction, and to substitute for that method a subscription at fixed prices varying according to location, both for the Friday afternoon rehearsals and the Saturday evening concerts.

This plan would carry with it the privilege to subscribers of retaining the same seats from year to year and, naturally, will mean that purchasers of tickets at this year's auction sales, which begin Sept. 27, will have an option for 1916-1917 on the seats then secured.

"We have been trying for several years," said Mr. Ellis yesterday, "to work out a plan by which we could get rid of the cumbersome and inconvenient

auction sales which suit nobody, and we think we should be able to put the new method into force a year from this fall. No other orchestra in the country sells its season tickets by auction, and we do not do so in any other city but Boston."

"Our subscriptions in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and Providence are at a fixed price. Subscribers retain their seats from season to season as long as they wish, merely by filling in a card and notifying us of their intention to renew for a coming year. Here, on the contrary, our patrons never know from year to year whether they can get their favorite seats or how much they will have to pay for them.

"Under the new plan, if we put it through, as we probably shall," said Mr. Ellis, "patrons will have only to announce their intention of renewing their subscription before a given date, send their check, and that is all there is to it. Patrons will no longer have the just complaint that they are paying $20 to $50 more for their seats than their neighbors, which is now not at all uncommon. They will not be uneasy, wondering whether they will be able to retain the seats they like.

"We have decided that the fairest way will be to allow the holders of seats for the coming season of 1915-1916, bought at the auction sales at the end of this month, the privilege of taking these seats for the following year. In other words, purchasers of seats for the coming season will have an option on them for as many years as they wish to attend the Symphony concerts. To secure the benefit of this plan of names and addresses of purchasers of seats will be recorded at the time of the auction sale in Symphony Hall.

BOSTON POST,

SEPTEMBER 15,

TO ABANDON AUCTION AT SYMPHONY

Subscriptions at Fixed Prices After This Year

C. A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday announced that he had practically decided to abandon after this year the selling of tickets by auction, and to substitute for that method a subscription at fixed prices varying according to location, both for the Friday afternoon rehearsals and the Saturday evening concerts.

This plan will carry with it the privilege to subscribers of retaining the same seats from year to year and, naturally, will mean that purchasers of tickets at this year's auction sales, which begin on Sept. 17, will have an option for 1916-1917 on the seats then secured.

AUCTION TOO CUMBERSOME

Though unexpected obstructions may prevent putting the plan through to execution, it is said to be fairly certain that there will be no more auction sales after this year.

"We have been trying for several years," said Mr. Ellis yesterday, "to work out a plan by which we could get rid of the cumbersome and inconvenient auction sales which suit nobody, and we think we should be able to put the new method into force a year from this fall. The auction sales are an out-growth of peculiar conditions that existed in Boston 30 years ago. They served their purpose but now they are outworn and troublesome to everybody and altogether unsatisfactory. No other orchestra in the country sells its season tickets by auction, and we do not do so in any other city but Boston.

Fixed Price Elsewhere

"Our subscriptions in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and Providence are at a fixed price. Subscribers retain their seats from season to season as long as they wish merely by filling in a card and notifying us of their intention to renew for a coming year. In New York, for example, where we give two series of five concerts each, and every seat in Carnegie Hall is sold for both series, and not more than 100 seats out of 2600 in each series change hands from season to season.

"The Metropolitan Opera House handles its huge subscription in the same fashion and seats there become almost a family possession, the same patrons renewing their subscription for the same seats year after year. Here, on the contrary, with auction sales our patrons never know from year to year whether they can get their favorite seats or how much they will have to pay for them. The explanation of some of the abnormally high prices brought about by auctions for a pair of seats is usually that one person wants the seats occupied by another the season [illegible] the other

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"Under the new plan, if we put it through, as we probably shall," said Mr. Ellis, "patrons have only to announce their intention of renewing their subscription before a given date, send their check, and that is all there is to it. Patrons will no longer have the just complaint that they are paying $20 to $50 more for their seats than their neighbors, which is now not at all uncommon. They will not be uneasy, wondering whether they will be able to retain the seats they like.

"The details of the plan have not yet been fully worked out to our satisfaction. Unexpected obstructions may prevent our putting the plan through, but it is fairly certain that we shall have no more auction sales after this year.

"To secure the benefit of this plan names and addresses of purchasers of seats will be recorded at the time of the auction sales in Symphony Hall."

ADVERTISER,

SEPTEMBER 18,

MANY ARTISTS FOR SYMPHONY

LEADING PIANISTS AND VIOLINISTS IN NUMBER

Melba, Farrar, Ruth Deyo With the Singers; Kreisler, Witek, Entering the Big

Soloists or no soloists at the Symphony is a question that has long been a subject of popular debate wherever real Bostonians gather. Many musical loving persons say—and believe—that there is no place for a soloist at a Symphony concert.

Others frankly say that although this holds theoretically, there should be a little leeway for popular taste. They argue that the soloist gives huge pleasure to the average auditor and should be a concert fixture.

All agree on one point—if there are any soloists at all they should be superlatively fine. Such soloists are announced for the Symphony Orchestra this winter. Occasionally in the past there have appeared on the stage of Symphony Hall artists that were not of "Symphony rank." That cannot be this year, for the soloists are all the leaders in their respective branches of musical art.

Take the women who will appear for instance. First there is the peerless Melba. Singers come, and singers go, but Nellie Melba sings like a nightingale year in, year out, and the crowds throng to hear her.

A younger but almost equally popular singer—here at least—is Miss Farrar, who is doing more concert than opera work this winter. Another interesting woman, although not so widely known as Melba and Farrar, is Miss Ruth Deyo, whose coming pleases the lovers of fine pianism.

An idol of the general public, who will play with the orchestra, is Fritz Kreisler, hero of battlefield and concert stage.

A supreme artist, a man of great personal charm, withal a man of most refreshingly modest demeanor, Mr. Kreisler undoubtedly has today the largest following of any violinist. The other two violinists will be two artists from the orchestra, Anton Witek, the concert-master, and Sylvain Noack, the second concert-master. The 'cellists will be Heinrich Warnke and Josef Malkin, the principal 'cellists of the orchestra.

The list of pianists is headed by the name of Paderewski. This greatest of artists has been in America since early spring, but not for the purpose of playing, for all his time and energy has been devoted to the work he is undertaking to further the cause of the Polish Victims' Relief Funds. However, he will begin a limited concert tour in November, and it goes without saying that he is to appear with the orchestra here. The other pianists are Moriz Rosenthal, that most brilliant Austrian who has not been heard here for nine years; Harold Bauer, who, like Kreisler, has become almost an annual visitor with the Symphony Orchestra; and Ernest Schelling, composer as well as pianist.

The first rehearsal will be Oct. 15, and the first concert on the following evening. Thence on, with the exception of six weeks when the orchestra is away on tour, the concerts will be given weekly until Saturday evening, May 6. The Fridays and Saturdays the orchestra is away are Nov. 5 and 6; Dec. 3 and 4; Jan. 7 and 8; Jan. 28 and 29; Feb. 18 and 19, and March 17 and 18. The orchestra will give a total of 120 concerts, seven of which will be made early in October when beginning Oct. 4, concerts will be given on consecutive days in Toledo, Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Louis, and Chicago.

In the last week of January, the annual western trip which includes such cities as Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit will be given. Eight concerts will be given in Cambridge, and the usual series in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn, Providence, Hartford, and Worcester. The other concerts will

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MONITOR, BOSTON.

SEPTEMBER 18,

MUSIC NOTES

Seats bought this year for the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra can be held hereafter from year to year as long as the owners wish, according to the policy recently announced by the manager. For this reason the auction of tickets, which opens in Symphony hall on the morning of Sept. 27 will be of unusual importance to buyers. Persons who so choose can secure locations permanently, subject only to annual renewal of the subscription. The new plan is expected to give the same satisfaction to the patrons of the orchestra in Boston as it gives to those in New York, where it has had a test regarded as adequate.

At the auction of Monday, Sept. 27, the $18 seats for the 24 Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. On the following day the $10 seats for the same series will be offered. On the morning of Friday, Sept. 30, the $18 seats for the 24 Saturday evening concerts will be sold. The remaining seats for the Saturday nights will be offered on Oct. 1.

The Friday afternoon performances, which are to go on under the traditional designation of public rehearsals, will open on the afternoon of Oct. 15. The Saturday night performances, called the concerts, begin Oct. 16. From that time until May 6, 1916, with the exception of the weeks when the orchestra is on its monthly tour, the performances will be given every Friday and Saturday. The dates when the skips occur are the following: Nov. 5 and 6; Dec. 3 and 4; Jan. 7 and 8; Jan. 28 and 29; Feb. 18 and 19, and March 17 and 18.

The orchestra will give a total of 120 concerts, seven of which will be early in October. Beginning Oct. 4, concerts will be given on consecutive days in Toledo, Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Louis, and Chicago. In the last week of January, the annual western trip which includes such cities as Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit, will be given.

Eight concerts will be given in Cambridge, and the usual series in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn, Providence, Hartford and Worcester. Other concerts will be given in the smaller cities of New England.

At half of the concerts soloists will appear. Two of these are soprano singers: Mme Melba and Miss Farrar. Five are pianists: Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Rosenthal, Mr. Schelling and Miss Deyo. Three are violinists: Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack. Two are violoncellists: Mr. Warnke and Mr. Malkin.

The only program information added in this week's announcements from the office of the orchestra is that Ernest Schelling, the pianist, is to present at his appearance as soloist a new work for piano and orchestra, called "Symphonic Variations."

AUCTIONS TO BE DISCONTINUED AT SYMPHONY HALL

After This Fall Tickets for Concerts of Orchestra to Be Sold at Flat Subscription Rate

Sept 15th

Subscription tickets for the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra are to be sold at auction for the last time this fall, according to an announcement of C. A. Ellis, the manager. Tickets will be sold at a flat rate under the projected plan, and purchasers of seats this year will be permitted to retain their locations indefinitely from year to year.

Making a statement on the subject, Mr. Ellis declares that the present method of sale has served its purpose and is not a genuine auction any longer, for purchasers do not attend the sale in person, as in former years, but buy through ticket agents. "No other orchestra in the country," the manager continues, "sells its season tickets by auction, and we do not do so in any other city but Boston. Our subscriptions in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and Providence are at a fixed price. Subscribers retain their seats from season to season as long as they wish, merely by filling in a card and notifying us of their intention to renew for a coming year. In New York, for example, we give two series of five concerts each and every seat in Carnegie hall is sold for both series and not more than 100 seats out of 2600 in each series change hands from season to season.

"In working out a plan for a fixed price subscription, we have tried to devise the most satisfactory way in which to allot the seats. We have decided that the fairest way will be to allow the holders of seats for the coming season of 1915-1916, bought at the auction sales at the end of this month, the privilege

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year. In other words, purchasers of seats for the coming season will have an option on them for as many years as they wish to attend the symphony concerts."

The auctions this year open Sept. 27.

TRANSCRIPT,

SEPTEMBER 18,

DR. MUCK'S NEW YEAR

HE SYMPHONY CONCERTS AT HAND AGAIN

hanges from Former Ways—The Conductor's Mistaken Reticence About Programmes — Personnel and "Assisting Artists"—Schedules for the Season—Old Standards and New Effort

NEW practices abound in the arrangements and the announcements for the Symphony Concerts of the new season. For the last imes, the tickets are to be sold by auction ind hereafter the frequenters of the conerts may hold their places from year to rear by the annual payment of a subscription. For the first time, the so-called "public rehearsals" of Fridays are to be lesignated as the "afternoon concerts" that they have been in fact for thirty years. Both changes speak persuasively for themselves. On the other hand, hardly ever before have the announcements of the concerts been so barren of what the public most wishes to know. The usual list of "assisting artists" has been handed to the newspapers; the usual schedule of dates and journeys has been compiled and published; but not a word as yet has come from Symphony Hall about the music that Dr. Muck and the orchestra are to play.

Next week, the programmes for the first two pairs of concerts are to dribble down upon the expectant and there, presumably, preliminary announcement will end. Not so long ago, it was the custom of the management to issue a comprehensive prospectus that scheduled routine, made known the "assisting artists" and disclosed the conductor's larger plans and novel pieces for the new season. The public expected it; read it eagerly and was usually content. It still misses it and still inquires for it. Now it must piece together a series of announcements made more or less obscurely from week to week and not one of them as it happens hints at the programmes for the new year.

Lacking Information

No one can reasonably expect that Dr. Muck to lay twenty-four programmes on the table at the end of each summer, as some conductors do, and so pledge himself to fulfill them. To do so would be only to hamper the freedom of choice and arrangement that is his just right and that contributes to the pleasure of his audiences. On the other hand, he has undoubtedly fixed upon one and another piece for performance in the course of the season and a loyal and interested public may rightfully expect to know what they are. Not for nothing, surely, has he spent many mornings of late in the library of the orchestra and in the Brown Collection of music at the Public Library. Such preliminary announcement would by no means bind him to literal fidelity to it. Circumstances alter the best-laid plans and there is reason even in the things of music. The audiences of the concerts would merely enjoy the pleasures of anticipation in that which most stimulates them—the music they are to hear under Dr. Muck's hand. Managements, as a rule, are not chary of announcements interesting to the public that they wish to attract. It is a superfluous reticence on the part of a conductor to withhold them.

Public and Programmes

True, it is easy to rejoin that we in Boston know by this time the usual scope of Dr. Muck's programmes as we know his standards and achievement in performance. It is a safe inference that he will hold the balance as even as he has of old between the elder and established classics, the semi-classics of more recent years, the music of the matured composers of our time and the interesting experiments and accomplishments of the youngest generation. These many years his hand has not slipped in such a division of his programmes. It has been as discreet and fair in its regard for almost every school and style. Dr. Muck chooses his pieces by their intrinsic deserts and interest and not by the nationality or any other chance attribute of the composers who have signed them. One or another of his hearers and even little companies of them may regret in one season that he has overlooked music that they would gladly hear. Usually a succeeding season brings it. In the years that Dr. Muck has spent in Boston, he has ripened his programmes in wisdom of choice and catholicity of arrangement. Of late, even, he has made new departures of his own as when, more than once last year, he revived eighteenth-century pieces in which one or another of the virtuosi of the orchestra played solo parts. But this very confidence in his programmes makes the public of the concerts keener for preliminary hint of them.

Unabated Standards

As Dr. Muck spares not in pains with his programmes, so he relaxes not a whit his standards of performance. He has not been content to raise the orchestra to its present high pitch of accomplishment and to maintain it there. He would carry it steadily forward toward the ideal achievement that haunts and beckons him like a vision, only to recede anew each time that he nears it. For him, it is not enough that the orchestra which Boston hears almost as a matter of course for

seven months of each year, [illegible] any other in the present world technical perfection, beauty and euphony of tone and range and vitality of style and expression. He would heighten these qualities until they shall be as the finest ear and the alertest intuition have imagined them. With each year, he would make the orchestra a more sensitive instrument to the music that it plays and to him who leads it. Each year he would become more sensitive himself in his playing upon it through and for this music. He knows but one way to this end—ceaseless pains, with his own acute mind, discriminating ear, designing hand and divining imagination to order them.

Long since, Dr. Muck began to penetrate his men with his ideal. Consciously or unconsciously, they have absorbed it until a progress that began in admiration and respect now goes forward in a more intimate and subtle sympathy. The longer that conductor and band work together, the more closely and responsively are they bound together as a single instrument. For this season, moreover, there is hardly a change in the individual voices. A new and promising young flutist of French training succeeds Mr. Chevrot and there has been a redistribution of the brass choir which promises a bettered tone. For the moment, seemingly, Dr. Muck is content with his forces.

"Assisting Artists"

In the music and the performance, in the conductor and the orchestra beats the full life of the Symphony Concerts and the "assisting artists," after all, are but incidental ornaments upon it. The pianists, the violinists and the violoncellists are at least essential, since there are concertos that as orchestral as well as solo piece deserve performance. The singers, presumably, are pleasures in themselves by voice, artistry and personality, even though there are conductors who would relegate them to operas and to song recitals and austere souls that count them as excrescences upon symphony concerts. It is the wise policy of conductor and manager to keep these "soloists" relatively few and to summon, so far as lies within their power, only singers and virtuosi of high and established rank or of clear and mounting promise.

For the most part, the names upon the list for the new season speak for themselves. Mme. Melba, for maturity, and Miss Farrar, for young prime, are the singers. Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Rosenthal are the elder pianists Mr. Bauer and Mr. Schelling the younger, and Miss Deyo, the only virtuosa among them, has her interest for a part of the public of the concerts. Almost by necessity, Mr. Kriesler is the single violinist, outside Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack of the orchestra itself. Scarcely a notable violinist will come from Europe to America this season; Mr. Zimbalist is in retirement; Mr. Elman prefers his own concerts; and Mr. Kreisler alone was left, since seemingly the powers that be are not yet quite persuaded of the rising deserts of Mr. Spalding. Not a few will regret the absence of the illustrious Casals, who barely made his beginnings in Boston last year and thus ,the only 'cellists to be heard are Mr. Warnke and Mr. Malkin of the orchestra itself. Possibly the elder generation of the concerts will warm to this list more than will the younger.

The Annual Schedule

As for the routine of the season, it is unchanged except in the two respects already noted. The higher-priced seats for the afternoon concerts will be sold at Symphony Hall on Monday morning, Sept. 27; the lower-priced on Tuesday morning, Sept. 28. The higher-priced seats for the evening concerts will be sold on Thursday morning, Sept. 30, and the lower-priced on Friday morning, Oct. 1. For the last time there will be upset prices, bids, brokers and all the other conditions that have counselled the abandonment of these auctions. Furthermore, the purchasers will be buying seats that annual renewal of subscriptions will keep permanently in their hands. The fixed prices, under which subscriptions may be renewed, will be studied during the winter and announced in the spring, and they will be determined by the desirability of the places, the public demand and the standard of the concerts. Prices at the auctions will have their weight, but not necessarily a deciding weight, in the making of the new scale.

The concerts themselves will begin on Friday afternoon, Oct. 15 and Saturday evening, Oct. 16, and continue in their usual course through Friday afternoon, May 5 and Saturday, May 6—twenty-four pairs in all, distributed through thirty weeks. There will be no concerts on Nov. 6 and 7; Dec. 4 and 5; Jan. 7 and 8; Feb. 19 and 20, and March 18 and 19, when the orchestra is making its monthly journey to New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore, and none on Jan. 28 and 29, when it will be playing in the Middle West. The other concerts in cities outside Boston—like the series in Cambridge, Providence and Worcester—take the orchestra away for only an evening and usually one early in the week. There are those who regret these journeys of the orchestra and who like to believe that it plays less well when it has newly returned from them. But these same grumblers would resent a rise in the prices of seats at home to repair the loss of revenue should the "trips" be abandoned. Moreover, the Symphony Orchestra is not only an orchestra for Boston and New England, but for as much of the whole country as can hear it without the impairing of its standards. Now, in its thirty-fifth year, it is national.

NATIONALIZING THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Strange as at first glance it seems, Boston will hear less than half of the concerts that the Symphony Orchestra is soon to begin in the thirty weeks from October to May that make its working season. As for years past, it will pay its periodical visits to a few neighboring cities like Providence and Worcester. As usual, it will make its five monthly journeys to New York, Philadelphia and the cities further South to which it regularly ministers. By exception this year, that is likely to become annual practice in the years to come, it will give two weeks, instead of one, to little tours of the Middle West that will carry it as far away as Omaha. In all, the orchestra undertakes a hundred or a hundred and ten concerts in the course of a season, and between fifty and sixty of them take place outside Boston. Only four months ago, in the musical year then ending, it was summoned to the world's fair in San Francisco for a series of thirteen consecutive concerts unique in the range of the programmes, the unrelaxing standard of accomplishment and the public eagerness and acclaim for them. Within a year or two, other cities of the Pacific Coast hope to hear the orchestra as well. More and more it tends to become a national orchestra, known and applauded throughout the country.

Gradually the cities that the orchestra regularly visits have come to feel a pride of possession in it that differs only in degree from that of Boston itself. Here in New England, Worcester and Provdence like to believe that they share it with us. A little farther afield, New York speaks and writes of it as though that metropolis was its permanent abiding place. One and another city of the Middle West, like Cleveland and Detroit, expects its annual visit as regularly and eagerly as we in Boston its series of concerts. Chicago, which hears it at long intervals, regrets that it does not come oftener, and the remoter cities upon which it occasionally descends, like Wheeling and Omaha, rejoice in their good fortune. The Pacific Coast, when it heard the band for the first time, could only wish with characteristic exuberance for many happy returns of the day. Wherever the orchestra goes, the number, the quality and the ardor of its audiences alike reward it. The day is past wherein it was only of Boston, New England or even the adjacent East.

The sources of these happy conditions that every year widen national interest and national pride in the orchestra are not far to seek. Wherever it plays, it plays with full forces, unrelaxed standards and unclouded achievement. Busy as it is, it does not attempt too much and so dull the fine edge and the large energies of conductor and men. Whatever it has promised to do, it never scamps and Bostonians who chance to hear its concerts abroad know that they fall not a whit below those to which they listen at home. The orchestra has but one standard and, within the limits of human variability, maintains it. In many of the cities which it visits, especially those of the West, that standard opens new vistas of what an orchestra and a conductor may accomplish, of what music contains and of what pleasure it may give and thereafter when they listen to their own bands or to those that chance to visit them, they hear with new ears, sensibility and appreciation. And so, by the old, old means of unflagging work and unrelaxed achievement, the orchestra has become an æsthetic power in the whole land.

TRAVEL ATURDAY , SEPTEMBER 18,

Soloists Engaged by Symphony Orchestra

Geraldine Farrar, Famous Operatic Soprano; Ignace Paderewski, Peerless Polish Pianist, and Mme. Melba, Operatic Star and Concert Soloist.

The prospectus of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the season of 1915-'16, the 35th of the orchestra, promises much, not only to the regular patrons of the orchestra, but to the public in general. The list of soloists is unusually attractive. Dr. Muck continues as conductor, and the orchestra which will assemble Monday evening, Sept. 27, for its first rehearsal, shows practically an unchanged personnel.

The usual quota of 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings will be given. The first public rehearsal will be on the afternoon of Oct. 15, and the first concert on the following evening. Thence on, with the exception of six weeks when the orchestra is away on tour, the concerts will be given weekly until Saturday evening, May 6.

The auction sale of season tickets for the concerts in Boston will begin in Symphony Hall Monday morning, Sept. 27, when the $18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold, beginning at 10 o'clock. The following day the $10 seats for the rehearsals will be sold. Friday, Sept. 20, the $18 seats for the concerts will be placed on sale, and the remaining seats for the concerts will be sold Friday, Oct. 1.

As already announced, the management has about decided to make this the last year when season tickets for the Symphony concerts will be disposed of by auction sale. It is the intention of the management to allow the purchasers of seats for the coming season to retain them under the subscription plan for next.

The singers are Mme. Melba and Geraldine Farrar. Mme. Melba is in America for a considerable concert tour and she will sing with the orchestra six times, twice in Boston, and once in four other cities. Miss Farrar has deserted opera for the time being and will give the major part of the season to concert work.

The violinist from abroad, it is almost needless to say, is Fritz Kreisler. Mr. Kreisler has become almost an annual visitor among the soloists in Boston of the Symphony orchestra. The 'cellists will be Heinrich Warnke and Josef Malkin, the principal 'cellists of the orchestra.

The list of pianists is headed by the name of Paderewski. This greatest of artists has been in America since early spring. The other pianists are Moriz Rosenthal, that most brilliant Austrian who has not been heard here for nine years; Harold Bauer, who, like Kreisler, has become almost an anuual visitor with the Symphony orchestra; Ruth Deyo, who has such a large and admiring public in this city, and Ernest Schelling.

Boston American SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1915.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SOLOISTS

FRITZ KREISLER
RUTH DEYO
MADAME MELBA
ERNEST SCHELLING
©
PHOTO BY, MARTIN PARIS
HAROLD BAUER

GERALDINE FARRAR.
SOLOIST WITH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA TO APPEAR IN "CARMEN" PHOTO OPERA AT SYMPHONY HALL, FOR A LIMITED ENGAGEMENT BEGINNING FRIDAY OCT. 1.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra might well rest upon its reputation as a solo organization without employing a long list of the most distinguished soloists in the world. You frequently hear at a concert satisfaction expressed because no soloists are offered and the audience can revel in the orchestra uninterrupted for an hour and a half.

Nevertheless, the majority of symphony goers like to hear the celebrated singers and players, and Manager Ellis has announced for this season the most remarkable list ever offered.

First there is Paderewski, the most popular living pianist, who is in this country both as a representative of the suffering Poles and as a piano virtuoso.

Next there is Geraldine Farrar, the celebrated soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Miss Farrar is a Boston girl and this year is managed by a Boston manager, Mr. Ellis, who even arranges her operatic appearances with the Chicago and Boston companies.

Nellie Melba is still the greatest coloratura soprano. Middle age has not affected the purity of her tones. She will also appear with the Symphony.

Ernest Schelling, the American pianist, will make the big tour with the orchestra this season. Schelling is a very wonderful artist. Kreisler, Paderewski and other celebrated European performers are his admirers and have not hesitated to tell Mr. Ellis of his powers.

Kreisler, the violinist, will of course appear, and so will Ruth Deyo, the pianist.

IGNACE PADEREWSKI

BOSTON JOURNAL-
SEPTEMBER 18,

FAMED ARTISTS WILL BE HEARD WITH SYMPHONY

Last Sale of Seats by Auction to Begin Monday, Sept. 27.

Rarely has the Boston Symphony Orchestra arrived at the opening of a season with such prospects of artistic and material prosperity as face it this year.

The Boston season will begin Friday afternoon, Oct. 15, with the first public rehearsal, and Saturday evening, Oct. 16, with the first concert. Before this, however, the orchestra will have made an extensive trip to the Middle West.

The usual method of disposing of season tickets will be followed this year. All the seats in the hall, save those in the second balcony for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, will be sold at public auction with upset prices of $18 and $10, according to location. All the sales will take place at Symphony Hall. The $18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold Monday, Sept. 27, beginning at 10 o'clock, and on the following morning, at the same hour, the $10 seats for the rehearsals will be sold. The $18 seats for the concerts will be sold Thursday, Sept. 30, beginning at 10 o'clock, and the rest of the house will be sold Friday, Oct. 1, beginning at the same hour.

The list of soloists which Mr. Ellis has engaged for the coming season is one of surpassing interest. Eight artists have been invited to appear with the orchestra, in addition to four of the great virtuosi who are members of the organization. There will be two singers, one violinist and five pianists from abroad, while the orchestra will be represented by two violinists and two 'cellists.

The singers are Madame Melba and Geraldine Farrar. Melba will sing with the orchestra six times, twice in Boston, and once in four other cities. Miss Farrar will give the major part of the season to concert work. Her appearance at a Symphony concert is always one of the big events of the year.

The violinist from abroad, it is almost needless to say, is Fritz Kreisler. Mr. Kreisler undoubtedly has today the largest following of any violinist. The other two violinists will be those admirable artists from the orchestra, Anton Witek, the concert-master, and Sylvian Noack, the second concert-master. The 'cellists will be Heinrich Warnke and Josef Malkin, the principal 'cellists of the orchestra.

The pianists will include Paderewski. This greatest of artists will begin a limited concert tour in November, and it goes without saying that he is to appear with the orchestra here. The other pianists are Moriz Rosenthal, the brilliant Austrian, who has not been heard here for nine years; Harold Bauer, Ruth Deyo and Ernest Schelling. Mr. Schelling will appear in the double role of composer and pianist. He has completed a new work for piano and orchestra which he calls "Symphonic Variations," and its first public hearing will be in Boston with the Symphony Orchestra. His "Fantastic Suite," played a few years ago, was one of the great successes of the season, and much is promised of his new work.

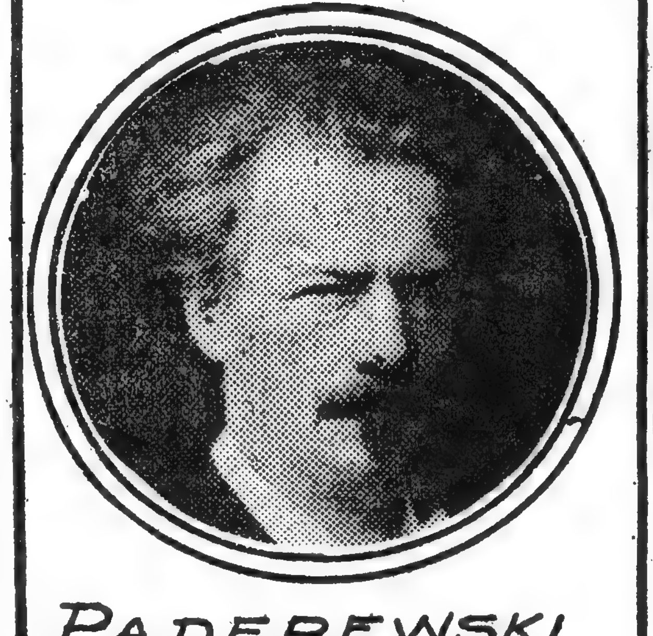
Dr. Muck is not yet ready to announce any programs.

As already announced, the management of the orchestra has about decided to make this the last year when season tickets for the Symphony concerts will be disposed of by auction sale. In all probability next spring an announcement will be made whereby the tickets for Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings will be disposed of by subscription at flat rates, and holders of same will be able to retain their seats from season to season.

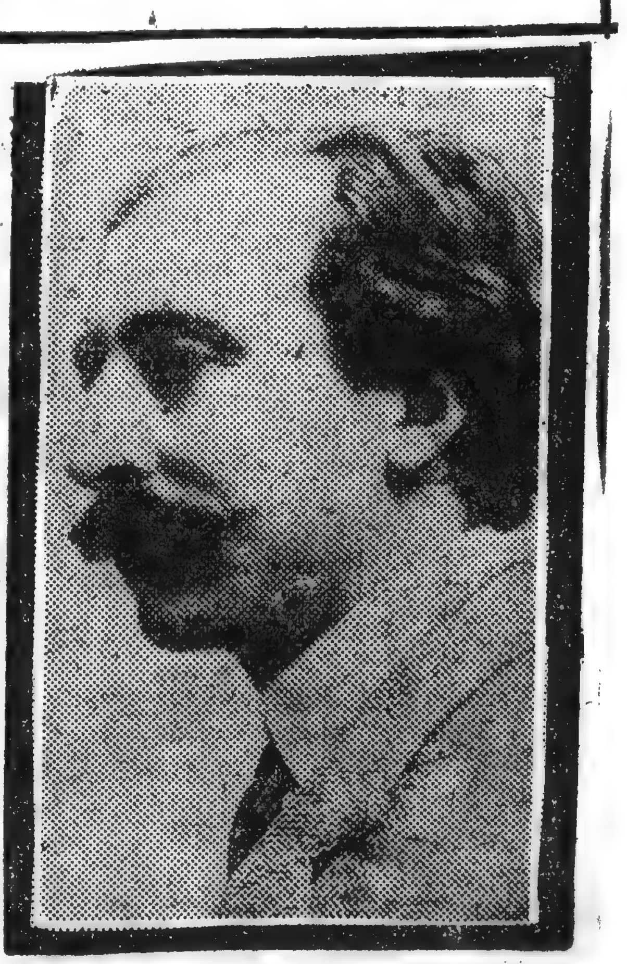
In event of this plan being carried through, this will make the seats secured by the auction sales this year a valuable option for next season and the season to follow, for it is the intention of the management to allow the purchasers of seats for the coming season to retain them under the subscription plan for next.

In this way the management sees a solution of the difficulty of allotting the seats for 1916-1917.

MME. MELBA
SAT SYMPHONY



PADEREWSKI
SAT SYMPHONY.



ERNEST SCHELLING
SAT. SYMPHONY.

KRIESLER
SAT. SYMPHONY

GERALDINE FARRAR
SAT SYMPHONY.

THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE—SEPTEMBER 19, 1915

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

FRITZ KREISLER ©-UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD
ERNEST SCHELLING
GERALDINE FARRAR. ©Photo by-AIMÉ DUPONT
HAROLD BAUER.
MADAME MELBA
PADEREWSKI. Photo by-UNITED PHOTO CO.
MORIZ ROSENTHAL.
RUTH DEYO. Photo by-THE BARNUM STUDIO

PROMINENT SOLOISTS OF THE COMING SYMPHONY SEASON.

Bright Prospects for the Season's Symphony Concerts

After a preliminary trip of 10 days, during which seven concerts will be given in the West, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open its 35th season in Symphony Hall with the first rehearsal Friday afternoon, Oct 15, and the first concert the following evening, Saturday, Oct 16.

Not since 1905 has the orchestra gone West early in October. Such a trip was planned for last year, but it had to be abandoned because the outbreak of the war prevented the return to Boston of Dr Muck and a considerable part of the orchestra in time to prepare the programs.

Boston will get its usual quota of 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings, the season ending Saturday evening, May 6. In six weeks during the intervening 30, the orchestra will be away on its five monthly Southern trips and its annual mid-Winter Western trip.

The dates the orchestra will be away are Nov 5 and 6, Dec 3 and 4, Jan 7 and 8, Jan 28 and 29, Feb 18 and 19 and March 17 and 18.

The schedule for the season will call for 120 concerts, of which Boston gets 48 and Cambridge eight. The others are given in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn, Providence, Worcester and Hartford, in various cities of New England and of the West.

This year, as in the past, all the season tickets for the concerts will be sold at public auction in Symphony Hall. The seats for Friday afternoon, the upset price of which is $18, will be sold Monday, Sept 27, beginning at 10 o'clock. The other seats for Friday afternoons will be sold Tuesday, Sept 28. The $18 seats for the concerts will be sold Thursday, Sept 30, beginning at 10, and the remaining seats will be sold on the following day, Friday, Oct 1.

As already announced, the management of the orchestra has about decided to make this the last year when season tickets will be disposed of by auction sale. In event of this plan being carried through, this will make the seats secured by the auction sales this year a valuable option for next season and the season to follow, for it is the intention of the management to allow the purchasers of seats for the coming season to retain them under the subscription plan. In this way the management sees a solution of the difficulty of alloting the seats for 1916-1917.

Since the close of last season, May 8, the orchestra has made its much-heralded trip to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco and returned with its prestige throughout the country enormously enhanced. What it accomplished there is quite without precedent in the annals of music in this or any other country, and it may be hazarded that no orchestra in the world could have done likewise.

The orchestra begins its 35th season with practically the same personnel with which Dr Muck accomplished such notable results last year. The season of 1914-15, after all the uncertainties that surrounded its opening, turned out to be one of great glory for Dr Muck and his men.

Existing conditions, brought about by the war, have assembled in this country practically all the great singers and virtuosi of the world, and it has been simply a matter of choice in the question of soloists for the orchestra, for practically everybody is available.

Most fortunately for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, its manager, C. A. Ellis, has charge of the concert tours of four of the greatest artists in the country and thus Boston is enabled to have all four of these appear with its orchestra. They are Mme Melba, Geraldine Farrar, Paderewski and Fritz Kreisler.

Mme Melba has not been heard here as a soloist with the orchestra since December, 1910. She arrived in San Francisco on the last day of August, after having spent a year in her native Australia. Practically all of her time during that year was devoted to raising funds for the Australian Red Cross and the Belgian and Polish Relief Funds, and by concerts and personal solicitation she raised over $150,000.

Miss Farrar last appeared here with the orchestra two years ago. In these two years the prestige of this very remarkable artist has grown mightily. She stands today as the most talented singer this country has ever produced, and she is, in addition to this, probably the most popular singer now before the public. The announcement last Winter that she purposed leaving the Metropolitan Opera Company to give concerts under the direction of C. A. Ellis caused almost an earthquake in the musical world of New York.

Mr Kreisler has come to be an annual visitor among the Symphony soloists, and it is hoped that this condition may continue.

Paderewski is always warmly welcomed, for he is still unique in the world of art. There has been none like him—there is none like him, and the chances are there never will be. He has been in America since last Spring, devoting himself to his chosen work of raising funds for the relief of his fellow Poles.

Four other soloists of very high quality have been engaged. These are Moriz Rosenthal, the great Austrian pianist; Harold Bauer, Ernest Schelling and Ruth Deyo. Rosenthal has not been heard in Boston with the orchestra for nine years. Bauer, like Kreisler, has become almost an annual visitor. Miss Deyo is, in a sense, of Boston, for here she lives and here she has a large body of ardent admirers.

Ernest Schelling has not been heard with the orchestra here in a number of years, and then it was in the double capacity of composer and pianist, when he introduced his charming "Fantastic Suite" for piano and orchestra. This year he returns in the same guise with a new work, "Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra," which will have its first performance anywhere at the Boston concerts.

Naturally, with such distinguished artists in the orchestra, soloists will be drawn from them. These will be Messrs Witek and Noack, concert-master and second concert-master, respectively; Mr Warnke and Mr Malkin, principal 'cellists. Each of these gentlemen may truly be called a great artist whose annual appearances are eagerly welcomed by the patrons of the concerts.

BOSTON EVENING RECORD, FRIDAY

Leading Pianists, Violinis
Women Singers to Appea
Symphony

Geraldine Farrar

Fritz Kreisler

Mad

Soloists or no soloists at the Symphony is a question that has long been a subject of popular debate wherever real Bostonians gather. Many musical loving persons say—and believe—that there is no place for a soloist at a Symphony concert.

Others frankly say that although this holds theoretically, there should be a little leeway for popular taste. They argue that the soloist gives huge pleasure to the average auditor and should be a concert fixture.

All agree on one point—if there are any soloists at all they should be superlatively fine. Such soloists are announced for the Symphony Orchestra this winter. Occasionally in the past there have appeared on the stage of Symphony Hall artists that were not of "Symphony rank." That cannot be this year, for the soloists are all the leaders in their respective branches of musical art.

Take the women who will appear for instance. First there is the peerless Melba. Singers come, and singers go, but Nellie Melba sings like a nightingale year in, year out, and the crowds throng to hear her.

A younger but almost equally popular singer—here at least—is Miss Farrar, who is doing more concert than opera work this winter. Another interesting woman, although not so widely known as Melba and Farrar, is Miss Ruth Deyo, whose coming pleases the lovers of fine pianism.

An idol of the general public, who will play with the orchestra, is Fritz Kreisler, hero of battlefield and concert stage.

A supreme artist, a man of great personal charm, withal a man of most refreshingly modest demeanor, Mr. Kreisler undoubtedly has today the largest following of any violinist. The other two violinists will be two artists from the orchestra, Anton Witek, the concert-master, and Sylvain Noack, the second concert-master. The 'cellists will be Heinrich Warnke and Josef Malkin, the principal 'cellists of the orchestra.

The list of pianists is headed by the name of Paderewski. This greatest of artists has been in America since early spring, but not for the purpose of playing, for all his time and energy has been devoted to the work he is undertaking to further the cause of the Polish Victims' Relief Funds.

However, he will begin a limited concert tour in November, and it goes without saying that he is to appear with the orchestra here. The other pianists are Moriz Rosenthal, that most brilliant Austrian who has not been heard here for nine years; Harold Bauer, who, like Kreisler, has become almost an annual visitor with the Symphony Orchestra; and Ernest Schelling, composer as well as pianist.

It goes without saying that there will be the usual 24 public rehearsals and 24 evening performances.

The first rehearsal will be Oct. 15, and the first concert on the following evening. Thence on, with the exception of six weeks when the orchestra is away on tour, the concerts will be given weekly until Saturday evening, May 6. The Fridays and Saturdays the orchestra is away are Nov. 5 and 6; Dec. 3 and 4; Jan. 7 and 8; Jan. 28 and 29; Feb. 18 and 19, and March 17 and 18. The orchestra will give a total of 120 concerts, seven of which will be made early in October when beginning Oct. 4, concerts will be given on consecutive days in Toledo, Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Louis, and Chicago.

In the last week of January, the

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SUNDAY POST, SEPTEMBER 19,

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Not often in the 34 years of its existence has the Boston Symphony Orchestra been about to open a season which promises so much for the orchestra for its patrons as 1915-1916. Everything has seemed to conspire to launch the incoming musical year under the most favorable conditions, thus in very direct and pleasant contrast with conditions which ruled a year ago. Then the great war had just begun. Until after the middle of September, it was uncertain whether the orchestra could be assembled owing to the absence in Europe of Dr. Muck and many of its members. The public was timorous, not knowing what might happen, and money in the vernacular of the Street was very tight. This year the entire orchestra will be in Boston three weeks before the Boston season opens. None of its members left the country this last summer—for very good reasons—and for such few new members as will join the orchestra Dr. Muck and the management have been able to find adequate talent in the United States. Moreover, every indication seems to point to a season of great prosperity, not only for our Symphony Orchestra, but for all musical enterprises in Boston and throughout the country generally. Finally, the management has been able to secure a most brilliant set of soloists from the horde of virtuosi of all kinds and conditions and the multitude of singers that have come to America as the one secure haven of peace.

Beginning of Season

The Boston season will begin Friday afternoon, Oct. 15, with the first public rehearsal and Saturday evening, Oct 16, with the first concert. Before this, however, the orchestra will have made an interesting and extensive trip to the middle West. The concerts then to be given were planned for last October, but the uncertainty surrounding the return of Dr. Muck and everyone else compelled Mr. Ellis to cancel them. The orchestra assembles for its first rehearsal Monday evening, Oct. [illegible] and the following week gives concerts in Toledo, Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph and St. Louis. The last concert of the orchestra will be given in Chicago at the Auditorium Theatre, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 10.

The usual method of disposing of season tickets will be followed this year. All the seats in the hall, save those in the second balcony for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, will be sold at public auction, with upset prices of $18 and $10, according to location. All the sales will take place at Symphony Hall. The $18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold Monday, Sept. 27, beginning at 10 o'clock, and on the following morning at the same hour the $10 seats for the rehearsals will be sold. The $18 seats for the concerts will be sold Thursday, Sept. 30, beginning at 10 o'clock, and the rest of the house will be sold Friday, Oct. 1, beginning at the same hour.

Financially—and this is most remarkable—the trip was not only a success for the orchestra, but for those who took the orchestra to the Coast. Over 45,000 people paid to hear the 13 concerts.

The list of soloists which Mr. Ellis has engaged for the coming season is one of surpassing interest. Eight artists have been invited to appear with the orchestra, in addition to four of the great virtuosi who are members of the organization. There will be two singers, one violinist and five pianists from abroad, while the orchestra will be represented by two violinists and two 'cellists.

The singers are Madame Melba and Geraldine Farrar. It is hardly necessary to go further in detail regarding these two artists, each of whom is supreme in her particular branch of the art of singing. Madame Melba is in America for a considerable concert tour and she will sing with the orchestra six times, twice in Boston and once in four other cities. Miss Farrar has deserted opera for the time being and will give the major part of the season to concert work. Her appearance at a Symphony concert is necessarily one of notable importance.

The violinist from abroad, it is almost needless to say, is Fritz Kreisler. Mr. Kreisler has become almost an annual visitor among the soloists in Boston of the Symphony Orchestra, and it is the profound hope of all lovers of [illegible] condition will continue. A supreme artist, a man of great personal charm, modest demeanor, Mr. Kreisler undoubtedly has today the largest following of any violinist. The other two violinists will be those admirable artists from the orchestra, Anton Witek, the concert-master, and Sylvain Noack, the second concert-master. The 'cellists will be Mr. Heinrich Warnke and Mr. Joseph Malkin, the principal 'cellists of the orchestra and artists of most uncommon calibre.

Pianists

The lists of pianists is headed by the name of Paderewski. This greatest of artists has been in America since early spring, but not for the purpose of playing, for all his time and energy has been devoted to the work he is undertaking to further the cause of the Polish Victims' Relief Funds. However, he will begin a limited concert tour in November, and it goes without saying that he is to appear with the orchestra here. The other pianists are Moritz Rosenthal, that most brilliant Austrian who has not been heard here for nine years; Harold Bauer, who, like Kreisler, has become almost an annual visitor with the Symphony Orchestra; Ruth Deyo, who has such a large and admiring public in this city, and Ernest Schelling. Mr. Schelling at his appearance here this winter, as when he last played with the orchestra, will appear in the double role of composer and pianist. He has completed a new work for piano and orchestra which he calls "Symphonic Variations," and its first public hearing will be in Boston with the Symphony Orchestra. His "Fantastic Suite," played a few years ago, was one of the great successes of the season, and much is promised of his new work.

Dr. Muck is not yet ready to announce his early programmes. He has been living near Boston since the first of August, spending two or three days each week in the library at Symphony Hall, and it is fair to presume that the remarkably interesting programmes he gave a year ago will at least be equalled during the coming season.

Last Auction Sale

As already announced, the management of the orchestra has about de-

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BOSTON EVENING RECORD, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17,

Pianists, Violinists and n Singers to Appear at Symphony

Fritz Kreisler

Madame Melba

ounger but almost equally pop- singer—here at least—is Miss r, who is doing more concert opera work this winter. Another esting woman, although not so y known as Melba and Farrar, ss Ruth Deyo, whose coming es the lovers of fine pianism.

idol of the general public, who lay with the orchestra, is Fritz ler, hero of battlefield and con- tage.

upreme artist, a man of great al- charm, withal a man of refreshingly modest demeanor, Kreisler undoubtedly has today rgest following of any violinist. ther two violinists will be two s from the orchestra, Anton , the concert-master, and Syl- Noack, the second concert-mas- The 'cellists will be Heinrich e and Josef Malkin, the prin- ellists of the orchestra.

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It goes without saying that there will be the usual 24 public rehearsals and 24 evening performances.

The first rehearsal will be Oct. 15, and the first concert on the following evening. Thence on, with the exception of six weeks when the orchestra is away on tour, the concerts will be given weekly until Saturday evening, May 6. The Fridays and Saturdays the orchestra is away are Nov. 5 and 6; Dec. 3 and 4; Jan. 7 and 8; Jan. 28 and 29; Feb. 18 and 19, and March 17 and 18. The orchestra will give a total of 120 concerts, seven of which will be made early in October when beginning Oct. 4, concerts will be given on consecutive days in Toledo, Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Louis, and Chicago.

In the last week of January, the annual western trip which includes such cities as Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit will be given. Eight concerts will be given in Cambridge, and the usual series in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn, Providence, Hartford, and Worcester. The other concerts will be given in the smaller cities of New England.

The auction sale of season tickets for the concerts in Boston will begin in Symphony Hall, Sept. 27th, when the $18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold. The following day the $10 seats for the rehearsals will be sold. Friday, Sept. 20, the $18 seats for the concerts will be placed on sale, and the remaining seats for the concerts will be sold Friday, Oct. 1.

As already announced, the management of the Orchestra has about decided to make this the last year when season tickets for the Symphony concerts will be disposed of by auction sale. In all probability next spring an announcement will be made whereby the tickets for Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings will be disposed of by subscription at flat rates, and holders of same will be able to retain their seats from season to season.

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Dr. Muck is not [illegible]et ready to announce his early pro[illegible]rammes. He has been living near Bos[illegible]on since the first of August, spending [illegible]wo or three days each week in the lib[illegible]ry at Symphony Hall, and it is fair [illegible]to presume that the remarkably inter[illegible]ting programmes he gave a year ag[illegible] will at least be equalled during the [illegible]oming season.

Last Auct[illegible]n Sale

As already announ[illegible]ed, the management of the orche[illegible]a has about decided [illegible]

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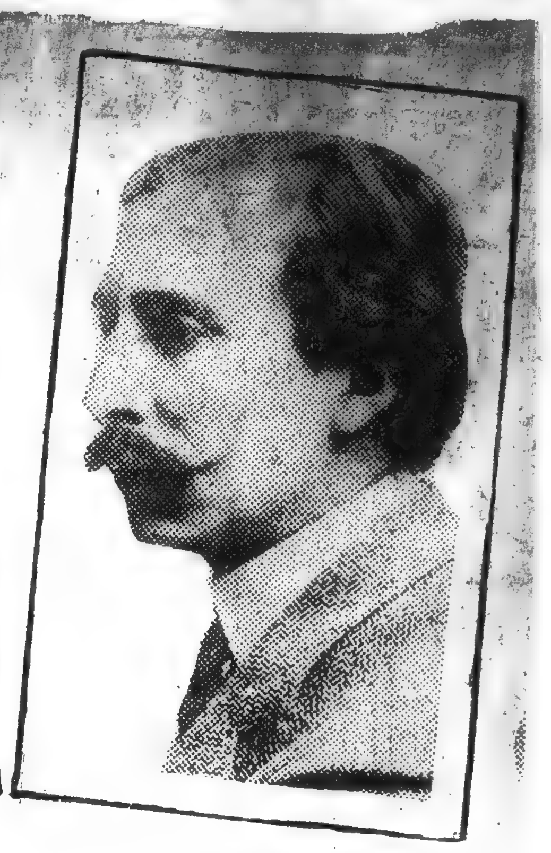
certs will be disposed of by auction sale. In all probability next spring an announcement will be made whereby the tickets for Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings will be disposed of by subscription at flat rates, and holders of same will be able to retain their seats from season to season. In event of this plan being carried through, this will make the seats secured by the auction sales this year a va[illegible]able option for next season and the [illegible]eason to follow, for it is the intention of the management to allow the purchasers of seats for the coming season to retain them under the subscription plan for next. In this way the management sees a solution of the diffi[illegible]lty of allotting the seats for 1916-[illegible]17.

Post

Mme. Nellie Melba.

Fritz Kreisler.
(C.) Underwood & Underwood)



Ernest Schelling.

Ignace Paderewski.

Moritz Rosenthal.

Harold Bauer.

Ruth Deyo.

BOSTON POST,

SEPTEMBER 28,

HIGH BIDS AT SALE AT SYMPHONY

Average Price Above Auction Figures for 1914

If some purchasers of season seats for the Friday afternoon concerts of the Boston Symphony were disappointed at the prices which obtained yesterday afternoon at the auction sale in Symphony Hall, the Symphony Hall management was correspondingly delighted, for the average of the bids was considerably higher than those of last season.

This was caused, some believed, by the announcement that the auction sales of 1915 would be the last in the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, since seats will be sold by subscription next season, at the Symphony Hall box office.

FATTER POCKETBOOKS

Furtheremore, the seats secured this season may be retained season after season by those who wish, so that the sales of the present week will indicate the permanent location of the many music lovers of this city who patronize these concerts, season in and season out.

But musical managers of the city feel that the cause of the rise in prices is not merely the effect of passing conditions, but an indication of fatter pocketbooks and a fresher enthusiasm for music than the season which saw the dissolution of the Boston Opera Company and small returns for any but a few very successful artists. Furthermore, there is the consolation of which the disappointed buyer for the Friday afternoon concerts usually avails himself—the sale of the Saturday night seats, which usually sell quite a little cheaper than seats for Friday afternoon.

Yesterday the bidding continued through the day, from 10 in the morning to nearly 7 at night. The bidding was spirited, and as a consequence the selling proceeded less rapidly than for last year. The highest figure reached yesterday was $100 for seats 17-18 in row K, both end seats. This is a little short of the highest bid of last year when a seat in row N brought $108, but the general average is considerably higher.

In row F seats Nos. 16 and 20 brought $76. Seat No. 30 in M brought $61 and the next seat $60. The average price for row X was $46 and $47, rather cheap for one of the most comfortable rows in the house, not very far from the stage, and having the advantage of a crossing aisle in front of the sitters, who can cross their legs as they please without kicking the back of a chair in front. Seats 21 and 20 in row IY brought $50.

Seats on the right side of the first balcony, facing the stage, brought $70 as a maximum price. On the other side of the balcony the prices were considerably higher in average, probably because from this side there is a better view of the figure and the hands of the soloists who perform. In this row seat No. 5 brought $79, seat No. 6 $90, seats Nos. 24 and 25 $61, Seats 15 and 16, in the second row on this side, brought $56 apiece.

It was dark when the auction ceased. This auction was attended by an unusual number of buyers, a number of whom were evidently strangers to the sale and its customs. Some ticket agents were quoted as saying that the loss of the premium in coming years on Symphony seats would force the management back into auctioneering, but that is unlikely.

THE SUNDAY HERALD, BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 19, 191

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA WILL OPEN 35th SEASON OCT. 15; 30 WEEKS' ENGAGEMENT

Eight Celebrated Singers and Instrumentalists, Including Paderewski, Melba, Miss Farrar, Rosenthal, Schelling, Bauer, Kreisler and Miss Deyo Will Appear, Also.

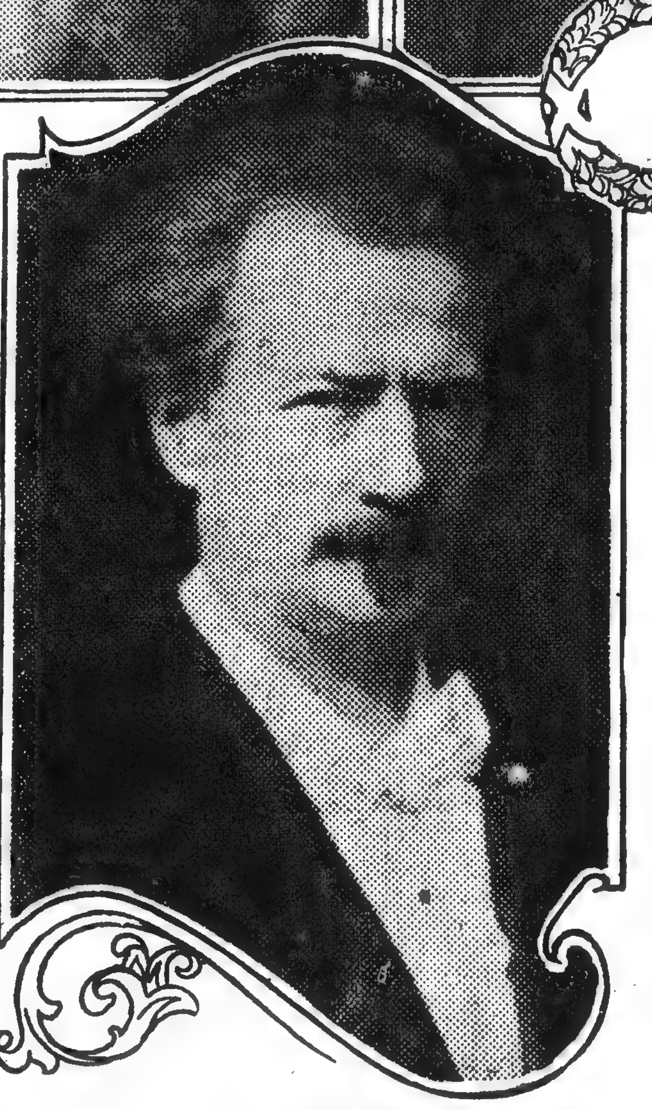
Melba.

Ruth Deyo.

Harold Bauer.

Ernest Schelling.

Fritz Kreisler.
Moriz Rosenthal.


Paderewski.

Geraldine Farrar.

The 35th season of Boston Symphony Orchestra will open at Symphony Hall with the first rehearsal Friday afternoon, Oct. 15, and the first concert will follow Saturday evening, Oct. 16. Then, for 30 weeks, excepting six Fridays and Saturdays when it is away on tour, the orchestra will give to Boston, in the best manner possible, the best music. Season tickets will be sold at auction with upset prices of $10 and $18 according to the location of seats. The auctions will begin Monday, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M., when all the $18 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals will be sold. The next day at 10 A. M., the $10 seats for the rehearsals will be sold. Thursday, beginning at 10 A. M., the $18 seats for the concerts will be sold and the remaining seats whose upset price is $10, will be sold Friday.

The orchestra will be away Nov. 6 and 7; Dec. 4 and 5; Jan. 8, 9, 29 and 30; Feb. 19 and 20, and March 18 and 19.

Calls for 120 Concerts.

The schedule for the season will call for 120 concerts, of which 48 (24 rehearsals and 24 concerts) will be in Boston, and eight in Cambridge. The others will be in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn, Providence, Worcester, Hartford; in various cities of New Eigland and the West. This year a trip preliminary to the opening of the Boston season will be made by the orchestra during which seven concerts will be given. Beginning in Toledo, Monday evening, Oct. 4, the orchestra will play on the consecutive nights in Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph and St. Louis, giving its last concert of the trip in Chicago Sunday afternoon, Oct. 10.

The prestige of the orchestra was greatly enhanced by the extraordinary success it had in San Francisco at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition last May. That trip promises to remain a record in the history of music in this country for many years. It was without precedent to take so large an organization to a city 3000 miles distant and bring it back without intermediate stops. It was without precedent for any orchestra to give in one city 13 symphony concerts in as many days with a completely different program at each concert and without soloists. But most remarkable of all was the patronage given to these concerts. More than 45,000 people paid to hear the orchestra. The smallest audience was larger than the capacity of Symphony Hall, and the largest audience was more than double that capacity.

Acquire New View.

From an artistic point of view, those concerts of the orchestra were full of significance. It gave the people along the entire Pacific slope a new point of view regarding symphony orchestras and symphonic music. The immediate result was the reorganization of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on broader and more efficient lines.

The orchestra will be substantially the same as last year. Very few changes have been made. All the members are in this country, and will be on hand for the first rehearsal of the season, Sept. 27.

A combination of favorable conditions has made it possible for the management to offer a most attractive list of soloists, singers and vituosi of the world here in peaceful America. Eight celebrated singers and instrumentalists of these have been engaged to appear here with the orchestra, and in addition, the four chief members of the string section will also be heard; Messrs. Witek and Noack, violinists; Messrs. Warnke and Malkin, 'cellists. It is hardly necessary to call attention to the fine qualities of these artists.

The soloists from outside are three women and five men, two singers, one violinist, and five pianists.

Performances in Chicago.

The singers are Mme. Melba and Miss Farrar, who are devoting the major part of the season to concert work; Mme. Melba, in fact, the entire season with the exception of a few operatic performances with the Chicago Opera Company in Chicago. Miss Farrar has promised to give Chicago a few performances with that opera company, and will sing 20 times at the end of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is the only organization of its kind with which the two singers will appear. Mme. Melba is here for 30 or 40 concerts, six of which will be with the orchestra.

Miss Farrar has not been heard here for two years. Her decision last winter to leave the Metropolitan Opera Company and devote herself for a year to concerts under the direction of Charles A. Ellis caused a sensation in New York, and soon the films will spread even wider abroad a knowledge of her personality.

The one outside violinist will be Fritz Kreisler, of whose gifts the public, professional and lay, never tire.

The five pianists will be Paderewski, Rosenthal, Bauer, Schelling and Miss Deyo. Mr. Paderewski will begin his regular concert tour in November, and naturally has been engaged for the Boston series of the Symphony Orchestra.

Moriz Rosenthal, unquestionably one of the greatest pianists of our time, famous for his stupendous technique, masterly musicianship, has not played with the orchestra in Symphony Hill for nine years. Harold Bauer has a large and enthusiastic following. Miss Ruth Deyo gave her first performance with the Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall two years ago, and last year played with much success with the orchestra in Cambridge.

Interest in Schelling.

More than usual interest is attached to the appearance of Ernest Schelling, who has grown greatly in his art in the last few years. This year he comes to Boston, particularly for the first performances of a new work he has written for orchestra and piano. The new fantasia, it is understood, is based on popular American tunes.

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor, has not seen fit to reveal his plans for the season beyond the fact that he will present Liszt's "Dante" Symphony. As already announced this will be the last year when season tickets for the Symphony concerts will be disposed of by auction sale. Next spring an announcement probably will be made whereby the tickets for Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings will be disposed of by subscription at flat rates, and holders of same will be able to retain their seats from season to season. This will make seats secured by the auction sales this year a valuable option for next season and the season to follow, for the management will allow purchasers of seats for this season to retain them under the subscription plan for next.

EVENING RECORD,

SEPTEMBER 27, 191

Prices Are High for Symphony

Last Auction Held Today

"BOSTON" TURNS OUT FOR THE FAREWELL

Bidding for This Year's Rehearsal and Concerts Passed Last Season's

The "Boston of 30 years ago,"—that was the atmosphere of the company which gathered at Symphony Hall in the cool hours of the morning, to usher out the last symphony sale.

The seats in question this morning were the $18 rehearsal variety. On the platform, in front of the seat plan stood the auctioneer, a very polite and very deferential auctioneer who suggested sale with not too much vehemence in tones not loud enough to offend the hearing of delicate maiden aunts who were there to buy their favorite [illegible]es.

But the real Bostonians on this last occasion were very glad to pay considerably higher prices than were received last year. As usual the prices paid were premiums in addition to the regular $18 subscription price.

The highest price in row A was $24.50 for a seat on the center aisle left. In row B there were some recessions as compared with last year. The highest price paid today was $25.50 for two seats in the center. Last year $27.50 was paid for three left aisle seats.

In row C the highest price was $37 for two seats on the center aisle left. Last year the lowest price m this row was $31.50 for four seats divided by the center aisle.

In row D prices today were advanced as high as $47.50 for one seat on the center aisle left. The highest price in this row last year was $31.50 for a seat on the center aisle left.

The bidders—"the maiden aunts"—who came with the "uncles" often from mansions of older days on Beacon Hill, often had a little tremor to their smile at recollections of other auctions—before the changing of the older order.

"For once in my life I got here ahead of you," said one of them, pointing a finger at a straggler, a little old lady with an Indian shawl over her arm—an Indian shawl in this day of 1915!

So they kept coming until the family reunions multiplied and all that was lacking was the family pew.

"Eighteen, eighteen; we'll start with the price of the seat," politely announced the polite auctioneer.

"Eighteen fifty, nineteen, nineteen fifty," and then a bushy-haired old gentleman who had taken tea with Dr. Holmes, like as not, piped up manfully:

"Twenty—" and the seats went—two, each for twenty.

This caused a demur. "I offered twenty-one—" a gentle voice in the corner announced after the seats had gone for twenty.

"I am very sorry," the polite auctioneer was contrite, "I didn't see your hand."

And through the sale patrons came and patrons went, went mostly with a pleased smile as of an actor who has done well his turn and departs with memories.

Beautiful feather boas, now a generation old, fluttered up and down the aisles, and, as they kept coming, the prices of the seats advanced, for the auctioneer was nearing those farther down the aisle until, in section G, two end seats went for $77 apiece.

Of the older and the newer generation, each lovers of music, the older was chiefly in evidence, the younger and busier mostly were represented by their agents, who, books in hand, bid according to directions. And despite the four or more ticket firms represented, the gathering was the largest in years, for several reasons—the improvement in business conditions, and the fact that subscribers who wish may hold their seats over to another season, and the fact that especially famous soloists will appear this year, Paderewski, Kreisler, Melba and others. Still, on the part of the ticket brokers, the prediction is that after one year of the new order, the management will go back to the auction sales, finding that its revenues will shrink too greatly by the loss of premiums.

At length the sale was through.

"The last time," said the nice aunt [illegible] Hill.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

SEPTEMBER 24,

MR. GABRILOWITSCH SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the pianist, has been engaged to take the place of Moriz Rosenthal as soloist in the Symphony concerts, the Symphony hall officials having received notice that Mr. Rosenthal, who is a Russian, is detained by the authorities in Vienna. Mr. Gabrilowitsch is the first soloist of the season and appears at the concerts of Oct. 29 and 30.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch will present the Chopin E minor concerto. The programs of the first three pairs of concerts given by the orchestra are as follows:

Oct. 15 and 16, Beethoven, seventh symphony; Brahms, "Tragic" overture; Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration" tone poem; Liszt, "Preludes."

Oct. 22 and 23: Enesco, symphony in E flat major; Ravel, "Mother Goose" suite; Loeffler, tone poem, "Tintagiles"; Dvorak, "Husitska" overture.

Oct. 29 and 30: Brahms, fourth symphony in E minor; Schumann, "Manfred"; Chopin, E minor concerto; Berlioz, "Roman Carnival."

BOSTON GLOBE-
SEPTEMBER 27,

SYMPHONY SALE TODAY.

Annual Auction of Seats for the Season's Concerts Will Begin at 10 O'Clock.

The first auction sale of season tickets for the Symphony concerts the coming season begins at Symphony Hall at 10 o'clock this morning. The importance of this sale to those who are accustomed to go to the Friday afternoon concerts of the orchestra cannot be exaggerated, for it will determine to a very large extent the seats the regular patrons of the concerts will have next season, 1916-1917.

As already announced, this will be the last year in which the seats for the Symphony concerts are sold by auction, for next season they will be sold by subscription only at a fixed rate, the prices varying according to the location. Later in the season these prices will be announced.

Under the plan devised by C. A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony Orchestra, owners of seats this year will have an option to retain them next year. Toward the end of the year they will have the opportunity to register in the office of Symphony Hall for the seats they own, and in the Spring, when subscriptions are called for, it will be their privilege to retain those seats without any dispute. For this reason, this year more than ever, it is desirable that they should bid on their own seats.

The seats sold today are the $18 seats for 24 Friday afternoon concerts. These comprise the entire floor except the last nine rows and the entire first balcony except the last five rows. The second balcony will be held out for rush seats to be sold on the days of concerts for 25 cents each.

There will be an intermission of one hour for luncheon when the broad aisle, Row X, is reached. This usually comes about 1 o'clock. The balcony is usually reached about 3 o'clock. First the right side is sold; then the left side, then the center.

RECORD,

SEPTEMBER 25,

SYMPHONY SEATS TO BE SOLD MONDAY

The auction sales of season tickets for the symphony concerts of the ensuing season which open at Symphony Hall next Monday morning at 10 a.m. will be by all odds, the most important sales of their kind the orchestra has had since its inauguration. They mark the end of a system that has been in vogue for 30 years, for beginning with the season of 1916-1917, all the seats in the hall for both Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts will be sold by subscription at fixed prices. The vital point in these coming sales is that they will determine, to a very large extent, what seats the regular patrons of the concerts will have in the future.

In view of this important change it will more than be to the advantage of the patrons of the symphony concerts to attend the auctions in person and secure the seats they desire.

The auction will dispose of all the $18 seats for the 24 Friday afternoon concerts. These comprise the entire floor with the exception of the last nine rows, and the entire first balcony with the exception of the last five rows. The upset price of these seats is $18, and the cost of the seats is the premium bid in, added to that sum.

Tuesday, Sept. 28, the $19 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. These comprise the last nine rows on the floor, and the last five rows in the first balcony. For the Friday afternoon concerts, this year, as in the past, the entire second balcony is reserved for "rush" seats to be sold on the day of the concert at 25 cents each.

There will be no sale Wednesday, Sept. 29, but Thursday, Sept. 30, the $18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold. These comprise the same seats as the $18 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts. The last sale comes Friday, Oct. 1, beginning at 10 a.m., when all the rest of the seats for the Saturday evening concert will be sold with an upset price of $10. These comprise the last nine rows of the floor, the last five rows of the first balcony, and the entire second balcony.

BOSTON JOURNAL-
SEPTEMBER 24,

SYMPHONY SOLOIST INTERNED IN VIENNA

Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony Orchestra, has received word that Moriz Rosenthal, the Austrian pianist, who has been engaged as soloist with the Symphony Orchestra for its third concert, will be unable to come to America this year. Rosenthal is a Russian subject, and the Austrian government has refused to let him leave Vienna.

His place will be taken by Ossip Gabrilowitsch, another Russian, who is in this country, and who will be the soloist with the orchestra Oct. 29 and 30.

HERALD, SATURDAY,
SEPTEMBER 25,

GABRILOWITSCH TO PLAY IN ROSENTHAL'S PLACE

Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony orchestra, has been notified by the Wolfsohn bureau of New York that Moriz Rosenthal, the Austrian pianist, who had been engaged as soloist with the Symphony orchestra for its third concert, will be unable to come to America this year. Arrangements have been made whereby his place will be taken by Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who will be the soloist with the orchestra Oct. 29 and 30. Mr. Gabrilowitsch's playing last year with the orchestra was a feature of the season.

SUNDAY GLOBE-
-SEPTEMBER 26,

Last Auction Sale of Symphony Tickets

The auction sales of season tickets, which begin at Symphony Hall tomorrow morning, will be the last sales of their kind for a concert season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for, beginning with the season of 1916-1917, the season tickets for the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts will be sold by subscription at fixed prices. The immediate result of this announcement has been to make the four auction sales this week the most important to the patrons in the history of the orchestra.

In working out a preliminary plan for subscription, Mr Ellis decided that the fairest way in which to allot seats at the beginning of a subscription—which would be a permanent affair—will be to allow the owners of the seats bought at the coming auction sales to retain those seats for 1916-1917, and for as many years after as they wish to do so.

After the season has been well started, the owners of seats for both series of concerts will be given an opportunity to register their names, addresses and the seats they occupy, so that when notice of subscription for the following season is sent out it will be taken for granted that the owners of seats will retain their seats unless they notify the management to the contrary.

Tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock the $18 seats for the 24 Friday afternoon concerts will be sold, the ultimate cost being the premium bid added to the original price of $18.

Tuesday morning the $10 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be offered, comprising the last nine rows on the floor and the last five rows in the first balcony. As has been the custom for many years, the second balcony for the Friday afternoon concerts is set aside for "rush" seats, to be sold on the day of the concert at 25 cents each.

There will be no sale on Wednesday, but Thursday the $18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be auctioned. At the final sale Friday morning, Oct 1, the $10 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be offered. These include the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows in the first balcony and the entire second balcony.

The first concert will be given Friday afternoon, Oct 15. The first program will comprise Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, "Tragic Overture," Brahms; Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's "Les Preludes."

The second program, Oct 22 and 23, contains the first novelty of the season, a symphony in E-flat major, by Georges Enesco, the Rumanian violinist. Other numbers will be Ravel's suite, "Ma Mere l'Oye"; Loeffler's "The Death of Tintagiles," and Dvorak's overt[illegible] "Husitska."

BOSTON GLOBE-
SEPTEMBER 24

CHANGE IN SYMPHONY SOLOISTS

Gabrilowitsch Replaces Rosenthal, Who Is Detained Abroad.

Moriz Rosenthal, the Austrian pianist who had been engaged as soloist with the Symphony Orchestra for its third concert, will be unable to come to America this year. He is a Russian subject, although practically since boyhood he has been a resident of Vienna and identified with Austria, but the Austrian Government refuses to let him leave that country.

His place will be taken by Ossip Gabrilowitsch as soloist with the orchestra Oct 29 and 30.

SUNDAY HERALD,

SEPTEMBER 26,

Boston Symphony Orchestra

No announcement in many years has raised such wide-spread interest in the musical public of Boston and vicinity as that made 10 days ago by Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony Orchestra, that the auction sales of season tickets which begins at Symphony Hall tomorrow (Monday) morning, will be the last sales of their kind and that beginning with the season of 1916-1917 the season tickets for both the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts will be sold by subscription at fixed prices. The immediate result of this announcement has been to make the four auction sales to be held next week the most important to the patrons in the history of the orchestra, for they will determine, to a very large extent, where the regular subscribers will sit at the concerts in future years.

In working out a preliminary plan for subscription, Mr. Ellis decided that the fairest way in which to allot seats at the beginning of a subscription—which would be a permanent affair—will be to allow the owners of the seats bought at the coming auction sales to retain these seats for 1916-1917 and as many years after as they wish to do so. The plan is that after the season has been well started, the owners of seats for both series of concerts will be given an opportunity to register their names, addresses, and the seats they occupy so that when notice of subscription for the following season is sent out next spring, it will be taken for granted that the owners of seats will retain their seats unless they notify the management to the contrary.

To put it another way, Mrs. "X" will buy tomorrow M-25-26. Later in the season she will be requested to register her name and address and the seats she owns and in the spring she will be notified that she has the privilege of renewing her subscription for those seats, and unless she fails to renew before a given date or notifies the management she doesn't care for them, the seats are hers for the following year. This is the plan followed by the orchestra with such success in New York and the other cities it visits, and it is also the plan that is used at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The auction sales will be four in number, occupying the greater part of four days. Tomorrow (Monday) the $18 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. These comprise all the seats on the floor, excepting the last nine rows and all the seats in the first balcony, except the last five rows. The ultimate cost of these seats will be the premium bid, added to the original upset price of $18. Tuesday morning, beginning at 10 o'clock, the $10 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be sold, comprising the last nine rows on the floor and the last five rows in the first balcony. As has been the custom for so many years, the second balcony for the Friday afternoon concerts is set aside for "rush" seats to be sold on the day of the concert at 25 cents each.

There will be no sale on Wednesday, but Thursday the $18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be auctioned. These are the same as for Friday afternoon, all the seats on the floor, except the last nine rows, and all the seats in the first balcony, except the last five rows. The final sale will be Friday, Oct. 1, when the $10 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be put up for sale. These comprise the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows in the first balcony, and the entire second balcony. It is hardly necessary to say that this year, beyond all other years, it will be to the advantage of patrons to attend the auction in person and bid in their seats, as in that way only are they certain of getting the seats they desire.

Dr. Muck has announced the first two programs. At neither does a soloist appear. The first program will comprise Beethoven's A-major Symphony No. 7; Brahms's "Tragic Overture"; Richard Strauss's Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes."

The second program, which will be played Oct. 22 and 23, is decidedly French in complexion, and contains the first novelty of the season. This is a symphony in E-flat major by Georges Enesco, the Roumanian violinist and composer, some of whose music has been heard here in the past; the fascinating suite of Ravel, "Ma Mere l'Oye," which had such success two years ago; Charles Martin Loeffler's "The Death of Tintagiles" and Dvorak's Overture, "Husitska."

SEPTEMBER 26,

FIRST SALE OF SYMPHONY SEATS BEGINS MONDAY

Under the New Plan, Purchasers Can Retain Same Places for Years.

No announcement in many years has raised such wide-spread interest in the musical public of Boston and vicinity as that made ten days ago by Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony Orchestra, that the auction sales of season tickets which begin at Symphony Hall tomorrow morning, will be the last of their kind and that beginning with the season of 1916-1917 the season tickets for both the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts will be sold by subscription at fixed prices.

The immediate result of this announcement has been to make the four auction sales to be held next week the most important to the patrons in the history of the orchestra, for they will determine, to a very large extent, where the regular subscribers will sit at the concerts in future years.

In working out a preliminary plan for subscription, Mr. Ellis decided that the fairest way in which to allot seats at the beginning of a subscription—which would be a permanent affair—will be to allow the owners of the seats bought at the coming auction sales to retain those seats for 1916-1917 and for as many years after as they wish to do so.

The plan is that after the season has been well started, the owners of seats for both series of concerts will be given an opportunity to register their names, addresses, and the seats they occupy so that when notice of subscription for the following season is sent out next Spring, it will be taken for granted that the owners of seats will retain their seats unless they notify the management to the contrary.

The auction sales will be four in number, occupying the greater part of four days. Tomorrow the $18 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. These comprise all the seats on the floor, excepting the last nine rows, and all the seats in the first balcony, except the last five rows.

Tuesday morning, beginning at 10 o'clock, the $10 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be sold.

There will be no sale on Wednesday, but Thursday the $18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be auctioned. These are the same as for Friday afternoon, all the seats on the floor, except the last nine rows, and all the seats in the first balcony except the last five rows. The final sale will be Friday, October 1, when the $10 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be put up for sale.

Dr. Muck has announced the first two programs. At neither does a soloist appear. The first program will comprise Beethoven's A-major Symphony, No. 7; Brahms' "Tragic Overture," Richard Strauss' Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes."

The second program, which will be played October 22 and 23, is decidedly French in complexion, and contains the first novelty of the season. This is a symphony in E-flat major by Georges Enesco, the Roumanian violinist and composer, some of whose music has been heard here in the past; the fascinating suite of Ravel, "Ma Mere l'Oye," which had such success two years ago; Charles Martin Loeffler's "The Death of Tintagiles" and Dvorak's Overture, "Husitska."

BOSTON JOURNAL-
SEPTEMBER 23,

GO-CART POEM ON SYMPHONY LIST

Other Novelties on Programs for the Coming Season.

American composers will be well represented on the Symphony programs this coming season. The principal novelty, so it is officially announced, will be a symphonic poem by John Alden Carpenter of Chicago, which is a humorous work entitled "Adventures in a Perambulator" and which describes a baby's outing with a nurse—say, along Commonwealth avenue one fine fall morning.

Other novelties will include a symphony by Georges Enesco, the Roumanian composer; the "Symphonic Variations" composed by Ernest Schelling, the American pianist, who will play the solo part when the work is performed; a theme and variations by Enrico Bossi, the Italian writer, and a Mahler symphony. Mozart's double concerto for violin and viola will be performed, with Anton Witek and Emil Ferir as soloists. Then there will be a symphonic poem by Liszt that has not yet been heard in Boston, "Ce Qu'on Entend sur la Montagne." Liszt's "Dante" symphony will be revived.

The season will open on Oct. 15 with Beethoven's seventh symphony as the chief number on the program. Dr. Muck also plans to conduct the third and fourth symphonies of Brahms.

Any large variety of new foreign works is out of the question for the present, for the composers living abroad are writing little, owing to the war, and publishers report chaotic conditions.

BOSTON POST,
SEPTEMBER 23,

PROGRAMMES FOR SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck Gives List of Works for 24 Concerts

Dr. Karl Muck yesterday announced 24 programmes that he plans to have played at the Symphony concerts this season, and declared that when these interesting works are played he will have other novel features to offer.

The season opens with the seventh symphony of Beethoven. Of Brahms, Dr. Muck is going to do the third and fourth symphony. He has never conducted in the third symphony in Boston.

The principal revival of the season will be the "Dante" symphony of Liszt. Another work of Liszt and one which will appear for the first time on the Symphony programme is the symphonic poem, "Ce qu 'en entend surla montague."

The most interesting novelty of the season from many points of view will be by the American composer, John Alden Carpenter. This is the symphonic poem, "Adventures in a Perambulator." This is said to be a truly humorous music, the theme of which is the adventure of a baby and its nurse during its daily airing.

Another novelty is a symphony by the Roumanian composer, Georges Enesco. Still another is a theme and variations by the Italian composer, Enrico Bessi. Then there will be Ernest Schelling's new "Symphonic

BOSTON JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER 25.

SYMPHONY SALE TO OPEN MONDAY

The auction sales of season tickets for the coming Symphony concerts open at Symphony Hall next Monday morning. They will be by all odds the most important sales of their kind the orchestra has had since its inauguration. They mark the end of a system that has been in vogue for 30 years, for, beginning with the season of 1916-1917, all the seats in the hall, for both afternoon and evening concerts, will be sold by subscription at fixed prices.

In working out the scheme Mr. Ellis, the manager, decided that the fairest way to allot seats by subscription for 1916-1917 and for the following seasons would be to allow the owners of the seats bought at the coming auction sales to retain them at their will. In view of this important change it will be to the advantage of the patrons of the Symphony concerts to attend the auction sale in person and secure the seats they desire.

At the sale, which begins at 10 o'clock Monday morning, the $18 seats for the 24 Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. The upset price of these seats is $18, and the cost of the seats is the premium bid in, added to that sum. The seats comprise all the floor but the last nine rows and whole front balcony except the last five rows.

Tuesday, Sept. 28, the $10 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. These comprise the last nine rows on the floor, and the last five rows in the first balcony. The entire second balcony is reserved for "rush" seats, to be sold on Friday at 25 cents each.

On Thursday, Sept. 30, the $18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold. These comprise the same seats as the $18 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts. The last sale comes Friday, Oct. 1, when all the rest of the seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold, with an upset price of $10. These comprise the last nine rows of the floor, the last five rows of the first balcony, and the entire second balcony.

Mr. Muck announces that the first program, which will be played Friday afternoon, Oct. 15, and Saturday evening, Oct. 16, comprises the seventh symphony by Beethoven, the "Tragic Overture," by Brahms; Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's "Prelude."

The program for Oct. 22 and 23 brings the first novelty of the season, a symphony by Georges Enesco, which will be followed by Ravel's suite, "Ma Mere l'Oye," Charles Martin Loeffler's tone poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," and Dvorak's "Husitska" overture.

BOSTON HERALD.

SEPTEMBER 23.

DR. MUCK PLANS FOR CONCERTS

Some of the Works

Symphony Orchestra to Produce This Season.

Conductors of symphony orchestras are hard put to it this year to provide the usual number of "novelties" which should be a feature of each season. Not only is little new music being written in this time of war, but it is next to impossible to get new music to America. The usual repertory must be the most deeply drawn from three or four symphonies by Beethoven, two by Brahms, and at least one by Schumann and Schubert each, while Mozart, Haydn and Bach, of the 18th century, will play their usual part in the programs and the moderns will be duly represented. The season opens with the Seventh Symphony by Beethoven. Of Brahms, Dr. Muck is going to do the Third and Fourth Symphony. He has never conducted the Third Symphony in Boston. The principal revival of the season will be Liszt's "Dante" Symphony, a work of much interest and of prime importance. Another work of Liszt, and one which will appear for the first time on a Symphony program, is the symphonic poem, "Ce qu' on entend sur la montagne."

If its success in Chicago last season is any criterion, the most interesting novelty of the season will be by the American composer, John Alden Carpenter, the symphonic poem, "Adventures in a Perambulator." This is said to be truly humorous music, the theme of which is the adventures of a baby and its nurse during its daily airing.

Another novelty is a symphony in E-flat major by the Roumanian composer, Georges Enesco. The symphony has been in the library for several years, but its performance never has been [illegible] theme and there will be Ernest Schelling's new "Symphonic Variations" for piano and orchestra with Mr. Schelling as pianist.

Dr. Muck intends also to do some of Mahler's symphonies. Necessarily it will be one without chorus for it is impossible to employ a large chorus in Symphony Hall at a regular symphony concert. Mozart's double concerto for violin and viola will be played by Messrs. Witek and Ferir.

Announcement has been made that Richard Strauss's new "Alpine" tone poem is ready for performance. Dr. Muck would like to do this in Boston, but it is out of the question, for Strauss has gone beyond all limits in the forces he employs. It would be impossible to gather such an orchestra in Boston. Thus he demands 24 horns.

Undoubtedly, Dr. Muck does not lay specific plans for any distance in the future, and the works mentioned are the only unusual ones he desires to announce at the present time. It is possible before the whole 24 programs shall have been played that other interesting and novel works will find their places in the concerts.

SUNDAY POST,

SEPTEMBER 26,

Symphony Auction Sale

The Sale Commencing Tomorrow Morning in Symphony Hall to Be Last Auction Sale in History of Boston Orchestra—To Determine Largely Where Permanent Patrons of Concerts Will Sit in Years to Come

Charles A. Ellis' announcement that the auction sales of seats for the Boston Symphony season which begin tomorrow morning in Symphony Hall will will be the last sales of their kind, and that beginning with the season of 1916-17, the season tickets for both the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts will be sold by subscription at fixed prices, is one of the utmost interest and importance to music-lovers of this city. The immediate result of this announcement has been to make the four auction sales to be held this week the most important to the patrons in the history of the orchestra, for they will determine, to a very large extent, where the regular subscribers will sit at the concerts in future years.

In working out a preliminary plan for subscription, Mr. Ellis decided that the fairest way in which to allot seats at the beginning of a subscription—which would be a permanent affair—will be to allow the owners of the seats bought at the coming auction sales to retain those seats for 1916-1917 and for as many years after as they wish to do so. The plan is that after the season has been well started, the owners of seats for both series of concerts will be given an opportunity to register their names, addresses, and the seats they occupy, so that when notice of subscription for the following season is sent out next spring it will be taken for granted that the owners of seats will retain their seats unless they notify the management to the contrary.

To put it in another way, Mrs. "X." will buy tomorrow M 25-26. Later in the season she will be requested to register her name and address and the seats she owns, and in the spring she will be notified that she has the privilege of renewing her subscription for those seats, and unless she fails to renew before a given date or notifies the management she doesn't care for them, the seats are hers for the following year. This is the plan followed by the orchestra with such success in New York and the other cities it visits, and it is also the plan that is used at the Metropolitan Opera House.

$18 Seats for Friday Tomorrow

The auction sales will be four in number, occupying the greater part of four days. Tomorrow (Monday) the $18 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. These comprise all the seats on the floor, excepting the last nine rows and all the seats in the first balcony, except the last five rows. The ultimate cost of these seats will be the premium bid, added to the original upset price of $18. Tuesday morning, beginning at 10 o'clock, the $10 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be sold, comprising the last nine rows on the floor and the last five rows in the first balcony. As has been the custom for so many years, the second balcony for the Friday afternoon concerts is set aside for "rush" seats, to be sold on the day of the concert at 25 cents each.

There will be no sale on Wednesday, but Thursday the $18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be auctioned. These are the same as for Friday afternoon, all the seats on the floor except the last nine rows, and all the seats in the first balcony except the last five rows. The final sale will be Friday, Oct. 1, when the $10 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be put up for sale. These comprize the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows in the first balcony, and the entire second balcony. It is hardly necessary to say that this year, beyond all other years, it will be to the advantage of patrons to attend the auction in person and bid in their seats, as in that way only are they certain of getting the seats they desire.

First Two Programmes

Dr. Muck has announced the first two programmes. At neither does a soloist appear. The first programme will comprise Beethoven's A-major Symphony No. 7; Brahms' "Tragic Overture"; Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes."

The second programme, which will be played Oct. 22 and 23 is decidedly French in complexion, contains the first novelty of the season. This is a symphony in E-flat major by Georges Enesco, the Roumanian violinist and composer, some of whose music has been heard here in the past; the fascinating suite of Ravel, "Ma Mere l'Oye," which had such success two years ago; Charles Martin Loeffler's "The Death of Tintagiles" and Dvorak's overture, "Husitska."

BOSTON POST,

SEPTEMBER 27,

AUCTION SALE FOR SYMPHONY

Seats for Fridays to Be Disposed of Today

The "Symphony regulars" will have the opportunity today practically to determine what seats they will occupy at Friday concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for seasons to come, at the first auction sale of season tickets for the concerts of the coming winter and spring. This will be the last series of auction sales of Symphony tickets, which next season and thereafter will be sold by subscription only at fixed rate, and, under the plan devised by Manager C. A. Ellis of the orchestra, owners of seats this year will have an option to retain them next year, and probably they will be able to secure the same seats during following years.

Today's auction will open at 10 a. m. in Symphony Hall, and the $18 seats for 24 Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. They comprise the entire floor except the last nine rows, and all the first balcony except the last five rows.

BOSTON JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER 27.

FINAL SYMPHONY AUCTION OPENING

Last Sale of Its Kind to Begin at Symphony Hall Today.

The auction sale of season tickets for the opening Symphony concerts begins at Symphony Hall at 10 o'clock this morning. This year's sale will determine to a large extent the seats the regular symphony patrons will have next season as this will be the last time symphony seats will be sold by auction. Next time they will be sold by subscription only, at a fixed rate. The prices, varying according to the location, will be announced later.

Under the plan devised by C. A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony Orchestra, owners of seats this year will have an option to retain them next year. It is expected that for this reason more patrons will bid for their own seats than for many years past.

The $18 seats for 24 Friday afternoon concerts will be sold today. These comprise the entire floor, except the last nine rows, and the entire first balcony, except the last five rows. The second balcony will be held for "rush" seats to be sold on the days of concerts for 25 cents each.

SEPTEMBER 25,

MONITOR, BOSTON,

NON-UNION ISSUE DEFINED IN CASE OF ORCHESTRAS

Conditions Noted Under Which Boston Symphony Men Visited San Francisco, With the Effect on Federation Elections

Many observers of the orchestral situation in the United States have been curious in regard to the arrangements under which the Boston Symphony orchestra, a non-union organization, made a visit of two weeks in May at the Panama-Pacific exposition, notwithstanding the arrangement supposed to be effective between the American Federation of Musicians and the exposition authorities that all performances should be given under union rules. These observers have been left to suppose that one of two things occurred: Either the Boston Symphony orchestra gave its concerts in San Francisco in spite of the union arrangements, or else it gave them with union [illegible]

It was stated in The Christian Science Monitor of Feb. 20, on the authority of Harold Brenton, New England member of the national executive board of the federation, that before George W. Stewart, the director of exposition music, could engage the Boston organization for appearance at San Francisco, the federation officials would have to discuss the question and act on it. The supposition was, Mr. Brenton noted at that time, that the federation would give its approval; but the point was made, that under an agreement drawn up by Mr. Stewart and the president of the federation, Joseph N. Weber, in December, 1913, union rules should govern all engagements of orchestral and band musicians at San Francisco.

After the Symphony orchestra made its trip to the exposition, gave its concerts, and returned in artistic triumph, the question arose as to whether the union agreement was broken or evaded or whether it was set aside with the consent of the federation. Inasmuch as the question has been persistently asked ever since, some facts in the case may serve to make the situation clear. It will be remembered that the first proposal of the Boston Symphony orchestra to appear in San Francisco was announced as coming from Mr. Stewart, the director of the exposition music, who made the agreement with the federation in regard to union rules. It will be remembered that after the publication of Mr. Brenton's interview, official announcements of negotiations made no particular mention of the exposition music director as a principal factor. Indeed, anybody who desired to know, had extreme difficulty in finding out just what negotiations were made whereby the orchestra was to appear at the fair. And so far as union consent was concerned, that was neither given nor withheld in any public way.

It transpires that the whole enterprise of the Symphony orchestra's visit was taken out of union jurisdiction by a simple managerial device. A plan was evolved whereby the Boston organization could make its visit to San Francisco in what may be called a private instead of an official capacity. This plan is said to have been executed through William H. Leahy, the San Francisco concert manager. Mr. Leahy, it is said, engaged Festival hall on the exposition grounds for two weeks, taking the building as a concession and paying for it, with the understanding that he could use it in whatever appropriate manner he chose. Having done that, it is further said, he took the responsibility of engaging the Symphony orchestra, with guarantors assisting, and acted as local director of the short concert season.

Necessarily this exploit of the concert managers reacted on federation policy. At the very time that the Symphony orchestra opened its series of concerts in Festival hall, delegates of the National American Federation of Musicians were sitting in annual general convention at San Francisco. On the day after the first concert the delegates took up the question of electing a president. It is said that they intended to reëlect Frank Carothers, who had held office since May, 1914, succeeding Mr. Weber, the president who entered into the agreement with the exposition music director. But certain members of the convention raising objections to the reëlection of Mr. Carothers on the ground that under his administration the agreement of 1913 had been evaded, sentiment took a decided turn. It was argued that if union arrangements could be pushed aside on a technicality and a non-union orchestra could be allowed to appear where it had been understood it should not play without federation consent, nothing stable could be expected in agreements. At once the name of the former president, who had drawn up the arrangement with the exposition music director was put in nomination and he was elected with strong acclaim.

It thus appears that the federation held its ground on the question of the official music at the exposition and that it never made any exception in the case of the Boston Symphony orchestra, not having been given an opportunity to do so. And it appears that the reason why the federation had no such opportunity is to be found in the unofficial and technically private manner in which the orchestra was booked to appear on the exposition grounds. It appears, finally, that the maneuver of the concert managers which made such unofficial appearance possible had a direct effect on federation elections, making the issues between the non-union Boston Symphony orchestra and the union orchestras both in Boston and in other cities of the United States, clearer than they have been since Mr. Weber's former incumbency as federation president.

AMERICAN MUSIC NOTES

It is announced that the sales of season tickets for the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which open on Monday morning at 10 o'clock in Symphony hall, will mark the end of the

BOSTON JOURNAL-

SEPTEMBER 25,

SYMPHONY SALE TO OPEN MONDAY

The auction sales of season tickets for the coming Symphony concerts open at Symphony Hall next Monday morning. They will be by all odds the most important sales of their kind the orchestra has had since its inauguration. They mark the end of a system that has been in vogue for 30 years, for, beginning with the season of 1916-1917, all the seats in the hall, for both afternoon and evening concerts, will be sold by subscription at fixed prices.

In working out the scheme Mr. Ellis, the manager, decided that the fairest way to allot seats by subscription for 1916-1917 and for the following seasons would be to allow the owners of the seats bought at the coming auction sales to retain them at their will. In view of this important change it will be to the advantage of the patrons of the Symphony concerts to attend the auction sale in person and secure the seats they desire.

At the sale, which begins at 10 o'clock Monday morning, the $18 seats for the 24 Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. The upset price of these seats is $18, and the cost of the seats is the premium bid in, added to that sum. The seats comprise all the floor but the last nine rows and whole front balcony except the last five rows.

Tuesday, Sept. 28, the $10 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. These comprise the last nine rows on the floor, and the last five rows in the first balcony. The entire second balcony is reserved for "rush" seats, to be sold on Friday at 25 cents each.

On Thursday, Sept. 30, the $18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold. These comprise the same seats as the $18 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts. The last sale comes Friday, Oct. 1, when all the rest of the seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold, with an upset price of $10. These comprise the last nine rows of the floor, the last five rows of the first balcony, and the entire second balcony.

Mr. Muck announces that the first program, which will be played Friday afternoon, Oct. 15, and Saturday evening, Oct. 16, comprises the seventh symphony by Beethoven, the "Tragic Overture," by Brahms; Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's "Prelude."

The program for Oct. 22 and 23 brings the first novelty of the season, a symphony by Georges Enesco, which will be followed by Ravel's suite, "Ma Mere l'Oye," Charles Martin Loeffler's tone poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," and Dvorak's "Husitska" overture.

BOSTON HERALD,

SEPTEMBER 23,

DR. MUCK PLANS FOR CONCERTS

Some of the Works B[illegible] Symphony Orchestra to Produce This Season.

Conductors of symphony orchestras are hard put to it this year to provide the usual number of "novelties" which should be a feature of each season. Not only is little new music being written in this time of war, but it is next to impossible to get new music to America. The usual repertory must be the most deeply drawn from three or four symphonies by Beethoven, two by Brahms, and at least one by Schumann and Schubert each, while Mozart, Haydn and Bach, of the 18th century, will play their usual part in the programs and the moderns will be duly represented. The season opens with the Seventh Symphony by Beethoven. Of Brahms, Dr. Muck is going to do the Third and Fourth Symphony. He has never conducted the Third Symphony in Boston. The principal revival of the season will be Liszt's "Dante" Symphony, a work of much interest and of prime importance. Another work of Liszt, and one which will appear for the first time on a Symphony program, is the symphonic poem, "Ce qu' on entend sur la montagne."

If its success in Chicago last season is any criterion, the most interesting noevelty of the season will be by the American composer, John Alden Carpenter, the symphonic poem, "Adventures in a Perambulator." This is said to be truly humorous music, the theme of which is the adventures of a baby and its nurse during its daily airing.

Another novelty is a symphony in E-flat major by the Roumanian composer, Georges Enesco. The symphony has been in the library for several years, but its performance never has been

there will be Ernest Schelling's new "Symphonic Variations" for piano and orchestra with Mr. Schelling as pianist.

Dr. Muck intends also to do some of Mahler's symphonies. Necessarily it will be one without chorus for it is impossible to employ a large chorus in Symphony Hall at a regular symphony concert. Mozart's double concerto for violin and viola will be played by Messrs. Witek and Ferir.

Announcement has been made that Richard Strauss's new "Alpine" tone poem is ready for performance. Dr. Muck would like to do this in Boston, but it is out of the question, for Strauss has gone beyond all limits in the forces he employs. It would be impossible to gather such an orchestra in Boston. Thus he demands 24 horns.

Undoubtedly, Dr. Muck does not lay specific plans for any distance in the future, and the works mentioned are the only unusual ones he desires to announce at the present time. It is possible before the whole 24 programs shall have been played that other interesting and novel works will find their places in the concerts.

SUNDAY POST,

SEPTEMBER 26,

Symphony Auction Sale

The Sale Commencing Tomorrow Morning in Symphony Hall to Be Last Auction Sale in History of Boston Orchestra—To Determine Largely Where Permanent Patrons of Concerts Will Sit in Years to Come

Charles A. Ellis' announcement that the auction sales of seats for the Boston Symphony season which begin tomorrow morning in Symphony Hall will be the last sales of their kind, and that beginning with the season of 1916-17, the season tickets for both the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts will be sold by subscription at fixed prices, is one of the utmost interest and importance to music-lovers of this city. The immediate result of this announcement has been to make the four auction sales to be held this week the most important to the patrons in the history of the orchestra, for they will determine, to a very large extent, where the regular subscribers will sit at the concerts in future years.

In working out a preliminary plan for subscription, Mr. Ellis decided that the fairest way in which to allot seats at the beginning of a subscription—which would be a permanent affair—will be to allow the owners of the seats bought at the coming auction sales to retain those seats for 1916-1917 and for as many years after as they wish to do so. The plan is that after the season has been well started, the owners of seats for both series of concerts will be given an opportunity to register their names, addresses, and the seats they occupy, so that when notice of subscription for the following season is sent out next spring it will be taken for granted that the owners of seats will retain their seats unless they notify the management to the contrary.

To put it in another way, Mrs. "X." will buy tomorrow M 25-26. Later in the season she will be requested to register her name and address and the seats she owns, and in the spring she will be notified that she has the privilege of renewing her subscription for those seats, and unless she fails to renew before a given date or notifies the management she doesn't care for them, the seats are hers for the following year. This is the plan followed by the orchestra with such success in New York and the other cities it visits, and it is also the plan that is used at the Metropolitan Opera House.

$18 Seats for Friday Tomorrow

The auction sales will be four in number, occupying the greater part of four days. Tomorrow (Monday) the $18 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. These comprise all the seats on the floor, excepting the last nine rows and all the seats in the first balcony, except the last five rows. The ultimate cost of these seats will be the premium bid, added to the original upset price of $18. Tuesday morning, beginning at 10 o'clock, the $10 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be sold, comprising the last nine rows on the floor and the last five rows in the first balcony. As has been the custom for so many years, the second balcony for the Friday afternoon concerts is set aside for "rush" seats, to be sold on the day of the concert at 25 cents each.

There will be no sale on Wednesday, but Thursday the $18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be auctioned. These are the same as for Friday afternoon, all the seats on the floor except the last nine rows, and all the seats in the first balcony except the last five rows. The final sale will be Friday, Oct. 1, when the $10 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be put up for sale. These comprize the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows in the first balcony, and the entire second balcony. It is hardly necessary to say that this year, beyond all other years, it will be to the advantage of patrons to attend the auction in person and bid in their seats, as in that way only are they certain of getting the seats they desire.

First Two Programmes

Dr. Muck has announced the first two programmes. At neither does a soloist appear. The first programme will comprise Beethoven's A-major Symphony No 7; Brahms' "Tragic Overture"; Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes."

The second programme, which will be played Oct. 22 and 23 is decidedly French in complexion, contains the first novelty of the season. This is a symphony in E-flat major by Georges Enesco, the Roumanian violinist and composer, some of whose music has been heard here in the past; the fascinating suite of Ravel, "Ma Mere l'Oye," which had such success two years ago; Charles Martin Loeffler's "The Death of Tintagiles" and Dvorak's overture, "Husitska."

BOSTON POST,

SEPTEMBER 27,

AUCTION SALE FOR SYMPHONY

Seats for Fridays to Be Disposed of Today

The "Symphony regulars" will have the opportunity today practically to determine what seats they will occupy at Friday concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for seasons to come, at the first auction sale of season tickets for the concerts of the coming winter and spring. This will be the last series of auction sales of Symphony tickets, which next season and thereafter will be sold by subscription only at fixed rate, and, under the plan devised by Manager C. A. Ellis of the orchestra, owners of seats this year will have an option to retain them next year, and probably they will be able to secure the same seats during following years.

Today's auction will open at 10 a. m. in Symphony Hall, and the $18 seats for 24 Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. They comprise the entire floor except the last nine rows, and all the first balcony except the last five rows.

BOSTON JOURNAL-

SEPTEMBER 27.

FINAL SYMPHONY AUCTION OPENING

Last Sale of Its Kind to Begin at Symphony Hall Today.

The auction sale of season tickets for the opening Symphony concerts begins at Symphony Hall at 10 o'clock this morning. This year's sale will determine to a large extent the seats the regular symphony patrons will have next season as this will be the last time symphony seats will be sold by auction. Next time they will be sold by subscription only, at a fixed rate. The prices, varying according to the location, will be announced later.

Under the plan devised by C. A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony Orchestra, owners of seats this year will have an option to retain them next year. It is expected that for this reason more patrons will bid for their own seats than for many years past.

The $18 seats for 24 Friday afternoon concerts will be sold today. These comprise the entire floor, except the last nine rows, and the entire first balcony, except the last five rows. The second balcony will be held for "rush" seats to be sold on the days of concerts for 25 cents each.

SEPTEMBER 25,

MONITOR, BOSTON,

NON-UNION ISSUE DEFINED IN CASE OF ORCHESTRAS

Conditions Noted Under Which Boston Symphony Men Visited San Francisco, With the Effect on Federation Elections

Many observers of the orchestral situation in the United States have been curious in regard to the arrangements under which the Boston Symphony orchestra, a non-union organization, made a visit of two weeks in May at the Panama-Pacific exposition, notwithstanding the arrangement supposed to be effectiv between the American Federation of Mu sicians and the exposition authoritie that all performances should be give under union rules. These observers hav been left to suppose that one of tw things occurred: Either the Boston Symphony orchestra gave its concerts in Sa Francisco in spite of the union arrangements or else it gave them with unio

It was stated in The Christian Science Monitor of Feb. 20, on the authority of Harold Brenton, New England member of the national executive board of the federation, that before George W. Stewart, the director of exposition music, could engage the Boston organization for appearance at San Francisco, the federation officials would have to discuss the question and act on it. The supposition was, Mr. Brenton noted at that time, that the federation would give its approval; but the point was made, that under an agreement drawn up by Mr. Stewart and the president of the federation, Joseph N. Weber, in December, 1913, union rules should govern all engagements of orchestral and band musicians at San Francisco.

After the Symphony orchestra made its trip to the exposition, gave its concerts, and returned in artistic triumph, the question arose as to whether the union agreement was broken or evaded or whether it was set aside with the consent of the federation. Inasmuch as the question has been persistently asked ever since, some facts in the case may serve to make the situation clear. It will be remembered that the first proposal of the Boston Symphony orchestra to appear in San Francisco was announced as coming from Mr. Stewart, the director of the exposition music, who made the agreement with the federation in regard to union rules. It will be remembered that after the publication of Mr. Brenton's interview, official announcements of negotiations made no particular mention of the exposition music director as a principal factor. Indeed, anybody who desired to know, had extreme difficulty in finding out just what negotiations were made whereby the orchestra was to appear at the fair. And so far as union consent was concerned, that was neither given nor withheld in any public way.

It transpires that the whole enterprise of the Symphony orchestra's visit was taken out of union jurisdiction by a simple managerial device. A plan was evolved whereby the Boston organization could make its visit to San Francisco in what may be called a private instead of an official capacity. This plan is said to have been executed through William H. Leahy, the San Francisco concert manager. Mr. Leahy, it is said, engaged Festival hall on the exposition grounds for two weeks, taking the building as a concession and paying for it, with the understanding that he could use it in whatever appropriate manner he chose. Having done that, it is further said, he took the responsibility of engaging the Symphony orchestra, with guarantors assisting, and acted as local director of the short concert season.

Necessarily this exploit of the concert managers reacted on federation policy. At the very time that the Symphony orchestra opened its series of concerts in Festival hall, delegates of the National American Federation of Musicians were sitting in annual general convention at San Francisco. On the day after the first concert the delegates took up the question of electing a president. It is said that they intended to reëlect Frank Carothers, who had held office since May, 1914, succeeding Mr. Weber, the president who entered into the agreement with the exposition music director. But certain members of the convention raising objections to the reëlection of Mr. Carothers on the ground that under his administration the agreement of 1913 had been evaded, sentiment took a decided turn. It was argued that if union arrangements could be pushed aside on a technicality and a non-union orchestra could be allowed to appear where it had been understood it should not play without federation consent, nothing stable could be expected in agreements. At once the name of the former president, who had drawn up the arrangement with the exposition music director was put in nomination and he was elected with strong acclaim.

It thus appears that the federation held its ground on the question of the official music at the exposition and that it never made any exception in the case of the Boston Symphony orchestra, not having been given an opportunity to do so. And it appears that the reason why the federation had no such opportunity is to be found in the unofficial and technically private manner in which the orchestra was booked to appear on the exposition grounds. It appears, finally, that the maneuver of the concert managers which made such unofficial appearance possible had a direct effect on federation elections, making the issues between the non-union Boston Symphony orchestra and the union orchestras both in Boston and in other cities of the United States, clearer than they have been since Mr. Weber's former incumbency as federation president.

AMERICAN MUSIC NOTES

It is announced that the sales of season tickets for the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which open on Monday morning at 10 o'clock in Symphony hall, will mark the end of the tion system, which has been employed for 30 years. Beginning with the season of 1916-17, the managers say, all the seats in the hall for both Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts will be sold by subscription at fixed prices.

If, as seems probable, the prices of next season are determined by the receipts from the sales this year and recent past years, something like $50 or $60 a subscription may be expected, for in the bidding at recent auctions, the best seats in the middle of the floor section have brought premiums varying from $18 to $40. These sums added to the starting price of $18, bring the price of each of the 24 concerts up to about $2 and $2.50. A few premiums, however, have run far over $40, and have made the price of each concert $3 and $4 and even more. The new season will put an end to excessive prices, though it cannot be said that they were a necessary hardship, inasmuch as seats in the immediate neighborhood of the dearly bought ones have always been available at moderate premiums.

According to the plan now announced purchasers this year may renew possession of their seats, if they wish to become subscribers next season. And they may continue to hold their seats permanently, if they so desire. So the new system, while doing away with the uncertainties of the auction, and putting the receipts of the orchestra on a determinate basis, may also tend to make seat ownership exclusive. The supposed democracy of the concerts will be no longer emphasized. And with the city growing into a large artistic community, the democratic expressions of music will doubtless find other and more suitable means of outlet. But the second balcony on Friday afternoons, with its 25-cent opportunity, named from times when concert hall arrangements were less disciplined than today the "rush" seat, will continue, it is declared, under the new subscription of next year, a place where students and others can enjoy and appraise good music at a low charge.

At the auction of Monday morning, all the $18 seats for the 24 Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. These comprise the entire floor, with the exception of the last five rows.

On Tuesday Sept. 28, the $10 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. These comprise the last nine rows on the floor, and the last five rows in the first balcony. For the Friday afternoon concerts, this year, as in the past, the entire second balcony is reserved to be sold only on the day of the concert at 25 cents each.

There will be no sale Wednesday, Sept. 29; but on Thursday, Sept. 30, the $18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold. These comprise the same seats as the $18 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts. The last sale comes Friday Oct. 1, beginning at 10 o'clock, when all the rest of the seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold with an upset price of $10. These comprise the last nine rows of the floor, the last five rows of the first balcony and the entire second balcony.

TRANSCRIPT.
SEPTEMBER 27,

SYMPHONY SEATS AT $100

Strangers Pay High Premium for Rehearsals

Favorite Places in Row K the Ones Chosen

Prices at Auction Run Higher Than Usual

Patrons Eager to Retain Seats Next Year

Many things combined to make this morning's auction sale of Symphony Concert rehearsal seats an important event. Announcement that this plan of disposing of tickets would be discontinued after this year has aroused interest, and when Walter Jackson took his stand on the platform there were many more spectators than generally appear at the auction sales.

Women were there who have occupied the same seats for years and when, owing to the interposition of Fate in the shape of bidders from among the speculators, they lost them, disappointment was evident. There were more strangers on hand than are usually noticed among the contingent of music-lovers. Bidding was counted rather slow by those in authority, and yet the average of prices was above those of recent years.

An example of what people will spend for the sake of sitting in favorite places was demonstrated when row K was reached on the big plan stretched in front of the organ. Seats 17 and 18 are among the most favorable in Symphony Hall. Beginning at $30, the auctioneer was kept counting like a school boy trying to test his ability with numbers until $100 was reached. The bidding was plainly between a speculator and a stranger, who won. The seats are across the [illegible]

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he top-priced ones in K brought from $50 to $75; those on the extreme right, by the entrance, brought $32, and on the other end, $48.

For 19 and 20 in row F, the next highest figure, $76, was paid. The lowest in that section was $21.50. For 18 in L, the bidding began at $40 and soon ran up to $64. There was a rustle of surprise when 30 in M brought $61, and 31, $65. In H and E the highest premiums were $51.50 and $51, both for the coveted 19. The same seat in I brought $59; the four just beyond it $40 each and many others, with seemingly the same advantage for seeing and hearing, went for $30.

The first seat in row B, which might almost be called undesirable if such a word can be properly applied to anything connected with the Symphony Concerts, went for $17. The highest in that section was $25.50 for two seats in the centre. Last year these seats brought two dollars more. In row C the highest price was $37 for two seats on the centre aisle left. Last year the lowest price in this row was $31.50 for four seats divided by the centre aisle. In row D prices were advanced as high as $47.50 for one seat on the centre aisle left. The highest price in this row last year was $31.50 for a seat on the centre aisle left.

The management has announced that purchasers at this sale will be given the option of subscribing in succeeding years. These persons who represent agencies are of the belief that, with the loss of the premiums, a return to the auction system is bound to come.

The $10 seats go on sale tomorrow morning.

MONITOR, BOSTON.
SEPTEMBER 27,

PREMIUMS RISE IN FINAL AUCTION AT SYMPHONY

Patrons of the Symphony concerts and representatives of the ticket agencies bid off about 600 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals this morning at Symphony hall at premiums that far exceeded those of last year and that probably averaged higher than on any former year. The premiums paid were large for the end locations on the floor of the hall, as well as for the center locations. A few seats in the very front went at comparatively low prices, as low as $15 being paid for a place under the balcony. But as soon as the front rows were auctioned off, the premiums began to rise and they kept high throughout the entire morning, running from $40 to $60.

There was less difference this year than formerly between the extreme bids and the regular ones. One bidder gave $375 for three seats in the center at row K, two of the places being on the aisle. Seats next to these went for $43 and $45. Seats on the aisle in row N brought $80 and $99. The demand for aisle locations was decidedly strong, and in many cases agents or others made their purchases in blocks of four in such a way as to take the pairs of end seats of an aisle.

The higher prices are due to the announcement made by the managers that purchasers at this year's sale will be given the option of subscribing in succeeding years to the same seats without having to pay a premium.

BOSTON HERALD.
SEPTEMBER 27.

HOLD SYMPHONY AUCTION TODAY

Sale Begins This Morning—Friday Afternoon Tickets to Go First.

The first auction sale of season tickets for the Symphony concerts this season begins at Symphony Hall at 10 o'clock this morning. The importance of this sale to those who are accustomed to go to the Friday afternoon concerts of the orchestra cannot be exaggerated, for it will determine to a very large extent the seats the regular patrons of the concerts will have next season, 1916-1917. As already announced, this will be the last year in which the seats for the Symphony concerts are sold by auction, for next season they will be sold by subscription only at a fixed rate, the prices varying according to the location. Later in the season these prices will be announced.

Under the plan devised by C. A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony orchestra, owners of seats this year will have an option to retain them next year. Toward the end of the year they will have the opportunity to register in the office of Symphony Hall for the seats they own, and in the spring when subscriptions are called for, it will be their privilege to retain those seats without any dispute. For this reason, this year more than ever, it is desirable that they should bid on their own seats.

The seats sold today are the $18 seats for 24 Friday afternoon concerts. These comprise the entire floor, except the last

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nine rows, and the entire first balcony, except the last five rows. The second balcony will be held out for rush seats to be sold on the days of concerts for 25 cents each.

The usual rule will cover the sale. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order, and not for the choice; and not more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

There will be an intermission of one hour for luncheon when the broad aisle, Row X, is reached. This usually comes about 1 o'clock. The balcony is usually reached about 3 o'clock. First the right aisle is sold; then the left side, then the centre.

BOSTON HERALD,
SEPTEMBER 28.

SYMPHONY BIDS AVERAGE HIGHER

Lively Action Marks Opening Sale of Seats—Two Bring $100 Each.

The auction sale of Symphony concert rehearsal seats at Symphony Hall yesterday resulted in an average of about 20 per cent. higher being paid for seats than were paid last year. While last season's high record bid for individual seats was not equalled yesterday, two seats, 17 and 18 in row K, were sold for $100 each.

They were purchased by Col. C. N. Wallace of 478 Commonwealth avenue, who has been a patron of the Symphony concerts ever since they began, and who was the possessor of the same two seats in seasons past. He had to indulge in some spirited bidding before securing them.

As the purchasers of seats this year will be given the opportunity of subscribing in succeeding years without having to pay the auction premium, there was added interest in yesterday's sale. It was noticed that many persons who have not been regular attendants at the concerts were scattered among the bidders.

Walter Jackson, acting as auctioneer, was kept very busy, for the bids in most cases, although coming quickly enough, increased but a dollar or two at a time. For instance, the seats that sold for $100 each were started at $30, and the bids ran along practically a dollar at a time. Last year's high figure was $108 for row N.

The seats on either side of the top-price ones yesterday brought from $50 to $75; those on the extreme left brought $48, and those on the right $32. The second highest price was $76, for seats 19 and 20, row F. The lowest figure for a seat in F row was $21.50. Seats 30 and 31 in row M sold for $61 and $65, respectively, and seat 18 in L brought $64. For seats 18 in rows H and E premiums of $51.50 and $50 were bid. The same sea in row I brought $59; the four seats just beyond it were sold for $40 each, and others in the same locality went for $30.

The highest sum paid for seats in row B was $22.50, the same two seats last year bringing $2 more. The highest paid for seats in C was $37, and in row B the top figure was $47.50, as compared with $31.50 last year.

This morning the $10 seats will be placed on sale.

BOSTON GLOBE–
SEPTEMBER 28,

BROKERS GET SYMPHONY SEATS

Buy Bulk of Desirable Rehearsal Tickets.

Private Buyers Forced to Pay Unusually High Prices.

Top Premium $100 Each for Two Row K Chairs.

Unless something unforeseen happens, it would appear that in the future the seat sale for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and possibly the seat sale for the Saturday evening concerts, will be largely controlled by two or three private ticket brokers' offices in this city, instead of being open to the public as in this and previous years, when the seats were disposed of at auction.

For at yesterday's sale of the $18 tickets for this year's rehearsals, promi-

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desirable seats. And, under the announced policy of the Symphony Orchestra management that the purchasers of tickets this year will be able to retain the same seat holdings next year—when the auction system is to be abolished and the prices of tickets standardized—it would seem that the ticket brokers will be able to retain their present holdings from season to season, and possibly control prices in the future.

This appeared to be the general belief of many patrons of the Symphony concerts who, at yesterday's sale, were forced to pay unusually high prices for mediocre seats because of the spirited bidding of the ticket brokers or speculators.

Premiums Higher Than Last Year.

The premiums on the $18 tickets at yesterday's sale ranged fully 25 percent above those of last year, though last year's figure of $112 for a single ticket was not reached. However, $100 each for a pair of center aisle seats in row K was paid by the representative of Col C. N. Wallace of 478 Commonwealth av. This was above the upset price of $18 for each ticket.

Col Wallace's block of seven seats in row K cost him exactly $601, but they are the same that he has had for the last seven years, and his representative was under instructions to get them at any cost.

Low mark was $11, all that seat seven in the front row of the floor brought.

The heavy bidding by the ticket men resulted in a somewhat slow market; individual buyers were slow to take a hand at bidding, feeling that the prices which brokers were offering for the run of good seats were altogether too high to be outdistanced. Throughout the morning, when the front section of floor seats were being disposed of, the bulk of prospective private purchasers just sat back and waited for things to take a turn.

Seats in row N were going at a premium of $80, and one pair of aisle seats in that row, 18 and 19, went to one of the ticket men for $90 each. A block of four in O was knocked down at $69 each, three in P went at $61 each, and even back in R the center aisle seats ran up to $81. Those were fair examples of the high marks for the morning.

Agency Men Get Good Seats.

The afternoon sale, which the individual buyers hoped would run down the prices somewhat, opened with seats 1 and 2 in row T. These are under the side balcony and by no means the most desirable in the row, yet they brought $40 each. For rows T, U, V, W, X, Y and Z the average premium per seat was close to $50.

It was not until the double-letter rows at the rear of the $18 section were reached that prices began to wane. The brokers were not so keen to get these poor seats and allowed individual purchasers more leeway. The minimum price in row AA was $34. It dropped $2 in BB; was down to $27 in FF, and touched $24 in JJ, the last row.

When it came time to dispose of the balcony seats it was thought some spirited bidding would run the top price higher than the $100 bid of the morning. It didn't, however, though one of the agency men ran against a private buyer who forced him to pay $79 and $90 respectively for seats 5 and 6 of row A in the left balcony.

As with the floor seats, the agency men managed to take the best of the balcony seats, and the others were forced to content themselves with the poorer seats at the rear of the side balconies.

A fair idea of the heavy buying by the ticket men may be obtained by comparing the balcony ticket purchases of known representatives of, or the ticket brokers themselves, and the private buyers. The former secured approximately 262 of the choicest seats, while the private buyers took only 163.

And of the 163, at least 20 were withheld from public sale by the management. Buying of the floor seats by the ticket men was certainly as heavy, and probably heavier, than their operations in the balcony.

The $10 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals go on sale at 10 this morning. The Saturday night tickets will be auctioned at 10 Thursday and Friday mornings.

From NEWS Providence, R. I.
Address SEP 11 1915
Date

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Madamme Melba the greatest coloratura soprano of our time, if not of all times, will make her only appearance in Providence this year at the first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall Tuesday evening, October 19th. It is by great chance that the Orchestra has been able to secure the services of his supreme singer. Madamme Melba is now in this country, having landed in San Francisco from Honolulu August 31st. She is to make an extended concert tour, during which she will sing several times with Boston's great orchestra.

The Orchestra, under Dr. Muck will give its usual series of six concerts in Providence on Tuesday evenings, the dates being October 19, November 23, December 28, February 3, March 7, and April 11. Orders are now being taken at Symphony Hall in Boston for season tickets. All such orders should be addressed to C. A. Ellis. The general public sale of season tickets will open at the box office of the Orchestra, Seddons' News stand, early in October.

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The first seat in row B, which might almost be called undesirable if such a word can be properly applied to anything connected with the Symphony Concerts, went for $17. The highest in that section was $25.50 for two seats in the centre. Last year these seats brought two dollars more. In row C the highest price was $37 for two seats on the centre aisle left. Last year the lowest price in this row was $31.50 for four seats divided by the centre aisle. In row D prices were advanced as high as $47.50 for one seat on the centre aisle left. The highest price in this row last year was $31.50 for a seat on the centre aisle left.

The management has announced that purchasers at this sale will be given the option of subscribing in succeeding years. Those persons who represent agencies are of the belief that, with the loss of the premiums, a return to the auction system is bound to come.

The $10 seats go on sale tomorrow morning.

MONITOR, BOSTON.
SEPTEMBER 27,

PREMIUMS RISE IN FINAL AUCTION AT SYMPHONY

Patrons of the Symphony concerts and representatives of the ticket agencies bid off about 600 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals this morning at Symphony hall at premiums that far exceeded those of last year and that probably averaged higher than on any former year. The premiums paid were large for the end locations on the floor of the hall, as well as for the center locations. A few seats in the very front went at comparatively low prices, as low as $15 being paid for a place under the balcony. But as soon as the front rows were auctioned off, the premiums began to rise and they kept high throughout the entire morning, running from $40 to $60.

There was less difference this year than formerly between the extreme bids and the regular ones. One bidder gave $375 for three seats in the center at row K, two of the places being on the aisle. Seats next to these went for $43 and $45. Seats on the aisle in row N brought $80 and $99. The demand for aisle locations was decidedly strong, and in many cases agents or others made their purchases in blocks of four in such a way as to take the pairs of end seats of an aisle.

The higher prices are due to the announcement made by the managers that purchasers at this year's sale will be given the option of subscribing in succeeding years to the same seats without having to pay a premium.

BOSTON HERALD.
SEPTEMBER 27.

HOLD SYMPHONY AUCTION TODAY

Sale Begins This Morning—Friday Afternoon Tickets to Go First.

The first auction sale of season tickets for the Symphony concerts this season begins at Symphony Hall at 10 o'clock this morning. The importance of this sale to those who are accustomed to go to the Friday afternoon concerts of the orchestra cannot be exaggerated, for it will determine to a very large extent the seats the regular patrons of the concerts will have next season, 1916-1917. As already announced, this will be the last year in which the seats for the Symphony concerts are sold by auction, for next season they will be sold by subscription only at a fixed rate, the prices varying according to the location. Later in the season these prices will be announced.

Under the plan devised by C. A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony orchestra, owners of seats this year will have an option to retain them next year. Toward the end of the year they will have the opportunity to register in the office of Symphony Hall for the seats they own, and in the spring when subscriptions are called for, it will be their privilege to retain those seats without any dispute. For this reason, this year more than ever, it is desirable that they should bid on their own seats.

The seats sold today are the $18 seats for 24 Friday afternoon concerts. These comprise the entire floor, except the last

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nine rows, and the entire first balcony, except the last five rows. The second balcony will be held out for rush seats to be sold on the days of concerts for 25 cents each.

The usual rule will cover the sale. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order, and not for the choice; and not more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

There will be an intermission of one hour for luncheon when the broad aisle, Row X, is reached. This usually comes about 1 o'clock. The balcony is usually reached about 3 o'clock. First the right aisle is sold; then the left side, then the centre.

BOSTON HERALD,
SEPTEMBER 28,

SYMPHONY BIDS AVERAGE HIGHER

Lively Action Marks Opening Sale of Seats—Two Bring $100 Each.

The auction sale of Symphony concert rehearsal seats at Symphony Hall yesterday resulted in an average of about 20 per cent. higher being paid for seats than were paid last year. While last season's high record bid for individual seats was not equalled yesterday, two seats, 17 and 18 in row K, were sold for $100 each.

They were purchased by Col. C. N. Wallace of 478 Commonwealth avenue, who has been a patron of the Symphony concerts ever since they began, and who was the possessor of the same two seats in seasons past. He had to indulge in some spirited bidding before securing them.

As the purchasers of seats this year will be given the opportunity of subscribing in succeeding years without having to pay the auction premium, there was added interest in yesterday's sale. It was noticed that many persons who have not been regular attendants at the concerts were scattered among the bidders.

Walter Jackson, acting as auctioneer, was kept very busy, for the bids in most cases, although coming quickly enough, increased but a dollar or two at a time. For instance, the seats that sold for $100 each were started at $30, and the bids ran along practically a dollar at a time. Last year's high figure was $108 for row N.

The seats on either side of the top-price ones yesterday brought from $50 to $75; those on the extreme left brought $48, and those on the right $32. The second highest price was $76, for seats 19 and 20, row F. The lowest figure for a seat in F row was $21.50. Seats 30 and 31 in row M sold for $61 and $65, respectively, and seat 18 in L brought $64. For seats 18 in rows H and E premiums of $51.50 and $50 were bid. The same sea in row I brought $59; the four seats just beyond it were sold for $40 each, and others in the same locality went for $30.

The highest sum paid for seats in row B was $22.50, the same two seats last year bringing $2 more. The highest paid for seats in C was $37, and in row B the top figure was $47.50, as compared with $31.50 last year.

This morning the $10 seats will be placed on sale.

BOSTON GLOBE-
SEPTEMBER 28,

BROKERS GET SYMPHONY SEATS

Buy Bulk of Desirable Rehearsal Tickets.

Private Buyers Forced to Pay Unusually High Prices.

Top Premium $100 Each for Two Row K Chairs.

Unless something unforeseen happens, it would appear that in the future the seat sale for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and possibly the seat sale for the Saturday evening concerts, will be largely controlled by two or three private ticket brokers' offices in this city, instead of being open to the public as in this and previous years, when the seats were disposed of at auction.

For at yesterday's sale of the $18 tickets for this year's rehearsals, prominent ticket brokers secured

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than half the house and the bulk of the desirable seats. And, under an announced policy of the Symphony Orchestra management that the purchasers of tickets this year will be able to retain the same seat holdings next year —when the auction system is to be abolished and the prices of tickets standardized—it would seem that the ticket brokers will be able to retain their present holdings from season to season, and possibly control prices in the future.

This appeared to be the general belief of many patrons of the Symphony concerts who, at yesterday's sale, were forced to pay unusually high prices for mediocre seats because of the spirited bidding of the ticket brokers or speculators.

Premiums Higher Than Last Year.

The premiums on the $18 tickets at yesterday's sale ranged fully 25 percent above those of last year, though last year's figure of $112 for a single ticket was not reached. However, $100 each for a pair of center aisle seats in row K was paid by the representative of Col C. N. Wallace of 478 Commonwealth av. This was above the upset price of $18 for each ticket.

Col Wallace's block of seven seats in row K cost him exactly $601, but they are the same that he has had for the last seven years, and his representative was under instructions to get them at any cost.

Low mark was $11, all that seat seven in the front row of the floor brought.

The heavy bidding by the ticket men resulted in a somewhat slow market. individual buyers were slow to take a hand at bidding, feeling that the prices which brokers were offering for the run of good seats were altogether too high to be outdistanced. Throughout the morning, when the front section of floor seats were being disposed of, the bulk of prospective private purchasers just sat back and waited for things to take a turn.

Seats in row N were going at a premium of $80, and one pair of aisle seats in that row, 18 and 19, went to one of the ticket men for $90 each. A block of four in O was knocked down at $69 each, three in P went at $61 each, and even back in R the center aisle seats ran up to $81. Those were fair examples of the high marks for the morning.

Agency Men Get Good Seats.

The afternoon sale, which the individual buyers hoped would run down the prices somewhat, opened with seats 1 and 2 in row T. These are under the side balcony and by no means the most desirable in the row, yet they brought $40 each. For rows T, U, V, W, X, Y and Z the average premium per seat was close to $50.

It was not until the double-letter rows at the rear of the $18 section were reached that prices began to wane. The brokers were not so keen to get these poor seats and allowed individual purchasers more leeway. The minimum price in row AA was $34. It dropped $2 in BB; was down to $27 in FF, and touched $24 in JJ, the last row.

When it came time to dispose of the balcony seats it was thought some spirited bidding would run the top price higher than the $100 bid of the morning. It didn't, however, though one of the agency men ran against a private buyer who forced him to pay $79 and $90 respectively for seats 5 and 6 of row A in the left balcony.

As with the floor seats, the agency men managed to take the best of the balcony seats, and the others were forced to content themselves with the poorer seats at the rear of the side balconies.

A fair idea of the heavy buying by the ticket men may be obtained by comparing the balcony ticket purchases of known representatives of, or the ticket brokers themselves, and the private buyers. The former secured approximately 262 of the choicest seats, while the private buyers took only 163.

And of the 163, at least 20 were withheld from public sale by the management. Buying of the floor seats by the ticket men was certainly as heavy, and probably heavier, than their operations in the balcony.

The $10 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals go on sale at 10 this morning. The Saturday night tickets will be auctioned at 10 Thursday and Friday mornings.

NEWS
From Providence, R. I.
Address SEP 11 1915
Date
Est 184

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Madamme Melba the greatest coloratura soprano of our time, if not of all times, will make her only appearance in Providence this year at the first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall Tuesday evening, October 19th. It is by great chance that the Orchestra has been able to secure the services of this supreme singer. Madamme Melba is now in this country, having landed in San Francisco from Honolulu August 31st. She is to make an extended concert tour, during which she will sing several times with Boston's great orchestra.

The Orchestra, under Dr. Muck will give its usual series of six concerts in Providence on Tuesday evenings, the dates being October 19, November 23, December 28, Febraury 8, March 7, and April 11. Orders are now being taken at Symphony Hall in Boston for season tickets. All such orders should be addressed to C. A. Ellis. The general public sale of season tickets will open at the box office of the Orchestra, Seddons' Newsstand, early in October.

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The number of spectators and strangers present was quite noticeable, and this may have been due to the increased interest taken in the auction.

The highest price for seats was brought for seats 17 and 18 in row K, considered the most desirable in Symphony Hall. Auctioneer Walter Jackson started these two seats at $30, but he found his ability to keep up with the bids taxed to the utmost. When the bid reached $100, one of the two bidders decided that his opponent was welcome to the tickets and dropped out. The seats on each side of the two high-priced ones brought $50 to $75, and those near the entrance dropped down to $32, but rose to $48 on the opposite side of the hall. The record price for tickets last year was $108 for row N.

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John Alden Carpenter

TRANSCRIPT,

SEPTEMBER 22,

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

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Dr. Muck Hints at His Programmes—A Symphony by Mahler, Carpenter's Amusing Suite and Other Novel Pieces—Revivals and Classics—More Autumn Opera

IT is Dr. Muck's custom to make his programmes for the Symphony Concerts gradually, as the season progresses, that he may better assort and balance his choice. As yet he has put together no more than the programmes for three pairs of concerts; but he has already pitched upon a few pieces, new to Boston that he will bring to hearing in the course of the autumn and the winter. One such is a symphony by Mahler, necessarily chosen from those in which he has not joined a chorus to his orchestra. Which it will be the conductor has not yet decided; but it is easy to predict that he and the orchestra will be as eloquent in it as they were in the only other symphony of Mahler that Boston yet knows by actual performance. Another novel piece is a symphony by Enesco, the Roumanian who has long dwelt and worked in Paris and who has proved himself a master of vivid rhythms and brilliant instrumentation in such of his music as has been heard here.

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Paper ~~Telegraph~~ Post
City ~~New York~~ Chicago
Date 915 State, ~~N.~~ Ill

Announcement by Boston Orchestra

By Karleton Hackett.

AN INTERESTING announcement has just come from Boston regarding the sale of season tickets for the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The patrons have been notified that after the present year there will be no further auctioning off of the season tickets, and the subscribers to this present season will be permitted to retain their seats next year by signifying at the proper time their wish so to do.

This represents the definite abandonment by the management of the Boston orchestra of one of the most cherished aims of the founder of these concerts. It was the original intention to make these symphony concerts popular in the proper meaning of the word by establishing a scale of prices which would bring them within the reach of every purse. The subscription seats at first fell into two catagories, those at $12 and those at $7.50. At these prices it was known that there must be a large deficit each year, but Major Henry L. Higginson established the concerts with this fully in mind and prepared to pay the necessary amount out of his own purse.

In order to make sure that these concerts should not become the exclusive privilege of a sort of voluntary close corporation, nobody was permitted to purchase more than four tickets, and there was no renewal of subscriptions from one year to the next. Each individual could buy four seats at the open sale, but this gave no right to prior consideration when it came time for the sale of tickets for the next season. Each year it was by open sale, with no favor for anybody because he had purchased tickets the year previous.

The desire of the public of Boston to attend these concerts and the anxiety to procure seats in advance finally compelled the management to resort to the plan of auctioning the choice of tickets. At first only the higher priced seats were thus offered, the $7.50 seats still being sold at the box office at the advertised figure. But here, too, the pressure grew too great until it reached a point where the line would form before the window three days before the sale was to begin. Messenger boys and men out of employment were engaged in relays to stand so many hours in the line to keep a place until it should be time for the window to open. So they had to give way and sell all the seats at auction.

Some years ago the prices were raised to $18 and $10, at which figure they now remain. The second balcony, as in our Orchestra Hall, has always been thrown open to the public for 25 cents, with no reserved seats. But Major Higginson's desire to make of the Boston Symphony Orchestra an institution open to the public at a small fee, which anybody could pay has been defeated by the people themselves.

The more desirable $18 seats bring an average price at the auction of from $40 to $80, and so on, in proportion, down the list. The whole thing had become systematized. Certain people always had certain seats, and the actual purchasing was put into the hands of a few men who went with prepared lists, bid in the tickets, and distributed them to the owners. Altho the management would not give any rights, officially, to previous subscribers, the matter was handled in such a manner at the auction that the purposes of Major Higginson were rendered in this respect of no avail. The same people had the same seats each year and if an outsider by high bidding should have attempted to gain them for himself—well, dear me, that would not have done at all and the idea never en-

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From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date

Established

MUSICAL JOYS PROMISED

MRS. WILSON-GREENE, in an announcement for the coming season, promises Washington a program that will include many of the foremost musical artists of the world. As usual, Mrs. Greene will present the Boston Symphony Orchestra in five concerts Tuesday afternoons, November 2, November 30, January 4, February 15, and March 14. The soloists to appear with the Boston Symphony are Miss Florence Hinkle, Ernest Schelling, Fritz Kriesler and Ossip Gabrilowitsch.

One of the most important announcements will be the "artists' course" of five concerts, opening with Mme. Emmy Destinn, the great soprano from the Metropolitan Opera, on December 3. The course will also include Mischa Elman, the great violinist, January 14; Mme. Gadski and Clarence Whitehill from the Metropolitan Opera, in a joint Wagnerian program, February 18; Harold Bauer, pianist, and Pablo Casals, the great cellist, in joint recital, March 3, and Pasquale Amato, barytone, and Florence Macbeth, coloratura soprano, from the Chicago Opera, in joint recital, March 31.

Other artists to appear under Mrs. Greene's management during the season will be Geraldine Farrar, November 9; Mary Garden, November 16; John McCormack, November 26; Fritz Kreisler, December 9; Mme. Melba, Paderewski and Titto Ruffo, dates to be announced later.

Mrs. Greene will also present Selwyn & Co.'s Whitney Fashion Show at two matinee performances. This will be the first entire theatrical performance devoted to the fine art of dress and the first fashion show to be presented by an established firm of theatrical managers as a regular dramatic entertainment. Also Mme. Pavlowa with entire ballet and grand opera company will be presented by Mrs. Greene some time during the season.

All of these attractions will be given in the National Theater.

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date SEP 1 9
Estal 84

Boston Symphony Will Give Five Concerts Here

Mrs. Wilson-Greene, in announcing her plans for the coming season, will present to Washington a program that will include many of the foremost musical artists of the world. As usual, Mrs. Greene will present the Boston Symphony Orchestra in five concerts, Tuesday afternoons, November 2, November 30, January 4, February 15, and March 14. The soloists to appear with the Boston Symphony are Miss Florence Hinkle, Mr. Ernest Schelling, Mr. Fritz Kreisler, and Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch.

One of the most important announcements will be the "artists' course" of five concerts, in which will be heard world-renowned artists in recital programs. The artists' course will be opened with Mme. Emmy Destinn, the great soprano from the Metropolitan Opera, on December 3. The "artists' course" is planned to include Mischa Elman, the great violinist, January 14; Mme. Gadski and Clarence Whitehill, from the Metropolitan Opera, in a joint Wagnerian program, February 18; Harold Bauer, pianist, and Pablo Cassals, the great 'cellist, in joint recital, March 3, and Pasquale Amato, barytone, and Florence MacBeth, coloratura soprano, from the Chicago opera, in joint recital March 31.

Other artists scheduled to appear under Mrs. Greene's management during the season will be Geraldine Farrar, November 9; Mary Garden, November 16; John McCormick, November 26; Fritz Kreisler, December 9; Mme. Melba, Paderewski, and Tito Ruffo on dates to be announced. In addition to the above concerts, Mrs. Greene will present Selwyn & Co.'s Whitney Fashion Show at two matinee performances. Also Mme. Pavlowa, with entire ballet and grand opera company, are included in the future plans, according to Mrs. Greene. All of these attractions will be given in the National Theater.

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date
Es 1884

SOLOISTS SELECTED FOR BOSTON SYMPHONY SEASON

17

Madame Melba to Sing at First Concert in October.

Soloists of unusually high quality have been secured for the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city this season, it is said upon good authority. As usual the soloists will be divided about equally between singers and instrumentalists.

Madame Melba will sing at the opening concert. Some critics of high standing rank Mme. Melba as the greatest of living sopranos. The other two singers of the season are Madame Louise Homer, the famous contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Madame van Endert, a German soprano who has met with great success in America the last two years.

The instrumentalists include Miss Laeta Hartley, pianist; Ernest Schelling, noted both as a fine musician and as Paderewski's only pupil, and Josef Malkin, the chief 'cellist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The renewal of last year's subscriptions has been going on since last spring, but it is said that desirable seats will be available to the general public when the sale opens Oct. 11.

From Bulletin
Address Providence, R. I.
Date SEP 18
Esta 4

SOLOISTS SELECTED FOR BOSTON SYMPHONY SEASON

Madame Melba to Sing at First Concert in October.

Soloists of unusually high quality have been secured for the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city this season, it is said upon good authority. As usual the soloists will be divided about equally between singers and instrumentalists.

Madame Melba will sing at the opening concert. Some critics of high standing rank Mme. Melba as the greatest of living sopranos. The other two singers of the season are Madame Louise Homer, the famous contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Madame van Endert, a German soprano who has met with great success in America the last two years.

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From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date
E

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Boston musical circles have received something of a shock in the announcement made last week by the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra that this year will bring the last of the auction sales of season tickets.

This method of selling tickets which has been in vogue for 30 years has been each year increasingly unsatisfactory from almost every point of view. In the fall of 1916-1917 all tickets will be sold by subscription at fixed prices, following the same method as has been used from the beginning in this city. The only difference will be that the tickets will be considerably higher in price than those in Providence, which gets the Boston Symphony concerts at a lower rate per concert by subscription than any other city in the country.

The announcement already made that the renewal of subscriptions by last season's patrons is in excess of the average does not mean that all the desirable seats have been taken. Some still remain for the opening here of the season sale on Monday, Oct. 11.

* * *

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date
Estab

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is announcing for its series of 24 public rehearsals and 24 concerts in Boston, an extraordinary list of soloists. They are Madame Melba, Miss Farrar, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Rosenthal, Mr. Bauer, Miss Ruth Deyo and Mr. Ernest Schelling. In addition to these eight, four members of the orchestra will appear, so that there will be soloists on 12 out of the 24 programmes. This is about the usual number provided for Boston.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, who is at present living in a cottage near the Profile House in the White Mountains, preparing her concert repertoire with her accompanist, Richard Epstein, is leaving for New York toward the end of the month, and begins her long concert tour the first week of October. In her company will be Miss Ada Sassaoli, the Italian harpist, and Reinald Warrenrath, the distinguished American baritone.

Fritz Kreisler has done much work with his pen during his stay in Bar Harbor the past summer. In response to a query as to what he had accomplished, he writes as follows:

"I wrote, or rearranged this summer, the following pieces:

"Rondino from a theme by Beethoven. The theme in question consists of eight bars which occur in a very early and unimportant composition by Beethoven, now quite forgotten. The little theme itself is of indescribale charm and its rhythm is of such alluring piquancy that it gains by every repetition. In order to set this peculiarity off to advantage, I conceived the idea of writing a rondo around it, the rondo being a form of composition where a short theme returns obstinately in more or less irregular intervals. Rondino means little rondo. I have tried to keep the old elastic style throughout the little piece, and hope I have succeeded. Then followed two violin transcriptions. The first is of a fascinating Spanish dance by Granados, the Spanish composer whose opera, "The Goyescas," is to be performed next winter at the Metropolitan Opera House. The second is a quaint posthumous mazurka by Chopin.

"Furthermore I have just finished the adaptation of two sacred Latin hymns, 'O Sanctissima' and 'O Salutaris Hostia,' two old melodies of Cofelli and Couperin, respectively, and I have rearranged a beautifgul Viennese folk-song, 'The Old Refrain,' all three of these for my friend, John McCormack.

"Some time ago, a lady set me the

words of a cradle song, which the rhythm of the main melody in my 'Caprice Viennois' had inspired. The words being quaint and touching, 'Soldier's Widow Singing to Her Orphan.' I, in turn, remodelled the melody somewhat to suit the words and the result is a song called 'Cradle Song, 1915.'

"By the way," continues Mr. Kreisler, "I shall play very much next winter several short compositions by Leopold Godowsky; these pieces are, in their way, quite unique. Rich, melodious invention, exquisite harmonic treatment and an unusual treatment of the violin as an instrument are their most salient features."

The benefit concert which Paderewski gave in San Francisco last month in aid of the Polish victims of the war was so successful, realizing over $9000, that the great pianist has determined to do more work of the kind in the East. He will give at least three concerts in October, the entire proceeds of which will be devoted to this cause. These will be given in New York, Boston and Chicago. There is a possibility that he will give a fourth, but this is not altogether determined. Mr. Paderewskia, as a preliminary to his recital, will make an appeal to the public for his suffering countrymen. Then, as is most appropriate, he will play a programme devoted entirely to the works of his great compatriot, Frederic Chopin. Full details concerning these concerts will be made public later.

Beginning next Sunday, Sept. 26, the Strand Theatre will run a series of Sunday night concerts. The opening announcement includes Fairman's Concert Orchestra, consisting of 24 selected musicians, the Doric Male Quartet, and other vocal and instrumental numbers. The immense pipe organ which has been in use at the Strand for some time will be employed to augment Fairman's Orchestra in some of the numbers. The management will endeavor to present the best local talent obtainable. Arrangements are being made to secure artists from Boston and New York for some of the conserts later. Admission will be at popular prices. The opening concert is announced for 8:15 next Sunday evening.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date
Esta 384

The Boston Symphong Orchestra, whose concerts in Providence are the most important musical events of a season, has ust been selling tickets for the 48 concerts it gives each season in Boston. These tickets, as was the case for many years, were sold at auction, and the report is that all records were broken in prices brought. This is partly due to the fact that times are good and partly due to the fact that next year all the Boston tickets will be sold by subscription at fixed rates, and the owners for seats this year will have the same privilege given as to Providence subscribers, which is that they may retain their seats for another season.

The orchestra is leaving Boston today in a special train of Pullmans on a Western trip that will carry it as far as the Missouri river. The last concert on the trip will be given in the Audotium, Chicago, Sunday afternoon, October 10th.

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date
Establ 4

* * *

Devoting a long discussion to the prospective season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, its new departures, its dates and the repetition of its routine, the Transcript recently pointed out that "hardly ever before have the announcements of the concerts been so barren of what the public most wishes to know."

While paying a high tribute to the attainments and achievements of Dr. Muck, the balance he has always maintained in his programmes and his success in penetrating his men with his ideals, it complains, not unjustly, that the public on which the orchestra is dependent for its patronage still misses and inquires for the old comprehensive prospectus, and is forced to "piece together a series of announcements made more or less obscurely from week to week, and not one of them as it happens hints at the programmes of the new year."

Continuing, it says: "Such preliminary announcement would by no means bind him to literal fidelity to it. Circumstances alter the best-laid plans, and there is reason even in the things of music. The audiences of the concerts would merely enjoy the pleasures of anticipation in that which most stimulates them—the music they are to hear under Dr. Muck's hand. Managements, as a rule, are not chary of announcements interesting to the public that they wish to attract. It is a superfluous reticence on the part of a conductor to withhold them."

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From **JOURNAL**
Address: **Providence, R. I.**
Date

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, with its full personnel, is leaving Boston today on a Western tour, in the course of which it will give seven concerts in as many days. It will travel in a special train of its own Pullmans, to which will be added a private car for the use of Dr. Muck. The concerts beginning tomorrow evening will be given in Toledo, Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Louis, with the last concert next Sunday afternoon in the Chicago Auditorium. All the auditoriums in which it plays, with the exception of that in St. Louis, hold from 4000 to 5000 persons, and all of them are completely sold out for the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts, so that the orchestra will play to more persons in a given time than is on record in this country.

The subscription for the Providence concerts is progressing well, and tickets are already being distributed from the Boston office to subscribers. The public sale of season tickets opens at Seddon's News Stand a week from to-morrow.

One of the most important compositions to be given by the orchestra in Boston this year is the "Dante" Symphony of Liszt, which employs the use of a female chorus in the last movement; and it is also planned to give what, so far as can be found out, has never been heard in Boston, Liszt's "Ce qu'on Entend sur le Montagne." It is also proposed to do one of the Mahler Symphonies which does not employ the use of a chorus.

One of the most interesting things Dr. Muck has on his list, which, if it is successful, is likely to be heard in this city, is a symphonic poem by the American, John Carpenter, entitled "Adventures in a Perambulator." This work, which has as its hero a baby, was played twice last season by the Chicago Orchestra under Stock in Chicago and made a success. It is said to be humorous music of real originality. Dr. Muck studied the score for a while last spring, and was pleased with it.

An interesting work that is to be heard in this city is Ernest Schelling's "Symphonic Variations" for piano and orchestra, with Mr. Schelling as pianist. Mr. Schelling's "Fantastic Suite," which he wrote several years ago, employed incidentally as themes the tunes of "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle." Those who have seen the new work say that it is equally attractive and astonishingly clever.

Mme. Melba, who will be soloist at the first concert, will sing three arias: "The Sweet Bird," from Handel's "Il Penseroso," and two from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro;" the Page's song, "Voi che sapete," and the Countess's aria, "Porgi Amor."

* * *

Mme. Magarete Matzenauer, who will open the forthcoming Steinert series with Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana, in Infantry Hall on Nov. 9, is notable for her interpretation of soprano, mezzo-soprano and contralto roles, and heretofore restricted principally to activity in opera, has yielded to the popular demand for her appearance in concerts.

She will begin her season on Friday, when she will sing at the last concert of the 58th annual Worcester Music Festival, which opens in Mechanics Hall tomorrow evening.

The list of soloists and principal works to be performed was announced in this column last Sunday. "The Children's Crusade," by Pierne, which has twice been successfully given in this city by the Arion Club, is officially announced as the principal novelty of the festival, and the new work given last year, "The New Life," will be repeated.

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Est 384

From **TRIBUNE**
Address: **Providence, R. I.**
Date

The Boston Sympony Orchestra is most fortunate this season in having been able to keep its personnel practically intact. There will be one change in the trumpet section and one change in the second violins, otherwise the same men who played with so much success under Dr. Muck a year ago will be with him this year. This is most important, for it enables Dr. Muck to start at a point at the beginning of a season where practically he finished at the end of last.

Establi

From **POST**
Address: **Washington, D. C.**
Date

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose ive concerts are important features of he musical and social season in Washngston, is leaving today on a Western rip on which it will give concerts in s many days. The cities visited, beinning tomorrow night and ending ext Sunday afternoon, are Toledo, Milvaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. ouis and Chicago, the last concert being n the auditorium of the latter city, unday afternoon, October 10.

Est 1884

From **AMERICAN**
Address: **Baltimore, Md.**
Date OCT 3 - 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Subscribers to the series of five concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Baltimore the coming season have been notified that their tickets are ready for distribution at Albaugh's ticket office, Fayette and Charles streets. Mr. Albaugh, who, in the matter of tickets is agent here for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, reports that the subscription preceding the opening of the general public sale of the season tickets here is the largest in the history of the orchestra. The general sale will open at Albaugh's a week from tomorrow (Monday) morning, October 11th. There are still desirable seats to be secured: The concerts, as usual, will be in the Lyric Theater on Wednesday evenings, and the dates are November 3, December 1, January 5, February 16 and March 15th.

Establ

From **EVENING STAR**
Address: **Washington, D. C.**
Date

Symphonic Precedence.—An effort has been made to induce the conductors of the different representative orchestras playing in Washington to agree to vary their programs so that auditors might not find numbers duplicated in the different concerts. The plan met with the approval of the New York Symphony Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic Society and the Philadelphia Orchestra. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, however, claims to be first in the Washington field and intimates that it would be impossible, with propriety, to submit programs to other orchestras whose concerts have been made possible through the success of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is further suggested by the management that other orchestras, if they wish to avoid duplicating selections, should endeavor to get programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra before making up their own. The claim to precedence made by the Boston orchestra is challenged by the New York Symphony Orchestra with the reminder of its success in giving symphony concerts in Washington since the year 1886.

Jacques Futrelle. — Jacques Futrell

Estab 4

From **POST**
Address: **Washington, D. C.**
Date

FOR several years these columns of The Post have voiced the regret which has been felt by many music lovers in Washington, that the symphony orchestras which visit the Capital should so frequently duplicate programs. It has even happened that the same symphony has been played by three orchestras within a period of six weeks. While such incidents have a certain value for purposes of comparison, nevertheless it has been a loss to the public to have the number of musical masterpieces offered thus reduced. Those cities which support their own orchestras do not often hear the same numbers given twice or three times in a single season, and Washington, by virtue of its generous patronage of visiting musical organizations, should be given the greatest possible variety of orchestral music.

This duplication finally brought about a formal protest on the part of a large number of music lovers in the Capital. Now, through the good offices of T. Arthur Smith, an understanding has been reached among the directors of the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Philharmonic Orchestra and the New York Symphony Society whereby the programs for their concerts have been so arranged as to avoid all repetition. Elsewhere in this department today the programs for the eleven concerts to be given by these three orchestras is published, and it will be noted that there are no duplications, but, on the other hand, many novelties are promised.

It now remains for the Boston Symphony Orchestra to do its share in avoiding duplications. It is to be hoped that that management will seek to arrange its programs so as to meet the wishes of Washington music lovers.

Es 884

From **RECORD**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date

Subscribers to the series of five concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Philadelphia this season have been notified that their tickets are ready for distribution at Heppe's piano rooms, No. 1119 Chestnut street. George T. Haly, who, in the matter of tickets is the agent here of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, reports that the subscription preceding the opening of the general public sale of season tickets here is the largest in the history of the orchestra. The general sale will open at Heppe's a week from tomorrow morning. The concerts, as usual, will be on Monday evenings in the Academy of Music and the dates are November 1 and 30, January 3, February 14 and March 13.

Establi

[15]

From **PRESS**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date OCT 3

The Boston Symphony Orchestra management announces that the tickets for the subscribers to the series of five concerts by that organization are ready for distribution at 1119 Chestnut Street, and that George T. Haly, who is in charge, reports that the subscriptions are far in advance of any previous season. The general sale will open at Heppe's to-morrow. The dates for the concerts are November 1, 30, January 3, February 14 and March 13.

* * *

Another interesting announcement is that Philadelphia is one of the four cities chosen by Paderewski in which he will give a recital, the entire receipts to be turned over to the Polish Victims' Relief Fund. The Philadelphia benefit will be at the Academy of Music on Saturday afternoon, October 30. The eminent musician and composer will be heard in the two-fold capacity of orator and pianist. The subject of his address will be "Poland, Past and Present," which will be followed by a recital of Chopin's music. The fund embraces all sufferers, Gentiles and Hebrews alike.

* * *

Another important concert this month will be the appearance here on Saturday afternoon, October 23, of Madame Nellie Melba, the famous Australian prima donna. Madame Melba recently sung with great success along the Pacific Coast, and reports state that her voice shows absolutely no diminuation in beauty. To-morrow evening she gives a concert in Toronto for the Canadian Red Cross, and on October 13, another one in Montreal for the same charity.

At her concert in Philadelphia Melba will have the assistance of Beatrice Harrison, the charming English 'cellist, who made so deep an impression here last Winter; Robert Parker, an American barytone, and Frank St. Legere, the Australian pianist.

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Estab 184

From **EVENING POST**
Address: **New York City**
Date Oct 2 / 15

Among the soloists engaged to appear in Boston with its Symphony Orchestra are Farrar, Melba, Paderewski, Kreisler, Rosenthal, Harold Bauer, Ruth Deyo, and Ernest Schelling. The manager of these concerts, Mr. Charles A. Ellis, announces that after this season subscription tickets will not be sold at auction, subscribers being allowed to retain their seats from year to year, as is the case with other orchestral organizations.

Es 384

From EVENING NEWS,
Address Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 2 - 1915

Boston Symphony

Subscribers to the series of five concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Baltimore the coming season have been notified that their tickets are ready for distribution at Albaugh's ticket office, Fayette and Charles streets.

Mr. Albaugh, who in the matter of tickets is agent here for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, reports that the subscription preceding the opening of the general public sale of the season tickets here is the largest of the history of the Orchestra.

The general sale will open at Albaugh's a week from Monday morning, October 11. There are still desirable seats to be secured. The concerts, as usual, will be in the Lyric Theater on Wednesday evenings, and the dates are November 3, December 1, January 5, February 16, March 15.

Establ *884*

From **TRIBUNE**
Address: **Providence, R. I.**
Date

In the 80 odd years that the Boston Symphony has been a regular visitor each winter to Providence, there have never been brighter prospects for a successful season than that which is about to open. The orchestra is in magnificent physical condition, so to say. Changes in personnel are almost none. A trip to the West preliminary to the opening of the regular season in Boston, brings the orchestra together two weeks earlier than usual, so that by the time they come to Providence, Oct. 19, they will have been well settled down to their work. Moreover, the soloists which have been provided for the Providence concerts are of unusual quality. Rarely does any city have a chance to hear such artists as Melba, Homer, van Endert, Schelling, Hartley and Malkin in conjunction with so splendid an organization as the Boston Symphony, and incidentally it may be remarked Providence gets its concerts at a cheaper rate per concert than any city in the country.

The renewal of subscriptions which have been going on in Boston since last spring is most encouraging. Very few who had tickets a year ago have

Establi

Providence, R. I.

failed to take them for the coming season. It is not at all unlikely that by the time of the October concert practically every seat in Infantry Hall will have been taken for the season. This will put Providence on the same plane as New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, where that condition prevails. The opening of the season sale is set for Monday, Oct. 10, but mail orders for season tickets may be sent up to that time to Mr. C. A. Ellis, Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., and they will be filled before the opening of the public sale.

From JOURNAL

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date

Dr. Karl Muck conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, made a brief statement last week, which in a measure outlines his plans for the coming season. His announcement of unusual works to be performed is naturally of interest to subscribers in this city, where a fair proportion of such works is usually given.

Novelties must necessarily be scarce this year in the repertory of all orchestras in this country, owing chiefly to the great difficulty in getting music from Germany and Austria. While it is not so difficult to obtain the scores of a work, it is almost impossible to get the parts. Dr. Muck now has for approval half a dozen works which he would like to do, but he has been informed by importers in this country that parts cannot be secured, or the uncertainty about securing them is so great that it is not safe to announce them for performance.

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From TRIBUNE

Address: New York City

Date OCT 3 1915

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has announced in Boston his purpose to play this year John Alden Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator." This work was last year on two different programmes of the Chicago Orchestra. If it is as successful in Boston as it was in Chicago Dr. Muck probably will find a place for it in one of his New York programmes.

The orchestra, with its full personnel, is leaving Boston to-day on a Western tour, in the course of which it will give seven concerts in as many days. It will travel in its own special train of Pullmans, to which will be added a private car for the use of Dr. Muck. The concerts will be given in Toledo, Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Louis and Chicago, the last concert being given Sunday afternoon, October 10, in the Auditorium of the last named city.

From SUN

Address: New York City

Date T 3 1915

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has announced in Boston his purpose to play this year John Alden Carpenter's Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator." This work was on two different programmes of the Chicago orchestra last year, and had an extraordinary success. It is said to be humorous music that really is humorous. If it is successful in Boston, as it was in Chicago, undoubtedly he will find a place for it on one of his New York programmes.

The orchestra, with its full personnel, is leaving Boston to-day on a most interesting Western tour in the course of which it will give seven concerts in as many days. It will travel in its own special train of Pullmans, on which will be a private car for the use of Dr. Muck. The concerts, beginning to-morrow (Monday) evening, will be given in Toledo, Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Louis and Chicago, the last concert being given Sunday afternoon, October 10, in the Auditorium of the last named city. In a way, this tour is as interesting as the San Francisco trip taken last spring. All the auditoriums in which it plays, with the exception of the one in St. Louis, hold from four to five thousand people, and all of them are completely sold out for the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts. In other words, the orchestra will play to more people in a given time than is on record in this country or perhaps in any other country.

From STANDARD UNION

Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date SEP 28

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is most fortunate this season in having been able to keep its personnel practically intact. There will be one change in the trumpet section and one change in the second violins, otherwise the same men who played with so much success under Dr. Muck a year ago will be with him this year. This is most important for it enables Dr. Muck to start at a point at the beginning of a season where practi-

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From EVENING TELEGRAM

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date 1915

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is fortunate this season in having been able to keep its personal practically intact. There will be one change in the trumpet section and one change in the second violins; otherwise the same men who played under Dr. Muck a year ago will be with him this year. This is most important, for it enables Dr. Muck to start at a point at the beginning of a season where practically he finished at the end of last. It will interest the frends of the Boston Orchestra here to know that its local subscription at the present time is larger than it has been for many years. There was a time, years ago, when the house was completely sold out by subscription. Then a confessed error was made in putting in an extra series of concerts here, which arrangement was not altogether successful. This year, unless all signs fail, there will be nothing to sell for the single concerts. A part of this increase is due to the steady growth of business that has been the fortune of the orchestra here in the last few years and partly to the unusual soloists that are promised—Mme. Melba, Geraldine Farrar, Fritz Kreisler and Ernest Schelling.

From MORNING TELEGRAPH

Address: New York City

Date SEP 28 1915

SYMP. ONY SEATS

Careful Boston Gives Higher Average Prices for Classical Concert Tickets Than Ever Before.

LAST OF THE AUCTION SALES

(Special Dispatch to The Morning Telegraph.)

BOSTON, Sept. 27.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra held its last auction sale for choice seats for its series of Friday concerts at Symphony Hall yesterday. This auction sale has long been one of the features of Boston musical life, and the bidding has always been spirited. The average of prices was higher than in former years.

Seats 17 and 18 of row K, among the best in the hall, were bid in at $100, the highest price of the sale.

Last year's highest figure was $108 in row N. The seats on either side of the best ones in row K brought from $50 to $75; those on the extreme right, by the entrance, brought $32, and on the other end, $48.

For 19 and 20 in Row F the next highest figure, $76, was paid. The lowest in that section was $21.50. For 18 in L the bidding began at $40 and soon ran up to $64. There was a rustle of surprise when 30 in M brought $61, and 31, $65. In H and E the highest premiums were $51.50 and $51, both for the coveted seat 19. The same seat in I brought $59; the four just beyond it $40 each, and many others, with apparently equal advantages for seeing and hearing, went for $30.

There are no boxes in Symphony Hall, Boston, and consequently there can be no personal display or parade of fine clothing. Consequently the floor seats are considered the most valuable, as no physical climbing has to be undertaken to reach them.

The concerts are practically always sold out, except for two seats which the management reserve for distinguished strangers.

From AMERICAN BROOKLYN EDI

Address: New York City

Date SEP 26 1915

Only Two Changes in Boston Symphony

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will be heard here this season with practically the same personnel as last. There will be one change in the trumpet section and one change in same men who played with so much success under Dr. Muck a year ago will be with him this year.

For the past two or three years the Academy of Music has been sold out for the Boston Symphony concerts by subscription. The soloists this season are Madame Melba, Fritz Kreisler, Ernest Schelling and Anton Witek.

From STAATS ZEITUNG

Address New York City.

Date SEP 26 1915

Die geſchäftliche Leitung des Boſtoner Symphonie-Orcheſters theilt uns mit, daß die Sitze für die alten Subſkribenten im Laufe dieſer Woche ausgeſandt werden würden. Die Abonnenten, welche ihre Sitze noch nicht erneuert haben, werden darauf aufmerkſam gemacht, daß dies in den allernächſten Tagen zu geſchehen habe, da eine Warteliſte von mehreren hundert Perſonen die etwa übrigbleibenden Sitze

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From STAR

Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date SEP 25 1915

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is most fortunate this season in having been able to keep its personnel practically intact. The subscription for the coming year has been in progress by mail in the Boston office since last spring. It promises to be a banner season and it is most questionable whether there will be any seats left for the single concerts. The soloists offered for the coming season include the great names of Melba, Farrar, Kreisler, Schelling and Witek.

From EAGLE

Address Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date SEP 27 1915

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor, keeps intact, except a change in the trumpet section and one in the second violins. For the past year and more the Academy seats have been sold before performances began; it may be so this season. Soloists to appear include Mme. Melba, Fritz Kreisler, Ernest Schelling and Anton Witek. The quality of the work by the players is expected to be fully equal to that in the past, but Dr. Muck, never quite satisfied, strives for perfection.

From EVENING NEWS,

Address Baltimore, Md.

Date SEP 25 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY PERSONNEL INTACT

Musical Organization Begins Season Under Favorable Circumstances.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is most fortunate this season in having been able to keep its personnel practically intact. There will be one change in the trumpet section and one change in the second violins, otherwise the same men who played with so much success under Dr. Muck a year ago will be with him this year.

When one sees the great audiences that attend the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Baltimore it is a bit difficult to believe that little more than a dozen years ago the management of the Orchestra considered seriously abandoning the concerts here on account of the poor patronage. It was only a guarantee subscribed by a number of the Orchestra's admirers that enabled it to go on with its work here. Incidentally, in no year was any part of the guarantee called for.

The subscription for the coming year has been in progress by mail in the Boston office since last spring. It promises to be a banner season, and it is questionable whether there will be any seats left for the single concerts. A part of the gratifying state of affairs is due to the steady growth the Orchestra has made for itself in Baltimore after 30 years' hard work and many years of losses. It is partly due to the unusual soloists offered for the coming season, which includes the names of Melba, Farrar, Kreisler, Schelling and Witek.

From PRESS

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

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It will interest the friends of the Boston Orchestra in Philadelphia to know that its Philadelphia subscription at the present time is larger than it has been for many years. There was a time, years ago, when the house was completely sold out by subscription. Then the confessed error was made in putting in an extra series of concerts here, which arrangement was not altogether successful. This year, unless all signs fail, there will be nothing to sell for the single concerts. A part of this increase is due to the steady growth of business that has been the fortune of the orchestra here in the last few years, and partly to the unusual soloists that are promised—Madame Melba, Geraldine Farrar, Frits Kreisler and Ernest Schelling.

* * *

From PRESS

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

MANY OPERA STARS NOW SHINE IN VAUDEVILL

The appearance of many of the mo noted artists of the grand opera conce and musical stage as vaudeville head liners is becoming more regular eac season and few weeks pass now with out the bill containing a singer or in strumentalist of note as a feature o the program. Much of the disappoint ment over the lack of grand opera and concerts during the past year has been lessened by the engagement in vaudeville of such stars as Madame Calve, Carolina White and Orville Harold.

A fortnight ago the Apollo Quartette of Philadelphia appeared at B. F. Keith's Theater and the bill for the week of September 27, has no less a luminary of the musical world than the eminent American grand opera barytone, David Bispham, who is to offer a program consisting of operatic numbers, original songs, poems and old ballads. Being a Philadelphian, David Bispham is, of course popular here, but he has gained international fame for there is no more noted concert singer and operatic star of the present day.

* * *

Mr. Theodore Cella, the Philadelphia harpist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, left this city on Friday last to be present at the opening of the season in Boston, with which orchestra he has a two-years' contract.

From POST

Address: Washington, D. C.

Date

SAME MEN UNDER DR. MUCK.

With Two Exceptions Personnel of Boston Symphony Is Unchanged.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is most fortunate this season in having been able to keep its personnel practically intact. There will be one change in the trumpet section and one change in the second violins; otherwise the same men who played with so much success under Dr. Muck a year ago will be with him this year.

Mrs. Wilson-Greene, who has charge of the Washington affairs of the orchestra, reports that the subscription is on a par with those of the last several years, which means that by the time of the first concert all the desirable seats in the National will have been taken for the entire series of five concerts.

The list of soloists is very attractive, comprising Florence Hinkle, one of the most exquisite singers of our time; two brilliant pianists in Ernest Schelling and Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and Josef Malkin, cellist.

From PUBLIC LEDGER

Address Philadelphia

Date

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is most fortunate this season in having been able to keep its personnel practically intact. There will be one change in the trumpet section and one change in the second violins, otherwise the same men who played with so much success under Doctor Muck a year ago will be with him this year. This is most important, for it enables Doctor Muck to start virtually at the point, at the beginning of the season, where he finished at the end of the last series.

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* * *

From RECORD

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

* * *

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* * *

[16]

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

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MADE A NOTE

rk, 884

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date

Liszt in Boston and New York.

LIKE all the really great musicians and true lovers of music, Dr. Muck is an ardent admirer of Liszt as a composer. It will be remembered what tremendous enthusiasm he aroused in Boston last year, when the famous Symphony Orchestra of that city played Liszt's "Faust" symphony under his direction. The critics for once were unanimous in pronouncing this concert the climax of the season, and the public was so deeply stirred that that sublime work was repeated at another pair of concerts, with the same results. Dr. Muck has now decided to bring out this season Liszt's other great symphony, the "Dante." The performance of this great work was, as was pointed out in this journal, the climax of last year's concert season in New York, when it was produced by the Philharmonic Orchestra under the inspired bâton of Josef Stransky. No other composition heard by the critic of the *Evening Post* brought out such a storm of prolonged applause as this work, which is not only wonderful as music, but contains (like "Hamlet") a surprising number of "familiar quotations" borrowed from Liszt by later composers, one of them being Richard Wagner. It was the marvellous way in which Stransky made the Philharmonic players enter into the true spirit of Liszt's great work on this and previous occasions that won him the admiration and intimate friendship of another great Liszt specialist, the late Rafael Joseffy, to whom the world owes the best edition of Liszt's rhapsodies and other piano works.

, 1884

Newspaper Cutting

From [illegible]
Address Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date SEP 26 1915

Academy of Muſic.

Konzerte des Boſtoner Symphonie Orcheſters unter Dr. Muck's Leitung.

Das Brooklner Inſtitut für Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften wird auch in dieſem Winter wieder in der Academy of Muſic einige Konzerte veranſtalten, in denen das Boſtoner Symphonie-Orcheſter unter der Leitung ſeines hervorragenden Dirigenten Dr. Karl Muck auftreten wird. Die Beſetzung des Orcheſters iſt faſt die nämliche wie im letzten Jahre, ſodaß Dr. Muck genau an dem Punkte wieder anfangen konnte, an dem er bei Schluß der vergangenen Saiſon aufgehört hat. Als Soliſten ſind für dieſe Konzerte unter anderen Fritz Kreisler, Ernſt Schelling, Madame Melba und Anton Witek gewonnen worden. In früheren Jahren ſind ſämmtliche Konzerte durch Subſkriptionen ausverkauft geweſen und das nämliche wird vorausſichtlich auch wieder in dieſem Winter der Fall ſein.

Establi

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date

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For the past two or three years the Academy of Music has been quite sold out for the Boston Symphony concerts by subscription, and there is every indication that the same state of affairs will hold during the coming season. The soloists which have been provided are of high rank, comprising Madame Melba, Fritz Kreisler, Ernest Schelling and Anton Witek. As to the quality of the concerts, it is promised that they will be up to the standard of past seasons. Dr. Muck is never satisfied, and always strives for a greater degree of perfection. The orchestra was never in finer condition, and much may be expected.

The First Established and Most Complete
Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING JOURNAL
Address: New York City
Date SEP 27 1915

Boston Symphony Band Makes a New Recorc

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of th Boston Symphony Orchestra, has announced his purpose to play this year John Alden Carpenter's Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," said to be humorous music that really is humorous. The orchestra started today on a western tour of seven concerts in as many days in Toledo, Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Louis and Chicago. All the auditoriums hold from four to five thousand people and are completely sold out, so that the orchestra will play to more people in a given time than is on record in this or perhaps in any other country.

Estab 884

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World
BROOKLYN EDIT

From World
Address: New York City
Date SEP 26 1915

GREAT SINGERS AT ACADEMY.

Will Be Heard With the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is fortunate this season in having been able to keep its personnel practically intact. There will be one change in the trumpet section and another in the second violins. Otherwise the same men that played with so much success under Dr. Muck a year ago will be with him this year. This will enable Dr. Muck to start at the beginning of this season at the point where he finished at the end of last season.

In the last two or three years the Academy of Music was sold out for the Boston Symphony concerts by subscription, and the indications are that this will be the case this season. The soloists are of high rank, consisting of Mme. Melba, Fritz Kreisler, Ernest Schelling and Anton Witok. As to the quality of the concerts it is promised that they will be up to the standard of past seasons. Dr. Muck always strives for a greater degree of excellence. The orchestra, it is said, never has been in finer condition.

Esta 1884

BROOKLYN EDIT

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date

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E , 1884

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date SEP 26 1915

Boston Symphony Concerts.

The sale of seats for the annual subscription series of concerts by the Boston Symphony at the Brooklyn Academy of Music indicates that the Academy will be sold out this year, as usual. The orchestra is said to be in excellent condition. There have been only two changes in personnel, and this has enabled Dr. Karl Muck to take up the work where he left off at the close of last season. There has been one change in the trumpet section and one in the second violins. Mme. Melba, Fritz Kreisler, Ernest Schelling, and Anton Witek are among the soloists provided by Dr. Muck.

Estal 84

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date SEP 26 1915

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is most fortunate this season in having been able to keep its personnel practically intact. There will be one change in the trumpet section and one change in the second violins, otherwise the same men who played with so much success under Dr. Muck a year ago will be with him this year. This is most important, for it enables Dr. Muck to start at a point at the beginning of a season where practically he finished at the end of last.

The tickets for both series of concerts which the orchestra is to give in New York the coming season are being prepared in the Boston office of the orchestra and will begin to go out to subscribers by registered mail during the coming week. Subscribers who wish to retain their seats and have not yet sent remittances for them would do well to make haste, as there is a waiting list of several hundred applicants for seats for each series of concerts.

The soloists announced for the season include Paderewski, Bauer, Rosenthal, Schelling, Ruth Deyo, Melba, Farrar and Kreisler.

Esta 1884

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date SEP 19 1915

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is announcing for its series of twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four concerts in Boston, an extraordinary list of soloists. They are Madame Melba, Miss Farrar, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Rosenthal, Mr. Bauer, Miss Ruth Dove and Ernest Schelling. In addition to these eight, four members of the orchestra will appear, so that there will be soloists on twelve out of the twenty-four programmes. This is about the usual number provided for Boston.

Estab

BOSTON GLOBE—

OCTOBER 1.

HIGHEST SEAT PRICE $4

Tickets in Row N for Symphony Concert Being Largest Premium of the Day.

Symphony concert ticket prices continued very high at yesterday's auction, although bidding was quiet and entirely without sensational features. The highest premium of the day, $45, brought by seats 18 and 19 in row N. Other in the same row brought $10, $23, $25, $27.50, $28, $30 and $32.

In row M, seats 15, 16, 17 and 18 went as high as $44, and 19 went for $41. Seats on either side of these ranged in price from $22.50 to $39, with $11 and $14 for the extreme ends. Another high figure, $40, was brought by the favorite seat 19 in row O.

Seats 17, 18 and 19 in Row P, which last year brought $139 in all, went yesterday at $43.50 each for the first two and $26 for the other. Seat 20 also went for $26.

In the afternoon good seats at the rear of the hall, both on the floor and in the balcony went for premiums of $1.50 above the stated price of $18.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

SEPTEMBER 30,

AUCTION SALE OF SYMPHONY TICKETS RESUN

The auction sale of season tick the Symphony concerts was re this morning in Symphony Hall o'clock. Today there were sold seats for the 24 Saturday evenin certs. These comprise the entire with the exception of the last nin under the first balcony and the first balcony, except the last five which are under the second ba The last sale of the season will tomorrow, when the $10 seats fo concerts are sold. These compris last nine rows on the floor, the las rows in the first balcony and the second balcony.

These sales for the Saturday concerts will be the same as those for the Friday afternoon concerts in that the owners of tickets for the concerts this year will have an option on their seats for the coming year when a subscription at fixed prices is established.

The management wishes to say, in answer to requests, that the prices which will rule in the subscription next year have not yet been decided, but announcement of them will be made in the course of two or three months.

The usual rules cover the sale as to the number of tickets that can be bought on one bid and as to prices added to the upset price held good again today.

BOSTON HERALD,

OCTOBER 1, 1915.

PAY $62 FOR $18 SEATS AT SYMPHONY AUCTION

Sales Close Today When $10 Tickets Are Sold.

Sensational prices were paid as premiums for $18 seats for the Symphony concerts which were sold at auction yesterday. After a lively contest a special agent purchased four seats, 15 16, 17 and 18 in row M, for a total price of $248. The highest premium paid was $45 for seats 18 and 19 in row N.

The sale opened at 10 o'clock and 400 were present. The bidding started as low as $5 and end seats in the first eight rows went for $6.60. The centre aisle seats in these rows brought in premiums ranging from $12 to $17.50. In the centre rows, I, J and K, the prices were a trifle higher.

Fancy prices were paid for seats in rows K, L, M, N, O, P and Q. End seats went for $12 to $20, and the centre seats brought in premiums of $25 to $45. The highest price paid for seats in row K was $28. Seats 15, 16 and 17 in row L were sold on bids of $38, and seat 19 in row O went for $40. Seats 18 and 19 in row P, which brought premiums of $139 each last year went for $43, and seat 20 in the same row, for which a high price was paid last year, went for $26. The sale, on the whole, was considered somewhat better than last year.

The last of the auction sales begin at 7 o'clock today, when the $10 seats will be sold.

From EVENING SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 9 - 1915

DR. MUCK'S PLAN

Boston Orchestro Will Give Brahms'

Boston Orchestra Will Give Brahms'

The Boston Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conducting, returns to Baltimore this season with vastly enhanced prestige gained by the astonishing series of concerts which it gave last May at the Panama-Pacfic Exposition. With full complement of over 100 musicians, it went direct to San Francisco from Boston and gave 13 concerts there in as many days. Over 45,000 people paid to hear the orchestra at these concerts, making a record that will not be surpassed for many years to come.

This noted organization will give five Wednesday evening concerts at the Lyric this season, the first one taking place on November 3. The other dates are December 1, January 5, February 16 and March 15.

A splendid group of soloists has been engaged. Melba will sing at the November concert, while later Fritz Kreisler, Ernest Schelling, Anton Witek and Geraldine Farrar will be heard. It will be particularly interesting to hear Mr. Schelling, one of the most distinguished pianists of the day. He will play his own symphonic variations for piano and orchestra.

The program of the November concert has already been announced. Because of more than 50 letters received by Dr. Muck requesting the fourth symphony by Brahms, this great work will be played on this occasion, the other numbers being Martin Loeffler's symphonic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," and the Vorspiel to Wagner's "Meistersinger." Melba will sing the "Sweet Bird" aria by Handel, and two arias from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro."

Estal 84

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date

Boston Symphony Seat Sale Opens

The general sale of seats for the Boston Symphony concerts will open at Droop's next Wednesday morning, October 13. The orchestra is out with an announcement of the plans it has made for the five concerts to be given in Washington. As in the past, they will come on Tuesday afternoons at 4:30 o'clock in the New National Theater, and the dates are November 2 and 30, January 4, February 15, and March 15.

Dr. Muck at the first concert will play the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, "A Siegfried Idyl," by Wagner, and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," of Wagner, while Miss Florence Hinkle, the soloist, will sing the Page's song from Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro' 'and the "Ave Maria" from Max Bruch's "The Cross of Fire."

Establis

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

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MADE A NOTE

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Newspaper Cutting

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Establi

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
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Will Be Heard With the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is fortunate this season in having been able to keep its personnel practically intact. There will be one change in the trumpet section and another in the second violins. Otherwise the same men that played with so much success under Dr. Muck a year ago will be with him this year. This will enable Dr. Muck to start at the beginning of this season at the point where he finished at the end of last season.

In the last two or three years the Academy of Music was sold out for the Boston Symphony concerts by subscription, and the indications are that this will be the case this season. The soloists are of high rank, consisting of Mme. Melba, Fritz Kreisler, Ernest Schelling and Anton Witok. As to the quality of the concerts it is promised that they will be up to the standard of past seasons. Dr. Muck always strives for a greater degree of excellence. The orchestra, it is said, never has been in finer condition.

Esta 1884

BROOKLYN EDIT

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date

The Boston Symphony Orchestra this season has been able to keep its personnel practically intact. There will be one change in the trumpet section and one change in the second violins, otherwise the same men who played with so much success under Dr. Muck a year ago will be with him this year. This enables Dr. Muck to start at a point at the beginning of a season where he finished at the end of the last

E , 1884

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date SEP 26 1915

Boston Symphony Concerts.

The sale of seats for the annual subscription series of concerts by the Boston Symphony at the Brooklyn Academy of Music indicates that the Academy will be sold out this year, as usual. The orchestra is said to be in excellent condition. There have been only two changes in personnel, and this has enabled Dr. Karl Muck to take up the work where he left off at the close of last season. There has been one change in the trumpet section and one in the second violins. Mme. Melba, Fritz Kreisler, Ernest Schelling, and Anton Witek are among the soloists provided by Dr. Muck.

Estal 84

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date SEP 26 1915

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is most fortunate this season in having been able to keep its personnel practically intact. There will be one change in the trumpet section and one change in the second violins, otherwise the same men who played with so much success under Dr. Muck a year ago will be with him this year. This is most important, for it enables Dr. Muck to start at a point at the beginning of a season where practically he finished at the end of last.

The tickets for both series of concerts which the orchestra is to give in New York the coming season are being prepared in the Boston office of the orchestra and will begin to go out to subscribers by registered mail during the coming week. Subscribers who wish to retain their seats and have not yet sent remittances for them would do well to make haste, as there is a waiting list of several hundred applicants for seats for each series of concerts.

The soloists announced for the season include Paderewski, Bauer, Rosenthal, Schelling, Ruth Deyo, Melba, Farrar and Kreisler.

Esta 1884

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om SUN
dress: New York City
te SEP 19 1915 SEP 19

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is announcing for its series of twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four concerts in Boston, an extraordinary list of soloists. They are Madame Melba, Miss Farrar, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Rosenthal, Mr. Bauer, Miss Ruth Dove and Ernest Schelling. In addition to these eight, four members of the orchestra will appear, so that there will be soloists on twelve out of the twenty-four programmes. This is about the usual number provided for Boston.

tab 84

BOSTON GLOBE—

OCTOBER 1.

HIGHEST SEAT PRICE $45.

Tickets in Row N for Symphony Concert Being Largest Premium of the Day.

Symphony concert ticket prices continued very high at yesterday's auction, although bidding was quiet and entirely without sensational features. The highest premium of the day, $45, brought by seats 18 and 19 in row N. Other in the same row brought $10, $23, $25, $27.50, $28, $30 and $32.

In row M, seats 15, 16, 17 and 18 went as high as $44, and 19 went for $41. Seats on either side of these ranged in price from $22.50 to $39, with $11 and $14 for the extreme ends. Another high figure, $40, was brought by the favorite seat 19 in row O.

Seats 17, 18 and 19 in Row P, which last year brought $139 in all, went yesterday at $43.50 each for the first two and $26 for the other. Seat 20 also went for $26.

In the afternoon good seats at the rear of the hall, both on the floor and in the balcony went for premiums of $1.50 above the stated price of $18.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

SEPTEMBER 30,

AUCTION SALE OF SYMPHONY TICKETS RESUMED

The auction sale of season tickets for the Symphony concerts was resumed this morning in Symphony Hall at 10 o'clock. Today there were sold the $18 seats for the 24 Saturday evening concerts. These comprise the entire floor, with the exception of the last nine rows under the first balcony and the entire first balcony, except the last five rows which are under the second balcony. The last sale of the season will come tomorrow, when the $10 seats for the concerts are sold. These comprise the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows in the first balcony and the entire second balcony.

These sales for the Saturday concerts will be the same as those for the Friday afternoon concerts in that the owners of tickets for the concerts this year will have an option on their seats for the coming year when a subscription at fixed prices is established.

The management wishes to say, in answer to requests, that the prices which will rule in the subscription next year have not yet been decided, but announcement of them will be made in the course of two or three months.

The usual rules cover the sale as to the number of tickets that can be bought on one bid and as to prices added to the upset price held good again today.

BOSTON HERALD,

OCTOBER 1, 1915.

PAY $62 FOR $18 SEATS AT SYMPHONY AUCTION

Sales Close Today When $10 Tickets Are Sold.

Sensational prices were paid as premiums for $18 seats for the Symphony concerts which were sold at auction yesterday. After a lively contest a special agent purchased four seats, 15 16, 17 and 18 in row M, for a total price of $248. The highest premium paid was $45 for seats 18 and 19 in row N.

The sale opened at 10 o'clock and 400 were present. The bidding started as low as $5 and end seats in the first eight rows went for $6.50. The centre aisle seats in these rows brought in premiums ranging from $12 to $17.50. In the centre rows, I, J and K, the prices were a trifle higher.

Fancy prices were paid for seats in rows K, L, M, N, O, P and Q. End seats went for $12 to $20, and the centre seats brought in premiums of $25 to $45. The highest price paid for seats in row K was $28. Seats 15, 16 and 17 in row L were sold on bids of $38, and seat 19 in row O went for $40. Seats 18 and 19 in row P, which brought premiums of $139 each last year went for $43, and seat 20 in the same row, for which a high price was paid last year, went for $26. The sale, on the whole, was considered somewhat better than last year.

The last of the auction sales begin at 7 o'clock today, when the $10 seats will be sold.

EVENING SUN
ss: Baltimore, Md.
OCT 2 - 1

DR. MUCK'S PLAN

Boston Orchestro Will Give Brahms'

oston Orchestra Will Give Brahms'

The Boston Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck nducting, returns to Baltimore this ason with vastly enhanced prestige gained by the astonishing series of concerts which it gave last May at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. With full complement of over 100 musicians, it went direct to San Francisco from Boston and gave 13 concerts there in as many days. Over 45,000 people paid to hear the orchestra at these concerts, making a record that will not be surpassed for many years to come.

This noted organization will give five Wednesday evening concerts at the Lyric this season, the first one taking place on November 3. The other dates are December 1, January 5, February 16 and March 15.

A splendid group of soloists has been engaged. Melba will sing at the November concert, while later Fritz Kreisler, Ernest Schelling, Anton Witek and Geraldine Farrar will be heard. It will be particularly interesting to hear Mr. Schelling, one of the most distinguished pianists of the day. He will play his own symphonic variations for piano and orchestra.

The program of the November concert has already been announced. Because of more than 50 letters received by Dr. Muck requesting the fourth symphony by Brahms, this great work will be played on this occasion, the other numbers being Martin Loeffler's symphonic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," and the Vorspiel to Wagner's "Meistersinger." Melba will sing the "Sweet Bird" aria by Handel, and two arias from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro."

84

TIMES
Washington, D. C.
1915

on Symphony Seat Sale Opens

general sale of seats for the Bos Symphony concerts will open a p's next Wednesday morning, Oc 13. The orchestra is out with a ncement of the plans it has mad he five concerts to be given Washington. As in the past, they w come on Tuesday afternoons at 4 o'clock in the New National Theater, and the dates are November 2 and 30, January 4, February 15, and March 15.

Dr. Muck at the first concert will play the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, "A Siegfried Idyl," by Wagner, and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," of Wagner, while Miss Florence Hinkle, the soloist, will sing the Page's song from Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" and the "Ave Maria" from Max Bruch's "The Cross of Fire."

[17]

From EVENING SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 11 1915

TO BE SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

NELLIE MELBA

A new portrait of the Australian diva, who will be the soloist at the first Boston Symphony concert this season on Wednesday evening, November 3.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From AMERICAN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 10

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The general sale of subscription tickets for the five concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Baltimore the coming season will open at Albaugh's Agency tomorrow (Monday) morning. The choice of seats will not be very large as the subscription and renewals by last year's subscribers take up the greater part of the house.

The list of soloists which the orchestra presents to Baltimore is one of most unusual quality. It contains the names of Madame Melba, Fritz Kreisler, Ernest Schelling, Anton Witek, and Geraldine Farrar, who will appear at the five concerts in the order named.

The concerts will be given on Wednesday evenings, and the dates are November 3, December 1, January 5, February 16 and March 15.

From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

The annual series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in the Academy of Music on Monday evenings, November 1 and 29, January 3, February 14, and March 13. The soloists will be Fritz Kreisler, violinst; Madame Melba, Ernest Schelling, pianist, brother of Prof. Felix Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Geraldine Farrar. The first program will include the Brahms Symphony in E minor No. ; Schumann's "Manfred" Overture; Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's "Les Prelues."

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

The Boston Symphony concerts, as heretofore, are five in number, and the dates are November 1 and 29, January 3, February 14 and March 13. There are but four minor changes in the personnel from last season. One of these was made in the spring, when Mr. Theodore Cella, a brilliant harpist, of Philadelphia, became one of its members. The regular work of the orchestra begins in Boston next Friday and Saturday, but this has been preceded by a Western trip, which took it as far as the Missouri River, and this afternoon ends in Chicago. The orchestra presents to Philadelphia this season, as soloists, Fritz Kreisler, Madame Melba, Ernest Schelling and Geraldine Farrar. Kreisler appears at the second concert, Melba at the third, Schelling at the fourth and Farrar at the last. There will be no soloist at the first concert. The program for this concert reads: Brahms' symphony in E minor, No. 4; Schumann's "Manfred" overture, Richard Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's "Les Preludes."

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The general sale of seats for the Boston Symphony concerts will open at Droop's Wednesday morning, October 13. The five concerts to be given in Washington will, as in the past, come on Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, in the National, and the dates are November 2 and 30, January 4, February 15 and March 15.

An excellent list of soloists is announced for these concerts. They are Florence Hinkle, Fritz Kreisler, Ernest Schelling and Ossip Garbrilowitsch. Ernest Schelling, the distinguished pianist, will appear here in the double role of composer and pianist, for he will play here his new "Symphonic Variations" for piano and orchestra, which he is playing for the first time the week before in Boston with the Boston symphony.

Dr. Muck at the first concert will play the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, "A Siegfried Idyl," by Wagner, and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" of Wagner; while Miss Florence Hinkle, the soloist, will sing the page's song from Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" and the "Ave Maria" from Max Bruch's "The Cross of Fire."

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 9 - 1915

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is out with its prospectus for the five concerts it will give in the Lyric Theater the coming winter. The concerts will be given as usual on Wednesday evenings, and the dates are November 3, December 1, January 5, February 16 and March 15.

The general sale of subscription tickets will open at Albaugh's agency Monday morning next. The choice of seats will not be very large as subscriptions and the renewals by last year's subscribers take up the greater part of the house.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The general sale of seats for the Boston Symphony concerts will open at Droop's Wednesday morning. The orchestra announces five concerts to be given in Washington, Tuesday afternoons, at 4:30 o'clock, in the New National Theater, November 2 and 30, January 4, February 15 and March 15.

The quality of the orchestra requires no exploitation. Each year the subscription practically takes the entire house, and there are only a few of the less desirable seats left for single sale.

The list of soloists announced for the concerts includes Florence Hinkle, Fritz Kreisler, Ernest Schelling and Ossip Gabrilowitsch. None of these need an introduction to Washington. Ernest Schelling, the distinguished pianist, will appear in the double role of composer and pianist, for he will play here his new "Symphonic Variations" for piano and orchestra.

Dr. Muck, at the first concert, will play the "Seventh Symphony of Beethoven," "A Siegfried Idyl," by Wagner, and the prelude to Wagner's "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Miss Florence Hinkle, the soloist, will sing the Page's song from Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," and the "Ave Maria" from Max Bruch's "The Cross of Fire."

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

Music

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is out with a detailed announcement of its plans for its concerts in this city the coming season. The concerts, as for ten years past, will be five in number in the Academy of Music, on Monday evenings. The dates are November 1 and 29, January 3, February 14 and March 13.

The orchestra is in excellent physical condition for the coming year. There have been only four minor changes in the personnel from last season. One of these was made in the Spring, when Theodore Cella, a brilliant harpist of this city, became one of its members. The regular work of the orchestra begins in Boston next Friday and Saturday, but this has been preceded by a Western trip which took it as far as the Missouri River, and this (Sunday) afternoon ends in Chicago.

It is the good fortune of the orchestra to present to Philadelphia this season a rare list of soloists. These will be Fritz Kreisler, Madame Melba, Ernest Schelling and Geraldine Farrar. Kreisler will appear at the second concert, Melba at the third, Schelling at the fourth and Farrar at the last. There will be no soloists at the first concert.

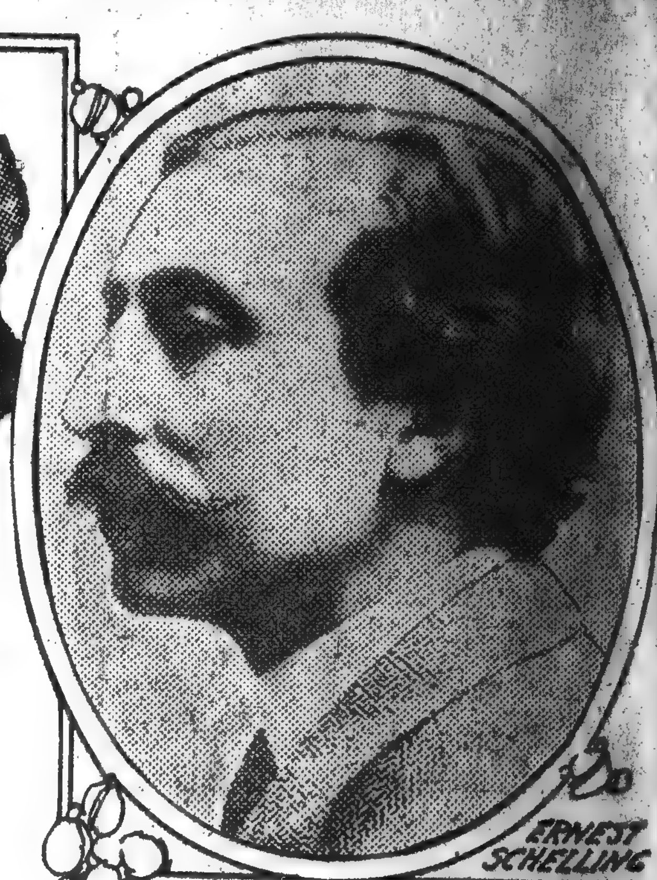
The subscription for these concerts has been in progress since the close of last year's series, and it is very large. Such seats as have not been taken will be placed on sale at Heppe's to-morrow (Monday) morning.

Dr. Muck's first program, which will be played November 1, will comprise Brahms' Symphony in E-Minor, No. 4; Schumann's "Manfred" overture, Richard Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's "Les Preludes."

* * *

Soloists With Boston Symphony

GERALDINE FARRAR



ERNEST SCHELLING

FRITZ KREISLER

They are Fritz Kreisler, violinist; Ernest Scheling, pianist, and Geraldine Farrar, soprano, three of the four soloists to be heard with the famous orchestra this season.

BOSTON JOURNAL-

OCTOBER 16,

35TH SYMPHONY YEAR OPENS IN SPLENDID STYLE

Ovation Follows Playing of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

Prophets may still be without honor at home, but it is not so with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Yesterday Dr. Muck and his hundred men, appearing for the first concert of the 35th season, were greeted with much the same enthusiasm that marked their visit to San Francisco last May, and to Chicago and other Middle Western cities last week. Boston yields to no other city when it comes to paying tribute to the foremost musical organization in the whole western world. Yesterday, for instance, the applause that followed the performance of the seventh Beethoven symphony waxed long and loud. The entire orchestra was compelled to stand up to receive the ovation.

An Auspicious Beginning

In this auspicious manner began what gives promise of being one of the most successful seasons in the history of the institution that has made the fame of Boston stand out brilliantly in musical annals for more than a third of a century. In the other cities to be visited occasionally, the Symphony concerts have long been sold out for the season. Yesterday every seat was taken by the always large matinee audience, and there are few seats left for the Saturday night concerts.

Dr. Muck, who received a most friendly personal greeting when he came forth to conduct the first number, presented what might be called a time-honored program, consisting of the Beethoven symphony, Brahm's "Tragic Overture," the Richard Strauss tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and a symphonic poem by Liszt, "The Preludes." It was a well-chosen first program in that it revealed the beauty and power of tone and the extraordinary skill so long enjoyed by the older patrons of the concerts—the very best qualities that distinguish the orchestra above all others and that would be most likely to impress new patrons.

The Climax and Ovation

All these distinguishing marks were combined in the highest degree in the exceedingly brilliant performance of the final movement of the symphony. It was this splendid climax that aroused the first ovation of the season. As a matter of fact, all four numbers on the program were performed impressively, with the grace and eloquence characterizing Dr. Muck's readings and with the fine artistic responsiveness springing continuously from the members of the orchestra.

The orchestra, by the way, has changed in personnel but little since last season. There are four new members, A. Fiedler, second violin, and son of the veteran Emmanuel Fiedler, who retired from the orchestra a few years ago; C. de Mailly, the young French flute player whom Dr. Muck discovered in San Francisco last spring; G. Nappi, a trumpeter who was formerly with the Boston Opera House orchestra, and C. Gardner, who has taken Mr. Senia's place in the percussion corner.

Next week Dr. Muck will present the first novelty of the season, Georges Enesco's symphony in E flat major, together with Ravel's "Ma Mere l'Oye," Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles" and Dvorak's "Husitska" overture.

BOSTON POST,

OCTOBER 16,

SYMPHONY BEGINS 35TH MUSIC YEAR

Uncommon Brilliancy of Tone Marks Performance

BY OLIN DOWNES

The 35th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston opened yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Dr. Karl Muck conducting. The programme, devoted principally to compositions of one nation, nevertheless offered ample variety, for the music was of sharply contrasting schools and periods, with the exception of the music of Liszt and Strauss, which is inescapably co-ordinated: Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Brahms' "Tragic" Overture, Strauss' tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's tone-poem, "Les Preludes."

The welcome given Dr. Muck was extremely cordial, the applause, which was unanimous, lasting for several minutes.

BRILLIANCY OF TONE

The tone of the orchestra, especially in consideration of the weather and the early time of the season, was of uncommon brilliancy, and the performance was characterized by a finish more often associated with the end than the beginning of the winter. After Strauss it was distasteful to some to listen to Liszt, but otherwise the music was engrossing. No need now to speak of that nature mood, that gigantic, mysterious spirit which sets Beethoven apart from all other composers, whether he writes in a vein that is grave or gay. But yesterday, particularly in the first two movements of the symphony, this mood was singularly felt.

In the scherzo some liked the superlative brilliancy and power of the blasts of the first trumpeter, and others thought that Dr. Muck might have let him off a little more easily. The principal point of interest is that the symphony as a whole has seldom been more clearly and reverentially interpreted.

Strauss' Humanity

There is an early Strauss and a late Strauss. Some of us fear for the Strauss of today, and find in certain of his earlier compositions a fervent sincerity and a blinding glow of genius which does not communicate itself so readily in some of the other scores. As for "Tod und Verklarung," in spite of its early style, it remains one of Strauss' greatest utterances.

It has the humanity and the passion of Tschaikowsky, and it has other things that one does not find in Tschaikowsky. But whoever wishes to dismiss Strauss as an "intellectual," a "cerebral," as the French say, must ignore practically everything that antedates "Don Quixote" and "Salome," and these works themselves. "Tod und Verklarung" is, indeed, fearfully human, fearfully illuminative of an end that comes to all, and nobly prophetic of that toward which humanity aspires. It is the expression of one who dares to look. One can imagine the aged and the disillusioned marvelling at this white-hot eloquence, and at the unlimited heroism of the music, that throws out as from a vortex the theme of the ideal, a theme which shines out as a Grail even in the early pages of the work, and that is finally apotheosized. They might shake their heads, and say, "It must have taken a very young man to write like that." And they might wag the head a second time, and say, "Would that I were a young man again." And then the color! Someone talked foolishly one time of the E-flat major chord that closes Strauss' "Hero's Life," but what comparison is there between that chord and the rainbow of promise that stretches over the orchestra at the end of "Tod und Verklarung"?

Grandeur of Brahms

This music was in the most striking contrast to the grandly impersonal, tragic music of Brahms. Strauss' work, which followed, could not have been placed in a most effective light. What is austere, and even stark, in Brahms' music, becomes a blazing torrent of eloquence, of also, perhaps, of rhetoric, with Strauss. There is, indeed, no modern composer who had Brahms' comprehension of the Greek spirit. The Tragic Overture would not go badly as a prelude to a drama of Sophocles. It is all of the Fates, of impassive and cleansing destiny of the world redeemed by destruction, and this is uttered with a simplicity, a reserve, a lack of a certain sort of temperature which is not only excellent for the ear, but healthy for the emotions. It is music which makes life less intense, perhaps, but also less neurasthenic than the music of Strauss, and the music of Brahms does not lose by the comparison.

The programme of the concert next week will offer a new symphony by Georges Enesco, Ravel's "Mother Goose Suite," Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles," and Dvorak's overture "Husitka."

BOSTON HERALD,

OCTOBER 16,

SYMPHONY'S FIRST CONCERT REAL TRIUMPH

Appropriate Funereal Note Is Heard Throughout the Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra (35th season) took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck was heartily applauded when he came on the stage. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 7	Beethoven
Tragic overture	Brahms
"Death and Transfiguration"	Strauss
Les Preludes	Liszt

Until a few years ago it was customary for reviewers of the first symphony concerts to unite in a vein that was almost apologetic: "The orchestra has been dispersed during the summer; it is natural that with little rehearsal there should have been occasional roughness in the performance," etc., etc.

However just or unjust such criticism was in the past, it would be most unfair if stated with reference to the concert of yesterday. Immediately after the close of last season, the orchestra made its remarkable trip to San Francisco, where it triumphed gloriously. Last Sunday it returned from another western trip for which it had diligently rehearsed. The performance yesterday was brilliant; brilliant even for these accomplished players. It is not necessary to attribute the result wholly to the work already done outside the city. Dr. Muck has now an instrument that responds to his wishes as an interpreter whenever and wherever there is need. Nor can it be said that the works performed were so familiar that the orchestra could not possibly be ineffective, much less go astray; for that which was familiar was so clothed with eloquence that it seemed new.

The Allegretto of the symphony was never so profoundly emotional; the finale never so riotous and mad in exultation. So, too, the compositions that followed were glorified in expression. The overture was the voice of sadness, not personal and morbid, but heroic and universal. Strauss's tone-poem was the more terrible in its portrayal of death struggles; nobler and grander in the thought of the final release, of the sanctity that death gives even to the boor and the scoundrel; of the overpowering majesty of the inevitable and great transformation. For once Liszt's "Preludes" was freed from what might be easily characterized as dross and seemed as novel in form and surprising in its varied expressiveness as it did to the startled hearers of 60 years ago.

It would be easy to speak of this or that virtuoso in the orchestra; to dwell upon Mr. Longy's tone, skill and musical taste; to eulogize Messrs. Witek, Maquarre, Ferir, Sand, Wendler, Warnke, Sadony, but it would also be only just to give many other names, to call the roll of the orchestra, for all aided in the glorious work.

There was a dominating funereal note in the program. The mighty lamentation in the symphony with the scherzo-trio which is not wholly of this earth, and Strauss's tone-poem are eminently suited to the time. In "The Preludes" there is allusion to the shock of battle. Nor are Beethoven's pages of frenzied joy or Liszt's more pompous measures wholly incongruous. These lines of Walt Whitman might have been printed on the title page of the program book:

With music strong I come, with my cornets and my drums,
I play not marches for accepted victors only, I play marches for conquer'd and slain persons.

I beat and pound for the dead,
I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them.

Vivas to those who have fail'd!
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea!
And to those themselves who sank in the sea!
And to all generals that lost engagements, and all overcome heroes!
And the numberless unknown heroes equal to the greatest heroes known!

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Enesco, symphony in E flat major (first time here); Ravel, "Ma Mere l'Oye"; Loeffler, "The Death of Tintagiles"; Dvorak, overture "Husitska."

BOSTON GLOBE-

OCTOBER 16,

NEW SYMPHONY SEASON BEGINS

Warm Welcome for Dr Muck and Orchestra.

Performance a Brilliant One in Technic and Style.

Death and Transfiguration a Feature.

The 35th season of Symphony concerts began yesterday afternoon. The orchestra, after tours to the Far and the Middle West since its last appearance here, returned practically unchanged in membership. Dr Muck was applauded warmly when he walked to the desk, and twice bowed his acknowledgments. The audience showed an appreciation after the symphony which has become customary, continuing the demonstration until players and conductor stood together. There were no features to make the occasion a particularly marked one, save that the audience, which filled the hall, paid its compliments in greeting to the new season, and heard orchestral music interpreted in a manner which still remains a thing of distinction.

The program was drama from three Germans and a Hungarian—Beethoven—unless he be considered of Flemish extraction—Brahms, Richard Strauss and Liszt. To some the seventh symphony holds less of interest than the diminutive eighth which follows or the pastoral which precedes. The attempts to fit a program to the last movement do not lessen its value as absolute music. The family of relationship between it and a dance finale of Mozart is not remote. It is more obvious, frank and less reserved in expression than the preceeding movements. The rhythmical character is well defined and has an elemental rigor.

The performance of Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" was the feature of the afternoon. Eloquently played, with unblemished technical brilliance, with a tonal quality sonorous without the sacrifice of euphony, with sweeping dramatic force, this music is Strauss' at his best as a dramatist in tone, painting graphically the contrast between the grim struggle with death and the glorification of the soul. The theme of the transfiguration was marvelously varied yesterday, now triumphant, now serene, always ecstatic.

Liszt's Preludes has been upon Dr Muck's programs before. The sentimentality, the pomp and bombast are forgotten in a performance of the breadth and euphony of that of yesterday. The brass choir, particularly the first trumpet, has developed sonority to the point where it would not safely go farther, but the color of the brasses yesterday was golden.

Brahms' "Tragic" overture was played with marked clearness of exposition and with dignity of mood.

The program next week will include a symphony in E flat major by Georges Enesco, first time at these concerts; Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite, Mr Loeffler's "The Death of the Tintagiles" and Dvorak's overture "Husitska."

ADVERTISER,

OCTOBER 16, 1915

OPENING CONCERT IS ORCHESTRAL

SYMPHONY SEASON HAS NOW BEGUN

Public Turns From Small Scores to Big, From Home Runs to Chromatic

By LOUIS C. ELSON

THE PROGRAMME.

Beethoven. Seventh Symphony.
Brahms. Tragic Overture.
Strauss. Death and Transfiguration. Symphonic Poem.
Liszt. Les Preludes. Symphonic Poem.

The orchestral season has begun, the baseball season has ended, and the public turns from the bat to the baton, from very small scores to very big ones, from home runs to chromatic ones. The opening programme was entirely orchestral, such as we like the best, although the public will generally flock more enthusiastically to a star soloist than to symphonic masterpieces. It was a great programme; greater than we generally get for an opening one, but that was due to the fact that the orchestra had been trained somewhat through a short preliminary season on tour, which is a very good plan.

We earnestly hope that there will be no Chauvinism displayed in judging of the contents of the above programme. People may remember that Beethoven never composed a national idence, R. I.

[illegible] and even the [illegible] the, when reproached for n[illegible] ening German patriotism in his w[illegible] responded that his art was not limited by national boundaries. Besides we must remember that Beethoven was a Belgian, according to the English iconoclasts, and that Liszt was about half French. We hope for the best of the Russian and the French school (in spite of D'Indy's suggesting the discharge of all Germans from American conservatories and orchestras—for the advancement of art), and even a little of the modern English, when it is intelligible, in the later programmes. There will be no national boundaries, and here there will be many Russian victories.

That rhythmic tone-poem, that idealization of the dance, Beethoven's seventh symphony, never fades. Dr. Muck does not distort it in the performance. He does not try to become original at all hazards, but delivers its optimistic message as the composer wrote it. Even the slow movement is not heavier paced than an allegretto, and is brooding rather than lamentation, and even here the element of consolation, which Beethoven (that good old fighter who never yielded to despair) always added to his darker moods, is present in the Trio, which was read in just the right contrast by the conductor and the orchestra. The last two movements were less perfect and trumpet and kettle drums were often too loud.

Brahms' Tragic Overture is darker, but has its contrasts nevertheless. Brahms had no especial tragedy in mind in this work, but simply (as Hanslick says) thought of an "Actus tragicus," such as Bach once used as the title of a work. There is no military catastrophe in these measures and no real cataclysm of any kind, but darkness and foreboding enough. But Brahms gives the sombre picture without any of the modern cacophony and does not even desert symmetrical form in portraying it. The wretched tragedies of the present will soon breed fiercer music than this too self-contained work. Yet it is noble music and clearly wrought out, as all of Brahms' works are. Possibly one should judge it from the old Greek, non-emotional standpoint, as a picture of inexorable fate which is accepted with dignified acquiescence.

Yet there are not wanting critics to find a definite picture here, and one of these intention-finders brings the work home to "Hamlet," and thinks the tender oboe subordinate theme to be Ophelia, while others give the sweet theme to Gretchen and the darker ones to Goethe's Faust. The work stands well enough without these artificial supports. It was played with excellent technique. There was balance enough against Beethoven's geniality, in the Brahms overture and in the Strauss tone-poem. It means much for our orchestra to begin their season with two such works as Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" and Liszt's "Les Preludes," and these two final works made a good foil to each other. Strauss' work is the greatest composition about dying that has ever been written; it is the great orchestral work of genius of our time. It is in some sense an essay on euthanasia, for if, after hearing it, one does not echo the lines—"Oh Death where is thy sting? where grave thy victory" then he has not entered fully into the spirit of the tone-poem.

Our orchestra gave the work with all its sudden changes, its moments of vehemence and of weakness, its dreamy memories, its final apotheosis, with great spirit. One could seek out a little roughness here and there if one looked for it, but Strauss himself did not wish this work over-refined. The climaxes were sometimes overwhelming, which was by no means a fault in such a work, and the ending was shaded to perfection.

Liszt "Les Preludes" are anything but listless preludes, as an unfledged pupil once called them. They are the preludes to Immortality, and they also have an apotheosis, not as in the Strauss tone-poem, a triumph over Death, but a victory over "life's endless toil and endeavor." Hugo Wolf's test of a great composer—"Can he Exult?"—is splendidly answered here, for Liszt exults in fortississimo, with full orchestra, and the brasses blowing their lips off. It is odd to see how Wagner's great "Fate-figure," of three notes, has been used by other composers. Cesar Franck has it in his D minor symphony, and Liszt has it worked up through this present work. But no one was able to give it the immutable power that Wagner expressed in it.

The pictures of the musical panorama in "Les Preludes" were well contrasted. Love, happiness, pastoral pleasure, the call to combat, the storm and stress, and the final picture of Man arising in power and majesty, were all excitingly played, yet, in spite of the enthusiasm it awakened, and deserved, it seemed somewhat grandiloquent when placed beside Strauss's awe-inspiring work. There was great technical display in it, gorgeous orchestral coloring, and a fine climax, but it was less noble than the other, as Lamartine might be less powerful than Shakespeare or Goethe, or even the Ritter poem which inspired the work.

Dr. Muck received a welcome of which he may be proud. The applause at his entrance was very prolonged, and we believe that the three recalls at the end of the symphony were as much of a personal tribute as a recognition of Beethoven. The programme was a trifle over-long.

Nevertheless, the consolations of Beethoven and the triumphs of Strauss and Liszt over Death and human vicissitudes made up a programme that meant very much to those who take the wretchedness of the larger part of the world to heart in this "struggle of discordant powers that draws out the harmony of the universe."

TRANSCRIPT,

OCTOBER 16, 1915

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

THE NEW YEAR AUSPICIOUSLY BEGUN

The Orchestra Again in All Its Virtues—Dr. Muck's Familiar Command of His Instrument and His Music—The Contrasts of Brahms's "Tragic Overture," Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Liszt's "Preludes"

MORE than usually, the Symphony Concerts seemed, yesterday afternoon, to begin where they ended last spring and five days, instead of five months, might have separated the last concert of the thirty-fourth year of the orchestra from the first of the thirty-fifth. Not only the hall, cleared at last of the intruding movies, but the band itself kept a familiar aspect, since, this autumn, changes in personnel have been few. A young Parisian, Mr. de Mailly, of proved skill and sensibility with his instrument has joined Mr. Maquarre and Mr. Brooke for the flutes; a new Italian trumpeter, Mr. Nappi, sits with the brass choir; one more Fiedler has taken his place among the violins; and the fourth and the final newcomer to the orchestra, Mr. Gardner, smites what the books call "the instruments of percussion." Four new faces and figures do not much change the semblance of a hundred and to the eye, as to the ear, the orchestra seemed the band of last year.

As unchanged is the conductor, even if the gray is a little thicker and clearer in the locks above his temples. Undiminished Dr. Muck keeps his elastic alertness of glance and bearing, his freedom from all pose or display, his sincere absorption in the work in hand. Not a whit is he less master of himself, the music, the orchestra and the audience. The sway of his personality still holds over his forces and his hearers, because he has never obtruded or cheapened it and because out of it flowers the achievement that has raised the orchestra to new pitches of perfection and that has given the audiences a pleasure that the Symphony Concerts have never before yielded. His public has known him in his work only; in it he has expressed himself; there is no other way for a man of his finely tempered mind and spirit.

Unaltered also was the mood of the audience toward the conductor and the band. The applause that welcomed Dr. Muck was as general, hearty and sincere as that which farewelled him last May. Twice and thrice the audience stayed him when he would set to his music, and it renewed its clapping as often as there was pause in the programme. The plaudits rose loudest and longest when, at the end of Beethoven's seventh symphony, he had twice acknowledged them for himself and then shifted them with his habitual gesture to his men standing in a great circle above and around him. At a hint from the conductor, they might have enjoyed a like reward for a performance of Strauss's tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," that probably no orchestra in the world can match; but he was more eager to go forward with a long programme. As for the audience, it kept its familiar aspect and habits—like belated arrival for a few and early departure for many—but now latecomers may enter the parquet only by the central doors. Moreover, it is a redistributed audience, so to say; since the lively competition of the recent auctions has shifted not a few from the places that they long occupied.

So received, from end to end of the concert, conductor and orchestra excelled themselves. The tone of the band in the mass or in the separate choirs kept the familiar richness of body, fineness of texture and varied lustre of color. It mounted in magnificent sonorities through the upswelling periods of the end of Strauss's tone-poem; or it was feathery swift, light and flashing in the Scherzo of Beethoven's symphony. It expanded in thrilling breadth of phrase in the hymn-like Trio that interrupts that Scherzo; and it concentrated the beauty and the passion of sustained song that fills not a few of the middle passages in Liszt's "Preludes." Fluid and shimmering as of old, the wood-winds spun Beethoven's gleaming arabesques above the shadowed and vibrant voices of the strings; or penetrating and piteous, sang the song of youth in the ears of Strauss's sick man. The full-voiced brass made magniloquent the pompous close of Liszt's symphonic poem. The heavier instruments rained their strokes of Fate into Brahms's "Tragic Overture"; and the trumpets pealed across the sombre and slow-paced mass of the strings—the same strings that had glinted and leapt through many a measure [illegible] Beethoven's symphony. The ardent and elastic rhythmic verve or the grave rhythmic march of the orchestra equally stirred the ear. Beside the smooth and sunny euphonies and the frank accents of much of the symphony, stood the anguished phrases and the mysterious underbeats of Strauss's tone-poem. The romantic ardor of Liszt and the grave power of Brahms lay alike within the speech of the orchestra. The moulding and the coloring of every phrase were as though each man were a mutually precise and sensitive instrument. The sharp chords, the very drum-beats of Beethoven were eloquent; the streaming harmonies of his finale, the tortured accents of Strauss's tone-poem were as though human, and not instrumental, voices bore them. The technical virtues of the orchestra have vanished now in the results that they achieve. The hearer listens to revelation that has mastered both puissant and subtle means.

It is the fine ear and the endless endeavor of Dr. Muck that has schooled the band to this richness and fineness of tone. From his beat are born this elasticity and energy of rhythm. He measures this breadth and intensity of phrase; sets this flying pace; or marshals and sustains these sweeping climaxes. The melting euphonies and the pounding blows are the working of his will as the composer prompts it. It is he who chooses the phrase that the instrumental voices shall project for the instant upon the ears and imagination of those that hear; who graduates the subtle quickening of pace, the adroit heightening of accent, the exciting ascents and expansions in which the orchestra seems now as effortless as it is eloquent. His hand, as sensitive to the composer's intent as it is upon the uttering voices, enjoins the suspense that makes the transitions thrilling when Beethoven's symphony springs out of the hinting motives of the Introduction into the full "dance-song" of the first Allegro; modulates the little and animated dialogues between the instruments that diversify it; imposes the pace that maintains the contrasts of the slow movement; fixes "the holds" that heighten the nervous excitement of the racing and returning melodies of the finale. As he designs for the orchestra, so he details for it. As he releases its power in the tragic stresses of Brahms's overture, so he restrains it in Liszt's symphonic poem, lest a rhetorically romantic music shall seem but turgid pomps.

It is the custom to say that in such music as Strauss's tone-poem of the sick man battling with death from without and struggling with memories from within, each player in the orchestra must feel and convey the imagined scene and circumstance, the current of the emotions, the pervading atmosphere, the dramatic intent, even as does the divining and the imparting actor in a play. If this analogy holds, then a conductor, like Dr. Muck, becomes to such a piece as the producer in the theatre. It is for him to discover, for example, that in the feverish excitements of the music lies the least of its delineative power and the least of its hold for a quarter of a century upon imagination and emotion. Chromatically tortured tones may bear at the hands of Strauss the torture of the sick man's spirit as haunting recollection and impending death alike rack it. By so much the tone-poem is no more than delineative music accomplishing what, nowadays, it is easy to expect of it.

The finer power of the piece lies in its evocation, through sound, of the stillness, the solitude, the suspense of the sickroom; of the mysterious and insistent presence of death, waiting to receive the spirit shattered by these struggles. And the finest power of all dwells in the humanity of the tone-poem. The vision of vanished youth melts the heart in the tones of the oboe; the remembered conflict of living and doing stirs the pulse; death waiting implacable heightens the piteousness of all that the music would summon. It is on the wings of human sympathy that the tonal transfiguration of the end rises. The conductor-producer may heighten detail after detail, as Dr. Muck does; he may mate the course of the music as music and the course of the delineation as closely as Strauss has done before him; he may see the end from the beginning, and so unfold the piece that not a measure, as Strauss designed, shall seem wasted or ill-placed. But it will still remain for him to disengage from it the qualities by which it sways those that hear. Because Dr. Muck and the orchestra evoke the humanity of the music, the mystery that haunts it, the sympathy that is born of it, he and it make the tone-poem sound as it never sounded before within the walls of Symphony Hall.

So to discover and reveal what lies at the heart of the chosen music and what distinguishes and glorifies it is after all the unique quality of Dr. Muck and the orchestra that he has shaped in his image. It is quite possible to play Brahms's "Tragic Overture" so that it shall sound dark, diffuse and dull. Yesterday it was indeed a sombre music; but in the bold and clanging beginning it struck an heroic note. Soon it spoke nobly and loftily of struggle and of Fate—for Brahms is not minded in these things like the neurotic Slavs. Before it ended it had more than once attained the grave and deep power that is an attribute of the antique tragedy, the spirit of which Brahms would translate into tones. Oftener he ponders rather than speaks out in the overture; to make Fate inexorable he has made his music hard; but there is no mistaking the austere passion of its tumults or the gleams across them of a wan beauty.

As Dr. Muck both opened and intensified Brahms's overture, as he summoned sympathy and not spectacle from Strauss's tone-poem, making each music speak according to its own voice and glory, so he clarified and concentrated Liszt's "Preludes." The romantic composers and the romantic poets of the forties and the fifties saw readily vast but vaporous visions. They cultivated grandeur but sometimes reaped turgidity. There is plentiful tonal pomp and rhetoric in "Preludes," because it was the spontaneous way of Liszt as man and composer, and the prescribed way for such romantic pieces in his time. It is easy to make it sound poor of substance, swollen of manner, pompous of effect. On the other hand, it contains many measures wherein the expressive beauty of the music is born of ardent imagination and invention. Of such is the beginning which Dr. Muck touches with grave mystery of expanding voice, and of such is the succeeding songful passage that he deepens and glamors with the sustained richness of the orchestra's tone. The rest—largely tumults and pomps—he holds to measured eloquence and lo! "Preludes" has regained its large, clear and manifold romantic voice. As for the seventh symphony, the conductor had only to add to the radiant or the shadowed beauty of the music the complementary beauty of the instrument that yesterday brightened or deepened it. The mea[illegible] the methods and the outcome have al[illegible] been written here. H. [illegible]

MONITOR, BOSTON,

OCTOBER 16

KARL MUCK AND THE SYMPHONY BEGIN SEASON

Conductor by His Unique Handling of Baton Gives Readings of Great Expository Value at First Concert—Long Program

SYMPHONY HALL—First concert of the thirty-fifth season, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Oct. 15. The program: Beethoven, seventh symphony in A Major, op. 92; Brahms, "Tragic," overture, op. 81; Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration," tone poem, op. 24; Liszt, "Les Préludes," symphonic poem, No. 3.

It is all in the end of the stick. The precision of reading which probably more than anything else explains the great acclaim of the concerts given in recent seasons by the Boston Symphony orchestra, arises from the conductor's peculiar ability to place his beat at the very point of the baton. Everybody who ponders on the orchestral question grows into a stronger realization all the time of how much sound depends on sight, of how much the ear owes to the eye. Even those who regard the whole matter of motion in the orchestra as intrusive and disturbing, and Wagner himself was one of these, have at least an intellectual interest in it. The only way the music can come forth to represent the composer's intentions, is for bend of arm, touch of finger, set of lip and pressure of breath in the 100, more or less, performers concerned to be in something like accurate adjustment and coördination.

The perfection of that bundle of excellencies which the French tie up in the one word ensemble, the perfection which is such a simple matter to the pianist, such a lifelong study with string quartet players, and such an impossibility, it can almost be said, with an orchestra, is somewhere near attained by Karl Muck. Few listeners will think of denying this, for it is one of the facts of present-day musical interpretation that have been put almost beyond argument. All the necessary comparisons have been made, the reports are all in and the findings given. Orchestral players everywhere declare that Dr. Muck surpasses his contemporaries in precise reading of classic and modern scores, and they explain it simply by saying that his beat, like that of no other conductor, is at the end of the baton.

Other considerations aside, then, the performance of the two long works by Beethoven and Strauss and the short ones by Brahms and Liszt was remarkable Friday afternoon for its expository values. The structural content of the four pieces was presented with a mastery that is hardly to be equaled. But as to poetic values, there might be some complaint that there was a lack. The program was read off with thematic clearness, indeed; but not always with emotional distinction. The pieces that suffered least in this respect were doubtless the Beethoven and the Liszt works. Happily Dr. Muck has found he can let his baton rest in a portion of the scherzo of the seventh symphony and he has found that his men are aware of something besides square-cut measures in "Les Préludes," and he lets them express some human feelings here as well as their delight in virtuosity.

The players had a week of preparation for their first home concert in a tour of cities of the middle western states. Their playing in large concert halls has developed a large tone which is beyond the magnificence reached even in the time of Max Fiedler. And yet no instrumental department is forced unduly. The playing of the brasses, though altogether too loud at times for Symphony hall, was brilliant and clean. Indeed, the orchestra has never let more light into its harmonies, even in the days of the small tone of Gericke, than at this concert. The gruff scoring of Brahms had an unwonted persuasion. The instrumental entanglements of Strauss got a freedom unknown before.

The orchestra is now at the second climax of its history as an ensemble organization. Under Mr. Gericke it taught the subject-matter of the classic repertory to an inquiring public, mastering the presentation of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven with all imaginable thoroughness. Under Dr. Muck it has reasserted its ability to expound the text of the old school of writers and has proved its ability to illumine the pages of the modern program-music writers. Acquiring a large technique and a fuller sonority, it has been able to get at the underlying formalities of the work of the late nineteenth century novelists and painters in tone no less successfully than it got at the same things in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century sculptors and architects. At the same time the institution has remained philosophically just what it began. It searches out in music that which is systematic and tested. It emphasizes all the known values of expression and strikes forth to find new ones only with the greatest caution. It works out its purpose completely under a conductor whose beat is at the point of the baton.

When the history of modern conducting is written, there will be a long chapter on the topic of the beat. For the whole style of performance depends on where the leader, stick in hand, focuses his purpose. He may indicate it anywhere from the outer end of the wand to the inner. He may even indicate it back in his elbow or even at his shoulder. According to his temperament and his musical, social, or perhaps athletic training, he will vary the point on which his players are to fix their eyes to take his meaning. Beethoven's seventh symphony was directed in a former season of the orchestra by a conductor whose beat was not definitely localized at any point of the right arm or the baton, and that reading, if it could be brought back and placed next to the reading of Friday afternoon, would fail in all that goes to make up rhythmic and many another kind of charm. The Strauss "Death and Transfiguration" also at a concert of some years since had a reading under a baton of indeterminate beat, and that reading would not stand for a moment against that of Friday as a piece of explanation and analysis, however it might stand in other respects.

Of course the interpretation of music by an orchestra of 35 years' existence is to be referred to something besides the manner in which the conductor manipulates his baton. It is found vitally in the attitude of the listeners. If the beat is at the end of the stick, if the readings of the symphonic masters are strikingly expository, it is because the hearers will have them that way. A community that does little original in a given form of art will get into an attitude of curiosity and will remain there, until it becomes actively responsive and begins to express itself through that art in its own way. So long as its attitude is merely one of curiosity, it will regard the declarative and illustrative style of interpretation as the highest attainment possible.

TRAVELER, SATURDAY,
OCTOBER 16, 1915.

SYMPHONY OPENS 35TH SEASON WITH FINE PROGRAM

Crowded House Exceptionally Enthusiastic in Greeting to Conductor and Players.

Notable enthusiasm reigned throughout the opening concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Dr. Muck was kept busy for several minutes acknowledging the applause of the big audience as he took his place at the conductor's stand. Honors achieved in the far West and middle West apparently made the audience doubly appreciative of its good fortune in having such an orchestra and such a leader.

And the concert itself was simply grand. The program, Beethoven's seventh symphony, the "Tragic" overture of Brahms, Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's "Les Preludes" more than half prepared the audience for the treat, but it scarcely could have been prepared for the orchestra playing in such exceptional form at the first concert of the season.

Never before did the remarkable beauties of the Beethoven symphony seem so clearly presented. The gem of all, the second movement, was little short of wonderfully given. It was playing long to be remembered. And the grand Strauss number, Strauss at his best and played as perhaps no other band of musicians can play. As with Strauss and Beethoven so in equal measure, comparatively speaking, with Brahms and Liszt. It was certainly good to [illegible] solid, substantial music and

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RECORD, SATURDAY,
OCTOBER 16, 1915

First Symphony Concert Purely Orchestral

THE PROGRAMME.

Beethoven. Seventh Symphony.
Brahms. Tragic Overture.
Strauss. Death and Transfiguration. Symphonic Poem.
Liszt. Les Preludes. Symphonic Poem.

The orchestral season has begun, the baseball season has ended, and the public turns from the bat to the baton, from very small scores to very big ones, from home runs to chromatic ones. The opening programme was entirely orchestral, such as we like the best, although the public will generally flock more enthusiastically to a star soloist than to symphonic masterpieces. It was a great programme; greater than we generally get for an opening one, but that was due to the fact that the orchestra had been trained somewhat through a short preliminary season on tour, which is a very good plan, says Louis C. Elson in the Advertiser in his review of the Symphony opening.

Dr. Muck received a welcome of which he may be proud. The applause at his entrance was very prolonged, and we believe that the three recalls at the end of the symphony were as much of a personal tribute as a recognition of Beethoven. The programme was a trifle over-long.

Nevertheless the consolations of Beethoven and the triumphs of Strauss and Liszt over Death and human vicissitudes made up a programme that meant very much to those who take the wretchedness of the larger part of the world to heart in this "struggle of discordant powers that draws out the harmony of the universe.

BOSTON AMERICAN
OCTOBER 16, 1915.

SYMPHONY HAS FIRST BOSTON CONCERT

By FREDERICK JOHNS.

The thirty-fifth year of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston was begun yesterday afternoon in the customary unpretentious manner. It was not the opening of the season, however, as the orchestra made a long trip West during the first half of October, and consequently the men were playing in mid-season form, with none of the roughness or unevenness which sometimes attends an opening.

The audience, being feminine and gloved, did not greet Doctor Muck and his wonderful orchestra with the warmth they deserve, but the Symphony men know their Friday audiences and understand them.

The program chosen by Doctor Muck for the occasion was a feast of melody. There was the lovely seventh Symphony of Beethoven, with its exquisite Allegretto, and its fascinating Rondo finale, the impressive tragic overture of Brahms, the great Strauss tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and the sonorous and popular preludes of Liszt.

Doctor Muck loves the classics and plays Beethoven with the scholarly clarity that makes the symphonies sparkle and glow. And unlike some conductors he never neglects the passages of great dramatic intensity which are constantly occurring in a Beethoven symphony.

The tragic overture of Brahms, which is supposed to suggest a hero's struggle against his doom, is titanic in its scope and contains passages of great beauty, richness and elegance. And yet it leaves one cold, unless he happens to be a devotee of Brahms.

Its mood is similar to "Death and Transfiguration," although this is frankly descriptive music. The Strauss work is now a quarter of a century old. Revolutionary as its harmonic structure may have seemed in 1890, it is now what we would style a modern work.

Strauss in those days possessed a fine melodic vein, and there is very lovely music in "Death and Transfiguration." It was played with all the passion and reverence which Doctor Muck and his orchestra bring to a Strauss tone poem, and it was tremendously effective.

The last number of a delightful program was that splendid symphony of Liszt, "The Preludes," which does not attempt to describe details like "Death and Transfiguration," but which creates moods similar to the spirit of Lamartine's poem of the same name, the theme of which is "What is life but a series of preludes to that unknown song, the first solemn note of which is sounded by death?"

This music was used last season to fit a ballet called "The Preludes," in which Pavlowa appeared; a ballet [illegible]

TRANSCRIPT.
OCTOBER 23.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MUCH LARGE-VOICED, EXACTING MUSIC

An Outworn Overture by Dvorak—Mr. Loeffler's Eloquent Tone-Poem That Excels Its Source—Ravel's Precise and Persuasive Perfections — The Uneven, Exuberant, but Youthfully Masterful, Enesco of the New Symphony

PRESENT fashion among the conductors has blessed the unified programme, and with Dr. Muck it is not merely a passing predilection but a sincere conviction. Grant that it has advantages in the assembling of pieces of a common content, style and voice, though it ignores, for the sake of symmetry, the ready faculty that adjusts human attention and interest to variety and contrast. But need even a unified programme be so arduous and exacting as that which Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra laid upon the audience yesterday afternoon? As one of the cynics of the lobby said in the intermission, it might have been unified by its severities; more probably it had the desired cohesion and symmetry in the large voice and manner, the romantic or the tragic substance, the high pitch of feeling and expression, the general amplitude and modernity of three of the pieces upon it—Enesco's novel symphony, Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem of Tintagiles and Dvoràk's "Husitzkà" overture. More lightly runs Ravel's suite from his ballet of "Mother Goose"; but the very finesse of his invention, the precision of his workmanship and the artfulness of his implications make even these "Pièces Enfantines" exacting to hear. No one of these numbers was of taxing length; none by itself laid more strain upon the comprehending receptivity and the emotional response of hearers than they would have gladly borne. But the four pieces in mass formation, so to say, left many an auditor forcing his listening faculties long before the concert had ended.

In particular Dvoràk's overture might have been spared, since like most of his music it falls not upon twentieth-century ears as it did upon those of his own day and generation. The youngsters sniff at it; if they have ever lived in Paris or "absorbed" at home what they fondly believe to be Parisian standards, they call the piece "old hat"; while most of us in middle life know that the sonorous pomps, the striding harmonies, the square-cut rhythms and the broad brush-strokes of instrumental color fall not upon our ears as they did in the nineties. This fate, common nowadays to much of the Bohemian's music, is less shortcoming than misfortune. In his time Dvoràk wrote, especially in such a piece as this "Husitzkà" overture, with a sweep of sonority, a fire of rhythm, a play of harmonic and instrumental color and a suggestion of untamed emotion and expression that were strange and stirring to hear. In 1915, however, the listening world of the West knows much more of the music—still barbaric at heart—of many a Czech, Slav or Magyar and its ears are accustomed to pomps of tone, energies of rhythm and flares of color beside which Dvoràk's seem tame. He has been left naked of nearly all things but his capacity for melodic invention and sustained interest of idea and mood. He was never strong in either respect, since he composed with much more "heart" and simple excitement than intellect and ordered power. And so at each rehearing his music seems to diminish, unless, like the one piece that he wrote in the pain of exile and longing—the symphony "From the New World"—it keeps a universal human feeling, poignantly expressed, that time and progress may not dull. Moreover, for the particular overture of yesterday, no doubt Hussite hymns stir Bohemian bosoms; but American ears receive them as calmly as Czech listeners might hear "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Besides, it was the misfortune of the "Husitzkà" overture to follow Mr. Loeffler's epitomizing translation into tones of Maeterlinck's play, "The Death of Tintagiles"—music at which time, so far, gnaws in vain and that changing fashion leaves scathless. (Even in the revised version the "dramatic poem" is now fifteen years old). Yesterday, too, as it came from the hands of Dr. Muck and the orchestra, it seemed to excel in graphic content and emotional appeal, in poetic substance and dramatic force, even the play that suggested it. The Belgian's "La Morte de Tintagiles" was written for marionettes; of course, it has been acted by humans; but only in the little marionette theatre in the park above Munich has it really kept the stage. Seen there, it seems a piteous tale remote, of figures that wear human semblance rather than possess human substance. Similarly, on the printed page, it is the atmosphere of ominous solitude, of foreboding that will not be stilled, of creeping horror, of pity stifled by cruelty, of will powerless against fate, of white childhood and pale youth against fat and black old age that possesses and haunts the reader unless he is perverse enough to take exercise in symbolism as he reads.

On the other hand, in Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem, and in such a performance of it as drama in music as Dr. Muck and the orchestra achieve, the tale of Tintagiles becomes sombre and searching tragedy of old romance and older fate. For the dullest hearer Mr. Loeffler sets the scene—the grim and isolated castle in the storm-swept valley; the close chamber of secret dread; the corridors that echo to the soft padding of uncanny feet; the iron door at which young hands beat and tear in vain. For the slowest ear, Mr. Loeffler summons and individualizes the personages—the child prince, plaintive and piteous victim of old age and cruel fate; the young sister who by sheer force of youth and love, longing and will, would stay what she dreads and may not avert it; the grew-some and haunting sombre presences against which she contends; the whispering and padding watchers upon inevitable tragedy. In the tone-poem, too, Mr. Loeffler writes that tragedy largely and movingly—the genral conflict, old as Persian fable, of the powers of light against the powers of darkness; the particular, the poignant and the pitiful outcome when the child is slain and the sister lies helpless by the unyielding door. The pang of human suffering, the mystery of human fate, the baffling enigma of striving good and implacable evil haunt the end of the tone-poem. And what music intrinsically it is—coherent and cogent from beginning to end, alive with invention and imagination, large or fine of stroke as the instant demands, colorful as from inexhaustible palette, sustaining atmosphere, projecting drama, piercing and holding listening mind and imagination—and always by the means, the artistries and the intrinsic qualities of music. For it is not by the implications and impressions of the printed page assumed in the minds of Mr. Loeffler's hearers, that he compasses his atmosphere, defines and relates his personages, marshals and culminates his drama. The matter and the processes of his music accomplish these ends. In essence his tone-poem is a tragedy of light and darkness, youth and age, will and fate, that is self-contained.

Similarly, it was good yesterday to listen to the five divisions of Ravel's suite independently of the fanciful French inventions that suggested them and that have much more to do with the contes of Monsieur Perrault than with the rhymes of our own Mother Goose. The music bears such test well. The little Pavane at the beginning is a minor masterpiece of grave and gentle beauty flawlessly concentrated in the few smooth and precise measures of Ravel. The wistful grace, the suffusing charm of the piece labelled "Petit Poucet" melts the ear and the fancy. The ensuing procession of the "Pagodes" is miniature fantasy in rhythm, in color, in ornament, in returning suggestion. Call the "Conversations of Beauty and the Beast" an idyl running to as idealized a waltz as ever Chopin wrote and ear and imagination bear out the designation. The finale of the Fairy Garden and the lovers' meeting distils as into some little bottle of crystal, the essence of romantic and atmospheric music.

And all this, from the first to the last measure of the suite, Ravel accomplishes with the flawless perfection that is his habit and distinction among contemporaries. They that write seek what the French call the just word—the word that entirely and exactly bears the idea or suggestion and that is impeccable in its place. Composing, Ravel almost invariably finds the just note. Each precisely and uncloudedly conveys what he would impart, each falls as exactly and inevitably into its place in the measure. Each measure is of like quality and like relation to the whole. That whole achieves its end as precisely, economically and inevitably. The purely musical accomplishment is as perfect as the fanciful and poetizing suggestion. Matter and manner, image and implication are flawlessly fused. The peril of such music is a dry and meticulous perfection. Ravel escapes it in these "Pièces Enfantines," by apt grace of invention and fancy, by the faint, exotic and fairy aroma that perfumes them, by the light ironic tang that the title imparts to such an exceedingly adroit, intricate and insinuating music.

As Ravel's perfections enthrall the listening and envying musician, so the manifold power and the passionate workmanship—for it deserves the adjective—of Enesco's symphony might have engrossed and stirred him. It is an uneven piece—as music is likely to be when exuberant temperament and opulent talent write it in the early twenties of their age. It is a piece in which the composer makes ardent use of the big instrumental means that he has already learned to swing and of the harmonic artifice in which he is already fertile. It is a piece, again, more ample and eager in design than in the apt and persuasive definition and filling of the plan; it is ornamented out of a treasure of invention and device that it is the way of kindled youth to believe inexhaustible; and the passion of its moods sometimes dwells more in the composer's spirit than in an utterance that sheer heat of feeling makes the less articulate. Enesco's symphony, however, is much more than this. Out of the first movement and out of the finale shine an opulence of means, a veritable splendor of handling, a passion of utterance that are of the born and practised composer glorying already in a kind of magnificence of resource, enkindled by it and stirring his hearers accordingly. Out of the slow division, moreover, rises a beauty of invention, a command of sustained yet diversified song and a mingled richness and subtlety of harmonic and instrumental color that weave around that song another and an irresistible beauty. They who would have single movements detached from symphonies, the rest of which does not match them, will insist that Enesco's adagio deserves to be so preserved. It held its audience rapt yesterday; and at the end pause for return out of pleasure and illusion signified more than all the succeeding applause.

It is quite true that the first movement of the symphony lacks clarity and firmness of design and substance and reveals no more than the aforesaid magnificence of workmanship. While some ears may be lost in speculation as to "what it is all about," others will have their joy of the whipping rhythms, the bold progressions, the ascension and reascension of climax, the passage of motives in vivid flashes through the choirs, the biting contrasts, the keen-edged detail, the harmonic glow and the throbbing instrumental color. It is as though Enesco would write music in molten mass to dart into the gleams of his harmonies, to fling off the sparks of his rhythm. In the finale, he is firmer of design and more lucid of substance; for much of the material has already been stated or suggested in the modern fashion of interrelated musical thoughts. The passionate energy of the mood is more direct and articulate and the fire of music and creative emotion burns through the glowing vapors of harmony and instrumentation. Enesco masters his splendor of handling even though it still intoxicates him. Between [illegible] power stands the second [illegible] upon seemingly the slenderest of motives. Scarcely unfolded it begins to stir with a strange and penetrating beauty; the beauty expands into lamenting song, half-wild, half-gentle and wholly romantic; ever-changing harmonic and instrumental color enhances now the wildness, now the mournfulness, and now the aroma of old romance. The beauty never clouds nor flags; the song runs its inevitable course, expanding as by emotional impulse from itself. The impression is of the illusion of old and touching legend, remote and glamored. Chopin's ballads do not bring it more.

H. T. P.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

OCTOBER 23,

ENESCO SYMPHONY FAILS TO COME UP TO EXPECTATIONS

Earlier hearings of the works of the youthful Roumanian composer, Enesco, had rather whetted the appetite for more from the same source. Thus there was quite a bit of curiosity to hear his symphony in E flat, the feature number of yesterday afternoon's Symphony concert. One can frankly say the desire can scarcely be so keen today. The first hearing of the symphony leaves one in considerable doubt as to the composer's intentions. The first movement gives the impression of one who wishes to say a whole lot of things without any very clear idea of what they are and suggests confusion rather than clear thinking. The second movement, easily the best in the work, on the other hand, sounds as though the writer had restrained his enthusiasm and put down the result of some sound, musicianly thinking. The third movement shows a tendency to lapse into the errors of the first with just enough of the merits of the second to save the number.

Doubly welcome, therefore, came the second number of the program, that delightful "Mother Goose" suite of Ravel with its many charms, set forth by Dr. Muck and his players in their best light. But it was some step from Ravel to Loeffler's dramatic poem, "Le Mort de Tintagiles." It was almost a shock. However, one will long treasure the beauties of the piece and particularly the fine solo playing of Mr. Ferir. Mr. Loeffler was called upon to acknowledge the enthusiasm of the audience. Dvorak's dramatic overture, "Husitska," the closing number, seemed a bit tame after the Loeffler selection, which perhaps a rather long program may in part account for.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

OCTOBER 23,

SYMPHONY MEN PRESENT WORK BY G. ENESCO

Composition in Symphony Form Found to Have Individuality and Appeal in Slow Movement —Ravel and Loeffler Heard

SYMPHONY HALL—Second public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Oct. 22. The program: Enesco, symphony in E-flat major, op. 13 (first time in Boston); Ravel, "Mother Goose," children's pieces; Loeffler, "Death of Tintagiles," dramatic poem after Maeterlinck for orchestra and viola d'amore (Emile Ferir, incidental soloist); Dvorak, "Husitska" overture.

The Enesco symphony is the vehicle of at least one noble orchestral idea, though it is not, considered as a whole, the embodiment of sustained thought. Of its three movements the second is by far the most important. Of the other two perhaps it is enough to say that they serve as a frame for a beautiful tone picture. The work is an example of effective symphonic method but of inadequate architechtonic conception. As a study in thematic handling it is highly interesting; for it is as logically written from page to page as a work of Brahms. As a study in instrumentation it is equally admirable. The sound is persuasive, the contrasts of tone qualities and the alternation of light power and full power being managed with the rhythmic mastery of a Strauss. There can be no doubt about the composer's earnestness of purpose, strength of intellect and individuality of imagination. If, as Carlyle puts it, the world knows how a man will fight by the way he sings, Enesco would hold his own on the battlefield with anybody. He is a musical tactician, ordering his score so that every department of tone and every harmonic voice has its full efficiency; and he is a musical strategist, making the attention of listeners his objective and securing it, now by open attack in [illegible] now by surprise around a flank.

If the second movement had been put out by its author as a romance for orchestra, it should have been one of the successes of the modern repertory. It seems, notwithstanding any formal connection it can be shown to have with the rest of the piece, an independent composition. It contains a complete idea, and a sufficient idea to hold up the reputation of Enesco with that of any man now writing music. Ability to construct a symphonic work on a big plan is not essential to him who wants to address the world through the orchestra today. The movement is a most engaging love song, comparable with the prelude to "Tristan" in everything but tragic quality. It represents the present-day trend of lyric expression, which is no less yearning than that of the nineteenth century, but distinctly less despairing. The music of this section opens with a frank and hopeful descending phrase in the major mode, which is never contradicted by complaints or doubts in the minor.

On purely classical grounds the Enesco work would be regarded by many as failing to come up to the requirements of a symphony because it has no scherzo. And on the whole the test of humor is perhaps the surest one to apply. For the greatest tone thinkers have been preëminent satirists. Leave the laughter out of the Beethoven, Brahms and Strauss symphonies and you leave Hamlet out of the play. The disability of Enesco was offset on Friday afternoon by a program device of Dr. Muck. The missing element in the large composition was supplied from a short playful piece by another composer. What Enesco lacked Ravel made up. And thus a complete symphonic scheme was devised out of the work of two Parisian composers.

The Enesco and the Ravel works were a complete program in themselves and were the whole program of the afternoon as far as interest of interpretation went. For the Loeffler tone poem, unless it is a dull piece in its own right, had a commonplace reading. The charm of it as a number at the second pair of the Symphony concerts is in the passages for viola d'amore, in which Mr. Ferir is the solo player. It would seem from the Friday performance that Mr. Loeffler's chief desire in "Tantagiles" was to prove the value of a neglected instrument as a voice to plead for some of the finer and more mystical emotions of men. If that is so, here is a second example in the same day of music whose principal message lies in a few pages and not in the composition as a whole.

BOSTON GLOBE—

OCTOBER 23,

ENESCO'S SYMPHONY.

Uneven Work, Overdressed, Lacking in Ideas.

Loeffler Tone Poem, With Mr Ferir Soloist, a Feature.

A composer of this city who went to Paris several seasons ago for study with Georges Enesco found his teacher's time so occupied with excursions to this and that city for appearances as violinist or as conductor that his duties as pedagogue suffered and the instruction was discontinued. The symphony in E flat major, op 13, played by Dr Muck and the orchestra yesterday afternoon, at its first hearing in this city, plausibly might be the personal document of a man of great activity. It is a display of energy which indicates variability, incoherence, at times boisterousness. These are not qualities associated with action when it knows the vitality of repose.

Remembering Enesco's other compositions heard in Boston, this symphony is disappointing. There were passages in the suite for orchestra played a season ago and previously that denoted a fine musical taste, a restraint which invited rather than repelled. The passage is recalled in muted strings in modal harmonies, reminding of a shaft of sunlight falling through stained windows aslant a cathedral transept. Enesco's earlier music showed growing qualities of imagination, of individuality, often of destinctive beauty.

It is true there are signs of individuality in these three movements, but the page is too frequently blurred. Continuity of thought fails. There is a disturbing restiveness. There are brilliant, even startling outbursts, explosions of dynamic energy, calling upon brass and cymbals with the exaggerated rhetoric which to some may convey a noisy impressiveness, majesty, power, but, alas, is a noisy disguise for emptiness.

When Inspiration Becomes Labor.

From one hearing there are few moments that remain in the memory. The closing measures of the second movement, employing a pair each of solo violas and cellos with choirs of both, established a mood of chastened contemplative beauty. They were made the more impressive by the elusive, unearthly softness of the vanishing tone with which they were played. The opening of the last movement has an animation that is spontaneous, and for a few measures is finely rhapsodical, but the composer's inspiration soon becomes labor.

The thematic ideas are not generally compelling in themselves. It is true the opening exultant figure announced at once by the trumpet is stimulative and it is heard in animated discussion in the brass, but the development runs into noise. There are beautiful passages following the introduction of the second subject in the first movement, but there is not a sustained and even flow of ideas. It is singularly mannered music. Skill indisputably is in evidence, but it is as though the composer had perused his sketch books and had taken here and there devices, figuration, melodic, harmonic or rhythmic formulas jotted down with the intent they must be used.

There are sonorous climaxes; there are clever uses of intricate rhythms; there is harmonization noticeably, yet not flagrantly modern. There is no apish emulation of the users of the augmented triad. There are ingenious effects in orchestral color, and there are also pages too thickly scored and too overloaded with contrapuntal detail.

It is music giving perhaps not so much the impression of having been written too hurriedly as of the composer having had a confused vision of what he intended to say. The performance was one which appeared to do all justice to the score and with a virtuosity which enabled one often to forget the music.

Ravel's Charming Suite.

Compared with it, Ravel's charming Mother Goose suite stood out in relief. The clear orchestration, the apt and imaginative suggestion of characters, the well sustained invention and the pervading atmosphere make it one of the most graceful and characteristic scores of the best modern French school.

Mr Loeffler's "The Death of the Tintagiles" is always welcome. Some may find an over development in the middle portion of the work. While this may be true, the poem as a whole is a remarkable expression in orchestral tone painting of deeply tragic feeling. Even without the association of Maeterlinck's piteous child Prince in the clutches of the noisome Queen, and with each hearer left to invent his own program, it is music characterizing voice of the solo viole d'amour played of virile dramatic fibre, teeming with imagination, well proportioned in its points of conflict and of repose. The impersonation of the tender boy by the plaintive voiced viole d'amour, revived by Mr Ferir for these performances and played with the instinct of the true interpreter, is a happy one. The work mirrors the weak overwhelmed by grim and overpowering forces.

Mr Loeffler was present and bowed his acknowledgments.

Dvorak's overture "Husitska," with its fanatic cries of the Hussites, closed the program.

ADVERTISER,

OCTOBER 23,

SYMPHONY AGAIN PURELY ORCHESTRAL

ENESCO OPENING EXTREMELY BITTER

But Second Quite Another Story—Trumpeter Much in Evidence

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Enesco—Symphony in E flat.
Ravel—"Ma Mere l'Oye." Five Juvenile Pieces.
Loeffler—"The Death of Tintagiles." Tone Poem.
Dvorak—"Husitska" overture.

The second symphony concert, again purely orchestral, was somewhat less ambitious, and a trifle less interesting, than the first programme. The Enesco symphony was not exactly in neutral tints (in spite of its being of Roumanian origin), but it was not so scintillating as the Liszt and Strauss selections of the preceding week. We know Enesco chiefly through his Roumanian Rhapsody. That work was exciting enough to have been in Serbia, had one orgie after another, and a cancan-like wildness that gave evidence of a Balkan conflagration.

This symphony was not exactly of a milk-and-water type, although its symphonic respectability prevented such rhapsodical outbursts as above described. It had but three movements, and in these days when a lad of 16 writes a Sinfonietta an hour long, we must be grateful for reasonable brevity. The scherzo is the movement omitted, and there is nothing playful about the entire work.

The opening movement ("Assez Vif") was extremely bitter. We thought that Enesco had gone over to the enemy, at a first hearing of this, but there was at least some intelligibility, even here, and originality was present from the very first phrase. Nevertheless we were not sorry when the banging kettle-drum figure which ends the movement was reached.

But the second movement ("Lent") was quite another story. If any one wants to hear what can be developed out of "Three Blind Mice" let him listen attentively to this movement, for its chief motive is the opening figure of the time-honored round. It comes back again and again, like a Carillon, or a sort of "Ostinato," but it is treated with so much ingenuity and poetry that it has a pensive charm that is most attractive. This movement is the gem of the work and it was given with a delicacy of shading that cannot be over-praised.

The finale had considerable material from the first two movements worked over. This device, which Beethoven began in his ninth symphony finale has been used by all the symphonic moderns, but none of them approach the finale of Brahms' first in this matter. The Enesco work is an important addition to the repertoire.

Ravel's works might be entitled "Mother Goose for Adults." He may use the title "enfantines" as much as he chooses, but the juveniles who revel in unravelling Ravel must be, like the Boston child of the New York comic papers, wonderfully advanced infants. We like the children of Humperdinck better than those of Ravel or Richard Strauss. However, there were more graphic points and fine contrasts in this Gallic Mother Goose. Most daintily was "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood" and "Hop o' My Thumb" whispered to the audience, and here the delicacy of shading was quite in place. Everyone liked the xylophone confectionery in "Laideronnette," even if it was not as saccharine as Tschaikowsky's Sugar-plum fairy. There was a growling contrabassoon in "Beauty and the Beast" which was graphic enough. The Fairy Garden which is the Finale of the Suite seemed situated somewhere in the altissimo octave, judging by the high tones which were so copiously strewn about and which made the execution of the movement difficult.

Altogether we are beginning to like "Ma Mere l'Oye" even if it is not our idea of Mother Goose. It is one of the best examples of modern orchestration and progressions put to a playful use, and when we think of how much of ugliness the modern composer is capable of producing, we are profoundly grateful to catch him in a lighter mood. "Laideronnette" was the number which pleased the public most, and we agreed with the Vox Populi in this. Nevertheless we shall still choose Humperdinck and Tschaikowsky when we are in search of musical fairy tales.

From Mother Goose to the Death of Tintagiles was like going directly from a candy shop into an undertaker's establishment, rather too sudden a transition. The oftener we hear Mr. Loeffler's great work, the more we are impressed with his wonderful mastery of tone-color. The viol d'amour, which pictures Tintagiles, deserves resuscitation, and we know of no better exhibition of its dreamy, melancholy tone-color than is given in this work. Meyerbeer never got such an effect out of it in the "Huguenots" (Raoul's song, first act), and that was about the last prominent use of it made in modern music, that we can recall, until Mr. Loeffler resuscitated it.

Because of the seven wires which are placed under the finger-board, and which vibrate sympathetically with the seven strings that are played upon, the instrument has a really celestial quality, especially in its harmonics. It is always substituted for by the viola in modern scores and it is worth while remembering when one has an opportunity to hear it as well played as it was on this occasion by Emil Ferir.

We wish the composition were less prolix. Like Charles II, Tintagiles is a long while dying, but unlike that monarch, he makes no apology for it and does not hurry himself in the least.

Shakespeare's line about "Sounds and lamentations heard i' the air," would describe Tintagiles' lingering death, until he is crushed by the sudden fall of a solid mass of tonal masonry. The final crashes were most dramatic. All Bostonians prize Mr. Loeffler and it was but natural that he received a personal tribute from the audience and was obliged to rise and bow. But we believe that the work would be honored anywhere that it is played, in Europe or America. It is one of the important things that have been done in music on this side of the Atlantic. After Tintagiles was comfortably dead and buried we turned to alternate layers of Bohemian Chorales and battle-music. Dr. Muck gave these with all possible pomp and circumstance, but even that did not convince us that Dvorak could approach such music as, for example, Tschaikowsky achieved in the "1812" overture, where he celebrated Russia as Dvorak here attempts to celebrate Bohemia. When it comes to this kind of inspirational patriotism we much prefer Dvorak's teacher, Smetana, to the pupil.

There is a great deal of noise in "Husitska," but we are so fed up on fortissimi nowadays that breadth of sound does not carry us off our feet. The Hussite chorale was dignified, most especially at the beginning, where it appeared on the wood-wind. It reappeared often and was apotheosized at the end, but we felt more in sympathy with the plain religious chorale than with Dvorak's attempts to magnify it.

In this, and in the finale of the Enesco symphony, the trumpeter played as if he thought that it was the day of judgment. This extreme emphasis may be useful on Resurrection Morning, but until that time it is somewhat too emphatic. The make-up of this programme was a strong contrast to the power displayed in the first one.

BOSTON HERALD.

OCTOBER 23, 1915.

NEW SYMPHONY AT REHEARSAL

Work by the Roumanian, Enesco, Played—Ravel's Poetic Suite —Loeffler's Tone Poem.

By PHILIP HALE.

The second public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Every seat was taken. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E flat major, op. 13..Enesco
Ma Mere l'Oye, 5 Pieces Enfantines..Ravel
"The Death of Tintagiles" (after Maeterlinck) ....Loeffler
Overture "Husitska"..............Dvorak

It was a pity that the concert did not end with Mr. Loeffler's impressive tone-poem. It is true that it is not a hat-and-overcoat piece; it does not end with a joyful noise, which the Psalmist assures us was grateful to his Lord; but it is a good thing occasionally to leave a concert hall in a contemplative spirit, with the thought that life after all is not madeup only of beer and skittles. The program would have been admirably balanced without Dvorak's overture, which after the music of Ravel and Loeffler seemed ineffectively strenuous and laboriously contrived. It might serve a Hussite holiday, if Dvorak had written it for a military band and for performance in the open air. Coming immediately after Mr. Loeffler's highly imaginative and emotional composition, it recalled the remark of the noble Spaniard, Don Adriano de Armado: "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo." Furthermore, the concert without the overture would have been long enough.

Enesco's symphony was heard here for the first time. It was produced in Paris nearly 10 years ago, when the composer was in his 25th year. His "Roumanian Poem," a "Roumanian Rhapsody"—for Enesco is a Roumanian by birth—an orchestral suite and two or three other pieces have been played here. The symphony, which has a later opus number than the Suite, is on the whole a less individual work. The composer himself has said that when he studied in Vienna and before he made Paris his home for further study and the exercise of his profession as violinist and composer, he was "deeply imbued with the music of Wagner and Brahms," and their influence, he thinks, is shown today; that French influences also give character to his writings.

The second movement is the finest of the three, in thought and in expression. There is pleasing romantic sentiment rather than any compelling emotional appeal. There is a definite melodic line, whereas the themes of the other movements have not a decided and arresting profile. The orchestration is more varied and also richer, whereas in the other movements the coloring becomes monotonous with a use of the brass that verges on abuse. The ending of this movement is especially effective in its simple beauty.

Of the other movements, the first is the more important. In it are well considered pages by the side of those that are meaningless in their complexity; reduced to simpler terms. They show little original thought, little that is of a quality peculiar to Enesco. We have spoken of the inherant thinness of the thematic material and of the swollen but futile rhetoric. The Finale left no durable impression and did not rivet the attention at the time. Dr. Muck had evidently prepared the performance with great care. This is his habit, whether a work be new or old. The performance was a brilliant one. The Symphony was well received, and the second movement found special favor.

Ravel's Suite does not grow stale with repetition, any more than the fairy tales that inspired him. There are those who look upon fairy tales as foolishness. We know children that can see nothing in them and have no interest in the adventures of Alice. They are all to be pitied. When Hazlitt told Coleridge that he did not relish the serious parts of the Arabian Nights, the latter said that if he did not like them, it was because he did not dream. The fantastical, as the ironical, is disconcerting to some. Ravel's music is exquisitely fanciful, fantastical. It is the very essence of the subtly poetic. Nor is it devoid of humor. Note how he treats the conversation of Beauty with the Beast: the coquetry of the waltz, a waltz hinted at, surmised, with the hoarse growling of the Beast, fearful lest he may not win the adored one. There is the same idea of rough strength opposed to woman's wiles in Saint-Saens's "Spinning Wheel of Omphale," but Ravel is not a copyist. Could any thing be more fantastically exotic than the music of Laideronnette, the Empress of the Pagodes? While she bathed, her little subjects played on theorbos of walnut shells and viols made of almond shells. The whole Suite might have been played before Salome of the White Esoteric Isles by the orchestra of ivory instruments heard once by Jules Laforgue.

We have often spoken in praise of Mr. Loeffler's dramatic poem. Under Dr. Muck's leadership this music was yesterday still more imposing, of still greater emotional intensity. The opening, with its picturing of the wild night without the castle in the nameless land; the thought of old, faithful Agiovale with the useless sword; the piteous voice of the frightened child; the sinister sounds in the corridor; the terror, the agony of Sister Ygraine—these are brought home to the hearer by the sheer beauty and power of the music without attempts at interlinear translation of the drama into tones. Many works produced since "The Death of Tintagiles" was first performed in the present version now seem curiously old-fashioned or have disappeared. In these days of ultra-modernity Mr. Loeffler's poem is rounded, complete—though perhaps a little condensation in the latter part of the work would give it still greater dramatic impact—and modern as the best music is always modern.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Brahms, symphony No. 4 Schumann, overture to "Manfred"; Chopin, piano concerto in E minor (Mr Gabrilowitsch, pianist); Berlioz, overture "The Roman Carnival."

BOSTON JOURNAL-

OCTOBER 23, 1915.

NEW SYMPHONY BY ENESCO HAS VARIED CHARMS

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From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

Establ

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Paper Post
City ~~New York~~ Houston
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To put it in another way, Mrs. "X." will buy tomorrow M 25-26. Later in the season she will be requested to register her name and address and the seats she owns, and in the spring she will be notified that she has the privilege of renewing her subscription for those seats, and unless she fails to renew before a given date or notifies the management she doesn't care for them, the seats are hers for the following year. This is the plan followed by the orchestra with such success in New York and the other cities it visits, and it is also the plan that is used at the Metropolitan Opera House.

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date OCT 17 19

Est 884

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The orchestral numbers will be Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, Loeffler's "The Death of Tintagiles" and Liszt's "Les Preludes."

BOSTON HERALD,

OCTOBER 23, 1915.

NEW SYMPHONY AT REHEARSAL

Work by the Roumanian, Enesco, Played—Ravel's Poetic Suite —Loeffler's Tone Poem.

By PHILIP HALE.

The second public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Every seat was taken. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E flat major, op. 13..Enesco
Ma Mere l'Oye, 5 Pieces Enfantines..Ravel
"The Death of Tintagiles" (after......
Maeterlinck) ....Loeffler
Overture "Husitska"..................Dvorak

It was a pity that the concert did not end with Mr. Loeffler's impressive tone-poem. It is true that it is not a hat-and-overcoat piece; it does not end with a joyful noise, which the Psalmist assures us was grateful to his Lord; but it is a good thing occasionally to leave a concert hall in a contemplative spirit, with the thought that life after all is not madeup only of beer and skittles. The program would have been admirably balanced without Dvorak's overture, which after the music of Ravel and Loeffler seemed ineffectively strenuous and laboriously contrived. It might serve a Hussite holiday, if Dvorak had written it for a military band and for performance in the open air. Coming immediately after Mr. Loeffler's highly imaginative and emotional composition, it recalled the remark of the noble Spaniard, Don Adriano de Armado: "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo." Furthermore, the concert without the overture would have been long enough.

Enesco's symphony was heard here for the first time. It was produced in Paris nearly 10 years ago, when the composer was in his 25th year. His "Roumanian Poem," a "Roumanian Rhapsody"—for Enesco is a Roumanian by birth—an orchestral suite and two or three other pieces have been played here. The symphony, which has a later opus number than the Suite, is on the whole a less individual work. The composer himself has said that when he studied in Vienna and before he made Paris his home for further study and the exercise of his profession as violinist and composer, he was "deeply imbued with the music of Wagner and Brahms," and their influence, he thinks, is shown today; that French influences also give character to his writings.

The second movement is the finest of the three, in thought and in expression. There is pleasing romantic sentiment rather than any compelling emotional appeal. There is a definite melodic line, whereas the themes of the other movements have not a decided and arresting profile. The orchestration is more varied and also richer, whereas in the other movements the coloring becomes monotonous with a use of the brass that verges on abuse. The ending of this movement is especially effective in its simple beauty.

Of the other movements, the first is the more important. In it are well considered pages by the side of those that are meaningless in their complexity; reduced to simpler terms. They show little original thought, little that is of a quality peculiar to Enesco. We have spoken of the inherant thinness of the thematic material and of the swollen but futile rhetoric. The Finale left no durable impression and did not rivet the attention at the time. Dr. Muck had evidently prepared the performance with great care. This is his habit, whether a work be new or old. The performance was a brilliant one. The Symphony was well received, and the second movement found special favor.

Ravel's Suite does not grow stale with repetition, any more than the fairy tales that inspired him. There are those who look upon fairy tales as foolishness. We know children that can see nothing in them and have no interest in the adventures of Alice. They are all to be pitied. When Hazlitt told Coleridge that he did not relish the serious parts of the Arabian Nights, the latter said that if he did not like them, it was because he did not dream. The fantastical, as the ironical, is disconcerting to some. Ravel's music is exquisitely fanciful, fantastical. It is the very essence of the subtly poetic. Nor is it devoid of humor. Note how he treats the conversation of Beauty with the Beast: the coquetry of the waltz, a waltz hinted at, surmised, with the hoarse growling of the Beast, fearful lest he may not win the adored one. There is the same idea of rough strength opposed to woman's wiles in Saint-Saens's "Spinning Wheel of Omphale," but Ravel is not a copyist. Could any thing be more fantastically exotic than the music of Laideronnette, the Empress of the Pagodes? While she bathed, her little subjects played on theorbos of walnut shells and viols made of almond shells. The whole Suite might have been played before Salome of the White Esoteric Isles by the orchestra of ivory instruments heard once by Jules Laforgue.

We have often spoken in praise of Mr. Loeffler's dramatic poem. Under Dr. Muck's leadership this music was yesterday still more imposing, of still greater emotional intensity. The opening, with its picturing of the wild night without the castle in the nameless land; the thought of old, faithful Aglovale with the useless sword; the piteous voice of the frightened child; the sinister sounds in the corridor; the terror, the agony of Sister Ygraine—these are brought home to the hearer by the sheer beauty and power of the music without attempts at interlinear translation of the drama into tones. Many works produced since "The Death of Tintagiles" was first performed in the present version now seem curiously old-fashioned or have disappeared. In these days of ultra-modernity Mr. Loeffler's poem is rounded, complete—though perhaps a little condensation in the latter part of the work would give it stil greater dramatic impact—and modern as the best music is always modern.

The program of the concerts next weel is as follows: Brahms, symphony No. 4 Schumann, overture to "Manfred"; Chopin, piano concerto in E minor (Mr Gabrilowitsch, pianist); Berlioz, overture "The Roman Carnival."

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CITIZEN

s: Brooklyn, N. Y.

OCT 17 191

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From Nation
Address: New York City
OCT 7 - 1915

Among the musical entertainments to be given this season under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences are five concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; five by the New York Symphony Orchestra; three chamber-music concerts by the Kneisel Quartet; song recitals by Schumann-Heink, Kitty Cheatham, David Bispham, Paul Althouse, George Harris, Julia Culp, Melba; violin and piano recitals by Kreisler, Elman, Spalding, Josef Hofmann, Percy Grainger, Mme. Laginska, and Ernest Schelling.

The genuine Japanese Madama Butterfly, Tamaki Minra, who appeared successfully in London in Puccini's opera not long ago, made her American début last week in Chicago. She will also be heard in New York and Boston as a member of the Boston Opera Company.

Among the soloists engaged to appear in Boston with its Symphony Orchestra are Farrar, Melba, Paderewski, Kreisler, Rosenthal, Harold Bauer, Ruth Deyo, and Ernest Schelling. The manager of these concerts, Mr. Charles A. Ellis, announces that after this season subscription tickets will not be sold at auction, subscribers being allowed to retain their seats from year to year, as is the case with other orchestral organizations.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
OCT 17 1915
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IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

MME. MELBA, the coloratura soprano, will be the soloist at the first concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Institute auspices, on Friday evening, November 5, in the Academy of Music. She will sing the "Sweet Bird" aria from Handel's "Il Pensieroso" and the two arias from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," Porgi amor and Voi che sapete. The orchestral numbers will be Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, Loeffler's "The Death of Tintagiles" and Liszt's "Les Preludes."

BROOKLYN EDIT
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From EVENING GLOBE
Address: New York City
OCT 16 1915
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Dr. Karl Muck in his first concert with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Nov. 4 will play Brahms's Symphony in E Minor and Schumann's overture "Manfred," Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," and Dvorak's overture "Husitska."

Established: London, 1881;

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
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Madame Melba.
With the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday Evening.

FROM ll over the vance notes of an a concerts with which the musical season will open, and so great is the number of hese events that in some extreme cases nusical editors have had recourse to their lumns to implore managers and their ress agents to send in their announcements in as condensed form as possible. So succinct is the statement made by one such long suffering editor that it is worthy of emphasized repetition:

"There is room in these columns for short stories only, not for three-volume novels. Six graphic lines are worth more than a column of details which interest only those who want to see them in print."

In this city this week will see the musical season actually launched on the stream of important concerts on Tuesday evening with the first of the series of six to be given here this year by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and with the first of the De Luxe series on Friday afternoon. The largest of the musical clubs will also open its season this week, so that there will be no lack of musical entertainment for those who desire it. Dates already announced promise more than the usual number of good concerts during the season; a promise likely to be fulfilled unless present plans miscarry.

* * *

The series of six concerts to be given here this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will have a brilliant beginning on Tuesday evening in Infantry Hall. Not only has an interesting programme been arranged by Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, but the soloist is to be Mme. Melba, who has not been heard here for several years. As this will be her only appearance here this season the opportunity will be doubly welcome.

Mme. Melba, who since her debut in the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels has occupied an exalted place among singers, through the quality of her voice and the perfection of her technique, will sing three arias, the "Sweet Bird" aria from Handel's cantata, "Il Penseroso," and "Porgi Amor" and "Voi che sapete" from "The Marriage of Figaro."

The orchestral numbers comprise the immortal Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, the extraordinary "Caprice on Spanish Themes" by Rimsky-Korsakoff, and the prelude to Wagner's "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

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* * *

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York
Date OCT 18 1915

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On Saturday afternoon he will play the seventh symphony of Beethoven, Ravel's "La More l'Oye," Loeffler's "The Death of Tintagiles" and Liszt's "Les

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Address: New York City
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From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 14 1915

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From Frei Presse
Address Brooklyn, N. Y.
OCT 17 1915
Date

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From Nation
Address: New York City
OCT 7 - 1915

Among the musical entertainments to be given this season under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences are five concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; five by the New York Symphony Orchestra; three chamber-music concerts by the Kneisel Quartet; song recitals by Schumann-Heink, Kitty Cheatham, David Bispham, Paul Althouse, George Harris, Julia Culp, Melba; violin and piano recitals by Kreisler, Elman, Spalding, Josef Hofmann, Percy Grainger, Mme. Laginska, and Ernest Schelling.

The genuine Japanese Madama Butterfly, Tamaki Minra, who appeared successfully in London in Puccini's opera not long ago, made her American début last week in Chicago. She will also be heard in New York and Boston as a member of the Boston Opera Company.

Among the soloists engaged to appear in Boston with its Symphony Orchestra are Farrar, Melba, Paderewski, Kreisler, Rosenthal, Harold Bauer, Ruth Deyo, and Ernest Schelling. The manager of these concerts, Mr. Charles A. Ellis, announces that after this season subscription tickets will not be sold at auction, subscribers being allowed to retain their seats from year to year, as is the case with other orchestral organizations.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

MME. MELBA, the coloratura soprano, will be the soloist at the first concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Institute auspices, on Friday evening, November 5, in the Academy of Music. She will sing the "Sweet Bird" aria from Handel's "Il Pensieroso" and the two arias from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," Porgi amor and Voi che sapete.

The orchestral numbers will be Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, Loeffler's "The Death of Tintagiles" and Liszt's "Les Preludes."

BROOKLYN EDIT
From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date OCT 17 1915

MELBA TO BE HEARD.

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From EVENING GLOBE
Address: New York City
Date OCT 16 1915

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Established: London, 1881;

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

a country come advalanch

Madame Melba.
With the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday Evening.

FROM ll over the vance notes of an a concerts with which the musical season will open, and so great is the number of hese events that in some extreme cases musical editors have had recourse to their olumns to implore managers and their ress agents to send in their announcements in as condensed form as possible. So succinct is the statement made by one such long suffering editor that it is worthy of emphasized repetition:

"There is room in these columns for short stories only, not for three-volume novels. Six graphic lines are worth more than a column of details which interest only those who want to see them in print."

In this city this week will see the musical season actually launched on the stream of important concerts on Tuesday evening with the first of the series of six to be given here this year by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and with the first of the De Luxe series on Friday afternoon. The largest of the musical clubs will also open its season this week, so that there will be no lack of musical entertainment for those who desire it. Dates already announced promise more than the usual number of good concerts during the season; a promise likely to be fulfilled unless present plans miscarry.

* * *

The series of six concerts to be given here this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will have a brilliant beginning on Tuesday evening in Infantry Hall. Not only has an interesting programme been arranged by Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, but the soloist is to be Mme. Melba, who has not been heard here for several years. As this will be her only appearance here this season the opportunity will be doubly welcome.

Mme. Melba, who since her debut in the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels has occupied an exalted place among singers, through the quality of her voice and the perfection of her technique, will sing three arias, the "Sweet Bird" aria from Handel's cantata, "Il Penseroso," and "Porgi Amor" and "Voi che sapete" from "The Marriage of Figaro."

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[24]

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
OCT 17 1915
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For 25 years Madame Melba has reigned supreme in the world of song. Her career has been one of the most notable in the history of music. From the time ofher first appearance in Brussels, 20 odd years ago to the present, she had no rival, and all the gifts of fortune that come to a successful singer have been showered upon her in abundance.

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From TRIBUNE
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As usual Dr. Muck had arranged a programme of selections eminently designed to lend variety and charm to the evening's entertainment and equally well chosen to reveal the powers of the musicians. The orchestral numbers were three in total and they were delightfully diversified in their nature and their appeal to the senses. The sympony was Beethoven's immortal Fifth and the other selections were Rimsky-Korsakoff's original and unique "Caprice en Spanish Themes" and the prelude to Wagner's "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Admirably contrasted with these and with each other were the numbers Mme Melba had chosen for herself, the "Sweet Bird," aria from Handel's cantata, "Il Penseroso," and two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro," Mozart's opera, the melancholy "Porgi Amor" and the joyous song of Cherubino, "Voi che sapete."

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From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
OCT 24 1915
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Es 1884

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NEWS

From

Address Providence, R. I.

Date OCT 9 - 1915

Esta

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From EVENING POST

Address: New York City

Date

1884

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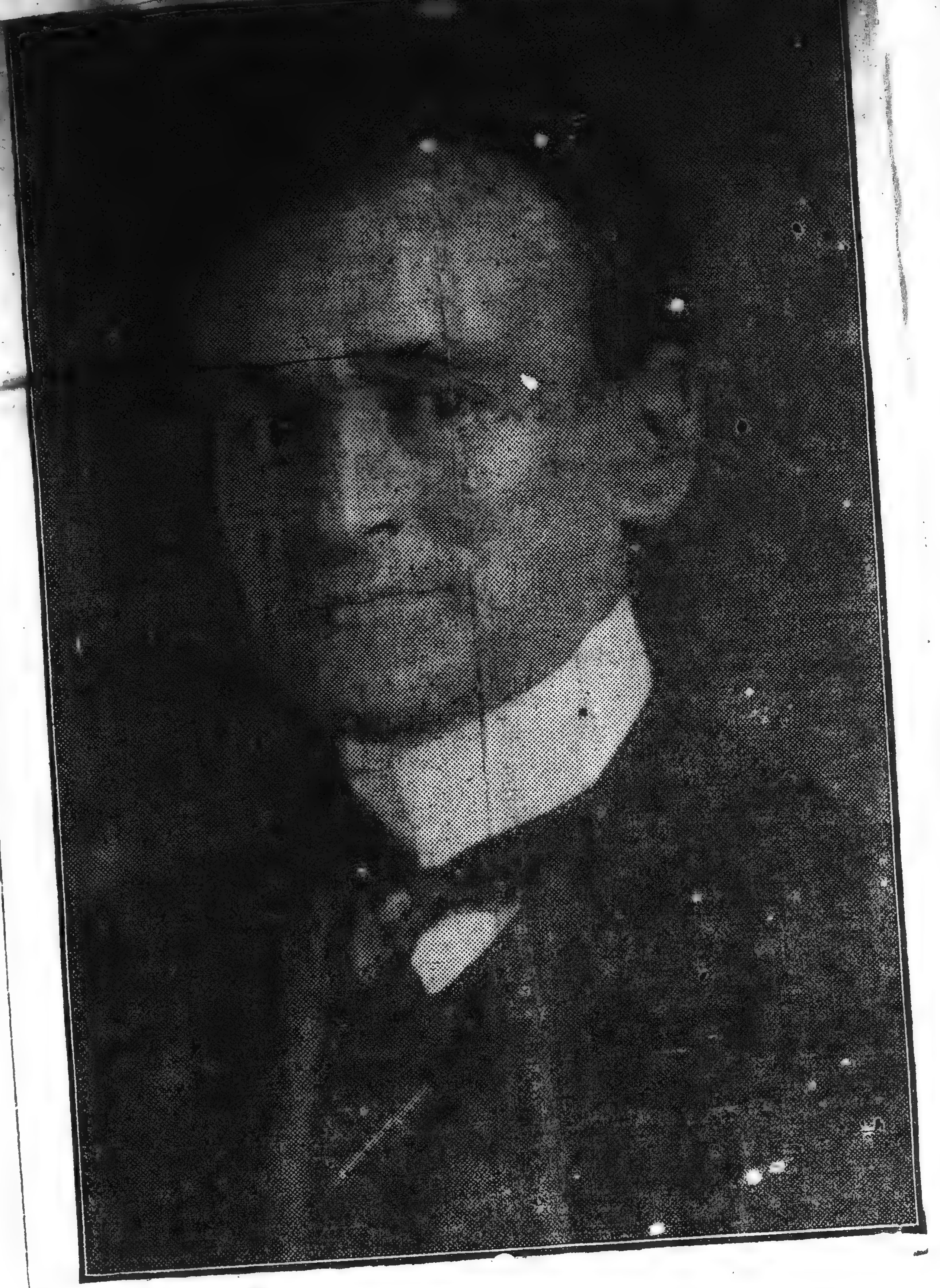

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From TRIBUNE

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Date

Established:

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NEWS

From

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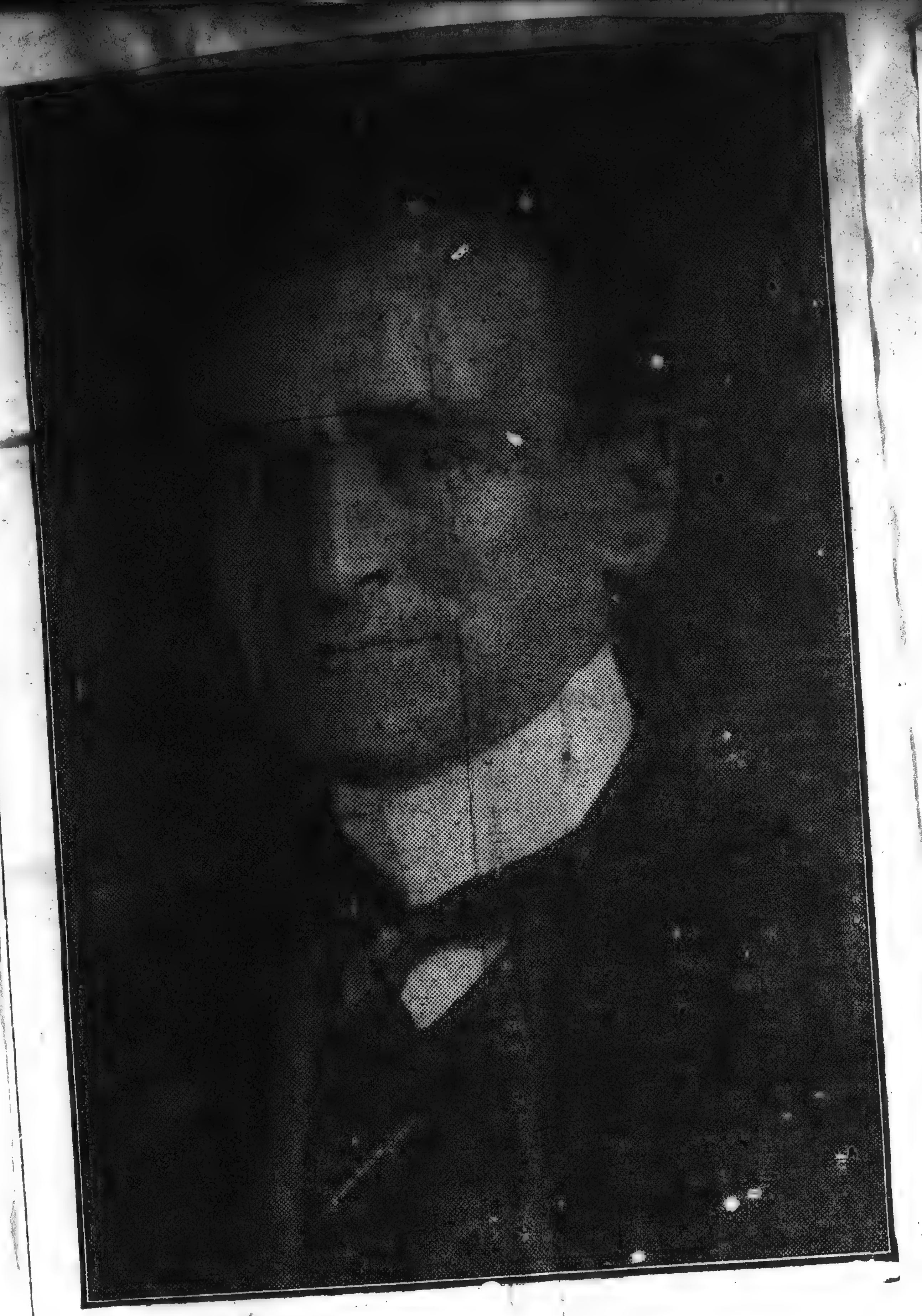

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her extreme upper notes, or stolen something from the volume of her lower notes it has left her other beautiful quality of tone, and all the mastery of her art that keeps her one of the most prominent figures in the musical world.

What could her audience have asked more than she gave in her solos, of which to many, the most soul-satisfying was Mozart's Canzona, "Voi, Che Sapete" from "Le Nozzi di Figaro"? Again and again they called her back to the stage and demonstrated their approval, till she would no longer appear, and the orchestra was permitted to finish the programme with the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

The second concert will be given on Nov. 23, when the soloist will be Laeta Hartley, pianist. A. W. C.

TRANSCRIPT,

OCTOBER 28,

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

AN OLD CONTROVERSY ONCE MORE RENEWED

Long Versus Short Programmes at the Symphony Concerts—The Side of the Clock and the Opposite and More Important Sides—More of "Daphnis and Chloe"—Mme. Powell's Mission to the Gentiles—Items and Opinions

EARLIER than usual the annual debate over the duration and the ordering of the programmes at the Symphony Concerts has begun and quite as certainly as usual it bids fair to lead nowhere. Between them, Mr. Fiedler and Dr. Muck have lengthened the concerts so that ordinarily they continue for two hours, less ten minutes and sometimes fifteen, for the intermission; at least five spent in applause for the orchestra and the "assisting artists"; and five or ten more for the grace allowed late comers and early goers. In all, the audience now actually hears music for an hour and a half, whereas under the vanished dispensation of Mr. Gericke, it heard it for little more than an hour. Ninety minutes, the objectors say, is the longest possible time that human beings can be receptive to music; and ninety minutes happens to be almost exactly the time during which they actually listen to music in what they call a "two-hour concert." However, that merely incidental fact, as all know that have had experience of such controversies, is neither here nor there.

The reasons that prompted Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler to the lengthening of the programmes—semi-unconscious process as it undoubtedly was—speak for themselves. If a conductor must limit the actual performance of music in a concert to one hour and a little more, he has scant room for the careful composition of his prog
by any other standard than the clo
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nowadays two hours is the usual le
symphony concerts. In London
Paris, it is usually more.

Again, both conductors were awa
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no test whatever. The "traditions" of their trade ordain that they shall quit a concert at the earliest possible moment—usually well before it has ended—and that they shall profess the uttermost boredom over the hearing of music. No more of a criterion is the mood of those whose presence at the Symphony Concerts is merely a weekly rite. They can come as late and depart as early as they are minded to do without let or hindrance. The real public to be considered are those eager, absorbed, stirred, and usually youthful auditors to whom the taking of a ticket for a series of Symphony Concerts means considerable expenditure and often harsh economies; to whom such performances as they now hear from conductor and orchestra are revelation of the beauty and power of music and of men with it; and whose ears and sensations are open equally to the old and the new. Much more than any elect matrons or weary reviewers, these unobtrusive folk hold the future of the Symphony Concerts in their hands; and it is they whose emotion and illusion, whose pleasure and satisfaction are the great reward of them. These humble listeners—the listeners for whom Mr. Higginson has finely said he most cares—do not complain of long programmes. No greater misfortune could befall the Symphony Concerts than to become concerts of, by, and for the elderly. They must renew their youth in the youth of their audiences, and must cultivate that youth accordingly.

Again—and what is most to the point in these controversies—the length of a programme by the clock is no test of the strain it lays upon the attention of the audience. That strain depends upon the nature of the pieces and the performance and the mental and the emotional repose of the hearers to both. It so happened that Enesco's new symphony, Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem of Tintagiles and Ravel's subtle ballet-music, a week ago, made "hard listening" and exhausted many an emotional sensibility Hence the outcry over the length of the programme, especially when Dvořák's "Huritzka" overture was added to it. Now, as a matter of fact, it was shorter by nearly a quarter of an hour than the programme of the preceding week, almost universally applauded as uncommonly interesting and plausible. The first programme merely laid less strain upon the receptive faculties of the audience and brought many in it more enjoyment. From no point of view, either on the stage or in the auditorium, can the clock be a hard-and-fast dictator of programmes. Nor should the grumblers forget that the conductor and the orchestra are under strain as well. Such a performance as that of Enesco's symphony or of Loeffler's "Tintagiles" last Saturday "takes it out" of conductor and players beyond the remotest notion of most of those who protested their fatigue. H. T. P.

From JOURNAL

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date

E 1884

MUSIC NOTES

WITH the first of the series of six concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give here this winter, the season of music in this city was brilliantly opened on Tuesday evening, an event which was followed on Friday by the first of the six afternoon concerts in the De Luxe Series. Between these two concerts came the opening meetings of the two largest musical clubs, which were especially noteworthy in the records of such events, making the week one of remarkable importance.

In marked contrast, the week to come is devoid of all musical interest except for the regular popular Sunday concert. From that on, however, there will not be a week, with the exception of that immediately preceding Christmas, in which there will not be one or more concerts of exceptional value until the middle of February. So far, March and April have only their alternate weeks marked by concert dates, while the last of such events is scheduled for the first week in May.

Between now and February, however, there is plenty of time for any number of plans to materialize for a supplementary season. What is of present paramount concern is the continuous procession of musical events of a high standard that has entered upon its course. Few years here have ever seen the like, and the right of Providence to occupy a place upon the musical map is not to be denied.

The first announcement of any local concert for a philanthropic purpose has been made and others are likely to follow as the weeks go on, since the spirit of the musical clubs in this city is to respond to calls for help.

* * *

From

Address Providence, R. I.

Date

Establis

MELBA SOLOIST AT FIRST CONCERT OF BOSTON SYMPHONY

Famous Soprano Encored Many Times by Audience, Which Extends Warm Welcome to Musicians.—Few Changes in Membership of Orchestra.

For its 35th season the Bocton Symphony Orchestra returned to this city last evening, and it needs no further proof that it was welcome than the statement that every seat in Infantry Hall was filled, even to the accommodation afforded by the stairways leading to the balcony. The welcome was of the sort one accords to an old friend who comes regularly; not vociferous nor over demonstrative, but sincere and quietly cordial, without extraordinary enthusiasm, either at the beginning or the end of the concert.

Mme. Melba as soloist was potent to assist in attracting the unusually large audience, and she received her full share of the applause, which recalled her again and again after she had left the stage each time.

Fewer changes than usual are to be noted in the personnel of the orchestra, which but for a half-dozen names, remains the same as last year. Dr. Muck, too, has apparently returned the same; imperturbable, serene, absorbed in his work and playing upon the units of his instrument, with undiminished mastery, expressing through them his interpretation of the will of the composer.

Remaining unchanged and to be again regretfully mentioned as doing much to mar the enjoyment of a vast number of persons, are the insistent lights which beat fiercely down, undimmed by any pretence of screen, and many a head nodded, not to mention the yawns, from the paralyzing glare, which it would take so little to remedy.

On the other hand a feature worthy of mention is the fact that notwithstanding the size of the audience, there were fewer late arrivals, and fewer early [illegible]

Beethoven...Symphony in C-minor, No. 5, Op. 67
I. Allegro con brio.
II. Andante con moto.
III. Allegro: Trio.
IV. Allegro.
Handel......
Scena, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderator."
(Flute Obligato, Mr. Andre Maquarre.)
Rimsky-Korsakoff......
......Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34.
I. Alborada.
II. Variations.
III. Alborada.
IV. Scene and Gypsy Song.
V. Fandango of the Asturias.
(Played without pause.)
Mozart......
..Two Arias from "The Marriage of Figaro."
"Porgi Amor."
"Voi Che sapete."
Wagner......
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

Beethoven's symphonies find their way to the varied programme of the orchestra oftener than those of any other composer, a restrospective glance showing three Beethoven symphonies in the 12 concerts of the past two seasons, with the other nine concerts distributed among as many other composers, and yet it is over five years since the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Fiedler played the Fifth Symphony in C-minor here, at the April concert in 1910.

It was a welcome presentation last evening, played in masterly fashion under the direction of a master mind. Critics pronounce the C-minor symphony the most human in its qualities of the nine symphonies written by Beethoven, and most of them, following a clue suggested by the composer, agree that it pictures the struggle of the individual with Fate Be that as it may, each listener must interpret the music to his own needs, and few could fail to appreciate the extreme beauty of the second movement as played last evening. Coming as it did after the tempestuous struggle of the first movement, the pleaceful, elevating harmony of the andante con moto was an impressive reality.

Its characteristics, suggestive of those of similar movements in the Second and Seventh symphonies, must have impressed themselves upon the least musical, as the various instruments wove their melodies against the deep harmony of the 'celli and basses with their piecoral vibrations, or the violins provided a lighter background for the melody played by the 'celli. It was a noteworthy performance in spite of the climatic drawback resulting in an occasional broken string or imperfect quality of tone, notably in the drums.

The Fifth Symphony, the most powerful in sound which had been produced up to the time it was written over a century ago, will hold its own with many a modern rival in that quality, and is interesting from a historical point of view as affording the first appearance of trombones in symphony.

Of the other numbers by the orchestra, Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice on Spanish Themes" was heard here less than two years ago. It is full of color, and its barbaric beauty received adequate treatment, that transmuted the instruments with a magician's wand till they sounded like the gpysy tambourines they represented.

To those who welcomed Mme. Melba as an old friend, and to those who heard her for the first time, her voice gave great pleasure, and if those who had never heard her before lacked something of what old admirers still found in her voice, her art was in itself a revelation.

The "golden voice" of Mme. Melba has been famed for the past three decades and there are few singers with whom the years have dealt so kindly, either in voice or appearance. If time has of necessity taken toll of the brilliancy of her extreme upper notes, or stolen something from the volume of her lower notes it has left her other beautiful quality of tone, and all the mastery of her art that keeps her one of the most prominent figures in the musical world.

What could her audience have asked more than she gave in her solos, Mr. Maquarre sharing the honors with her in the first by his beautiful flute obligato, which was the performance of a virtuoso. To many, Mme. Melba's most soul-satisfying solo was Mozart's Canzona, "Voi, Che Sapete" from "Le Nozzi di Figaro"? Again and again they called her back to the stage and demonstrated their approval until she would no longer appear, and the orchestra was permitted to finish the programme with the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

The second concert will be given on Nov. 23, when the soloist will be Laeta Hartley, pianist. A. W. C.

TRANSCRIPT,

OCTOBER 30,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

ROMANTIC BRAHMS AND CLASSIC CHOPIN

Music That Disclosed an Overlooked Side in Both Composers — Dr. Muck's Large Share in the Revelation—Mr. Gabrilowitsch Does His Part Also in the Reanimated Concerto — The Contrasts of Two Overtures

WHEN Dr. Muck and the Boston orchestra played the first symphony of Brahms in Chicago the other day, some in the audience repined under the conductor's reading of the music. In their view, it was too subdued; it lacked the high emotional pitch to which they were accustomed; it wanted vivid strokes—all of which complaints may sound strangely in Bostonian ears, wont to believe that Dr. Muck's version of this symphony in C minor is remarkably eloquent and even dramatic. Of course, it is the fashion, nowadays, of almost every conductor to let loose his temperament upon the music of Brahms, as it was the way of almost every conductor fifteen or twenty years ago to repress that temperament whenever he opened a score of the great Johannes, apostle to the Gentiles to redeem them from an obsession of romantic music. Extremes are extremes at whichever end of the scale they happen to stand, and to set forth a [illegible]

mathematics and not music is to do it only a little more injustice than to discover and produce an effect in every other period. There is not a doubt that Brahms, listening across the Elysian fields to the sounds that rise from terrestrial concert-rooms, squares his sturdy shoulders in alarmed surprise when he hears one and another of his symphonies dramatized in the current fashion, as he used to stride indignantly away when he heard it reduced to a calculated pattern in tones that ought to end with the Q. E. D. of problems in geometry.

Somewhere between these extremes lies the mean of performance that neither deadens nor dramatizes the symphonies of Brahms; but makes them sound with characteristic voice and just eloquence. The music of Brahms is not dramatic as Liszt's, for example, or Berlioz's is. On the other hand, it is romantic, as Schumann's or even Mendelssohn's is in the generation of composers immediately preceding him. It is the hearer's instinct to associate romantic music with large, strenuous, vivid and sometimes actually flamboyant utterance. When it is in question, the ways of Weber, of Berlioz, of Liszt, of Tschaikovsky come spontaneously to mind. But it is quite possible for a composer to write romantic music and to keep to the relatively low intensities of Brahms's symphonic voice. Romantic music is such when it touches the imagination by the vistas that it opens; when it stirs the heart by the heights and the depths of feeling that it evokes; and when it fascinates ear and fancy by the new and strange beauties that it summons.

Brahms's first symphony does one and another of these things in the vivid transitional passage marshalled by the songful horns that leads into the Finale; in the mounting tumults of that Finale itself; in the recurring stress of the first movement; in the moody mystery of the slow division. Brahms's fourth symphony, played anew at the Symphony Concert of yesterday, does also one and another of these things in the returning melody that the first Allegro projects upon the hearers' ears; in the song that rises from 'celli and horns in the ensuing Andante; in the large tonal sport of the Scherzo; and perhaps in the measured and expressive march of the Finale through and in spite of the intricacies of the ancient form which Brahms chose for it. But for the romantic substance of these two symphonies—to go no farther in citation—Brahms's actual utterance is relatively low of pitch and subdued of color. It keeps romantic quality and accomplishment by virtue of a fine, rather than a large, intensity playing upon attuned ears; and if it sometimes flags and dries into music-making that shall fill periods and round out forms, be it remembered that unevenness and lapses pass almost for virtues with the more flamboyant and full-voiced romantics and the admirers of them.

No attributes more stamp Dr. Muck as a remarkable conductor than his sense of the distinctive voice of each composer and of the informing qualities of the music in hand. With it goes equal ability to impart both, quickened and illumined, to his hearers. Thus, in the symphony of yesterday, as in the symphony that Chicago heard mistrusting the performance, Brahms's music sounds romantic under his hand, yet keeps to its low pitch and fine intensities unless, being human, the composer "breaks loose" in the rhythmic stride and the upsweeping sonorities of the finale of the first symphony or in the robust revelling of the Scherzo of the fourth. Romantic beauty, stress and imagination rose on Friday afternoon out of the first Allegro; the swaying motion, the elastic rhythm, the broad progression, the murmured phrases; the latent or the outspoken energy of the whole all served them at the conductor's will. He seemed almost to humor Brahms when the composer is taking his familiar delight in plucked strings, in the songfulness of horns, in the dark tones of clarinets. As understandingly and as adroitly the conductor missed not a tint of Brahms's harmonic and instrumental color. Admittedly, it is a measured color, albeit more skilfully and imaginatively distributed than in many another of Brahms's orchestral pieces, but being such it accords better with a symphony that throughout is measured intensity of matter and feeling. The slow section sounded in like romantic beauty—the beauty that may be still but that yet haunts—and upon it Dr. Muck bestowed a wealth of quiet inflection and the players a wealth of tonal loveliness. In both their voices were the romantic strangeness, the romantic insistence, of the music.

Even Chicago might not doubt the large power and the bold sweep of the Scherzo as Dr. Muck and the orchestra played it. They would have it sound as though Brahms, for once forgetting measure, was gathering up his music in mind and imagination and then flinging it upon players and hearers as in exultant sport. Yet here and there, as contrast bade, the smoothest of euphonies tempered these tonal ardors. Finally, in that allegro "energico e passionato" in which Brahms would mask or melt his carefully built Chaconne, the conductor and the orchestra gave the composer the freest play with all his strokes—a favorite device of romantic music—upon the sensibilities of his hearers. Not a rolling drum beat, not a bite of the strings, not a whirl of flutes and wood winds, not a softening shadow from the horns, not a bold chord or a sweeping progression missed its effect. If the dry places in the symphony—and there are such—did not exactly blossom, conductor and band swept the hearer by so quickly and absorbedly that he hardly heeded. It is possible to be quietly as well as flamboyantly romantic. So Brahms's symphony sounded.

The foil to the romantic Brahms was the classic Chopin of the concerto in E minor, revived for the first time "at these concerts" in nine years. For there is a classic Chopin as truly as there is a romantic Brahms. The curious and the studious, as Mr. Huneker has lately been pointing out, may trace his sense of classical form and style even in the freest and most rhapsodic of his music. Perhaps in this concerto he is classic of matter and manner by necessity; but he is also so by no reluctant inclination. The purist may not complain of the formal exposition of the subject-matter necessity taken toll of the brilliancy of her extreme upper notes, or stolen something from the volume of her lower notes it has left her other beautiful quality of tone, and all the mastery of her art that keeps her one of the most prominent figures in the musical world.

What could her audience have asked more than she gave in her solos, of which to many, the most soul-satisfying was Mozart's Canzona, "Voi, Che Sapete" from "Le Nozzi di Figaro"? Again and again they called her back to the stage and demonstrated their approval, till she would no longer appear, and the orchestra was permitted to finish the programme with the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

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TRANSCRIPT,

OCTOBER 28,

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

AN OLD CONTROVERSY ONCE MORE RENEWED

Long Versus Short Programmes at the Symphony Concerts—The Side of the Clock and the Opposite and More Important Sides—More of "Daphnis and Chloe"—Mme. Powell's Mission to the Gentiles—Items and Opinions

EARLIER than usual the annual debate over the duration and the ordering of the programmes at the Symphony Concerts has begun and quite as certainly as usual it bids fair to lead nowhere. Between them, Mr. Fiedler and Dr. Muck have lengthened the concerts so that ordinarily they continue for two hours, less ten minutes and sometimes fifteen, for the intermission; at least five spent in applause for the orchestra and the "assisting artists"; and five or ten more for the grace allowed late comers and early goers. In all, the audience now actually hears music for an hour and a half, whereas under the vanished dispensation of Mr. Gericke, it heard it for little more than an hour. Ninety minutes, the objectors say, is the longest possible time that human beings can be receptive to music; and ninety minutes happens to be almost exactly the time during which they actually listen to music in what they call a "two-hour concert." However, that merely incidental fact, as all know that have had experience of such controversies, is neither here nor there.

The reasons that prompted Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler to the lengthening of the programmes—semi-unconscious process as it undoubtedly was—speak for themselves. If a conductor must limit the actual performance of music in a concert to one hour and a little more, he has scant room for the careful composition of his prog by any other standard than the clo can give it neither continuity nor c in such measure as he justly desi even in twenty-four pairs of conce can include far fewer pieces th should, if he is to keep the re catholic and alive and gratify the di likings of his hearers. The worl nowadays two hours is the usual le symphony concerts. In London Paris, it is usually more.

Again, both conductors were awa an appreciable part of their audier in no small measure that part of which the future life of the Sy Concerts depends—prefers the t programme, so long as it is interesti temper of the reviewers in these ma no test whatever. The "traditions" of their trade ordain that they shall quit a concert at the earliest possible moment—usually well before it has ended—and that they shall profess the uttermost boredom over the hearing of music. No more of a criterion is the mood of those whose presence at the Symphony Concerts is merely a weekly rite. They can come as late and depart as early as they are minded to do without let or hindrance. The real public to be considered are those eager, absorbed, stirred, and usually youthful auditors to whom the taking of a ticket for a series of Symphony Concerts means considerable expenditure and often harsh economies; to whom such performances as they now hear from conductor and orchestra are revelation of the beauty and power of music and of men with it; and whose ears and sensations are open equally to the old and the new. Much more than any elect matrons or weary reviewers, these unobtrusive folk hold the future of the Symphony Concerts in their hands; and it is they whose emotion and illusion, whose pleasure and satisfaction are the great reward of them. These humble listeners—the listeners for whom Mr. Higginson has finely said he most cares—do not complain of long programmes. No greater misfortune could befall the Symphony Concerts than to become concerts of, by, and for the elderly. They must renew their youth in the youth of their audiences, and must cultivate that youth accordingly.

Again—and what is most to the point in these controversies—the length of a programme by the clock is no test of the strain it lays upon the attention of the audience. That strain depends upon the nature of the pieces and the performance and the mental and the emotional repose of the hearers to both. It so happened that Enesco's new symphony, Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem of Tintagiles and Ravel's subtle ballet-music, a week ago, made "hard listening" and exhausted many an emotional sensibility Hence the outcry over the length of the programme, especially when Dvorâk's "Huritzka" overture was added to it. Now, as a matter of fact, it was shorter by nearly a quarter of an hour than the programme of the preceding week, almost universally applauded as uncommonly interesting and plausible. The first programme merely laid less strain upon the receptive faculties of the audience and brought many in it more enjoyment. From no point of view, either on the stage or in the auditorium, can the clock be a hard-and-fast dictator of programmes. Nor should the grumblers forget that the conductor and the orchestra are under strain as well. Such a performance as that of Enesco's symphony or of Loeffler's "Tintagiles" last Saturday "takes it out" of conductor and players beyond the remotest notion of most of those who protested their fatigue. H. T. P.

From JOURNAL

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date

E 1884

MUSIC NOTES

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For its 35th season the Boston Symphony Orchestra returned to this city last evening, and it needs no further proof that it was welcome than the statement that every seat in Infantry Hall was filled, even to the accommodation afforded by the stairways leading to the balcony. The welcome was of the sort one accords to an old friend who comes regularly; not vociferous nor over demonstrative, but sincere and quietly cordial, without extraordinary enthusiasm, either at the beginning or the end of the concert.

Mme. Melba as soloist was potent to assist in attracting the unusually large audience, and she received her full share of the applause, which recalled her again and again after she had left the stage each time.

Fewer changes than usual are to be noted in the personnel of the orchestra, which but for a half-dozen names, remains the same as last year. Dr. Muck, too, has apparently returned the same; imperturbable, serene, absorbed in his work and playing upon the units of his instrument, with undiminished mastery, expressing through them his interpretation of the will of the composer.

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- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. Allegro: Trio.
- IV. Allegro.

Handel..........................
Scena, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderator."
(Flute Obligato, Mr. Andre Maquarre.)

Rimsky-Korsakoff..........
..........Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34.
- I. Alborada.
- II. Variations.
- III. Alborada.
- IV. Scene and Gypsy Song.
- V. Fandango of the Asturias.

(Played without pause.)

Mozart..........................
..Two Arias from "The Marriage of Figaro."
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"Voi Che sapete."

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Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

Beethoven's symphonies find their way to the varied programme of the orchestra oftener than those of any other composer, a restrospective glance showing three Beethoven symphonies in the 12 concerts of the past two seasons, with the other nine concerts distributed among as many other composers, and yet it is over five years since the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Fiedler played the Fifth Symphony in C-minor here, at the April concert in 1910.

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Its characteristics, suggestive of those of similar movements in the Second and Seventh symphonies, must have impressed themselves upon the least musical, as the various instruments wove their melodies against the deep harmony of the 'celli and basses with their plecoral vibrations, or the violins provided a lighter background for the melody played by the 'celli. It was a noteworthy performance in spite of the climatic drawback resulting in an occasional broken string or imperfect quality of tone, notably in the drums.

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Brahms's first symphony does one and another of these things in the vivid transitional passage marshalled by the songful horns that leads into the Finale; in the mounting tumults of that Finale itself; in the recurring stress of the first movement; in the moody mystery of the slow division. Brahms's fourth symphony, played anew at the Symphony Concert of yesterday, does also one and another of these things in the returning melody that the first Allegro projects upon the hearers' ears; in the song that rises from 'celli and horns in the ensuing Andante; in the large tonal sport of the Scherzo; and perhaps in the measured and expressive march of the Finale through and in spite of the intricacies of the ancient form which Brahms chose for it. But for the romantic substance of these two symphonies—to go no farther in citation—Brahms's actual utterance is relatively low of pitch and subdued of color. It keeps romantic quality and accomplishment by virtue of a fine, rather than a large, intensity playing upon attuned ears; and if it sometimes flags and dries into music-making that shall fill periods and round out forms, be it remembered that unevenness and lapses pass almost for virtues with the more flamboyant and full-voiced romantics and the admirers of them.

No attributes more stamp Dr. Muck as a remarkable conductor than his sense of the distinctive voice of each composer and of the informing qualities of the music in hand. With it goes equal ability to impart both, quickened and illumined, to his hearers. Thus, in the symphony of yesterday, as in the symphony that Chicago heard mistrusting the performance, Brahms's music sounds romantic under his hand, yet keeps to its low pitch and fine intensities unless, being human, the composer "breaks loose" in the rhythmic stride and the upsweeping sonorities of the finale of the first symphony or in the robust revelling of the Scherzo of the fourth. Romantic beauty, stress and imagination rose on Friday afternoon out of the first Allegro; the swaying motion, the elastic rhythm, the broad progression, the murmured phrases; the latent or the outspoken energy of the whole all served them at the conductor's will. He seemed almost to humor Brahms when the composer is taking his familiar delight in plucked strings, in the songfulness of horns, in the dark tones of clarinets. As understandingly and as adroitly the conductor missed not a tint of Brahms's harmonic and instrumental color. Admittedly, it is a measured color, albeit more skilfully and imaginatively distributed than in many another of Brahms's orchestral pieces, but being such it accords better with a symphony that throughout is measured intensity of matter and feeling. The slow section sounded in like romantic beauty—the beauty that may be still but that yet haunts—and upon it Dr. Muck bestowed a wealth of quiet inflection and the players a wealth of tonal loveliness. In both their voices were the romantic strangeness, the romantic insistence, of the music.

Even Chicago might not doubt the large power and the bold sweep of the Scherzo as Dr. Muck and the orchestra played it. They would have it sound as though Brahms, for once forgetting measure, was gathering up his music in mind and imagination and then flinging it upon players and hearers as in exultant sport. Yet here and there, as contrast bade, the smoothest of euphonies tempered these tonal ardors. Finally, in that allegro "energico e passionato" in which Brahms would mask or melt his carefully built Chaconne, the conductor and the orchestra gave the composer the freest play with all his strokes—a favorite device of romantic music—upon the sensibilities of his hearers. Not a rolling drum beat, not a bite of the strings, not a whirl of flutes and wood winds, not a softening shadow from the horns, not a bold chord or a sweeping progression missed its effect. If the dry places in the symphony—and there are such—did not exactly blossom, conductor and band swept the hearer by so quickly and absorbedly that he hardly heeded. It is possible to be quietly as well as flamboyantly romantic. So Brahms's symphony sounded.

The foil to the romantic Brahms was the classic Chopin of the concerto in E minor, revived for the first time "at these concerts" in nine years. For there is a classic Chopin as truly as there is a romantic Brahms. The curious and the studious, as Mr. Huneker has lately been pointing out, may trace his sense of classical form and style even in the freest and most rhapsodic of his music. Perhaps in this concerto he is classic of matter and manner by necessity; but he is also so by no reluctant inclination. The purist may not complain of the formal exposition of the subject-matter

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necessity taken toll of the brilliancy of her extreme upper notes, or stolen something from the volume of her lower notes it has left her other beautiful quality of tone, and all the mastery of her art that keeps her one of the most prominent figures in the musical world.

What could her audience have asked more than she gave in her solos, of which to many, the most soul-satisfying was Mozart's Canzona, "Voi, Che Sapete" from "Le Nozzi di Figaro"? Again and again they called her back to the stage and demonstrated their approval, till she would no longer appear, and the orchestra was permitted to finish the programme with the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

The second concert will be given on Nov. 23, when the soloist will be Laeta Hartley, pianist. A. W. C.

TRANSCRIPT,

OCTOBER 28,

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

AN OLD CONTROVERSY ONCE MORE RENEWED

Long Versus Short Programmes at the Symphony Concerts—The Side of the Clock and the Opposite and More Important Sides—More of "Daphnis and Chloe"—Mme. Powell's Mission to the Gentiles—Items and Opinions

EARLIER than usual the annual debate over the duration and the ordering of the programmes at the Symphony Concerts has begun and quite as certainly as usual it bids fair to lead nowhere. Between them, Mr. Fiedler and Dr. Muck have lengthened the concerts so that ordinarily they continue for two hours, less ten minutes and sometimes fifteen, for the intermission; at least five spent in applause for the orchestra and the "assisting artists"; and five or ten more for the grace allowed late comers and early goers. In all, the audience now actually hears music for an hour and a half, whereas under the vanished dispensation of Mr. Gericke, it heard it for little more than an hour. Ninety minutes, the objectors say, is the longest possible time that human beings can be receptive to music; and ninety minutes happens to be almost exactly the time during which they actually listen to music in what they call a "two-hour concert." However, that merely incidental fact, as all know that have had experience of such controversies, is neither here nor there.

The reasons that prompted Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler to the lengthening of the programmes—semi-unconscious process as it undoubtedly was—speak for themselves. If a conductor must limit the actual performance of music in a concert to one hour and a little more, he has scant room for the careful composition of his programme by any other standard than the clock. He can give it neither continuity nor contrast in such measure as he justly desires and even in twenty-four pairs of concerts, he can include far fewer pieces than he should, if he is to keep the repertory catholic and alive and gratify the divergent likings of his hearers. The world over nowadays two hours is the usual length of symphony concerts. In London and in Paris, it is usually more.

Again, both conductors were aware that an appreciable part of their audience—and in no small measure that part of it upon which the future life of the Symphony Concerts depends—prefers the two-hour programme, so long as it is interesting. The temper of the reviewers in these matters is no test whatever. The "traditions" of their trade ordain that they shall quit a concert at the earliest possible moment—usually well before it has ended—and that they shall profess the uttermost boredom over the hearing of music. No more of a criterion is the mood of those whose presence at the Symphony Concerts is merely a weekly rite. They can come as late and depart as early as they are minded to do without let or hindrance. The real public to be considered are those eager, absorbed, stirred, and usually youthful auditors to whom the taking of a ticket for a series of Symphony Concerts means considerable expenditure and often harsh economies; to whom such performances as they now hear from conductor and orchestra are revelation of the beauty and power of music and of men with it; and whose ears and sensations are open equally to the old and the new. Much more than any elect matrons or weary reviewers, these unobtrusive folk hold the future of the Symphony Concerts in their hands; and it is they whose emotion and illusion, whose pleasure and satisfaction are the great reward of them. These humble listeners—the listeners for whom Mr. Higginson has finely said he most cares—do not complain of long programmes. No greater misfortune could befall the Symphony Concerts than to become concerts of, by, and for the elderly. They must renew their youth in the youth of their audiences, and must cultivate that youth accordingly.

Again—and what is most to the point in these controversies—the length of a programme by the clock is no test of the strain it lays upon the attention of the audience. That strain depends upon the nature of the pieces and the performance and the mental and the emotional repose of the hearers to both. It so happened that Enesco's new symphony, Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem of Tintagiles and Ravel's subtle ballet-music, a week ago, made "hard listening" and exhausted many an emotional sensibility. Hence the outcry over the length of the programme, especially when Dvorak's "Huritzka" overture was added to it. Now, as a matter of fact, it was shorter by nearly a quarter of an hour than the programme of the preceding week, almost universally applauded as uncommonly interesting and plausible. The first programme merely laid less strain upon the receptive faculties of the audience and brought many in it more enjoyment. From no point of view, either on the stage or in the auditorium, can the clock be a hard-and-fast dictator of programmes. Nor should the grumblers forget that the conductor and the orchestra are under strain as well. Such a performance as that of Enesco's symphony or of Loeffler's "Tintagiles" last Saturday "takes it out" of conductor and players beyond the remotest notion of most of those who protested their fatigue. H. T. P.

From JOURNAL

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date

MUSIC NOTES

E 1884

WITH the first of the series of six concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give here this winter, the season of music in this city was brilliantly opened on Tuesday evening, an event which was followed on Friday by the first of the six afternoon concerts in the De Luxe Series. Between these two concerts came the opening meetings of the two largest musical clubs, which were especially noteworthy in the records of such events, making the week one of remarkable importance.

In marked contrast, the week to come is devoid of all musical interest except for the regular popular Sunday concert. From that on, however, there will not be a week, with the exception of that immediately preceding Christmas, in which there will not be one or more concerts of exceptional value until the middle of February. So far, March and April have only their alternate weeks marked by concert dates, while the last of such events is scheduled for the first week in May.

Between now and February, however, there is plenty of time for any number of plans to materialize for a supplementary season. What is of present paramount concern is the continuous procession of musical events of a high standard that has entered upon its course. Few years here have ever seen the like, and the right of Providence to occupy a place upon the musical map is not to be denied.

The first announcement of any local concert for a philanthropic purpose has been made and others are likely to follow as the weeks go on, since the spirit of the musical clubs in this city is to respond to calls for help.

Providence, R. I.

LBA SOLOIST AT RST CONCERT OF OSTON SYMPHONY

Famous Soprano Encored Many Times by Audience, Which Extends Warm Welcome to Musicians.—Few Changes in Membership of Orchestra.

For its 35th season the Boston Symphony Orchestra returned to this city last evening, and it needs no further proof that it was welcome than the statement that every seat in Infantry Hall was filled, even to the accommodation afforded by the stairways leading to the balcony. The welcome was of the sort one accords to an old friend who comes regularly; not vociferous nor over demonstrative, but sincere and quietly cordial, without extraordinary enthusiasm, either at the beginning or the end of the concert.

Mme. Melba as soloist was potent to assist in attracting the unusually large audience, and she received her full share of the applause, which recalled her again and again after she had left the stage each time.

Fewer changes than usual are to be noted in the personnel of the orchestra, which but for a half-dozen names, remains the same as last year. Dr. Muck, too, has apparently returned the same; imperturbable, serene, absorbed in his work and playing upon the units of his instrument, with undiminished mastery, expressing through them his interpretation of the will of the composer.

Remaining unchanged and to be again regretfully mentioned as doing much to mar the enjoyment of a vast number of persons, are the insistent lights which beat fiercely down, undimmed by any pretence of screen, and many a head nodded, not to mention the yawns, from the paralyzing glare, which it would take so little to remedy.

On the other hand a feature worthy of mention is the fact that notwithstanding the size of the audience, there were fewer late arrivals, and fewer early [illegible]

[illegible]

Beethoven....Symphony in C-minor, No. 5, Op. 67
I. Allegro con brio.
II. Andante con moto.
III. Allegro; Trio.
IV. Allegro.
Handel..
Scena, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderato."
(Flute Obligato, Mr. Andre Maquarre.)
Rimsky-Korsakoff............................
..........Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34.
I. Alborada.
II. Variations.
III. Alborada.
IV. Scene and Gypsy Song.
V. Fandango of the Asturias.
(Played without pause.)
Mozart..
..Two Arias from "The Marriage of Figaro."
"Porgi Amor."
"Voi Che sapete."
Wagner..
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

Beethoven's symphonies find their way to the varied programme of the orchestra oftener than those of any other composer, a restrospective glance showing three Beethoven symphonies in the 12 concerts of the past two seasons, with the other nine concerts distributed among as many other composers, and yet it is over five years since the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Fiedler played the Fifth Symphony in C-minor here, at the April concert in 1910.

It was a welcome presentation last evening, played in masterly fashion under the direction of a master mind. Critics pronounce the C-minor symphony the most human in its qualities of the nine symphonies written by Beethoven, and most of them, following a clue suggested by the composer, agree that it pictures the struggle of the individual with Fate Be that as it may, each listener must interpret the music to his own needs, and few could fail to appreciate the extreme beauty of the second movement as played last evening. Coming as it did after the tempestuous struggle of the first movement, the pleaceful, elevating harmony of the andante con moto was an impressive reality.

Its characteristics, suggestive of those of similar movements in the Second and Seventh symphonies, must have impressed themselves upon the least musical, as the various instruments wove their melodies against the deep harmony of the 'celli and basses with their plecoral vibrations, or the violins provided a lighter background for the melody played by the 'celli. It was a noteworthy performance in spite of the climatic drawback resulting in an occasional broken string or imperfect quality of tone, notably in the drums.

The Fifth Symphony, the most powerful in sound which had been produced up to the time it was written over a century ago, will hold its own with many a modern rival in that quality, and is interesting from a historical point of view as affording the first appearance of trombones in symphony.

Of the other numbers by the orchestra, Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice on Spanish Themes" was heard here less than two years ago. It is full of color, and its barbaric beauty received adequate treatment, that transmuted the instruments with a magician's wand till they sounded like the gpysy tambourines they represented.

To those who welcomed Mme. Melba as an old friend, and to those who heard her for the first time, her voice gave great pleasure, and if those who had never heard her before lacked something of what old admirers still found in her voice, her art was in itself a revelation.

The "golden voice" of Mme. Melba has been famed for the past three decades and there are few singers with whom the years have dealt so kindly, either in voice or appearance. If time has of necessity taken toll of the brilliancy of her extreme upper notes, or stolen something from the volume of her lower notes it has left her other beautiful quality of tone, and all the mastery of her art that keeps her one of the most prominent figures in the musical world.

What could her audience have asked more than she gave in her solos, Mr. Maquarre sharing the honors with her in the first by his beautiful flute obligato, which was the performance of a virtuoso. To many, Mme. Melba's most soul-satisfying solo was Mozart's Canzona, "Voi, Che Sapete" from "Le Nozzi di Figaro"? Again and again they called her back to the stage and demonstrated their approval until she would no longer appear, and the orchestra was permitted to finish the programme with the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

The second concert will be given on Nov. 23, when the soloist will be Laeta Hartley, pianist. A. W. C.

TRANSCRIPT,

OCTOBER 30,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

ROMANTIC BRAHMS AND CLASSIC CHOPIN

Music That Disclosed an Overlooked Side in Both Composers — Dr. Muck's Large Share in the Revelation—Mr. Gabrilowitsch Does His Part Also in the Reanimated Concerto — The Contrasts of Two Overtures

WHEN Dr. Muck and the Boston orchestra played the first symphony of Brahms in Chicago the other day, some in the audience repined under the conductor's reading of the music. In their view, it was too subdued; it lacked the high emotional pitch to which they were accustomed; it wanted vivid strokes—all of which complaints may sound strangely in Bostonian ears, wont to believe that Dr. Muck's version of this symphony in C minor is remarkably eloquent and even dramatic. Of course, it is the fashion, nowadays, of almost every conductor to let loose his temperament upon the music of Brahms, as it was the way of almost every conductor fifteen or twenty years ago to repress that temperament whenever he opened a score of the great Johannes, apostle to the Gentiles to redeem them from an obsession of romantic music. Extremes are extremes at whichever end of the scale they happen to stand, and to set forth a [illegible]

[illegible] mathematics and not music is to do it only a little more injustice than to discover and produce an effect in every other period. There is not a doubt that Brahms, listening across the Elysian fields to the sounds that rise from terrestrial concert-rooms, squares his sturdy shoulders in alarmed surprise when he hears one and another of his symphonies dramatized in the current fashion, as he used to stride indignantly away when he heard it reduced to a calculated pattern in tones that ought to end with the Q. E. D. of problems in geometry.

Somewhere between these extremes lies the mean of performance that neither deadens nor dramatizes the symphonies of Brahms; but makes them sound with characteristic voice and just eloquence. The music of Brahms is not dramatic as Liszt's, for example, or Berlioz's is. On the other hand, it is romantic, as Schumann's or even Mendelssohn's is in the generation of composers immediately preceding him. It is the hearer's instinct to associate romantic music with large, strenuous, vivid and sometimes actually flamboyant utterance. When it is in question, the ways of Weber, of Berlioz, of Liszt, of Tschaikovsky come spontaneously to mind. But it is quite possible for a composer to write romantic music and to keep to the relatively low intensities of Brahms's symphonic voice. Romantic music is such when it touches the imagination by the vistas that it opens; when it stirs the heart by the heights and the depths of feeling that it evokes; and when it fascinates ear and fancy by the new and strange beauties that it summons.

Brahms's first symphony does one and another of these things in the vivid transitional passage marshalled by the songful horns that leads into the Finale; in the mounting tumults of that Finale itself; in the recurring stress of the first movement; in the moody mystery of the slow division. Brahms's fourth symphony, played anew at the Symphony Concert of yesterday, does also one and another of these things in the returning melody that the first Allegro projects upon the hearers' ears; in the song that rises from 'celli and horns in the ensuing Andante; in the large tonal sport of the Scherzo; and perhaps in the measured and expressive march of the Finale through and in spite of the intricacies of the ancient form which Brahms chose for it. But for the romantic substance of these two symphonies—to go no farther in citation—Brahms's actual utterance is relatively low of pitch and subdued of color. It keeps romantic quality and accomplishment by virtue of a fine, rather than a large, intensity playing upon attuned ears; and if it sometimes flags and dries into music-making that shall fill periods and round out forms, be it remembered that unevenness and lapses pass almost for virtues with the more flamboyant and full-voiced romantics and the admirers of them.

No attributes more stamp Dr. Muck as a remarkable conductor than his sense of the distinctive voice of each composer and of the informing qualities of the music in hand. With it goes equal ability to impart both, quickened and illumined, to his hearers. Thus, in the symphony of yesterday, as in the symphony that Chicago heard mistrusting the performance, Brahms's music sounds romantic under his hand, yet keeps to its low pitch and fine intensities unless, being human, the composer "breaks loose" in the rhythmic stride and the upsweeping sonorities of the finale of the first symphony or in the robust revelling of the Scherzo of the fourth. Romantic beauty, stress and imagination rose on Friday afternoon out of the first Allegro; the swaying motion, the elastic rhythm, the broad progression, the murmured phrases; the latent or the outspoken energy of the whole all served them at the conductor's will. He seemed almost to humor Brahms when the composer is taking his familiar delight in plucked strings, in the songfulness of horns, in the dark tones of clarinets. As understandingly and as adroitly the conductor missed not a tint of Brahms's harmonic and instrumental color. Admittedly, it is a measured color, albeit more skilfully and imaginatively distributed than in many another of Brahms's orchestral pieces, but being such it accords better with a symphony that throughout is measured intensity of matter and feeling. The slow section sounded in like romantic beauty—the beauty that may be still but that yet haunts—and upon it Dr. Muck bestowed a wealth of quiet inflection and the players a wealth of tonal loveliness. In both their voices were the romantic strangeness, the romantic insistence, of the music.

Even Chicago might not doubt the large power and the bold sweep of the Scherzo as Dr. Muck and the orchestra played it. They would have it sound as though Brahms, for once forgetting measure, was gathering up his music in mind and imagination and then flinging it upon players and hearers as in exultant sport. Yet here and there, as contrast bade, the smoothest of euphonies tempered these tonal ardors. Finally, in that allegro "energico e passicnato" in which Brahms would mask or melt his carefully built Chaconne, the conductor and the orchestra gave the composer the freest play with all his strokes—a favorite device of romantic music—upon the sensibilities of his hearers. Not a rolling drum beat, not a bite of the strings, not a whirl of flutes and wood winds, not a softening shadow from the horns, not a bold chord or a sweeping progression missed its effect. If the dry places in the symphony—and there are such—did not exactly blossom, conductor and band swept the hearer by so quickly and absorbedly that he hardly heeded. It is possible to be quietly as well as flamboyantly romantic. So Brahms's symphony sounded.

The foil to the romantic Brahms was the classic Chopin of the concerto in E minor, revived for the first time "at these concerts" in nine years. For there is a classic Chopin as truly as there is a romantic Brahms. The curious and the studious, as Mr. Huneker has lately been pointing out, may trace his sense of classical form and style even in the freest and most rhapsodic of his music. Perhaps in this concerto he is classic of matter and manner by necessity; but he is also so by no reluctant inclination. The purist may not complain of the formal exposition of the subject-matter

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of the first movement, the working-out, the restatement and all the rest of the orthodox prescriptions. The middle section of slow and sentimental song and the finale with its returning themes and rhythms, rondo-wise, are as impeccable. But to be classic is not merely to write in the ordained forms and procedure; to be fully and truly so in music is to achieve therein and thereby a pattern in sound that shall fill hearers with a sense of beauty in invention, mood and expression, ordered yet penetrating and satisfying, and that shall kindle in them something of the excitement and the fascination of creation in tones. These qualities and this power do dwell in this seldom-heard concerto of Chopin; but they are muted, so to say, to many an ear nowadays because—outside fitful but often very beautiful strokes—Chopin was inept with orchestral speech and color. His instrumental idiom is not our instrumental idiom or anyone's else except his own.

Accordingly, when the concerto is played, it ought to be the first concern of conductor and pianist to free it so far as possible from this inarticulateness and to disengage from it the classical quality that in form, substance and appeal endures and is alive within it. Fortunately it was precisely this release that Dr. Muck and Mr. Gabrilowitsch yesterday accomplished. Out of the pianist's crystalline tone, yet free from all trace of hardness; out of the delicacy of his phrasing; out of the warmth, the variety and the fluidity of his tonal color; out of his fleetness, evenness and grace of touch; out of his just sense of pace, rhythm and climax; and out of his adroit mingling of poise and brilliancy spoke the very voice of the music. Once more Mr. Gabrilowitsch was giving proof of the range and the fineness alike of his perceiving and his imparting faculties. In turn, he called from the music—and especially from the first movement and the finale—the impression of eager and absorbed creation that is latent in it and that it will readily yield to apprehending imagination and sympathetic imparting. Here Dr. Muck was at one with the pianist and together they made the sheer evolution of the first movement exciting to hear in its zest, of creation, and the bright suspense and the sharp returns of theme and rhythms in the Rondo a fascination in themselves. So played, the concerto was alive—and classically alive—again.

Two romantic overtures filled the rest of the programme—Schumann's to Byron's poetic tragedy of "Manfred" and Berlioz's of "The Roman Carnival" in his opera, "Benvenuto Cellini"—repertory overtures withal long entitled to at least biennial performance in all well-ordered symphony concerts. Perhaps in these days, Berlioz's seems to deserve it the more. The years and the changes in orchestral speech and tonal fashions have not a wit whithered it; the melodies are as arresting, the rhythms as stinging, the harmonic and instrumental coloring as rich; the glow and the march of the whole as vivid and quick-footed as they ever were. Out of it shines the pure glory of romantic music to stir the imagination and the emotions, to outfling and animate the fancied scene until the hearer knows and feels that he is there in bodily presence and excited pleasure. Moreover, relegated to the concert-room as the overture has been these seventy-five years, it is still stirring and vivid music of the theatre. Fortunate the producer and the ballet-master who could make the dancers steal upon the stage as they do through the music and then fill it with the fire and wildness of their saltarello. Fortunate the tenor who might sing to his Teresa with the ardors that the overture gives to Cellini's amorous tune. Dr. Muck and the orchestra transmuted the music yesterday into picture and passion such as the stage may rarely yield. Some day it should be the pastime of the psychologists to discover why these German conductors succeed so much better with Berlioz's music than his own Frenchmen. Even the Parisians sent for Mr. Weingartner when they would celebrate a Berlioz centenary.

The overture to "Manfred," like the symphony of Brahms aforesaid, is romantic music that shuns the obviousness in its kind that Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" glorifies. Like Brahms, Schumann with all his romantic temperament, courted the low pitch and the fine intensity when he would impart the ardors of imagination and expression that it kindled in him. Byron's poem is a turgid thing beside the overture that it suggested. The Astarte of the blank verse has no such beauty as the Astarte of Schumann's theme; she appears not in the poem with the dramatic and the pictorial force with which her theme returns in the music. The thematic struggle is quite as poignant as the versified conflicts of the tragedy and the overture excels the poem in the suggestion of romantic gloom unpierced. And yet and yet, while Berlioz's piece still glows with its romantic fires; Schumann's seems more and more faded. Before long, it may sit on the shelf as little disturbed in his "collected works" as is "Manfred" among Byron's.

H. T. P.

[illegible] R. I.,

OCTOBER 29 1915.

WELCOME FOR MELBA AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Large Audience Hears Song Queen at Infantry Hall—Splendid Programme.

Madame Nellie Melba, for a generation one of the world's greatest singers, made her first appearance in a number of years in Providence last evening with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, receiving an ovation only to be won by an artist of her superlative ability. It was the first concert of the symphony season, and with Mme. Melba as an added attraction nothing more was needed to crowd Infantry Hall to its capacity.

Mme. Melba's wonderful coloratura voice has lost nothing with the passing of the years, her superb technique is as absolutely flawless as ever, and the art mellowed by years of experience remains potent to sway audiences aroused to the highest enthusiasm by her marvellous gifts. Her redition of two arias from Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" was a triumph which proved beyond a doubt that the march of time has not in the least marred her wonderful abilities. Repeated recalls on each of her two appearances were her tributes, but the custom which forbids repetitions at symphony concerts forced the audience to remain satisfied with the regular programme numbers.

The symphony chosen for the evening by Dr. Karl Muck was Beethoven's fifth in C minor, a work which has not been heard in Providence for several years, but is familiar to symphony audiences everywhere. It has been called the greatest work of the German master, a work of the distinctly classic school. The splendid second movement was executed with marvellous precision and a seductive charm which was an eloquent illustration of the interpretative ability of the conductor.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's caprice on Spanish themes, played by the orchestra before in Providence, was given the second place in the orchestra programme. This piece, abounding in themes distinctly Castillian, rippling with the lilt of the Spanish influence, is a work of beauty which requires such a splendid body of players as the Boston orchestra to interpret. The alluring ring of the castanet with which the piece open awakens at once the interest of the auditor, who is held close to the orchestra until the closing of the final theme. Warm applause was the reward of the players as they finished.

The prelude to "Die Meistersingers von Nurnberg," splendidly played, brought the concert to the close. The programme was as follows:

Beethoven..
......Symphony in C-minor, No. 5, Op. 67
- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Andanate con moto.
- III. Allegro: Trio.
- IV. Allegro.

Handel..
Scena, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderator."
(Flute obligato, Mr. Andre Maquarre.)

Rimsky-Korsakoff..................................
......Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34
- I. Alborade.
- II. Variations.
- III. Alborada.
- IV. Scene and Gypsy Song.
- V. Fandango of the Asturius.
(Played without pause.)

Mozart..
Two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro."
"Porgi Amor."
"Voi Che sapete."

Wagner ....
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

Miss Laeta Hartley, pianist, will be the soloist at the next concert, to be given Nov. 23.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

OCTOBER 30,

MUSIC OF BRAHMS AND CHOPIN GIVEN BY ORCHESTRA

SYMPHONY HALL—Third public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Oct. 29. The program: Brahms, symphony in E minor, No. 4; Schumann, overture to Byron's "Manfred"; Chopin, concerto in E minor for piano and orchestra; Berlioz, "Roman Carnival" overture. Soloist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch.

All the works on the program were given a straightforward presentation. None of them were such as to mark the rehearsal as a brilliant occasion and no endeavor was made to give them a fictitious interest. The list of compositions was, saving the final number, somewhat dry; and from first to last it was strictly and academically interpreted. Nevertheless the audience enjoyed the performance and expressed itself with just as enthusiastic applause as if the symphony were something modern and of high color and as if the solo piece were a repertory favorite. The day was the kind that must come now and then in the career of any orchestral organization, and if it can be the cause of thorough pleasure, so much the more credit to both performers and public. And under the present conductor's policy it must come with considerable regularity in the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Formerly some of the more progressive listeners thought that Dr. Muck was not always shrewd in his choice of pieces. They used to say that though a brilliant conductor he was not a remarkable program maker. But less is heard on that subject today than a year or two ago. His scheme of giving a program of old works one week and one containing a new work the next is now accepted, and, as the first concerts of this season have shown, is even warmly approved.

The Brahms symphony was read with a perspicacity that is only attainable when a studious attitude on the part of the players and close attention on the part of the hearers exist. For this work will not bear a forced interpretation. Neither will it compel interest in itself from a cold audience. It is one of the works of Brahms in which the lyric persuasion is very unassertive, though most delightfully present if the listener is only open to it. It sings with a voice of the deepest feeling, but it sings gently. It simply will not make itself heard above mundane noises if on the day when it lifts its voice the world happens to be in a roaring mood. It is unlike the first Brahms symphony in this respect. It pays less attention to the building up of effect than that work and it teaches the joys of calm thinking.

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St. Louis Daily Globe-Democrat

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BY RICHARD SPAMER.

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Even those conversant with this wonderful organization and its uncannily able conductor were surprised that these musicians, not inured to the hardship of long journeys, could do so well.

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But the great moment of the evening was Dr. Muck's presentation of the Wagner Siegfried Idyl, the scene in which the young hero, faring forth, enters the forest, hears the voices of the birds, which tell him—oh, so many things that birds can tell a fairy prince. Here the flutes, the oboes, the bassoons, the French horns, wrought their heavenly harmonies while an almost painful silence pervaded the house.

The memorable evening was brought to a reluctant close with Richard Strauss' symphonic tour de force, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." Till, you know, was the careless wight, much given to revelry and ungodly glee. Few things found favor in his sight, and he was right from the start of his brief and inglorious career against that awful thing, yclept, "the established order."

The legends of mediaeval Germany are rich in legends about Till Eulenspiegel. Richard Strauss tells his entire story in this rondo-like work. The songs Till sings form part of the theme which is wrought in Strauss' finest fashion. The work is generous in its opportunities for the display of the Boston Symphony's colossal virtuosity. From the time Till Owlglass starts on his final prankish journey to the moment the halter tightens around his neck, we can trace his progress.

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of the first movement, the working-out, the restatement and all the rest of the orthodox prescriptions. The middle section of slow and sentimental song and the finale with its returning themes and rhythms, rondo-wise, are as impeccable. But to be classic is not merely to write in the ordained forms and procedure; to be fully and truly so in music is to achieve therein and thereby a pattern in sound that shall fill hearers with a sense of beauty in invention, mood and expression, ordered yet penetrating and satisfying, and that shall kindle in them something of the excitement and the fascination of creation in tones. These qualities and this power do dwell in this seldom-heard concerto of Chopin; but they are muted, so to say, to many an ear nowadays because—outside fitful but often very beautiful strokes—Chopin was inept with orchestral speech and color. His instrumental idiom is not our instrumental idiom or anyone's else except his own.

Accordingly, when the concerto is played, it ought to be the first concern of conductor and pianist to free it so far as possible from this inarticulateness and to disengage from it the classical quality that in form, substance and appeal endures and is alive within it. Fortunately it was precisely this release that Dr. Muck and Mr. Gabrilowitsch yesterday accomplished. Out of the pianist's crystalline tone, yet free from all trace of hardness; out of the delicacy of his phrasing; out of the warmth, the variety and the fluidity of his tonal color; out of his fleetness, evenness and grace of touch; out of his just sense of pace, rhythm and climax; and out of his adroit mingling of poise and brilliancy spoke the very voice of the music. Once more Mr. Gabrilowitsch was giving proof of the range and the fineness alike of his perceiving and his imparting faculties. In turn, he called from the music—and especially from the first movement and the finale—the impression of eager and absorbed creation that is latent in it and that it will readily yield to apprehending imagination and sympathetic imparting. Here Dr. Muck was at one with the pianist and together they made the sheer evolution of the first movement exciting to hear in its zest, of creation, and the bright suspense and the sharp returns of theme and rhythms in the Rondo a fascination in themselves. So played, the concerto was alive—and classically alive—again.

Two romantic overtures filled the rest of the programme—Schumann's to Byron's poetic tragedy of "Manfred" and Berlioz's of "The Roman Carnival" in his opera, "Benvenuto Cellini"—repertory overtures withal long entitled to at least biennial performance in all well-ordered symphony concerts. Perhaps in these days, Berlioz's seems to deserve it the more. The years and the changes in orchestral speech and tonal fashions have not a wit whithered it; the melodies are as arresting, the rhythms as stinging, the harmonic and instrumental coloring as rich; the glow and the march of the whole as vivid and quick-footed as they ever were. Out of it shines the pure glory of romantic music to stir the imagination and the emotions, to outfling and animate the fancied scene until the hearer knows and feels that he is there in bodily presence and excited pleasure. Moreover, relegated to the concert-room as the overture has been these seventy-five years, it is still stirring and vivid music of the theatre. Fortunate the producer and the ballet-master who could make the dancers steal upon the stage as they do through the music and then fill it with the fire and wildness of their saltarello. Fortunate the tenor who might sing to his Teresa with the ardors that the overture gives to Cellini's amorous tune. Dr. Muck and the orchestra transmuted the music yesterday into picture and passion such as the stage may rarely yield. Some day it should be the pastime of the psychologists to discover why these German conductors succeed so much better with Berlioz's music than his own Frenchmen. Even the Parisians sent for Mr. Weingartner when they would celebrate a Berlioz centenary.

The overture to "Manfred," like the symphony of Brahms aforesaid, is romantic music that shuns the obviousness in its kind that Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" glorifies. Like Brahms, Schumann with all his romantic temperament, courted the low pitch and the fine intensity when he would impart the ardors of imagination and expression that it kindled in him. Byron's poem is a turgid thing beside the overture that it suggested. The Astarte of the blank verse has no such beauty as the Astarte of Schumann's theme; she appears not in the poem with the dramatic and the pictorial force with which her theme returns in the music. The thematic struggle is quite as poignant as the versified conflicts of the tragedy and the overture excels the poem in the suggestion of romantic gloom unpierced. And yet and yet, while Berlioz's piece still glows with its romantic fires; Schumann's seems more and more faded. Before long, it may sit on the shelf as little disturbed in his "collected works" as is "Manfred" among Byron's.

H. T. P.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.,

OCTOBER 20 1915.

WELCOME FOR MELBA AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Large Audience Hears Song Queen at Infantry Hall—Splendid Programme.

Madame Nellie Melba, for a generation one of the world's greatest singers, made her first appearance in a number of years in Providence last evening with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, receiving an ovation only to be won by an artist of her superlative ability. It was the first concert of the symphony season, and with Mme. Melba as an added attraction nothing more was needed to crowd Infantry Hall to its capacity.

Mme. Melba's wonderful coloratura voice has lost nothing with the passing of the years, her superb technique is as absolutely flawless as ever, and the art mellowed by years of experience remains potent to sway audiences aroused to the highest enthusiasm by her marvellous gifts. Her redition of two arias from Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" was a triumph which proved beyond a doubt that the march of time has not in the least marred her wonderful abilities. Repeated recalls on each of her two appearances were her tributes, but the custom which forbids repetitions at symphony concerts forced the audience to remain satisfied with the regular programme numbers.

The symphony chosen for the evening by Dr. Karl Muck was Beethoven's fifth in C minor, a work which has not been heard in Providence for several years, but is familiar to symphony audiences everywhere. It has been called the greatest work of the German master, a work of the distinctly classic school. The splendid second movement was executed with marvellous precision and a seductive charm which was an eloquent illustration of the interpretative ability of the conductor.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's caprice on Spanish themes, played by the orchestra before in Providence, was given the second place in the orchestra programme. This piece, abounding in themes distinctly Castillian, rippling with the lilt of the Spanish influence, is a work of beauty which requires such a splendid body of players as the Boston orchestra to interpret. The alluring ring of the castanet with which the piece open awakens at once the interest of the auditor, who is held close to the orchestra until the closing of the final theme. Warm applause was the reward of the players as they finished.

The prelude to "Die Meistersingers von Nurnberg," splendidly played, brought the concert to the close. The programme was as follows:

Beethoven.......................................
......Symphony in C-minor, No. 5, Op. 67
  I. Allegro con brio.
  II. Andanate con moto.
  III. Allegro: Trio.
  IV. Allegro.
Handel.......................................
  Scena, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderator."
  (Flute obligato, Mr. Andre Maquarre.)
Rimsky-Korsakoff.......................................
......Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34
  I. Alborada.
  II. Variations.
  III. Alborada.
  IV. Scene and Gypsy Song.
  V. Fandango of the Asturius.
  (Played without pause.)
Mozart.......................................
  Two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro."
    "Porgi Amor."
    "Voi Che sapete."
Wagner ....
  Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

Miss Laeta Hartley, pianist, will be the soloist at the next concert, to be given Nov. 23.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

OCTOBER 30,

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All the works on the program were given a straightforward presentation. None of them were such as to mark the rehearsal as a brilliant occasion and no endeavor was made to give them a fictitious interest. The list of compositions was, saving the final number, somewhat dry; and from first to last it was strictly and academically interpreted. Nevertheless the audience enjoyed the performance and expressed itself with just as enthusiastic applause as if the symphony were something modern and of high color and as if the solo piece were a repertory favorite. The day was the kind that must come now and then in the career of any orchestral organization, and if it can be the cause of thorough pleasure, so much the more credit to both performers and public. And under the present conductor's policy it must come with considerable regularity in the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

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The Brahms symphony was read with a perspicacity that is only attainable when a studious attitude on the part of the players and close attention on the part of the hearers exist. For this work will not bear a forced interpretation. Neither will it compel interest in itself from a cold audience. It is one of the works of Brahms in which the lyric persuasion is very unassertive, though most delightfully present if the listener is only open to it. It sings with a voice of the deepest feeling, but it sings gently. It simply will not make itself heard above mundane noises if on the day when it lifts its voice the world happens to be in a roaring mood. It is unlike the first Brahms symphony in this respect. It pays less attention to the building up of effect than that work and it teaches the joys of calm thinking.

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ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC:

OCTOBER 10.

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Audience Which Packs Odeon Is Spontaneously Enthusiastic Over Concert.

EVEN MAN ON KETTLE DRUM MUST BE RANKED AS ARTIST

Orchestra at Least 20 Pieces Better Than That of St. Louis, Dodge Says.

BY LOUIS DODGE.

When Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, mounted his platform at the Odeon last night and bowed to the audience, he faced such an assemblage as is not to be seen hereabouts more than a very few times in a season. It was a "capacity house," as the theatrical people say, and it was an audience of people who went to hear rather than to be seen.

There was a row of chairs down in front, put in temporarily to accommodate the overflow, and the balcony was packed. These are signs which greatly signify. Such an audience hasn't been seen in the Odeon since the last popular concert by our own Symphony Orchestra was given last spring.

The concert must have met the highest expectations of every individual who attended it. We have all heard so much about the Boston organization, and so few of us have heard it, that there might have been a bit of disappointment if the program hadn't been just right, and if Dr. Muck hadn't been in just the right mood. But the program couldn't have been improved upon, and Dr. Muck couldn't have been surpassed as a quiet, forceful leader, bent upon putting his best foot forward.

Dr. Muck Good Conductor.

For half an hour or so the conductor probably was more interesting to the audience than the orchestra or the program. There is, admittedly, something mysterious in those qualities which make one man a good conductor, while another man, seemingly quite as competent, isn't a good conductor at all. It isn't possible to say just what these qualities are.

But Dr. Muck is a good conductor. There is something quietly authoritative about him. He seems ever so much more than just a musician. You ~~might imagine him to be Disraeli come~~ back and employing a baton instead of aphorisms. The most unusual thing about him is that after you have deliberately set yourself the task of sizing him up you become quite unconscious of him. His influence is of a compact, inconspicuous kind. Coming back to him, in the midst of a number, you think of him as the exponent of the orchestra—using the word in its mathematical sense. There he stands, like the little symbol placed above the unknown quantity, an integral part of the whole, but causing the unknown quantity to be multiplied by itself.

Orchestra Better Than Ours.

That is how the orchestra plays, too—as if its effectiveness were being multiplied. It is better than our own orchestra. It is at least 20 men better, which is a good deal. But it seems better, too, because of its stability, its freedom from insecurity. It plays precisely as if it were a unit. It appears to have rarely fine instruments, and the finish of each musician is seen whenever there is a solo bit in a composition.

The program included Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony; Liszt's "Hungaria," a symphonic poem; Wagner's "A Siegfried Idyl" and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

The symphony, because, amazingly, a perfectly simple work, with an obvious architectural scheme in its first movement; a kind of universal sadness in the second movement (the "marcia funebre"), and a steadily progressive note of triumph in the two final movements. Such a work would doubtless present unsurmountable difficulties to the average understanding if it were not played perfectly. But everybody in the audience last night realized that it was being played perfectly.

Audience Enthusiastic.

The audience was as spontaneously enthusiastic as a throng at a circus. Everybody enjoyed it immensely. And Dr. Muck brought the members of the orchestra to their feet after he had acknowledged the applause two or three times himself. In fact, the orchestra had to get up several times [illegible] the evening was over.

The Liszt number was an admirable example of the resourcefulness of one of the most popular of all composers, and its wide extremes in tone quantity and quality enabled the orchestra again to prove the extraordinary accordance of its members.

The "Siegfried Idyl" was only a little Wagnerian. Throughout half its length it introduced no spookish note, though toward the end there was a somewhat mystical strain, introduced by the oboe, and this was succeeded by a period of that carefully arranged disorder of which Wagner was master. The work ends in a beautifully pensive manner, with the violin choirs singing a perfect love-song.

Kind Word for the Drummer.

The closing number belonged to the realm of "humorous" music. In such a mood as Strauss', a modern composer would evolve something called "A Trip Down the Midway," or "Seeing the Sights" "Till Eulenspiegel," whose merry pranks the work is supposed to portray, was not at all visualized, and the piece is beautiful, rather than humorous, save that it injects much grotesquerie among its strongly rhythmic melodies

We cannot turn away from even a brief consideration of the concert without writing a word about the whole-souled chap who played the kettle-drum. Is the kettle-drum an artistic instrument? It most assuredly is, though we never realized this fully until last night. It's like carrying a cigar into a powder factory to beat with full force upon a drum at long intervals during the playing of a symphony. But the man who plays the kettle-drum for the Boston band knows his business as completely as the concert-meister. He is quite as much an artist. And his single-hearted performance was simply typical of the manner in which all the other members of the orchestra played.

In the boxes were:

CHICAGO HERALD,

OCTOBER 11, 1915.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Plays

By FELIX BOROWSKI

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ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

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By RICHARD L. STOKES.

A fine combination of superlatives—one of the best orchestras in the [illegible] [illegible] foremost living conductor [illegible] some of the most distinguished [illegible] ever written—resulted in a memorable exposition of orchestral music at its noblest, at last night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Odeon.

This orchestra has been pronounced by connoisseurs like Fritz Kreisler to be the most perfect in existence. Its conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, was decorated by Emperor William of Germany with the title of General Music Director—an honor which had been bestowed but thrice previously—upon Spontini, Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn. And then the Boston organization of musicians has an intimate local interest, in that it is the model upon which the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra is being constructed by Max Zach, formerly assistant director of the Boston orchestra. This body appeared here by invitation of the St. Louis Symphony Society, partly as a stirring object lesson as to what our own orchestra may in time become.

Odeon Filled to Overflowing.

These manifold attractions filled the Odeon to overflowing with a wildly enthusiastic audience, whose applause compelled Dr. Muck to bow again and again, and twice to call his musicians to their feet to share with him in the honors of the evening.

The group of compositions chosen to display the mettle of the orchestra was a most effective example of program making. It began with Beethoven's mighty Third Symphony, named by him Napoleon. Next came Liszt's thunderous symphonic poem, "Hungaria." It was followed by Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," a tender love song written as a birthday gift to his wife. As the climax, the concluding number was Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," a composition of the modern realistic school, in which the orchestra is made to describe the clatter of broken china and the twitching of a knave's limbs as he is strangled on the scaffold.

All eyes were bent upon Dr. Muck as he took his place on the dais and as his musicians stole softly into the opening bars of the Beethoven symphony. They saw a man of small stature and gaunt features, apparently idling with a baton, the most exciting gesture of which seemed to describe a circumference of about half an inch. Sometimes he lifted a finger of his left hand, and sometimes he sent a swift glance toward one section of the orchestra or the other.

Witchery in Motions.

But these minute motions had a witchery which brought forth miracles from his orchestra. An almost imperceptible extension of his fingers, and from a whispering pianissimo the sound welled up into a sonority which seemed to make the roof reverberate. His fingers tightened slightly, and the sound vanished as if it had leaped off a sheer precipice. It was as if the master had built a perfect machine requiring only the lightest pressure of the finger to operate it, if indeed he could not stand aside and watch it run itself.

And then the audience became sensible of the fact that under the conductor's enchanted baton was flowing forth a luxury of luscious sound such as was never before heard in this city. Never have violins so sung and soared, or wood-winds spoken in such voices of pure silver, or horns chanted in such mellow and golden tones. The larger brass, for the most part, firmly subdued, provided an organ-like foundation for the rest, and only at rare moments was its tongue of thunder unleashed.

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ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC:

OCTOBER 10,

BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYS PERFECTLY UNDER GREAT CHIEF

Audience Which Packs Odeon Is Spontaneously Enthusiastic Over Concert.

EVEN MAN ON KETTLE DRUM MUST BE RANKED AS ARTIST

Orchestra at Least 20 Pieces Better Than That of St. Louis, Dodge Says.

BY LOUIS DODGE.

When Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, mounted his platform at the Odeon last night and bowed to the audience, he faced such an assemblage as is not to be seen hereabouts more than a very few times in a season. It was a "capacity house," as the theatrical people say, and it was an audience of people who went to hear rather than to be seen.

There was a row of chairs down in front, put in temporarily to accommodate the overflow, and the balcony was packed. These are signs which greatly signify. Such an audience hasn't been seen in the Odeon since the last popular concert by our own Symphony Orchestra was given last spring.

The concert must have met the highest expectations of every individual who attended it. We have all heard so much about the Boston organization, and so few of us have heard it, that there might have been a bit of disappointment if the program hadn't been just right, and if Dr. Muck hadn't been in just the right mood. But the program couldn't have been improved upon, and Dr. Muck couldn't have been surpassed as a quiet, forceful leader, bent upon putting his best foot forward.

Dr. Muck Good Conductor.

For half an hour or so the conductor probably was more interesting to the audience than the orchestra or the program. There is, admittedly, something mysterious in those qualities which make one man a good conductor, while another man, seemingly quite as competent, isn't a good conductor at all. It isn't possible to say just what these qualities are.

But Dr. Muck is a good conductor. There is something quietly authoritative about him. He seems ever so much more than just a musician. You might imagine him to be Disraeli come back and employing a baton instead of aphorisms. The most unusual thing about him is that after you have deliberately set yourself the task of sizing him up you become quite unconscious of him. His influence is of a compact, inconspicuous kind. Coming back to him, in the midst of a number, you think of him as the exponent of the orchestra—using the word in its mathematical sense. There he stands, like the little symbol placed above the unknown quantity, an integral part of the whole, but causing the unknown quantity to be multiplied by itself.

Orchestra Better Than Ours.

That is how the orchestra plays, too—as if its effectiveness were being multiplied. It is better than our own orchestra. It is at least 20 men better, which is a good deal, But it seems better, too, because of its stability, its freedom from insecurity. It plays precisely as if it were a unit. It appears to have rarely fine instruments, and the finish of each musician is seen whenever there is a solo bit in a composition.

The program included Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony; Liszt's "Hungaria," a symphonic poem; Wagner's "A Siegfried Idyl" and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

The symphony, because, amazingly, a perfectly simple work, with an obvious architectural scheme in its first movement; a kind of universal sadness in the second movement (the "marcia funebre"), and a steadily progressive note of triumph in the two final movements. Such a work would doubtless present unsurmountable difficulties to the average understanding if it were not played perfectly. But everybody in the audience last night realized that it was being played perfectly.

Audience Enthusiastic.

The audience was as spontaneously enthusiastic as a throng at a circus. Everybody enjoyed it immensely. And Dr. Muck brought the members of the orchestra to their feet after he had acknowledged the applause two or three times himself. In fact, the orchestra had to get up several times before the evening was

The Liszt number was an advirable example of the resourcefulness of one of the most popular of all composers, and its wide extremes in tone quantity and quality enabled the orchestra again to prove the extraordinary accordance of its members.

The "Siegfried Idyl" was only a little Wagnerian. Throughout half its length it introduced no spookish note, though toward the end there was a somewhat mystical strain, introduced by the oboe, and this was succeeded by a period of that carefully arranged disorder of which Wagner was master. The work ends in a beautifully pensive manner, with the violin choirs singing a perfect love-song.

Kind Word for the Drummer.

The closing number belonged to the realm of "humorous" music. In such a mood as Strauss', a modern composer would evolve something called "A Trip Down the Midway," or "Seeing the Sights" "Till Eulenspiegel," whose merry pranks the work is supposed to portray, was not at all visualized, and the piece is beautiful, rather than humorous, save that it injects much grotcsquerie among its strongly rhythmic melodies

We cannot turn away from even a brief consideration of the concert without writing a word about the whole-souled chap who played the kettle-drum. Is the kettle-drum an artistic instrument? It most assuredly is, though we never realized this fully until last night. It's like carrying a cigar into a powder factory to beat with full force upon a drum at long intervals during the playing of a symphony. But the man who plays the kettle-drum for the Boston band knows his business as completely as the concert-meister. He is quite as much an artist. And his single-hearted performance was simply typical of the manner in which all the other members of the orchestra played.

In the boxes were:

CHICAGO HERALD,

OCTOBER 11, 1915.

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The listeners heard medieval practical joker galloping into a group of market women and scattering their china into crashing fragments; they heard him speak in unctuous accents in his stolen vestments of a priest; and finally, when he was laid by the heels, heard him pleading in vain for mercy and finally dangling on the gallows.

The .Boston. Symphony Orchestra which is in its thiryt-fifth season has been made possible by the generosity of Henry L. Higginson, a Boston banker. As money goes, it has not cost him an exorbitant sum to build this world-famous monument to his name.

From the beginning he pledged himself to meet the deficits incurred by the organization, and the total which he has expended amounts to something less than $1,000,000, which, distributed over more than 30 years, makes a yearly average of something like $30,000.

ST. JOSEPH
NEWS-PRESS,
OCTOBER 9, 1915.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a concert at the Auditorium last night to an almost capacity house. The event was an auspicious beginning to the season's concert course under the direction of Mrs. Fraucis Henry Hill, St. Joseph's enterprising impresario.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is perhaps the greatest musical organization the world has ever known and it was received with great enthusiasm by the audience here. The "team work" has been brought to a perfection that leaves nothing to be desired. Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor, has his men trained to such a high development of perfect accord that sometimes passages written for one set of instruments were mistaken for solos, by the uninitiated. The program was a most delightful one and was played with singular beauty of interpretation.

The concert opened with Beethoven's "Symphony No. 8, F Major, Opus 93," with the allegro vivace e con brio movement. The second movement, allegretto scherzando, was fascinating in its rippling, laughing theme, played chiefly by the strings against the oboes and clarinets, every phrase echoed by the basses. The following tempo di minuetto was in contrast, given with dignity and yet gayety of character, and the closing allegro vivace, F major, exemplified sudden changes of harmonies.

Next was the charming overture to Weber's "Oberon," brimful of delicious fairy music, varied with melodies of more earthly themes and ending in a brilliant close. Most enjoyed by the audience were the two following numbers, "Caprice on Spanish Themes," by Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Bizet's suite. The former has a wild, reckless theme suggestive of all the joy of a gypsy's life, and in its endless variations and repetitions, carried out by seemingly every possible combination in the orchestra, impressed and completely satisfied. The alborada movement, or morning serenade, has a peculiar freshness; in the second movement, the variations, the dialogue between the horns was especially effective and the closing movements, scene and gypsy song and fandango of the Asturias, were no less pleasing.

The Bizet suite was made wonderfully expressive. Here the tragedy of the theme is alternated with the dance movement and with the calm beauty of the strains that typify the love of the elder couple. Wagner's prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" was a brilliant conclusion introducing the many themes of the opera and ending in a combination of all of them.

So great is the art of the conductor and those who compose this remarkable band of men that their art is forgotten by the listener. They interpret the music so wonderfully that the means of its production are obscured. It is so marvelously flawless, so far above criticism, that the hearer is conscious only of the moods and ideas that existed in the mind of the composer.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the success of last evening will result in a return of the orchestra to St. Joseph. The next number in the Hill concert series will be Mme. Melba, who will sing at the Auditorium Dec. 6, assisted by Beatrice Harrison, cellist; Robert Parker, baritone, and Frank St. Legere, pianist.

News, Friday, October 8, 1915.

CHARITY SERIES' SUCCESS ASSURED

Associated Retailers Declare Boston Players' Audience Satisfactory.

ORCHESTRA PLEASES MANY

Following the Boston Symphony orchestra concert at the Auditorium last night, the first of the charity series being given by the Associated Retailers, Louis S. Nash announced that the guarantee for the series is assured. [illegible] single admission tickets will be purchased [illegible] to pay for the series and all tickets sold henceforth through efforts of charity workers or their friends will be practically clear money for Omaha charity.

Exceed Prospects.

George Brandeis said that financially, the concert series began better than the retailers expected.

"We ran out of tickets last night and used card board slips to handle sales at the door," Brandeis said. "I can see a big fund for charity, to come from this series. I predict that the next concert, by Geraldine Farrar, will attract more people than the Boston orchestra did."

The Boston orchestra cost $5,000. The money was paid by check last night, not taking half of the fund from season ticket sales.

Nearly 4,000 people heard the concert.

"I am optimistic over the outlook for results of this effort to raise money for charity," Charles C. Belden of the retailers' committee, said. "The people last night were all pleased, and they will tell their friends about the series, and persuade more to attend next time.

When Dr. Karl Muck, director of the orchestra, waved his baton for the first notes from his 100 players Thursday evening he faced one of the biggest audiences ever assembled in the Auditorium.

The opening of the concert series, under auspices of the Associated Retailers of Omaha, drew local residents and Ak-Sar-Ben visitors, society and musical folk.

Autos Crowd Street.

For an hour a line of automobiles extended from the Auditorium door to Sixteenth street, while the streets were parked with cars in every direction.

The entrance to the carnival grounds blazed on the men and women as they went in the canvas-covered entrance to the Auditorium, but the noises were stilled and the promise that no brass band should set up a rival voice was adhered to strictly.

It was the first appearance in Omaha of the Boston symphony, which enjoys the reputation of being the greatest organization of this kind in the country. It was expected that the work of this orchestra would be as near perfection as it could be made, and this was the concensus of opinion.

A Lace Work of Sounds.

A veritable lacework of beautiful sounds is woven by the instruments under Dr. Muck's quiet baton. This leader has no idiosyncrasies or superfluous movements, and his hair is neatly trimmed, just like that of a business man.

He presented the same kind of program he would give in his native Boston, omitting the popular "Humoresque" and variations on "Last Rose of Summer."

He responded to no encores, although he was called out several times at the close of the concert by the thoroughly pleased audience. Most of the program was familiar.

Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was given here by Walter Damrosch last spring, and the "Preludes" by Liszt, with their melody and charming passages, have been on the programs of many orchestras playing here. Dr. Muck, who is a famous interpreter of Wagner, brought out the storm and stress of the "Flying Dutchman" overture. The other numbers were the caprice on Spanish themes by Rimsky-Korsakoff and the suite "L'Arlesienne" by Bizet.

EVENING WORLD-HERALD:

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8,

OVATION FOR BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. Karl Muck, Conductor, Upholds His Reputation as a Musician.

Five of World's Greatest Musical Celebrities to Be Heard in Omaha.

BY A. M. BORGLUM.

The first appearance in Omaha of the Boston Symphony orchestra at the Auditorium last evening was the occasion for the gathering of an audience which filled this large building from the front rows of the parquet to the last rows of the balcony. The audience comprised not only a large part of the social and musical element of the city, but also many of the visitors who are here for the Ak-Sar-Ben festivities.

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor, whose reputation as a musician of the highest standing in the country and whose position as head of the Boston Symphony orchestra gives him an enviable standing, was treated with rather a reverential reception at the opening number; this later warmed up to most enthusiastic applause, developing into [illegible] two or three occasions [illegible] selections which pleased the audience the most. The listeners became especially effusive in their approbation when Dr. Muck on two occasions permitted his orchestra to rise.

The Boston Symphony orchestra concert is the first of a series of five concerts to be given this winter under the auspices of the Associated Retailers of Omaha. The series will include five of the greatest musical celebrities before the world today, and the net profits will be given over to charity.

Epoch in Music Here.

The presentation of these artists by the retailers' association marks an epoch in the musical history of Omaha, inasmuch as it is the first organized effort by the business men for the promotion of music on a grand scale. If it had not been for the retailers' association Omaha would have gone without these concerts, for every other source had failed. But from the signing of the contract up to the present time there has been most enthusiastic support and co-operation from every source, with the result that the movement has been and is destined to be a final tremendous success.

This response of the public, the support of the press and the enthusiasm shown last night are all sufficiently convincing that there exists a spirit for the development of music in this community which needs but to be awakened.

The committee in charge of the concerts is composed of Charles C. Belden, George Brandeis and Louis Nash, with Lucius Pryor as local manager. And there is every reason to believe that this will only be the beginning of substantial promotion and support of musical institutions by commercial interests and that at no distant day Omaha will be able to put forward a symphony orchestra of which it will be proud, and that will be a credit to the city in every respect.

Program Familiar to Omaha.

The program presented by Dr. Muck comprised numbers which are all more or less familiar to Omaha audiences, the Symphony having been given in the spring by Mr. Walter Damrosch, and the other numbers by other orchestras within the last two or three years. The previous performances have, however, prepared us for the art and mastery of Dr. Muck and his superb organization. The Beethoven Symphony No. 7, with its joyous mirthful character and the natural tendencies which this might lead to, was treated in a very tactful and reserved manner in dynamics and tempos. There was, however, a subtle virility throughout, manifest not only in the movements requiring delicacy, but also in the grand climaxes. The "quail-call" rhythm in the first movement was treated with quiet, but sparkling animation, leading up to rather an interesting climax. A characteristic of the Allegretto movement was the almost andante tempo given it; the interest did not lag, however, but permitted the full development of its beautiful themes and their full enjoyment. The Scherzo was conspicuous for the delicacy of its movement and tone, while the Allegro and final movement was given all the animation and dash possible, the tempo being kept at a point of terrific hilarity from start to finish. Dr. Muck's interpretation of the Seventh Symphony may be summed up as reverential, refined and in admirable proportion from beginning to end.

The overture to "The Flying Dutchman," by Wagner, was interpreted with a great variety of tone color, vigorous rhythms and passionate effects bringing out all the possibilities of the orchestra and conductor.

Caprice on Spanish Themes.

The brilliant Caprice on Spanish Themes, with its typical flavor and intoxicating rhythms, lacked nothing in local color and proved a trip to Spain for those who have a versatile imagination. Nothing could be more characteristic than the interpretation given by Dr. Muck, typifying, as it did, all the fire and grace of the Latin race, bordering on the Moorish.

The Arlesienne Suite No. 1, with its many and varied beauties, so full of the brilliant colors and tender pathos of southern French life, was very well understood and well rendered, the massive and vigorous character of the prelude being brought out in virile fashion. The minuette in waltz form, with its beautiful melodic phrases and delicate accompaniment proved very refreshing, while it remained for the adagietto to show the most exquisite tonal ensemble and admirable legato of the strings. It was a delight. The Carillon, with its sonorous chimes and rural gaiety, ends the suite in a fitting fashion.

"The Preludes" has become by this time familiar to Omaha audiences, as it has been given by almost every orchestra that has visited here. Besides, its tuneful melodic phrases make it easy for most ears to remember. It received a new attractiveness under the hand of Dr. Muck.

An interesting feature of the evening was the incidental solo work by Anton Witek, the celebrated violinist, who is the concert meister of the orchestra. Some of Omaha's violin students have studied with Mr. Witek.

The remaining artists in this series will be:

Geraldine Farrar.
Madame Melba.
Paderewski.
Fritz Kreisler.

[30]

DAILY NEWS.
OCTOBER 11.

DR. KARL MUCK LEADS BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Performance of Modern Classics Given Yesterday at Auditorium.

OF SUPREME EXCELLENCE

On Program Were Represented Two Extremes of Standard Modern Compositions.

BY STANLEY K. FAYE.

Dr. Karl Muck and the Boston Symphony orchestra returned to Chicago yesterday after an eight year absence and formally opened the concert season with a performance of modern classics in the Auditorium theater. Though their fame and their claim to pre-eminence has in late years taken on some of the slighter hues of the circus poster, the concert of yesterday amply justified every assertion of excelence that has ever been made for them.

On the program were represented the two extremes of standard modern compositions—Brahms' first symphony for the classicists, and for the freer thinkers Liszt's ninth symphonic poem, "Hungaria"; Wagner's "Siegirled Idyl," and "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," by Richard Strauss. The Daily News has received at least two protests against this collocation of the pure Brahms with his earthly contemporaries, but to less reverent ears the program was highly satisfactory.

Brahms a Problem in Performance.

Brahms is a problem in performance, because most people refuse to appreciate him in his more ambitious manifestatons. In the first movement of this first symphony we have Brahms in his most difficult aspect, impeccably correct, but as devoid of grace as is a formal garden. This movement was played with austerity and an ascetic regard for what may be called musical mathematics.

But with the ensuing andante, what a change! Here is the link between poetic thought and harmony of tone. The utmost Philistine must make genuflection in this presence. Such holy sounds rise to the ear of Sandalphon, the angel of prayer, and well from the heart string lute of that other angel, Israfel, or transcend all things in the music of the spheres and of the stars that sing.

This tenuous effect of the instruments is marked "sostenuto," and under Dr. Muck's direction the word takes on a new meaning. Only the human voice can surpass the subtlety with which the diaphanous strains of tone were made to hang suspended, imponderable, in the air.

Harmony of the Ensemble.

It is sordid to think what labor must have been expended to train the men of the orchestra into such concord. Of course, the strings are all important, but several times the wood winds made their perfection so apparent that they must be accorded equal importance. The harmony of the ensemble is quite extraordinary.

This harmonious result is not attained by the players alone. It is as much resultant from the peculiar qualities of Dr. Muck, who keeps his men as if under a strong pressure that his firm hand may momentarily relieve. This was especially noticeable in the vigorous last movement, with its reminiscence of Beethoven's ninth sympony, in which the resilience of tone was remarkable.

Liszt's "Hungaria," which the Chicago orchestra has never played, suffered somewhat in anticlimax. It is less vivid, but its strong points were brought out well, as was the delicacy of the Siegfried idyl. "Till Eulenspiegel" played about much as he does under the eye of Frederick Stock.

CHICAGO DAILY JOURNAL

OCTOBER 11.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN CONCERT IN AUDITORIUM; FIRST IN EIGHT YEARS

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That is a supberb organization capable of giving a magnificent performance is unquestionable. That its playing is worth 100 per cent more to the community than any other orchestra, speaking in terms of the box office, is equally unquestionable. It is not 100 per cent better, nor anything like it. Where it surpasses other organizations, judging from yesterday's performance, is in certain small details, the individual playing of one artist over another artist. At times the balance even leaned the other way. In the broad masses of entire sections, there was frequently little to choose between it and other orchestras, and then the choice frequently became a matter of taste.

The string section was extremely good. Charting the isotherms of genius is an uncertain matter, but it would seem that the pressure in this region was highly favorable. So is it also in the Chicago Symphony orchestra; so is it to a marked degree in the New York Philharmonic. Anton Witek, the concertmeister, was a tower of strength among the first violins, except that in his solo passages he played persistently and exasperatingly off pitch. In the wood wind section, the first oboist, Longy, displayed himself as the finest performer on this instrument of anyone who has visited Chicago within a reasonable memory, the first clarinetist—names except in a few instances were not furnished—was not quite as good as Schreurs of the Chicago organization, the flutist a little better than what we are accustomed to, the bassoonist a little better, the ensemble about the same. The brass section, being of larger dimensions than customary, produced a tone slightly more brilliant than do the Chicago players; the first trumpeter, competent and safe, was not the equal of Chicago's. In all 101 men were announced to play, or five more than the Chicago Symphony orchestra at full strength.

So much for the organization; the conductor, Dr. Carl Muck deserves to stand by himself and without comparison. He looks like a mixture of John Drew and Napoleon, the whole slightly Teutonized; he conducts as one might imagine such a combination might, were the two musicians. He is at once suave and strong, elastic and firm, impassioned and cool. In other words, he does what a highly educated, imaginative, sanely thinking, deeply feeling musician ought to do, but what so few are able to do. He is a great man among musicians, and his greatness was well displayed in a programme of many sides.

Be it known that Dr. Muck has not sufficient respect for the late comers at a concert to make his first number a short one. He plunged at once into the symphony, Brahms' first, the C minor it was in this instance. It was a very calm, serene Brahms that he brought before his hearers. Respectability stalked unchecked throughout the performance, and bliss reigned supreme among that part of the hearers who think that musical art stopped short with the bearded Johannes.

The second half was more varied. Liszt's little-known symphonic poem, "Hungaria," was given forth with enough paprika to nearly cause forgetfulness of the fact that the original brew is exceedingly thin stuff; Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" sang its gentle measures as soothingly as though it were intended for its original invalid hearer; Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" was impishness, impudence, and high spirits raised to the level of a fine art.

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EDWARD C

THE BEE: OMAHA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8,

SPIRIT OF MUSIC AT FIRST CONCERT

Boston Symphony Orchestra Draws Delighted Audience to Auditorium to Begin Charity Course.

PROGRAM ONE OF WONDERS

By THOMAS J. KELLY.

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Omaha felt the presence and potency of the spiritual visitant and was glad.

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If there has been just one thing which has acted in a way as a "brake" on Omaha's progress it has been the ancient old grouch bearing the name of "Precedent."

Good-Bye to Precedent.

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Last night the Associated Retailers took the old fossil "Precedent" out of his cave, broke his backbone beyond possibility of repair and gently but completely kicked the corpse out of doors.

And in all reverence let us say "Thank God!"

The business men of Omaha who have made King Ak-Sar-Ben the most popular of reigning monarchs (as well as the [illegible] and sanest), those men who have made the "week of weeks" in Omaha [illegible] annual joyfest and jubilee, have [illegible] the "brake" off, and precedent, [illegible] will be a thing of the past.

[illegible] Enterprise Endorsed.

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Dr. Muck Expresse

The audience was as f
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where and gave the m
might almost say devoti
every musical offering.
dience which made every
of his city. Dr. Muck
to the present reviewer,
and also of the Audito
said surpassed most of those he had encountered, and especially made a glowing comparison with one very famous American city. (Not Boston).

The suppression of outside noises was complete, and the governors of Ak-Sar-Ben deserve to be apprised of the public appreciation of their solution of a real difficulty. Governor Black promised that there would be no disturbance, and he kept his word. There was one single toot from an automobile horn at the beginning of a phrase by the clarinet in one of the numbers and it was in tune, in fact exactly an octave below!

Wonders of the Orchestra.

With such a wonderful organization of players, one hundred and one, to be exact, it is possible to do things which are not within the scope of the smaller orchestral bodies which have visited here from time to time, and the orchestra last night was a revelation, even to those who knew that they were to have the treat of their lives. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, like Woman, needs no eulogy. It speaks for itself. One could exhaust adjectives for a column and leave much unsaid. Strings which were actually spiritualized, flutes which were like celestial shells from which pearls were blown, clarinets which sounded as if they had been found in the Isles of the Blessed, oboes which sounded like the one which the great god Pan played when he "drew the pith like the heart of a man, from the reed which grew in the river." The brilliant sunshine of the trumpets, and trombones, —splendour without glare,—the gentle "rain-showers" of the tympani and drums, played pianissimo: all these things will never be forgotten by those who heard them last night.

Majesty of Conductor.

And over all, and above all, or rather behind all, was the person of Dr. Karl Muck, one of the greatest of conductors of all time. One says advisedly, "behind all," for he is of the quiet type

In his conducting, he never exaggerates; he never gets between the listener and the work. It is the true domination of the spirit of man.

As the "Flying Dutchman" overture was being played one could not but think of the fact that Dr. Muck has for years been conducting at Bayreuth, the shrine of the Richard Wagner musical philosophy and of the Music of the Future. It seemed as though one could feel the actual atmosphere of the great temple and of its most illustrious founder, the great Wagner, as the overture unfolded itself.

Would it not have been better to have opened the program with this number rather than the Symphony? Omaha will not arrive in time even for the Boston Symphony Orchestra: in this respect Omaha audiences should listen to friendly advice. Omaha is alive, very much alive, and should never have to be alluded to as "the late Miss Omaha."

Beauties of Beethoven.

The Symphony, in A major, known everywhere as "No. 7," was a great delight. It has no "program" that is, it is not descriptive, and some have therefore called it the "Romantic" symphony, in contrast to the "Eroica" and the "Pastoral." One can just sit still and drink in its beauties, without wondering what anything means. It is the symphony which Beethoven considered one of his very greatest works. Many people en-
[illegible] last night who never

Wagner..........
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman
Rimsky-Korsakoff..................
....Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34
I. Alborada.
II. Variations.
III. Alborada.
IV. Scene and Gypsy Song.
V. Fandango of the Asturias.
(Played without pause)
Bizet..............................
Suit, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1. Music to Alphonse Daudet's Play.
I. Prelude.
II. Minuetto.
III. Adagietto.
IV. Carillon.
Liszt..............................
Symphonic Poem, No. 3, "Les Preludes" (after Lamartine).

CHICAGO EVENING P

OCTOBER 11, 1915.

Boston Symphony At Auditorium

By Karleton Hackett.

TO ONE BORN and raised under the aegis of the Sacred Codfish the mere name "Boston Symphony Orchestra" has an awe-inspiring sound. All our earliest impressions of music were gained from this orchestra and all of us Bostonians grew up with the instinctive feeling this represented the ultimate goal of symphonic art. A thing so bred in the bone of a race as tenacious as the New Englanders colors a man's whole cast of thought, so it is with something more than diffidence that I venture to express the feelings evoked by the playing of this famous orchestra under the baton of Dr. Muck.

It is an extraordinary organization, a mighty instrument as sensitive to the wand of the conductor as his own hands, and responsive to his slightest indication with an elasticity that bespeaks the capacity of the individuals and the relentless routine

[illegible] prevails [illegible] virtuosity their playing is [illegible] mortal mind can conceive of as [illegible] The Liszt symphonic poem, "Hungaria," was tremendous in virility, and the Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Lustige Streiche," the most brilliant display of orchestral virtuosity.

The opening movements of the Brahms symphony in C minor, No. 1, left me cold. Everything was there with absolute distinctness, but it seemed as tho the score had been studied with the precision of the mathematical mind to discover each minute detail, each shade of color, each contrapuntal device in an inner voice, and everything was brought out save only the heart, which had ceased beating. It was rather the artioulation of the scientist, in the labratory than the living thing as it came forth from the artist's fancy.

It made Brahms appear even the more severe academician than his enemies have dared to paint him, and while it was wonderfully conceived and evidently exactly what Dr. Muck intended, it was almost repellant in its aloof self-containedness. The outlines were so clear-cut that they became hard, and the tone colors in place of blending together into a perfect harmonic texture stood apart in contrasting shades of antogonism. It was a construction not a creation; a thing made with extraordinary skill yet lacking the spark which should vivify it into a living entity.

In the allegretto there came a change, a softening of the outlines, a plasticity that caught the more genial mood of the music, and that led us into the adagio of
ovement in the manner we ex-
this famous orchestra. The
nt of the symphony was noble
n and beautiful in the manner
n—broad, sustained, with the
the everlasting hills and the
e sun breaking thru the clouds
r afternoon.
ve been precisely this contrast
Muck believed essential to the
the music, but there seemed
flaw in the working out. It
t the first two movements were
that they sounded mechanical;
ng spirit was lacking which
ve given us the clew. Severity
understand in Brahms, but it
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sed to the strictest self-analy-
mere calculation of the means.
ot been for the illumination of
vo movements I should have
d to distrust the evidence of my
but the thing which was so
sent in the first two movements
iously present at the close that
be no question.
ngaria" had the dominating
was magnificent, concentrated
npact mass that moved to its
a power that was irresistible.
he grasp of the whole, with de-
uisite variety, yet all tributary
idea, and it all came to us with
tread of a great host marching
ts blowing and banners spread.
fried Idyl" was lovely, as warm
as plastic in outline as tho the
chard Wagner himself had been
en as they played; and well it
been, for if any man has been
this spirit it is Dr. Muck.
many artists it is hardly fair
few, yet the program was so
at it was impossible not to no-
narkable beauty of the playing
oboist. The wood-wind choir of
ation is famous, and most de-
and the brass choir was won-
ellow and sonorous. Anton
oncertmaster, played the obbli-
thority and a tone of domina-
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ss "Till Eulenspiegel," with
program closed, was a feat of
irtuosity, yet in which this skill
properly applied to the matter
o make the meaning come out
must be done just in this way,
and the virtuosity was merely incidental to the thing itself.

Coming to what concerns us most nearly here in Chicago, it was impossible not to feel the beauty which the tone of the orchestra has in the Auditorium. The laws of acoustics are even to the experts almost a sealed book, but whatever the cause the Auditorium is the place in which to listen to music. The tone of the orchestra takes on a richness of quality, a mellowness, that is of a perfect beauty nowhere else to be found. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is a wonderful organization, with famous artists playing upon the finest of instruments, and it was both their good fortune and ours that we were permitted to hear them in the Auditorium.

MEMORANDA

W. E. WALTER

SYMPHONY HALL - - BOSTON, MASS.

[31]

CHICAGO DAILY JOURNAL.

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It was a fine concert, magnificently played, but, except as a standard to be followed, there is no reason why we should forget our own orchestra.

Emmy Destinn's return to America, several times delayed, is now tentatively set for Oct. 13. A number of her recital appearances in California and the northwest have been canceled. She is still announced to appear in "La Gioconda" on Nov. 15, the opening performance of the Chicago Opera association.

The George Hamlin prize of $200 for the best aria for tenor and orchestra by an American composer has been awarded to Carlo Minetti of Pittsburg. Honorable mention is given to "Columbus" by George Siemonn, a resident of New York.

Charles Dalmores, tenor, will, it is said, shortly come to America to sing in opera here and concert elsewhere. He is now in Coppet, Switzerland, recuperating after protracted services in the French army.

From another Swiss city, Lucerne, where the Diarghileff Russian ballet is rehearsing, word comes that two scenes have been added to its repertoire, one from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko," in the palace of the river-god under the waves; the other, the melting of the snow-maiden in the sun's embrace in the forest, from the same composer's "Snegourotchka."

EDWARD C. MOORE.

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And in all reverence let us say "Thank God!"

The business men of Omaha who have made King Ak-Sar-Ben the most popular of reigning monarchs (as well as the safest and sanest), those men who have made the "week of weeks" in Omaha an annual joyfest and jubilee, have kicked the "brake" off, and precedent, hereabouts, will be a thing of the past.

Retailers' Enterprise Endorsed.

The audience which assembled at the [illegible] last night certainly proved to the Associated Retailers that their action in presenting this wonderful chain of concerts was tremendously endorsed. They have surely no reason to regret their action and every reason to be proud. Any future musical work undertaken by them or given under their direaction will be sure to win. And as all great cities are noted for those things which are "unseen and eternal," as well as for the things which are "seen and temporal," Omaha has taken another speIndid step forward.

Dr. Muck Expresses Pleasure.

The audience was as fine an aggregation of people as one might find anywhere and gave the most intense, one might almost say devotional, interest to every musical offering. It was an audience which made every musician proud of his city. Dr. Muck personally spoke to the present reviewer, of the audience and also of the Auditorium, which he said surpassed most of those he had encountered, and especially made a glowing comparison with one very famous American city. (Not Boston).

The suppression of outside noises was complete, and the governors of Ak-Sar-Ben deserve to be apprised of the public appreciation of their solution of a real difficulty. Governor Black promised that there would be no disturbance, and he kept his word. There was one single toot from an automobile horn at the beginning of a phrase by the clarinet in one of the numbers and it was in tune, in fact exactly an octave below!

Wonders of the Orchestra.

With such a wonderful organization of players, one hundred and one, to be exact, it is possible to do things which are not within the scope of the smaller orchestral bodies which have visited here from time to time, and the orchestra last night was a revelation, even to those who knew that they were to have the treat of their lives. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, like Woman, needs no eulogy. It speaks for itself. One could exhaust adjectives for a column and leave much unsaid. Strings which were actually spiritualized, flutes which were like celestial shells from which pearls were blown, clarinets which sounded as if they had been found in the Isles of the Blessed, oboes which sounded like the one which the great god Pan played when he "drew the pith like the heart of a man, from the reed which grew in the river." The brilliant sunshine of the trumpets, and trombones, —splendour without glare,—the gentle "rain-showers" of the tympani and drums, played pianissimo: all these things will never be forgotten by those who heard them last night.

Majesty of Conductor.

And over all, and above all, or rather behind all, was the person of Dr. Karl Muck, one of the greatest of conductors of all time. One says advisedly, "behind all," for he is of the quiet type but in his conducting: he never exaggerates, he never gets between the listener and the work. It is the true domination of the spirit of man.

As the "Flying Dutchman" overture was being played one could not but think of the fact that Dr. Muck has for years been conducting at Bayreuth, the shrine of the Richard Wagner musical philosophy and of the Music of the Future. It seemed as though one could feel the actual atmosphere of the great temple and of its most illustrious founder, the great Wagner, as the overture unfolded itself.

Would it not have been better to have opened the program with this number rather than the Symphony? Omaha will not arrive in time even for the Boston Symphony Orchestra: in this respect Omaha audiences should listen to friendly advice. Omaha is alive, very much alive, and should never have to be alluded to as "the late Miss Omaha."

Beauties of Beethoven.

The Symphony, in A major, known everywhere as "No. 7," was a great delight. It has no "program" that is, it is not descriptive, and some have therefore called it the "Romantic" symphony, in contrast to the "Eroica" and the "Pastoral." One can just sit still and drink in its beauties, without wondering what anything means. It is the symphony which Beethoven considered one of his very greatest works. Many people enjoyed Beethoven last night who never did before, and those who knew him before loved him better.

It is over 100 years since it was first given to the public in Vienna, at a concert for wounded Austrian and Bavarian Soldiers. And while it has lived, alas Peace has not, for again tonight there are wounded Austrian and Bavarian soldiers. The pity of it!

Other Sublime Features.

When the great Tschaikowsky proclaims of a work that 'it is a colossal masterpiece of instrumentation," people should listen: and they did last night, as they heard the "Caprice on Spanish themes" by Rimsky-Korsakoff, the work alluded to. Hear the virtuosity of the various artists was so evident. English horn, Flute, Oboe, Violin (solo), Clarinet, Harp, even Triangle and Side-drum were glorified.

The Suite, "L'Arlesienne," by Georges Bizet contained beauties innumerable and especially one must note the "Adagietto" which was played by the muted strings (minus the double-basses). This was simply heavenly, and was listened to with breathless attention. The big building was as quiet as a small sanctuary.

The program closed with the favorite "Symphonic Poem, Les Preludes," by Franz Liszt and was listened to with eagerness, the audience not leaving until not only Dr. Muck but the entire orchestra had been called to bow. That was the second time during the evening that the audience brought the orchestra to its feet.

Surely Florence Moore should have been there last night: she would have seen an audience which did not appear to be "handcuffed," as she suggested to a somewhat slow audience the other night at the Boyd. The applause was given with a free hand and much gusto at the Auditorium.

The splendid program notes were from the pen of the distinguished veteran critic, Philip Hale of Boston. They are worth preserving. Mr. Anton Witek displayed the fact that he was the most temperamental "Concert-master" who has ever honored this town with a visit.

The Program.

Beethoven..................................

....Symphony in A major, N. 7, Op.92
- I. Poco Sostenuto; Vivace.
- II. Allegretto.
- III. Presto: Presto meno assai.
- IV. Allegro con brio.

Wagner..................................

Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"

Rimsky-Korsakoff..........................

....Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34
- I. Alborada.
- II. Variations.
- III. Alborada.
- IV. Scene and Gypsy Song.
- V. Fandango of the Asturias.

(Played without pause)

Bizet..................................

Suit, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1. Music to Alphonse Daudet's Play.
- I. Prelude.
- II Minuetto.
- III. Adagietto.
- IV. Carillon.

Liszt..................................

Symphonic Poem, No. 3, "Les Preludes" (after Lamartine).

CHICAGO EVENING P

OCTOBER 11, 1915.

Boston Symphony At Auditorium

By Karleton Hackett.

TO ONE BORN and raised under the aegis of the Sacred Codfish the mere name "Boston Symphony Orchestra" has an awe-inspiring sound. All our earliest impressions of music were gained from this orchestra and all of us Bostonians grew up with the instinctive feeling this represented the ultimate goal of symphonic art. A thing so bred in the bone of a race as tenacious as the New Englanders colors a man's whole cast of thought, so it is with something more than diffidence that I venture to express the feelings evoked by the playing of this famous orchestra under the baton of Dr. Muck.

It is an extraordinary organization, a mighty instrument as sensitive to the wand of the conductor as his own hands, and responsive to his slightest indication with an elasticity that bespeaks the capacity of the individuals and the relentless routine

In everything that pertains to orchestral virtuosity their playing is all that one mortal mind can conceive of as perfection. The Liszt symphonic poem, "Hungaria," was tremendous in virility, and the Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Lustige Streiche," the most brilliant display of orchestral virtuosity.

The opening movements of the Brahms symphony in C minor, No. 1, left me cold. Everything was there with absolute distinctness, but it seemed as tho the score had been studied with the precision of the mathematical mind to discover each minute detail, each shade of color, each contrapuntal device in an inner voice, and everything was brought out save only the heart, which had ceased beating. It was rather the articulation of the scientist, in the labratory than the living thing as it came forth from the artist's fancy.

It made Brahms appear even the more severe academician than his enemies have dared to paint him, and while it was wonderfully conceived and evidently exactly what Dr. Muck intended, it was almost repellant in its aloof self-containedness. The outlines were so clear-cut that they became hard, and the tone colors in place of blending together into a perfect harmonic texture stood apart in contrasting shades of antogonism. It was a construction not a creation; a thing made with extraordinary skill yet lacking the spark which should vivify it into a living entity.

In the allegretto there came a change, a softening of the outlines, a plasticity that caught the more genial mood of the music, and that led us into the adagio of the final movement in the manner we expected from this famous orchestra. The last movement of the symphony was noble in conception and beautiful in the manner of expression—broad, sustained, with the solidity of the everlasting hills and the charm of the sun breaking thru the clouds on a summer afternoon.

It may have been precisely this contrast which Dr. Muck believed essential to the meaning of the music, but there seemed somehow a flaw in the working out. It was not that the first two movements were stern, but that they sounded mechanical; the animating spirit was lacking which ought to have given us the clew. Severity we can well understand in Brahms, but it is the severity of thought, the repression of a man used to the strictest self-analysis, not the mere calculation of the means.

Had it not been for the illumination of the last two movements I should have been inclined to distrust the evidence of my own senses, but the thing which was so palpably absent in the first two movements was so gloriously present at the close that there could be no question.

The "Hungaria" had the dominating force that was magnificent, concentrated into one compact mass that moved to its climax with a power that was irresistible. There was the grasp of the whole, with details of exquisite variety, yet all tributary to the main idea, and it all came to us with the stately tread of a great host marching with trumpets blowing and banners spread.

The "Siegfried Idyl" was lovely, as warm in color and as plastic in outline as tho the spirit of Richard Wagner himself had been over the men as they played; and well it might have been, for if any man has been imbued with this spirit it is Dr. Muck.

Out of so many artists it is hardly fair to choose a few, yet the program was so arranged that it was impossible not to notice the remarkable beauty of the playing of the first oboist. The wood-wind choir of this organization is famous, and most deservedly so, and the brass choir was wonderfully mellow and sonorous. Anton Witek, the concertmaster, played the obbligati with authority and a tone of dominating power, tho not of very beautiful quaitiy.

The Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel," with which the program closed, was a feat of orchestral virtuosity, yet in which this skill seemed all properly applied to the matter in hand. To make the meaning come out clearly it must be done just in this way, and the virtuosity was merely incidental to the thing itself.

Coming to what concerns us most nearly here in Chicago, it was impossible not to feel the beauty which the tone of the orchestra has in the Auditorium. The laws of acoustics are even to the experts almost a sealed book, but whatever the cause the Auditorium is the place in which to listen to music. The tone of the orchestra takes on a richness of quality, a mellowness, that is of a perfect beauty nowhere else to be found. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is a wonderful organization, with famous artists playing upon the finest of instruments, and it was both their good fortune and ours that we were permitted to hear them in the Auditorium.

CHICAGO EXAMINER.

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Brahms	Symphony No. 1, C minor
Liszt	Symphonic Poem "Hungaria"
Wagner	Siegfried Idyl
Strauss	"Till Eulenspiegels Merry Pranks"

A classic-romantic program.

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A RHETORICAL figure illustrates very well the distinction between the classic and romantic schools of music. The one is conversational and the other oratorical; the virtue of one is limpidity, of the other eloquence; the vice of one is preciousness, of the other bombasticism.

There may have been many conversations in the salons of Mme. de Stael or Mme. de Sevigne which fitted exactly into the classic symphony form. The first theme an assertion ending politely with the rising inflection which means "Do you not think so?" (an invitation or modulation to a well-considered reply); then the passing of the conversational skein around the circle of guests, where, though it is woven into the patterns of several different prejudices it is never tangled; at the proper moment the recapitulation of the original idea to which the opposition now agrees—a bon mot—and finis—there you have the form and manner of the first movement of the classic symphony.

Dr. Muck interpreted Brahms in this conversational spirit, so much so that were one to follow his rendition score and pencil in hand one could mark all his artful interphrasic pauses with commas, periods and semi-colons. To be able to give such an interpretation one must have a virtuoso orchestra. Dr. Muck has a virtuoso orchestra. His artists have besides knowledge the two virtues particular to virtuosi—flexibility and versatility. They can mold their rhythm unanimously to the least motion of their leader's hand and they can modulate the tones of their instruments to several distinct qualities. The oboe, for instance, sounded at times (at proper times) like its ancestor, the coarse "Shalmei," and at other times it had almost the tenderness of a flute.

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Evening
From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
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BOSTON SYMPHONY OPENS NEW SEASON

Doctor Muck Conducts an Excellent Program at the Academy

In a program which was all of a piece, and in which his orchestra developed all the extraordinary powers for which it is noted, Doctor Muck last night opened the 31st season of the Boston Orchestra in Philadelphia. The audience at the Academy was evidently one thoroughly familiar with both the Orchestra and its conductor. It welcomed Anton Witek as it welcomed Doctor Muck, and twice it called for the orchestra to receive its plaudits by rising.

There is something of a discussion concerning tonality in the pages of the familiar buff-covered programs. Even without it the listener must have felt the sense of overpowering gloom in almost every part of the program. Brahms, whose second symphony was heard here last week, has not been noted as a frivolous composer, yet it was the scherzo of his symphony (in E minor, No. 4) which provided whatever relief there was. Schumann's overture to Byron's "Manfred," mystic and eerie, in the entire romantic tradition; Strauss' "Tod und Verkalerung," and Liszt's "Les Preludes" (after Lamartine) completed the program, and each was a variation of the theme of death. Suicide would have been the only issue were it not for one thing.

That thing is the consummate perfection of playing which the Boston Orchestra invariably brings here. Last night that perfection was not a bit cold; it was pulsing and energetic and warm. It took beautiful shades. And it had the tone concerning which it is impossible to speak. Gilding the lily is not only futile. By long repitition it becomes boresome.

In conducting a program which was all romantic, Doctor Muck missed none of the distinctions owing to each composer. He understood everything, and under him each flowered magnificently. The whole was a beautiful and an impressive occasion.

G. V. S.

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Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY OPENS NEW SEASON

Est 184

Doctor Muck Conducts an Excellent Program at the Academy

In a program which was all of a piece, and in which his orchestra developed all the extraordinary powers for which it is noted, Doctor Muck last night opened the 31st season of the Boston Orchestra in Philadelphia. The audience at the Academy was evidently one thoroughly familiar with both the Orchestra and its conductor. It welcomed Anton Witek as it welcomed Doctor Muck, and twice it called for the orchestra to receive its plaudits by rising.

There is something of a discussion concerning tonality in the pages of the familiar buff-covered programs. Even without it the listener must have felt the sense of overpowering gloom in almost every part of the program. Brahms, whose second symphony was heard here last week, has not been noted as a frivolous composer, yet it was the scherzo of his symphony (in E minor, No. 4) which provided whatever relief there was. Schumann's overture to Byron's "Manfred," mystic and eerie, in the entire romantic tradition; Strauss' "Tod und Verkalerung," and Liszt's "Les Preludes" (after Lamartine) completed the program, and each was a variation of the theme of death. Suicide would have been the only issue were it not for one thing.

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G. V. S.

CHICAGO EXAMINER.

OCTOBER 11, 1915.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA FROM BOSTON HEARD IN PERFECT PERFORMANCE

Dr. Muck's Conducting Is in Consonance With His Organization of Artists.

BY JAMES WHITTAKER

AN AUDIENCE none too large and a well controlled enthusiasm greeted our visitor, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon.

There are a few social conventions of the concert hall which add to the pleasure, both of the artist and the audience. One of these is the convention of hearty applause at the start and the close of the performance of a visiting organization. It is a translation of the formal cordialities of a good hostess. In a sense the City of Boston was our guest yesterday. It is too bad that her hostess was not in better form and that so many of the family stayed in their homes.

Those who were there heard:

Brahms	Symphony No. 1, C minor
Liszt	Symphonic Poem "Hungaria"
Wagner	Siegfried Idyl
Strauss	"Till Eulenspiegels Merry Pranks"

A classic-romantic program.

* * *

A RHETORICAL figure illustrates very well the distinction between the classic and romantic schools of music. The one is conversational and the other oratorical; the virtue of one is limpidity, of the other eloquence; the vice of one is preciousness, of the other bombasticism.

There may have been many conversations in the salons of Mme. de Stael or Mme. de Sevigne which fitted exactly into the classic symphony form. The first theme an assertion ending politely with the rising inflection which means "Do you not think so?" (an invitation or modulation to a well-considered reply); then the passing of the conversational skein around the circle of guests, where, though it is woven into the patterns of several different prejudices it is never tangled; at the proper moment the recapitulation of the original idea to which the opposition now agrees—a bon mot—and finis—there you have the form and manner of the first movement of the classic symphony.

Dr. Muck interpreted Brahms in this conversational spirit, so much so that were one to follow his rendition score and pencil in hand one could mark all his artful interphrasic pauses with commas, periods and semi-colons. To be able to give such an interpretation one must have a virtuoso orchestra. Dr. Muck has a virtuoso orchestra. His artists have besides knowledge the two virtues particular to virtuosi—flexibility and versatility. They can mold their rhythm unanimously to the least motion of their leader's hand and they can modulate the tones of their instruments to several distinct qualities. The oboe, for instance, sounded at times (at proper times) like its ancestor, the coarse "Shalmei," and at other times it had almost the tenderness of a flute.

* * *

DR. MUCK'S interpretive style demands a great deal of his hearers. Here is no striking mass of color to impose itself on the eye, but a thing of fine craftsmanship the parts of which must be discovered before one sees the whole. It is ascetic like the lean, intellectual face of Dr. Muck. It is the best style. It would be nice to be able, even at the expense of an effort, to appreciate it.

The symphonic poem, "Hungaria," by Liszt, does not compare favorably with his better-known symphonic poems. It is influenced a great deal by Liszt's pianistic style and it seems to be impossible for puffy trombones to give a good imitation of the "con abandonata" of a recitativo in octaves fortissimo or for a flute to perform brilliantly the fireworks of a semi-demi-quaver rush into altissimo. Even the Friska of the Piano Rhapsodie, which he uses as a finale, sounds less brilliant when played by trumpets and triangles than on the piano.

* * *

THE Siegfried Idyl should be cut. Some courageous conductor must do the public this favor some time. It is said that no true beauty is without strangeness. The idyl is truly beautiful for five minutes and then the strangeness wears off.

A perfect composition would either put on some more strangeness or retire.

In "Till Eulenspiegel" we have a composition that makes a boast of finding both matter and manner in the literature of which it is a paraphrase. Like in any translation the atmosphere of the original evaporates in the passage from one medium to another, and only incident remains. The true humor of "Till Eulenspiegel" is in the quanit style of the popular German fable; there is only horse-play in the incident. Try as I can, I can find no humor, but a great deal of horse-play in Strauss. A great deal of laughter, but no joke.

Curiously enough, the program illustrated the deterioration which I believe has taken place in the personality of the Teutonic musician in the last fifty years. There is Brahms, the fine, who says, "How great is music!" There is Liszt, the less fine, who says "How great is my country"; Wagner, who says "How great is my child," and there is Strauss, the least fine, who says, "How great am I."

* * *

WHAT is there to say about the performance? Nothing; it was too perfect. The Boston Symphony is an organization which, like the Orchestra du Conservatoire of Paris, is composed of artists who have consented to submerge their separate personalities in favor of the personality of the ensemble.

The woodwinds (probably French) were perfect, the brass (probably German) perfect, the strings and the percussion perfect, the leadership perfect, the horns—the horns—the horns—so-so, as horns always are. Why do horn players always fill their instruments with saliva, and why do they always tremble like the rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland?" This is the king mystery of the musical temperament.

We shall have to ask Mr. Neumann to give us more detailed programs of his future concerts. We can dispense with program notes, but not with, for instance, the names of the members of the orchestra. It would have been a pleasure to mention the name of the first oboist had it been published.

Omaha DAILY NEWS
OMAHA, NEB.

WON'T POSTPONE CONCERT.

Scores of requests today were made to have the Boston Symphony orchestra concert at the Auditorium not begin until after the Billy Sunday meeting. The orchestra will begin at 8:15 p. m. promptly. Autos going to the Auditorium will approach the Auditorium from the west on Howard street and drive east.

BOSS OF BOSTON PLAYERS IS ALSO FOND OF RESTING

Dr. Carl Muck, director of the Boston Syphony orchestra, rivals Billy Sunday in his jealousy for rest. When the special train carrying the orchestra arrived over the Burlington at 11:30 o'clock this morning Mr. Mach was still asleep. He imitates the evangelist by spending as much of his time as possible in bed, according to the players.

The orchestra, of 150 pieces, which appears in the first of the charity concert series tonight at the Auditorium, travels in a special train of seven cars. Besides a diner, four Pullmans and one private car for the director, the train carries a specially made baggage car for the instruments.

The players are young business men of Boston. The present ten-day trip was started Sunday and a concert was given at Peori, Ill.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From COURANT

Address Hartford, Conn.

Date ... 30 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The usual three concerts by the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr Karl Muck's conducting, will be given at the Parsons Theater on Monday evenings as follows: November 15, December 13 and March 27. The soloist for the first concert will be Miss Florence Hinkle, foremost among America's concert sopranos. Miss Hinkle was among the most successful soloists of the Boston series last year and has been engaged for several concerts of the orchestra this season. Other soloists will be Miss Laeta Hartley, pianist, and Anton Witck, violinist. The orchestra is one of the finest musical organizations in the world today and is everywhere playing before packed houses and arousing enthusiasm by the brilliant finish and virtuosity of the performances under Dr. Muck's remarkable leadership. Hartford people have always found these concerts ideal musical entertainments. Season tickets are on sale at Gallup & Alfred's music store. Seats for first concert will go on sale next Saturday.

, 1884

From TRIBUNE

Address: New York City

OCT 1 1915

Date

Published:

Boston's Musical History Written in Programmes

It was fifteen years ago that the legend "With historical and descriptive notes by Philip Hale" first appeared upon the title page of a programme book of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It has stood there ever since, and the row of volumes which it embellishes can be counted one of the treasures of any library containing them. A wonderful thesaurus of historical and critical information, combined with fanciful and sometimes fantastic speculation, they are, and to a real lover of high class music the pleasure of reading them is secondary only to hearing the music to which they open the doors of meaning. Persons who regard them as reading matter with which to while away the intermissions at the Boston concerts show little appreciation of their value. They are not to be absorbed thus hurriedly, and the fact that concertgoers as a rule leave them behind them (if they succeed in getting them, which is not always the case in New York) makes it fortunate that the publisher, C. A. Ellis, in Boston, puts each year's series into sound binders' boards, so that those who know how to appreciate them may get them after the season is over. In a way they are also a compendium of Boston's musical history, for Mr. Hale, by reference to earlier performances, keeps his readers advised of what was done in the long ago, as well as under the consulships of Gericke, Paur, Fiedler and Muck. He keeps alive, too, some of the always suggestive writings of his predecessor, William F. Apthorpe, and in his "Entr' Actes" keeps us abreast with contemporary musical literature at home and abroad.

Evening

From PUBLIC LEDGER

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

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G. V. S.

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date OCT 31 1915

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The symphony will be the lovely eighth of Beethoven, "the little symphony in F," as the composer called it. An outstanding number will be the dramatic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," by Charles Martin Loeffler, one of the greatest of the modern orchestral repertoires.

Madame Melba will sing twice. Her first number will be the familiar "Sweet Bird" aria from Handel's "Il Penseroso." Her second number will be two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro."

The programme in full is as follows: Beethoven Symphony No. 8, in F Major; Handel, aria "Sweet Bird" from "Il Penseroso;" Loeffler, "La Mort de Tintagiles; Mozart, two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro,' "Porgi Amor" and "Voi che Sapete;" Liszt, symphonic poem, "Les Preludes." Soloist, Madame Melba.

These concerts are given under the joint auspices of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society and the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date 1915

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From BULLETIN.
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

Boston Symphony

Dr. Muck Conducts First Program of Season, Without Soloist

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, giving the first of its series of five concerts, scheduled to take place this season at the Academy of Music, its local appearances having for several years been limited to that number, was given a cordial welcome by the usual large audience last evening, the house being completely filled. While the concert was without a soloist, the program, conducted by Dr. Karl Muck, was one of the best ever given here by the Boston orchestra, and the concert scarcely can fail to remain as a memory spot in the musical experience of every person that heard it.

The first of the four compositions presented was Brahms's fourth symphony, in E minor, a work of great scope and profound musicianship, if not more beautiful, at least in noticeable contrast to the composer's second symphony, because of its general tone of melodious simplicity frequently called the "Pastoral," which was played by the Philadelphia Orchestra at its last week's concerts. In his fourth symphonic work, Brahms sounded wonderful depths and soared to marvelous heights, and while, as seems to be the case with the majority of great compositions, there was at first some doubts of its acceptance as a masterpiece, the passing years have declared its true value, and to-day it is named as one of the greatest achievements of the famous German.

Dr. Muck read it last evening with the calmness of manner so characteristic of him, and which at times seems almost to partake of indifference, but which nevertheless produces the finest of results, and it is quite evident that the musicians under his baton have been so well drilled in rehearsals, and are so sure of doing just what is required of them, that the conductor is spared anything in the way of strenuous effort, when before an audience. Nothing more beautiful in the way of orchestral tone color can be imagined than was presented in the andante of the symphony, fairly ravishing being the effects produced by the pizzicato strings and the horns and woodwinds, while the brasses were veiled in a mellowness of vibrant sound that enriched the ensemble without once breaking the flow of exquisite melodization. The scherzo movement, allegro giocoso, was taken at a rapid pace, and played with delightful vigor and sprightliness, and the finale was so splendidly given that an ovation of applause followed.

Schumann's overture to Byron's "Manfred," receiving an interpretation that emphasized its classic beauty, was followed by a graphic presentation of Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Tod un Verklarung" ("Death and Transfiguration"), full value being given to the many passages of true melody in the first part, while the succeeding climax of tremendous vociferation, in which the full force of the combined instruments is heard with impressive effect, is followed by more of the melodious strains that Strauss is capable of writing when he choses, and in which the warbling of the flutes and the rhapsodizing of the harps mark passing episodes of irresistible charm. After the superb interpretation of this work, and again at the end of the program, which was closed with Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," played in a manner that was absolutely thrilling, the orchestra was given a genuine ovation, for the third time, at the signal of the conductor, the musicians rising in a body to acknowledge the applause. The second concert of the series will be given on Monday evening, November 29, with Fritz Kreisler as the soloist.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Opening of Local Season With Dr. Muck Again Directing.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra inaugurated its thirty-first season last night at the Academy of Music. With Brahms' E minor symphony and the Strauss tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," on the same program, in addition to the "Manfred" overture of Schumann and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," it can readily be seen that the concert was generously long. The orchestra was in superb condition. It might almost be said to have improved in tone and general work. Certainly a more perfect ensemble than that heard last night would be impossible to imagine.

This was particularly in evidence during the closing moments of the Strauss tone poem, when the unison was so flawless that it assumed an almost supernatural quality. The tonal proportions seemed absolutely even—not an instrument heard individually, but all sinking into a harmonious accord. The Brahms Symphony was given with a clearness and conciseness that laid bare every theme and left the hearer free to follow the beauty of the execution, revel in the flexibility of tone exhibited and the fine, scholarly interpretation offered.

For manipulation of the orchestra the Strauss tone poem stood supreme. Dr. Muck obtained from this erratic, but moving work every vestige of power and expression it possesses. Despite this powerful portrayal, however, the real treat of the evening was the beautiful treatment of Schumann's "Manfred" overture. The subtle grace of Schumann was present every moment and made the interpretation memorable. The Liszt "Les Preludes" was an expressive conclusion to an evening of great interest.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—Miss Marga Wilson, who has returned from a short stay in New York, today attended the opening concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the National Theatre. In the box reserved for the President's family Miss Wilson entertained Commissioner and Mrs. Joseph E. Davies, Mrs. William Hitz and Carmine Fabrizio, violinist. Mr. Fabrizio assisted Miss Wilson in some of her recent recitals.

Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt and her young daughter, Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt, arrived yesterday from their estate at Biltmore, N. C., and are at their K street home for the early winter.

Alberto de I. Moriera, first secretary of the Brazilian Embassy, and Manuel de Freyre y Santander, secretary of the Peruvian Legation, were among those entertaining luncheon parties at the Willard today.

[33].

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 2 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Brahms' Fourth Symphony Feature of Opening Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Karl Muck opened its local season before a large and brilliant audience at the Academy of Music last evening, when the most substantial and important feature of the programme was Brahms' fourth symphony in E minor. This is an austere and erudite work, which even those who have learned to love the music of Brahms for the perfection of its form, the elevation of its sentiment and the noble beauty of its themes are apt to find somewhat exacting and which certainly needs to be well known to be properly enjoyed and fully understood.

It is not music which can be appreciated without any mental effort. Only when it is listened to with a careful and intelligent attention does it disclose its message, and to those who want obvious melodies or resounding climaxes it must be disappointing. Yet it is unquestionably a masterpiece of art, and while it lacks something of the second's charm and of the fervor and poetic majesty of the third, it is very great music and it is suffused with a most sincere and eloquently communicative emotion. It was admirably played, with a remarkable loveliness of tone and a fine lucidity of analysis, and the impression which its performance produced was profound. It exhibited the orchestra in its best form and anticipated all the rest.

Other numbers on the programme were Schumann's gloomy "Manfred" overture and Richard Schumann's wonderful tone poem, "Death and Resurrection," perhaps the best and the most valuable among compositions of its class, which was rendered with a surpassing brilliancy of execution and with a volume of tone which conveyed the full significance of its tremendous crescendos. An inspired and inspiring interpretation of Liszt's "Préludes" brought the proceedings to a satisfying close.

Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date NOV 4 - 1915

To-night the Boston Symphony men open a sold out season at Carnegie Hall. The symphony number is Brahms's Fourth, followed by Schumann's "Manfred" overture, Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Dvorak's "Husitzka."

W. B. CHASE.

Cutting Bureau in the World

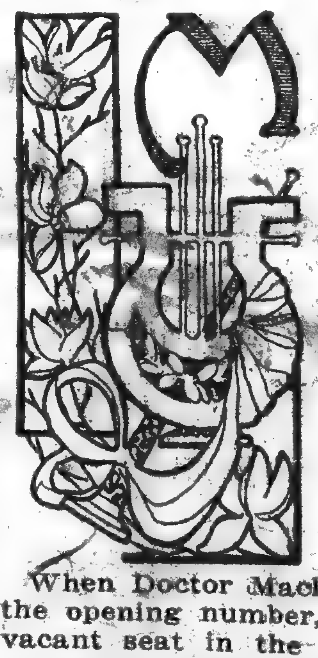
From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY IS ACCORDED AN OVATION

Orchestra Obliged to Rise to Its Feet to Acknowledge Plaudits

IN ROMANTIC PROGRAM

Strauss' 'Tod Und Verklarung' Most Profound Number Presented



MUCH of the manner of long-etablished friendship characterized the exchange of amenities between the Boston Symphony Orchestra and local music-lovers last night, when the organization appeared at the Academy of Music in the first concert of its thirty-first annual series in this city.

When Doctor Mack lifted his baton for the opening number, there was hardly a vacant seat in the big auditorium. And twice during the program—after the symphony and after a spirited performance of Strauss' "Tod und Verklarung"—the entire orchestra was compelled to acknowledge applause by rising.

The program was entirely orthodox both in construction and content. It was chosen from modern composers, and of the moderns, those commonly labeled romanticists. True, it opened with a Brahms symphony, but it was Brahms in his most romantic mood—the fourth in E minor; and offsetting the weightier elements of this work were Schuman's "Manfred" overture, the Strauss number, and the familiar "Les Preludes" of Liszt.

The first interest of the concert [illegible]

[illegible] not only because Doctor Muck and his organization are authoritative on Strauss, but because it was the most profound offering of the evening. This is a work which wears well. It was eloquently rendered last night—simply, without exaggeration, but in a boldly declarative manner.

The academic point of view that made Doctor Muck's reading of Brahms entirely conventional gave the Strauss interpretation its finest qualities. Doctor Muck conducted as a man who merely starts, so to speak, a well-ordered instrument. The brass choir, which had more than usual prominence in this program, did excellent work and the strings were especially adroit. Conspicuous in the organization was T. Cella, the youth-

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From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 2

BOSTON SYMPHONY HEARD AT ACADEMY

Season Begins With Brahms' Fourth Symphony in Concert Without Soloist

PROGRAM.

Fourth Symphony	Brahms
"Manfred" Overture	Schumann
"Tod und Verklaesung"	Strauss
"Les Preludes"	Liszt

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, played gloriously at the Academy last evening, and held a crowded house spellbound from the first note to the last. As usual with the opening concert in the series, there was no soloist, though the orchestra itself played as one man. If there be a stricture to offer as to the composition of the program it might be said that the final number—played just as well as any of the rest—did not seem to belong in such noble company; its sentimental "sound and fury" does not ring true when tested by the standard set in the second movement of the great E minor symphony of Brahms. The Vennsberg is not Parnassus, and with the passage of time even the Liszt idolaters must begin to discover the feet of clay supporting the object of their adoration.

The playing of the symphony fairly glowed with fervent life; the first violins with their inimitable old Italian tone sang through the opening movement with a choral resonance, bowing unerringly together, and giving a vital pulsebeat of accent and nuance to every line of the score. It is a foolish habit of some persons who accept any shopworn opinion they hear, to say that the Boston players are too coldly and classically perfect; that they are polished and refined till all the life and primal fire have been expunged from their performance. Those who have fallen into that error should have been present last night to feel the enormous gusto, the vibrant drive, the elan and elasticity that went into the "Allegro Giocoso." In the Andante there was a celestial outpour of hymning voices, of oboe and horn and clarinet, in confluent pure streams of sound; and there were mighty hammer-strokes in the finale (not the best of the movements), with the basses and 'cellos grandly fundamental now and again.

The "Manfred" overture maintained the same plane of feeling and inspiration in romantic mood and variegated idiom as the reflex of Byronic passion. Doctor Muck in the latter part of his program, it is obvious, juxtaposed three different readings of the riddle of human life and destiny. Schumann, Strauss and Liszt in the works chosen depict the human soul at odds with fate, and out of fever and turbulence reaching now and then quiescent interludes, till the spirit at last inherits "the vasty hall of Death." In the Strauss tone-poem, with its opulence of clangor and color, the delicious mellowness of answering voices among oboe, flute and violin was in the similarity of timbre hardly distinguishable. Anton Wilek's violin outbreathed like a wind instrument. There was a mountainous climax with a thundercloud of brasses atop of it, and the tympanist's strength was as the strength of ten. Let it be noted that Theodore Cella, our youthful and gifted Philadelphia harpist, made his debut as a member of the Boston organization at this point in the evening's proceedings, at the second harp. F. L. W.

From CITIZEN

Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

1915

Date

Establi

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...ting Bureau in the World

From EVENING TELEGRAM

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

Esta ...884

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From BULLETIN

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

Estal ...884

Boston Symphony

Dr. Muck Conducts First Program of Season, Without Soloist

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, giving the first of its series of five concerts, scheduled to take place this season at the Academy of Music, its local appearances having for several years been limited to that number, was given a cordial welcome by the usual large audience last evening, the house being completely filled. While the concert was without a soloist, the program, conducted by Dr. Karl Muck, was one of the best ever given here by the Boston orchestra, and the concert scarcely can fail to remain as a memory spot in the musical experience of every person that heard it.

The first of the four compositions presented was Brahms's fourth symphony, in E minor, a work of great scope and profound musicianship, if not more beautiful, at least in noticeable contrast to the composer's second symphony, because of its general tone of melodious simplicity frequently called the "Pastoral," which was played by the Philadelphia Orchestra at its last week's concerts. In his fourth symphonic work, Brahms sounded wonderful depths and

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soared to marvelous heights, and while, as seems to be the case with the majority of great compositions, there was at first some doubts of its acceptance as a masterpiece, the passing years have declared its true value, and to-day it is named as one of the greatest achievements of the famous German.

Dr. Muck read it last evening with the calmness of manner so characteristic of him, and which at times seems almost to partake of indifference, but which nevertheless produces the finest of results, and it is quite evident that the musicians under his baton have been so well drilled in rehearsals, and are so sure of doing just what is required of them, that the conductor is spared anything in the way of strenuous effort, when before an audience. Nothing more beautiful in the way of orchestral tone color can be imagined than was presented in the andante of the symphony, fairly ravishing being the effects produced by the pizzicato strings and the horns and woodwinds, while the brasses were veiled in a mellowness of vibrant sound that enriched the ensemble without once breaking the flow of exquisite melodization. The scherzo movement, allegro giocoso, was taken at a rapid pace, and played with delightful vigor and sprightliness, and the finale was so splendidly given that an ovation of applause followed.

Schumann's overture to Byron's "Manfred," receiving an interpretation that emphasized its classic beauty, was followed by a graphic presentation of Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Tod un Verklarung" ("Death and Transfiguration"), full value being given to the many passages of true melody in the first part, while the succeeding climax of tremendous vociferation, in which the full force of the combined instruments is heard with impressive effect, is followed by more of the melodious strains that Strauss is capable of writing when he choses, and in which the warbling of the flutes and the rhapsodizing of the harps mark passing episodes of irresistible charm. After the superb interpretation of this work, and again at the end of the program, which was closed with Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," played in a manner that was absolutely thrilling, the orchestra was given a genuine ovation, for the third time, at the signal of the conductor, the musicians rising in a body to acknowledge the applause. The second concert of the series will be given on Monday evening, November 29, with Fritz Kreisler as the soloist.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From RECORD

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

Estab ...88

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Opening of Local Season With Dr. Muck Again Directing.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra inaugurated its thirty-first season last night at the Academy of Music. With Brahms' E minor symphony and the Strauss tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," on the same program, in addition to the "Manfred" overture of Schumann and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," it can readily be seen that the concert was generously long. The orchestra was in superb condition. It might almost be said to have improved in tone and general work. Certainly a more perfect ensemble than that heard last night would be impossible to imagine.

This was particularly in evidence during the closing moments of the Strauss tone poem, when the unison was so flawless that it assumed an almost supernatural quality. The tonal proportions seemed absolutely even—not an instrument heard individually, but all sinking into a harmonious accord. The Brahms Symphony was given with a clearness and conciseness that laid bare every theme and left the hearer free to follow the beauty of the execution, revel in the flexibility of tone exhibited and the fine, scholarly interpretation offered.

For manipulation of the orchestra the Strauss tone poem stood supreme. Dr. Muck obtained from this erratic, but moving work every vestige of power and expression it possesses. Despite this powerful portrayal, however, the real treat of the evening was the beautiful treatment of Schumann's "Manfred" overture. The subtle grace of Schumann was present every moment and made the interpretation memorable. The Liszt "Les Preludes" was an expressive conclusion to an evening of great interest.

From PUBLIC LEDGER

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—Miss Marga Wilson, who has returned from a short stay in New York, today attended the opening concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the National Theatre. In the box reserved for the President's family Miss Wilson entertained Commissioner and Mrs. Joseph E. Davies, Mrs. William Hitz and Carmine Fabrizio, violinist. Mr. Fabrizio assisted Miss Wilson in some of her recent recitals.

Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt and her young daughter, Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt, arrived yesterday from their estate at Biltmore, N. C., and are at their K street home for the early winter.

Alberto de I. Moriera, first secretary of the Brazilian Embassy, and Manuel de Freyre y Santander, secretary of the Peruvian Legation, were among those entertaining luncheon parties at the Willard today.

...Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From INQUIRER

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

Esta 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Brahms' Fourth Symphony Feature of Opening Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Karl Muck opened its local season before a large and brilliant audience at the Academy of Music last evening, when the most substantial and important feature of the programme was Brahms' fourth symphony in E minor. This is an austere and erudite work, which even those who have learned to love the music of Brahms for the perfection of its form, the elevation of its sentiment and the noble beauty of its themes are apt to find somewhat exacting and which certainly needs to be well known to be properly enjoyed and fully understood.

It is not music which can be appreciated without any mental effort. Only when it is listened to with a careful and intelligent attention does it disclose its message, and to those who want obvious melodies or resounding climaxes it must be disappointing. Yet it is unquestionably a masterpiece of art, and while it lacks something of the second's charm and of the fervor and poetic majesty of the third, it is very great music and it is suffused with a most sincere and eloquently communicative emotion. It was admirably played, with a remarkable loveliness of tone and a fine lucidity of analysis, and the impression which its performance produced was profound. It exhibited the orchestra in its best form and anticipated all the rest.

Other numbers on the programme were Schumann's gloomy "Manfred" overture and Richard Schumann's wonderful tone poem, "Death and Resurrection," perhaps the best and the most valuable among compositions of its class, which was rendered with a surpassing brilliancy of execution and with a volume of tone which conveyed the full significance of its tremendous crescendos. An inspired and inspiring interpretation of Liszt's "Preludes" brought the proceedings to a satisfying close.

...Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING SUN

Address: New York City

Date NOV 4 - 1915

Es 1884

To-night the Boston Symphony men open a sold out season at Carnegie Hall. The symphony number is Brahms's Fourth, followed by Schumann's "Manfred" overture, Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Dvorak's "Husitzka."

W. S. CHASE.

...Cutting Bureau in the World

From NORTH AMERICAN

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

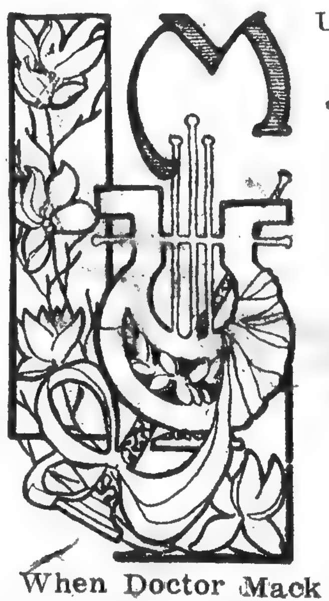
Esta ...4

BOSTON SYMPHONY IS ACCORDED AN OVATION

Orchestra Obliged to Rise to Its Feet to Acknowledge Plaudits

IN ROMANTIC PROGRAM

Strauss' 'Tod Und Verklarung' Most Profound Number Presented



MUCH of the manner of long-etablished friendship characterized the exchange of amenities between the Boston Symphony Orchestra and local music-lovers last night, when the organization appeared at the Academy of Music in the first concert of its thirty-first annual series in this city. When Doctor Mack lifted his baton for the opening number, there was hardly a vacant seat in the big auditorium. And twice during the program—after the symphony and after a spirited performance of Strauss' "Tod und Verklarung"—the entire orchestra was compelled to acknowledge applause by rising.

The program was entirely orthodox both in construction and content. It was chosen from modern composers, and of the moderns, those commonly labeled romanticists. True, it opened with a Brahms symphony, but it was Brahms in his most romantic mood—the fourth in E minor; and offsetting the weightier elements of this work were Schuman's "Manfred" overture, the Strauss number, and the familiar "Les Preludes" of Liszt.

The first interest of the concert the major portion of the audience ...

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not only because Doctor Muck and his organization are authoritative on Strauss, but because it was the most profound offering of the evening. This is a work which wears well. It was eloquently rendered last night—simply, without exaggeration, but in a boldly declarative manner.

The academic point of view that made Doctor Muck's reading of Brahms entirely conventional gave the Strauss interpretation its finest qualities. Doctor Muck conducted as a man who merely starts, so to speak, a well-ordered instrument. The brass choir, which had more than usual prominence in this program, did excellent work and the strings were especially adroit. Conspicuous in the organization was T. Cella, the youth...

From PUBLIC LEDGER

Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date NOV 2

Estab

BOSTON SYMPHONY HEARD AT ACADEMY

Season Begins With Brahms' Fourth Symphony in Concert Without Soloist

PROGRAM.

Fourth Symphony........................Brahms
"Manfred" Overture..................Schumann
"Tod und Verklaesung"................Strauss
"Les Preludes"............................Liszt

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, played gloriously at the Academy last evening, and held a crowded house spellbound from the first note to the last. As usual with the opening concert in the series, there was no soloist, though the orchestra itself played as one man. If there be a stricture to offer as to the composition of the program it might be said that the final number—played just as well as any of the rest—did not seem to belong in such noble company; its sentimental "sound and fury" does not ring true when tested by the standard set in the second movement of the great E minor symphony of Brahms. The Vennsberg is not Parnassus, and with the passage of time even the Liszt idolaters must begin to discover the feet of clay supporting the object of their adoration.

The playing of the symphony fairly glowed with fervent life; the first violins with their inimitable old Italian tone sang through the opening movement with a choral resonance, bowing unerringly together, and giving a vital pulsebeat of accent and nuance to every line of the score. It is a foolish habit of some persons who accept any shopworn opinion they hear, to say that the Boston players are too coldly and classically perfect; that they are polished and refined till all the life and primal fire have been expunged from their performance. Those who have fallen into that error should have been present last night to feel the enormous gusto, the vibrant drive, the elan and elasticity that went into the "Allegro Giocoso." In the Andante there was a celestial outpour of hymning voices, of oboe and horn and clarinet, in confluent pure streams of sound; and there were mighty hammer-strokes in the finale (not the best of the movements), with the basses and 'cellos grandly fundamental now and again.

The "Manfred" overture maintained the same plane of feeling and inspiration in romantic mood and variegated idiom as the reflex of Byronic passion. Doctor Muck in the latter part of his program, it is obvious, juxtaposed three different readings of the riddle of human life and destiny. Schumann, Strauss and Liszt in the works chosen depict the human soul at odds with fate, and out of fever and turbulence reaching now and then quiescent interludes, till the spirit at last inherits "the vasty hall of Death." In the Strauss tone-poem, with its opulence of clangor and color, the delicious mellowness of answering voices among oboe, flute and violin was in the similarity of timbre hardly distinguishable. Anton Wilek's violin outbreathed like a wind instrument. There was a mountainous climax with a thundercloud of brasses atop of it, and the tympanist's strength was as the strength of ten. Let it be noted that Theodore Cella, our youthful and gifted Philadelphia harpist, made his debut as a member of the Boston organization at this point in the evening's proceedings, at the second harp. F. L. W.

PRESS
Philadelphia, Pa.

FIRST CONCERT BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck Cordially Greeted and Presents Long Program in a Masterly Way.

PROGRAM.

Fourth Symphony	Brahms
"Manfred" Overture	Schumann
"Death and Transfiguration"	Strauss
"Les Preludes"	Liszt
Conductor	**Dr. Karl Muck**

Twice during last evening's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music the enthusiasm was so great that Dr. Muck, the conductor, after repeatedly bowing acknowledgment motioned to the musicians to stand and share with him the tribute that the audience paid to their great art. It was a wonderful program that the Boston Orchestra presented here at the first concert of their present season.

The orchestra returns this year with little change in its personnel. In fact the great ensemble playing of the Boston men is due to the fact that there are very few changes from year to year, and most of the chairs are filled by men whose faces are familiar to Boston Symphony goers, covering a period almost since the introduction of the orchestra to Philadelphia. An exceptional last evening was the first appearance here of Theodore Cella, the Philadelphia harpist, who became connected with the orchestra after the last concert in Philadelphia last season.

Breadth of the Program.

As is usual at the first concert there was no soloist. Such an addition is never reckoned when Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony plays. The finished art of all the members of the orchestra, and the unification of tone that the conductor is able to draw from his instrumental body, is of such a satisfying character, that nothing further could be desired. Dr. Muck's skill at program-making was again demonstrated in presenting a Symphony with three other brilliant numbers, all of which conformed, yet with a brilliancy and breadth that called into being every part of the musicians' art.

The success of a Brahms symphony is largely dependent upon the conductor who is able to make of it what might otherwise be a mathematical problem, a fresh and vitalized outpouring of genius. Dr. Muck's reading last evening was a notable triumph. He brings out all the meaning, the grace and the charm of the big work, and the many recalls he received were the best evidence of the great delight he had afforded.

In strong contrast was the reading of the big Strauss work and the Liszt musical "Preludes." Both of these numbers Dr. Muck gave their full significance, whether it was the noisy and weird tone poem or the sweet and floating music of Liszt. It is the individuality of his work that always makes the conducting of Dr. Muck of such magnetic force, and there is evidence that the orchestra must feel this as does the audience, by the magnificent way in which they respond.

The "Manfred" overture is infrequently played, but contains much musical beauty, especially in its latter part. The Boston Orchestra's next concert will be given on November 29, with Fritz Kreisler as soloist.

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES FIRST CONCERT.

Opening Programme of New York Season Splendidly Played Under Dr. Muck's Direction.

Musical solidity of the sort typical of the Boston Symphony Orchestra dominated the opening New York concert of the current season which this organization gave in Carnegie Hall last night.

This characteristic was especially apparent in the fourth E minor symphony of Brahms that Dr. Muck selected for his introductory number. To the average music patron there is little in the composition of sufficient emotional appeal to make a vivid impression. But for the musician the symphony is an intellectual treat.

Dr. Muck's interpretation of the symphony was ideal in its scholastic qualities—severe and precise to the uttermost detail, and his musicians played with a care and finish needed to create the effect sought.

Less formality was present in the performance of Schumann's "Manfred" overture, which requires, and on this occasion received, a broad interpretation and instrumental flexibility for the fullest exposition of its poetic qualities.

For most of the 3,000 persons in the auditorium the Strauss tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," was the most satisfying achievement of the night. Certainly it has never been given with a greater wealth of tone, color and technical skill. Dvorak's dramatic overture, "Husitska," which closed the programme, also won hearty recognition for its spontaneous performance.

One does not hear much finer orchestral playing than that the visiting organization furnished last night.

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date NOV 5 - 1915

BOSTON ORCHESTRA HEARD.

A Great Audience at Its First Appearance in Its 30th Season.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck, its conductor, received a hearty greeting last evening at its first appearance in New York this season; the greeting and the size and quality of the audience left no doubt as to the place they hold in the esteem of the music-loving public of this city. It was the beginning of its thirtieth season in New York. The hall was, as it has been for so many years at these concerts, completely filled by an audience whose taste and discrimination are of the highest. Dr. Muck presented one of his best programs, one made up entirely of familiar compositions, all modern and all evidently much to the liking of the listeners, presenting them no problems and giving obvious pleasure that was unmistakably expressed. The symphony, coming at the beginning of the program, was Brahms's fourth, in E minor; it was followed by Schumann's "Manfred" overture, Strauss's tone poem "Tod und Verklärung," and Dvorak's overture, "Husitska."

The performance of this music was in the Boston Orchestra's finest and most eloquent style, and this was particularly true of the symphony, whose fiery and romantic spirit and grandiose power were magnificently set forth. Dr. Muck's reading was composed on the broadest lines, with a subtle adjustment of all its details and proportions in phrasing, in the balance of orchestral color, in the exposition of the climaxes. Such a reading and such a performance truly represent Brahms's mastery of instrumentation in the precise and significant expression of his musical ideas. The audience was deeply stirred and manifested great enthusiasm over the performance. Dr. Muck was several times recalled, and finally made the orchestra rise and share the applause with him.

The playing of the other numbers of the program was on the same plane. The tragic power of Schumann's overture was truly expressed, and the fullness of descriptive and illustrative detail in Strauss's tone poem was not allowed to obscure its quality as coherent and profoundly moving music. This, too, made a deep impression upon the audience; there was prolonged applause, and again Dr. Muck declined to accept it all for himself

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From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY AGAIN TRIUMPHS

Dr. Muck's Orchestra Lives Up to Reputation at Season's Opening.

BRILLIANT AUDIENCE THERE

Strauss's "Tod und Verklaerung" Is a Fascinating Achievement.

That the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Dr. Karl Muck at its head, made a triumphant entry into New York last night goes without saying. It seems almost superfluous, in fact, to set down at this time more than a bare report of this yearly invasion, giving the programme, which comprised Brahms's Symphony in E minor, No. 4, opus 98; Schumann's "Manfred" Overture, Strauss's tone-poem, "Tod und Verklaerung," and Dvorak's "Husitska" overture, and noting that orchestra and conductor lived up to their reputation at the season's first concert in Carnegie Hall.

The size and brilliancy of the audience, the reception given to Dr. Muck and his musicians, who twice rose at their leader's request to share honors with him—those were things which every one took as a matter of course. They were as traditional as the limpid tone, the euphony, the rhythmical precision and all the other qualities of the orchestra to which attention has been called so often.

Yet the playing of the visiting organization, under the scholarly baton of Dr. Muck, familiar as it is, always delights and surprises anew, particularly at the beginning of the season, and so last night the listener did not cease marveling during the course of the evening, even when there was occasion to differ with the leader's interpretative ideas, at the sheer beauty of performance. Only occasionally, when brass and wood-wind, in difficult passages, missed slightly the correct pitch, could one note any defects, and those excusable shortcomings would hardly have attracted attention had they not been thrown into contrast with so much that approached close to perfection.

From a technical point of view the performance of Strauss's tone-poem represented the most fascinating achievement of the evening. Never before, probably, had so finely balanced, so transparent, so finished a reading of this work been heard in New York. But while the quiet introduction, taken at a remarkably broad tempo, and the tremendous finale, built up with imposing effect, gave complete satisfaction, one

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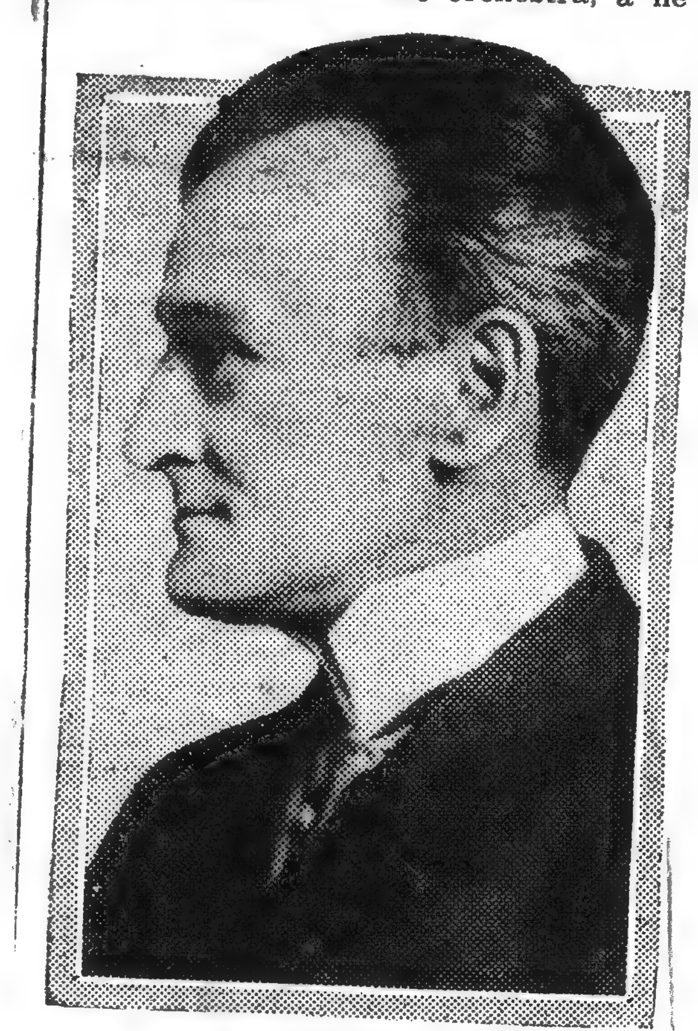
From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

The first of the five concerts wh the Boston Symphony Orchestra is give in Philadelphia the coming seas will be heard tomorrow evening in t Academy of Music. There will be soloist, but Doctor Muck has arrang a program of allurement. Since la year there have only been four chang in the personnel of the orchestra, a ne


DR. KARL MUCK

third flute, a new third trumpet, a new second violin and a new member of the battery, so that Doctor Muck has had very little new material to drill. Moreover, the orchestra has been playing continuously since September 27, with a week of rehearsals in Boston, a week's tour in the West and then the opening of the regular season in its home city. The symphony will be Brahms' in E minor, No. 4, Opus 98. The outstanding number on the second part of the programe will be Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration."

The program in its entirety is as follows: Brahms, Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Op. 98; Schumann, overture, "Manfred"; R. Strauss, tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration"; Liszt, symphonic poem, "Les Preludes."

From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date

ORCHESTRAL SEASON OPENS.

The Boston Symphony Players and Miss Hinkle Make Initial Bow.

The opening of the season's orchestral concerts was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the New National Theater yesterday afternoon before its usual large and distinguished audience, when Dr. Muck presented a program that was rarely beautiful. And the delightfully musical voice of Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano soloist, added a rich contribution to a program of the German masters.

In bringing to us the Beethoven seventh symphony, Dr. Muck also offered in this varied master work a novelty as well for concert goers here in recent seasons. Fineness, lightness, simplicity and some of the most difficult of fine phrasing because so clear and obvious, characterized the really inimitable work of these players in the first movement. And with this fineness all through and a wealth of tonal color, the variety of the dirge-like "Allegretto" in A minor, with its rich tone and masterful fugato, as against the charming, illusive "Presto," and again to the rollicking, temperamental "rondo" was vitally contrasted and masterfully played.

Miss Hinkle was heard in the "Voi, che sapete" of Mozart and the dramatic cantata "Ave Maria," from "The Cross of Fire" of Max Bruch. Her voice is lyric with all the finish to add grace and beauty to the Mozart aria; but while not highly dramatic, yet her truly beautiful singing, the velvet of her voice throughout its range and her artistry made the four beautiful sections of the Bruch cantata a truly lovely creation.

Dr. Muck was whimsical and also tender in the quiet of his interpretation of the Wagner "Siegfrid Idyl." It seemed to embody more truly than ever before the purpose for which it was secretly written as a serenade from the floor below to the mother and her newborn son. It was playful, and then soared, but still quietly, into all the prophetic beauty of the Siegfried of the later opera. With the "Prelude" to the "Mastersingers" to close the program, a second touch of the revelation of human nature from the great music dramatist was given with all its genial glow and wealth of harmonies brought up to a splendid climax.

J. MacB.

[34]

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date

Boston Symphony Tuesday.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, will begin its annual series of concerts at the National Theater Tuesday afternoon, at 4:30 o'clock. The soloist will be Florence Hinkle, soprano.

The orchestra assembled as long ago as September 27, and has had five weeks of continuous work before coming to Washington, instead of the usual three. The changes in the personnel this year are but four in number, one in the flute section, one in the second violin section, one in the trumpet section and one in the percussion department.

Miss Florence Hinkle, the soloist, is well and favorably known in Washington. She is one of the foremost sopranos of today, and devotes herself exclusively to concert work. Her voice is of most unusual purity and beauty, and she adds to this sound musical training.

The program opens with the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, "Apotheosis of the Dance," as Richard Wagner called it. It includes "A Siegfried Idyl" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Miss Hinkle will sing twice; the Page's cavatina, "Voi che Sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," and the "Ave Maria," from Max Bruch's "The Cross of Fire."

From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 31 1

MADAME MELBA IN CONCERT

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra opens its first series of concerts in Baltimore in the Lyric Theatre next Wednesday evening, November 3. With Mme. Melba as soloist the evening promises to be memorable. Accounts from Boston have it that the orchestra began its season there a fortnight ago in "midseason form," playing as it is usually expected to play along in November and December, rather than at the very beginning of the year. This is due to several factors. There have been only four minor changes in the personnel this year—a new third flute, a new third trumpet, a new second violinist and a new member to the percussion department. On this account Dr. Muck had small trouble whipping the orchestra into shape and drilling new members. Moreover, the orchestra has been together playing since September 27, for then began a week of rehearsals for its preliminary Western trip, which was followed by the tour itself, and as a result, when it comes to Baltimore it will have played five weeks instead of the customary three.

As for Melba, who will be the soloist, all accounts agree that her voice has never been lovelier than it is today, nor her art more convincing. Her concerts so far this season have been veritable triumphs.

The program that Dr. Muck has arranged for Baltimore is one of great interest. The symphony will be Brahms' Fourth, in E minor. This has been prepared, in a sense, especially for Baltimore, in response to many requests that were sent to Dr. Muck last season by patrons of the orchestra in this city.

Mme. Melba will appear twice to sing three pieces. Her first will be the familiar "Sweet Bird" aria from Handel's "Il Penseroso," and her second will be two arias from Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro." An outstanding number on the program will be the dramatic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," by Charles Martin Loeffler. Inspired by the mythical play of Maeterlinck, Mr. Loeffler has written a work which stands high in value among modern compositions.

The program in full is as follows:

Symphony in E minor. No 4	Brahms
Aria—Sweet Bird, from Il Penseroso	Handel
La Mort de Tintagiles	Loeffler
Two arias from The Marriage or Figaro. Porgi Amor. Voi che sapete	Mozart
Prelude to The Mastersingers of Nuremberg,	Wagner

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

Theodore Cella, the Philadelphia harpist, who last Spring joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will make his first apearance here with that organization at the concert to-morrow evening. Mr. Cella is the youngest member of the orchestra, being only past eighteen, but Dr. Muck considers him one of the most wonderful harpists in America, and predicts a great future for him, not only as a harpist, but as a composer, as Mr. Cella has already written quite a library of music, not only for his instrument, but even compositions as long as a symphony.

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date
Established:

FIRST CONCERT BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck Cordially Greeted and Presents Long Program in a Masterly Way.

PROGRAM.

Fourth Symphony	Brahms
"Manfred" Overture	Schumann
"Death and Transfiguration"	Strauss
"Les Preludes"	Liszt
Conductor	**Dr. Karl Muck**

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Establi

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Musical solidity of the sort typical of the Boston Symphony Orchestra dominated the opening New York concert of the current season which this organization gave in Carnegie Hall last night.

This characteristic was especially apparent in the fourth E minor symphony of Brahms that Dr. Muck selected for his introductory number. To the average music patron there is little in the composition of sufficient emotional appeal to make a vivid impression. But for the musician the symphony is an intellectual treat.

Dr. Muck's interpretation of the symphony was ideal in its scholastic qualities—severe and precise to the uttermost detail, and his musicians played with a care and finish needed to create the effect sought.

Less formality was present in the performance of Schumann's "Manfred" overture, which requires, and on this occasion received, a broad interpretation and instrumental flexibility for the fullest exposition of its poetic qualities.

For most of the 3,000 persons in the auditorium the Strauss tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," was the most satisfying achievement of the night. Certainly it has never been given with a greater wealth of tone, color and technical skill. Dvorak's dramatic overture, "Husitska," which closed the programme, also won hearty recognition for its spontaneous performance.

One does not hear much finer orchestral playing than that the visiting organization furnished last night.

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date NOV 5 - 1915
Establi 84

BOSTON ORCHESTRA HEARD.

A Great Audience at Its First Appearance in Its 30th Season.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck, its conductor, received a hearty greeting last evening at its first appearance in New York this season; the greeting and the size and quality of the audience left no doubt as to the place they hold in the esteem of the music-loving public of this city. It was the beginning of its thirtieth season in New York. The hall was, as it has been for so many years at these concerts, completely filled by an audience whose taste and discrimination are of the highest. Dr. Muck presented one of his best programs, one made up entirely of familiar compositions, all modern and all evidently much to the liking of the listeners, presenting them no problems and giving obvious pleasure that was unmistakably expressed. The symphony, coming at the beginning of the program, was Brahms's fourth, in E minor; it was followed by Schumann's "Manfred" overture, Strauss's tone poem "Tod und Verklärung," and Dvorak's overture, "Husitska."

The performance of this music was in the Boston Orchestra's finest and most eloquent style, and this was particularly true of the symphony, whose fiery and romantic spirit and grandiose power were magnificently set forth. Dr. Muck's reading was composed on the broadest lines, with a subtle adjustment of all its details and proportions in phrasing, in the balance of orchestral color, in the exposition of the climaxes. Such a reading and such a performance truly represent Brahms's mastery of instrumentation in the precise and significant expression of his musical ideas. The audience was deeply stirred and manifested great enthusiasm over the performance. Dr. Muck was several times recalled, and finally made the orchestra rise and share the applause with him.

The playing of the other numbers of the program was on the same plane. The tragic power of Schumann's overture was truly expressed, and the fullness of descriptive and illustrative detail in Strauss's tone poem was not allowed to obscure its quality as coherent and profoundly moving music. This, too, made a deep impression upon the audience; there was prolonged applause, and again Dr. Muck declined to accept it all for himself

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York City
E k, 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY AGAIN TRIUMPHS

Dr. Muck's Orchestra Lives Up to Reputation at Season's Opening.

BRILLIANT AUDIENCE THERE

Strauss's "Tod und Verklaerung" Is a Fascinating Achievement.

That the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Dr. Karl Muck at its head, made a triumphant entry into New York last night goes without saying. It seems almost superfluous, in fact, to set down at this time more than a bare report of this yearly invasion, giving the programme, which comprised Brahms's Symphony in E minor, No. 4, opus 98; Schumann's "Manfred" Overture, Strauss's tone-poem, "Tod und Verklaerung," and Dvorak's "Husitska" overture, and noting that orchestra and conductor lived up to their reputation at the season's first concert in Carnegie Hall.

The size and brilliancy of the audience, the reception given to Dr. Muck and his musicians, who twice rose at their leader's request to share honors with him—those were things which every one took as a matter of course. They were as traditional as the limpid tone, the euphony, the rhythmical precision and all the other qualities of the orchestra to which attention has been called so often.

Yet the playing of the visiting organization, under the scholarly baton of Dr. Muck, familiar as it is, always delights and surprises anew, particularly at the beginning of the season, and so last night the listener did not cease marveling during the course of the evening, even when there was occasion to differ with the leader's interpretative ideas, at the sheer beauty of performance. Only occasionally, when brass and wood-wind, in difficult passages, missed slightly the correct pitch, could one note any defects, and those excusable shortcomings would hardly have attracted attention had they not been thrown into contrast with so much that approached close to perfection.

From a technical point of view the performance of Strauss's tone-poem represented the most fascinating achievement of the evening. Never before, probably, had so finely balanced, so transparent, so finished a reading of this work been heard in New York. But while the quiet introduction, taken at a remarkably broad tempo, and the tremendous finale, built up with imposing effect, gave complete satisfaction, one

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From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date
Estab

The first of the five concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Philadelphia the coming season will be heard tomorrow evening in the Academy of Music. There will be no soloist, but Doctor Muck has arranged a program of allurement. Since last year there have only been four changes in the personnel of the orchestra, a new third flute, a new third trumpet, a new second violin and a new member of the battery, so that Doctor Muck has had very little new material to drill. Moreover, the orchestra has been playing continuously since September 27, with a week of rehearsals in Boston, a week's tour in the West and then the opening of the regular season in its home city. The symphony will be Brahms' in E minor, No. 4, Opus 98. The outstanding number on the second part of the programe will be Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration."

DR. KARL MUCK

The program in its entirety is as follows: Brahms, Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Op. 98; Schumann, overture, "Manfred"; R. Strauss, tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration"; Liszt, symphonic poem, "Les Preludes."

From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date
Esta 84

ORCHESTRAL SEASON OPENS.

The Boston Symphony Players and Miss Hinkle Make Initial Bow.

The opening of the season's orchestral concerts was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the New National Theater yesterday afternoon before its usual large and distinguished audience, when Dr. Muck presented a program that was rarely beautiful. And the delightfully musical voice of Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano soloist, added a rich contribution to a program of the German masters.

In bringing to us the Beethoven seventh symphony, Dr. Muck also offered in this varied master work a novelty as well for concert goers here in recent seasons. Fineness, lightness, simplicity and some of the most difficult of fine phrasing because so clear and obvious, characterized the really inimitable work of these players in the first movement. And with this fineness all through and a wealth of tonal color, the variety of the dirge-like "Allegretto" in A minor, with its rich tone and masterful fugato, as against the charming, illusive "Presto," and again to the rollicking, temperamental "rondo" was vitally contrasted and masterfully played.

Miss Hinkle was heard in the "Voi, che sapete" of Mozart and the dramatic cantata "Ave Maria," from "The Cross of Fire," of Max Bruch. Her voice is lyric with all the finish to add grace and beauty to the Mozart aria; but while not highly dramatic, yet her truly beautiful singing, the velvet of her voice throughout its range and her artistry made the four beautiful sections of the Bruch cantata a truly lovely creation.

Dr. Muck was whimsical and also tender in the quiet of his interpretation of the Wagner "Siegfrid Idyl." It seemed to embody more truly than ever before the purpose for which it was secretly written as a serenade from the floor below to the mother and her newborn son. It was playful, and then soared, but still quietly, into all the prophetic beauty of the Siegfried of the later opera. With the "Prelude" to the "Mastersingers" to close the program, a second touch of the revelation of human nature from the great music dramatist was given with all its genial glow and wealth of harmonies brought up to a splendid climax.

J. MacB.

[34]

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
884

Boston Symphony Tuesday.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, will begin its annual series of concerts at the National Theater Tuesday afternoon, at 4:30 o'clock. The soloist will be Florence Hinkle, soprano.

The orchestra assembled as long ago as September 27, and has had five weeks of continuous work before coming to Washington, instead of the usual three. The changes in the personnel this year are but four in number, one in the flute section, one in the second violin section, one in the trumpet section and one in the percussion department.

Miss Florence Hinkle, the soloist, is well and favorably known in Washington. She is one of the foremost sopranos of today, and devotes herself exclusively to concert work. Her voice is of most unusual purity and beauty, and she adds to this sound musical training.

The program opens with the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, "Apotheosis of the Dance," as Richard Wagner called it. It includes "A Siegfried Idyl" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Miss Hinkle will sing twice; the Page's cavatina, "Voi che Sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," and the "Ave Maria," from Max Bruch's "The Cross of Fire."

From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date OCT 31
Establish

MADAME MELBA IN CONCERT

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra opens its first series of concerts in Baltimore in the Lyric Theatre next Wednesday evening, November 3. With Mme. Melba as soloist the evening promises to be memorable. Accounts from Boston have it that the orchestra began its season there a fortnight ago in "midseason form," playing as it is usually expected to play along in November and December, rather than at the very beginning of the year. This is due to several factors. There have been only four minor changes in the personnel this year—a new third flute, a new third trumpet, a new second violinist and a new member to the percussion department. On this account Dr. Muck had small trouble whipping the orchestra into shape and drilling new members. Moreover, the orchestra has been together playing since September 27, for then began a week of rehearsals for its preliminary Western trip, which was followed by the tour itself, and as a result, when it comes to Baltimore it will have played five weeks instead of the customary three.

As for Melba, who will be the soloist, all accounts agree that her voice has never been lovelier than it is today, nor her art more convincing. Her concerts so far this season have been veritable triumphs.

The program that Dr. Muck has arranged for Baltimore is one of great interest. The symphony will be Brahms' Fourth, in E minor. This has been prepared, in a sense, especially for Baltimore, in response to many requests that were sent to Dr. Muck last season by patrons of the orchestra in this city.

Mme. Melba will appear twice to sing three pieces. Her first will be the familiar "Sweet Bird" aria from Handel's "Il Penseroso," and her second will be two arias from Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro." An outstanding number on the program will be the dramatic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," by Charles Martin Loeffler. Inspired by the mythical play of Maeterlinck, Mr. Loeffler has written a work which stands high in value among modern compositions.

The program in full is as follows:

Symphony in E minor, No 4	Brahms
Aria—Sweet Bird, from Il Penseroso	Handel
La Mort de Tintagiles	Loeffler
Two arias from The Marriage or Figaro. Porgi Amor. Voi che sapete	Mozart
Prelude to The Mastersingers of Nuremberg,	Wagner

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date
Esta 1884

Theodore Cella, the Philadelphia harpist, who last Spring joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will make his first apearance here with that organization at the concert to-morrow evening. Mr. Cella is the youngest member of the orchestra, being only past eighteen, but Dr. Muck considers him one of the most wonderful harpists in America, and predicts a great future for him, not only as a harpist, but as a composer, as Mr. Cella has already written quite a library of music, not only for his instrument, but even compositions as long as a symphony.

Newspape.

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The first of the five concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Philadelphia the coming season comes tomorrow evening in the Academy of Music. There will be no soloist, but Dr. Muck has arranged a programme of unusual musical interest.

In its opening concerts in Boston the orchestra showed that it was in "mid-season form." Since last year there have only been four changes in the personnel, a new third flute, a new third trumpet, a new second violin and a new member of the percussion department, so that Dr. Muck has had very little new material to drill. Moreover, the orchestra has been playing continuously since September 27; a week of rehearsals in Boston, a week's tour in the West and then its regular season in its home city.

The symphony will be Brahms' in E minor, No. 4. Opus 98. The outstanding number on the second part of the programme will be Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration."

The programme in its entirety is as follows:

Brahms..Symphony in E Minor, No. 4, Op. 98
Schumann.............. Overture, "Manfred"
R. Strauss—Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration.
Liszt.......Symphonie Poem, "Les Preludes"

Est 1884

From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.

Date [illegible]

Musical Events

THE 1915-16 series of concerts to be given at the National by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, will begin Tuesday afternoon, at 4:30. The soloist will be the lyric soprano, Florence Hinkle, of surpassing interest.

Changes in the personnel of the orchestra this year are very few, four in number, so that Dr. Muck really began this fall where he stopped last spring after the San Francisco concert.

Miss Florence Hinkle is favorably known in Washington. She possesses a voice of unusual purity and beauty.

The program will begin with the immortal Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, "Apotheosis of the Dance," as Richard Wagner called it. It includes the exquisite "A Siegfried Idyl" and the prelude to "Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Miss Hinkle will sing twice, the Page's Cavatina, "Voi che sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," and the "Ave Maria," from Max Bruch's, "The Cross of Fire."

Est 184

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

THE first of the five concerts which the Boston Symphony is to give here this season comes on Monday evening, in the Academy. There will be no soloist, but Dr. Muck has arranged a program of unusual musical interest. The symphony will be Brahms in E minor, No. 4, Opus 98. The outstanding number on the second part of the program will be Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration." The program in its entirety is as follows:—

Symphony in E minor, No. 4 ....Brahms
Overture, "Manfred" ....Schumann
Tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration,"
R. Strauss
Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes"..........Liszt

Es 1884

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date

SYMPHONY TONIGHT

Dr. Muck's Orchestra, With Melba, Will Open Season.

Opening Baltimore's season of orchestral concerts, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give the first of its annual series of five concerts at the Lyric tonight, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck and with Mme. Nellie Melba, the celebrated operatic soprano, as the soloist.

Interest in the Boston Symphony's concerts is said to be greater than ever, and it was reported at the box office this morning that the sale for tonight is the largest that has ever been recorded since the orchestra has been appearing in Baltimore.

Dr. Muck will present as the principal offering of the evening Brahms' Fourth Symphony in E minor. The other orchestral pieces will be Loeffler's tone poem, "La Mort de Tintagiles," which was inspired by Maeterlinck's mystical play, and the prelude to Wagner's "Meistersinger."

Mme. Melba, who is said to be in superb voice this season, will sing the "Sweet Bird" aria from Handel's "Il Penseroso," and two arias from Mozart's "Figaro," the "Porgi Amor" and "Voi che Sapete."

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From EVENING JOURNAL
Address: New York City

Date NOV 5 - 1915

BOSTON BAND GIVES FIRST CONCERT

Esta 884

Schumann and Brahms, Dvorak and Richard Strauss were the names that Dr. Karl Muck chose to place upon the programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its first concert of the season in New York at Carnegie Hall last evening, marking the beginning of the thirtieth year that this band of musicians has been playing here. There was nothing new to the habitual concertgoers in this music, but the Boston orchestra itself always constitutes an event.

Dr. Muck's programme consisted of the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, the overture from among Schumann's "Manfred" music, Strauss's so-called tone poem, "Tod und Verklaerung" and Dvorak's concert overture, "Husitska."

Dr. Muck and his men found a cordial greeting at the hands of an audience that was largely composed of the same persons, in the same places, as have greeted them in previous years and once again the house was filled, for the Boston band is a body that New Yorkers welcome as their own, wishing, indeed, that it were.

Nevertheless there have been more enlivening evenings than this of yesterday. The Brahms E minor symphony has that within it to touch the inner pulses, but there were no quickened palpitations as Dr. Muck unfolded its substance; Richard Strauss will never stir anyone into undue pulsation and Schumann's "Manfred" overture, even when as exquisitely played as the Boston Orchestra played it, is still only a Byronic transfusion—Byron grows more greyly mid-Victorian as the seasons roll by. And the Dvorak overture was an added ell that made the programme just that much too long.

The Brahms symphony is one of the most profoundly emotional utterances in modern orchestral literature and even its allegro giocoso may be made to intensify the sweep of its spirit. But Dr. Muck began the work in a smooth, unimpressive colloquial fashion, so that its first movement never achieved more than mere suavity of speech. There was in this movement and in the andante a meticulous articulation that made for a pursuasive clarity, effective merely as a coldly studied and precise analysis of the score. Only in the passacaglia did Brahms emerge and even there, there was still much unrevealed.

The Strauss piece was something for the virtuosoship of the orchestra. Here was opportunity for the display of all the beauties of technic of which these musicians are capable—a translucent string tone of the utmost finish in dynamic variation; a glorious richness and accuracy in the brass, and apparent perfection in the wood wind. This was all hugely satisfying in much the same way that it is satisfying to hear Fritz Kreisler play a Paganini caprice—and there is little difference in musical value between Strauss and Paganini, mountebanks both. Strauss originates tricks for the orchestra as Paganini did for the violin, but Strauss takes unto himself pretensions as to the potentialities of music as he makes it, and would have us believe that he can picture anything in tone, from a candle sputtering in the room of a dying man to father spanking the baby. One awaits breathlessly the depiction of the holes in Swiss cheese in the approaching "Alpine" symphony.

From EVENING SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.

Da NOV 3 -

The Three Arts

Established

Much interest centres in the first symphony concert—it is to take place at the Lyric this evening under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck—not only because Mme. Melba, who is said to be in glorious voice, will make her initial appearance in Baltimore this season on this occasion, but also because the Brahms Fourth Symphony will be played.

This symphony, which has such a remarkable fourth movement—in it the composer made his boldest experiment in regard to form, reviving the passacaglia, that is to say the dance structure in triple time, and applying it to modern ideas—is being presented because many letters were received requesting it.

The actual popularity of this symphony, so far as the general public is concerned, is somewhat doubtful because it is so difficult to thread the mazes of ground bass through all the varieties to which it is subjected in the working out of the themes. However, the movement is regarded as Brahms' last word for the orchestra alone and a remarkable culmination of his work in this line.

In Miss May's biography of Br
there is an interesting account of its
formance at the last Philharmonic
cert in Vienna which Brahms atte
It was very soon before his death.
biographer writes: "The Fourth
phony had never become a favorite
in Vienna. Received with reserve o
first performance, it had not s
gained much more from the general
lic of the city than the respect su
be accorded there to an important
by Brahms. Today (March 7, 18
however, a storm of applause broke
at the end of the first movement, no
be quieted until the composer, comin
the front of the artist's box in wh
he was seated, showed himself to
audience. The demonstration was renewed after the second and third movements, and an extraordinary scene followed the conclusion of the work. The applauding, shouting house, its gaze riveted on the figure standing in the balcony, so familiar and yet in present aspect so strange, seemed unable to let him go. Tears ran down his cheeks as he stood there, shrunken in form, with lined countenance, strained expression, white hair hanging lank; and through the audience there was a feeling as of a stifled sob, for each knew that they were saying farewell. Another outburst of applause and yet another; one more acknowledgment from the master; and Brahms and his Vienna had parted forever."

Melba will be heard in the famous scene from Handel's "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato," known as "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," which is an admirable number for the exploitation of bel canto, and also in two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro," by Mozart. "Porgi Amor" and "Voi, Che sapete."

Not the least interesting of the orchestral numbers will be Loeffler's dramatic tone poem that was suggested by Maeterlinck's "Le Mort de Tintagiles," which is scored for the full orchestra, but with a Viole d'Amour as the solo instrument. The Viole d'Amour will be played by Emile Ferir.

This instrument, which is bett
known, perhaps, byt its Italian name
Viola d'Amore, is described as a ten
viol having seven to fourteen symp
thetic metal strings in addition to t
seven strings which are run over t
fingerboard for stopping. The symp
thetic strings give a beautiful effect.
cannot really be regarded as an obs
lete instrument, although it is ofte
called so, for there have always bee
players who perform upon it, eve
though they are not numerous. It fi
ures in the score of Meyerbeer's "H
guenots."

The concert this evening will clos
with the Vorspiel to Wagner's "D
Meistersinger von Nuernberg."

From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.

Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SCORES

Miss Florence Hinkle Pleases as Soloist—Dr. Karl Muck is Conductor.

Establ

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave it's first matinee of the season yesterday afternoon, at the New National Theater to a crowded and enthusiastic house. Dr. Karl Muck conducted the orchestra while the soloist of the occasion was Miss Florence Hinkle.

The first number was Beethoven's Symphony in A major, No. 7, which was played as only the Boston Symphony Orchestra can play it. The first and second movements never lose their charm and the fourth continues to be the least thing tedious. After a brief interval Miss Hinkle sang Mozart Aria, "Voi, che sapete," from "The Marriage of Figard." Her beautiful soprano was shown off well by the leisurely and melodious if not very interesting number but the effect was a little spoilt by her restless manner.

The second number by the orchestra was Richard Wagner's beautiful "Siegfried Idyl." Written at the brightest period of the composer's life—a gift to his wife at the time of their son's birth—the Idyle, which is based upon certain of the themes of Siegfried," glows with happiness. It was weel received and Dr. Muck's admirable interpretation of the beautiful music was properly recognized.

Miss Hinkle followed it with Bruch's "Ave Maria" (from the "Feuerkreuz"), a highly dramatic but not very tuneful composition, considering the subject. It was superbly sung, however, and Miss Hinkle more than deserved the enthusiastic applause that recalled her to the stage again and again. The concluding number was the well known Prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

The next performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given on November 30. Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, will be the soloist and the orchestra will again be under the able leadership of Dr. Karl Muck.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City

Da

In the Music World

AS soon as November arrives the Boston Symphony Orchestra appears in New York. And as soon as the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season commences the "house full" sign appears regularly in Carnegie Hall. That was the condition last evening, when Dr. Muck and his orchestra gave their first concert for the current season.

The achievements of the Boston Orchestra are so admirable and so remarkable that one is not surprised at so liberal a patronage on the part of the public. But that an orchestra should announce preliminary to its opening event "all seats for the entire series have been solr," is unique even in the records of so distinguished a company of musicians.

There was neither a novelty nor a soloist last evening. The programme contained four numbers. There were Brahms' symphony, No. 4; Schumann's overture, "Manfred"; Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Dvorak's dramatic overture, "Husitska."

The symphony was played with warmth and color, with splendid homogeneity of tone and inspiration. The poetry and imagination of the Schumann number were clearly and dramatically illustrated.

Strauss's complicated and characteristically complex tone-poem was read with sincere and earnest endeavor. His many and curious "effects" were presented lucidly, and the efforts of the musicians were deservedly appreciated.

Es k, 1884

From HERALD
Address: New York City

Date NOV 5 - 191

Dr. Muck and Men Open with 'High Brow' Music

Boston Symphony Orchestra Gives the First Concert of Its New York Season.

Esta 84

Following closely New York's Philharmonic and Symphony Orchestras, both of which have played their first programme this season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with its inspiring conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, opened its New York season last night, giving the first of two concerts of the week in Carnegie Hall. As usual, the great auditorium was filled. The conductor received an enthusiastic welcome of applause when he took his place, and after the big numbers of the programme he was called to the stage repeatedly, and the members of the orchestra had to rise and bow their acknowledgment of the applause several times.

The character of the music played by the men from Boston was of the severest type. Dr. Muck's programmes often have been puzzles. They never seem made by any set rule. He evidently wants during the season to play something for every class represented in the audience, laying special stress on German music always.

Last night there was no doubt he was making his appeal to the highest of "high-brows"—to the seasoned listener. The deepest and most scholarly symphony of the most severely classical composers of recent years, the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, and the most powerful of the tone poems of Richard Strauss, "Tod und Verklarung" (Death and Transfiguration) were the works designed to satisfy the longing for good music of the three thousand or more listeners.

Of course, there was a little Schumann and Dvorak thrown in to round off the programme and to relieve the tension caused by the more serious numbers. No soloist was present to share the applause with Dr. Muck and his men, which, after the symphony, was tremendous. Few conductors seem to get so much out of the music of Brahms as he. The climaxes were played with extraordinary force. The work of the orchestra was well worth the applause it received.

Not less moving was the interpretation of the Strauss tone poem. Performances by the Philharmonic Society of the same work have been, perhaps, more polished, but not so forceful. The loud crashes of the brass, which were not always absolutely in tune, were not of the kind to make the hearer want to hold his ears, as are many such climaxes in smaller halls, but they had a striking fulness.

"Tod und Verkl Arung," composed when Strauss was only twenty-five years old, seems to have marked his highest achievement. Probably there is no more perfect piece of programme music in existence. Its pictures of a man fighting against Death are among the most striking in all the field of descriptive music, and to many Strauss at twenty-five was a greater composer than the Strauss of to-day. No other modern orchestra work holds its own so well with the music of Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner.

The "Manfred" overture of Schumann and, at the close of the concert, Dvorak's "Husitska" were played. The Boston Orchestra will appear again to-morrow afternoon with a different programme.

[35]

Newspap… …

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

Est … 1884

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The first of the five concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Philadelphia the coming season comes tomorrow evening in the Academy of Music. There will be no soloist, but Dr. Muck has arranged a programme of unusual musical interest.

In its opening concerts in Boston the orchestra showed that it was in "mid-season form." Since last year there have only been four changes in the personnel, a new third flute, a new third trumpet, a new second violin and a new member of the percussion department, so that Dr. Muck has had very little new material to drill. Moreover, the orchestra has been playing continuously since September 27; a week of rehearsals in Boston, a week's tour in the West and then its regular season in its home city.

The symphony will be Brahms' in E minor, No. 4, Opus 98. The outstanding number on the second part of the programme will be Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration."

The programme in its entirety is as follows:

Brahms..Symphony in E Minor, No. 4, Op. 98
Schumann.............. Overture, "Manfred"
R. Strauss—Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration.
Liszt.......Symphonie Poem, "Les Preludes"

From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.

Date

Est … 184

Musical Events

THE 1915-16 series of concerts to be given at the National by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, will begin Tuesday afternoon, at 4:30. The soloist will be the lyric soprano, Florence Hinkle, of surpassing interest.

Changes in the personnel of the orchestra this year are very few, four in number, so that Dr. Muck really began this fall where he stopped last spring after the San Francisco concert.

Miss Florence Hinkle is favorably known in Washington. She possesses a voice of unusual purity and beauty.

The program will begin with the immortal Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, "Apotheosis of the Dance," as Richard Wagner called it. It includes the exquisite "A Siegfried Idyl" and the prelude to "Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Miss Hinkle will sing twice, the Page's Cavatina, "Voi che sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," and the "Ave Maria," from Max Bruch's, "The Cross of Fire."

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

Es … 1884

THE first of the five concerts which the Boston Symphony is to give here this season comes on Monday evening, in the Academy. There will be no soloist, but Dr. Muck has arranged a program of unusual musical interest. The symphony will be Brahms in E minor, No. 4, Opus 98. The outstanding number on the second part of the program will be Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration." The program in its entirety is as follows:—

Symphony in E minor, No. 4 ....Brahms
Overture, "Manfred" ....Schumann
Tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," R. Strauss
Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes"..........Liszt

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date

E … , 1884

SYMPHONY TONIGHT

Dr. Muck's Orchestra, With Melba, Will Open Season.

Opening Baltimore's season of orchestral concerts, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give the first of its annual series of five concerts at the Lyric tonight, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck and with Mme. Nellie Melba, the celebrated operatic soprano, as the soloist.

Interest in the Boston Symphony's concerts is said to be greater than ever, and it was reported at the box office this morning that the sale for tonight is the largest that has ever been recorded since the orchestra has been appearing in Baltimore.

Dr. Muck will present as the principal offering of the evening Brahms' Fourth Symphony in E minor. The other orchestral pieces will be Loeffler's tone poem, "La Mort de Tintagiles," which was inspired by Maeterlinck's mystical play, and the prelude to Wagner's "Meistersinger."

Mme. Melba, who is said to be in superb voice this season, will sing the "Sweet Bird" aria from Handel's "Il Penseroso," and two arias from Mozart's "Figaro," the "Porgi Amor" and "Voi che Sapete."

…derful depths and

From EVENING JOURNAL
Address: New York City

Date NOV 5 - 1915

Esta … 84

BOSTON BAND GIVES FIRST CONCERT

Schumann and Brahms, Dvorak and Richard Strauss were the names that Dr. Karl Muck chose to place upon the programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its first concert of the season in New York at Carnegie Hall last evening, marking the beginning of the thirtieth year that this band of musicians has been playing here. There was nothing new to the habitual concertgoers in this music, but the Boston orchestra itself always constitutes an event.

Dr. Muck's programme consisted of the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, the overture from among Schumann's "Manfred" music, Strauss's so-called tone poem, "Tod und Verklaerung" and Dvorak's concert overture, "Husitska."

Dr. Muck and his men found a cordial greeting at the hands of an audience that was largely composed of the same persons, in the same places, as have greeted them in previous years and once again the house was filled, for the Boston band is a body that New Yorkers welcome as their own, wishing, indeed, that it were.

Nevertheless there have been more enlivening evenings than this of yesterday. The Brahms E minor symphony has that within it to touch the inner pulses, but there were no quickened palpitations as Dr. Muck unfolded its substance; Richard Strauss will never stir anyone into undue pulsation and Schumann's "Manfred" overture, even when as exquisitely played as the Boston Orchestra played it, is still only a Byronic transfusion—Byron grows more greyly mid-Victorian as the seasons roll by. And the Dvorak overture was an added ell that made the programme just that much too long.

The Brahms symphony is one of the most profoundly emotional utterances in modern orchestral literature and even its allegro giocoso may be made to intensify the sweep of its spirit. But Dr. Muck began the work in a smooth, unimpressive colloquial fashion, so that its first movement never achieved more than mere suavity of speech. There was in this movement and in the andante a meticulous articulation that made for a pursuasive clarity, effective merely as a coldly studied and precise analysis of the score. Only in the passacaglia did Brahms emerge and even there, there was still much unrevealed.

The Strauss piece was something for the virtuosoship of the orchestra. Here was opportunity for the display of all the beauties of technic of which these musicians are capable—a translucent string tone of the utmost finish in dynamic variation; a glorious richness and accuracy in the brass, and apparent perfection in the wood wind. This was all hugely satisfying in much the same way that it is satisfying to hear Fritz Kreisler play a Paganini caprice—and there is little difference in musical value between Strauss and Paganini, mountebanks both. Strauss originates tricks for the orchestra as Paganini did for the violin, but Strauss takes unto himself pretensions as to the potentialities of music as he makes it, and would have us believe that he can picture anything in tone, from a candle sputtering in the room of a dying man to father spanking the baby. One awaits breathlessly the depiction of the holes in Swiss cheese in the approaching "Alpine" symphony.

SUN
ore, Md.

NOV 3 -

Three Arts

…st centres in the first …cert—it is to take place …is evening under the di… Karl Muck—not only because Mme. Melba, who is said to be in glorious voice, will make her initial appearance in Baltimore this season on this occasion, but also because the Brahms Fourth Symphony will be played.

This symphony, which has such a remarkable fourth movement—in it the composer made his boldest experiment in regard to form, reviving the passacaglia, that is to say the dance structure in triple time, and applying it to modern ideas—is being presented because many letters were received requesting it.

The actual popularity of this symphony, so far as the general public is concerned, is somewhat doubtful because it is so difficult to thread the mazes of ground bass through all the varieties to which it is subjected in the working out of the themes. However, the movement is regarded as Brahms' last word for the orchestra alone and a remarkable culmination of his work in this line.

In Miss May's biography of Brahms there is an interesting account of its performance at the last Philharmonic concert in Vienna which Brahms attended. It was very soon before his death. The biographer writes: "The Fourth Symphony had never become a favorite work in Vienna. Received with reserve on its first performance, it had not since gained much more from the general public of the city than the respect sure to be accorded there to an important work by Brahms. Today (March 7, 1897), however, a storm of applause broke out at the end of the first movement, not to be quieted until the composer, coming to the front of the artist's box in which he was seated, showed himself to the audience. The demonstration was renewed after the second and third movements, and an extraordinary scene followed the conclusion of the work. The applauding, shouting house, its gaze riveted on the figure standing in the balcony, so familiar and yet in present aspect so strange, seemed unable to let him go. Tears ran down his cheeks as he stood there, shrunken in form, with lined countenance, strained expression, white hair hanging lank; and through the audience there was a feeling as of a stifled sob, for each knew that they were saying farewell. Another outburst of applause and yet another; one more acknowledgment from the master; and Brahms and his Vienna had parted forever."

Melba will be heard in the famous scene from Handel's "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato," known as "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," which is an admirable number for the exploitation of bel canto, and also in two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro," by Mozart, "Porgi Amor" and "Voi, Che sapete."

Not the least interesting of the orchestral numbers will be Loeffler's dramatic tone poem that was suggested by Maeterlinck's "Le Mort de Tintagiles," which is scored for the full orchestra, but with a Viole d'Amour as the solo instrument. The Viole d'Amour will be played by Emile Ferir.

This instrument, which is better known, perhaps, byt its Italian name of Viola d'Amore, is described as a tenor viol having seven to fourteen sympathetic metal strings in addition to the seven strings which are run over the fingerboard for stopping. The sympathetic strings give a beautiful effect. It cannot really be regarded as an obsolete instrument, although it is often called so, for there have always been players who perform upon it, even though they are not numerous. It figures in the score of Meyerbeer's "Huguenots."

The concert this evening will close with the Vorspiel to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg."

From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.

Date

Establ…

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SCORES

Miss Florence Hinkle Pleases as Soloist—Dr. Karl Muck is Conductor.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave it's first matinee of the season yesterday afternoon, at the New National Theater to a crowded and enthusiastic house. Dr. Karl Muck conducted the orchestra while the soloist of the occasion was Miss Florence Hinkle.

The first number was Beethoven's Symphony in A major, No. 7, which was played as only the Boston Symphony Orchestra can play it. The first and second movements never lose their charm and the fourth continues to be the least thing tedious. After a brief interval Miss Hinkle sang Mozart Aria, "Voi, che sapete," from "The Marriage of Figard." Her beautiful soprano was shown off well by the leisurely and melodious if not very interesting number but the effect was a little spoilt by her restless manner.

The second number by the orchestra was Richard Wagner's beautiful "Siegfried Idyl." Written at the brightest period of the composer's life—a gift to his wife at the time of their son's birth—the Idyle, which is based upon certain of the themes of Siegfried," glows with happiness. It was weel received and Dr. Muck's admirable interpretation of the beautiful music was properly recognized.

Miss Hinkle followed it with Bruch's "Ave Maria" (from the "Feuerkreuz"), a highly dramatic but not very tuneful composition, considering the subject. It was superbly sung, however, and Miss Hinkle more than deserved the enthusiastic applause that recalled her to the stage again and again. The concluding number was the well known Prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

The next performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given on November 30. Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, will be the soloist and the orchestra will again be under the able leadership of Dr. Karl Muck.

[35]

AMERICAN
: New York City

…k, 1884

…the Music World

…on as November arrives the …ston Symphony Orchestra ap… in New York. And as soon as …Boston Symphony Orchestra's …n commences the "house full" sign appears regularly in Carnegie Hall. That was the condition last evening, when Dr. Muck and his orchestra gave their first concert for the current season.

The achievements of the Boston Orchestra are so admirable and so remarkable that one is not surprised at so liberal a patronage on the part of the public. But that an orchestra should announce preliminary to its opening event "all seats for the entire series have been solr," is unique even in the records of so distinguished a company of musicians.

There was neither a novelty nor a soloist last evening. The programme contained four numbers. There were Brahms' symphony, No. 4; Schumann's overture, "Manfred"; Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Dvorak's dramatic overture, "Husitska."

The symphony was played with warmth and color, with splendid homogeneity of tone and inspiration. The poetry and imagination of the Schumann number were clearly and dramatically illustrated.

Strauss's complicated and characteristically complex tone-poem was read with sincere and earnest endeavor. His many and curious "effects" were presented lucidly, and the efforts of the musicians were deservedly appreciated.

HERALD
: New York City

NOV 5 - 191…

…r. Muck and …Men Open with …igh Brow' Music

Boston Symphony Orchestra Gives the First Concert of Its New York Season.

Following closely New York's Philharmonic and Symphony Orchestras, both of which have played their first programme this season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with its inspiring conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, opened its New York season last night, giving the first of two concerts of the week in Carnegie Hall. As usual, the great auditorium was filled. The conductor received an enthusiastic welcome of applause when he took his place, and after the big numbers of the programme he was called to the stage repeatedly, and the members of the orchestra had to rise and bow their acknowledgment of the applause several times.

The character of the music played by the men from Boston was of the severest type. Dr. Muck's programmes often have been puzzles. They never seem made by any set rule. He evidently wants during the season to play something for every class represented in the audience, laying special stress on German music always.

Last night there was no doubt he was making his appeal to the highest of "high-brows"—to the seasoned listener. The deepest and most scholarly symphony of the most severely classical composers of recent years, the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, and the most powerful of the tone poems of Richard Strauss, "Tod und Verklarung" (Death and Transfiguration) were the works designed to satisfy the longing for good music of the three thousand or more listeners.

Of course, there was a little Schumann and Dvorak thrown in to round off the programme and to relieve the tension caused by the more serious numbers. No soloist was present to share the applause with Dr. Muck and his men, which, after the symphony, was tremendous. Few conductors seem to get so much out of the music of Brahms as he. The climaxes were played with extraordinary force. The work of the orchestra was well worth the applause it received.

Not less moving was the interpretation of the Strauss tone poem. Performances by the Philharmonic Society of the same work have been, perhaps, more polished, but not so forceful. The loud crashes of the brass, which were not always absolutely in tune, were not of the kind to make the hearer want to hold his ears, as are many such climaxes in smaller halls, but they had a striking fulness.

"Tod und Verkl Arung," composed when Strauss was only twenty-five years old, seems to have marked his highest achievement. Probably there is no more perfect piece of programme music in existence. Its pictures of a man fighting against Death are among the most striking in all the field of descriptive music, and to many Strauss at twenty-five was a greater composer than the Strauss of to-day. No other modern orchestra work holds its own so well with the music of Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner.

The "Manfred" overture of Schumann and, at the close of the concert, Dvorak's "Husitska" were played. The Boston Orchestra will appear again to-morrow afternoon with a different programme.

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date V 5 - 1915

BOSTON ORCHESTRA HEARD ONCE MORE

Es k, 1884

Brilliant Performance of Masterpieces by Brahms and Strauss.

DR. MUCK WELCOMED

The local orchestras having opened their seasons, it remained for the Boston Symphony Orchestra to come to town and give its first concert at Carnegie Hall last night. The auditorium was filled and there were the familiar expressions of pleasure at the reappearance of Dr. Karl Muck and his admirable body of musicians and of satisfaction at the beauty of the performance. The programme consisted of the E minor symphony of Brahms, the "Manfred" overture of Schumann, Richard Strauss's tone poem "Death and Transfiguration" and Dvorak's overture "Husitska." The list was too long by just this last number, for sufficient time had already been occupied, and, what was more important, a symmetrical and complete artistic scheme had been made.

But when interpretation rises to such a high plane as that of last evening minor sins should be condoned. Possibly those to whom the most chaste art is the most precious regretted that the playing of the orchestra rose to its supreme level in the tone poem of Strauss. The Brahms symphony was beautifully performed, but the orchestral virtuosity of Strauss opened the flood gates of the Bostonians' technic. Such a flow of gorgeously deep and exquisitely smooth orchestral tone must have refreshed and uplifted every soul.

Dr. Muck's skill in searching out the melodic idea in each page and bringing it to the hearer's attention without ever a touch of exaggeration or a distortion of the harmonic scheme is one of the most admirable of his qualities. In doing this he preserves to perfection the balance of tone, so that the instrumental song never acquires a rude exterior or an inner opacity. All is clear, transparent and nobly sonorous. His treatment of the great crescendo near the close of the Strauss work was a model of artistic discretion. It published all the splendors of the music and kept far away every suspicion of blatancy.

In this composition, as also in the symphony, the beautiful playing of the wind instruments, both wood and brass, was a continued joy. In phrasing, in shading, in balance and quality of tone the musicians left practically nothing to be desired. The Strauss work has never been presented here with more lucidity. The symphony was read as Dr. Muck always reads Brahms with the profoundest understanding and affection.

The Boston orchestra has lately sung its way from coast to coast and some of the Boston newspapers have rejoiced in that it has been accepted as a national institution. New York, gathering unto itself national significance in that calm assumption which sometimes irritates and often amuses the mighty West, long ago proclaimed the national importance of its accustomed visitor from Massachusetts.

Now at any rate New Yorkers may be pleased with the knowledge that the West and the gold coast have heard the lyric eloquence of the orchestra from the Back Bay. Let us hope that some day, when the swords of Europe have been sheathed again, this national orchestra may be heard in the concert halls on the other side of the Atlantic. With it may be carried the message that this body of musicians of all nations has throughout the dark days kept alive here the best traditions of the musical art of lands where art is silenced by the shrieking of the songs of battle.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From AGLE
Address Brooklyn, N Y.
Date

INTERESTS CLASH IN MUSICAL FIELD

Est 84

Last Week of Boston Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House.

BOSTON SYMPHONY COMING.

Nellie Melba the Soloist at the Academy—McCormack, Kreisler and Elman to Appear Soon.

The series of five concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open in the Academy of Music, on Friday evening next, November 5. With the largest subscription the orchestra has ever had in Brooklyn, and with the incomparable Melba as soloist, and with a programme of unusual beauty, the concert should be one of the memorable events of the season. This will be [illegible]'s only appearance in Brook-

[illegible] sung more beautifully than she has in the various concerts she has given this fall. Melba, even at her worst, is worth going miles to hear. At her best, the beauty of her voice is indescribable. The symphony will be the lovely Eighth, by Beethoven ("the little Symphony in F," as the composer called it). An outstanding number will be the dramatic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," by Charles Martin Loeffler, one of the greatest of the modern orchestral repertoires. Madame Melba will sing twice. Her first number will be the familiar "Sweet Bird" aria from Handel's "Il Penseroso." Her second

MME. NELLIE MELBA

Operatic Prima Donna Who is to be the Soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music on Friday Evening Next.

number will be two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro." The programme in full follows:

Symphony No. 8, in F major, Beethoven; aria, "Sweet Bird," from "Il Penseroso," Handel; La Mort de Tintagiles, Loeffler; two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro," "Porgi Amor," "Voi che sapete," Mozart; symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," Liszt, soloist Madame Melba.

Newspaper Cutting Bur

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
NOV 5 - 1915
Date

DR. MUCK LEADS BRAHMS SYMPHONY

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Boston Musicians Heard in Superb Rendering of Work of Celebrated "Classicist."

STRANGE REMARKS ABOUT KEY

Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Schumann's Manfred Are Also Heard.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

The Boston Symphony Society gave the first concert of its annual New York season last night at Carnegie Hall. There was a large house, which, for all its well-guided enthusiasm, has not cured itself of its suburban habit of chattering loudly during the pauses between the movements of the symphony.

I had the honor of discovering, between the allegro giocoso and the allegro energico and passionato, that Bill's socks were red, silk and too small, and that the baby had the eczema. Then, reader, I did looke uponne the booke of Phyl de Hale, which every Boston symphoniac reads diligently and quotes next morning at breakfast, astonishing largely with his piquant musical erudition.

The symphony played was Brahms's Fourth. I am told that Brahms is coming into his own. Those who have loved Brahms since they first heard him, are like Hippoclides, in the quaint old tale. Hippoclides, shortly before his marriage indulged in a dance that savored of errotic extremism. His prospective father said to him: "Hippoclides, thou hast danced thy wife away." The young man replied nonchalantly: "Hippoclides does not care." Nor do we Brahmsites care. If persons are beginning to like the Fourth Symphony thirty years after it was written, it is they who are coming into their own, not Brahms. Had he been living I do not think he would have cared either. He lived in a world of his own.

Tonality of Symphony.

There has been some talk as to whether Brahms used the key of E Minor as the [illegible] of this symphony to organize

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mood of bleak [illegible]. There are those who attach to the various keys certain definite impressions and qualities. G Minor is melancholy, shy; C Sharp Minor is brutal and sinister; C Major must be very burgeois because it is described by the tono-maniacs as simple, naive, flat and commonplace. It is the Har'em among keys.

As for the idea that Brahms used the key of E Minor to diffuse a spirit of melancholy, Mr. Philip Hale tells us that Hugo Reimann held that E Minor is the tonality of the Fall of the year. Another tonal metaphysician from Nephelococcygia, or Cloud Cuckoo Town, held that the key of E Minor suggests Summer and hot days and harvest wreaths. I propose that such cloud cuckoos as discuss these fantastical and Aquinatian questions should make quite a devoted study of Jonathan Swift's description of Gulliver's voyage to Laputa and his sojourn there.

Splendid Playing.

As for the second movement andante moderato I venture to feel that it contains the finer breath and spirit of music and that, according to Tolstoi's definition of an art work as that which, proceeding direct from the heart of the artist, goes right to the heart of the hearer, it achieves perfection. Brahms has written new things in the old forms. This is all that is meant by calling him a classic. He has been complained of in terms reminiscent of Elia as lacking in a certain condescension. Do we ask the Alps to condescend? Do we look for a wink from the Acropolis?

As for the meaning of symphony, I do not know what it means. What does a sunset mean, or the storms gathering over the sea of peaks at the head of Windermere? Just beauty and themselves. The symphony was superbly played, as by masters. I can say no more. Other numbers on the programme were the "Manfred" Overture of Schumann's and Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration." Marshall Kernochan says that Strauss is getting hackneyed. That may be. But I fancy that the composer of "Salome" is not quite within the somewhat Virgilian sympathies of Dr. Muck.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
NOV 5 - 1915
Date

Boſtoner Symphonie = Konzert.

Dr. Muck, geſtern Abend in Carnegie Hall anläßlich des erſten diesjährigen Konzerts unſerer gefeierten Boſtoner Gäſte, mit freundlichſtem Beifall begrüßt, bot uns ein in drei Viertheilen deutſches Programm, das nur in ſeiner Schlußnummer einen Böhmen, den Oeſterreicher Dvorak, zu Worte kommen ließ. Vorwiegend elegiſcher Stimmung, bildete gerade Dvorak's „Huſſitska"-Ouverture in ihrem lebendig und dramatiſch pulſirenden muſikaliſchen Blut eine willkommene Abwechslung, eine kräftige Antitheſe zu den zuvor gehörten pathetiſchen Tönen.

Brahms Vierte Symphonie, in dem ſonſt von den Symphonikern ſorgſam gemiedenen falben E-Moll, iſt mir ein unendlich ſympathiſches Werk, wenn es auch unleugbar iſt, daß darin ein Nachlaſſen der ſchöpferiſchen Kraft vorwaltet. Die Elemente der Popularität hat dieſe Symphonie wohl nicht in ſich, demjenigen jedoch, der genau zuzuhören verſteht, iſt ſie in ihrer ſchlanken Gothik und edlen Durchbrochenheit eine Fundgrube von Feinheiten und Intimitäten köſtlicher Art. Dr. Muck bot mit dieſer Ausdeutung eine ſeiner wirkungsvollſten Leiſtungen, wenn ich auch das Scherzo etwas weniger trotzig und widerſpänſtig, mit liebevollerer Betonung ſeiner graziöſen und gemüthlichen Züge im Intereſſe des Kontraſts zu dem vorangegangenen zarten Orcheſterfiligram (vom Orcheſter unſagbar fein ausgeführt) und der einunddreißigfach variirten Chaconne mit ihrem harmoniſchen und rhythmiſchen Farbenreichthum, gleichfalls einer Prachtleiſtung des Orcheſters, für taktiſch logiſcher halte. Der Beifall war nach dieſer Leiſtung warm und überzeugungstreu, ſo daß die Meiſterſpieler ihren Dank durch Erheben von den Sitzen abſtatten konnten.

Nach Schumann's „Manfred"-Ouverture mit ihren wechſelnden Stimmungen, die dem Dirigenten Gelegenheit zu einer weiteren Glanzleiſtung bot, folgte eine zwingend logiſche, virtuoſe und klare Ausdeutung von Richard Strauß' „Tod und Verklärung". Ich kann dies menſchlich ſo anmuthende und reine Werk mit ſeinen aus dem Beſonderen in das Allgemeine reichenden Bildern von menſchlicher Qual und menſchlichem Kampf und der nachfolgenden Erlöſung und Apotheoſe nie ohne Rührung anhören. Es folgt darin Liſzt's „Taſſo", dieſem urſprünglichen „Lament und Triumph". Dirigent und Spieler ſtrahlten darin in hellſtem Licht. Nichts Ergreifenderes als die ſchwüle Todesſtimmung zu Beginn, die Fieberträume, die Halluzinationen, Agonie und Tod im Gegenſatz zu den friedlichen Epiſoden, den Kindheitserinnerungen, dem Idylliſchen, dem muthigen Wagen und Streben des Jünglings, bis zuletzt in lichtem C-Dur in vollſtem Glanz des Orcheſters das Ideal-Thema aufſteigt, bis zur Gloriole des mächtigſten Fortiſſimo und dem friedlichen Niederſtieg zu erdenentrückendenienſchtz e derſtieg zu erdenentrücktem Pianiſſimo. So führte Muck ſeine Schaaren durch Phantaſtik und grauſigſte Realiſtik zum Siege.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date V 5 - 1915

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN FIRST CONCERT

Establ 384

Dr. Muck Makes Atonement for Last Year.

At the first concert of the Boston Orchestra last season Dr. Muck's programme made the listeners look at each other aghast and wonder what they had done to merit such an assault upon their patience and good nature. Last night the men from Boston came again and Dr. Muck made ample atonement for his singular conduct of a twelvemonth before. He brought no solo attraction; but the subscribers to the Boston concerts feel no hankering for singers, or pianists, or violinists. Of them they have more than a sufficiency in all the weeks not distinguished by a visit from the men of the East. He played only well known music; but it was noble music, all of it, and it was nobly played. That sufficed to hold their attention for two hours and to prompt them to round after round of grateful applause after each number, including the last.

The programme contained Brahm's fourth symphony, Schumann's overture to "Manfred," Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Dvorak's "Husitzka" overture. Familiar as household words, all these works. Familiar, too, for old patrons of the Boston concerts the manner in which they were played. Beautifully, faultlessly, convincingly, and with that marvellous euphony, that resilience, that balance of chordal harmony and symmetry of phrase which are always expected in concerts of this character, but which, nevertheless, because of the perverseness of local conditions, always come as a revelation when the men from Boston play for us. A concert like that of last night ought not to vex but soothe the soul; it becomes vexatious when one thinks of what might be but is not in New York.

H. E. K.

From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date

MISS MARGARET WILSON Entertains Box Party at Boston Symphony Concert — German Envoy and Distinguished Audience Present—Miss Isabella Hagner Bride of Mr. Norman James.

Esta 84

THE first Boston Symphony concert of the season attracted a large and distinguished audience to the National Theater yesterday afternoon. Miss Margaret Wilson entertained guests in one of the stage boxes, having with her Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davies, Mrs. George E. Pickett, Mrs. William Hitz and Mr. Fabrizio. The German Ambassador, in the adjoining box, had guests among whom were Mme. Christian Hauge, Mrs. Rollins Morse and Mr. Haniel von Haimhausen. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend were among the guests in Mrs. Marshall Field's box. Mrs. Preston Gibson had a box party, including Mrs. Stephen Slocum and Mrs. John Merriam, Miss Laura Harlan, Miss Sheridan and Mrs. J. Mandeville Carlisle were guests of Mrs. Walter Bruce Howe in another box. Mrs. Isaac T. Mann's guests were Mrs. Walter Wells, Mrs. William Barret Ridgely, Miss Farnsworth and Miss Hickey. Mr. and Mrs. Lisner and Gen. and Mrs. William Crozier also had box parties. Among others in the audience were the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane, the Swedish Minister and Mme. Ekengren, Mme. Pezet, Mrs. Henry B. Brown, Mrs. James R. Mann, Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Randolph McKim, Mrs. R. R. Hitt, Mrs. Reynolds Hitt, Representative and Mrs. Horace Towner, Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell, Mrs. William Holland Wilmer, Miss Wilmer, Mrs. Bradley Fiske, Mrs. John Biddle, Mrs. Richardson Clover, Miss Beatrice Clover, Mrs. Charles C. McChord, Mrs. S. B. Williamson, Mrs. Joseph Bailey, the Rev. and Mrs. Ward Denys, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Eustis, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Chatard, Mrs. Henry May, Mrs. William Hammond, Mrs. Hiram Irwin, Mrs. Paul Bartlett, Miss Caroline Ogden Jones, Mr. and Mrs. William Eaches Fendall, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, Miss Lita Montgomery, Mrs. Charles G. Matthews, Miss Porcher, Mrs. John Blair, Miss Irene Sheridan, Miss Louise Sheridan, Mrs. Frank Carpenter, Mrs. Nathan Sargent, Miss Eloise Sargent, Mrs. Samuel Pilson, Mrs. Julian James, Mrs. Frank B. Noyes, Mrs. Thomas Blagdon, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Samuel Spencer and Mrs. Peyton Russell.

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date V 5 - 1915

BOSTON ORCHESTRA HEARD ONCE MORE

Brilliant Performance of Masterpieces by Brahms and Strauss.

DR. MUCK WELCOMED

The local orchestras having opened their seasons, it remained for the Boston Symphony Orchestra to come to town and give its first concert at Carnegie Hall last night. The auditorium was filled and there were the familiar expressions of pleasure at the reappearance of Dr. Karl Muck and his admirable body of musicians and of satisfaction at the beauty of the performance. The programme consisted of the E minor symphony of Brahms, the "Manfred" overture of Schumann, Richard Strauss's tone poem "Death and Transfiguration" and Dvorak's overture "Husitska." The list was too long by just this last number, for sufficient time had already been occupied, and, what was more important, a symmetrical and complete artistic scheme had been made.

But when interpretation rises to such a high plane as that of last evening minor sins should be condoned. Possibly those to whom the most chaste art is the most precious regretted that the playing of the orchestra rose to its supreme level in the tone poem of Strauss. The Brahms symphony was beautifully performed, but the orchestral virtuosity of Strauss opened the flood gates of the Bostonians' technic. Such a flow of gorgeously deep and exquisitely smooth orchestral tone must have refreshed and uplifted every soul.

Dr. Muck's skill in searching out the melodic idea in each page and bringing it to the hearer's attention without ever a touch of exaggeration or a distortion of the harmonic scheme is one of the most admirable of his qualities. In doing this he preserves to perfection the balance of tone, so that the instrumental song never acquires a rude exterior or an inner opacity. All is clear, transparent and nobly sonorous. His treatment of the great crescendo near the close of the Strauss work was a model of artistic discretion. It published all the splendors of the music and kept far away every suspicion of blatancy.

In this composition, as also in the symphony, the beautiful playing of the wind instruments, both wood and brass, was a continued joy. In phrasing, in shading, in balance and quality of tone the musicians left practically nothing to be desired. The Strauss work has never been presented here with more lucidity. The symphony was read as Dr. Muck always reads Brahms with the profoundest understanding and affection.

The Boston orchestra has lately sung its way from coast to coast and some of the Boston newspapers have rejoiced in that it has been accepted as a national institution. New York, gathering unto itself national significance in that calm assumption which sometimes irritates and often amuses the mighty West, long ago proclaimed the national importance of its accustomed visitor from Massachusetts.

Now at any rate New Yorkers may be pleased with the knowledge that the West and the gold coast have heard the lyric eloquence of the orchestra from the Back Bay. Let us hope that some day, when the swords of Europe have been sheathed again, this national orchestra may be heard in the concert halls on the other side of the Atlantic. With it may be carried the message that this body of musicians of all nations has throughout the dark days kept alive here the best traditions of the musical art of lands where art is silenced by the shrieking of the songs of battle.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau

From AGLE
Address Brooklyn, N Y.
Date

INTERESTS CLASH IN MUSICAL FIELD

Est 184

Last Week of Boston Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House.

BOSTON SYMPHONY COMING.

Nellie Melba the Soloist at the Academy—McCormack, Kreisler and Elman to Appear Soon.

The series of five concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open in the Academy of Music, on Friday evening next, November 5. With the largest subscription the orchestra has ever had in Brooklyn and with the incomparable Melba as soloist, and with a programme of unusual beauty, the concert should be one of the memorable events of the season. This will be Melba's only appearance in Brook-

[illegible] never sung more beautifully than she has in the various concerts she has given this fall. Melba, even at her worst, is worth going miles to hear. At her best, the beauty of her voice is indescribable. The symphony will be the lovely Eighth, by Beethoven ("the little Symphony in F," as the composer called it). An outstanding number will be the dramatic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," by Charles Martin Loeffler, one of the greatest of the modern orchestral repertoires. Madame Melba will sing twice. Her first number will be the familiar "Sweet Bird" aria from Handel's "Il Penseroso." Her second

MME. NELLIE MELBA

Operatic Prima Donna Who is to be the Soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music on Friday Evening Next.

number will be two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro." The programme in full follows:

Symphony No. 8, in F major, Beethoven; aria, "Sweet Bird," from "Il Penseroso," Handel; La Mort de Tintagiles, Loeffler; two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro," "Porgi Amor," "Voi che sapete," Mozart; symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," Liszt, soloist Madame Melba.

Newspaper Cutting Bure

From MORNING TELEGR
Address: New York City
NOV 5 - 1
Date

DR. MUCK LEAD BRAHMS SYMPHO

Boston Musicians Heard in Superb Rendering of Work of Celebrated "Classicist."

STRANGE REMARKS ABOUT KEY

Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Schumann's Manfred Are Also Heard.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

The Boston Symphony Society gave the first concert of its annual New York season last night at Carnegie Hall. There was a large house, which, for all its well-guided enthusiasm, has not cured itself of its suburban habit of chattering loudly during the pauses between the movements of the symphony.

I had the honor of discovering, between the allegro giocoso and the allegro energico and passionato, that Bill's socks were red, silk and too small, and that the baby had the eczema. Then, reader, I did looke uponne the booke of Phyl de Hale, which every Boston symphoniac reads diligently and quotes next morning at breakfast, astonishing largely with his piquant musical erudition.

The symphony played was Brahms's Fourth. I am told that Brahms is coming into his own. Those who have loved Brahms since they first heard him, are like Hippoclides, in the quaint old tale. Hippoclides, shortly before his marriage indulged in a dance that savored of errotic extremism. His prospective father said to him: "Hippoclides, thou hast danced thy wife away." The young man replied nonchalantly: "Hippoclides does not care." Nor do we Brahmsites care. If persons are beginning to like the Fourth Symphony thirty years after it was written, it is they who are coming into their own, not Brahms. Had he been living I do not think he would have cared either. He lived in a world of his own.

Tonality of Symphony.

There has been some talk as to whether Brahms used the key of E Minor as the tonality of this symphony to organize a mood of bleak [illegible]. There are those who attach to the various keys certain definite impressions and qualities. G Minor is melancholy, shy; C Sharp Minor is brutal and sinister; C Major must be very burgeois because it is described by the tono-maniacs as simple, naive, flat and commonplace. It is the Har'em among keys.

As for the idea that Brahms used the key of E Minor to diffuse a spirit of melancholy, Mr. Philip Hale tells us that Hugo Reimann held that E Minor is the tonality of the Fall of the year. Another tonal metaphysician from Nephelococcygia, or Cloud Cuckoo Town, held that the key of E Minor suggests Summer and hot days and harvest wreaths. I propose that such cloud cuckoos as discuss these fantastical and Aquinatian questions should make quite a devoted study of Jonathan Swift's description of Gulliver's voyage to Laputa and his sojourn there.

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As for the meaning of symphony, I do not know what it means. What does a sunset mean, or the storms gathering over the sea of peaks at the head of Windermere? Just beauty and themselves. The symphony was superbly played, as by masters. I can say no more. Other numbers on the programme were the "Manfred" Overture of Schumann's and Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration." Marshall Kernochan says that Strauss is getting hackneyed. That may be. But I fancy that the composer of "Salome" is not quite within the somewhat Virgilian sympathies of Dr. Muck.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
NOV 5 - 1915
Date

Boſtoner Symphonie-Konzert.

Dr. Muck, geſtern Abend in Carnegie Hall anläßlich des erſten diesjährigen Konzerts unſerer gefeierten Boſtoner Gäſte, mit freundlichſtem Beifall begrüßt, bot uns ein in drei Viertheilen deutſches Programm, das nur in ſeiner Schlußnummer einen Böhmen, den Oeſterreicher Dvorak, zu Worte kommen ließ. Vorwiegend elegiſcher Stimmung, bildete gerade Dvorak's „Huſſitska"-Ouverture in ihrem lebendig und dramatiſch pulſirenden muſikaliſchen Blut eine willkommene Abwechslung, eine kräftige Antitheſe zu den zuvor gehörten pathetiſchen Tönen.

Brahms Vierte Symphonie, in dem ſonſt von den Symphonikern ſorgſam gemiedenen falben E-Moll, iſt mir ein unendlich ſympathiſches Werk, wenn es auch unleugbar iſt, daß darin ein Nachlaſſen der ſchöpferiſchen Kraft vorwaltet. Die Elemente der Popularität hat dieſe Symphonie wohl nicht in ſich, demjenigen jedoch, der genau zuzuhören verſteht, iſt ſie in ihrer ſchlanken Gothik und edlen Durchbrochenheit eine Fundgrube von Feinheiten und Intimitäten köſtlicher Art. Dr. Muck bot mit dieſer Ausdeutung eine ſeiner wirkungsvollſten Leiſtungen, wenn ich auch das Scherzo etwas weniger trotzig und widerſpänſtig, mit liebevollerer Betonung ſeiner graziöſen und gemüthlichen Züge im Intereſſe des Kontraſts zu dem vorangegangenen zarten Orcheſterfiligram (vom Orcheſter unſagbar fein ausgeführt) und der einunddreißigfach variirten Chaconne mit ihrem harmoniſchen und rhythmiſchen Farbenreichthum, gleichfalls einer Prachtleiſtung des Orcheſters, für taktiſch logiſcher halte. Der Beifall war nach dieſer Leiſtung warm und überzeugungstreu, ſo daß die Meiſterſpieler ihren Dank durch Erheben von den Sitzen abſtatten konnten.

Nach Schumann's „Manfred"-Ouverture mit ihren wechſelnden Stimmungen, die dem Dirigenten Gelegenheit zu einer weiteren Glanzleiſtung bot, folgte eine zwingend logiſche, virtuoſe und klare Ausdeutung von Richard Strauß' „Tod und Verklärung". Ich kann dies menſchlich ſo anmuthende und reine Werk mit ſeinen aus dem Beſonderen in das Allgemeine reichenden Bildern von menſchlicher Qual und menſchlichem Kampf und der nachfolgenden Erlöſung und Apotheoſe nie ohne Rührung anhören. Es folgt darin Liſzt's „Taſſo", dieſem urſprünglichen „Lament und Triumph". Dirigent und Spieler ſtrahlten darin in hellſtem Licht. Nichts Ergreifenderes als die ſchwüle Todesſtimmung zu Beginn, die Fieberträume, die Halluzinationen, Agonie und Tod im Gegenſatz zu den friedlichen Epiſoden, den Kindheitserinnerungen, dem Idylliſchen, dem muthigen Wagen und Streben des Jünglings, bis zuletzt in lichtem C-Dur in vollſtem Glanz des Orcheſters das Ideal-Thema aufſteigt, bis zur Gloriole des mächtigſten Fortiſſimo und dem friedlichen Nieberſtieg zu erdenentrückendenienſchtz e berſtieg zu erdenentrücktem Pianiſſimo. So führte Muck ſeine Schaaren durch Phantaſtik und grauſigſte Realiſtik zum Siege.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date OV 5 - 1915

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN FIRST CONCERT

Establ 384

Dr. Muck Makes Atonement for Last Year.

At the first concert of the Boston Orchestra last season Dr. Muck's programme made the listeners look at each other aghast and wonder what they had done to merit such an assault upon their patience and good nature. Last night the men from Boston came again and Dr. Muck made ample atonement for his singular conduct of a twelvemonth before. He brought no solo attraction; but the subscribers to the Boston concerts feel no hankering for singers, or pianists, or violinists. Of them they have more than a sufficiency in all the weeks not distinguished by a visit from the men of the East. He played only well known music; but it was noble music, all of it, and it was nobly played. That sufficed to hold their attention for two hours and to prompt them to round after round of grateful applause after each number, including the last.

The programme contained Brahm's fourth symphony, Schumann's overture to "Manfred," Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Dvorak's "Husitzka" overture. Familiar as household words, all these works. Familiar, too, for old patrons of the Boston concerts the manner in which they were played. Beautifully, faultlessly, convincingly, and with that marvellous euphony, that resilience, that balance of chordal harmony and symmetry of phrase which are always expected in concerts of this character, but which, nevertheless, because of the perverseness of local conditions, always come as a revelation when the men from Boston play for us. A concert like that of last night ought not to vex but soothe the soul; it becomes vexatious when one thinks of what might be but is not in New York.

H. E. K.

POST
: Washington, D. C.

MISS MARGARET WILSON Entertains Box Party at Boston Symphony Concert — German Envoy and Distinguished Audience Present—Miss Isabella Hagner Bride of Mr. Norman James.

THE first Boston Symphony concert of the season attracted a large and distinguished audience to the National Theater yesterday afternoon. Miss Margaret Wilson entertained guests in one of the stage boxes, having with her Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davies, Mrs. George E. Pickett, Mrs. William Hitz and Mr. Fabrizio. The German Ambassador, in the adjoining box, had guests among whom were Mme. Christian Hauge, Mrs. Rollins Morse and Mr. Haniel von Haimhausen. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend were among the guests in Mrs. Marshall Field's box. Mrs. Preston Gibson had a box party, including Mrs. Stephen Slocum and Mrs. John Merriam, Miss Laura Harlan, Miss Sheridan and Mrs. J. Mandeville Carlisle were guests of Mrs. Walter Bruce Howe in another box. Mrs. Isaac T. Mann's guests were Mrs. Walter Wells, Mrs. William Barret Ridgely, Miss Farnsworth and Miss Hickey. Mr. and Mrs. Lisner and Gen. and Mrs. William Crozier also had box parties. Among others in the audience were the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane, the Swedish Minister and Mme. Ekengren, Mme. Pezet, Mrs. Henry B. Brown, Mrs. James R. Mann, Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Randolph McKim, Mrs. R. R. Hitt, Mrs. Reynolds Hitt, Representative and Mrs. Horace Towner, Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell, Mrs. William Holland Wilmer, Miss Wilmer, Mrs. Bradley Fiske, Mrs. John Biddle, Mrs. Richardson Clover, Miss Beatrice Clover, Mrs. Charles C. McChord, Mrs. S. B. Williamson, Mrs. Joseph Bailey, the Rev. and Mrs. Ward Denys, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Eustis, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Chatard, Mrs. Henry May, Mrs. William Hammond, Mrs. Hiram Irwin, Mrs. Paul Bartlett, Miss Caroline Ogden Jones, Mr. and Mrs. William Eaches Fendall, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, Miss Lita Montgomery, Mrs. Charles G. Matthews, Miss Porcher, Mrs. John Blair, Miss Irene Sheridan, Miss Louise Sheridan, Mrs. Frank Carpenter, Mrs. Nathan Sargent, Miss Eloise Sargent, Mrs. Samuel Pilson, Mrs. Julian James, Mrs. Frank B. Noyes, Mrs. Thomas Blagdon, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Samuel Spencer and Mrs. Peyton Russell.

the World

From NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date NOV 1 - 1915
Established:

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give the first of its five concerts in the Lyric Theater next Wednesday evening, November 3, and with it will come as soloist the incomparable Melba. The Orchestra has been at work now for five weeks, for its regular season in Boston, which began October 15, was preceded by a week of rehearsals and a week's tour in the West. Moreover, as there have been only four unimportant changes in the personnel, it may truly be said that the great Orchestra is playing in "mid-season form."

Madame Melba, whose only appearance in Boston this will be, is from all accounts in better voice than she has been in years. In its poorest condition it was beautiful. As it is now, its beauty surpasses description.

The program is one of great musical interest. Starting with the fourth symphony of Brahms, which Dr. Muck has prepared especially for Baltimore in response to many requests received by him last season, Madame Melba will sing twice, her first being the "Sweet Bird" aria from Handel's "Il Penseroso," and her second number being two arias from Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro." An outstanding number on the program is the dramatic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," by Charles Martin Loeffler. Inspired by Maeterlinck's play of the same name; it is one of the most remarkable works in modern orchestral repertoire.

The program in full is as follows:

Symphony in E minor, No. 4....Brahm
Aria "Sweet Bird" from "Il Penseroso" ....Handl
"LaMort de Tintagiles"..........Loeffler
Two Arias from "The Marriage of Figaro" ....Mozart
(a) Porgi Amor.
(b) Voi che sapete.
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" ....Wagner
Soloist, Madame Melba.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date
Est 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT PLEASES

Beethoven Number, Which Opens Program, Is Keynote of Performance.

The first matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, with Miss Florence Hinkle as soloist, was given yesterday afternoon at the National Theater.

Beethoven's Seventh Symphony in A major, which opened the concert, was delivered, with a remarkable display of technique by the orchestra and a rare harmony of sympathetic interpretation was revealed between leader and musicians.

Indeed, the sheer beauty of this composition seemed the keynote of the afternoon's program, although weight and great dignity were added by the last number, Wagner's prelude of "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg." The other orchestral number, Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," was a tender and delicate interpretation of the piece which was written by the great composer as a tribute to his wife and new-born son.

Miss Hinkle gave first "Voi, che sapete," an aria by Mozart from his "Marriage of Figaro," and second, the cantata "Ave, Maria," from Bruch's "Cross of Fire." Both numbers were admirably fitted tonally to the high and very pure soprano of Miss Hinkle, although a voice of heavier caliber might have been more pleasing dramatically.

The next concert of the Boston Symphony will be given on November 30 with Fritz Kreisler as the soloist.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date
E k, 1884

Miss Margaret Wilson was among the box holders at the first of the Boston Symphony concerts, which attracted a large and distinguished audience to the National Theater yesterday afternoon, and had several guests with her among them Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davies, Mrs. George E. Hackett, Mrs. William Hitz, and Carmine Fabrizio. The German ambassador in the adjoining box entertained Mme. Christian Hauge, Mrs. Rollins Morse and Haniel von Haimhausen. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend were among the guests in Mrs. Marshall Field's box. Mrs. Preston Gibson had a box party, including Mrs. Stephen Slocum and Mrs. John [illegible], Miss Laura Harlan, Miss [illegible] and Mrs. J. Mandeville Car- [illegible]

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From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date NOV 5 - 19
Est 1884

There were sounds of limousines by night, and it's only luck there were no casualties, in a record jam when the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall last evening began its thirty-fifth season in America and its thirtieth in New York. Two hours of music fortissimo had less to do with an early rush from the hall than did the spectacular vehicular blockade, made worse by subway digging. It was as much as your life was worth to cross Fifty-seventh street for copies of the programme books supplied these fifteen years from the Athens of America by Philip Hale.

If anybody feared the Greeks bearing a despot of din like Richard Strauss, there was ground for alarm in the death march pace at which Dr. Muck took the "Tod und Verkleerung." It was pretty, but it wasn't Strauss. An irreverent wag was reminded of Irving Cobb's yarn of the delayed Southern lynching, where Cobb said the spectators cried, "Git hung, man, git hung." The hero in the tone poem was an unconscionable time a-dying. Four people left before Strauss, and more before the long programme ended.

But the instrument under the conductor's hand was an orchestra such as no capital in war worn Europe can boast to-day. At the baton's lightest tremor the band of ninety-eight explored the sonorities, the resonances, the transparent harmonies, till all hands had to rise and bow after the "Transfiguration," just as they did after the Fourth symphony of Brahms. After Brahms came Schumann's "Manfred," too much in the same mood, and after Strauss the deluge of Dvorak's "Hussite" battle hymn.

To-night in Brooklyn Nelly Melba sings Handel's "Sweet Bird" and airs from Mozart's "Figaro," while Muck has Beethoven's Eighth symphony, Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles" and Liszt's "Preludes." To-morrow in Carnegit Hall, preceding "Tintagiles" and "Preludes," there are Beethoven's Seventh symphony and Ravel's "Mother Goose."

NEW YORK HERALD,
NOVEMBER 5,

Dr. Muck and Men Open with 'High Brow' Music

Boston Symphony Orchestra Gives the First Concert of Its New York Season.

Following closely New York's Philharmonic and Symphony Orchestra, both of which have played their first programme this season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with its inspiring conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, opened its New York season last night, giving the first of two concerts of the week in Carnegie Hall. As usual, the great auditorium was filled.

The character of the music played by the men from Boston was of the severest type. Dr. Muck's programmes often have been puzzles. They never seem made by any set rule. He evidently wants during the season to play something for every class represented in the audience, laying special stress on German music always.

Last night there was no doubt he was making his appeal to the highest of "highbrows"—to the seasoned listener. The deepest and most scholarly symphony of the most severely classical composers of recent years, the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, and the most powerful of the tone poems of Richard Strauss, "Tod und Verklarung" (Death and Transfiguration) were the works designed to satisfy [illegible] good music of the [illegible]

[37]

[illegible] Schumann and Dvorak thrown in to round off the programme and to relieve the tension caused by the more serious numbers. No soloist was present to share the applause with Dr. Muck and his men, which, after the symphony, was tremendous. Few conductors seem to get so much out of the music of Brahms as he. The climaxes were played with extraordinary force. The work of the orchestra was well worth the applause it received.

Not less moving was the interpretation of the Strauss tone poem. Performances by the Philharmonic Society of the same work have been, perhaps, more polished, but not so forceful. The loud crashes of the brass, which were not always absolutely in tune, were not of the kind to make the hearer want to hold his ears, as are many such climaxes in smaller halls, but they had a striking fulness.

"Tod und Verkl Arung," composed when Strauss was only twenty-five years old, seems to have marked his highest achievement. Probably there is no more perfect piece of programme music in existence. Its pictures of a man fighting against Death are among the most striking in all the field of descriptive music, and to many Strauss at twenty-five was a greater composer than the Strauss of to-day. No other modern orchestra work holds its own so well with the music of Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner.

The "Manfred" overture of Schumann and, at the close of the concert, Dvorak's "Husitska" were played. The Boston Orchestra will appear again to-morrow afternoon with a different programme.

TELEGRAPH,
NOVEMBER 5,

DR. MUCK LEADS BRAHMS SYMPHONY

Boston Musicians Heard in Superb Rendering of Work of Celebrated "Classicist."

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NEW YORK TIMES.
NOVEMBER 5.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA HEARD.

A Great Audience at Its First Appearance in Thirtieth Season.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck, its conductor, received a hearty greeting last evening at its first appearance in New York this season; the greeting and the size and quality of the audience left no doubt as to the place they hold in the esteem of the music-loving public of this city. It was the beginning of its thirtieth season in New York. The hall was, as it has been for so many years at these concerts, completely filled by an audience whose taste and discrimination are of the highest. Dr. Muck presented one of his best programs, one made up entirely of familiar compositions, all modern and all evidently much to the liking of the listeners, presenting them no problems and giving obvious pleasure that was unmistakably expressed. The symphony, coming at the beginning of the program, was Brahms's fourth, in E minor; it was followed by Schumann's "Manfred" overture, Strauss's tone poem "Tod und Verklärung," and Dvorak's overture, "Hustiska."

The performance of this music was in the Boston Orchestra's finest and most eloquent style, and this was particularly true of the symphony, whose fiery and romantic spirit and grandiose power were magnificently set forth. Dr. Muck's reading was composed on the broadest lines, with a subtle adjustment of all its details and proportions in, in phrasing, in the balance of orchestral color, in the exposition of the dimaxes. Such a reading and such a performance truly represent Brahms's mastery of instrumentation in the precise and significant expression of his musical ideas. The audience was deeply stirred and manifested great enthusiasm over the performance. Dr. Muck was several times recalled, and finally made the orchestra rise and share the applause with him.

The playing of the other numbers of the program was on the same plane. The tragic power of Schumann's overture was truly expressed, and the fullness of descriptive and illustrative detail in Strauss' tone poem was not allowed to obscure its quality as coherent and profoundly moving music. This, too, made a deep impression upon the audience; there was prolonged applause, and again Dr. Muck declined to accept it all for himself.

BOSTON HERALD,
NOVEMBER 5, 1915.

GIVES CONCERT IN NEW YORK

Boston Symphony, Opening Season, Scores Big Success.

[Special Dispatch to The Herald.]

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the World

From NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date NOV 1 - 1915

Established:

The Boston Symphony Orchestra
will give the first of its five concerts
in the Lyric Theater next Wednes-
day evening, November 3, and with
it will come as soloist the incom-
parable Melba. The Orchestra has
been at work now for five weeks
for its regular season in Boston,
which began October 15, was pre-
ceded by a week of rehearsals and a
week's tour in the West. Moreover,
as there have been only four unim-
portant changes in the personnel, it
may truly be said that the great
Orchestra is playing in "mid-season
form."

Madame Melba, whose only appear-
ance in Boston this will be, is from
all accounts in better voice than she
has been in years. In its poorest
condition it was beautiful. As it is
now, its beauty surpasses description.

The program is one of great musical
interest. Starting with the fourth
symphony of Brahms, which Dr.
Muck has prepared especially for Bal-
timore in response to many requests
received by him last season, Madame
Melba will sing twice, her first being
the "Sweet Bird" aria from Handel's

"Il Penseroso," and her second num-
ber being two arias from Mozart's
"The Marriage of Figaro." An out-
standing number on the program is
the dramatic poem, "The Death of
Tintagiles," by Charles Martin Loef-
fler. Inspired by Maeterlinck's play of
the same name; it is one of the most
remarkable works in modern orches-
tral repertoire.

The program in full is as follows:

Symphony in E minor, No. 4....Brahms
Aria "Sweet Bird" from "Il Penseroso" ....Handl
"LaMort de Tintagiles"..........Loeffler
Two Arias from "The Marriage of Figaro" ....Mozart
(a) Porgi Amor.
(b) Voi che sapete.
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" ....Wagner
Soloist, Madame Melba

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.

Date

Est 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT PLEASES

Beethoven Number, Which Opens Program, Is Keynote of Performance.

The first matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, with Miss Florence Hinkle as soloist, was given yesterday afternoon at the National Theater.

Beethoven's Seventh Symphony in A major, which opened the concert, was delivered with a remarkable display of technique by the orchestra and a rare harmony of sympathetic interpretation was revealed between leader and musicians.

Indeed, the sheer beauty of this composition seemed the keynote of the afternoon's program, although weight and great dignity were added by the last number, Wagner's prelude of "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg." The other orchestral number, Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," was a tender and delicate interpretation of the piece which was written by the great composer as a tribute to his wife and new-born son.

Miss Hinkle gave first "Voi, che sapete," an aria by Mozart from his "Marriage of Figaro," and second, the cantata "Ave, Maria," from Bruch's "Cross of Fire." Both numbers were admirably fitted tonally to the high and very pure soprano of Miss Hinkle, although a voice of heavier caliber might have been more pleasing dramatically.

The next concert of the Boston Symphony will be given on November 30 with Fritz Kreisler as the soloist.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.

Date

Miss Margaret Wilson was among the box holders at the first of the Boston Symphony concerts, which attracted a large and distinguished audience to the National Theater yesterday afternoon, and had several guests with her among them Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davies, Mrs. George E. Jackett, Mrs. William Hitz, and Car[illegible]line Fabrizio. The German ambassador in the adjoining box entertained Mme. Christian Hauge, Mrs. Rollins Morse and Haniel von Haimhausen. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend were among the guests in Mrs. Marshall Field's box. Mrs. Preston [illegible]bson had a box party, including [illegible] Stephen Slocum and Mrs. John [illegible]n, Miss Laura Harlan, Miss [illegible]n and Mrs. J. Mandeville Car- [illegible] Walter

k, 1884

[illegible] were Mrs.
Isaac T. Mann's guests were Mrs.
Walter Wells, Mrs. William Barrett,
Ridgely, Miss Farnsworth, and Miss
Hickey. Mr. and Mrs. Lisner and Gen.
and Mrs. William Crozier also had box
parties. Among others in the audi-
ence were the Secretary of the In-
terior and Mrs. Lane, the Swedish
Minister and Mme. Ekengren, Mme.
Pezet Mrs. Henry B. Brown, Mrs.
Jones R. Mann, Mrs. Nicholas An-
derson, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Ran-
dolph McKim, Mrs. R. R. Hitt, Mrs.
Reynolds Hitt, Congressman and Mrs.
Towner, Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell, Mrs.
William Holland Wilmer, Miss Wil-
mer Mrs. Bradley Fiske, Mrs. John
Biddle, Mrs. Richardson Clover, Miss
Beatrice Clover, Mrs. Charles C. Mc-
Chord, Mrs. S. B. Williamson, Mrs.
Joseph Bailey, the Rev. and Mrs.
Ward Denys, Mr. and Mrs. George P.
Eustis, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Chatard.
Mrs. Henry May, Mrs. William Ham-
mond, Mrs. Hiram Irwin, Mrs. Paul
Bartlett, Miss Caroline Ogden Jones.
Mr. and Mrs. William Eaches Fen-
dall, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, Miss
Leita Montgomery Mrs. Charles G.
Matthews, Miss Porcher, Mrs. John
Blair, Miss Irene Sheridan, Miss
Louise Sheridan, Mrs. Frank Car-
penter, Mrs. Nathan Sargent, Miss
Eloise Sargent, Mrs. Samuel Pilson
Mrs. Julian James, Mrs. Frank B.
Noyes, Mrs. Thomas Blagdon, Mrs.
George Howard, Mrs. Samuel Spen-
cer, and Mrs. Peyton Russell.

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City

Date NOV 5 - 19

1884

There were sounds of limousines by night, and it's only luck there were no casualties, in a record jam when the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall last evening began its thirty-fifth season in America and its thirtieth in New York. Two hours of music fortissimo had less to do with an early rush from the hall than did the spectacular vehicular blockade, made worse by subway digging. It was as much as your life was worth to cross Fifty-seventh street for copies of the programme books supplied these fifteen years from the Athens of America by Philip Hale.

If anybody feared the Greeks bearing a despot of din like Richard Strauss, there was ground for alarm in the death march pace at which Dr. Muck took the "Tod und Verkleerung." It was pretty, but it wasn't Strauss. An irreverent wag was reminded of Irving Cobb's yarn of the delayed Southern lynching, where Cobb said the spectators cried, "Git hung, man, git hung." The hero in the tone poem was an unconscionable time a-dying. Four people left before Strauss, and more before the long programme ended.

But the instrument under the conductor's hand was an orchestra such as no capital in war worn Europe can boast to-day. At the baton's lightest tremor the band of ninety-eight explored the sonorities, the resonances, the transparent harmonies, till all hands had to rise and bow after the "Transfiguration," just as they did after the Fourth symphony of Brahms. After Brahms came Schumann's "Manfred," too much in the same mood, and after Strauss the deluge of Dvorak's "Hussite" battle hymn.

To-night in Brooklyn Nelly Melba sings Handel's "Sweet Bird" and airs from Mozart's "Figaro," while Muck has Beethoven's Eighth symphony, Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles" and Liszt's "Preludes." To-morrow in Carnegit Hall, preceding "Tintagiles" and "Preludes," there are Beethoven's Seventh symphony and Ravel's "Mother Goose."

NEW YORK HERALD,

NOVEMBER 5,

Dr. Muck and Men Open with 'High Brow' Music

Boston Symphony Orchestra Gives the First Concert of Its New York Season.

Following closely New York's Philharmonic and Symphony Orchestra, both of which have played their first programme this season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with its inspiring conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, opened its New York season last night, giving the first of two concerts of the week in Carnegie Hall. As usual, the great auditorium was filled.

The character of the music played by the men from Boston was of the severest type. Dr. Muck's programmes often have been puzzles. They never seem made by any set rule. He evidently wants during the season to play something for every class represented in the audience, laying special stress on German music always.

Last night there was no doubt he was making his appeal to the highest of "high-brows"—to the seasoned listener. The deepest and most scholarly symphony of the most severely classical composers of recent years, the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, and the most powerful of the tone poems of Richard Strauss, "Tod und Verklarung" (Death and Transfiguration) were the works designed to satisfy [illegible]

Of course, there was a little Schumann and Dvorak thrown in to round off the programme and to relieve the tension caused by the more serious numbers. No soloist was present to share the applause with Dr. Muck and his men, which, after the symphony, was tremendous. Few conductors seem to get so much out of the music of Brahms as he. The climaxes were played with extraordinary force. The work of the orchestra was well worth the applause it received.

Not less moving was the interpretation of the Strauss tone poem. Performances by the Philharmonic Society of the same work have been, perhaps, more polished, but not so forceful. The loud crashes of the brass, which were not always absolutely in tune, were not of the kind to make the hearer want to hold his ears, as are many such climaxes in smaller halls, but they had a striking fulness.

"Tod und Verkl Arung," composed when Strauss was only twenty-five years old, seems to have marked his highest achievement. Probably there is no more perfect piece of programme music in existence. Its pictures of a man fighting against Death are among the most striking in all the field of descriptive music, and to many Strauss at twenty-five was a greater composer than the Strauss of to-day. No other modern orchestra work holds its own so well with the music of Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner.

The "Manfred" overture of Schumann and, at the close of the concert, Dvorak's "Husitska" were played. The Boston Orchestra will appear again to-morrow afternoon with a different programme.

TELEGRAPH,

NOVEMBER 5,

1884

DR. MUCK LEADS BRAHMS SYMPHONY

Boston Musicians Heard in Superb Rendering of Work of Celebrated "Classicist."

STRANGE REMARKS ABOUT KEY

Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Schumann's Manfred Are Also Heard.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

The Boston Symphony Society gave the first concert of its annual New York season last night at Carnegie Hall. There was a large house, which, for all its well-guided enthusiasm, has not cured itself of its suburban habit of chattering loudly during the pauses between the movements of the symphony.

I had the honor of discovering, between the allegro giocoso and the allegro energico and passionato, that Bill's socks were red, silk and too small, and that the baby had the eczema. Then, reader, I did looke uponne the booke of Phyl de Hale, which every Boston symphoniac reads diligently and quotes next morning at breakfast, astonishing largely with his piquant musical erudition.

The symphony played was Brahms's Fourth. I am told that Brahms is coming into his own. Those who have loved Brahms since they first heard him, are like Hippoclides, in the quaint old tale. Hippoclides, shortly before his marriage indulged in a dance that savored of errotic extremism. His prospective father said to him: "Hippoclides, thou hast danced thy wife away." The young man replied nonchalantly: "Hippoclides does not care." Nor do we Brahmsites care. If persons are beginning to like the Fourth Symphony thirty years after it was written, it is they who are coming into their own, not Brahms. Had he been living I do not think he would have cared either. He lived in a world of his own.

Tonality of Symphony.

There has been some talk as to whether Brahms used the key of E Minor as the tonality of this symphony to organize a mood of bleak Autumnal sadness. There are those who attach to the various keys certain definite impressions and qualities; G. Minor is melancholy, shy; C Sharp Minor is brutal and sinister; C Major must be very burgeois because it is described by the tono-maniacs as simple, naive, flat and commonplace. It is the Harlem among keys.

As for the idea that Brahms used the key of E Minor to diffuse a spirit of melancholy, Mr. Philip Hale tells us that Hugo Reimann held that E Minor is the tonality of the Fall of the year. Another tonal metaphysician from Nephelococcygia, or Cloud Cuckoo Town, held that the key of E Minor suggests Summer and hot days and harvest wreaths. I propose that such cloud cuckoos as discuss these fantastical and Aquinatian questions should make quite a devoted study of Jonathan Swift's description of Gulliver's voyage to Laputa and his sojourn there.

Splendid Playing.

As for the second movement andante moderato I venture to feel that it contains the finer breath and spirit of music and that, according to Tolstoi's definition of an art work as that which, proceeding direct from the heart of the artist, goes right to the heart of the hearer, it achieves perfection. Brahms has written new things in the old forms. This is all that is meant by calling him a classic. He has been complained of in terms reminiscent of Elia as lacking in a certain condescension. Do we ask the Alps to condescend? Do we look for a wink from the Acropolis?

As for the meaning of symphony, I do not know what it means. What does a sunset mean, or the storms gathering over the sea of peaks at the head of [illegible]

[illegible] selves. The symphony was superbly played, as by masters. I can say no more. Other numbers on the programme were the "Manfred" Overture of Schumann's and Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration." Marshall Kernochan says that Strauss is getting hackneyed. That may be. But I fancy that the composer of "Salome" is not quite within the somewhat Virgilian sympathies of Dr. Muck.

NEW YORK TIMES.

NOVEMBER 5.

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THE SUN, FRIDAY,
NOVEMBER 5, 1915

BOSTON ORCHESTRA HEARD ONCE MORE

Brilliant Performance of Masterpieces by Brahms and Strauss.

The local orchestras having opened their seasons, it remained for the Boston Symphony Orchestra to come to town and give its first concert at Carnegie Hall last night. The auditorium was filled and there were the familiar expressions of pleasure at the reappearance of Dr. Karl Muck and his admirable body of musicians and of satisfaction at the beauty of the performance. The programme consisted of the E minor symphony of Brahms, the "Manfred" overture of Schumann, Richard Strauss's tone poem "Death and Transfiguration" and Dvorak's overture "Husitska." The list was too long by just this last number, for sufficient time had already been occupied, and, what was more important, a symmetrical and complete artistic scheme had been made.

But when interpretation rises to such a high plane as that of last evening minor sins should be condoned. Possibly those to whom the most chaste art is the most precious regretted that the playing of the orchestra rose to its supreme level in the tone poem of Strauss. The Brahms symphony was beautifully performed, but the orchestral virtuosity of Strauss opened the flood gates of the Bostonians' technic. Such a flow of gorgeously deep and exquisitely smooth orchestral tone must have refreshed and uplifted every soul.

Dr. Muck's skill in searching out the melodic idea in each page and bringing it to the hearer's attention without ever a touch of exaggeration or a distortion of the harmonic scheme is one of the most admirable of his qualities. In doing this he preserves to perfection the balance of tone, so that the instrumental song never acquires a rude exterior or an inner opacity. All is clear, transparent and nobly sonorous. His treatment of the great crescendo near the close of the Strauss work was a model of artistic discretion. It published all the splendors of the music and kept far away every suspicion of blatancy.

In this composition, as also in the symphony, the beautiful playing of the wind instruments, both wood and brass, was a continued joy. In phrasing, in shading, in balance and quality of tone the musicians left practically nothing to be desired. The Strauss work has never been presented here with more lucidity. The symphony was read as Dr. Muck always reads Brahms with the profoundest understanding and affection.

The Boston orchestra has lately sung its way from coast to coast and some of the Boston newspapers have rejoiced in that it has been accepted as a national institution. New York, gathering unto itself national significance in that calm assumption which sometimes irritates and often amuses the mighty West, long ago proclaimed the national importance of its accustomed visitor from Massachusetts.

Now at any rate New Yorkers may be pleased with the knowledge that the West and the gold coast have heard the lyric eloquence of the orchestra from the Back Bay. Let us hope that some day, when the swords of Europe have been sheathed again, this national orchestra may be heard in the concert halls on the other side of the Atlantic. With it may be carried the message that this body of musicians of all nations has throughout the dark days kept alive here the best traditions of the musical art of lands where art is silenced by the shrieking of the songs of battle.

BOSTON POST,
OCTOBER 30,

SYMPHONY CONCERT OF RARE WORTH

Gabrilowitsch's Playing of Remarkable Beauty

BY OLIN DOWNES

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, the first soloist of the season to appear with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, was soloist at the public rehearsal of this orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gabrilowitsch played the E minor concerto of Chopin, and his performance was unforgettable. It was one of those rare occasions when a work of art finds in its interpreter one whose equipment is without a flaw. Mr. Gab[illegible] rivals, and still fewer rivals, among the pianists of today. He is phenomenal in nearly all respects, and in none more so than his modesty in the presence of a work of art. As he played Chopin's concerto yesterday, so he plays everything that he touches, with the most remarkable insight into the meaning and the character of the music,—and with the utmost reverence toward the composer.

PURE TONE AND RHYTHM

It would be difficult to imagine, even from de Pachmann, a more truly Chopinesque performance. This was especially true as regarded the tone qualities and the beautiful nuances of rhythm which characterized the entire performance. How subtle and how natural was Mr. Gabrilowitsch's rubato! There are pianists who think that rhythm means beating time. Happily Mr. Gabrilowitsch is not of these. His rhythm was always there, and always felt—the inner life of the music. But this rhythm fluctuated like waves, like tides that obey unseen and ever-present laws. The right hand sang the tender and fragile melodies as freely and as spontaneously as any singer, and yet the melody floated securely, as one might say, on the fundamental pulse of the music.

Technically, tonally, this performance was fit for a volume in itself. There were no ugly notes. How combine such technical accuracy and such atmospheric beauty? Nor was there any effort to make a lovely and now old-style concerto anything which it was not. True, as regards technical details the pianist adopted on occasion the modern editing of certain passages, for the sake of the greater fullness and sonority which present conditions demand, but so far as essentials went, not a note was changed. Chopin, the early Chopin, was heard. Somehow he was enough and more than sufficient. as himself, without an apology or makeshift. The simplicity, the youthful and romantic character of the music, with its childlike and aristocratic grace were conveyed with magical understanding and resourcefulness. The pianist was recalled again and again and the concert thus lengthened by some minutes.

Berlioz's Great Overture

The orchestral compositions were Brahms' 4th symphony; Schumann's overture to Byron's "Manfred," and Berlioz's Overture, "La Carnaval Romain." The latter remains one of Berlioz's finest orchestral works, and the performance was of surpassing vividness and brilliancy. Berlioz's orchestra sparkles and explodes with Italian color and spirits. The melody of the introduction is one of the most beautiful in all of the composer's works. Schumann's "Manfred," introspective, passionate music, even if not the voice we might easily associate with the hero of Byron's poem, was interpreted with exceptional sympathy.

Brahms' Symphony may be acknowledged by posterity as the greatest of the four. If it is less epic than the first, it is also less grandiose, less personal, and of finer musical substance and finer proportions. Nor is it open to the charge of stupid plagiarism, as the first might be at the hands of the wits. Beethoven expressed the struggle between the individual and fate in the 5th symphony with a force of genius which obliterated, not only what came before, but most of what followed after. But the 4th symphony is wholly Brahms, whose immense virility is here tempered by a fine and contemplative attitude toward life which makes one think, perhaps, of autumn sunsets, and clear vigorous air, and nature who turns her eyes inwards for a season. The workmanship is past compare for its clearness as well as its strength. Thus there was heard one of the very great symphonies, which was heartily enjoyed by the audience, so that it called the orchestra as well as the conductor to its feet.

BOSTON JOURNAL—
OCTOBER 30,

SOLO STAR VIES WITH SYMPHONY

Gabrilowitsch and Orchestra Play Chopin Work Brilliantly.

Fortunate is the Symphony Orchestra this week to be able to present as the first soloist of the season Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, whose talent has now reached full bloom and who is in every respect an artist worthy of association with the orchestra.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, since his return from Europe, has shown himself to be a pianist whose technical and intellectual development has reached the point that qualifies him for admission to the always small number of musical artists of the first rank. His performance yesterday of the Chopin concerto in E minor possessed brilliant technical qualities and a depth of sympathy that raised it well-nigh to perfection on its interpretative side. It dazzled and charmed, as Chopin intended it should; and Gabrilowitsch proved himself virtuoso and poet. Now and then it happened [illegible] the efforts of soloist and or[illegible] exquisitely attuned. So it

But the orchestra, [illegible] by Dr. Muck, showed its own rare virtuosity in every number on this third program, which includes the fourth Brahms symphony, Schumann's "Manfred" overture and Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture. One of the overtures might well have been omitted, if the intention of the powers that be is to keep the concerts within reasonable limits. The impression was renewed that the Brahms symphony is kept alive by its second and third movements, which have beauty and vivacity; but yesterday the work of the orchestra glorified the uninspired but sonorous finale.

After tonight's concert, the orchestra will not be heard again until Friday, Nov. 12. The soloist at the fourth pair of concerts will be Mme. Melba. The orchestral program is to comprise Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar Symphony," Handel's concerto for wind and string orchestra, and a novelty in the form of a carnival overture, called "Princess Brambilla," by Walter Braunfels.

BOSTON GLOBE—
OCTOBER 30,

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Brahms' Fourth Played Dramatically.

Gabrilowitsch Recreates Chopin's Concerto.

The two concertos for piano and orchestra by Chopin have been said to show his shortness of breath in a large form, his unfamiliarity with the orchestra, the difficulty with which he developed ideas and sustained inspiration. Mr Gabrilowitsch played the one in E minor at the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon. His performance recreated this music in its tenderness, its exquisite melancholy, its buoyant vivacity, its pervading sensitiveness and poetry of spirit.

A great pianist and a great conductor inspired each other and reasonably were inspired by what they played. In other hands there would have been warrantable apprehension at such a choice. This is music of delicate pattern. In it is woven the grace of women, if also the nobility and fire of the man's soul. The orchestration, not pretentious sympathetically, not threatening to engulf the pianist or spurring him to prodigality of tone, was an appropriate accompaniment, a frame suitable to the picture.

Mr Gabrilowitsch treated the piano as an instrument built for the fragile and exquisite beauty of this music, not to propound problems of the mind nor tragic conflicts of soul, but the lively and graceful visions of a sweet and rare spirit. Dynamically, his performance was a sermon to all students of the instrument. There was a wide scale in shading, but the momentary flashes of tone were never excessive or incongruous, nor were the lighest whispers of the piano—as in the romance—too vaporous for the size of the room. It was piano playing of the deepest poetic perceptions, employing to their purpose a sovereign mastery of the instrument. The reception given Mr Gabrilowitsch was sweeping in its warmth.

The performance by Dr Muck of Brahms' fourth symphony was one of incomparable clearness, of discreet suppression of turgid inner voices, of admirable proportion, of stirring realization of the dramatic character to be found, particularly in the last movement.

Schumann's "Manfred," radiating the glow of the impassioned romanticist, and Berlioz' Roman Carnival overture, always of seizing brilliance, concluded the program. The orchestra will make its first Southern trip next week.

ADVERTISER,
OCTOBER 30,

SYMPHONY CONCERT OF NO NOVELTIES

Brilliant Soloist Gabrilowitsch Wins Veritable Triumph

DELIGHTFUL CONCERT NEEDS NO REVIEW

Brahms' E Minor Symphony Full of Interest and Even Exaltation

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Brahms—Fourth Symphony.
Schumann—"Manfred" Overture.
Chopin—E minor Piano Concerto.
Pianist—Ossip Gabrilowitsch.
Berlioz—"Carnaval Romaine" overture.

The third concert brought forth no novelties, but a brilliant soloist. After all, the old compositions wear well in "these most brisk and giddy-paced times," and the earnest lover of orchestral music may have felt refreshed to drink in the quieter tone-colors (if one can drink colors) of Brahms or Schumann after the more vivid tints of Strauss, Liszt, Enesco and Loeffler. In spite of the rapid changes which take place in musical fashions we feel safe in saying that Brahms is as secure as Bach or Beethoven of permanency in the repertoire. There is so much t[illegible] each of his symphonies, that they never fade with repetition, and whether it be the wonderfully intellectual first, the pastoral second, the heroic third, or the freely-treated fourth, each one has its peculiar charm, although the fourth is the least important of the series.

"Happy are those nations which have no histories," and delightful are those concerts which need no explanatory reviews. There is nothing new to say about Brahms' E minor symphony. The slow movement, with its quaint mingling of major and minor, the finale with its great variations, are full of interest and even of exaltation for ever yauditor. To hear such a work played as our orchestra performs it is a lofty enjoyment. Was there ever a simpler theme used for variation than the Passacaglia of the finale? It is almost a mere scale. But it is treated in a manner which goes even beyond Beethoven's symphonic variation finales. One begins to feel that Von Bulow did not exaggerate when he included Brahms in the "three great Bs" that summed up all that was very great in music. If Brahms had only been able to balance a little more of emotion against his great intellect there would be no question as to his place among the very first. The reading by Dr. Muck was sensible and straightforward, although, with the exception of the noble andante, the symphony appeals more to the head than to the heart. It was very greatly applauded.

During the Schumann overture we were still in a world from which awful dissonances, complex cross rhythms, and lurid, blinding tone-colors were absent. Yet none of our modern musical St. Vitus dancers, with all their spasms, can go beyond the impressive character of this overture. Nor is there in the repertoire a finer contrast than that between the brooding, heaven-defying Manfred, and the sweet and gentle Astarte, the first and second themes of this work. The themes were given as splendid foils to each other, Dr. Muck making the most of the fierce syncopations of the first, and violins and woodwind playing most eloquently in the second. The call of the trumpets also deserves praise for its effective shading. If there is anything that may be compared with the intensity of Wagner's Fate-motive it is these trumpet chords. Nor is this overture all emotion, since it has a great amount of figure treatment—the intellectual side of music,—and the Coda, with its return of the syncopated Manfred theme, but weakened and stricken, combined with the Astarte figure, ending with one of the pianissimo effects which Dr. Muck always makes the most of, carried out the Byronic lines—

> He's gone. His soul hath ta'en his earthless flight
> Whither? I dread to think; but he is gone.

This is probably Schumann's greatest overture, even though the "Genoveva" be the more popular.

Now came the pianist, and the audience gave him a most hearty welcome. There had been a waiting line of "rush" auditors, two blocks long, on his account. After all a concerto should be but a three-movement symphony with a thread of solo interwoven, and the concerto-player fits into the orchestral scheme far better than the opera singer who pulls us from the concert to the foot-light favor. But Chopin's two concertos are far less symphonic or orchestral than they ought to be. They are piano solos with an orchestral accompaniment. It is comical to think that this concerto was dedicated to the dry-as-dust Kalkbrenner, who wanted to teach Chopin piano, which is about as good as if Bryan aspired to teach Plato philosophy.

We, nevertheless, could have wished the poetic Gabrilowitsch a better work than the E minor concerto. The first movement is good, the finale better, the Larghetto honey poured over sugar,—rather cloying. The pianist made the most of the finale, but we could have wished for something greater, the Schumann concerto, or Beethoven's fourth, for example.

Nevertheless, the elastic, free vein in which he took the work was sure to carry it to success. He played with a surety that bred a sense of security in the audience and made the performance triumphant. The ensemble was throughout perfect. The Rondo (the Finale) was bright and joyous and seemed bubbling over with happiness, so that the final climax was succeeded by an outburst of spontaneous enthusiasm that proved that the audience had been most closely "en rapport" with the artist. The recalls were too numerous to count.

At the end we came to the modern school at last. Not the awful school of Stravinsky, Schoenberg, or Holbrooke, but the work of the founder of modern programme music, the pioneer of the modern many-tinted orchestra. Berlioz's "Carnaval Romaine" overture is the best of his eight works in this form. It is also probably his most tuneful one, since the Salterello, fully explained by Mr. Hale in the programme book, is about as rhythmic as a two-step or a tango. The English horn was excellently played, and we ought not to forget that it was Berlioz who first revealed the brooding melancholy of this instrument and first gave it its true place in the orchestra. The violas, too, whose tone-color is to the strings what the English horn is to the wood-wind (a pe[illegible] choly), did excellent work in the [illegible] part of this overture.

The wild, chromatic rushes of the wood-wind instruments, which introduce the carnival, the fierce crashes which interrupt the merriment, the tamborines, cymbals, and all the saturnalia of gaiety at the close worked up a fine climax to the most beautiful, the most melodic concert that we have had in a long while.

the World

BOSTON HERALD.

OCTOBER 30, 1915

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Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave a memorable performance of this work. While they brought out the inexorable spirit of the first movement and the Finale, the Andante was sung tenderly and the scherzo played with such spirit that there was a human touch, not merely the "noise" of which Brahms himself spoke in a letter. Nevertheless, with the best will in the world we cannot, unlike Mr. Kalbeck, see in the scherzo a picture of the carnival at Milan or any other Italian city.

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From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date NOV 7 - 1915
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THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

A Lesson in the Interpretation of Beethoven Music.

TWO CONTRASTED SYMPHONIC POEMS

Loeffler's Illumination of a Dramatic Poem by Maeterlinck.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

The emotional high-light at yesterday's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra shone in the performance of Loeffler's "Le Mort de Tintagiles"; the large educational lesson, so far as the present orchestral situation in New York is concerned, was conveyed by the performance of Beethoven's seventh symphony. The time ought to have been passed long ago when a performance of this familiar classic would call for comment, because it was read in the direct, straightforward, unaffected manner which not only proclaims its dignified and noble beauty, but also publishes its poetical contents. But it is not. No conductor so small of comprehension and large of pretension (the attributes are generally consorted) but he thinks it his privilege to distort its tempos, disfigure its phrases and maltreat its nuances in order, as he thinks, to heighten its significance. As if Beethoven, the most consummate poet in music that ever lived, had not written down his purposes in symbols unmistakable to every sincere musician capable of reading them and of feeling the sentiment which in the composer's opinion they were able to express! Beethoven's page offers no bar to the imagination; it is an open field on which fancy may roam, a limitless expanse in which it may take its flight. But it sets bounds to the foolish conceits of pedants and puts to naught the efforts of those who would alter it for their own vainglory. And so it was a refreshment to the honest soul yesterday when Dr. Muck permitted Beethoven to be Beethoven instead of presenting him as Beethoven plus Muck. The conductor from Boston and his men left nothing as food for the cavilers. They poured out the glorious music gloriously, as if believing the word they were glad to speak it with all the eloquence that was within them. And they had their reward, for their hearers bore testimony with them to its beauty.

There was other music in the programme besides the symphony and Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem; but it need not detain us. Ravel's "Ma Mëre l'Oye" thrown in as a tidbit between them and Liszt's "Preludes" was a superabundant offering at the close, like Dvorak's "Husitzka" overture on Thursday evening. Ravel's infantine pieces have been made familiar to us since Walter Damrosch introduced them two or three seasons ago. They are astonishingly clever but would probably appeal more to the average fancy if a more suggestive title could be found for them. Mother Goose belongs to English children whether of small or large growth, and has nothing to tell us of the things which occupy the attention of Mére l'Oye. Hop o' my Thumb does not belong to her family, nor the Sleeping Beauty, nor the Princess who fell in love with the Beast; and the children brought upon the English fairy tales and Grimm's never heard of the Chinese porcelain princess whose head rocked so prettily in obedience to a touch. Hop o' my Thumb's adveture in losing his way in the forest because the birds ate the crumbs which he had ropped in the hope that they would do the service of Ariadne's Thread, belongs to the story of Hansel and Gretel, not to the Jack the Giant Killer series as one might think. The doings of the delightful creatures of the French nursery are exquisitely told in Ravil's music, but it does not sing to us of Mother Goose, who is nothing if not English.

But as to the piece with the bright lights. If there were not a curb upon our enthusiasm (a purely artistic, not at all patriotic, enthusiasm), we should almost say that "Le Mort de Tintagiles" is one of the finest pieces of programmatic music with which we are ecquainted, a fit companion in its poetical expressiveness of Debussy's "L' Aprés-midi d'un Faune" and of much greater depth and loveliness in its mood and feeling. It had its first performance in Boston in January, 1898, when The Tribune's reviewer heard it. The composition was something a litle different then from what it is now. Through it there ran *obbligato* parts for two viole d'amore, which on its production were played by the composer and Mr. Franz Kneisel. When Mr. Loeffler revised it for publication he yielded to practical considerations and eliminated one of the *obbligato* instruments. We are sorry for that. The help which their peculiarly sympathetic timbre gave to the music designed to give voice to the ill-starred children of Maeterlinck's marionette play cannot well be described; it must be left to the imagination. It was felt in an insufficient measure by Mr. Farrir's playing of the single instrument yesterday; for he kept the part too [illegible]

It is truly a [illegible] composition, this tone poem, and only to be und tood fully and felt after a reading Maeterlinck's poem. Those who, ind by the title, turn to the Arthu legends for an explanation will their research unavailing. The po which employs symbols much be than "Pelléas et Mélisande," has n ing to do with the castle Tintagil which Arthur was born, nor w Ygraine, his mother. All that Maet linck borrowed from the old legend these two names, and to these he gi a wholly new significance. In his sy bolical play Tintagiles is a prince is brought across the water to a rui castle on an island around which sea waters roar, where an old que his grandmother, lives, and also two sisters. Nobody ever sees the of the old queen, who has been cra by the desire to rule, except her two maids, who are as wicked as she. At night Tintagiles is torn from the arms of his sister Ygraine, who loves him wildly, and done to death while she is madly attempting to tear down an iron door which separates him from her. The last desperately hurried dialogue of the little ones and their kisses on the cruel barrier between them form the climax of the musical composition, which begins with a delineation of the gloomy place to which Tintagiles has been brought, so that he might be put out of the way of the wicked queen's ambition, the stormy sea dashing against the rocks below, and the cries of the little ones. It needed not the rhythmic rhetoric of Maeterlinck to make the subject pathetic and to lift it into a province fit for music; but the literary investiture of the story played its part in inspiring Mr. Loeffler to music of singular poignancy and beauty, as did, also, the death of a younger brother which occurred at the time when the poem came into his hands. It is a composition with which few latter day works can measure themselves.

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LOEFFLER MUSIC AROUSES PLEASURE

"La Mort de Tintagiles" Given Once More by the Boston Orchestra.

RAVEL'S "MOTHER GOOSE

The first matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegi Hall yesterday afternoon was attende by an audience which filled the house The programme was one of variety an value. It comprised Beethoven's seventh symphony, Ravel's suite, "Ma Mer l'Oye"; Loeffler's dramatic poem, "La Mort de Tintagiles," and Liszt's "Les Preludes." Dr. Muck's reading of the familiar A major symphony of Beethoven had features which might stir a musical Puritan to questionings, but there was no sound reason for discomfort.

Dr. Muck is a German, and in recent years German musicians have shown a fondness for slow tempi. The first movement of the symphony, the first publication of the chief melodic material of the second and the opening of the scherzo were all taken deliberately. Doubtless some felt the want of a certain incisiveness, especially in the scherzo, and there was no doubt that the allegretto began heavily. But since the distinguished doctor indulged in some changes of pace in his delivery it may be said that his tempi were interesting; and that since they did not thwart the artistic purposes of Beethoven they were justified. In finish the orchestral performance of the symphony was most admirable.

Maurice Ravel's "Mother Goose" is a pretty scheme of orchestral color, and it is not without fancy. But it is very tenuous in musical texture. A much better composition in the same musical province was played by the New York Symphony Society on Friday and will be repeated to-day. This is John Alden Carpenter's suite "Adventures in a Perambulator," and the only reason for dragging it into this story is the fact that it was written by an American.

Charles Martin Loeffler's composition "The Death of Tintagiles" wears very well. It has its dull moments, and the voice of the viole d'amour, which sings the sorrows of "the little, ill starred boy," is sometimes ineffective in the midst of the orchestral chorus. But the composition as a whole has musical beauty and eloquence and it gives a brilliant utterance to the tragic moods of Maeterlinck's drama. In workmanship too it is a most excellent example of form. The substructure of the work is built of two principal themes and one secondary, against which are projected themes representing the deadly queen, the child and other forces in the drama.

"La Mort de Tintagiles" is, in its composer's opinion, "a youthful work"—it is his opus 6—but it holds its place close to his later creations, which have perhaps a deeper intellectuality and a profounder mastery of materials, but little more imagination and directness of utterance. Mr. Loeffler, born an Alsatian, has lived many years in the United States. He is a naturalized American and has brought distinction to the musical art of his adopted country. Dr. Muck has long been a fervent admirer of the productions of Mr. Loeffler and he interpreted the one on yesterday's programme with enthusiasm and knowled

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From HERALD
Address: New York City
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Established:

Dr. Muck's Men, Without Soloist, Charm Hearers

Enthusiasm Particularly Marked After Beethoven's Seventh Symphony—Ensemble Work Faultless.

No soloist graced yesterday afternoon's first matinee programme of the Boston Symphony's present season at Carnegie Hall, but the audience suffered no shrinkage in numbers on this account. The listeners' enthusiasm was particularly marked after the Beethoven Seventh Symphony, when the orchestra's conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, bowed his own acknowledgements and then asked the orchestra to rise and express its gratitude.

Small wonder, the outburst, for the symphony was wonderfully played. The ensemble work of the players was almost faultless in balance of choirs, the playing of the solo instruments again convincing the hearers that this truly is an orchestra of virtuosi.

Then came Joseph Maurice Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite, which has been played here by the New York Symphony Society. The music originally was written to amuse some children; then it was piano music; now it is a skilfully scored, fantastic orchestral suite, but it still amuses, particularly the movement called "Conversations of Beauty and the Beast." After this piece there was heard, after years of neglect, Charles Martin Loeffler's dramatic poem "La Mort de Tintagiles," written eighteen years ago, at which time it seemed to out-Debussy Debussy. Yesterday it proved that the ravages of time had made small inroads upon the effectively scored and poetically conceived writing, although its Maeterlinckian sense of mystery seemed to have evaporated. Finally there came Liszt's jubilant "Les Preludes," brilliantly played.

It was a programme of right length, representative of many schools and most admirably played.

From STANDARD UNION
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MELBA GREETED WITH BOSTONIANS

Famous Prima Donna Sings Handel and Mozart Arias at the Academy.

OLD MEMORIES AWAKENED.

Incomparable Orchestra Plays Programme Curiously Built.

Memories of a bygone golden age of sopranos were awakened at the Academy of Music last night when Nellie Melba sang to the accompaniment of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Opera House was filled with a flood of florid song such as perhaps never before has it known. Melba occasioned the only moments of genuine enthusiasm for a big and smart audience, for though the entire programme in its execution was one of rare artistry, the delights were more intellectual than emotional, with the restraining, calcuating baton of Karl Muck ever repressing fanciful flights.

Melba's first appearance came after the orchestra, opening its season here with a house again sold out long in advance, had played Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and had revealed tonal purity and clarity of a sort to thrill even a community so accustomed to instrumental excellence as this. The symphony is Beethoven's shortest, and last night it took just a half hour to play. The playful "allegretto scherzando" that forms the second movement and the minuet of the third demonstrated Beethoven's lighter mood at its best. The symphony was played with precision and harmonies of appealing beauty, but never with any sustained flow of eloquence.

Melba Sings "Sweet Bird."

Then on came Melba, a figure pleasantly ample in robe of vivid sunset hue, with tiers of glittering diamonds at her throat and in her hair. Nothing more modern than Handel and Mozart were the songs that she sang. The first was a quaint "sweet bird that shun'st the sounds of folly; so musical, so melancholy," in which the obligato of a flute served as background for her trills and arpeggios. After she had yielded to the orchestra for a half hour she favored [illegible], this time with two Mozartian [illegible] from "The [illegible]

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in the World

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From SUN
Address: New York City
Date OV 7 - 1915
Esta 84

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BOSTON HERALD.

OCTOBER 30, 1915

THIRD PUBLIC REHEARSAL BY THE SYMPHONY

Brahms, Schumann, Chopin and Berlioz Figure in Program of Afternoon.

By **PHILIP HALE.**

The Third Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E minor, No. 4	Brahms
Overture to "Manfred"	Schumann
Pianoforte Concerto in E minor	Chopin
Roman Carnival Overture	Berlioz

Brahms had grave doubts about his fourth symphony. Writing from a village in Styria to Elisabet von Herzogenberg, who was for some years his Egeria and by no means given to unstinted praise, he said: "I rather fear it has been influenced by this climate, where the cherries never ripen." Later he doubted whether she would have the patience to sit through the finale. He mentioned the "acerbity" of the music to Buelow. When the symphony was played in a version for piano (four hands), he was discouraged, because those invited apparently did not like it. Kalbeck, who fondly believed in the plenary inspiration of Brahms's music, thinks the symphony pictures the tragedy of human life

The music is for the most part depressing. Brahms was more than once given to whining in tones. He could be nobly tragic—witness the overture performed at the first concert this season. But this symphony is written in the spirit of Ecclesiastes—vanity, vanity, all is vanity. There is one end for man and beast. This end is the grave. A live dog is better than a dead hero. We shall all be "damnably mouldy a hundred years hence." Nor is there the reassuring Finale of the symphony in C minor.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave a memorable performance of this work. While they brought out the inexorable spirit of the first movement and the Finale, the Andante was sung tenderly and the scherzo played with such spirit that there was a human touch, not merely the "noise" of which Brahms himself spoke in a letter. Nevertheless, with the best will in the world we cannot, unlike Mr. Kalbeck, see in the scherzo a picture of the carnival at Milan or any other Italian city.

Does any one read "Manfred" today? The play, although Byron never intended it for the theatre, is read on the stage occasionally with Schumann's music. Early in 1912 the tragedy in a French version was acted at the Monte Carlo Theatre with the music. Perhaps it is hard for us now to understand the influence of Byron throughout Europe, or the important part he played in the romantic movement. To the members of Browning clubs Manfred no doubt seems, as Hazlitt said, merely Byron himself "with a fancy drapery on." Yet it might have been better for England if Byron had remained her favorite poet.

To some Shumann's overture is as old fashioned in its remanticism as the tragedy. They ask you to note how Tschaikowsky treated "Manfred." Yet we find all of Schumann and much of Byron in this overture, and we shudder to think what an ultra-modern German would do with the subject. There is a wildness in Schumann's music, a passion, a beauty of expression in the portraiture of Astarte, that are missing in Tschaikowsky's symphony with all its thunder and guns. Your ultra modern composer would have all his little labels ready. How he would dwell on the Incest motive!

Chopin's concerto in E minor had not been performed at a Symphony Concert since November, 1906, when Mme. Szumowska was the pianist. It is not for a huge hall. Some pianists endeavor to turn it into a heroic piece and use a later orchestration than Chopin's. Heroic, while the music does not allow the adjective, although there has been much chatter of late about the "greater," the "heroic" Chopin, and pianists therefore storm and pound, whereas the composer himself was a delicate player whose fortissimo was only the forte of the average pianist. Mr. Gabrilowitsch was faithful to tradition. Consequently his performance in Symphony Hall put the concerto in miniatures. Admirable as it would have been in a smaller room, the performance was often necessarily ineffective. The excellent qualities of Mr. Gabrilowitsch were gladly recognized; his charming fluency, his irreproachable technic, his nice appreciation of nuances, his unfailing sense of proportion; but the performance was not emotional. It could not be; the pianist was too remote, the music was heard as at a great distance; the musical fluid could not enwrap the hearer.

There will not be any concerts next week. The program of Nov. 12-13 is as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Antar"; Braunfels, overture "Princess Brambilla" (first time here); Handel, "Sweet Bird" (Mme. Melba); Handel, Concerto for two wind choirs and strings; Mozart, "Porgi amor" and "Voi che sapete" (Mme. Melba).

From TRIBUNE
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THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

A Lesson in the Interpretation of Beethoven Music.

TWO CONTRASTED SYMPHONIC POEMS

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There was other music in the programme besides the symphony and Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem; but it need not detain us. Ravel's "Ma Mëre l'Oye" thrown in as a tidbit between them and Liszt's "Preludes" was a superabundant offering at the close, like Dvorak's "Husitzka" overture on Thursday evening. Ravel's infantine pieces have been made familiar to us since Walter Damrosch introduced them two or three seasons ago. They are astonishingly clever but would probably appeal more to the average fancy if a more suggestive title could be found for them. Mother Goose belongs to English children whether of small or large growth, and has nothing to tell us of the things which occupy the attention of Mére l'Oye. Hop o' my Thumb does not belong to her family, nor the Sleeping Beauty, nor the Princess who fell in love with the Beast; and the children brought upon the English fairy tales and Grimm's never heard of the Chinese porcelain princess whose head rocked so prettily in obedience to a touch. Hop o' my Thumb's adveture in losing his way in the forest because the birds ate the crumbs which he had ropped in the hope that they would do the service of Ariadne's Thread, belongs to the story of Hansel and Gretel, not to the Jack the Giant Killer series as one might think. The doings of the delightful creatures of the French nursery are exquisitely told in Ravil's music, but it does not sing to us of Mother Goose, who is nothing if not English.

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STANDARD UNION
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NOV 6

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[illegible] Melba, the orchestra [illegible] Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles," a modernized tone-poem in the spirit of Maeterlinck. It was rather an agile mental leap the auditors were asked to accomplish—from the atmosphere of Handel to that of Loeffler and back again without blinking to Mozart. Yet it has become recognized as a characteristic of Dr. Muck's programmes, this sandwiching together of incongruities, and last night it had its usual effect of bewildering rather than inspiring its hearers.

A Performance to Be Remembered.

The performance of the up-to-date work by the Bostonians will not easily be forgotten. Again there was gorgeous tone and a mighty climax was effected. Surely never was such perfection of brasses and woodwind, always in perfect accord. The spirit of tragedy as conceived by Maeterlinck could ask for no better interpreter than this incomparable orchestra.

Brasses were again eloquent and triumphant in the orchestra's finale, the familiar and beloved "Les Preludes" of Liszt. This after-piece served adequately as dessert for the indigestible combinations that had preceded it and sent the audience home in an amiable mood. As in other years the first appearance of the Boston orchestra was the occasion for a notable audience and the added attraction caused the presence of several rows of standees.

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date 6 - 1915

B'KLYN CHARMED BY MME. MELBA

Appears with Boston Symphony Orchestra.

SINGS BRILLIANTLY AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Combination a Rich Treat for the Lovers of Music—An Excellent Programme, Well Rendered Throughout.

Madame Nellie Melba was the star last evening at the first of a series of five Philharmonic concerts which are being held this season at the Academy of Music by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and, like all the beautiful stars, she varied considerably in both tone and strength of her coloring. Whatever slight measure of regret might have been felt by the great audience that filled the opera house to its capacity, that the beloved diva did not exercise more discrimination in the selection of her first number, was swept away by the finesse and exquisite sympathy with which she rendered the two remaining numbers.

Hers is too great a soul to be won to the surface with the cajolry of one number, be it as enticing as it may. The zenith of beauty of her voice is reached only through a programme of ascendancy. And it was little more than a glimpse of this perfection that last night's audience won. But what a glimpse it was! Her first number, Handel's "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," was beautiful, but with a beauty as lifeless as granite, as white as alabaster and as cold as marble. It was strikingly reminiscent of Keats. The "bard of beauty" sounded the same note.

Perhaps it was the influence of a singularly splendid orchestral number that intervened. At any rate, on her return Mme. Melba was distinctly more responsive, more spontaneous. Two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro" concluded her programme. The first, "Porgi Amor," just hinted to the music lovers thronging the hall to what heights she could rise. It was lit in passages with flashes of warmth and throbbed with a sweet, subdued tenderness. Then the prediction was fulfilled. In her third number, "Voi Che Sapete," the great soprano was once more herself. It was the old Melba, the Melba who set the world afire with the music of her voice. No depths and no heights characterized the number. Not the most ignorant could term it intricate. Yet, sung by Melba, it became a miracle of melody. It charmed the ear with its vivacity, the heart with its natural freshness. The mould was as flawless as a piece of Dresden china, the shading as subtle as the petal of a blown rose. She was generously, though not tumultuously, applauded at the close of her programme, and bowed to encore appeals five times.

Easily the best orchestra number was Loeffler's "La Mort de Tintagiles." This dramatic poem, after Maeterlinck's drama, showed up the gifted musicians at their very best. Its structure is erratic, impulsive and punctuated with surprises. From the burst like a thunderbolt in opening to the last crash of chords some fifteen minutes later, the orchestra maintained a wonderful and noble height.

This thunderbolt referred to was followed by a sonorous rolling passage which was interpreted with alert sympathy and rhythm. It visualized a brilliant, royal procession. Leaping into a captivating tilt, the melody shot up and burst, like a shooting star, into a veritable rain of surprises. Chord upon chord rang with superb resonance throughout. Under the fervent influence of the musicians the melody flashed and scintillated with

[illegible] for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Especially memorable was the ending. A magnificent cluster of chords was followed by a sudden drop. The melody became as demure as a kitten, dying away at last, like a thinning trail of smoke, into the air.

It was a happy thought that moved Dr. Karl Muck, who conducted with a fine vigor and sentiment, to close his concert with Liszt's "Les Preludes." This tone poem, running as it does the gamut of human emotions, was an ideal vehicle. And so it proves. From the first wistful, yearning bars, through the whisper of the violins, denoting love, the sob of the 'cello expressing sorrow, and the light, running frolic that bespoke refined abandon, to the hope, ascendancy and triumphant realization which blazed through the finale, the number was strikingly rich in color, true in its ideal and consistent in structure.

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date NOV 8 - 1915

LOEFFLER MUSIC BY SYMPHONISTS

Boston Orchestra Offers Perfect Rendering of Beethoven and Ravel and Then Play—Loeffler.

WROTE "DEATH OF TINTAGILES"

John Alden Carpenters New Suite, "In a Perambulator," Conducted by Walter Damrosch.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Yes, I knew it. I knew it. We were bound to have him and we got him Saturday. Whom? Where? Charles Martin Loeffler, the Medfield, Mass., meloplasterer, at Carnegie Hall, at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Carl Muck conducting. First there came an hour of delightful music, the Eighth of Beethoven and a delicate and delicious suite by the modernist Ravel, and then, crash, thunder, the 'Ercles vein, torn cats, all split, mingled with the pathetico-slobber, the pomposo-magnificent, and the mystico-plangent. This was "The Death of Tintagiles," a symphonic poem by the composer I have just mentioned. It is a peculiarity of modern writers of music who have nothing to say that they require a long time and a lot of new or far-fetched instruments in which to say it.

There was a time when Mr. Loeffler called for two violes d'amour and a double bass clarinet as among the weapons wherewith he accomplished the death of Tintagiles. He has since modified these plethoric demands. When one notices the fantastic and affected instrumentation of many of the latter-day composers, one thinks of what Beethoven did with an old-fashioned orchestra, and one shrugs one's shoulders. Indeed I feel that Beethoven could make an appeal to us greater than most of the "new" writers, with a concerto written for two jewsharps and a fireplug. Do not think I am scurrilous.

Justifiable Anger.

I am only angry. Like Figaro in Beaumarchais's comedy, I am only laughing so that I should not cry. Here is the most beautiful orchestra in all the world, led by a master, devoting a substantial fraction of the twenty short but long-awaited hours that they vouchsafe to New York to musical moonshine like "The Death of Tintagiles." What are we to Tintagiles, or Tintagiles to us, that we should weep for him? Flat-chested women from Natick and lonely matrons from Jamaica Plains may work themselves into mediaeval brain jags over Bellangere, and Ygraine, and Volauvent and other such Maeterlinckian characters, as interpreted by Mr. Loeffler.

We are made of sterner stuff. And as I struggled through Mr. Loeffler's endless ploddings and ineffectual pluckings at the fleeing skirts of a sullen and disdainful Muse yesterday I ventured to conclude that he had been successful in at least one thing. He had added another character to the poetic list of Maeterlinck's mellifluously named heroines. Mr. Loeffler's contribution is Mygraine. Again I am laughing, jeering, so that I should not cry.

Boston Cunning.

I have no doubt that half Boston pester Dr. Muck to play Loeffler—he is an acclimatized exotic there—while the other half dexterously and maliciously suggest that he should play Loeffler in New York, so that they should have the double pleasure of avoiding him themselves and inflicting him on us.

To speak plainly, this composition depressed the audience from the mood of exaltation and pleasurable excitement to which Beethoven and Ravel had roused them. We fidgeted, imprecated, studied the etymology of the word Pavane, and hoped that Mr. Loeffler had finally perorated. Some slept. But not I. Why not? Sleep also is a criticism.

[40]

From TIMES
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date NOV 6 - 1915

MELBA NIGHT AT SYMPHONY

Boston Orchestra and Prima Donna Divide Honors.

SINGER IN FINE VOICE

Dr. Karl Muck Leads His Musicians Ably as Ever.

When the curtain went up every seat was occupied and there were three tiers of standees at the back. Dr. Karl Muck was in his accustomed place and responded cordially to the enthusiastic greeting of the large audience. Madame Melba, the soloist of the evening, was in fine voice and most gracious mood, and returned half a dozen times after each number to thank her admirers for their appreciation.

The first number on the program was Beethoven's Symphony in F Major, No. 8, in four movements, for which the orchestra received long continued applause. Then Melba made her appearance, looking incredibly young and handsome in a gown of rose satin and silver. She sang "Sweet Bird that Shun'st the Noise of Folly," from Handel's "L'Allegro, il Pensero ed il Moderato," with flute obligato by Andre Maquarre. The selection was an admirable one for the exposition of the peculiarly bird-like tones of her voice and she seemed, in truth, the bird of which she sang. She quite brought down the house at the close, but refused to take the calls alone and smilingly thrust Mr. Maquarre to the front of the stage.

The most charming number on the program was Loeffler's "Le Mort de Tintagiles," the dramatic poem after the drama by Maurice Maeterlinck. It is a fairy tale full of danger and adventure which the music, exquisite in its softness and magnificent in volume, epxressed faithfully. One could feel keenly the despair of poor little Tintagiles and the anxiety of his helpless sister and finally his death and her hopeless despair.

The second time Melba appeared she gave two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro—"Porgi Amor" and "Voi, Che sapete"—by Mozart. The latter had that peculiarly soft, yet inspiring quality of church music and was a delightful contrast to the rest of the program. The last orchestral number was the symphonic poem by Liszt, "Les Preludes," after Lamartine.

The orchestra has lost none of its old-time eloquence and perfection and Dr. Muck's masterly handling of his players still stands supreme. The next concert of the Boston Symphony will be given Friday evening, December 5, with Fritz Kreisler, violinist, as soloist.

From EAGLE
Address Brooklyn N. Y.
Date NOV 6 - 19

and "Policeman."

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

Dr. Muck and Melba Warmly Welcomed at Academy.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its Brooklyn season at the Academy of Music last evening, with a gorgeous programme and a glorious house, every seat in the Academy having been sold for the concert. Last night, the standees at the back were unusually numerous and the house was extremely demonstrative. The programme opened with Beethoven's Eighth Symphony in F major, op. 93, which, of its composer's least impressive works has yet a charm and buoyancy about its second movement and a grace in its minuet which makes it worth more frequent hearings than conductors are wont to accord to it. Its beauty last night was enhanced by the lovely tone of the wood winds, which are prominent in the second movement and by the exquisite precision which marks all the work of this orchestra.

The novelty of the programme was an orchestral setting or interpretation of Maeterlinck's "The Death of Tin-

[illegible] highly imaginative

long a member of the [illegible] recognized in America as a leader of the modern French school of music. He has not attempted to follow the scenes of the play, but has created in tone a mood picture similar to the one which the poet astablished by his drama. The work opens with a passage representing the storm in which the drama is set, but it passes soon to the sorrow, fear and mystery which are the dominating qualities of the drama. These moods it publishes with a power lacking in the words upon the printed page and with an appeal of which the text of the drama has little. That may be due to the fact that the musician works in beautiful tone while some of the images of the poet, like the description of the fat Queen, are repulsive as well as terrible. In imagination the musician rises eagerly to meet the spirit of the most imaginative poet of our time and he proclaims his visions with authority through the use of the full resources of the modern orchestra. And Mr. Loeffler does not find it necessary to be tuneless on order to be impressive. His work seems, indeed, on a single hearing, to be one of the masterpieces of contemporary music, and it is to be hoped that Dr. Muck will give it to us again without too long an interval.

Perhaps the warmest welcome of the evening was accorded to Mme. Melba, who has found the fountain of perpetual youth and has come back to sing to us the music of Handel and Mozart, not merely with exquisite art but with a voice as fresh and sweet as when she first came among us. Handel's duets with the flute have grown to sound archaic, but the perfect ease and the exquisite purity of tone with which Melba sang the "Sweet Bird" roused the audience to enthusiasm. Even more lovely were the two songs from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," in which the Mozart legato was as perfectly sung as the Handelian trills had been. This opera is associated with some of the best singing of recent years in the opera house, but it is many a day since the "Voi che Sapete" has been sung there as it was sung last night. The tights of Cherubino are seldom combined with a vocal skill which can do full justice to this lovely lyric.

The programme closed with the always welcome symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," by Liszt, to which the orchestra brought a glorious fullness of noble tone at the climax.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City
Date OV 7 1915

Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a notably beautiful reading of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Ravel's "Ma Mère L'Oye," Loeffler's "The Death of Tintagiles," founded on the Maeterlinck play and Liszt's familiar symphonic poem "Preludes," completed a programme to which the greatest orchestra in the world gave full exppression.

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date

LECTURES ON MUSIC.

W. J. Henderson Talks at Academy on Concert's Programme.

W. J. Henderson lectured yesterday afternoon before the Brooklyn Institute on the programme which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play this evening at the first philharmonic concert of the season at the Academy of Music. Mr. Henderson devoted the major part of his lecture to a consideration of the dramatic poem "Le Mort de Tintagiles," by Charles Martin Loeffler, after the drama by Maeterlinck.

He gave a resume of the symphonic poem, relating the quaint, fanciful little story of the legendary boy, his sisters and the hideous Queen, and said that it was a picture of the striving soul of the boy. How the themes typified this was pointed out by Mr. Henderson, and parts of the symphonic poem were played by two young women, Miss Clara Rabinowitz and Miss Marion Kahn, who presented four-handed arrangement of the music, which had been prepared under the personal direction of the composer, Mr. Loeffler. Mr. Henderson said that Loeffler is an aristocrat in his composition, and though considered by many to be a disciple of the French school, has in reality a distinct individuality of his own.

The latter part of the lecture touched upon the eighth or "little" symphony of Beethoven, and Mr. Henderson told an interesting story of the tempos in which the movements were first played till Hans von Bulow, the conductor, played the symphony with a striking contrast in rythm. He became personally acquainted with Von Bulow and from him learned that he had received his knowledge of the right tempo from some one who played with Spohr, who had it direct from Beethoven.

Mr. Henderson did not discuss Liszt's "Les Preludes," which will be the last number on to-night's programme, saying that this composition was too familiar to need explanation.

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date NOV 7 - 1915

Boſtoner Symphonie-Konzert.

Dr. Muck hat uns im geſtrigen Nachmittagskonzert des Boſtoner Symphonie-Orcheſters eine Beethoven'ſche Siebente geſchenkt, die wie ein feuriger Hymnus durch den vollen Saal rauſchte. Mit gebührender Betonung der wechſelnden Lichter, die ſelbſt in dieſer friedlichen Symphonie nicht ſelten dem Düſteren zuneigen, führte er uns den feſtlichen Grundcharakter dieſes Werkes mit überzeugender Kraft und Feinheit vor. Das Finale überbot ſich förmlich an Steigerungen, um in unbeſchreiblich heller Pracht zu enden. Beifallsſtürme, wie man ſie bei Konzerten nicht allzuhäufig hört, brauſten durch den Saal, und Muck mußte viermal für den Beifall danken. Das wundervolle Orcheſter hat ſich wieder einmal mit Ruhm bedeckt.

Den Liszt'ſchen „Préludes" möchte ich ein beſonderes Plätzchen einräumen. Seit vielen Jahren ſchon iſt es ſozuſagen Mode geworden, über dieſes Werk des großen Weimaraners achſelzuckend hinwegzugehen oder etwas von „Gartenkonzertmuſik" und dergleichen in den Bart zu murmeln. Ich habe jederzeit an meiner hohen Meinung von dieſem anmuthenden, ſo berückend romantiſchen Werke feſtgehalten. Den Gegnern aber möchte ich wünſchen, daß ſie eine Wiedergabe der „Préludes" zu hören bekommen, wie ſie geſtern die Boſtoner unter Muck oder ſonſt die Philharmoniker unter Stransky zu bieten vermögen; die Herren würden dann zugeben, daß ſogar ein edles Werk von minder gelungenen minderwerthigen Wiedergaben verunglimpft werden könne, daß Ausarbeitungen, die mit künſtleriſchen Mitteln, Schwung und Liebe arbeiten, wie die erwähnten aber Schönheiten und Feinheiten darthun, die wie unerwartet zu Tage treten und den wahren Geiſt der Schöpfung offenbaren. Es war eine Leiſtung, für die man Muck und ſeinen Meiſterſpielern wirklich dankbar ſein mußte.

Löffler's „Der Tod des Tintagiles" iſt ein mit hohem Streben und prächtigem Rüſtzeug arbeitendes Werk, das ich den beſten Schöpfungen unſerer amerikaniſchen Komponiſten zuzählen möchte. Ich finde in dieſer Muſik eine Ehrlichkeit, eine Hoheit des Wollens und Strebens und eine kräftige und ſtellenweiſe inſpirirte Mache, die nur ein wirklich hochbegabter Muſiker zu erreichen vermag. So geſpielt wie geſtern iſt das Werk ſeiner Wirkung jederzeit ſicher.

Ravel's Suite „Ma Mère l'Oye", urſprünglich als Kinderſpiel für Piano geſchrieben, 1912 zu einem Ballet umgearbeitet, iſt kleine Muſik. Es fehlt mir darin die mitſchwingende Note des Kindlichen und Märchenhaften. Es iſt ein ſtellenweiſe effektvolles Tonſpiel mit hübſchen Orcheſtereffekten und kleinen Ueberraſchungen, nicht viel mehr als eine pikante Sauce für einen etwas mageren Braten. Das Publikum ſchien an der herrlichen Wiedergabe durch unſere Gäſte viel Gefallen zu finden, daß es dieſe Muſik ſchön befunden habe, das erlaube ich mir aber zu bezweifeln.

H.

From TIMES
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date NOV 2 - 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

As in former years the famous Boston Symphony orchestra and Dr. Karl Muck, its leader, will appear three times at Parsons's theater on Monday evenings as follows: November 15th, December 13th and March 27th.

The wonderful success of this organization is not by accident or ~~much advertising~~ but is the result of constant effort to attain perfection regardless of expense. Thirty-five years of constant work have developed an ensemble probably never before realized and with Dr. Muck's genius for interpretation the performances of the great master works is well nigh perfect.

The demand for these concerts from every quarter of the country makes a continuance of the Hartford concerts more and more uncertain and the public should take advantage of every opportunity to hear these musicians. The sale of reserved seats for the series of three concerts continues until Saturday when seats for the first concert will be sold at Gallup & Alfred's store.

k, 1884

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 5 - 191

Established:

Boston Orchestra Gives First Con

By Sylvester Rawlin

DR. KARL MUCK and the Symphony Orchestra m first appearance for the season at Carnegie Hall last night before a crowded house that paid well deserved tribute to the conductor and to the unexcelled band that he directs. There was no soloist. The programme consisted of Brahms's fourth symphony, unloved by many, but played so superbly that even the most indifferent of hearers of Brahms was enthralled; Schumann's overture to Byron's "Manfred," Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Dvorak's overture "Husitska." It was too long by at least fifteen minutes and might well have ended with the Strauss work, a stunning exposition of virtuosity by the players and of masterful direction by the conductor, and of genius by the composer. The orchestra was made to share with Dr. Muck the tribute of the most select and discriminating audience of music lovers that New York possesses.

From EVENING GLOBE
Address: New York City
Date NOV 5 - 1915

Established:

Music.

Boston Symphony Orch
New Singer in "Carm

Not for years has there more delightful programme given at Carnegie Hall last night by the organization that is now probably the premier orchestra of the world. With Dr. Muck's interpretations there is seldom occasion to find fault. But there have been times when the combinations of works he saw fit for us to hear have been accepted with a wry face. It never made any difference in the size of the audience, of course. To procure a seat for these concerts is an achievement rather than a purchase.

This time, however, the austere Dr. Muck relented and gave us a perfectly balanced programme that was a joy to be remembered. And how that magnificent orchestra did play! It was not the first time by any means that it has done Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration." Dr. Muck shows that a scholarly reverence for the classics is quite compatible with a love for this work, as it seems to have a particular attraction for him. The way it was played last night was an inspiration, a revelation of overwhelming tonal beauty. The exquisite, limpid quality of sound that issued from the brass and wood wind choirs was a thing to cherish. Never has this tremendous work been so magnificently delivered.

It is impossible to say anything new of Dr. Muck's readings of Brahms. The playing of the E minor symphony was vivified perfection. It was such as to cause the listener to wonder what could be the aural ailments of those who proclaim Brahms's music academic or dry. Academic—fudge! Simply because a composer has a perfect sense of form and shows himself the master, according to Goethe's definition, by respecting its bounds, to call him academic is absurd with the sounds of any of his symphonies still ringing in the ears. As rendered last night it was a well of ravishing melody. Schumann's "Manfred" overture and the "Husitska" overture of Dvorak completed the programme.

Twice did the men from Boston have to rise from their chairs and acknowledge the audience's well-timed enthusiasm. Throughout the entire evening not a single phrase, not a passage, but was uttered with eloquence and perfection of balance.

From OURANT
Address tford, Conn
Date OCT 31 191

Establis

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

On Monday evenings, November 1 December 13 and March 27, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conduct by Dr. Karl Muck, will give concer in Parsons Theater. It is doubtful any other musical organization h ever attained the popularity or arti tic excellence of the world famo Boston Orchestra and its manageme has but to choose the cities where the season's quota of 110 concerts shall be given, for the demand comes from all the larger cities, East and West. The fact that the Hartford public have for many years supported and enjoyed these entertainments is the chief reason for the continuance of the series. The advantages of larger auditoriums in other communities would mean much to the management. The limited number of reserved seats in Parsons Theater should be entirely taken before the end of the present

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From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

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contrary.

* * *

The first of the five concerts whic Boston Symphony Orchestra is to in Philadelphia the coming se comes to-morrow (Monday eve November 1, in the Academy of There will be no soloist, but Dr. has arranged a program of u interest.

The Symphony will be Brahms' minor, No. 4, Opus 98. The outstanding number on the second part of the program will be Richard Strauss' Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration."

The program in its entirety is as follows:—

Brahms..Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Op. 98.
Schumann...............Overture, "Manfred"
R. Strauss..Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration."
Liszt......Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes"

* * *

The Philadelphia Orchestra, at its concerts this week, will present the first novelty, playing, probably for the first time in America, Schoenberg's "Kammer-Symphonie." As to the merits of Schoenberg's music in general, the musical world is much divided. Having developed an almost absolutely new harmonic scheme, Schoenberg has produced some works which have been readily accepted, and other works which have been condemned with vitriolic intensity.

The other orchestral numbers will be Dvorak's "Carnival" overture, of which no comment need be made, as it was played here last year. The soloist will be Mischa Elma, who is very popular here, and the composition which he will play will be the Goldmark concerto in A Minor, one of the most grateful and pleasing works written for the violin.

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From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date NOV 7 - 1915

Estab

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Beethoven, Ravel, Loeffler, and Liszt Heard at Its Concert.

The afternoon subscribers to the Boston Symphony Orchestra's New York concerts heard an interesting recital yesterday in Carnegie Hall in which the matters of greatest significance were Beethoven's Seventh Sympho and Charles Martin Loeffler's drama tone poem, "Le Mort de Tintagile There were also Maurice Ravel's sui "Ma Mère l'Oye," five "childre pieces," as the composer had ca them, based on fairy stories, for French Mother Goose differs from o in that she tells of the "Sleep Beauty," "Hop o' My Thumb," "E press of the Pagodes," and "Bea and the Beast."

These pieces are a rearrangement orchestra of a set of duets for c dren, and were first played here by Damrosch three years ago. They w thought then to be moderately amus with some delicately charming effec orchestration, and some others that laboriously sought out and elaborately artificial.

The musical ideas on which they are based seemed then thin, and on a rehearing they seem even thinner; they are made plausible only through the ingenuities of the instrumental color in which they are presented. Indeed, it was a work of supererogation for Mr. Ravel, who has done so much that is of substantial originality, to spend his time making over these little pieces.

Mr. Loeffler's noble and tragically conceived tone poem has been heard here several times. It makes a profounder impression on repeated hearing, though its sustained imagination, its eloquent expression, the strong fibre of its musical substance and the remarkable finish and complete mastery of its workmanship, both as regards the form and the orchestration. Mr. Loeffler has intended his music to suggest to his listeners the grewsome story set forth in Maeterlinck's play; but he has not attempted to follow closely its incidents or its successive scenes; his music, therefore, moves, and is developed with freedom and unfettered power, as music; and speaks as such, even while it suggests the human passion, the vain struggle against fate, the terror, the agony that are the subjects of the drama.

It is music of high imagination and substantial and lasting beauty. The part for the viola d'amore, which symbolizes the timid, plaintive, pathetic child, was played in a masterly manner with much beauty of tone by Emil Férir, first viola player of the orchestra.

Dr. Muck's playing of Beethoven's Symphony had great beauties, as its rich, translucent tonal color, the clearness with which the melodic lines were drawn, and the plasticity of the phrasing, and especially the vigorous and unfailing rhythmic feeling. Some may have thought the tempo of the allegretto somewhat slow. The concert ended with Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Préludes."

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From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City
Date NOV 5 - 1915

Establi

Last night in Carnegie Hall the Boston Symphony players began the thirtieth season of their visit to New York in this the thirty-fifth season of their existence.

Dr. Muck led his well attuned choirs easily through Brahm's Fourth Symphony, and the most melodious movements, the second and third, won the greatest favor.

The second part of the programme opened with Schumann's gloomy Manfred overture, and reached its climax in the superb crescendo of Richard Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," which has never been done more masterly. Dvorak's overture, "Husitska," spoke eloquently for the noble Bohemians and brought the concert to a close.

From EAGLE
Address Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date NOV 5 - 1915

Establish

BOSTON SYMPHONY LECTURE.

W. J. Henderson Dwells Chiefly on the Loeffler Dramatic Poem.

W. J. Henderson, musical critic of the New York Sun, lectured yesterday afternoon before the Brooklyn Institute on the programme which the Boston Sympony Orchestra will play this evening at the first Philharmonic concert of the season at the Academy of Music. He devoted the major part of his lecture to a consideration of the dramatic poem, "Le Mort de Tintagiles," by Charles Martin Loeffler, after the drama by Maeterlinck, giving a resume of the symphonic poem, relating the quaint fanciful little story of the legendary boy, his sisters and the hideous queen. He said that it was a picture of the striving of the soul of the boy and the themes typifying the striving were pointed out by Mr. Henderson.

Parts of the symphonic poem were played by two young women, Miss Clara Rabinowitz and Miss Marion Kahn, who presented a four-handed arrangement of the music, which had been prepared under the personal direction of the composer. Mr. Henderson said that Loeffler is an aristocrat in his composition and, though considered by many to be a disciple of the French school, he has distinct individuality.

The latter part of the lecture touched upon the eighth or "little" symphony of Beethoven, and Mr. Henderson told an interesting story of the tempos in which the movements were first played till Hans von Buelow, the conductor, played the symphony with a striking contrast in rhythm. He became personally acquainted with von Buelow and frim him learned that he had received his knowledge of the right tempo from some one who played with Spohr, who had it direct from Beethoven. The speaker did not discuss Liszt's "Les Préludes," the last number on to-night's programme, saying that it is too familiar to need explanation.

From EAGLE
Address Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date NOV 5 - 1915

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WELCOME BOSTONIANS!

The first of that series of events for which the Academy of Music is always sold out to the last seat, occurs tonight. The Boston Symphony Orchestra returns to Brooklyn for another concert season after a transcontinental tour from ocean to ocean. And the West has reaffirmed what the East has long known, that in the Boston orchestra we possess a national institution.

With a German leader, an Australian prima donna and a body of musicians drawn from all lands where music is revered, tonight's programme will attest the universality of art, that supreme expression of human genius which the contending armies are treading under foot. Symphonic music is the highest form of art, and to hear it interpreted by that body of master musicians which visits us tonight is to enjoy one of the ennobling influences reserved to those who dwell in big cities. Brooklyn gives welcome to Dr. Muck and his fellow artists.

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From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its thirtieth season in New York last night in Carnegie Hall, with Brahms's Fourth Symphony. The second movement of this symphony is as fine a thing as Brahms ever wrote—the first movement is somewhat inferior, but full of unusual beauty, but the third and fourth movements, particularly the latter, are among the most uninspired in the Brahms repertoire. The second number was Schumann's beautiful "Manfred" Overture, which is not as often heard, perhaps, as it deserves. The three syncopated chords at the beginning are syncopated to the eye only—unless the conductor follows the courageous example of Gustav Mahler and introduces a cymbal crash on the down beat. But this is only a trifling blemish; most of Schumann's syncopations are real ones, and do not need the eye to help them out. There is much poetic beauty in this overture. The third number was Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration,"

1884

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date NOV 7 - 1915

Boſtoner Symphonie-Konzert.

Dr. Muck hat uns im geſtrigen Nachmittagskonzert des Boſtoner Symphonie-Orcheſters eine Beethoven'ſche Siebente geſchenkt, die wie ein feuriger Hymnus durch den vollen Saal rauſchte. Mit gebührender Betonung der wechſelnden Lichter, die ſelbſt in dieſer friedlichen Symphonie nicht ſelten dem Düſteren zuneigen, führte er uns den feſtlichen Grundcharakter dieſes Werkes mit überzeugender Kraft und Feinheit vor. Das Finale überbot ſich förmlich an Steigerungen, um in unbeſchreiblich heller Pracht zu enden. Beifallsſtürme, wie man ſie bei Konzerten nicht allzuhäufig hört, brauſten durch den Saal, und Muck mußte viermal für den Beifall danken. Das wundervolle Orcheſter hat ſich wieder einmal mit Ruhm bedeckt.

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Löffler's „Der Tod des Tintagiles" iſt ein mit hohem Streben und prächtigem Rüſtzeug arbeitendes Werk, das ich den beſten Schöpfungen unſerer amerikaniſchen Komponiſten zuzählen möchte. Ich finde in dieſer Muſik eine Ehrlichkeit, eine Hoheit des Wollens und Strebens und eine kräftige und ſtellenweiſe inſpirirte Mache, die nur ein wirklich hochbegabter Muſiker zu erreichen vermag. So geſpielt wie geſtern iſt das Werk ſeiner Wirkung jederzeit ſicher.

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H.

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 5 - 1915
Established:

Boston Orchestra Gives First Concert

By Sylvester Rawling.

DR. KARL MUCK and the Boston Symphony Orchestra made a first appearance for the season at Carnegie Hall last night before a crowded house that paid well deserved tribute to the conductor and to the unexcelled band that he directs. There was no soloist. The programme consisted of Brahms's fourth symphony, unloved by many, but played so superbly that even the most indifferent of hearers of Brahms was enthralled; Schumann's overture to Byron's "Manfred," Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Dvorak's overture "Husitska." It was too long by at least fifteen minutes and might well have ended with the Strauss work, a stunning exposition of virtuosity by the players and of masterful direction by the conductor, and of genius by the composer. The orchestra was made to share with Dr. Muck the tribute of the most select and discriminating audience of music lovers that New York possesses.

PRESS
Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

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The program in its entirety is as follows:—

Brahms..Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Op. 98.
Schumann..............Overture, "Manfred"
R. Strauss..Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration."
Liszt......Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes"

* * *

The Philadelphia Orchestra, at its concerts this week, will present the first novelty, playing, probably for the first time in America, Schoenberg's "Kammer-Symphonie." As to the merits of Schoenberg's music in general, the musical world is much divided. Having developed an almost absolutely new harmonic scheme, Schoenberg has produced some works which have been readily accepted, and other works which have been condemned with vitriolic intensity.

The other orchestral numbers will be Dvorak's "Carnival" overture, of which no comment need be made, as it was played here last year. The soloist will be Mischa Elma, who is very popular here, and the composition which he will play will be the Goldmark concerto in A Minor, one of the most grateful and pleasing works written for the violin.

* * *

From EAGLE
Address Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date NOV 5 - 1915
Establish

BOSTON SYMPHONY LECTURE.

W. J. Henderson Dwells Chiefly on the Loeffler Dramatic Poem.

W. J. Henderson, musical critic of the New York Sun, lectured yesterday afternoon before the Brooklyn Institute on the programme which the Boston Sympony Orchestra will play this evening at the first Philharmonic concert of the season at the Academy of Music. He devoted the major part of his lecture to a consideration of the dramatic poem, "Le Mort de Tintagiles." by Charles Martin Loeffler, after the drama by Maeterlinck, giving a resume of the symphonic poem, relating the quaint fanciful little story of the legendary boy, his sisters and the hideous queen. He said that it was a picture of the striving of the soul of the boy and the themes typifying the striving were pointed out by Mr. Henderson.

Parts of the symphonic poem were played by two young women, Miss Clara Rabinowitz and Miss Marion Kahn, who presented a four-handed arrangement of the music, which had been prepared under the personal direction of the composer. Mr. Henderson said that Loeffler is an aristocrat in his composition and, though considered by many to be a disciple of the French school, he has distinct individuality.

The latter part of the lecture touched upon the eighth or "little" symphony of Beethoven, and Mr. Henderson told an interesting story of the tempos in which the movements were first played till Hans von Buelow, the conductor, played the symphony with a striking contrast in rhythm. He became personally acquainted with von Buelow and frim him learned that he had received his knowledge of the right tempo from some one who played with Spohr, who had it direct from Beethoven. The speaker did not discuss Liszt's "Les Preludes," the last number on to-night's programme, saying that it is too familiar to need explanation.

From EVENING GLOBE
Address: New York City
Date
Established:

Music.

Boston Symphony Orchestra—New Singer in "Carmen."

Not for years has there been a more delightful programme than that given at Carnegie Hall last night by the organization that is now probably the premier orchestra of the world. With Dr. Muck's interpretations there is seldom occasion to find fault. But there have been times when the combinations of works he saw fit for us to hear have been accepted with a wry face. It never made any difference in the size of the audience, of course. To procure a seat for these concerts is an achievement rather than a purchase.

This time, however, the austere Dr. Muck relented and gave us a perfectly balanced programme that was a joy to be remembered. And how that magnificent orchestra did play! It was not the first time by any means that it has done Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration." Dr. Muck shows that a scholarly reverence for the classics is quite compatible with a love for this work, as it seems to have a particular attraction for him. The way it was played last night was an inspiration, a revelation of overwhelming tonal beauty. The exquisite, limpid quality of sound that issued from the brass and wood wind choirs was a thing to cherish. Never has this tremendous work been so magnificently delivered.

It is impossible to say anything new of Dr. Muck's readings of Brahms. The playing of the E minor symphony was vivified perfection. It was such as to cause the listener to wonder what could be the aural ailments of those who proclaim Brahms's music academic or dry. Academic—fudge! Simply because a composer has a perfect sense of form and shows himself the master, according to Goethe's definition, by respecting its bounds, to call him academic is absurd with the sounds of any of his symphonies still ringing in the ears. As rendered last night it was a well of ravishing melody. Schumann's "Manfred" overture and the "Husitska" overture of Dvorak completed the programme.

Twice did the men from Boston have to rise from their chairs and acknowledge the audience's well-timed enthusiasm. Throughout the entire evening not a single phrase, not a passage, but was uttered with eloquence and perfection of balance.

TIMES
New York City
NOV 7 - 1915

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Mr. Loeffler's noble and tragically conceived tone poem has been heard here several times. It makes a profounder impression on repeated hearing, though its sustained imagination, its eloquent expression, the strong fibre of its musical substance and the remarkable finish and complete mastery of its workmanship, both as regards the form and the orchestration. Mr. Loeffler has intended his music to suggest to his listeners the grewsome story set forth in Maeterlinck's play; but he has not attempted to follow closely its incidents or its successive scenes; his music, therefore, moves, and is developed with freedom and unfettered power, as music; and speaks as such, even while it suggests the human passion, the vain struggle against fate, the terror, the agony that are the subjects of the drama.

It is music of high imagination and substantial and lasting beauty. The part for the viola d'amore, which symbolizes the timid, plaintive, pathetic child, was played in a masterly manner with much beauty of tone by Emil Férir, first viola player of the orchestra.

Dr. Muck's playing of Beethoven's Symphony had great beauties, as its rich, translucent tonal color, the clearness with which the melodic lines were drawn, and the plasticity of the phrasing, and especially the vigorous and unfailing rhythmic feeling. Some may have thought the tempo of the allegretto somewhat slow. The concert ended with Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Préludes."

From EAGLE
Address Brooklyn, N Y
Date NOV 5 - 1915

WELCOME BOSTONIANS!

The first of that series of events for which the Academy of Music is always sold out to the last seat, occurs tonight. The Boston Symphony Orchestra returns to Brooklyn for another concert season after a transcontinental tour from ocean to ocean. And the West has reaffirmed what the East has long known, that in the Boston orchestra we possess a national institution.

With a German leader, an Australian prima donna and a body of musicians drawn from all lands where music is revered, tonight's programme will attest the universality of art, that supreme expression of human genius which the contending armies are treading under foot. Symphonic music is the highest form of art, and to hear it interpreted by that body of master musicians which visits us tonight is to enjoy one of the ennobling influences reserved to those who dwell in big cities. Brooklyn gives welcome to Dr. Muck and his fellow artists.

From TIMES
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date NOV 2 - 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

As in former years the famous Boston Symphony orchestra and Dr. Karl Muck, its leader, will appear three times at Parsons's theater on Monday evenings as follows: November 15th, December 13th and March 27th.

The wonderful success of this organization is not by accident or much advertising but is the result of constant effort to attain perfection regardless of expense. Thirty-five years of constant work have developed an ensemble probably never before realized and with Dr. Muck's genius for interpretation the performances of the great master works is well nigh perfect.

The demand for these concerts from every quarter of the country makes a continuance of the Hartford concerts more and more uncertain and the public should take advantage of every opportunity to hear these musicians. The sale of reserved seats for the series of three concerts continues until Saturday when seats for the first concert will be sold at Gallup & Alfred's store.

From COURANT
Address …tford, Conn.
Date OCT 31 1915
Establis…

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…NG TELEGRAM
…ew York City
NOV 5 - 1915

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The second part of the programme opened with Schumann's gloomy Manfred overture, and reached its climax in the superb crescendo of Richard Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," which has never been done more masterly. Dvorak's overture, "Husitska," spoke eloquently for the noble Bohemians and brought the concert to a close.

[41]

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date

MUSIC AND DRAMA

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its thirtieth season in New York last night in Carnegie Hall, with Brahms's Fourth Symphony. The second movement of this symphony is as fine a thing as Brahms ever wrote—the first movement is somewhat inferior, but still of unusual beauty, but the third and fourth movements, particularly the latter, are among the most uninspired in the Brahms repertoire. The second number was Schumann's beautiful "Manfred" Overture, which is not as often heard, perhaps, as it deserves. The three syncopated chords at the beginning are syncopated to the eye only—unless the conductor follows the courageous example of Gustav Mahler and introduces a cymbal crash on the down beat. But this is only a trifling blemish; most of Schumann's syncopations are real ones, and do not need the eye to help them out. There is much poetic beauty in this overture. The third number was Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration,"

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13

Established: 1884

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 5 - 1

Boston Orchestr
Gives First Co

By Sylvester Rawli

Established:

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Music.

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14

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

Est 1884

contrary.

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The first of the five concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give in Philadelphia the coming season, comes to-morrow (Monday evening), November 1, in the Academy of Music. There will be no soloist, but Dr. Muck has arranged a program of unusual interest.

The Symphony will be Brahms' in E minor, No. 4, Opus 98. The outstanding number on the second part of the program will be Richard Strauss' Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration."

The program in its entirety is as follows:—

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Schumann..............Overture, "Manfred"
R. Strauss..Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration."
Liszt......Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes"

* * *

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* * *

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date NOV 7 - 1915

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Beethoven, Ravel, Loeffler, and Liszt Heard at Its Concert.

Estab 1884

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These pieces are a rearrangement for orchestra of a set of duets for children, and were first played here by Mr. Damrosch three years ago. They were thought then to be moderately amusing, with some delicately charming effects of orchestration, and some others that are laboriously sought out and elaborately artificial.

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Date NOV 5 - 1915

Establis

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Dr. Muck led his well attuned choirs easily through Brahm's Fourth Symphony, and the most melodious movements, the second and third, won the greatest favor.

The second part of the programme opened with Schumann's gloomy Manfred overture, and reached its climax in the superb crescendo of Richard Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," which has never been done more masterly. Dvorak's overture, "Husitska," spoke eloquently for the noble Bohemians and brought the concert to a close.

GLE
N. Y.
NOV 5 - 1915

SYMPHONY LECTURE.

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Henderson, musical critic of York Sun, lectured yesterday afternoon before the Brooklyn Institute on the programme which the Boston Sympony Orchestra will play this evening at the first Philharmonic concert of the season at the Academy of Music. He devoted the major part of his lecture to a consideration of the dramatic poem, "Le Mort de Tintagiles." by Charles Martin Loeffler, after the drama by Maeterlinck, giving a resume of the symphonic poem, relating the quaint fanciful little story of the legendary boy, his sisters and the hideous queen. He said that it was a picture of the striving of the soul of the boy and the themes typifying the striving were pointed out by Mr. Henderson.

Parts of the symphonic poem were played by two young women, Miss Clara Rabinowitz and Miss Marion Kahn, who presented a four-handed arrangement of the music, which had been prepared under the personal direction of the composer. Mr. Henderson said that Loeffler is an aristocrat in his composition and, though considered by many to be a disciple of the French school, he has distinct individuality.

The latter part of the lecture touched upon the eighth or "little" symphony of Beethoven, and Mr. Henderson told an interesting story of the tempos in which the movements were first played till Hans von Buelow, the conductor, played the symphony with a striking contrast in rhythm. He became personally acquainted with von Buelow and frim him learned that he had received his knowledge of the ight tempo from some one who played with Spohr, who had it direct from Beethoven. The speaker did not discuss Liszt's "Les Preludes," he last number on to-night's programme, saying that it is too familiar o need explanation.

EAGLE
ss Brooklyn, N Y
NOV 5 - 1915

884

WELCOME BOSTONIANS!

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With a German leader, an Australian prima donna and a body of musicians drawn from all lands where music is revered, tonight's programme will attest the universality of art, that supreme expression of human genius which the contending armies are treading under foot. Symphonic music is the highest form of art, and to hear it interpreted by that body of master musicians which visits us tonight is to enjoy one of the ennobling influences reserved to those who dwell in big cities. Brooklyn gives welcome to Dr. Muck and his fellow artists.

EVENING POST
s: New York City

1884

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

he Boston Symphony Orchestra ned its thirtieth season in New York night in Carnegie Hall, with hms's Fourth Symphony. The second movement of this symphony is as fine a thing as Brahms ever wrote—the first movement is somewhat inferior, but ill of unusual beauty, but the third and urth movements, particularly the lat-er, are among the most uninspired in he Brahms repertoire. The second number was Schumann's beautiful "Manfred" Overture, which is not as often heard, perhaps, as it deserves. The three syncopated chords at the beginning are syncopated to the eye only—unless the conductor follows the courageous example of Gustav Mahler and introduces a cymbal crash on the down beat. But this is only a trifling blemish; most of Schumann's syncopations are real ones, and do not need the eye to help them out. There is much poetic beauty in this overture. The third number was Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration,"

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date NOV 7 - 1915

Boſtoner Symphonie-Konzert.

Dr. Muck hat uns im geſtrigen Nachmittagskonzert des Boſtoner Symphonie-Orcheſters eine Beethoven'ſche Siebente geſchenkt, die wie ein feuriger Hymnus durch den vollen Saal rauſchte. Mit gebührender Betonung der wechſelnden Lichter, die ſelbſt in dieſer friedlichen Symphonie nicht ſelten dem Düſteren zuneigen, führte er uns den feſtlichen Grundcharakter dieſes Werkes mit überzeugender Kraft und Feinheit vor. Das Finale überbot ſich förmlich an Steigerungen, um in unbeſchreiblich heller Pracht zu enden. Beifallsſtürme, wie man ſie bei Konzerten nicht allzuhäufig hört, brauſten durch den Saal, und Muck mußte viermal für den Beifall danken. Das wundervolle Orcheſter hat ſich wieder einmal mit Ruhm bedeckt.

Den Liszt'ſchen „Préludes" möchte ich ein beſonderes Plätzchen einräumen. Seit vielen Jahren ſchon iſt es ſozuſagen Mode geworden, über dieſes Werk des großen Weimaraners achſelzuckend hinwegzugehen oder etwas von „Gartenkonzertmuſik" und dergleichen in den Bart zu murmeln. Ich habe jederzeit an meiner hohen Meinung von dieſem anmuthenden, ſo berückend romantiſchen Werke feſtgehalten. Den Gegnern aber möchte ich wünſchen, daß ſie eine Wiedergabe der „Préludes" zu hören bekommen, wie ſie geſtern die Boſtoner unter Muck oder ſonſt die Philharmoniker unter Stransky zu bieten vermögen; die Herren würden dann zugeben, daß ſogar ein edles Werk von minder gelungenen minderwerthigen Wiedergaben verunglimpft werden könne, daß Ausarbeitungen, die mit künſtleriſchen Mitteln, Schwung und Liebe arbeiten, wie die erwähnten aber Schönheiten und Feinheiten darthun, die wie unerwartet zu Tage treten und den wahren Geiſt der Schöpfung offenbaren. Es war eine Leiſtung, für die man Muck und ſeinen Meiſterſpielern wirklich dankbar ſein mußte.

Löffler's „Der Tod des Tintagiles" iſt ein mit hohem Streben und prächtigem Rüſtzeug arbeitendes Werk, das ich den beſten Schöpfungen unſerer amerikaniſchen Komponiſten zuzählen möchte. Ich finde in dieſer Muſik eine Ehrlichkeit, eine Hoheit des Wollens und Strebens und eine kräftige und ſtellenweiſe inſpirirte Mache, die nur ein wirklich hochbegabter Muſiker zu erreichen vermag. So geſpielt wie geſtern iſt das Werk ſeiner Wirkung jederzeit ſicher.

Ravel's Suite „Ma Mère l'Oye", urſprünglich als Kinderſpiel für Piano geſchrieben, 1912 zu einem Ballet umgearbeitet, iſt kleine Muſik. Es fehlt mir darin die mitſchwingende Note des Kindlichen und Märchenhaften. Es iſt ein ſtellenweiſe effektvolles Tonſpiel mit hübſchen Orcheſtereffekten und kleinen Ueberraſchungen, nicht viel mehr als eine pikante Sauce für einen etwas mageren Braten. Das Publikum ſchien an der herrlichen Wiedergabe durch unſere Gäſte viel Gefallen zu finden, daß es dieſe Muſik ſchön befunden habe, das erlaube ich mir aber zu bezweifeln. H.

From TIMES
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date NOV 2 - 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

As in former years the famous Boston Symphony orchestra and Dr. Karl Muck, its leader, will appear three times at Parsons's theater on Monday evenings as follows: November 15th, December 13th and March 27th.

The wonderful success of this organization is not by accident or much advertising but is the result of constant effort to attain perfection regardless of expense. Thirty-five years of constant work have developed an ensemble probably never before realized and with Dr. Muck's genius for interpretation the performances of the great master works is well nigh perfect.

The demand for these concerts from every quarter of the country makes a continuance of the Hartford concerts more and more uncertain and the public should take advantage of every opportunity to hear these musicians. The sale of reserved seats for the series of three concerts continues until Saturday when seats for the first concert will be sold at Gallup & Alfred's store.

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 5 - 19

Boston Orchestr
Gives First Co

By Sylvester Rawli

Established:

DR. KARL MUCK and th Symphony Orchestra ma first appearance for the season at Carnegie Hall last night before a crowded house that paid well deserved tribute to the conductor and to the unexcelled band that he directs. There was no soloist. The programme consisted of Brahms's fourth symphony, unloved by many, but played so superbly that even the most indifferent of hearers of Brahms was enthralled; Schumann's overture to Byron's "Manfred," Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Dvorak's overture "Husitska." It was too long by at least fifteen minutes and might well have ended with the Strauss work, a stunning exposition of virtuosity by the players and of masterful direction by the conductor, and of genius by the composer. The orchestra was made to share with Dr. Muck the tribute of the most select and discriminating audience of music lovers that New York possesses.

From EVENING GLOBE
Address: New York City
Date NOV 5 - 1915

Music.

Boston Symphony Orc
New Singer in "Carm

Established:

Not for years has ther more delightful programme given at Carnegie Hall last night by the organization that is now probably the premier orchestra of the world. With Dr. Muck's interpretations there is seldom occasion to find fault. But there have been times when the combinations of works he saw fit for us to hear have been accepted with a wry face. It never made any difference in the size of the audience, of course. To procure a seat for these concerts is an achievement rather than a purchase.

This time, however, the austere Dr. Muck relented and gave us a perfectly balanced programme that was a joy to be remembered. And how that magnificent orchestra did play! It was not the first time by any means that it has done Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration." Dr. Muck shows that a scholarly reverence for the classics is quite compatible with a love for this work, as it seems to have a particular attraction for him. The way it was played last night was an inspiration, a revelation of overwhelming tonal beauty. The exquisite, limpid quality of sound that issued from the brass and wood wind choirs was a thing to cherish. Never has this tremendous work been so magnificently delivered.

It is impossible to say anything new of Dr. Muck's readings of Brahms. The playing of the E minor symphony was vivified perfection. It was such as to cause the listener to wonder what could be the aural ailments of those who proclaim Brahms's music academic or dry. Academic—fudge! Simply because a composer has a perfect sense of form and shows himself the master, according to Goethe's definition, by respecting its bounds, to call him academic is absurd with the sounds of any of his symphonies still ringing in the ears. As rendered last night it was a well of ravishing melody. Schumann's "Manfred" overture and the "Husitska" overture of Dvorak completed the programme.

Twice did the men from Boston have to rise from their chairs and acknowledge the audience's well-timed enthusiasm. Throughout the entire evening not a single phrase, not a passage, but was uttered with eloquence and perfection of balance.

From
Address ford, Conn
Date OCT 31 191

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

On Monday evenings, November 1 December 13 and March 27, the Bo ton Symphony Orchestra, conduc by Dr. Karl Muck, will give concer in Parsons Theater. It is doubtful any other musical organization h ever attained the popularity or ar tic excellence of the world famo Boston Orchestra and its manageme has but to choose the cities where the season's quota of 110 concerts shall be given, for the demand comes from all the larger cities, East and West. The fact that the Hartford public have for many years supported and enjoyed these entertainments is the chief reason for the continuance of the series. The advantages of larger auditoriums in other communities would mean much to the management. The limited number of reserved seats in Parsons Theater should be entirely [illegible] before the end of the present

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From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

contrary.

* * *

The first of the five concerts whi Boston Symphony Orchestra is t in Philadelphia the coming comes to-morrow (Monday ev November 1, in the Academy of There will be no soloist, but Dr has arranged a program of u interest.

The Symphony will be Brahms minor, No. 4, Opus 98. The outstanding number on the second part of the program will be Richard Strauss' Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration."

The program in its entirety is as follows:—

Brahms..Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Op. 98
Schumann...............Overture, "Manfred"
R. Strauss..Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration."
Liszt......Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes"

* * *

The Philadelphia Orchestra, at its concerts this week, will present the first novelty, playing, probably for the first time in America, Schoenberg's "Kammer-Symphonie." As to the merits of Schoenberg's music in general, the musical world is much divided. Having developed an almost absolutely new harmonic scheme, Schoenberg has produced some works which have been readily accepted, and other works which have been condemned with vitriolic intensity.

The other orchestral numbers will be Dvorak's "Carnival" overture, of which no comment need be made, as it was played here last year. The soloist will be Mischa Elma, who is very popular here, and the composition which he will play will be the Goldmark concerto in A Minor, one of the most grateful and pleasing works written for the violin.

* * *

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date NOV 7 - 1915

THE BOSTON ORCHESTR

Beethoven, Ravel, Loeffler, Liszt Heard at Its Concert

The afternoon subscribers to the ton Symphony Orchestra's New concerts heard an interesting yesterday in Carnegie Hall in the matters of greatest significance were Beethoven's Seventh Sympho and Charles Martin Loeffler's drama tone poem, "Le Mort de Tintagile There were also Maurice Ravel's sui "Ma Mère l'Oye," five "childre pieces," as the composer had ca them, based on fairy stories, for French Mother Goose differs from o in that she tells of the "Sleep Beauty," "Hop o' My Thumb," "E press of the Pagodes," and "Bea and the Beast."

These pieces are a rearrangement orchestra of a set of duets for c dren, and were first played here by Damrosch three years ago. They w thought then to be moderately amus with some delicately charming effec orchestration, and some others that laboriously sought out and elaborately artificial.

The musical ideas on which they are based seemed then thin, and on a rehearing they seem even thinner; they are made plausible only through the ingenuities of the instrumental color in which they are presented. Indeed, it was a work of supererogation for Mr. Ravel, who has done so much that is of substantial originality, to spend his time making over these little pieces.

Mr. Loeffler's noble and tragically conceived tone poem has been heard here several times. It makes a profounder impression on repeated hearing, though its sustained imagination, its eloquent expression, the strong fibre of its musical substance and the remarkable finish and complete mastery of its workmanship, both as regards the form and the orchestration. Mr. Loeffler has intended his music to suggest to his listeners the grewsome story set forth in Maeterlinck's play; but he has not attempted to follow closely its incidents or its successive scenes; his music, therefore, moves, and is developed with freedom and unfettered power, as music; and speaks as such, even while it suggests the human passion, the vain struggle against fate, the terror, the agony that are the subjects of the drama.

It is music of high imagination and substantial and lasting beauty. The part for the viola d'amore, which symbolizes the timid, plaintive, pathetic child, was played in a masterly manner with much beauty of tone by Em Férir, first viola player of the orchestra.

Dr. Muck's playing of Beethoven's Symphony had great beauties, as its rich, translucent tonal color, the clearness with which the melodic lines were drawn, and the plasticity of the phrasing, and especially the vigorous and unfailing rhythmic feeling. Some may have thought the tempo of the allegretto somewhat slow. The concert ended with Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Préludes."

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City
Date NOV 5 - 19

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The second part of the programme opened with Schumann's gloomy Manfred overture, and reached its climax in the superb crescendo of Richard Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," which has never been done more masterly. Dvorak's overture, "Husitska," spoke eloquently for the noble Bohemians and brought the concert to a close.

From EAGLE
Address Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date NOV 5 - 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY LECTURE.

W. J. Henderson Dwells Chiefly on the Loeffler Dramatic Poem.

Establish

W. J. Henderson, musical critic of the New York Sun, lectured yesterday afternoon before the Brooklyn Institute on the programme which the Boston Sympony Orchestra will play this evening at the first Philharmonic concert of the season at the Academy of Music. He devoted the major part of his lecture to a consideration of the dramatic poem, "Le Mort de Tintagiles." by Charles Martin Loeffler, after the drama by Maeterlinck, giving a resume of the symphonic poem, relating the quaint fanciful little story of the legendary boy, his sisters and the hideous queen. He said that it was a picture of the striving of the soul of the boy and the themes typifying the striving were pointed out by Mr. Henderson.

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The latter part of the lecture touched upon the eighth or "little" symphony of Beethoven, and Mr. Henderson told an interesting story of the tempos in which the movements were first played till Hans von Buelow, the conductor, played the symphony with a striking contrast in rhythm. He became personally acquainted with von Buelow and frim him learned that he had received his knowledge of the right tempo from some one who played with Spohr, who had it direct from Beethoven. The speaker did not discuss Liszt's "Les Préludes," the last number on to-night's programme, saying that it is too familiar to need explanation.

From EAGLE
Address Brooklyn, N Y
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From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its thirtieth season in New York last night in Carnegie Hall, with Brahms's Fourth Symphony. The second movement of this symphony is as fine a thing as Brahms ever wrote—the first movement is somewhat inferior, but full of unusual beauty, but the third and fourth movements, particularly the latter, are among the most uninspired in the Brahms repertoire. The second number was Schumann's beautiful "Manfred" Overture, which is not as often heard, perhaps, as it deserves. The three syncopated chords at the beginning are syncopated to the eye only—unless the conductor follows the courageous example of Gustav Mahler and introduces a cymbal crash on the down beat. But this is only a trifling blemish; most of Schumann's syncopations are real ones, and do not need the eye to help them out. There is much poetic beauty in this overture. The third number was Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," household word." Dvorak's "Husitska" Overture closed the programme. The latter is comparatively unfamiliar, but deserves to be heard oftener. Hanslick said that certain parts might have been "orchestrated with hatchets, scythes, and battle-maces." This means little nowadays, when the prevailing styles of orchestration are with shrapnel and machine-guns (there is a certain man at present planning a big *peace* jubilee with choruses of thousands and orchestras of hundreds, with dozens of cannon!!); but there is dramatic force in this overture, which is more than can be said of some modern works which require an orchestra far outnumbering Wagner's Nibelung orchestra.

The concert was conducted by Dr. Muck in his accustomed scholarly manner, about which nothing new can be said. The whole orchestra had to rise in acknowledgment of the applause after the Brahms and Strauss numbers, and Dr. Muck was recalled several times after the Symphony. At the next concerts, December 2 and 4, Fritz Kreisler is announced as the soloist.

From EVENING MAIL
Address: New York City
Date
Established

Brahms Symphony Illumina Recital by Marc

The fourth and last symphony of Johannes Brahms has often been considered the least interesting of the group. It has been dubbed a rehash of old material, an academic exercise without melodic inspiration, a muddy and labored piece of orchestral writing. Last evening the unfairness of such slanders was impressively demonstrated by Karl Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In their hands the work became a masterpiece, simple and spontaneous in its invention, and amazingly lucid in the details of its composition.

If none of the themes can be called truly great, they are all drawn up to the heights of inspiration by Brahms's masterly treatment of their content. In the last movement, for example, he deliberately reminds his hearers that he is working merely upon the unadorned scale of E minor, and that the entire movement is based upon this simple combination of tones.

That such work escapes monotony is largely due to the composer's manifold variations of rhythm. If Brahms had never before shown himself a master of rhythmic relationships, the fourth symphony would establish the fact without room for further argument.

The second half of Dr Muck's opening programme centered in the "Death and Transfiguration" of Richard Strauss, set in a frame of overtures; Schumann's "Manfred" first and Dvorak's unfamiliar "Husitska" at the end. The latter was a trifle anticlimatic, being construed along conventional lines on a Hussite hymntune, with a fairly obvious use of folk melody and rhythm.

BOSTON POST,

NOVEMBER 13,

ARAB MUSIC PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Early Russian Work Given Admirable Performance

BY OLIN DOWNES

Owing to the regrettable indisposition of Mme. Melba her place on the programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was taken by Mendellsohn's overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage."

Why nothing better could be done to enliven an already dull programme is a matter for conjecture.

GROWS FROM FOLK-MELODY

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" symphony, the one composition worthy of serious attention, was admirably played. This is not the mature Rimsky-Korsakoff, but it is none the less music of unmistakable genius and originality. The novelty of the harmonic scheme

coloring, [illegible] as Dr. Muck played the work yesterday.

This is music built largely on Oriental folk-themes, for the Arab air which serves as the love-song of the last movement is not the only popular air with which Rimsky-Korsakoff enriched his score. But not only is this music largely based on folk-melody and slavishly dependant upon it; it grows from folk-melody. The harmonies are those suggested by airs of Asiatic origin. It is a new harmonic scheme for which Europe of the 80's was wholly unprepared. How mad this music must have seemed to the Germans when it was performed in Magdeburg for the first time in 1881!

The Spell of the Desert

The "Scheherazade" suite of Rimsky-Korsakoff is more finely put together than this "Antar" music, but, after the very illuminative reading given yesterday, one wonders whether the music of "Antar," although of earlier inspiration, is not at least as powerful and original as the music to tales of the Arabian nights, even if its technical development is by no means so sure. The spell of the desert, the dreams of those who, as Henley said, would reduce immensity to the limits of desire; the world-weariness of "Antar," who gives up life in a supreme moment of passion because of his indomitable craving for battles and conquests which the world cannot afford—these things are unmistakably and inimitably conveyed by the composer.

The symphony represents a new world of color and musical ideals. Object to its monotony, its lack of true thematic development as one may, and with reason, it still remains wonderful in its emotional suggestion and its gorgeous, pictorial quality, and it represents one of the first compositions in which Russia commenced to find herself, and inaugurate a musical movement which proved in its results one of the most fascinating in the field of modern composition.

Braunfels' Carnival Overture

The novelty of the programme was a carnival overture to the opera, "Die Prinzessin Brambilla," after a tale of E. A. T. Hoffman, by Walter Braunfels, a young German composer now living in Munich. Braunfels, when his opera was heard in 1909, was reproached for his garbling of Hoffman's tale. He answered that in adapting this tale for operatic treatment he had had in mind principally the musical portrayal of the carnival at Rome. When this carnival takes place, the Roman actor Claudio is reconciled with his former mistress, Giazinta, because she, clad in royal costume, appears to him as an image of the imaginary woman, the Princess Brambilla, who has of late obsessed his dreams. The music is in carnival style. The orchestration is heavy and brilliant. The music aims at wit and humor, and is, as a matter of fact, very conventional after the modern German style.

Handel's concerto for strings and two wind choirs is likewise a dull, routine work, of service only as it displayed the capacities of the wind instrument players of the orchestra, who were warmly applauded for their performance, and for the 4th movement, a melodious slow movement in 12-8 time. Then followed the cheerful irrelevancies of Mendellsohn's overture.

BOSTON GLOBE—

NOVEMBER 13,

"ANTAR" SYMPHONY.

Gorgeously Colored Music Finely Played.

Braunfels' New Carnival Overture Distinguished Chiefly for Noise.

It is nearly 50 years since Rimsky-Korsakoff wrote his symphony "Antar." The name of "symphony" applied to such a work in itself is a sign of romanticism, for it is a suite of four tone pictures in symphonic form. And this was in Russia, a country whose music has had tardy recognition in England and France, to their own loss. While it was in Paris, in the year of grace 1889, that Cesar Franck's symphony in D minor was denied the vote of a director of the Conservatoire because it had a part for the English horn, an instrument he alleged Beethoven had not found it necessary to use.

Yesterday, in the event of Mme Melba's cold, "Antar" was the feature of the concert. Heard under the interpretative hand of Dr Muck and these virtuosi of the orchestra, now this music glows with imagination. What pictorial power, what sweeping force and what dexterity in characterization! How masterfully, with a few strokes of the brush, atmosphere is summoned and moods established!

A man of the North, yet a cosmopolitan by his travel in youth as a naval officer, Rimsky caught the mystery, the flame of the smoldering fires, the pursuing, haunting fragrances, the subtle lure of the Orient, the spell of its langour and its women. Antar, the son Shaldad, was a picturesque subject, albeit that in history he was a mulatto with a split lip. A courageous warrior, exulting in battle, he is the more commanding in the hours of triumph and love. His dream of the three great desires of the heart of man has been treated by the composer impersonally, universally. In the opening scene in the desert passage, in which the hero rescues the gazelle from the winged monster whose wings beat illusively in the scurrying double basses, all men may be seen realizing the joys of revenge, of power and of love.

The first movement is admirable in its subject matter, in its graphic painting, which is not too badly photographed in its illusion and suggestion

The hearer sees with the dreaming Antar, the splendid palace, the voluptuous slaves, who enchant him with the songs and postures, and the fairy, none other than the gazelle he had saved, who promises him the three fruitions.

The second movement of revenge, although not without a sinister element, and the fourth of tragic love are not the equal in invention to the third, a marvelous picture of the pomp, majesty and splendor of Oriental materialism. Opulence and sensuous beauty are in every bar. The performance was one of superb spirit, gorgeous in a wealth of orchestral color.

Walter Braunfels, who now lives in Munich, has written an opera on the subject of E. T. A. Hoffmann's Princess Brambilda. The overture was played yesterday for the first time in Boston. The story was a fantastical one, it is true, but it now becomes evident that the actor Claudio's attachment for the imaginary princess, whom by friendly intervention he is made presently to see in the flesh as the more humble seamstress to whom he already is betrothed, is a volcanic, a cataclysmic affair. Brass instruments, cymbals and tympani are diligent in publishing the details. The true spirit of fantasy is not necessarily boisterousness unless seen through turbulent German eyes.

Handel's concerto in F major for strings and two wind choirs, music in accepted Handelian formulas, was played, and in the third movement again afforded the delight of the duet for oboes.

Messrs Longy and Mueller performed in virtuoso fashion and twice bowed their acknowledgments to the audience. Had Braunfel's stormy overture come fourth, Mendelssohn's "Sea Calm and Prosperous" voyage would have been an appropriate benediction.

BOSTON HERALD,

NOVEMBER 13.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA IN 4TH CONCERT

Severe Cold Prevents Mme. Melba from Singing—Mendelssohn's Overture Added.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphnoy Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony "Antar" .... Rimsky-Korsakoff
Carnival Overture to "Princess Brambilla" .... Braunfels
Concerto in F for two wind-choirs and strings .... Handel
Overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage" .... Mendelssohn

Mme. Melba was expected to sing at this concert airs by Handel and Mozart. Suffering from a severe cold she was unable to appear. Mendelssohn's overture was therefore added to the orchestral compositions that had ben announced.

For the first time in the history of this orchestra the Program Book announced the "Public Rehearsal" as a "concert." The change was welcome. There was a time when the concert of Friday afternoon was a rehearsal. In the earlier years, the conductor would stop the performance to explain or correct. Compositions have been performed on Friday and not repeated on Staurday night. The significance of the phrase "Public Rehearsal" long ago passed away. The orchestra now gives two concerts in a week.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" has not been so popular here as his "Scheherazade." Until yesterday it had been performed only twice while the Suite has been played here six times. Is the popular verdict well founded? When "Antar" was composed (1868) it was years ahead of the time for appreciation. Nevertheless 10 years later Buelow spoke of it as a "gorgeous tone-picture." Liszt thought highly of it. Mr. Nikisch conducted it at Magdebury in 1881 with marked success at a meeting of the Allgemeiner Deutsche Musikverein. It was written in the year that the composer left the marine service of Russia and entered upon what he once described as the most adventurous period of his life. "Associating with students, workingmen, poor artists and vagabonds, I learned the very depths of human miseries and got the first impulse of my best creations. I learned to realize the power of legends and fairy tales."

It is easy to see why the average hearer prefers "Scheherazade" to "Antar." In the first place he knows his "Thousand Nights and a Night," the wondrous tales told by Scheherazade, the adventures of Sinbad, the story of the two Princesses. The music of "Scheherazade" reeks with benzoin, frankincense, all the perfumes of the East. The melodic phrases are more defined, more obvious. There is greater rhythmic piquancy; there is a more sensuous atmosphere; there are sharper contrasts, as that between the marvellously pictorial description of the shipwreck caused by the lodestone mountain and the lyrics of swooning lovers; there is the constant suggestion of the wild tales of cruel jests, sensual beauties of the harem, strange inhabitants of the air, hashish-inspired dreams, terrible revenges, and what Sir Richard F. Burton called "the tedium of the East."

The dominating feature of "Antar" is barbaric splendor. What is Antar to the average hearer or he to Antar? He might ask with the undergraduate: "What are Keats?" Yet this symphony makes a deeper impression with every repetition. The opening measures picture the desert in a manner that Borodin, Goldmark (in his "Queen of Sheba" and Felicien David have not surpassed. Splendid in its ferocity is the second movement, while in the march movement there is the portrayal of triumphant invading hordes. And after this blare and fury and barbaric din, the composer had the courage to end his symphony with amorous strains; to

[42]

is wildly romantic, highly imaginative, oriental in endless repetitions, music expressed in an instrumentation that is strangely devised and strangely effective.

After the symphony, the overture of Braunfels seemed noisily empty. The opera "Princess Brambilla" was produced at Stuttgart in 1909. This overture was not published until 1912 and is not found in the edition of the opera for voice and piano. Was it composed after the production of the opera? The title now reads: "Carnival Overture to E. T. A. Hoffmann's 'Princess Brambilla,'" but when the overture was performed at Dresden the program book stated that it was a "Carnival overture to the joyous opera 'Princess Brambilla.'" Braunfels took his libretto from Hoffmann's story; he also took so great liberties with the story that he was roundly abused at the time. He said that his chief object in writing the opera was to picture in tone the Carnival at Rome. Well, one Hector Berlioz did this before him, but more vividly, more musically, and with fewer instruments. Braunfels's overture is not only impotently noisy; it lacks continuity; too much of it is mosaic work; the Carnival spirit quickly disappears. In all probability certain episodes have to do with lovers at the Carnival; but while they chatter, the Carnival itself disappears. Flaubert in "Madame Bovary" did in prose what Braunfels failed to do in music. At the fair that resembled our cattle shows Emma and her Rudolph talked amorously while the exercises were in full blast on the platform; but the one did not cause the other to be forgotten; the two themes were contrapuntally treated.

After all, the performance of Handel's concerto was the feature of the concert. "Mr. George Frideric Handel," Mr. Runciman once wrote, "is by far the most superb personage one meets in the history of music." This concerto is in the true meaning of the word superb. When Handel wrote "Pomposo" on a page, he wrote not idly. What magnificent simplicity in outlines! Nor did he permit technical ability to darken his thought. No wonder that Messrs. Longy and Mueller were twice obliged to bow in response to the applause for their brilliant playing of the oboes. Yet to some the crowning glory of the work itself is the slow movement. For melodic lines of such chaste and noble beauty, such Olympian authority no one has approached Handel. "Within that circle none durst walk but he." His nearest rival is the Chevalier Gluck.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Bruckner, symphony No. 7; Mozart symphonic concerto for violin and viola (Mr. Witek, violin; Mr. Ferir, viola).

ADVERTISER,

NOVEMBER 13,

CONCERT PURELY ORCHESTRAL EVENT

MME. MELBA ABSENT, BUT ORCHESTRA AT BEST

Concert Came in Like Lion, Went Out Like Lamb, With Quiet Overture

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Rimski-Korsakoff—"Antar" Symphony.
Walter Braunfels—"Princess Brambilla," Carnival Overture.
Handel—Concerto for Two Wind Choirs and String Orchestra.
Mendelssohn—"Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage," Overture.

It was by pure accident that the tail did not wag the dog yesterday at the Symphony Concert, for Mme. Melba had a severe cold and could not sing, whereupon the orchestra came into its rights again, a vocal recital with a symphonic background was averted, and Mendelssohn's rather faded overture was added to the list instead of a couple of Mozart arias, and Handel's "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of Folly." We were sorry to miss the last-named. We desired to see whether that bird was the double-headed eagle or not.

Speaking in all seriousness we do not care for even the greatest singer at these symphonic concerts. It always jars on the real scheme of these programmes and changes the atmosphere of the concert room to something of the footlight flavor. The public, however, disagree with this idea most emphatically, and the long line of "rush-seaters" which would have stood all the morning for a chance to hear Melba was somewhat diminished by the absence of the famous prima donna, although many of the patient waiters were in ignorance of the change of programme made necessary by inflamed vocal cords.

But we must not forget that there was still an orchestra at this concert. It happened to be the best orchestra in the world, and it played at its best. We had an opportunity of comparing Dr. Muck's reading of a Rimski-Korsakoff score, with Mr. Stransky's interpretation of one, last Sunday. The advantage was with our own conductor, for there was more of elasticity, of abandon and of contrast in the reading of "Antar" than there was in "Scheherazade." There was Oriental programme-music in the one score as in the other. The first movement pictured the mighty hunter Antar, not exactly in the Antarctic regions, but amid the ruins of Palmyra. The ruins were largely occupied by bassoons and trombones, but suddenly an innocent young [illegible] rushed across them, chased by several wicked contrabasses and violoncellos. It was the fairy Ghul-Nazar pursued by the spirits of darkness. What happens when you rescue a fairy? Either you marry her or she gives you some valuable presents. She did the latter to Antar, at once.

She gave him "Revenge," which led to the second movement. Why Antar should take revenge upon the teachers of Harmony is inexplicable, but he did so by violating all their rules. Our kettle-drummer had a strikingly good time, in which he was joined by the cymbals, the gong, the muted horns and several other evils, and there were dissonances that proved that even in symphony (?) a Song of Hate is unpleasant. The fairy also gave Antar "Power." In Russia the only idea of power is military force, and this was present strongly in the movement. But there was a species of "Trio" to this, in which it was evident that some Nautch girls were visiting the trenches. This movement is the best of the entire work. It is absolutely and wonderfully Oriental, and not like the "Turkish March" of Beethoven, or the "Alla Turca" of Mozart, an Orientalism that does not get any further east than Vienna.

The fairy finally gave Antar "Love," and that killed him. She incinerates the hero with a burning kiss, which almost puts Kundry's Parsifal kiss in the shade. This kiss burns Antar up—no insurance. In this last movement, there is a charming duet for English horn and clarinette, which had a most dreamy and tender style, but Antar's Liebestod did not quite rival Isolde's. Nevertheless, there was the best style of modern music in this symphony. It was very free in form for its classical name, but symphony or not, it was original and one felt that some of the Russians have more to say, in music, than some of the Germans of the present, even if the skill of a Strauss, or a Schoenberg, or a Reger, is not yet there. When that comes the sceptre of musical supremacy will go over to Russia. As it is the advance of the Muscovite in tone-coloring has been most rapid and phenomenal, and nowhere can it be better studied than in the works of Rimski-Korsakoff.

Handel's Concerto was in strongest contrast with Antar's antics, and it was refreshing to have some good counterpoint after the fierce dissonances which were so copious in the Russian work. The Handelian composition has been heard here often and is a favorite with our concert auditors.

It had five movements, of which the third was the noblest, although the fourth, with Mr. Witek's violin obbligato, and the fifth, with the splendid work of the two horn soloists, were also very attractive.

In listening to the finale one ought to remember that it was Handel who introduced the horn into the Old English orchestra, and was roundly criticized for it. He also experimented with the harp and the then very crude clarinette, and was in every way the Richard Strauss, possibly even the Richard Wagner, of the 18th century.

We are glad to state that two movements of this concerto, the third and the fifth, were applauded almost to the encore point.

Braunfels' "Princess Brambilla" overture was a novelty. Even the name of this composer is new to our programmes, although of course Mr. Hale managed to give details about him in the programme book. He was born in Frankfort in 1882, and is at present living in Munich.

The Carnival overture stood well between the savagery of Rimski-Korsakoff and the suavity of Handel. It was a modern score with a few classical leanings, and being modern it called for a whole army of tonal forces, everything from a Heckelphone to a regiment of percussive instruments being asked for. As the picture is of a Roman Carnival these latter play a good part in the tumult of festivity. There were a few points that suggested Berlioz's "Carnaval Romaine," such as dance rhythms, sudden interruptions, and a chromatic rush, but altogether this overture just escapes being a great work.

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TRANSCRIPT,
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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

AN EASY PROGRAMME FOR QUIET PLEASURE

Conductor and Orchestra at a High Pitch of Perfection—Rimsky-Korsakov's Pictorial and Poetic "Antar," Mendelssohn's "Sea-Overture" and a Full-Voiced Concerto from Haendel—An Exercise, Besides, in the Journalism of Music

TRULY the way of the conductor with his audiences is hard, especially when they are as variously exacting as the companies that assemble on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck's programme yesterday happened to be as short as the most restless of the elect ladies could ask. It filled indeed only an hour and a half; none the less, faithful to habit, out they went before the final number and that, too, when it was music of Mendelssohn—the old, smooth, "tuneful" music that they profess so much to admire. The other pieces of the day could be heard as easily and tranquilly; from beginning to end the concert was light and "pleasant." Yet in the talk of the intermission as many seemed to repine as to be content. Some found the programme "tame"; others called it "commonplace"; both asked for something more exciting than these "nice" numbers. And so it went. Verily, brethren—and also sisters—a conductor of the Symphony Orchestra is wisest when he goes his own catholic way and seeks not to oscillate between the ever-changing desires of a public of many likings.

In the prevailing calm, there was opportunity to note a change in the programme-book about which, again, opinion was divided. The word "rehearsal," absurd these twenty-five years as applied to the afternoon concerts, has at last disappeared from the official vocabulary of Symphony Hall as it long since vanished from nearly all talk and writing about them. Of course, some objected; in their eyes the change was a "break with the past" and "Boston is a conservative place" and all that sort of thing. To others it was a pleasure to see the management squaring its nomenclature with actualities and doing its share—as it has done in many another instance—to make the ways of Boston with concerts, even in small details, as metropolitan as they should now be. Among the utterly unregenerate, hope rose once more that in a season or two the evening concerts may begin at the normal hour—everywhere else and with all other concerts here—of eight-fifteen.

Upon one point at least all with ears to hear could agree—the perfection of the performance of the four pieces of the day—an uncommon perfection even for Dr. Muck and the orchestra. The tone of the band, in mass, in separate choirs, in individual instruments, was as flawless as fallible men can make it. In clarity, euphony, accent, rhythm and color, the band was beyond praise. For once, it seemed the entirely malleable and supple, the tempered yet eloquent instrument of the conductor's ideal. Whatever the music in hand—Rimsky-Korsakov's pictorial "Antar," Braunfels's new and resounding overture, Händel's old concerto or Mendelssohn's variously voiced sea-piece—it was as sensitive and mirror-like as a photographic plate. In the harmonic and instrumental color that Korsakov has lavished upon the symphonic suite, the orchestra surpassed itself in sheer loveliness, richness and expressiveness of tone. It has never been more opulent of sound than it was in the march movement of "Antar" or more songful than it was in the finale. It missed not one of the abrupt modulations with which Mr. Braunfels has cluttered his new "Carnival Overture" and it gave some of his broad progressions an eloquence hardly intrinsic in them. Mr. Mueller of the wood-winds and Mr. Wendler and Mr. Jaenicke of the horns outdid themselves in virtuosos' skill and in quality of tone in Händel's concerto; while the whole band that it enlisted was a marvellously elastic, luminous and rich-voiced instrument. The conductor and the orchestra almost painted the lily when they added their own smoothness and euphony of tone to the polished surface of Mendelssohn's instrumentation; and not within long memory has the beginning of his sea-piece carried such suggestion of the glassy mystery, the uncanny and penetrating stillness, of absolutely windless waters.

As usual Dr. Muck made all these perfections serve—not his own glory as the inspirer and the finisher of them—but the substance, style and quality of the music that they were uttering. Ebullient Chicagoans and neurotic New Yorkers may object that there is too little of sound and fury in the conductor's version of the second movement of Korsakov's suite wherein Antar tastes the pleasures of revenge. But the force and fire that Dr. Muck gave to it were exactly scaled to the design of the whole performance and the composer in this music is no wild and whirling Slav. Korsakov had measure, even though the "typical" Tschaikovski lacked it. On the other hand, the illusion of pictorial music could hardly go higher than that which Dr. Muck attained in the passages that summon the still expanse of the shining and solitary desert—silence, shimmer and emptiness that penetrate the hearer as they might in such a waste itself. As vivid of suggestion of another sort were the measures at the beginning in which Korsakov would evoke the atmosphere of old legend. The oriental melody that is presumed to imply the amorous fairy, came from the conductor's hand as full of character as it was of tonal loveliness. Under his leading the march of power moved in a large and sober magnificence of rhythm and color; while the love-song and the vaporous measures of the end of the suite caressed the ear and melted the heart with their beauty.

Such performance enhances the beauty, the imagination, the suggestion, the wondrous play of rhythm, harmony and instrumental color in Rimsky-Korsakov's music. It glosses also his shortcomings—less apparent in "Antar" than in almost any other of his familiar music—his fondness for repetition, his occasional emptiness of phrase and halts of imagination; his reliance upon the suggestion of color rather than upon the force of idea. But in "Antar" he escapes most of his limitations and such a performance as that of yesterday gave him luminous wings. The better the news, then, that before the season ends Dr. Muck intends to undertake the companion-piece, "Scheherazade." He has been studying it for long.

The performance of Mendelssohn's sea-overture—one of his few pieces from the smooth surfaces of which the teeth of time still slip way—was as perfectly accomplished. The long introduction is of the fine and enduring poetry of tones; the northern ocean, as with Mendelssohn's other sea-piece, the "Hebrides" overture, quickened his imagination; the "impressionists" of our day might envy him the clouded color, the long, slow, lifeless undulation, the suggestion of uncanny stillness and suspense that rises out of his music of sea-calm. Inert as it should be, it is alive with picture and it was doubly so yesterday as Dr. Muck in turn poetized its illusion. In contrast, how adroit was his ordering of the long advance of the "main body" and the climax of the overture—the elastic quickening of the rhythm, the supple expansion of the succeeding phrases, the gradual heightening of pace and color, the livelier and livelier outflinging of phrase, the warming voice, the rising suspense until at last the soberly sonorous sweep of the close. The whole process was the art of the conductor revealing and animating the art of the composer and the one and the other seemed to join hands in spontaneous perfection.

Once more conductor and orchestra played the familiar concerto for strings and two wind choirs which seems the beginning and the end of Händel's music at the Symphony Concerts unless some singer chances to resurrect an air from his forgotten operas or oratorios. It was very warmly applauded yesterday as it always is when it reappears in the "active repertory"; the virtuosity of orchestra and conductor with music in the ancient style shone out of the performance. Why, then, should not other pieces of Händel be occasionally disinterred and heard likewise at the Symphony Concerts? The old Prussian did not leave a slender musical baggage behind him. To hear more of his music would give pleasure to the many that welcome Händel hardly less than they welcome Bach. As it was, the sonorities of the strings in the rotund phrases and the soberly striding pace that conductor and music both enjoined upon them, told in the first movement; the second was alive again with spirited and songful pattern-weaving; the third brought the glories aforesaid to Mr. Mueller of the English horn—one of the usually unnoted and exceptionally modest virtuosi of the orchestra—and to the whole wood-wind choir; the fourth ran its course in the ample line, the sober progress, the long curve and the deepening harmonies of slow and grave Händelian song; and in the finale, the groups of instruments chattered and raced themselves away in the merry give-and-take of such closing movements in the ancient music. The whole piece was exhilarating in itself—in spite of the Prussian's big-wigged manner—and it was yet more exhilaratingly played. More and more contemporary ears, sated with music that swims in harmonic and instrumental color, hear gladly this music of more naked line—even if it costs them a trifle of effort in comprehension of a comparatively strange matter and manner. The change, though it be a change backward, is grateful.

In a single hearing, at any rate, Mr. Braunfels's overture is no remarkable or interesting piece, nor does it suggest that repetition and study would better the impression. The truth is that a deal of music is written in this world today and has been written ever since music began to be that is all in the day's work for the composer, and that is tonal journalism, so to say, and not tonal literature. It is not a whit more important in itself than a sound and able article in a newspaper or a magazine that the writer accomplishes in the daily exercise of his calling, and there is not a whit more reason why it should be or why it should be expected to be remarkable. There is the same good reason for the playing of it that there is for the printing of the article and not a jot more reason why it should be minutely considered or sedulously remembered. Now and again, some of this music of the daily practice of the composer's profession happens to have notable and lasting quality even as on occasion may the daily work of the journalist in letters. Bach and Mozart, for example, had the genius and the good fortune to glorify and make perennial music of which they surely thought and spoke as "routine stuff." Our generation reads with pleasure the journalism of Sainte-Beuve and Gauthier and our children's children may be doing as much for the journalism of Mr. Brownell or Mr. Moore or even—to keep to music and the theatre—for the articles of Mr. Newman and Mr. Walkey.

Mr. Braunfels's overture belongs to this journalism of music but not, as it seemed yesterday, to the part of it that survives the day on which it appears. According to the programme-book, it was attached to a light opera, "Princess Brambilla," drawn from a like-named tale of Hoffmann, some time after the piece of the theatre had run a brief course on a few German stages. The action of the opera takes place during the carnival in a Rome of the renaissance. The overture would suggest the flicker and flare of the revelling as background to the serio-comic amorous adventures that make the substance of tale and play. It undertakes to do so in the fashion of Munich a few years ago when Strauss was the all-sufficient model for the youngsters. Mr. Braunfels assembles a big Straussian orchestra even to a heckelphone; and he clearly likes to keep as much of it "going" at a given moment as is possible. He writes in the bold and large-voiced Straussian fashion—in broad phrases and with large dependence on his wood-winds and horns when he would be songful; and with much involved polphony and many a stroke of instrumental and harmonic color, when he is laying in background and atmosphere. But, somehow neither ear nor fancy disengages much from the intricacies, and the strokes are often of little effect.

There are plentiful labor and superabundant sound in Mr. Braunfels's piece but little imagination and suggestion. Were it not for the title, it would imply no more than an exercise in orchestral writing in the Straussian manner and the listener may hunt in vain through it for the high spirits or the romantic savor of Roman carnivals as the writers and the composers, from Hoffmann and Berlioz onward, have elected to glorify them. The wonder was that it should have been played at all while such pieces as Balakirev's "Thamar," as Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," as Granados's magnificently eloquent "Dante"—to cite only a few examples at the spur of the moment—wait seemingly in vain for performance at the Symphony Concerts. Nor was it quite the practical wisdom of programme-making to place the resounding emptiness of the overture—full though it was of notes—after the rich and ranging imagery, the beauty of substance, the finesse of form, the mastery of workmanship and the poetic illusion of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Antar." Of late, Dr. Muck's German "novelties" have come off least well of all.

H. T. P.

BOSTON TRAVELER,
NOVEMBER 13,

'ANTAR' SYMPHONY AND HANDEL PIECE CONCERT FEATURES

Exceptionally fine playing of the most interesting "Antar" symphony, Rimsky-Korsakoff, provided the feature of the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon, admitted at last by the program book to be a concert and not a rehearsal. The symphony makes slow headway in public favor, but is certain to win out on its merits, particularly when those merits are so admirably set forth. It's a beautiful work and well worth more frequent hearing.

Handel's concerto for two wind choirs and strings was a noticeably close second in the honors of the concert. It was played as only this band of players can play and fully merited the most noticeable enthusiasm of the afternoon. The Carnival overture of Braunfels, which was played here for the first time, will doubtless find a resting place on the shelf. It was perhaps well to give it one hearing, but that one was enough. The composer evidently lost sight of his subject and doesn't say what he has to say in an interesting or convincing manner.

Many who have made a sea voyage might well envy Mendelssohn the joy expressed in the "Sea Calm" overture. But doubtless Mendelssohn, like many another, had other trips not quite so agreeable.

suddenly an innocent young flute rushed across them, chased by several "wicked" contrabasses and violoncellos. It was the fairy Ghul-Nazar pursued by the spirits of darkness. What happens when you rescue a fairy? Either you marry her or she gives you some valuable presents. She did the latter to Antar, at once.

She gave him "Revenge," which led to the second movement. Why Antar should take revenge upon the teachers of Harmony is inexplicable, but he did so by violating all their rules. Our kettle-drummer had a strikingly good time, in which he was joined by the cymbals, the gong, the muted horns and several other evils, and there were dissonances that proved that even in symphony (?) a Song of Hate is unpleasant. The fairy also gave Antar "Power." In Russia the only idea of power is military force, and this was present strongly in the movement. But there was a species of "Trio" to this, in which it was evident that some Nautch girls were visiting the trenches. This movement is the best of the entire work. It is absolutely and wonderfully Oriental, and not like the "Turkish March" of Beethoven, or the "Alla Turca" of Mozart, an Orientalism that does not get any further east than Vienna.

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In listening to the finale one ought to remember that it was Handel who introduced the horn into the Old English orchestra, and was roundly criticized for it. He also experimented with the harp and the then very crude clarinette, and was in every way the Richard Strauss, possibly even the Richard Wagner, of the 18th century.

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Conductor and Orchestra at a High Pitch of Perfection—Rimsky-Korsakov's Pictorial and Poetic "Antar," Mendelssohn's "Sea-Overture" and a Full-Voiced Concerto from Haendel—An Exercise, Besides, in the Journalism of Music

TRULY the way of the conductor with his audiences is hard, especially when they are as variously exacting as the companies that assemble on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck's programme yesterday happened to be as short as the most restless of the elect ladies could ask. It filled indeed only an hour and a half; none the less, faithful to habit, out they went before the final number and that, too, when it was music of Mendelssohn—the old, smooth, "tuneful" music that they profess so much to admire. The other pieces of the day could be heard as easily and tranquilly; from beginning to end the concert was light and "pleasant." Yet in the talk of the intermission as many seemed to repine as to be content. Some found the programme "tame"; others called it "commonplace"; both asked for something more exciting than these "nice" numbers. And so it went. Verily, brethren—and also sisters—a conductor of the Symphony Orchestra is wisest when he goes his own catholic way and seeks not to oscillate between the ever-changing desires of a public of many likings.

In the prevailing calm, there was opportunity to note a change in the programme-book about which, again, opinion was divided. The word "rehearsal," absurd these twenty-five years as applied to the afternoon concerts, has at last disappeared from the official vocabulary of Symphony Hall as it long since vanished from nearly all talk and writing about them. Of course, some objected; in their eyes the change was a "break with the past" and "Boston is a conservative place" and all that sort of thing. To others it was a pleasure to see the management squaring its nomenclature with actualities and doing its share—as it has done in many another instance—to make the ways of Boston with concerts, even in small details, as metropolitan as they should now be. Among the utterly unregenerate, hope rose once more that in a season or two the evening concerts may begin at the normal hour—everywhere else and with all other concerts here—of eight-fifteen.

Upon one point at least all with ears to hear could agree—the perfection of the performance of the four pieces of the day—an uncommon perfection even for Dr. Muck and the orchestra. The tone of the band, in mass, in separate choirs, in individual instruments, was as flawless as fallible men can make it. In clarity, euphony, accent, rhythm and color, the band was beyond praise. For once, it seemed the entirely malleable and supple, the tempered yet eloquent instrument of the conductor's ideal. Whatever the music in hand—Rimsky-Korsakov's pictorial "Antar," Braunfels's new and resounding overture, Händel's old concerto or Mendelssohn's variously voiced sea-piece—it was as sensitive and mirror-like as a photographic plate. In the harmonic and instrumental color that Korsakov has lavished upon the symphonic suite, the orchestra surpassed itself in sheer loveliness, richness and expressiveness of tone. It has never been more opulent of sound than it was in the march movement of "Antar" or more songful than it was in the finale. It missed not one of the abrupt modulations with which Mr. Braunfels has cluttered his new "Carnival Overture" and it gave some of his broad progressions an eloquence hardly intrinsic in them. Mr. Mueller of the wood-winds and Mr. Wendler and Mr. Jaenicke of the horns outdid themselves in virtuosos' skill and in quality of tone in Händel's concerto; while the whole band that it enlisted was a marvellously elastic, luminous and rich-voiced instrument. The conductor and the orchestra almost painted the lily when they added their own smoothness and euphony of tone to the polished surface of Mendelssohn's instrumentation; and not within long memory has the beginning of his sea-piece carried such suggestion of the glassy mystery, the uncanny and penetrating stillness, of absolutely windless waters.

As usual Dr. Muck made all these perfections serve—not his own glory as the inspirer and the finisher of them—but the substance, style and quality of the music that they were uttering. Ebullient Chicagoans and neurotic New Yorkers may object that there is too little of sound and fury in the conductor's version of the second movement of Korsakov's suite wherein Antar tastes the pleasures of revenge. But the force and fire that Dr. Muck gave to it were exactly scaled to the design of the whole performance and the composer in this music is no wild and whirling Slav. Korsakov had measure, even though the "typical" Tschaikovski lacked it. On the other hand, the illusion of pictorial music could hardly go higher than that which Dr. Muck attained in the passages that summon the still expanse of the shining and solitary desert—silence, shimmer and emptiness that penetrate the hearer as they might in such a waste itself. As vivid of suggestion of another sort were the measures at the beginning in which Korsakov would evoke the atmosphere of old legend. The oriental melody that is presumed to imply the amorous fairy, came from the conductor's hand as full of character as it was of tonal loveliness. Under his leading the march of power moved in a large and sober magnificence of rhythm and color; while the love-song and the vaporous measures of the end of the suite caressed the ear and melted the heart with their beauty.

Such performance enhances the beauty, the imagination, the suggestion, the wondrous play of rhythm, harmony and instrumental color in Rimsky-Korsakov's music. It glosses also his shortcomings—less apparent in "Antar" than in almost any other of his familiar music—his fondness for repetition, his occasional emptiness of phrase and halts of imagination; his reliance upon the suggestion of color rather than upon the force of idea. But in "Antar" he escapes most of his limitations and such a performance as that of yesterday gave him luminous wings. The better the news, then, that before the season ends Dr. Muck intends to undertake the companion-piece, "Scheherazade." He has been studying it for long.

The performance of Mendelssohn's sea-overture—one of his few pieces from the smooth surfaces of which the teeth of time still slip way—was as perfectly accomplished. The long introduction is of the fine and enduring poetry of tones; the northern ocean, as with Mendelssohn's other sea-piece, the "Hebrides" overture, quickened his imagination; the "impressionists" of our day might envy him the clouded color, the long, slow, lifeless undulation, the suggestion of uncanny stillness and suspense that rises out of his music of sea-calm. Inert as it should be, it is alive with picture and it was doubly so yesterday as Dr. Muck in turn poetized its illusion. In contrast, how adroit was his ordering of the long advance of the "main body" and the climax of the overture—the elastic quickening of the rhythm, the supple expansion of the succeeding phrases, the gradual heightening of pace and color, the livelier and livelier outflinging of phrase, the warming voice, the rising suspense until at last the soberly sonorous sweep of the close. The whole process was the art of the conductor revealing and animating the art of the composer and the one and the other seemed to join hands in spontaneous perfection.

Once more conductor and orchestra played the familiar concerto for strings and two wind choirs which seems the beginning and the end of Händel's music at the Symphony Concerts unless some singer chances to resurrect an air from his forgotten operas or oratorios. It was very warmly applauded yesterday as it always is when it reappears in the "active repertory"; the virtuosity of orchestra and conductor with music in the ancient style shone out of the performance. Why, then, should not other pieces of Händel be occasionally disinterred and heard likewise at the Symphony Concerts? The old Prussian did not leave a slender musical baggage behind him. To hear more of his music would give pleasure to the many that welcome Händel hardly less than they welcome Bach. As it was, the sonorities of the strings in the rotund phrases and the soberly striding pace that conductor and music both enjoined upon them, told in the first movement; the second was alive again with spirited and songful pattern-weaving; the third brought the glories aforesaid to Mr. Mueller of the English horn—one of the usually unnoted and exceptionally modest virtuosi of the orchestra—and to the whole wood-wind choir; the fourth ran its course in the ample line, the sober progress, the long curve and the deepening harmonies of slow and grave Händelian song; and in the finale, the groups of instruments chattered and raced themselves away in the merry give-and-take of such closing movements in the ancient music. The whole piece was exhilarating in itself—in spite of the Prussian's big-wigged manner—and it was yet more exhilaratingly played. More and more contemporary ears, sated with music that swims in harmonic and instrumental color, hear gladly this music of more naked line—even if it costs them a trifle of effort in comprehension of a comparatively strange matter and manner. The change, though it be a change backward, is grateful.

In a single hearing, at any rate, Mr. Braunfels's overture is no remarkable or interesting piece, nor does it suggest that repetition and study would better the impression. The truth is that a deal of music is written in this world today and has been written ever since music began to be that is all in the day's work for the composer, and that is tonal journalism, so to say, and not tonal literature. It is not a whit more important in itself than a sound and able article in a newspaper or a magazine that the writer accomplishes in the daily exercise of his calling, and there is not a whit more reason why it should be or why it should be expected to be remarkable. There is the same good reason for the playing of it that there is for the printing of the article and not a jot more reason why it should be minutely considered or sedulously remembered. Now and again, some of this music of the daily practice of the composer's profession happens to have notable and lasting quality even as on occasion may the daily work of the journalist in letters. Bach and Mozart, for example, had the genius and the good fortune to glorify and make perennial music of which they surely thought and spoke as "routine stuff." Our generation reads with pleasure the journalism of Sainte-Beuve and Gauthier and our children's children may be doing as much for the journalism of Mr. Brownell or Mr. Moore or even—to keep to music and the theatre—for the articles of Mr. Newman and Mr. Walkey.

Mr. Braunfels's overture belongs to this journalism of music but not, as it seemed yesterday, to the part of it that survives the day on which it appears. According to the programme-book, it was attached to a light opera, "Princess Brambilla," drawn from a like-named tale of Hoffmann, some time after the piece of the theatre had run a brief course on a few German stages. The action of the opera takes place during the carnival in a Rome of the renaissance. The overture woul

suggest the flicker and flare of the revelling as background to the serio-comic amorous adventures that make the substance of tale and play. It undertakes to do so in the fashion of Munich a few years ago when Strauss was the all-sufficient model for the youngsters. Mr. Braunfels assembles a big Straussian orchestra even to a heckelphone; and he clearly likes to keep as much of it "going" at a given moment as is possible. He writes in the bold and large-voiced Straussian fashion—in broad phrases and with large dependence on his wood-winds and horns when he would be songful; and with much involved polphony and many a stroke of instrumental and harmonic color, when he is laying in background and atmosphere. But, somehow neither ear nor fancy disengages much from the intricacies, and the strokes are often of little effect.

There are plentiful labor and superabundant sound in Mr. Braunfels's piece but little imagination and suggestion. Were it not for the title, it would imply no more than an exercise in orchestral writing in the Straussian manner and the listener may hunt in vain through it for the high spirits or the romantic savor of Roman carnivals as the writers and the composers, from Hoffmann and Berlioz onward, have elected to glorify them. The wonder was that it should have been played at all while such pieces as Balakirev's "Thamar," as Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," as Granados's magnificently eloquent "Dante"—to cite only a few examples at the spur of the moment—wait seemingly in vain for performance at the Symphony Concerts. Nor was it quite the practical wisdom of programme-making to place the resounding emptiness of the overture—full though it was of notes—after the rich and ranging imagery, the beauty of substance, the finesse of form, the mastery of workmanship and the poetic illusion of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Antar." Of late, Dr. Muck's German "novelties" have come off least well of all.

H. T. P.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

NOVEMBER 13,

'ANTAR' SYMPHONY AND HANDEL PIECE CONCERT FEATURES

Exceptionally fine playing of the most interesting "Antar" symphony, Rimsky-Korsakoff, provided the feature of the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon, admitted at last by the program book to be a concert and not a rehearsal. The symphony makes slow headway in public favor, but is certain to win out on its merits, particularly when those merits are so admirably set forth. It's a beautiful work and well worth more frequent hearing.

Handel's concerto for two wind choirs and strings was a noticeably close second in the honors of the concert. It was played as only this band of players can play and fully merited the most noticeable enthusiasm of the afternoon. The Carnival overture of Braunfels, which was played here for the first time, will doubtless find a resting place on the shelf. It was perhaps well to give it one hearing, but that one was enough. The composer evidently lost sight of his subject and doesn't say what he has to say in an interesting or convincing manner.

Many who have made a sea voyage might well envy Mendelssohn the joy expressed in the "Sea Calm" overture. But doubtless Mendelssohn, like many another, had other trips not quite so agreeable.

Journal
Nov 13, 1915

HANDEL CONCERTO WELL PERFORMED

Braunfels Overture Proves Dull Novelty at the Symphony.

It often happens that a novelty is the least interesting feature of a Symphony program. That is what has happened this week.

The "Princess Brambilla" overture is not a substantial work, nor does it present any golden opportunity to the orchestra. It was written a few years ago by Walter Braunfels, whose father, a lawyer in Frankfort, intended that the son should become a lawyer. There are suggestions in this so-called carnival overture that perhaps a good lawyer was lost to the bar when young Braunfels went to Munich and succumbed to the artistic fascinations of that hospitable town.

The bulk of the overture is occupied with much hemming and hawing over—over what? The 2500 people that attended yesterday's concert may have had 2500 different ideas of it. There was no tell-tale theme, no dramatic climax that conveyed any hint of any particular episode in human history. The story of the Princess Brambilla concerns a Roman actor who, though engaged to a seamstress, pines after an imaginary princess and is cured of his folly by a practical comedian who turns up at carnival time and makes the seamstress appear as the princess. The overture is hazy until near the end, when it suddenly gives forth some of the conventional carnival spirit. There was little applause for it.

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The program for next week contains the monumental seventh symphony of Bruckner and the Mozart concerto for violin, viola and orchestra, with Mr. Witek and Mr. Ferir as soloists.

From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.
NOV 7 1915
Date

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Fashionable Folk at the Concerts

Miss Margaret Wilson was among the box holders at the first of the Boston Symphony concerts, which attracted a large and distinguished audience to the National Theater Tuesday afternoon, and had several guests with her, among them Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davies, Mrs. George E. Pickett, Mrs. William Hitz, and Carmine Fabrizio. The German ambassador in the adjoining box entertained Mme. Christian Hauge, Mrs. Rollins Morse and Haniel von Haimhausen. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend were among the guests in Mrs. Marshall Field's box. Mrs. Preston Gibson had a box party, including Mrs. Stephen Slocum and Mrs. John Merriam. Miss Laura Harlan, Miss Sherilan and Mrs. J. Mandeville Carlisle were guests of Mrs. Walter Bruce Howe in another box. Mrs. Isaac T. Mann's guests were Mrs. Walter Wells, Mrs. William Barret Ridgely, Miss Farnsworth, and Miss Hickey. Mr. and Mrs. Lisner and Gen. and Mrs. William Crozier also had box parties. Among others in the audience were the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane, the Swedish Minister and Mme. Ekengren, Mme. Pezet, Mrs. Henry B. Brown, Mrs. James R. Mann, Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Randolph McKim, Mrs. R. R. Hitt, Mrs. Reynolds Hitt, Congressman and Mrs. Towner, Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell, Mrs. William Holland Wilmer, Miss Wilmer, Mrs. Bradley Fiske, Mrs. John Biddle, Mrs. Richardson Clover, Miss Beatrice Clover, Mrs. Charles C. McChord, Mrs. S. B. Williamson, Mrs. Joseph Bailey, the Rev. and Mrs. Ward Denys, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Eustis, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Chatard, Mrs. Henry May, Mrs. William Hammond, Mrs. Hiram Irwin, Mrs. Paul Bartlett, Miss Caroline Ogden Jones, Mr. and Mrs. William Eaches Fendall, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, Miss Leita Montgomery, Mrs. Charles G. Matthews, Miss Porcher, Mrs. John Blair, Miss Irene Sheridan, Miss Louise Sheridan, Mrs. Frank Carpenter, Mrs. Nathan Sargent, Miss Eloise Sargent, Mrs. Samuel Pilson, Mrs. Julian James, Mrs. Frank B. Noyes, Mrs. Thomas Blagdon, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, and Mrs. Peyton Russell.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date NOV 8 - 1915
Es

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Moving pictures have one advantage over the spoken drama; they are fixed on the films before the performers have time to get "stale" in their parts. If the Boston Symphony Orchestra had not played the Seventh symphony of Beethoven and the Préludes" of Lizt so many times there might have been more life in the performances of these works on Saturday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. As it was, the orchestra played these great works with a perfunctoriness that was surprising. It was otherwise with the Ravel and Loeffler works on the programme. Ravel's "Ma Mère l'Oye" was given a splendid performance which revealed all the orchestral iridescence of this pleasing but not great set of orchestral pieces. Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles" is an interesting piece of music—only it is somewhat too long—but it seems to be groaning under a heavier burden than the murder of an impossible marionette little boy. There is much clever orchestral writing in this work, and it would be more interesting without Maeterlinck's dull and lugubrious story than with it. If Mr. Loeffler had made it half as long, and given as subject-matter the sufferings of his native country under a hated foreign rule, it might have seemed much more important. There was no flaw in the playing of this piece, but in Ravel's composition there were occasional lapses from true intonation on the part of the concert-master. Such things will happen in the best-regulated orchestra.

From NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date V 4 - 1915
Established:

MELBA HOLDS OWN

Boston Orchestra Solois Retains Charm.

Symphony Played By Special Request Is Testimony To City's Musical Taste.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert of the season last night at the Lyric.

Rumors have been rife of late that this orchestra, thus early in the season, was even in more perfect shape than at any time in its previous memorable history; but, though there was nothing in last night's performance actually to belie this opinion, it cannot be said that the concert as a whole was more specially distinguished than those, for instance, of last year.

The symphony was Brahms' No. 4, and if, as reported, it was selected in response to Baltimoreans' wishes, it is a signal testimony to the growth of musical taste in our city. No more exacting test of the musical acumen and appreciation of a community could well be found than in this ultra-Brahmsish work.

All the characteristics of this composer—the blending of the classical and romantic schools, the uncompromising nobility of sentiment and contempt for popular esteem, the relative insignificance of the themes as compared with the extraordinary interest of their development, the rugged and powerful nature of the orchestration—above all the singular wearing power of the musical material—all these are exemplified in this symphony as perhaps in no other work by Brahms in the same degree.

Out Of Place As A Finale.

The first movement is naturally the least appealing to the general public and it was played last night with a certain stiffness and frigidity that did nothing toward bringing its latent beauties to the surface. The other movements were beautifully interpreted and made a profound impression, but it is unfortunate that the last movement with all its poetic interest should, through its too metaphysical character, be so out of place as a finale.

"Le Mort de Tintagiles," by Loeffler, is very characteristic of the composer, and, for that matter, of many composers of the present day. There is much atmosphere, a very highly developed sense of color and a few moments of real beauty, but an utter paucity of genuine musical ideas. Moreover, the work is far too long drawn-out for such small thematic material as the composer here had at his command.

Mme. Melba's Work.

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The artist, however, was not nearly so appealing in Mozart's divine aria "Porgi Amor," which calls for far more tender and emotional handling. Nor in the same composer's "Voi Che Sapete," where once again there was an entire lack of the requisite light and shade.

The concert closed with a brilliant and altogether satisfying performance of Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

H. D. P.

From EVENING GLOBE
Address: New York City
Date OV 8 -
Establis

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Dr. Muck and his men again provided a programme on Saturday afternoon that for the most part was thoroughly delightful. The one exception was Charles Martin Loeffler's "La Mort de Tintagiles." A dry, uninteresting work, devoid alike of invention or any but banal musical ideas, this made at home symphonic poem is conducive chiefly to somnolence. Of course, it is properly made and all that sort of thing. And it is quite as interesting as the mystico-hysterical piece of Maeterlinckian flubdub that suggested it. But that does not prevent it from being a specimen of scholarly inanity.

However, the rest of the programme was ample compensation. It began with Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Never could the exquisite modulation, the light and shade of Dr. Muck's interpretation of his work be surpassed. In fact the present writer has never heard the beautiful allegretto played with greater delicacy or more subtle phrasing. At the same time it is undeniable that Dr. Muck's tempi were quite amazingly slow. The allegretto was taken rather as an andante and the last movement, although perfectly played as far as tonal balance was concerned, was decidedly lacking in vivacity.

Ravel's melodious and amusing suite, "Ma Mère L'Oye" and Liszt's, "Les Préludes" completed the programme. It must be said that of its kind "Ma Mère L'Oye" is neither as ingenious nor as interesting as John Alden Carpenter's "In a Perambulator," which Mr. Damrosch repeated with excellent effect at Aeolian Hall yesterday. Miss Hempel again aroused vociferous enthusiasm. She was in excellent voice.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
NOV 7 - 1915
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The echoes linger of the wonderful playing of the Boston Symphony in their concert without a soloist last Monday evening. How strange it seems that anybody could have stopped his ears to the gorgeous tone-color of Strauss's "Tod und Verklaerung" while the work was young, and have found its idiom muddy and obscure! Last Monday evening the audience took great and evident delight in it. And instrumentalists always perform the work with relish, for it gives the woodwind and the brasses a field day, and oboe, flute, violin, kettle drums have a fine chance to "show off." Anton Witek, the concertmeister, has rarely been in better form, and his violin sang like a bird in its flawless upper register. Superbly insouciant Dr. Carl Muck always seems. Contrast him, for example, with Alfred Hertz—who is such a loss to the Metropolitan—Hertz always seemed alarmingly about to fly in pieces; the demeanor of Muck is at times as detached as that of Mephisto enjoying the entanglement of Faust. The polished urbanity that nothing seems to ruffle is almost uncanny.

Like our own gifted conductor, he illustrates the conservation of energy: he does not indulge in superfluous motion for the sake of impressing the groundlings or the gallery. Such leaders make it appear easy to the innocent: as though anybody could stand there with a thin wand in his hand beating time for music that seems to run itself. But what would Nikisch's orchestra be with Nikisch left out? The conductor's dais is another spot where the presence of the galvanizing, magnetizing human factor is indispensable.

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From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date NOV 4 - 1915
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BOSTON SYMPHONY IN FIRST CONCERT

Due to Lack of Musical Contrast. Mme. Melba, Soloist, Pleases.

Presenting a program largely of works of German composers, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first Baltimore concert of the season last night at the Lyric Theater. The audience crowded the house. This is the thirty-fifth season of the orchestra. Mme. Melba, soprano, was the special soloist.

There was not much musical contrast in the program, consequently it became tiresome as it progressed. The work of the orchestra, too, was often so repressed as to be cramped, to cause a sensation of undue compression. The non-technical listener was taxed also by the comparative unfamiliarity of Brahms' fourth symphony and the unjustified length of Loeffler's "tone poem," Le Mort de Tintagiles. The hasty performance of Wagner's Prelude to Die Meistersinger at the end of the program was not unwelcome.

Mme. Melba gave much pleasure with her voice and facility, but she stifled enthusiasm with the pieces she sang. The Handel Sweet Bird aria is one of those errors in a composer's judgment which attempt to change natural elements. Mme. Melba trilled exquisitely for a human singer, but these vocal achievements are not most pleasant when performed by men and women. The flute, which plays the chief obligato in this composition, is incomparably more pleasing. The second Mozart aria, Voi Che sapete, was Mme. Melba's most pleasing offering.

One of the most enjoyable things of the concert was the tone color of the viole d'Amour, played by Emile Ferir in the Loeffler work. Both Mr. Ferir and Andre Maquarre, who played the principal flute part in the Handel aria, participated in the especial honors of the concert.

J. H. H.

[44]

Journal
Nov 13, 1915

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But it was very different with the Handel concerto for strings and wind choirs, a work rich in melodies, fluent, graceful, full of the choice Handelian spirit and a perfect showpiece for the renowned string and woodwind sections of the Symphony Orchestra. The performance brought out all the time-honored charms of the piece, and after the middle movement there was prolonged applause for the brilliant solo playing of the two oboes, Mr. Longy and Mr. Stanislaus.

The concert this week opens with Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" symphony and ends with the Mendelssohn overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," two pleasing, if not especially stirring compositions. Mme. Melba, whom illness prevented from singing, will probably appear at some later concerts, but nothing definite can be said about this matter yet.

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THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Dr. Muck and his men again provided a programme on Saturday afternoon that for the most part was thoroughly delightful. The one exception was Charles Martin Loeffler's "La Mort de Tintagiles." A dry, uninteresting work, devoid alike of invention or any but banal musical ideas, this made at home symphonic poem is conducive chiefly to somnolence. Of course, it is properly made and all that sort of thing. And it is quite as interesting as the mystico-hysterical piece of Maeterlinckian flubdub that suggested it. But that does not prevent it from being a specimen of scholarly inanity.

However, the rest of the programme was ample compensation. It began with Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Never could the exquisite modulation, the light and shade of Dr. Muck's interpretation of his work be surpassed. In fact the present writer has never heard the beautiful allegretto played with greater delicacy or more subtle phrasing. At the same time it is undeniable that Dr. Muck's tempi were quite amazingly slow. The allegretto was taken rather as an andante and the last movement, although perfectly played as far as tonal balance was concerned, was decidedly lacking in vivacity.

Ravel's melodious and amusing suite, "Ma Mère L'Oye" and Liszt's, "Les Préludes" completed the programme. It must be said that of its kind "Ma Mère L'Oye" is neither as ingenious nor as interesting as John Alden Carpenter's "In a Perambulator," which Mr. Damrosch repeated with excellent effect at Aeolian Hall yesterday. Miss Hempel again aroused vociferous enthusiasm. She was in excellent voice.

AR
Baltimore, Md.

NOV 4 - 1915

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BOSTON SYMPHONY IN FIRST CONCERT

Due to Lack of Musical Contrast. Mme. Melba, Soloist, Pleases.

Presenting a program largely of works of German composers, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first Baltimore concert of the season last night at the Lyric Theater. The audience crowded the house. This is the thirty-fifth season of the orchestra. Mme. Melba, soprano, was the special soloist.

There was not much musical contrast in the program, consequently it became tiresome as it progressed. The work of the orchestra, too, was often so repressed as to be cramped, to cause a sensation of undue compression. The non-technical listener was taxed also by the comparative unfamiliarity of Brahms' fourth symphony and the unjustified length of Loeffler's "tone poem," Le Mort de Tintagiles. The hasty performance of Wagner's Prelude to Die Meistersinger at the end of the program was not unwelcome.

Mme. Melba gave much pleasure with her voice and facility, but she stifled enthusiasm with the pieces she sang. The Handel Sweet Bird aria is one of those errors in a composer's judgment which attempt to change natural elements. Mme. Melba trilled exquisitely for a human singer, but these vocal achievements are not most pleasant when performed by men and women. The flute, which plays the chief obligato in this composition, is incomparably more pleasing. The second Mozart aria, Voi Che sapete, was Mme. Melba's most pleasing offering.

One of the most enjoyable things of the concert was the tone color of the viole d'Amour, played by Emile Ferir in the Loeffler work. Both Mr. Ferir and Andre Maquarre, who played the principal flute part in the Handel aria, participated in the especial honors of the concert.

J. H. H.

From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C. NOV 7 1915

Date

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Fashionable Folk at the Concerts

Miss Margaret Wilson was among the box holders at the first of the Boston Symphony concerts, which attracted a large and distinguished audience to the National Theater Tuesday afternoon, and had several guests with her, among them Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davies, Mrs. George E. Pickett, Mrs. William Hitz, and Carmine Fabrizio. The German ambassador in the adjoining box entertained Mme. Christian Hauge, Mrs. Rollins Morse and Haniel von Haimhausen. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend were among the guests in Mrs. Marshall Field's box. Mrs. Preston Gibson had a box party, including Mrs. Stephen Slocum and Mrs. John Merriam. Miss Laura Harlan, Miss Sherilan and Mrs. J. Mandeville Carlisle were guests of Mrs. Walter Bruce Howe in another box. Mrs. Isaac T. Mann's guests were Mrs. Walter Wells, Mrs. William Barret Ridgely, Miss Farnsworth, and Miss Hickey. Mr. and Mrs. Lisner and Gen. and Mrs. William Crozier also had box parties. Among others in the audience were the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane, the Swedish Minister and Mme. Ekengren, Mme. Pezet, Mrs. Henry B. Brown, Mrs. James R. Mann, Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Randolph McKim, Mrs. R. R. Hitt, Mrs. Reynolds Hitt, Congressman and Mrs. Towner, Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell, Mrs. William Holland Wilmer, Miss Wilmer, Mrs. Bradley Fiske, Mrs. John Biddle, Mrs. Richardson Clover, Miss Beatrice Clover, Mrs. Charles C. McChord, Mrs. S. B. Williamson, Mrs. Joseph Bailey, the Rev. and Mrs. Ward Denys, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Eustis, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Chatard, Mrs. Henry May, Mrs. William Hammond, Mrs. Hiram Irwin, Mrs. Paul Bartlett, Miss Caroline Ogden Jones, Mr. and Mrs. William Eaches Fendall, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, Miss Leita Montgomery, Mrs. Charles G. Matthews, Miss Porcher, Mrs. John Blair, Miss Irene Sheridan, Miss Louise Sheridan, Mrs. Frank Carpenter, Mrs. Nathan Sargent, Miss Eloise Sargent, Mrs. Samuel Pilson, Mrs. Julian James, Mrs. Frank B. Noyes, Mrs. Thomas Blagdon, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, and Mrs. Peyton Russell.

WS
Baltimore, Md.

NOV 4 - 1915

MELBA HOLDS OWN

Boston Orchestra Solois Retains Charm.

Symphony Played By Special Request Is Testimony To City's Musical Taste.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert of the season last night at the Lyric.

Rumors have been rife of late that this orchestra, thus early in the season, was even in more perfect shape than at any time in its previous memorable history; but, though there was nothing in last night's performance actually to belie this opinion, it cannot be said that the concert as a whole was more specially distinguished than those, for instance, of last year.

The symphony was Brahms' No. 4, and if, as reported, it was selected in response to Baltimoreans' wishes, it is a signal testimony to the growth of musical taste in our city. No more exacting test of the musical acumen and appreciation of a community could well be found than in this ultra-Brahmsish work.

All the characteristics of this composer—the blending of the classical and romantic schools, the uncompromising nobility of sentiment and contempt for popular esteem, the relative insignificance of the themes as compared with the extraordinary interest of their development, the rugged and powerful nature of the orchestration—above all the singular wearing power of the musical material—all these are exemplified in this symphony as perhaps in no other work by Brahms in the same degree.

Out Of Place As A Finale.

The first movement is naturally the least appealing to the general public and it was played last night with a certain stiffness and frigidity that did nothing toward bringing its latent beauties to the surface. The other movements were beautifully interpreted and made a profound impression, but it is unfortunate that the last movement with all its poetic interest should, through its too metaphysical character, be so out of place as a finale.

"Le Mort de Tintagiles," by Loeffler, is very characteristic of the composer, and, for that matter, of many composers of the present day. There is much atmosphere, a very highly developed sense of color and a few moments of real beauty, but an utter paucity of genuine musical ideas. Moreover, the work is far too long drawn-out for such small thematic material as the composer here had at his command.

Mme. Melba's Work.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa. NOV 7 - 1915

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The echoes linger of the wonderful playing of the Boston Symphony in their concert without a soloist last Monday evening. How strange it seems that anybody could have stopped his ears to the gorgeous tone-color of Strauss's "Tod und Verklaerung" while the work was young, and have found its idiom muddy and obscure! Last Monday evening the audience took great and evident delight in it. And instrumentalists always perform the work with relish, for it gives the woodwind and the brasses a field day, and oboe, flute, violin, kettle drums have a fine chance to "show off." Anton Witek, the concertmeister, has rarely been in better form, and his violin sang like a bird in its flawless upper register. Superbly insouciant Dr. Carl Muck always seems. Contrast him, for example, with Alfred Hertz—who is such a loss to the Metropolitan—Hertz always seemed alarmingly about to fly in pieces; the demeanor of Muck is at times as detached as that of Mephisto enjoying the entanglement of Faust. The polished urbanity that nothing seems to ruffle is almost uncanny.

Like our own gifted conductor, he illustrates the conservation of energy: he does not indulge in superfluous motion for the sake of impressing the groundlings or the gallery. Such leaders make it appear easy to the innocent: as though anybody could stand there with a thin wand in his hand beating time for music that seems to run itself. But what would Nikisch's orchestra be with Nikisch left out? The conductor's dais is another spot where the presence of the galvanizing, magnetizing human factor is indispensable.

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MONITOR, BOSTO

NOVEMBER 13.

"BRAMBILLA" OF BRAUNFELS GIVEN BY ORCHESTRA

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If anybody should ask what sort of program the Boston Symphony orchestra excels in playing, here is one. And it would be a long search to find another day's schedule of pieces in which the leader and his men maintained their technique so nearly flawless and their interpretation so brilliant from first note to last as in this one. It may be a strange situation that the program is not a remarkable one; for Rimsky-Korsakoff, Braunfels, Handel and Mendelssohn, as here represented, far from being mounted knights on the highroad of inspiration are just pedestrians. But minor art, be it music, poetry or painting, sometimes has an ironical way of making an extraordinary showing. It somehow proves itself necessary in the social scheme, notwithstanding its theoretical shortcomings.

A work of a decidedly second quality on the side of orchestral invention, and yet one that has a pleasant sound, is the Braunfels overture. It is scored with a larger proportion of passages for full orchestra than overtures are generally supposed to demand. The contrast of solo wind instrument episodes which is the usual requirement in such works is wanting. And listeners are compelled to believe that the writer fails to make such contrast because of a lack of mastery of light effect and of melodic characterization. For more than once all the preparations are made for change from full to half orchestra, everything is made ready for a moment of lyric exaltation, but nothing happens beyond the parade of getting ready. At the same time the overture is delightful to listen to because of the composer's skillful management of the combined orchestral sonorities. The background of string tone in particular is admirably painted in. The perspective and atmosphere of the sketch are of irresistible effect. If the classic composers had not taught us that an overture should be a complete piece of expression in itself this work of Braunfels would be wholly plausible.

A successful experiment on the part of the conductor was the revival of the set of little pieces by Handel for string orchestra playing against two choirs of wind instruments. Five pieces were included in the group and all pleased the audience greatly because of their quaintness of style and still more because of the exquisite interpretation they received. The reading of the third piece won appreciation from the audience because of the masterly execution of the duet for oboes. The solo players were Messrs. Longy and Mueller, whose work brought one of those brisk and brief outbursts of applause which indicate a keen house. They stood and bowed in acknowledgement of the hand-clapping.

The conductor and players were at their very highest mark in the Rimsky-Korsakoff work. They have never gone at a repertory piece with freer command of themselves technically and with more glowing enthusiasm interpretively. The easiness of the task, instead of being an excuse for a routine performance was a challenge to their best powers. The phrasing of the work was sensitive, the tone contrasts were vivid. "Antar" was presented at its full value as a symphony and as a piece of descriptive orchestration too. The composer's skill in short-theme handling in the first movement was allowed to show itself and his knack at setting forth a story was permitted full scope at the same time. All values were given their place, no one of them to the detriment of another. And it came about that way, of course, because the work was carefully prepared and because its qualities were intimately studied before public performance was attempted.

TRANSCRIPT.

NOVEMBER 20.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

BRUCKNER AND MOZART SIDE BY SIDE

A Two-Hour Programme and a Content Audience — A Concerto for Violin and Viola Resurrected from Mozart, with Mr. Witek and Mr. Ferir to Play It—Bruckner's Seventh Symphony in Eloquent Performance—The Blanks and the Wonders of It

BEING an intelligent public, the audiences at the Symphony Concerts are beginning to discover timely that the clock does not determine the pleasure or the pain of a given programme. Dr. Muck's chosen music of yesterday—Bruckner's seventh symphony and a "Concertante Symphonie" by Mozart—filled almost exactly the one hundred and twenty minutes that have gradually become the standard duration of the Symphony Concerts. Yet complaint over the length or the exaction of the programme was hardly heard and—what was much more significant—nearly all the listening company stayed to the end; whereas, a week ago, when the concert was short by the clock, many departed before the final number. Neither Bruckner's symphony nor Mozart's concerto—to use a simpler and more convenient designation than the composer's archaic title—exhausted the ears or the interest of the audience and the second piece made pleasant contrast to the first. Thereby we may learn as the old textbooks in moral philosophy used to say, that a concert is overlong and over-exacting when the nature of the chosen music makes it so and not when the hands of the clock, at Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, point to four-thirty as the orchestra sounds the last measure.

It was particularly agreeable to see the audience so remain to the very end, because Mr. Witek and Mr. Férir of the leaders of the string choir were playing the solo parts in Mozart's music and deserving such courtesy and compliment. Whatever the shortcomings of the public of the Symphony Concerts—and nearly every group of it takes a turn at railing at the rest—it is warm to the members of the orchestra, like Mr. Witek and Mr. Férir, whom it has come to know as individuals, and to others, like Mr. Mueller a week ago, whom the music of the day raises for the instant above their fellows. When the violinist and the violist came from their usual places to stand close to the conductor, they were long and loudly applauded; and at the end of the concerto the audience even lingered to clap them, while Dr. Muck himself was quick to praise. After all, there is esprit de corps in the auditorium as well as on the stage of Symphony Hall.

Mozart's concerto, heard for the first time "in its entirety" (which is considerable) at the Symphony Concerts, is an amusing and engaging little piece, neither too long nor too thin-bodied, like so much of his minor music, for twentieth-century ears. The most diligent of his biographers and the yet more diligent grubbers among the miscellanea of his time have been unable to unearth any fact or presumption concerning it. The piece merely exists in what is authentically a copy of Mozart's manuscript, to which various musicians from Hellmesberger to Loeffler have added cadenzas for the solo instruments. Hellmesberger's were used yesterday, since Mr. Loeffler's overlook the higher tuning of the viola that the composer enjoined for greater brightness. The probability is that Mozart wrote the concerto, as he wrote so much of his major and minor music, in the hurry of the work and the play of the day—for he was a busy and a sportive young man even by present standards—and handed it forthwith to the virtuosi and the little band who were to play it for noble "patrons" listening leisurely.

The orchestra usually does no more than weave a bright or a shadowy background for the solo instruments, creeping gradually upon them with its lightly energetic tutti. joining its euphonies and tonal colors to theirs or rarely pitty-patting through instrumental dialogue with them. Mozart treats the individualized violin and viola as simply. They blend their songful phrases or they repeat, diversify and contrast them; they speak in suavely united accents; or the high, bright and fine timbre of the viola tells colorfully against the darker and fuller-bodied voice of the violin. There are few feats of virtuosity for the two players, as virtuosity went in Mozart's time, and they lie easily within the skill of a Witek or a Férir. More difficult, in reality, were the limpid and lucent flow of tone, the delicate spinning of modulation and transition, the answering euphonies, the airy arabesques and the pervading finesse and elegance of voice that the music ask. But these attributes of disclosing and glamoring virtuosity, of sensibility to music and of taste and discernment in style were no less readily at Mr. Witek's and Mr. Férir's command. With reason the conductor, the audience, and may be Mozart himself, hearing from the Elysian Fields, rejoiced in them.

As for the music itself, it runs in an Allegro Maestoso, serene of voice, ingratiating of pattern and ambling of movement, that Dr. Muck heightened and animated by adept and unobtrusive modulation of pace and accent; in an Andante all sensibility to the matter and the mood of its pensive song, carried oftenest by the wistful and penetrating voice of the viola; and in a lively and sunny little finale, all pretty quirks or smooth rushes. No very remarkable music in itself, and akin to many another such piece from forgotten hands save for the two qualities with which Mozart and the [illegible] cherished him glorified even his daily tasks—his felicity of design and stroke and his manifold and unceasing charm. It is as proof against the years and the fashions in his minor music as it is, according to Barrie, in women themselves.

Again, Dr. Muck and the orchestra bade their hearers—or so many of them as reflect upon the music to which they listen—read the riddle of Bruckner. Once more, they played the seventh symphony which is accounted his masterpiece, even if the eighth moves some ears and hearts more deeply, and played it with a magnificent sweep of vibrant, massed and mounting tone in the strings, with a suavity and suppleness of phrase and accent in the coloring and pointing wood-winds, and with a beauty of the depths of sound made music in horns and tenor tubas and the more sonorous brass that would have transported Bruckner out of himself even, as they still tell in Vienna, did the hearing of the music of Beethoven. And this symphony, so glorified, was his own. Thrice blessed in these days is the dreaming organist of St. Florian and the queer and solitary figure of the later years of teaching and composing in Vienna in the admiration that conductor after conductor feels for his music. They give it annual place on their programmes; they lavish all their powers upon it; they would win—and in the instance of Dr. Muck, they do win—their hearers to like answer in kind to it. When he is so moved to divining comprehension, enkindled emotional response and transfiguring communication as he is with this seventh symphony of Bruckner, he seems to summon from the engraved page the music that Bruckner heard with the ears of the spirit and would fashion into tones that other men might also hear it so. Now that Mahler is dead and Nikisch elects to wander from concert-room to concert-room with conventionalized programmes, there is no prophet of Bruckner to compare with Dr. Muck. And yesterday the orchestra was herald and prophet, too.

This seventh symphony is indeed all Bruckner's own by the strange shortcomings that it is critical—and maybe human—infirmity to seek out first and that yet vanishes on the instant in the wondrous achievement beside them. By this time, all the world that scrutinizes music knows the reiterated tale of these defects—the spaces in the music that seem suddenly to go blank as though invention and manipulation had for the moment run dry; the putterings—for the homely word of the New England vernacular defines them better than any other—over trivial and futile details; the instants of seeming waiting for the wind of creation to ruffle again the composer's spirit; the innocent mannerisms of procedure like the reiterated inversion of motives or the long and slow ascending progressions and the abrupt descending modulations; the lacking faculties of rigid selection and adroit proportion when invention and ardor run high; the stretching of too vast a tonal canvas for imagination and resource to fill; the occasional maunderings into a vague sentimentality or an altogether indefinite import. No; the Latins from Paris to Palermo will never understand Bruckner; for his shortcomings are the very negation of the qualities that they most prize in music.

Then the flash of inspiration—for it is nothing else—comes upon Bruckner's spirit and dwells for a space in it, melting and scattering all these limitations and inabilities, filling all these empty places, like the consuming fire of the Scripture. Then enkindled and transported he writes a music of a celestial beauty that not even Franck, to whom in temperament he was more than a little akin, may always summon. There are such passages in all his symphonies; they are not a few in the first movement, they even recur in the last movement, of this very seventh. Then, also does he write, as in the Adagio of lament, solace, resignation and apocalyptic vision in the symphony of yesterday, music that bodies forth the deep and universal emotion of the spirits of men as has no other composer since Beethoven. Only the slow movement of the Eroica symphony or the sublimest pages of Wagner when there was the dead Siegfried to mourn or Isolde looked out upon the sunset over Tristan's still body, may stand beside it in the beauty that fills the answering soul and the power that transports it. And in an instant and with the flame of inspiration still blazing full, Bruckner sweeps away into a scherzo that no less fills and transports with the robust joy of free and ardent living or that stays for a moment in the trio for like transfiguration of our common human tenderness. In these slow movements of the seventh and the eighth symphonies, Bruckner might be of the pure in heart who are blessed in that they have seen God. In the scherzi of nearly all the symphonies, this same devout recluse of Linz and Vienna might have known, no less, the finer passions and pleasures of men.

H. T. P.

BOSTON POST.

NOVEMBER 20.

SYMPHONY GLORIFIES BRUCKNER

Eloquence Given His 7th—Mozart's Concerto

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Seventh Symphony of Anton Bruckner and a concerto for violin and viola with orchestra of Mozart were the items of yesterday's public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, in Symphony Hall.

The performance of the Bruckner symphony had a finish and an eloquence which it is difficult to imagine from another conductor than Dr. Muck. This is a work for which he has evidently an affection as well as a high regard. When this is the case, it is difficult to excel in interpretation the present conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

A MARVEL OF FINISH

It has become a sort of a byword to remark of Dr. Muck that when he likes a work the least he gives it the most scrupulous and stirring performance. That is a fallacious doctrine. Any human being does that best which is most sympathetic to his nature, and this principle is intensified, rather than weakened, in the case of the interpretive artist. Not only was the performance of yesterday a marvel of finish and of exalted utterance, but it was a performance for which the composer himself would have thanked the conductor had he been present.

Once Bruckner said to a friend, "I think that if Beethoven were alive, and I should go to him with my Seventh Symphony and say, 'Here, Mr. Van Beethoven, this is not so bad, this Seventh, as certain gentlemen would make out.'" Had the composer been present yesterday he would have said to Dr. Muck: "My dear Doctor, may I thank you for saying in your performance all that I wished to say, and was not quite able to say completely, in my score."

A Master Interpreter

The conductor met the composer half way. To take a movement, such as the uneven and poorly proportioned finale of this work, and give it unity and coherence, its line, fill in the chinks left open, supply the connecting passages between grand ideas that the absent-minded Mr. Bruckner did not always supply, was the act, not only of a master interpretater, but of a creative musician, whose intention was as noble as that of the author of the symphony.

And after all, a symphony by Bruckner, with all its weakness of structure and discrepancies of style, is sure to contain material so great, and display in its entirely such a heroic stride that the hearer may well be content to wade through the occasional doddering found in the first and more particularly the last movement of the seventh symphony for the sake of the prophetic voice, the vision apocalyptic, of other pages. As for the slow movement, it is one of the masterpieces of modern music.

Mozart's Long Concerto

The Mozart concerto, which was performed as a whole for the first time in Boston, has one movement of value—the second movement, which has a haunting beauty and melancholy. The first movement is exceedingly inferior, routine stuff, of which the best pages are those of the double cadenza written by Helmsberger. The finale is more sprightly but hardly more distinguished. The performance on the part of the soloists was finished and in keeping with the character of the music. The accompaniment, most of the time, was rough and too heavy. It is seldom that Dr. Muck conducts such an accompaniment. Even Mozart, on occasion, can snore in his chair and write music by the yard.

The programme of the concerts of next week will include the E flat symphony of Mozart, the Beethoven violin concerto, played by Fritz Kreisler, and Rachmaninoff's noble tone-poem, after the picture of Arnold Boecklin, "The Isle of the Dead."

MONITOR, BOSTO

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It was particularly agreeable to see the audience so remain to the very end, because Mr. Witek and Mr. Férir of the leaders of the string choir were playing the solo parts in Mozart's music and deserving such courtesy and compliment. Whatever the shortcomings of the public of the Symphony Concerts—and nearly every group of it takes a turn at railing at the rest—it is warm to the members of the orchestra, like Mr. Witek and Mr. Férir, whom it has come to know as individuals, and to others, like Mr. Mueller a week ago, whom the music of the day raises for the instant above their fellows. When the violinist and the violist came from their usual places to stand close to the conductor, they were long and loudly applauded; and at the end of the concerto the audience even lingered to clap them, while Dr. Muck himself was quick to praise. After all, there is esprit de corps in the auditorium as well as on the stage of Symphony Hall.

Mozart's concerto, heard for the first time "in its entirety" (which is considerable) at the Symphony Concerts, is an amusing and engaging little piece, neither too long nor too thin-bodied, like so much of his minor music, for twentieth-century ears. The most diligent of his biographers and the yet more diligent grubbers among the miscellanea of his time have been unable to unearth any fact or presumption concerning it. The piece merely exists in what is authentically a copy of Mozart's manuscript, to which various musicians from Hellmesberger to Loeffler have added cadenzas for the solo instruments. Hellmesberger's were used yesterday, since Mr. Loeffler's overlook the higher tuning of the viola that the composer enjoined for greater brightness. The probability is that Mozart wrote the concerto, as he wrote so much of his major and minor music, in the hurry of the work and the play of the day—for he was a busy and a sportive young man even by present standards—and handed it forthwith to the virtuosi and the little band who were to play it for noble "patrons" listening leisurely.

The orchestra usually does no more than weave a bright or a shadowy background for the solo instruments, creeping gradually upon them with its lightly energetic tutti. joining its euphonies and tonal colors to theirs or rarely pitty-patting through instrumental dialogue with them. Mozart treats the individualized violin and viola as simply. They blend their songful phrases or they repeat, diversify and contrast them; they speak in suavely united accents; or the high, bright and fine timbre of the viola tells colorfully against the darker and fuller-bodied voice of the violin. There are few feats of virtuosity for the two players, as virtuosity went in Mozart's time, and they lie easily within the skill of a Witek or a Férir. More difficult, in reality, were the limpid and lucent flow of tone, the delicate spinning of modulation and transition, the answering euphonies, the airy arabesques and the pervading finesse and elegance of voice that the music ask. But these attributes of disclosing and glamoring virtuosity, of sensibility to music and of taste and discernment in style were no less readily at Mr. Witek's and Mr. Férir's command. With reason the conductor, the audience, and may be Mozart himself, hearing from the Elysian Fields, rejoiced in them.

As for the music itself, it runs in an Allegro Maestoso, serene of voice, ingratiating of pattern and ambling of movement, that Dr. Muck heightened and animated by adept and unobtrusive modulation of pace and accent; in an Andante all sensibility to the matter and the mood of its pensive song, carried oftenest by the wistful and penetrating voice of the viola; and in a lively and sunny little finale, all pretty quirks or smooth rushes. No very remarkable music in itself, and akin to many another such piece from forgotten hands save for the two qualities with which Mozart and the kindly Fates that cherished him glorified even his daily tasks—his felicity of design and stroke and his manifold and unceasing charm. It is as proof against the years and the fashions in his minor music as it is, according to Barrie, in women themselves.

Again, Dr. Muck and the orchestra bade their hearers—or so many of them as reflect upon the music to which they listen—read the riddle of Bruckner. Once more, they played the seventh symphony which is accounted his masterpiece, even if the eighth moves some ears and hearts more deeply, and played it with a magnificent sweep of vibrant, massed and mounting tone in the strings, with a suavity and suppleness of phrase and accent in the coloring and pointing wood-winds, and with a beauty of the depths of sound made music in horns and tenor tubas and the more sonorous brass that would have transported Bruckner out of himself even, as they still tell in Vienna, did the hearing of the music of Beethoven. And this symphony, so glorified, was his own. Thrice blessed in these days is the dreaming organist of St. Florian and the queer and solitary figure of the later years of teaching and composing in Vienna in the admiration that conductor after conductor feels for his music. They give it annual place on their programmes; they lavish all their powers upon it; they would win—and in the instance of Dr. Muck, they do win—their hearers to like answer in kind to it. When he is so moved to divining comprehension, enkindled emotional response and transfiguring communication as he is with this seventh symphony of Bruckner, he seems to summon from the engraved page the music that Bruckner heard with the ears of the spirit and would fashion into tones that other men might also hear it so. Now that Mahler is dead and Nikisch elects to wander from concert-room to concert-room with conventionalized programmes, there is no prophet of Bruckner to compare with Dr. Muck. And yesterday the orchestra was herald and prophet, too.

This seventh symphony is indeed all Bruckner's own by the strange shortcomings that it is critical—and maybe human—infirmity to seek out first and that yet vanishes on the instant in the wondrous achievement beside them. By this time, all the world that scrutinizes music knows the reiterated tale of these defects—the spaces in the music that seem suddenly to go blank as though invention and manipulation had for the moment run dry; the putterings—for the homely word of the New England vernacular defines them better than any other—over trivial and futile details; the instants of seeming waiting for the wind of creation to ruffle again the composer's spirit; the innocent mannerisms of procedure like the reiterated inversion of motives or the long and slow ascending progressions and the abrupt descending modulations; the lacking faculties of rigid selection and adroit proportion when invention and ardor run high; the stretching of too vast a tonal canvas for imagination and resource to fill; the occasional maunderings into a vague sentimentality or an altogether indefinite import. No; the Latins from Paris to Palermo will never understand Bruckner; for his shortcomings are the very negation of the qualities that they most prize in music.

Then the flash of inspiration—for it is nothing else—comes upon Bruckner's spirit and dwells for a space in it, melting and scattering all these limitations and inabilities, filling all these empty places, like the consuming fire of the Scripture. Then enkindled and transported he writes a music of a celestial beauty that not even Franck, to whom in temperament he was more than a little akin, may always summon. There are such passages in all his symphonies; they are not a few in the first movement, they even recur in the last movement, of this very seventh. Then, also does he write, as in the Adagio of lament, solace, resignation and apocalyptic vision in the symphony of yesterday, music that bodies forth the deep and universal emotion of the spirits of men as has no other composer since Beethoven. Only the slow movement of the Eroica symphony or the sublimest pages of Wagner when there was the dead Siegfried to mourn or Isolde looked out upon the sunset over Tristan's still body, may stand beside it in the beauty that fills the answering soul and the power that transports it. And in an instant and with the flame of inspiration still blazing full, Bruckner sweeps away into a scherzo that no less fills and transports with the robust joy of free and ardent living or that stays for a moment in the trio for like transfiguration of our common human tenderness. In these slow movements of the seventh and the eighth symphonies, Bruckner might be of the pure in heart who are blessed in that they have seen God. In the scherzi of nearly all the symphonies, this same devout recluse of Linz and Vienna might have known, no less, the finer passions and pleasures of men.

H. T. P.

BOSTON POST,

NOVEMBER 20,

SYMPHONY GLORIFIES BRUCKNER

Eloquence Given His 7th—Mozart's Concerto

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Seventh Symphony of Anton Bruckner and a concerto for violin and viola with orchestra of Mozart were the items of yesterday's public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, in Symphony Hall.

The performance of the Bruckner symphony had a finish and an eloquence which it is difficult to imagine from another conductor than Dr. Muck. This is a work for which he has evidently an affection as well as a high regard. When this is the case, it is difficult to excel in interpretation the present conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

A MARVEL OF FINISH

It has become a sort of a byword to remark of Dr. Muck that when he likes a work the least he gives it the most scrupulous and stirring performance. That is a fallacious doctrine. Any human being does that best which is most sympathetic to his nature, and this principle is intensified, rather than weakened, in the case of the interpretive artist. Not only was the performance of yesterday a marvel of finish and of exalted utterance, but it was a performance for which the composer himself would have thanked the conductor had he been present.

Once Bruckner said to a friend, "I think that if Beethoven were alive, and I should go to him with my Seventh Symphony and say, 'Here, Mr. Van Beethoven, this is not so bad, this Seventh, as certain gentlemen would make out.'" Had the composer been present yesterday he would have said to Dr. Muck: "My dear Doctor, may I thank you for saying in your performance all that I wished to say, and was not quite able to say completely, in my score."

A Master Interpreter

The conductor met the composer half way. To take a movement, such as the uneven and poorly proportioned finale of this work, and give it unity and coherence, its line, fill in the chinks left open, supply the connecting passages between grand ideas that the absent-minded Mr. Bruckner did not always supply, was the act, not only of a master interpretater, but of a creative musician, whose intention was as noble as that of the author of the symphony.

And after all, a symphony by Bruckner, with all its weakness of structure and discrepancies of style, is sure to contain material so great, and display in its entirely such a heroic stride that the hearer may well be content to wade through the occasional doddering found in the first and more particularly the last movement of the seventh symphony for the sake of the prophetic voice, the vision apocalyptic, of other pages. As for the slow movement, it is one of the masterpieces of modern music.

Mozart's Long Concerto

The Mozart concerto, which was performed as a whole for the first time in Boston, has one movement of value—the second movement, which has a haunting beauty and melancholy. The first movement is exceedingly inferior, routine stuff, of which the best pages are those of the double cadenza written by Helmsberger. The finale is more sprightly but hardly more distinguished. The performance on the part of the soloists was finished and in keeping with the character of the music. The accompaniment, most of the time, was rough and too heavy. It is seldom that Dr. Muck conducts such an accompaniment. Even Mozart, on occasion, can snore in his chair and write music by the yard.

The programme of the concerts of next week will include the E flat symphony of Mozart; the Beethoven violin concerto, played by Fritz Kreisler, and Rachmaninoff's noble tone-poem, after the picture of Arnold Boecklin, "The Isle of the Dead."

Bruckner and Mozart Partnered

(From a Noted Drawing in Jugend)

Their Waltz Among the Stars to the Music of Johann Strauss

BOSTON GLOBE—

NOVEMBER 20.

HOUR OF BRUCKNER.

Seventh Symphony Plays 65 Minutes.

Messrs Witek and Ferir Soloists in Mozart Piece.

The program of the fifth Symphony concert consisted of but two pieces, lest some possibly should think it too short to be worth the cost, the management, the week before, had taken the precaution to insert a line, saying the length of the program would be one hour and 40 minutes.

None conversant with Bruckner's seventh symphony were apprehensive lest it be too brief. Not less than 65 minutes were necessary yesterday to complete the four movements. Is it worth it? Few, very few, are the symphonic works that last an hour, and three-quarters is enough for many that promise to live, and are called great.

Bruckner, naive child and pedantic German music master, left strangely conflicting pages. There are noble thoughts in this symphony, buried in long passages of bombastic rhetoric and tedious, unending repetitions. Of development there is little. Material is recalled again and again, with the persistence of a conscientious professor lecturing his class, not revitalized or transformed into new guises that stir the imagination, but quoted literally.

An honest mind that never plans little surprises, hidden retreats for its readers, nor invites into new paths of exploration, nor spreads before the vision some new arresting scene without revealing it all before. It is singularly obvious music, with a certain honest sentiment, but more fit for his disciples than a general public. To the simple-minded schoolmaster, the much prolonged climaxes closing the first and last movements with a monotonous persistence in the one unbroken tonality may have been grandeur. They were saved yesterday by the magnificent response of the basses, here as elsewhere, to Dr Muck's crescendo. The performance would have glorified any music, however dull.

The art of Mr Witek and Mr Ferir in Mozart's Concert Symphony for Violin and Viola (K op 364) played in its entirety for the first time in Boston, was as refreshing as the clear transparency of the music.

The program of next week will be one of unusual interest, including Mozart's E-flat symphony, Beethoven's concerto for violin and orchestra, Mr Kreisler, soloist, and Rachmaninoff's tone poem, "The Isle of the Dead," after Boecklin's painting.

BOSTON JOURNAL—

NOVEMBER 20.

SYMPHONY GIVES SUPERB CONCERT

Novel Mozart Concerto and Bruckner Symphony Nobly Played.

There are only two numbers on this week's Symphony program, but these, the Bruckner symphony in E major and the Mozart symphonic concerto for violin and viola, are of a length and a quality sufficient to make a good average concert.

The Mozart number, in which the solos are played by Mr. Witek and Mr. Ferir, is in the nature of a novelty, for this is the first time it has been played in its entirety at the Symphony concerts; nor even have fragments of it been performed in Boston for many years until this week.

It is a work showing characteristics of the composer's full powers—beauty and fluency in the invention and development of themes, graceful structure such as no composer equaled before or since, happy effects in the treatment of both the solo instruments and the accompaniment, which is truly of symphonic mold and not the thin, colorless material common to such compositions of late 18th century date. Yesterday it was gracefully and sympathetically performed—in true Mozartian style, and con amore.

This quasi-novel offering, together with the always attractive seventh Bruckner symphony, drew yesterday a large audience that began to gather out in the storm before noon. This enthusiasm was well rewarded by the beautiful performance of one of the most interesting programs of the season. There are many magnificent utterances in the Bruckner symphony, not only in the dirge-like adagio, which has been hailed as Bruckner's master-effort, but in the finale, where the use of the brass is Wagnerian in its freedom and eloquence. Dr. Muck, who years ago conducted the symphony in the presence of the composer, was vigorously applauded, and so was the orchestra.

This program will be played again tonight.

Fritz Kreisler will play the Beethoven violin concerto at next week's concerts. The orchestral numbers will be the Mozart symphony in E flat and Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "Der Toteninsel."

ADVERTISER

NOVEMBER 20.

GIVE BRUCKNER'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck's Great Reading Marks Symphony Concert

NEVER YET SO GRANDLY PLAYED IN BOSTON

Mozart's Symphonic Concerto Vivid Contrast to Preceding Work

By **LOUIS C. ELSON**

PROGRAMME.

Bruckner—Seventh Symphony, E major.
Mozart—Symphonic Concerto, Violin, Viola and Orchestra.
Violin, Mr. Witek; Viola, Mr. Ferir.

This programme looks very short in print, but in actuality it was over an hour and 40 minutes in length. Bruckner's Symphony is a concert in itself. But the more we hear Bruckner the more we find to admire in him. It certainly was not always thus, for Mr. Gericke used to describe the first performance of this particular symphony in Boston, with much dramatic effect. At the end of the second movement the exodus began. At the next movement hundreds left the hall. At the last movement there were more people upon the platform, in the orchestra, than there were in the audience. All this is greatly changed at present. Today Bruckner seems fairly easy of comprehension, and by no means ugly. We have been trained in the school of dissonances and complexities until Bruckner seems easy by comparison. One can scarcely forgive Brahms for assenting complacently to Mme. Von Herzogenberg's sneers at Bruckner, likening him to a very thin soup, with a few flecks of fat on the top to make one believe in its richness. There was glory and triumph in the performance of the seventh symphony, yesterday afternoon, and it has never yet been so grandly played in Boston.

After all figure development, which is Bruckner's strong point, has been the essence of good music from Bach to Richard Strauss, and the task of following the figure through the tonal web is not an unpleasant one. Bruckner has much more to say than the average long-winded symphonist. He may be as long as many of the moderns, but he is considered deeper and broader. We always feel that there is a kinship between Bruckner and D'Indy, for both of these care far more for the intellectuality of their music than for emotional power, but Bruckner is much the loftier of the two. We have had this symphony several times in the last few years, an honor that is not accorded to any other writers of this length and ascetic style. All the brutal and sarcastic criticisms of Hanslick have not prevailed against Bruckner's holding his place in the repertoire.

To give such a work as Dr. Muck gives it, is a labor of love, for even at its best such a work cannot be much desired by the general public. It is an educational task to force the average concert-goer to hear it so often. Bruckner's tone-coloring is not much beyond that of Brahms. Some startling combinations, such as deep brasses with the flute, may astonish but cannot charm, while the antiphonal character of full orchestra against responses of the solo instruments is not a very new device and can easily be overdone. The first movement must ever remain Music for musicians only.

But the slow movement has some fervid climaxes, and the sonorous effects of the brasses (especially the tubas) gave an impressive solemnity, a most earnest homage to Wagner, whom Bruckner celebrated in this movement. The brasses were altogether great in yesterday's performance. Possibly, however, the Scherzo is the movement which may soonest win popularity, for its six-noted trumpet figure is easily followed in all its transformations, and its makes an excellent contrast to the long and rather sombre Adagio which precedes it. The figure aforesaid is not very far removed from the "Flying Dutchman" figure, and the resemblance-hunter may also find suggestions of "Lohengrin" in this movement, and hear the waves of "Rheingold" flow at the end of the first movement. This Scherzo is throughout coherent and well-knit together.

The finale, like the first movement, is again given over to displays of ingenuity, but it must be added that in all these inversions, augmentations, diminutions, etc., there is no ugliness of the Schoenberg, or even of the Reger type. The performance was a masterpiece. Nothing could display the technique of our orchestra so well as the execution of a work of this character. The titanic work demands force at times, and we have not had such a volume of tone since [illegible]

liches Praeludium, but the "fff" effects were infinitely more in place in this "Germania Triumphans" than in that made-to-order prelude.

Mozart's symphonic concerto was a vivid contrast to the preceding work. It is a work which we believe has never been given entire in these concerts, and the first movement has been given a single time, but not in this century. It served well to display two artists of whom Boston is justly proud, and it also served to make the public acquainted with the beauty of the viola as a solo instrument. The viola is really the Cinderella of the orchestra. It is crushed out by the richness of the violin and the violoncello, between which it stands almost unnoticed. Yet there is a pensive tenderness in its tones which cannot be quite attained by the deep tones of the violin and still less by the high tones of the violoncello. This effect was finely brought out by Mr. Ferir, in the Andante.

The two artists (Messrs. Witek and Ferir) played splendidly. The final cadenza of the first movement (composed by Hellmesberger) was in itself a revelation of perfect technique and ensemble. But even the best interpretation could not make the suavities of this Concertante Symphonie absolutely effective after the tremendous Bruckner work. Yet we must state that both works were applauded vehemently. We believe that the second ovation belonged to the soloists, however, while the first was a spontaneous tribute to the interpretation of the orchestra, the power of Bruckner and the great conductorship of Dr. Muck. The reading was one of those memorable events such as the triumphs won by Dr. Muck in the first Brahms symphony or the Faust symphony by Liszt in the recent past.

TRAVELER, SATURDAY,

NOVEMBER 20, 1915.

BRUCKNER'S GRAND SYMPHONY STIRS CONCERT AUDIENCE

With only two numbers on the program, Bruckner's seventh symphony and Mozart's symphonic concerto for violin and viola, yesterday afternoon's concert by the Symphony orchestra was a bit out of the ordinary. There was, however, no lack of either quantity or quality. The Bruckner number afforded both and in goodly measure. It's a grand work and was superbly given, fully meriting the outbursts of applause that followed the close of each movement, culminating in such enthusiasm as to force Dr. Muck to twice return to the stage at its close and call upon his players to rise in their places and share in the audience's tribute. Bruckner worked hard and long for his honors and overcame many an obstacle that would have discouraged a less determined man.

It was something of a change from Bruckner to Mozart and no small credit to Dr. Muck and the orchestra that the contrast was so successfully brought out. Such playing as Mr. Witek and Mr. Ferir gave of the solo parts in the Mozart selection was alone well worth the afternoon. Both were enthusiastically applauded at every possible opportunity.

BOSTON H

NOVEMBER 2

BRUCKNER AT SYMPHONY H

Dr. Muck Conducts Fifth Friday Afternoon Concert of the Season.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Bruckner's Seventh Symphony and Mozart's Concertante Symphonie for violin and viola played by Mr. Witek (violin) and Mr. Ferir (viola).

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony has now been performed here six times. There have been 13 performances of symphonies by Bruckner since 1887. Audiences have often been impatient or openly bored. It is said that letters have been written protesting against any music by Bruckner at these concerts. Conductors, however, have gone on undisturbed. They might have said with Carl Bergman, who, when he was told that the people did not like Wagner's music, answered: "Then they must hear it till they do like it." Yesterday poor Bruckner had his revenge. His Seventh Symphony, superbly played, was loudly applauded, and it was not only the solemn Adagio that was thus appreciated.

Dr. Muck is evidently fond of the seventh symphony. He conducted the first performance in Austria in 1886—it was at Graz; in Berlin in 1894, and he conducted it in Boston in 1906 and in 1913.

It certainly is a gigantic work, abounding in lofty and noble pages,
also in trivialities, tiresome r
and fussy and insignificant de
in the other symphonies of
that we have heard, there is
continuity in each movement;
impressive preparations that
nothing: "In the name of the
Figs!" The composer had littl
structure. To use Disraeli's p
was intoxicated with his own
His taste in ornamentation
than doubtful. He would crow
facade with gingerbread work;
plan an extension of cheap st
pure temple of marble.

And yet in this seventh
ther are pages that come closer
hoven at his greatest than w
the symphonies of other c
There are grand thoughts exp
a masterly manner in Franc
phony and in the symphony in
Vincent d'Indy; the Introducti
Finale of Brahm's first symphony has elemental grandeur and spiritual intensity; but Bruckner's spirit in the Adagio and in the main body of the Scherzo of the seventh symphony is nearer akin to that of Beethoven.

We must take Bruckner as he is, with all his childish, endless garrulity, his delight in saying the same thing over and over again, his stopping as if he were taking breath and wondering what he should do next, his dallying with straws and pebbles. It is not necessary to accept him in bulk as Victor Hugo was eager to take Shakespeare; but we may forget his inanities, every now and then realizing that it was given to the composer of the seventh symphony to be caught up to the seventh heaven, where he heard that which was ineffable, to be repeated to mortals only in music.

Nothing is known about the origin of Mozart's concerto for violin and viola. No one knows where it was composed or for what occasion. The autograph manuscript is lost. Mozart does not refer to the concerto in his letters. The indefatigable Jahn could furnish no information. It is doubtful whether Mozart valued the concerto highly. He probably wrote it as in a day's work; it served some purpose and he forgot it. The first movement was played at a Symphony concert in 1892 by Messrs. Loeffler (violin) and Kneisel (viola). Then, as yesterday, a cadenza by Hellmesberger was used; and yesterday another cadenza by Hellmesberger was introduced. Much of this music is in Mozart's amiable and lighthearted vein. The Andante in C minor has the plaintive grace peculiar to him. (By mistake the title page of the Program Book stated that this movement was in E flat). Messrs. Witek and Ferir gave a highly artistic performance and the accompaniment was sympathetic, as is always the case when Dr. Muck conducts.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major; Beethoven's violin concerto; Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem to Boecklin's picture, "The Island of the Dead." Mr. Kreisler will play the concerto.

From POST

Address Hartford, Conn.

Date NOV 16 1915

Established:

THEATRICAL REVIEW

Boston Symphony Orchestra Players Delight Lar Audience at Parsons

The first concert of the series of three scheduled for Hartford during the present season took place last evening in Parsons theatre. Dr. Muck conducted, and Florence Hinkle, soprano, was the soloist. The audience was large and enthusiastic. The following program was given:

Beethoven—Symphony in A Major, No. 7, Op. 92.
I.—Poco Sustenuto; Vivace.
II.—Allegretto.
III.—Presto; Presto meno assai.
IV.—Allegro con brio.
Mozart—Aria, "Voi, che sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro."
Rimsky Korsakoff—Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34.
I.—Alborade
II.—Variations.
III.—Alborado.
IV.—Scene and Gypsy Song.
V.—Fandango of the Asturias.
(Played without pause)
Burch—"Ave Maria." from "The Cross of Fire," A Dramatic Cantata, Op. 52.
Weber—Overture to the Opera, "Oberon."

Hartford music lovers have for many years regarded the Boston Symphony concerts as the best musical events of the season in this city, and Dr. Muck and his famous players have never disappointed. Last evening's program was no exception to the general rule. Superlatives only should be used in describing the concert. It would be difficult to bestow any criticism, and only words of commendation should be given. The Boston Symphony orchestra as a musical organization has no superior anywhere, not only in America, but in Europe. Dr. Muck has brought his men to as near a state of perfection as is possible in humans, and every melody produced at evening's concert was a work of art.

With the possible exception of the Fou and the Pastoral, the Eighth Beethoven symphony is the favorite of all of major works of the great composer. Its exquisite harmonies throughout all four movements appeal, not only to the trained musician, but to the layman as well. The remarkably beautiful and well modulated strings were never heard to better advantage, and every climax was the pinnacle of musical achievement. The entire work was played with such a thorough and comprehensive grasp of the idea of the meaning of the composition, that a critic has no opportunity to criticize.

A delicious contrast to the classical strains of the symphony was the vivacious Rimsky-Korsakoff "Caprice," which was played without any pause between the movements. The brilliant "Fandango," which concluded the work, was a fitting end to a brilliant performance.

Miss Florence Hinkle, who has gained distinction througnout this country as an oratorio soprano, was decidedly pleasing as soloist, and her work did not in the least suffer in comparison with that of the orchestra. The beautiful Mozart aria disclosed her best singing of the evening. The rare simplicity of the aria, with its beautiful, flowing harmony, received adequate treatment at the hands of the artist. second selection, "The Ave Maria," pleased al., although the limitations o upper register did not allow her to ri the dramatic heights which the song mands.

The concluding number of the or tra's program, the familiar "Oberon" ture, was a fitting number with whi end a notable concert.

R. M.

The First Established and Most Complete Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

TIMES

From

Address Hartford, Conn.

Date [illegible]

Established:

DR. MUCK AND HIS CONDUCTING.

Boston Symphony Orchestra in First Local Concert of the Season.

RARE BEETHOVEN INTERPRETATION

Great Organization Plays as Only the Boston Orchestra Can Play.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, gave its first concert for the season at Parsons's theater last evening. There was a very large audience. The program included the Beethoven A Major Symphony No. 7, op. 92; the Mozart aria, "Voi che Sapete," from the "Marriage of Figaro"; Rimsky-Korsakoff's caprice on Spanish themes; the "Ave Maria" from Bruch's dramatic cantata, "The Cross of Fire"; and Weber's overture to the opera "Oberon." The soloist was Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano.

Both the Rimsky-Korsakoff caprice and the Bruch "Ave Maria" have appeared on comparatively recent Hartford programs of the Boston Symphony orchestra, the f
composition having been pre
at the concert given on April 7,
while the Bruch Aria was su
Mme. Marie Sundelius at the c
of November 26, 1914.

Beethoven's Seventh Symph
a panorama of the musical un
The listener is conducted to t
of an high mountain whe
spread out in immeasurable r
to the parapets of space a vas
scape of musical creation.
work is absolute music; and,
absolute music rather than p
music in the ordinary sense
word, what the listener s
hears in it will describe his o
agination and define the dimensions of his own musical development and understanding.

Dr. Muck brought forward a masterly conception of the work. There was no slavish adherence to tradition, but tradition was reverenced. There was the finest of scholarship, but scholarship was veiled and mantled in the shining vestments of inspiration and artistic comprehension. The Beethoven who, of all composers, dwells apart in the infinity of time was revealed in all his majestic composure; but there was also the Beethoven of cataclysmic [illegible] energy. It were a consumership of this entire symphony, and of its second movement in particular.

For Dr. Muck with the brain and with the soul of a great artist divines the subtle relationship which should exist between musical effect and its physical portrayal through the conductor's art. Conductors there are who suggest Mrs. Jarley's celebrities or magnetized manikins; others who, whether in the production of crescendo and accelerando or diminuendo and retard passages apparently suffer from acute internal disorders. And there are conductors who seem to be chiefly conscious of an overwhelming conviction that they are before a universal camera.

Now conducting is not conducting in any really useful or vitally necessary sense till the conductor first of all things has put far from him all thought save only of the music in hand. Nor is conducting in any high sense conducting till it takes on the significance of a physical portrayal of the intellectual and emotional contents of the art product which it seeks to delineate. And herein lies the explanation of the fact that there are very few great conductors. Therein lies the warrant for pronouncing Dr. Karl Muck a conspicuous member of that small but highly distinguished company.

The orchestra played throughout the evening as the Boston Symphony orchestra alone of American orchestras can play. There were moments of highly spectacular virtuosity in the last movement of the symphony, in the Rimsky-Korsakoff work, and in the Weber overture. But virtuosity bending itself to ends infinitely more important than its own exploitation became the obedient servant of lofty orchestral art. Certain unavoidable slips involved in some of the terrific tempi demanded by Dr. Muck were too trifling seriously to affect the sum total of superb interpretative achievement.

Miss Hinkle is a singer possessed of a very beautiful voice, indeed, exquisitely schooled and exquisitely managed. The singing last evening, from any and every artistic viewpoint, was a distinguished and wholly admirable exemplification of the fine art of song.

From PRESS

Address: New York City

Date NOV 21 1915

Establi

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The second pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening, December 2, and Saturday afternoon, December 4. At both concerts the soloist will be Fritz Kreisler. Thursday evening he will play Beethoven's Concerto; Saturday afternoon the Concerto in E minor, No. 22, by Viotti.

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony will be performed on Thursday evening. On Saturday afternoon the programme will be devoted almost entirely to music of the eighteenth century.

From COURANT

Address Hartford, Conn.

Date NOV 7 1915

Est

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is a national institution. New York critics long ago proclaimed the importance of so wonderful an aggregation of performers and, with a host of home attractions, accepted the work of the Boston players as their musical standard. Probably no body of instrumentalists has ever been assembled with greater care or rerehearsed more diligently by the world's most gifted conductors, covering a period of nearly thirty-five years. The music-loving public finds delight in such orchestral virtuosity and recognizes in Dr. Karl Muck an interpreter capable of using his orchestra more effectively than any of his predecessors. This orchestra is as one performer under the baton of a brilliant conductor. The 1915-1916 series of three concerts at the Parsons Theater will be opened Monday evening, November 15. The soloist on this occasion will be Miss Florence Hinkle, the most popular among American concert singers of the day. Reserved seats are now on sale at Gallup & Alfred's music store.

Special, New and Beautiful Free Souvenirs for "Hartford Week" at the Anniversary Sale. Wise, Smith & Co. —Advt.

From TRIBUNE

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date NOV 17 1915

Establi

LAETA HARTLEY SOLOIST

At Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert Nov. 23.

Laeta Hartley, who will be the soloist at the second Boston Symphony Orchestra concert in Infantry Hall next Tuesday evening, Nov. 23, is expected to make something of a sensation. It will be her first appearance here and if her success elsewhere is repeated she will quickly become a favorite. She has chosen one of the most delightful concertos for piano in the literature of music, the second of Saint-Saen's in G-minor, which is particularly famous for its delightful, sparkling Scherzo. The rest of the programme maintains the high standard that Dr. Muck has made in the past.

BROOKLYN EDIT

From AMERICAN

Address: New York City

Date NOV 21 1915

Establ

Boston Symphony to Feature Kreisler

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in the Academy of Music Friday evening, December 3d. The soloist will be the ever-popular Fritz Kreisler, who will play Brahms's Concerto in D Major. A most interesting item on the programme that Dr. Muck has arranged is the Symphonic Poem "The Island of the Dead," by the Russian composer, Sergei Rachmaninoff.

From TIMES

Address Hartford, Conn.

Date NOV 11 1915

Esta

BOSTON ORCHESTRA CONCERT.

The concert at Parsons's theater next Monday night will be the first of three by the famous Boston orchestra and it is needless to say the return of the great orchestra will be warmly welcomed. The occasion will also serve as an introduction of Miss Florence Hinkle to our public after repeated successes in nearly every other musical center of the United States. She is one of the few artists who possess that indefinable something that enable them to satisfy, alike the trained musician and the lover of music who is not versed in the art. The Boston Globe says: "Her voice is of uncommon, exceeding rare beauty. There are no breaks or apparent boundary line of register." The Philadelphia Record: "She has a voice so rarely beautiful that she has been declared by many persons the finest soprano in the country."

The program for Monday's concert offers material for enjoyment of all music lovers.

Reserved seats on sale at Gallup & Alfred's store.

BOSTON H

NOVEMBER 2

BRUCKNER AT SYMPHONY HALL

Dr. Muck Conducts Fifth Friday Afternoon Concert of the Season.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Bruckner's Seventh Symphony and Mozart's Concertante Symphonie for violin and viola played by Mr. Witek (violin) and Mr. Ferir (viola).

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony has now been performed here six times. There have been 13 performances of symphonies by Bruckner since 1887. Audiences have often been impatient or openly bored. It is said that letters have been written protesting against any music by Bruckner at these concerts. Conductors, however, have gone on undisturbed. They might have said with Carl Bergman, who, when he was told that the people did not like Wagner's music, answered: "Then they must hear it till they do like it." Yesterday poor Bruckner had his revenge. His Seventh Symphony, superbly played, was loudly applauded, and it was not only the solemn Adagio that was thus appreciated.

Dr. Muck is evidently fond of the seventh symphony. He conducted the first performance in Austria in 1886—it was at Graz; in Berlin in 1894, and he conducted it in Boston in 1906 and in 1913.

It certainly is a gigantic work, abounding in lofty and noble pages, abounding also in trivialities, tiresome repetitions and fussy and insignificant details. As in the other symphonies of Bruckner that we have heard, there is a lack of continuity in each movement; there are impressive preparations that lead to nothing: "In the name of the Prophet! Figs!" The composer had little sense of structure. To use Disraeli's phrase, he was intoxicated with his own verbosity. His taste in ornamentation was more than doubtful. He would crown a noble facade with gingerbread work; he would plan an extension of cheap stucco to a pure temple of marble.

And yet in this seventh symphony ther are pages that come closer to Beethoven at his greatest than we find in the symphonies of other composers. There are grand thoughts expressed in a masterly manner in Franck's symphony and in the symphony in B-flat by Vincent d'Indy; the Introduction to the Finale of Brahm's first symphony has elemental grandeur and spiritual intensity; but Bruckner's spirit in the Adagio and in the main body of the Scherzo of the seventh symphony is nearer akin to that of Beethoven.

We must take Bruckner as he is, with all his childish, endless garrulity, his delight in saying the same thing over and over again, his stopping as if he were taking breath and wondering what he should do next, his dallying with straws and pebbles. It is not necessary to accept him in bulk as Victor Hugo was eager to take Shakespeare; but we may forget his inanities, every now and then realizing that it was given to the composer of the seventh symphony to be caught up to the seventh heaven, where he heard that which was ineffable, to be repeated to mortals only in music.

Nothing is known about the origin of Mozart's concerto for violin and viola. No one knows where it was composed or for what occasion. The autograph manuscript is lost. Mozart does not refer to the concerto in his letters. The indefatigable Jahn could furnish no information. It is doubtful whether Mozart valued the concerto highly. He probably wrote it as in a day's work; it served some purpose and he forgot it. The first movement was played at a Symphony concert in 1892 by Messrs. Loeffler (violin) and Kneisel (viola). Then, as yesterday, a cadenza by Hellmesberger was used; and yesterday another cadenza by Hellmesberger was introduced. Much of this music is in Mozart's amiable and lighthearted vein. The Andante in C minor has the plaintive grace peculiar to him. (By mistake the title page of the Program Book stated that this movement was in E flat). Messrs. Witek and Ferir gave a highly artistic performance and the accompaniment was sympathetic, as is always the case when Dr. Muck conducts.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major; Beethoven's violin concerto; Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem to Boecklin's picture, "The Island of the Dead." Mr. Kreisler will play the concerto.

From Post

Address Hartford, Conn.

Date NOV 16 1915

THEATRICAL REVIEW

Boston Symphony Orchestra Players Delight Large Audience at Parsons

The first concert of the series of three scheduled for Hartford during the present season took place last evening in Parsons theatre. Dr. Muck conducted, and Florence Hinkle, soprano, was the soloist. The audience was large and enthusiastic. The following program was given:

Beethoven—Symphony in A Major, No. 7, Op. 92.
I.—Poco Sustenuto; Vivace.
II.—Allegretto.
III.—Presto; Presto meno assai.
IV.—Allegro con brio.
Mozart—Aria, "Voi, che sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro."
Rimsky Korsakoff—Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34.
I.—Alborade
II.—Variations.
III.—Alborado.
IV.—Scene and Gypsy Song.
V.—Fandango of the Asturias.
(Played without pause)
Burch—"Ave Maria." from "The Cross of Fire," A Dramatic Cantata, Op. 52.
Weber—Overture to the Opera, "Oberon."

Hartford music lovers have for many years regarded the Boston Symphony concerts as the best musical events of the season in this city, and Dr. Muck and his famous players have never disappointed. Last evening's program was no exception to the general rule. Superlatives only should be used in describing the concert. It would be difficult to bestow any criticism, and only words of commendation should be given. The Boston Symphony orchestra as a musical organization has no superior anywhere, not only in America, but in Europe. Dr. Muck has brought his men to as near a state of perfection as is possible in humans, and every melody produced at last evening's concert was a work of art.

With the possible exception of the Fourth and the Pastoral, the Eighth Beethoven symphony is the favorite of all of major works of the great composer. Its exquisite harmonies throughout all four movements appeal, not only to the trained musician, but to the layman as well. The remarkably beautiful and well modulated strings were never heard to better advantage, and every climax was the pinnacle of musical achievement. The entire work was played with such a thorough and comprehensive grasp of the idea of the meaning of the composition, that a critic has no opportunity to criticize.

A delicious contrast to the classical strains of the symphony was the vivacious Rimsky-Korsakoff "Caprice," which was played without any pause between the movements. The brilliant "Fandango," which concluded the work, was a fitting end to a brilliant performance.

Miss Florence Hinkle, who has gained distinction througnout this country as an oratorio soprano, was decidedly pleasing as soloist, and her work did not in the least suffer in comparison with that of the orchestra. The beautiful Mozart aria disclosed her best singing of the evening. The rare simplicity of the aria, with its beautiful, flowing harmony, received adequate treatment at the hands of the artist. Her second selection, "The Ave Maria," also pleased all, although the limitations of her upper register did not allow her to rise to the dramatic heights which the song demands.

The concluding number of the orchestra's program, the familiar "Oberon" overture, was a fitting number with which to end a notable concert.

R. M. L.

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Cutting Bureau in the World

Hartford, Conn.

NOV 11 1915

DR. MUCK AND HIS CONDUCTING.

Boston Symphony Orchestra in First Local Concert of the Season.

RARE BEETHOVEN INTERPRETATION

Great Organization Plays as Only the Boston Orchestra Can Play.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, gave its first concert for the season at Parsons's theater last evening. There was a very large audience. The program included the Beethoven A Major Symphony No. 7, op. 92; the Mozart aria, "Voi che Sapete," from the "Marriage of Figaro"; Rimsky-Korsakoff's caprice on Spanish themes; the "Ave Maria" from Bruch's dramatic cantata, "The Cross of Fire"; and Weber's overture to the opera "Oberon." The soloist was Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano.

Both the Rimsky-Korsakoff caprice and the Bruch "Ave Maria" have appeared on comparatively recent Hartford programs of the Boston Symphony orchestra, the former composition having been presented at the concert given on April 7, 1914, while the Bruch Aria was sung by Mme. Marie Sundelius at the concert of November 26, 1914.

Beethoven's Seventh Symphony is a panorama of the musical universe. The listener is conducted to the top of an high mountain whence is spread out in immeasurable reaches to the parapets of space a vast landscape of musical creation. The work is absolute music; and, being absolute music rather than program music in the ordinary sense of the word, what the listener sees or hears in it will describe his own imagination and define the dimensions of his own musical development and understanding.

Dr. Muck brought forward a masterly conception of the work. There was no slavish adherence to tradition, but tradition was reverenced. There was the finest of scholarship, but scholarship was veiled and mantled in the shining vestments of inspiration and artistic comprehension. The Beethoven who, of all composers, dwells apart in the infinity of time was revealed in all his majestic composure; but there was also the Beethoven of cataclysmic [illegible] energy. It were a consum-

ership of this entire symphony, and of its second movement in particular.

For Dr. Muck with the brain and with the soul of a great artist divines the subtle relationship which should exist between musical effect and its physical portrayal through the conductor's art. Conductors there are who suggest Mrs. Jarley's celebrities or magnetized manikins; others who, whether in the production of crescendo and accelerando or diminuendo and retard passages apparently suffer from acute internal disorders. And there are conductors who seem to be chiefly conscious of an overwhelming conviction that they are before a universal camera.

Now conducting is not conducting in any really useful or vitally necessary sense till the conductor first of all things has put far from him all thought save only of the music in hand. Nor is conducting in any high sense conducting till it takes on the significance of a physical portrayal of the intellectual and emotional contents of the art product which it seeks to delineate. And herein lies the explanation of the fact that there are very few great conductors. Therein lies the warrant for pronouncing Dr. Karl Muck a conspicuous member of that small but highly distinguished company.

The orchestra played throughout the evening as the Boston Symphony orchestra alone of American orchestras can play. There were moments of highly spectacular virtuosity in the last movement of the symphony, in the Rimsky-Korsakoff work, and in the Weber overture. But virtuosity bending itself to ends infinitely more important than its own exploitation became the obedient servant of lofty orchestral art. Certain unavoidable slips involved in some of the terrific tempi demanded by Dr. Muck were too trifling seriously to affect the sum total of superb interpretative achievement.

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RESS

New York City

1 1915

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34

COURANT

Hartford, Conn.

NOV 7 - 1915

ON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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Special, New and Beautiful Free Souvenirs for "Hartford Week" at the Anniversary Sale. Wise, Smith & Co. —Advt.

84

IBUNE

Providence, R. I.

NOV 17 1915

A HARTLEY SOLOIST

n Symphony Orchestra Concert Nov. 23.

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From BROOKLYN EDIT AMERICAN

Address: New York City

Date NOV 21 1915

Boston Symphony to Feature Kreisler

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in the Academy of Music Friday evening, December 3d. The soloist will be the ever-popular Fritz Kreisler, who will play Brahms's Concerto in D Major. A most interesting item on the programme that Dr. Muck has arranged is the Symphonic Poem "The Island of the Dead," by the Russian composer, Sergei Rachmaninoff.

Estab 84

From TIMES

Address Hartford, Conn.

Date NOV 11 1915

BOSTON ORCHESTRA CONCERT.

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The program for Monday's concert offers material for enjoyment of all music lovers.

Reserved seats on sale at Gallup & Alfred's store.

Esta 884

TIMES
New York City

Established

Two of the most valuable yearly publications on music in this country are the bound volumes of the program books of the Boston and Chicago Symphony Orchestras, respectively. The volume from Boston relates to the thirty-fourth season. Mr. Philip Hale's notes on these programs are well known to New York. The complete command of every known source of information about the music played and its composers, historical, biographical, and aesthetic, and the interest, the originality, fancy, and suggestiveness of Mr. Hale's analytical commentary, are such as are to be met with in no other publication of the kind. Mr. Felix Borowski is the editor of the Chicago notes, which are produced with skill and knowledge. Mr. Borowski has the advantage of using frequently musical notation of themes in his analyses. The volume at hand contains the programs of the twenty-fourth season. A feature that makes it of inestimable value for reference is a cumulative index, that lists every piece of music performed by the orchestra since its foundation, giving the seasons in which it was performed. Twenty-eight programs are contained in the book, besides seven given in the "popular series" outside of the regular season. They show the wide catholicity of taste and the skill in program-making that Mr. Stock inherited from his great predecessor.

From TIMES
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date NOV 15 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY TO-NIGHT.

Precisely at 8:15 o'clock to-night the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Dr. Karl Muck will commence the series of three concerts at Parsons's theater. The soloist for this event will be Miss Florence Hinkle, one of the most popular sopranos on the concert stage. The program is a delightful one and affords material for all tastes. A wonderful performance is always to be expected from the Boston players who from all reports are excelling all previous efforts. Patrons should endeavor to be seated before the hour of the concert in order to enjoy the first movement of the symphony. Entrance to gallery will be open at 7:30 o'clock.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 22 1915

Tom Daly's Column

Music and the Manly Art

We found on our desk this morning a typewritten sheet, with no marks to indicate its origin, which read as follows:

On the return of Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, from Wilmington, where the orchestra had been playing, he discovered that there had been a fire at his home during the night. With his usual capacity for picking out the salient points of an event, Mr. Stokowski said: "This fire was a very remarkable and discreet one. Besides burning a few other things, it completely destroyed a bookcase and all of the books with the exception of one. This one book was a bound volume of the Boston Symphony Orchestra programs. By this we learn that the Boston Symphony programs are not as dry as we had supposed."

We print this because we believe in advertising the Philadelphia Orchestra, but we'd be willing to bet our princely wage against a jitney that Leopold never said that. Leopold once confided to us that his mother was a descendant of Tom Moore, the bard of Erin, and so he's got too much Irish blood in him to forget the necessity of keeping the jaw protected. What, some one might inquire, were the dry programs that burned so readily?

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 21 1915

By Pierre V. R. Key.

TURNING points, when they are of the progressive sort, are welcome to either individuals or organizations. When they assume notable importance they stimulate and encourage to a degree difficult to fully estimate. On this account the advantageous turning point in the affairs of the Philharmonic Society of New York, which has now been reached, makes pertinent a consideration of these elements that have brought it to pass and the significance of the turning point itself. Gone are the days when this orchestra had to worry along on a co-operative basis which often brought hardship to the playing members who could attend rehearsals only through the sacrifice of money which might have been earned by employing their time in other ways. Gone, too, are the days when any season deficit required these musicians to divide among themselves whatever loss was involved.

Public-spirited citizens who started the movement seven years ago to place the Philharmonic Orchestra on a permanent basis wherein an annual guaranty fund was made available should experience a sense of pride in what that endeavor has encompassed. First, because the oldest orchestra in America is financially more secure than at any previous time in its existence, and second, for the reason that it has grown artistically into one of the finest bodies of its kind to be found.

Competent judges willing to weigh and pronounce impartially must admit that the Philharmonic concerts have become so vital a factor in the musical life of this community as to be a positive necessity. New York never has needed this institution as it needs it now. And the proof of this particular pudding lies in its having been eaten sufficiently of late to prove it both palatable and nutritious.

No more convincing evidence to this effect is required than may be had from the increased patronage, which has brought from subscriptions 25 per cent. more than that of last season. The single-ticket sale has been similarly gratifying, so much so that including the subscribers the audiences of the first three concerts this fall were complete "sell outs" and the two others within hailing distance of that happy state of affairs.

If this business progress continues, and there is every reason to feel that it will continue, the annual deficit can soon be met with the interest derived from the Joseph Pulitzer $1,000,000 fund. When it is recalled that only a few years ago the annual loss sustained by the Philharmonic reached as high a figure as $80,000, the reduction of this amount by almost one-half is encouraging. But the growth in stability should not cause the New York public to forget that the attendances are still smaller than they should be.

While a number of persons are entitled to the credit for lifting the Philharmonic from the musical slough in which it struggled so long, there are two who should be singled out for notice because each has done so much—one for the artistic side, the other for the business. These men are Conductor Josef Stransky and Business Manager Felix F. Leifels. Working harmoniously together, these men may feel that to their zeal, in considerable measure, is due the present strong position of an organization whose future is destined to exert a potent influence upon other cities as well as New York.

Mr. Stransky is not, in our opinion, a great conductor, though unquestionably a sound musician. His superiority arises in his keen knowledge of the elements that constitute a first-class symphony orchestra, an ability to select and reject members suitable for his needs and a rare talent for painstakingly effective drilling that brings results. Mr. Stransky doesn't know the meaning of the word lazy. He is tireless himself, and by his example he has not only elevated the playing standard of the men who were of the Philharmonic when he took it four years ago, but he has made of himself an abler director and one whose interpretations often reach an admirable mark.

After hearing last Sunday's Philharmonic the reviewer for The World believes the orchestra has at last reached a stage of development justifying its being ranked with the great symphonic societies. Signs that Mr. Stransky's musicians were steadily expanding in that direction had been observed for two successive seasons, but until this fall the artistic height which was being striven for had not been attained.

Three first violin players, three seconds, a double bass, a first trumpet, a first bassoon and a second oboe comprise the new instrumentalists who replaced those discarded. In 1914 two first and two second violins and two 'cellos were secured to serve for the men who were unable to conform to the higher standard that was being exacted.

It is interesting to learn that seventy violinists undertook the examinations for Philharmonic positions, one of the principal qualifications being that the applicant to be acceptable must own an instrument of fine tone. Most of the seventy candidates failed to qualify in the test imposed by an endeavor to play part of the Leonore overture No. 3, which Mr. Stransky used for the purpose of determining the violinist's technical execution and rhythmic sense. The second test—for tone—was the slow movement from Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony and the sight reading task brought before the applicant the music of Strauss's "Don Quixote" and the "Ride of the Walkueres."

As the Philharmonic Orchestra personnel now exists it is susceptible of still greater development in those qualities which make the Boston Symphony the pre-eminent organization of the world. And while many people will undoubtedly declare the statement rank heresy, the fact is evident that the Philharmonic is not so great a distance behind the Boston musicians as some believe and that the Philharmonic concerts are vastly superior to those the Boston orchestra has given New York during the past year.

No expert questions the individual excellence—and a superlative excellence it is—of the strings, the wood winds and the brasses of Dr. Muck's superb organization. No one who knows denies that it is polished and finished to virtually the last degree possible. No one, moreover, disputes the precision of the Bostonians in the attack and execution of a phrase. But there were few of last season's Boston Symphony concerts that did not leave the hearer cold at the end, something recent Philharmonic concerts have not done because they have tonal warmth, a vital spontaneity and an equalization of balance between the several instrumental sections which imparts to the music they perform elements which cannot be denied.

When conditions permit, the Society should find financial support enabling it to secure ground and build a home of its own with an auditorium of size suitable to the playing of symphonic music under conditions more ideal than those that now obtain in Carnegie Hall. A hall seating 2,000, which can be reached from the street level, would be welcomed by the public, and if it can be secured it will serve as an income-producing property which will put the Philharmonic in even a stronger place than it now occupies.

From COURANT
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date NOV 7 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

A recent tour of the Boston Symphony Orchestra throughout the Middle West broke all records for attendance, in seven concerts playing before 3,000 people, this following closely an equally successful series of thirteen concerts at the San Francisco Fair has served to heighten interest in its concerts everywhere. The "Sun" writer, last Friday, expressed a hope to some day visit the other side of the Atlantic, in the following words—

> Now at any rate New Yorkers may be pleased with the knowledge that the West and the gold coast have heard the lyric eloquence of the orchestra from the Back Bay. Let us hope that some day, when the swords of Europe have been sheathed again, this national orchestra may be heard in the concert halls on the other side of the Atlantic. With it may be carried the message that this body of musicians of all nations has throughout the dark days kept alive here the best traditions of the musical art of lands where art is silenced by the shrieking of the songs of battle.

The first concert of the Hartford series of three will be given at the Parsons Theater on Monday evening, November 15. Reserved seats for this, or all three concerts may now be obtained at Gallup & Alfred's music store.

From TIMES
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date 8

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The first of three concerts of 1915-16 season will be given at Parsons's theater next Monday night. Praises of Dr. Muck and his great orchestra have been sung from coast to coast and their part of the program is never disappointing. Monday night's concert, has an added attraction in Miss Florence Hinkle, the brilliant American soprano, who will appear as soloist. While a young artist, her services are in constant demand by all the leading musical organizations and in many instances where she has appeared the critical reviewers have taken occasion to state that Miss Hinkle is one of the best sopranos ever heard on the concert stage. Her voice is a pure, lyric soprano of smooth, velvety texture. It is not only delightfully sympathetic in quality, but has the timbre that makes it unfailingly effective in music of dramatic character that calls for dramatic power. She will sing with the orchestra the air, "Voie che sapeto," from Mozart's opera "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Ave Maria" from Bruch's "Cross of Fire" cantata. The demand for reserved seats at Gallup & Alfred's music store indicates unusual interest in the coming event.

[48]

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date NOV 21 1915
Established.

Music

Music lovers, hereabouts, are rejoicin just now, in an abundance of the bes sort of music and the two superb concerts of the past week will be followed by yet others in the week to come.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which will be given next Tuesday evening, Nov. 23, in Infantry Hall, promises many delights for lovers of music. It brings as soloist, a young American woman new to this city, who may safely be regarded as one of the finest women pianists now on the concert stage. Moreover, Dr. Muck has arranged with his usual skill, a programme nicely balanced in contrasting moods.

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MONITOR, BOSTON

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From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date [illegible] 1 4 1915
Est 84

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"Adventures in a Perambulator," the Work of John A. Carpenter, of Chicago, Makes a Hit.

THERE is an old story with the scene laid in Paris, or Berlin, or Milan, or some other old world musical centre of a young composer living in a garret, starving, struggling for fame, but always composing music by day and by night. He might beg, borrow or even steal, but go out and look for work—never.

In America it is different. Picture a large manufacturing concern with an office force running up into scores. Perhaps the manager, the president or even the office boy is an American composer. The writer of this article knows one native composer who is an antique dealer, and another who is an auctioneer, but he cannot recall a single composer of grand operas, of symphonic music or of serious songs who makes the latter work his means of livelihood. In this country music is written in spare hours or during vacations, but never during business hours.

No one in this country has attracted so much attention as a composer of serious music during the last three years as John [illegible] New York he was a stranger until Mme. Julia Culp presented at one of her recitals season before last two of his songs, "The Sleep That Flits on Baby's Eyes" and "When I Bring You Colored Toys," both set to texts by Rabindranath Tagore, though during the season previous his violin sonata was played here at a private concert.

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From GERMAN HEROLD
Address: New York City
Date NOV 17 1915
Establ 4

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From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date NOV 13 1915
Establi

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"Remember," he went on, "what the student said when asked which was the greater, Goethe or Schiller: 'Don't bother me with such questions. Be glad we have two such great men with us.' It is so with our orchestras. Let us not draw comparisons. Let us rather enjoy them both to the full, and not spoil them by petty partisanships and prejudices. I repeat, it is no reflection upon Julius Cæsar that Columbus discovered America."

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From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
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s: New York City
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or within a very few persons of the whole, sit through to the close of the concert. This beneficent something cannot easily be determined; but whatever it was, a great advance in the cause of music in the community will result if it can be made operative every time. Perhaps it was the legend inserted in the program book the week before, notifying the subscribers that the length of time required to perform the selections would be one hour and 45 minutes; for since people were enabled to fix their afternoon engagements with precision, they may have found staying in to the end just as convenient as going out early. Or it may have been the interest of the Rachmaninoff revival. Better still, it may have been a growing opinion in the Symphony public that the concerts are worth hearing from first note to last, together with a growing acceptance of the idea that the success of all orchestral interpretation depends on the effort the listening group intelligently and conscientiously united to that of the performing group. Another possibility is that the conductor here provided a type of program that better suits the temperament of the community than the kind he so often presents, with a small and not particularly important piece to conclude with. For who knows but that portion of the audience which has been taking penultimate leave, was glad of an opportunity to commend a program that developed the sonorities of the orchestra to a climax instead of leading them the other way? Criticism by exit is far less usual than it was two decades ago at the Symphony concerts. But it will still assert itself when programs are retrogressive—when, for example, a list of works conveying an impressive idea is selected and then is added to by a repertory overture which only serves a perfunctory purpose of contrast or merely gives good measure for ticket money.

If the unwonted devotion of the house to its task of listening was owing to curiosity about the symphonic poem on the Böcklin painting, "The Island of the Dead," it is good evidence that the composer has retained the influence which he established when he visited the city six years ago. Mr. Rachmaninoff was accepted at that time as a representative of the international idea in art, though of the Russian school of music; as a cosmopolite, though from Moscow. His work was almost regarded as a proof of the doctrine that art knows no political boundaries and recognizes no racial distinctions. But when his music, both under his own conducting and under that of Max Fiedler, was carefully considered, it was found to be bi-national rather than non-national.

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The conductor had the attitude of one who is determined to set the music forth at its full value, just as he had the day when another Russian composer, Rimsky Korsakoff, was represented at the concerts. He took account of the depth and richness of the instrumental coloring in the "Island of the Dead" as shrewdly as he did of the external and lustrous coloring in the "Antar" symphony two weeks before. The responsibility he took in the case of Rachmaninoff indicated diligent preparation. But it in no way affected unfavorably his readings in the rest of the program. For as on the occasion when "Antar" was performed the whole afternoon's work was of surpassing excellence. The Mozart symphony was interpreted with a fine regard for its dignity as well as for its charm. The pace was moderate and all the players were accordingly expected to execute their notes with cleanness and strength. The tone of the orchestra was large for Mozart, no doubt, especially in the strings but it was so limpid and pure that everything was in proper balance. The light wind instruments had their correct value in relation to the violins.

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The same qualities distinguished the performance of the Beethoven concerto, with Mr. Kreisler and the orchestra vying one with the other to achieve perfection. This unsurpassed work for the violin is one of Kreisler's favorites. He selected it for his debut as a Symphony soloist, in 1901; but he plays it much more effectively today than he did then. Now he, perhaps alone, has the tone and the technic to do it complete justice. His performance yesterday reached sublime heights. The tone, as of spun gold; the absolute mastery of the mechanics of his art; the breadth and brilliancy marking the cadenza at the end of the first movement—these were salient points in an achievement that one can hardly expect to see excelled in a life-time.

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SHOWING UP THE CRITICS.

Mr. Stransky then turned to his own troubles with the critics.

"Last Thursday," he said, "I performed a symphony of Mozart. While in one paper the complaint was made that there was not enough sunshine in the performance, the statement appeared in another that the performance was bathed in sunshine.' Personally, I decline this praise. I wish here to state, that I do not consider the work in question a sunshiny symphony. Just the opposite in fact. It is a very sombre and deeply earnest work, one that shows that Mozart was able to express not only his optimism, but also his pessimism. The third movement—even the menuetto—is written in minor, and the finale also shows that there is everything but sunshine—more clouds and tears than some critics believe in.

"But you see how it is—the man who complained about the lack of sunshine just caught the spirit of my performance. But what to him seemed a defect, seemed to my understanding of the work an advantage. My interpretation was in accord with the Viennese tradition, as I learned it from Hans Richter.

"The chief trouble with the critics here is that they do not endeavor to guide and educate the public. And in this country there is a great need of musical education. Between the artist and the public there exists a wide gap. It is for the critics to span this gap, not to destroy the bridges."

Mr. Stransky explained that he did not include all critics in his arraignment. He was always careful to follow the criticisms of his performances, he said, and glad when he was able to find in them something that served as an inspiration and a help.

"For," he went on, "we are all liable to make mistakes, and when we do the critics are right in pointing them out. But critics are not here to call down the artists. They are here to show us our mistakes. However, just as among ar-

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, D.C.

NOV 1 4 1915

ASHINGTON enjoyed a feast of harmonies last week, one of the richest, musically, in the 1915-16 calendar.

Never before has Miss Geraldine Farrar won the hearts of Capital playgoers so completely as upon the occasion of her con- t the National Tuesday afternoon, when the theater housed the largest nce of the year. Not only was all the available room on the stage , and extra seats placed in the orchestra pit, but the management was forced to discontinue the sale of standing room a half hour before the concert began. And such an audience seemed to have inspired Miss Farrar to sing as she had never sung before in Washington.

The one unhappy feature of the afternoon was the fact that the management seemed to have underestimated Miss Farrar's popularity, and failed to provide sufficient programs, a shortcoming which is not an altogether unprecedented happening at these concerts.

While speaking of programs, it is not out of place to mention the unsatisfactory program of the Symphony Society of New York, which gave its first concert at the Belasco Wednesday, with Mischa Elman as the soloist. The programs of the Philadelphia, Philharmonic and the Minneapolis orchestras suffer by comparison with the literary excellence of the Boston Symphony, but none of these is as unsatisfactory as the mere title announcements of the Symphony Society. Symphony concerts are attended largely by music students in Washington, and the explanatory notes furnished by the Boston orchestra have been an important factor in popularizing this superb organization's concerts among the schools and seminaries of the Capital.

The appearance of Miss Anna Case, an associate of Miss Farrar in the Metropolitan Opera Company, in recital Friday, was another noteworthy event of the week. Miss Case is a rising star and her career is as promising today as was Miss Farrar's eight years ago.

R. G.

and new mem-

BOSTON TRAVELER,

NOVEMBER 27, 1915.

NOTABLY FINE CONCERT GIVEN BY THE SYMPHONY

An exceptionally attractive program given in the orchestra's best vein and a soloist in Fritz Kreisler, who has no peer, provided one of the best concerts of the season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major (K 543); Beethoven, Concerto for the violin; Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead."

The Mozart symphony, while falling short of the composer's best, is ever interesting. Opinions differ as to the merits of the four movements, with the first movement carrying the weight of favor. All four gave noticeable pleasure, the audience recalling Dr. Muck at the close until he had the players stand in their places. It was evident, however, that the audience was chiefly interested in the soloist. All wanted to hear Mr. Kreisler and the orchestra in the great Beethoven work. Such playing as was enjoyed yesterday afternoon can only be heard where soloist, conductor and orchestra are peerless. It was simply wonderful. Naturally enough the soloist was forced to acknowledge the applause many times between the two movements and recalled at the close of the selection.

Great as was the Beethoven number it did not dwarf the grand Rachmaninoff symphonic poem. Dr. Muck left nothing to be desired in the reading of this masterpiece. It afforded such pleasure that the audience recalled the conductor to the stage at the close of the concert, a rather rare event.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

NOVEMBER 27,

RACHMANINOFF WORK REVIVED BY KARL MUCK

Music of Russian Composer on Program With Symphony of Mozart and Concerto of Beethoven—Fritz Kreisler Soloist

SYMPHONY HALL—Sixth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck conductor; presented on the afternoon of Nov. 26; Mozart, symphony in E-flat (No. 8 of Breitkopf's edition), K 543; Beethoven, concerto for violin and orchestra in D major, op. 61 Rachmaninoff, "Der Toteninsel," symphonic poem after the picture by A. Böcklin. Soloist, Fritz Kreisler.

or within a very few persons of the whole, sit through to the close of the concert. This beneficent something cannot easily be determined; but whatever it was, a great advance in the cause of music in the community will result if it can be made operative every time. Perhaps it was the legend inserted in the program book the week before, notifying the subscribers that the length of time required to perform the selections would be one hour and 45 minutes; for since people were enabled to fix their afternoon engagements with precision, they may have found staying in to the end just as convenient as going out early. Or it may have been the interest of the Rachmaninoff revival. Better still, it may have been a growing opinion in the Symphony public that the concerts are worth hearing from first note to last, together with a growing acceptance of the idea that the success of all orchestral interpretation depends on the effort the listening group intelligently and conscientiously united to that of the performing group. Another possibility is that the conductor here provided a type of program that better suits the temperament of the community than the kind he so often presents, with a small and not particularly important piece to conclude with. For who knows but that portion of the audience which has been taking penultimate leave, was glad of an opportunity to commend a program that developed the sonorities of the orchestra to a climax instead of leading them the other way? Criticism by exit is far less usual than it was two decades ago at the Symphony concerts. But it will still assert itself when programs are retrogressive—when, for example, a list of works conveying an impressive idea is selected and then is added to by a repertory overture which only serves a perfunctory purpose of contrast or merely gives good measure for ticket money.

If the unwonted devotion of the house to its task of listening was owing to curiosity about the symphonic poem on the Böcklin painting, "The Island of the Dead," it is good evidence that the composer has retained the influence which he established when he visited the city six years ago. Mr. Rachmaninoff was accepted at that time as a representative of the international idea in art, though of the Russian school of music; as a cosmopolite, though from Moscow. His work was almost regarded as a proof of the doctrine that art knows no political boundaries and recognizes no racial distinctions. But when his music, both under his own conducting and under that of Max Fiedler, was carefully considered, it was found to be bi-national rather than non-national.

It was found to be the writing of a Russian with strong leanings toward a German style. And this conclusion seems as valid today as ever, except that the bi-national might be extended to tri-national. For the "Island of the Dead," as read by Dr. Muck, had as much French as German admixture. It made acknowledgments to Debussy no less than to Strauss. It had a [illegible] kindred with the "Afternoon of a Faun" as with "Death and Transfiguration." In its method of representing scenery it was as a work from Paris; in its manner of indicating character and action, it was as one from Berlin. The Russian of it appeared in its sentiment. As played at this concert, it was full of surprises and ironies that made its somberness seem at times very like good nature. It constantly let tendencies to melancholy assert themselves but suppressed them before they became extreme. And so, while in its formalities it contained reminders of western Europe, in feeling it was of the soil of the steppes.

The conductor had the attitude of one who is determined to set the music forth at its full value, just as he had the day when another Russian composer, Rimsky-Korsakoff, was represented at the concerts. He took account of the depth and richness of the instrumental coloring in the "Island of the Dead" as shrewdly as he did of the external and lustrous coloring in the "Antar" symphony two weeks before. The responsibility he took in the case of Rachmaninoff indicated diligent preparation. But it in no way affected unfavorably his readings in the rest of the program. For as on the occasion when "Antar" was performed the whole afternoon's work was of surpassing excellence. The Mozart symphony was interpreted with a fine regard for its dignity as well as for its charm. The pace was moderate and all the players were accordingly expected to execute their notes with cleanness and strength. The tone of the orchestra was large for Mozart, no doubt, especially in the strings but it was so limpid and pure that everything was in proper balance. The light wind instruments had their correct value in relation to the violins.

The solo number was a great delight to the audience, but not in a way to overshadow the rest of the program. Mr. Kreisler and Dr. Muck gave a strictly symphonic presentation of the Beethoven work and listeners could hardly regard the soloist as a visitor but were compelled to think of him as only another member of the orchestral group. There was something fortunate in the placing of Mozart's E flat symphony and the Beethoven violin concerto together. They represent a moment when the two composers thought strikingly alike.

BOSTON JOURNAL—

NOVEMBER 27, 1915.

KREISLER STAR OF SYMPHONY CONCERT

Yesterday's Symphony concert was of a character illustrating the great prestige enjoyed by the orchestra itself, by Dr. Muck and, incidentally, by Fritz Kreisler, who was the soloist. The same highly artistic impressiveness may naturally be expected at tonight's concert.

The program is well calculated to bring out the pre-eminent characteristics of the orchestra and of the soloist both. The Mozart symphony in E flat major, which is counted as one of the composer's finest works, permits Dr. Muck to show the graceful poise and spirit of his leadership, his exquisite sense of euphony, his esthetic reverence for the old masterpieces. The demand for euphony, no matter how strict it may have been, was met by the orchestra. Here was a demonstration of the mellow tone and virtuosity for which the Boston Symphony Orchestra has long been famous.

The same qualities distinguished the performance of the Beethoven concerto, with Mr. Kreisler and the orchestra vying one with the other to achieve perfection. This unsurpassed work for the violin is one of Kreisler's favorites. He selected it for his debut as a Symphony soloist, in 1901; but he plays it much more effectively today than he did then. Now he, perhaps alone, has the tone and the technic to do it complete justice. His performance yesterday reached sublime heights. The tone, as of spun gold; the absolute mastery of the mechanics of his art; the breadth and brilliancy marking the cadenza at the end of the first movement—these were salient points in an achievement that one can hardly expect to see excelled in a life-time.

The playing of the orchestra was of the same extremely artistic caliber.

These two performances by themselves would make the concert a memorable one. Yesterday there was one ovation after another.

The concert closed with a brilliant performance of the Rachmaninoff tone poem, "The Island of the Dead," a composition inspired by the Boecklin picture of the same name and characterized appropriately by a beauty at once gloomy and sublime.

The orchestra will be out of town next week. At the concerts on Dec. 10 and 11 it will play Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice," Smetana's "Vysehrad" and Enesco's "Rumanian Rhapsody."

MUSICAL COURIER

WHY THE HORNS ARE SILENT.

In a communication signed "A. K." (the writer gives his full name at the bottom of his letter), the MUSICAL COURIER is informed as follows:

New York, November 2, 1915.

DEAR SIR—You print the following in your recent issue:

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The Transcript is perfectly correct if it made the statement above. The Boston Symphony Orchestra could not play the Strauss work if it called for one horn more than the eight they have under contract, as no hornist in Boston or any other city in the United States would play with them. It is about time the public should be "let in" to some of the secrets of this band of "kultur." It is, with the exception of the leading instruments, the poorest paid organization in the country, as I know from fifteen years' membership. I never received more than $28 per week, and most of the rank and file, some pretty rank, receive only $25. Light dawned on me finally and I came to New York, joined the union here and now play with the Philharmonic, where the minimum price is $40 per week, and you don't have to come to attention and salute if the name of Kaiser Wilhelm der Letzte is mentioned.

Why don't you tell the truth above this "scab" Boston Orchestra once in a while? We both know it does not compare to the Philharmonic in playing or in the quality of the individual members, and only the finest press agent work in the papers (which are under the spell of money from the Higginson banking interests) enables it to come to New York and draw houses which should properly go to home orchestras.

Apologizing for this outburst, I am,

Yours truly, "A. K."

Undoubtedly it is true that union musicians could not play with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as the organization is a non-union one. That circumstance, too, makes the matter of salaries one of local adjustment between the orchestra's players and its management, and there is no law compelling a poorly paid player to sign a contract with the B. S. O. if he is able to get more money elsewhere. The MUSICAL COURIER tells the truth about all orchestras, whether union or "scab" (as our correspondent puts it more colloquially than elegantly), and therefore we do not think that New York papers are under the pay of Mr. Higginson, the B. S. O.'s financial backer, to praise the musical body from the Hub. The Boston Symphony is not interfering with the size of Philharmonic audiences, which are large and satisfactory to the directors and management of that enterprise. In Chicago and at other points on their recent tour the Boston players did not draw full houses and the newspaper praise was not always the most enthusiastic. Would A. K. infer from those facts that Mr. Higginson forgot to subvention the press of the inland?

BOSTON POST,

NOVEMBER 27,

KREISLER HEARD WITH SYMPHONY

Memorable Performance of Beethoven's Concerto

BY OLIN DOWNES

Fritz Kreisler played the Beethoven violin concerto at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The plain statement is equivalent to a great deal, especially to those who heard Mr. Kreisler's memorable performance of the same work, three seasons ago in the same place.

The nobility of the performance yesterday [illegible] was not dimmed b

[51]

[illegible] solo on a [illegible] music was neither incongruous nor distasteful to the most serious musicians present.

BEETHOVEN'S SPIRIT FELT

The greatness of the Beethoven concerto itself gives it precedence over nearly every other work of which we know, in this form. The violinist of yesterday in interpreting it stood at the right hand of the composer, and Dr. Muck, who conducted a remarkable accompaniment, was certainly stationed on the other. Orchestra, conductor and soloist co-operated in a wonderful ensemble, and once more there was felt the presence of the spirit of Beethoven.

Other details of an engrossing concert were the familiar symphony in E flat of Mozart, and Rachmaninoff's singular tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," after the well-known picture of Boecklin. The performance of the symphony was as nearly ideal as the performance of any symphony of Mozart could be when given by a modern orchestra of symphonic proportions. In technical finish, beauty of coloring and an emotional quality not denied to the Mozart of the symphonies, any more than to the composer of "Don Giovanni" or "The Marriage of Figaro," this performance was a beacon light of what a performance of a Mozart symphony should be. The audience appreciated the character of the performance, and finally the orchestra was called to its feet to bow with the conductor.

Mr. Kreisler's Eloquence

Mr. Kreisler's playing of the concerto was as remarkable for its classic line and its purity of style as for its searching eloquence and mastery. This violinist has been accused in some quarters of a tendency to sentimentalize. To such a charge the performance of yesterday would have been all the answer necessary. Nothing could have been warmer and yet more restrained, nothing more filled with inner fire, but symphonic in its manner, and as relentless as a good symphony or a fugue in its march toward completion. Noteworthy, too, were the cadenzas, which are superb examples of a composer's skill. The walk of the motives in the cadenza for the first movement, the Beethovenish spirit of the violinist's contribution, completed the effect.

The performance of Rachmaninoff's tone poem again demonstrated the fact that a piece of music, well composed, will stand on its own legs pretty firmly, for Dr. Muck's reading, effective as it was, was in many respects directly responsible to the intention of the composer. Not that it lacked coherence or effect, not that it failed to move the audience. It was an exceptionally dramatic reading, and a perfectly coherent presentation of the music. Nor does one's reservation lie in the fact that the conductor's tempi were faster than those taken by the composer when he was in Boston, and also faster, in many places, than the score indicated.

A Subtle Difference

No! The difference was far more subtle, and lay in the different outlooks of two wholly different personalities, which may never hope to be reconciled.

First, the spirit of this music, one is fain to believe, is far more contemplative, introspective than dramatic or in any way theatrical. It is not more Tschaikowskian gloom which fills this music. It is music rather of mysticism and resignation, rather the expression of one who stands a little to one side on the highway of life, and understands and pities, rather than one still in the grip of the passions.

When the composer conducted this piece in Boston some seasons ago, it was discovered that the scoring was intended for purpose of subdued coloring rather than for brilliant climaxes, and instead of three climaxes, as yesterday, there was one great climax.

Dr. Muck's conception was dramatic and concrete. This music is music of reflection rather than action, suggestion rather than assertion. It was too effective a performance! It thus left something to be desired!

NOVEMBER 27,

DAILY ADVERTISER,

FRITZ KREISLER'S GREAT SUCCESS

Symphony Concert Shows Sharp Contrasts of Orchestral Works

MOZART'S SYMPHONY AND RACHMANINOFF

Dr. Muck Reads Work With Impressive Power—Sombre Ending

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Mozart—Clarinette Symphony. E-flat.
Beethoven—Concerto for Violin.
Soloist, Mr. Fritz Kreisler.
Rachmaninoff—"The Isle of the Dead." Symphonic Poem.

Dr. Muck delights in sharp contrasts. Almost invariably, if he gives a modern work, he also gives, immediately before or after it, an ultraclassical, extremely conservative composition. Yesterday afternoon this wide contrast existed between Mozart's [illegible] Rachmaninoff's

[illegible] Richard [illegible] Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," in literature. Yet Mozart's E-flat symphony was considered a very advanced work in its day. It introduced the clarinette into the symphonic orchestra for the first time.

The clarinette, rather crude and undeveloped, and known in England as the "Shawm," was experimented with by Handel (the Richard Strauss of the 18th century) just once, in his "Richard I", and then dismissed as useless. All the clarinette passages that one nears in the works of Bach and Handel, with this single exception, have been written by later composers. The beautiful clarinette passages in "The Messiah" are by Mozart. In his day the instrument was somewhat improved and he determined to use it in symphony also.

At that time the wood-wind was always in three parts—flutes, oboes and bassoons. Holding to this three-part arrangement in this symphony, Mozart banishes the oboes and gives the middle part to the then new instrument. But he does not yet completely understand the clarinette. The glory and the weird character of its lower register (called the Chalumeau) was only fully revealed later on, in the works of Mendelssohn and Weber, and their comprehension of the instrument was chiefly due to their friendship with Heinrich Joseph Baermann (grandfather of the late Prof. Carl Baermann), who was the first great performer upon the instrument. Even Beethoven did not understand the possibilities of this instrument, the king of the woodwind.

Of the performance of the work there is nothing new to be said. To perform a Mozart symphony interestingly is not so easy as one may imagine. In such simplicity there must be perfection of shading, perfect phrasing, the best of ensemble, for little faults stand out more clearly here than in an over-swollen modern work. There were no faults to condone in the interpretation of yesterday afternoon, and the work was made virile and forcible instead of presenting a sweet and effeminate Mozart, as lesser conductors sometimes do. Yet we do not warm to the Mozart Symphonies (always excepting the G minor and "Jupiter") as we do to the more jovial, light and prattling works of Haydn. The first and last movements, however, were very effective in this performance, and there was great applause at the end. In this concert, for once the tail wagged the dog, the soloist was a greater attraction than the orchestra. The symphonic character was, however, not disturbed by this, since Beethoven's violin concerto is really a symphony with a thread of violin obbligato interwoven. It is by far the greatest of all violin concertos, and to hear it played, as this greatest of all living violinists plays it, was something really inspiring.

It demands breadth and power which with any but a full-fledged artist easily descends into vehemence. How those four repeated notes of the first movement resounded in the orchestra and solo part! They are more impressive even than the four-noted figure of the fifth symphony, of which Beethoven said—"That's the way that Destiny knocks at the door!" And yet, they tell the story in Vienna, that Beethoven got the idea of this figure from a drunken man who was pounding at a door in his street, having been locked out at a late hour; the same four knocks were afterwards used by Schubert in his C major symphony.

The first movement is the hub of the work. The final Rondo is a falling off, even when it is as brilliantly played as Mr. Kreisler gave it at this concert. This is the case also with the finale of Beethoven's "Emperor" piano-concerto, and with his Heroic Symphony. He seems often to play his trump card first, in his cycle forms. But even with this reservation the work was gloriously effective from beginning to end; Beethoven's second best is better than any other concerto-writer's very best, and Kreisler's abandon, elasticity and power, were seconded by Dr. Muck and the orchestra in an ensemble that was altogether commendable. It was true music again, in the days when we are getting a great deal of false music. Naturally the solo artist awakened great enthusiasm. He was recalled again and again, and the spontaneous tribute was fully deserved. We were sorry, however, to see a few uninformed auditors in the second gallery try to force an encore, which is entirely against the rule of these dignified concerts.

A word must be added regarding the cadenza of the first movement. It was an excellently constructed one and was played with incomparable beauty and delicacy.

The final number of this enjoyable programme was also something to grow enthusiastic over. Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead" is one of the most worthy of modern compositions. Familiarity here by no means breeds contempt, but reveals new beauties at each hearing. Such a work as Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony" reveals all that it has to say at the first audition and grows somewhat weaker thereafter, but such works as Bruckner's seventh symphony, Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" or this "Isle of the Dead," only grow [illegible] with repetitions.

[illegible] have in his [illegible] Boecklin's [illegible] the music inspired by it, [illegible] loneliness and the solemn gloom suggested in the painting are well translated into tones. That impressive ground-bass, which is carried on so long in picturesque monotony, does not suggest the splash of waves so much as the sweep of the oars, and one thinks of Tennyson's lines in "Elaine,"

"And the dead, steered by the dumb,
Went upwards with the flood."

But Rosenthal's painting, which grew out of these lines, is not as impressive as Boecklin's work. There is simplicity, too, in some of the construction of Rachmaninoff's music, and the ground-bass alluded to above can almost be reduced to tonic and dominant chords. The control of rhythm which the composer displays might be a lesson to some of his contemporaries.

Dr. Muck read the work with impressive power. It made rather a sombre ending to the concert, especially for the Thanksgiving time, but it was well worth hearing again. It is so seldom that one can welcome something genuine and lofty in the music of most recent days that "The Isle of the Dead" should always be welcome.

BOSTON HERALD.

NOVEMBER 27.

SIXTH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Rachmaninoff's "The Island of the Dead" a Feature of the Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The sixth afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major (K 543); Beethoven, Concerto for the violin (Mr. Kreisler, violinist); Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead."

If Arnold Boecklin's picture, "The Island of the Dead," had been in full view of the audience, many would have wondered how the composer of the symphonic poem written to it could have found in this picture some of the thoughts that he expressed in tones.

To most of us this sombre painting suggests infinite quiet, eternal rest.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
  Nor any change of light:
Nor sounds of water shaken,
  Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal
  Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
  In an eternal night.

The symphonic poem opens in a spirit all in harmony with the painter's expression. There is the "tranquil lapping of the water"; there is the thought of the island with its funereal trees and awful rocks; there is the mysterious figure near the coffin, standing as the ferryman rows as with muffled oars. This symphonic poem has been conducted here by the composer, Mr. Fiedler, and now Dr. Muck. When the composer conducted, the scene as painted by Boecklin was brought marvellously to the mind of the hearer. The mood was one of melancholy monotony sustained, impressive, but never tiresome. Neither Mr. Fiedler nor Dr. Muck succeeded in giving this strange, indescribable impression of death, its quiet and loneliness.

This mood passes. There is not only a lament that rises to a frantic pitch; there is apparently the picture of the Last Great Day, with music that Puccini might have found for the torture chamber in "Tosca"; there is the sound of the dread hymn for the dead, the plain song, "Dies Irae" of the Holy Church. The music is powerful, dramatic if you please; but what has it to do with the moody Boecklin's picture?

It would be interesting to know how Rachmaninoff saw "The Island of the Dead." No two persons see a picture, a landscape, a seascape in exactly the same way. No two persons hear music in precisely the same manner. Yet two ordinary men would feel that Boecklin expressed the thought

That no life lives forever;
  That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
  Winds somewhere safe to sea.

If there were to be a theme from the service for the dead, it should be the "Requiem Aeternam," not the "Dies Irae"; for what have wrath and terror to do with Boecklin's picture?

Behold, here is a mystery. Did Rachmaninoff conjure up thoughts of a frightful afterlife awaiting the passenger making the last journey? Was he obsessed by Poe's terrible tale "Silence"? What fired his imagination? He is a man of brains, and not merely musical brains. He is also a Russian. He gives no explanation. He simply points to the picture, in which he sees things not visible to the great majority.

This symphonic poem was played dramatically. While the symphony of Mozart had the serene beauty of a Grecian frieze. The last [illegible] performed with great [illegible] treatment [illegible] might have [illegible]

MUSICAL COURIER

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BOSTON POST,

NOVEMBER 27,

KREISLER HEARD WITH SYMPHONY

Memorable Performance of Beethoven's Concerto

BY OLIN DOWNES

Fritz Kreisler played the Beethoven violin concerto at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall. The plain statement is equivalent to a great deal, especially to those who heard Mr. Kreisler's memorable performance of the same work, three seasons ago, in the same place.

The nobility of the performance yesterday afternoon was not dimmed by the memory of the previous interpre-

sation, and for once the presence of a solo on a programme of orchestral music was neither incongruous nor distasteful to the most serious musicians present.

BEETHOVEN'S SPIRIT FELT

The greatness of the Beethoven concerto itself gives it precedence over nearly every other work of which we know, in this form. The violinist of yesterday in interpreting it stood at the right hand of the composer, and Dr. Muck, who conducted a remarkable accompaniment, was certainly stationed on the other. Orchestra, conductor and soloist co-operated in a wonderful ensemble, and once more there was felt the presence of the spirit of Beethoven.

Other details of an engrossing concert were the familiar symphony in E flat of Mozart, and Rachmaninoff's singular tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," after the well-known picture of Boecklin. The performance of the symphony was as nearly ideal as the performance of any symphony of Mozart could be when given by a modern orchestra of symphonic proportions. In technical finish, beauty of coloring and an emotional quality not denied to the Mozart of the symphonies, any more than to the composer of "Don Giovanni" or "The Marriage of Figaro," this performance was a beacon light of what a performance of a Mozart symphony should be. The audience appreciated the character of the performance, and finally the orchestra was called to its feet to bow with the conductor.

Mr. Kreisler's Eloquence

Mr. Kreisler's playing of the concerto was as remarkable for its classic line and its purity of style as for its searching eloquence and mastery. This violinist has been accused in some quarters of a tendency to sentimentalize. To such a charge the performance of yesterday would have been all the answer necessary. Nothing could have been warmer and yet more restrained, nothing more filled with inner fire, but symphonic in its manner, and as relentless as a good symphony or a fugue in its march toward completion. Noteworthy, too, were the cadenzas, which are superb examples of a composer's skill. The walk of the motives in the cadenza for the first movement, the Beethovenish spirit of the violinist's contribution, completed the effect.

The performance of Rachmaninoff's tone poem again demonstrated the fact that a piece of music, well composed, will stand on its own legs pretty firmly, for Dr. Muck's reading, effective as it was, was in many respects directly responsible to the intention of the composer. Not that it lacked coherence or effect, not that it failed to move the audience. It was an exceptionally dramatic reading, and a perfectly coherent presentation of the music. Nor does one's reservation lie in the fact that the conductor's tempi were faster than those taken by the composer when he was in Boston, and also faster, in many places, than the score indicated.

A Subtle Difference

No! The difference was far more subtle, and lay in the different outlooks of two wholly different personalities, which may never hope to be reconciled.

First, the spirit of this music, one is fain to believe, is far more contemplative, introspective than dramatic or in any way theatrical. It is not more Tschaikowskian gloom which fills this music. It is music rather of mysticism and resignation, rather the expression of one who stands a little to one side on the highway of life, and understands and pities, rather than one still in the grip of the passions.

When the composer conducted this piece in Boston some seasons ago, it was discovered that the scoring was intended for purpose of subdued coloring rather than for brilliant climaxes, and instead of three climaxes, as yesterday, there was one great climax.

Dr. Muck's conception was dramatic and concrete. This music is music of reflection rather than action, suggestion rather than assertion. It was too effective a performance! It thus left something to be desired!

NOVEMBER 27,

DAILY ADVERTISER,

FRITZ KREISLER'S GREAT SUCCESS

Symphony Concert Shows Sharp Contrasts of Orchestral Works

MOZART'S SYMPHONY AND RACHMANINOFF

Dr. Muck Reads Work With Impressive Power—Sombre Ending

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Mozart—Clarinette Symphony. E-flat.
Beethoven—Concerto for Violin.
Soloist, Mr. Fritz Kreisler.
Rachmaninoff—"The Isle of the Dead," Symphonic Poem.

Dr. Muck delights in sharp contrasts. Almost invariably, if he gives a modern work, he also gives, immediately before or after it, an ultra-classical, extremely conservative composition. Yesterday afternoon this wide contrast existed between Mozart's symphony and Rachmaninoff's

times was as great as that between Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe," and Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," in literature. Yet Mozart's E-flat symphony was considered a very advanced work in its day. It introduced the clarinette into the symphonic orchestra for the first time.

The clarinette, rather crude and undeveloped, and known in England as the "Shawm," was experimented with by Handel (the Richard Strauss of the 18th century) just once, in his "Richard I", and then dismissed as useless. All the clarinette passages that one nears in the works of Bach and Handel, with this single exception, have been written by later composers. The beautiful clarinette passages in "The Messiah" are by Mozart. In his day the instrument was somewhat improved and he determined to use it in symphony also.

At that time the wood-wind was always in three parts—flutes, oboes and bassoons. Holding to this three-part arrangement in this symphony, Mozart banishes the oboes and gives the middle part to the then new instrument. But he does not yet completely understand the clarinette. The glory and the weird character of its lower register (called the Chalumeau) was only fully revealed later on, in the works of Mendelssohn and Weber, and their comprehension of the instrument was chiefly due to their friendship with Heinrich Joseph Baermann (grandfather of the late Prof. Carl Baermann), who was the first great performer upon the instrument. Even Beethoven did not understand the possibilities of this instrument, the king of the woodwind.

Of the performance of the work there is nothing new to be said. To perform a Mozart symphony interestingly is not so easy as one may imagine. In such simplicity there must be perfection of shading, perfect phrasing, the best of ensemble, for little faults stand out more clearly here than in an over-swollen modern work. There were no faults to condone in the interpretation of yesterday afternoon, and the work was made virile and forcible instead of presenting a sweet and effeminate Mozart, as lesser conductors sometimes do. Yet we do not warm to the Mozart Symphonies (always excepting the G minor and "Jupiter") as we do to the more jovial, light and prattling works of Haydn. The first and last movements, however, were very effective in this performance, and there was great applause at the end. In this concert, for once the tail wagged the dog, the soloist was a greater attraction than the orchestra. The symphonic character was, however, not disturbed by this, since Beethoven's violin concerto is really a symphony with a thread of violin obbligato interwoven. It is by far the greatest of all violin concertos, and to hear it played, as this greatest of all living violinists plays it, was something really inspiring.

It demands breadth and power which with any but a full-fledged artist easily descends into vehemence. How those four repeated notes of the first movement resounded in the orchestra and solo part! They are more impressive even than the four-noted figure of the fifth symphony, of which Beethoven said—"That's the way that Destiny knocks at the door!" And yet, they tell the story in Vienna, that Beethoven got the idea of this figure from a drunken man who was pounding at a door in his street, having been locked out at a late hour; the same four knocks were afterwards used by Schubert in his C major symphony.

The first movement is the nub of the work. The final Rondo is a falling off, even when it is as brilliantly played as Mr. Kreisler gave it at this concert. This is the case also with the finale of Beethoven's "Emperor" piano-concerto, and with his Heroic Symphony. He seems often to play his trump card first, in his cycle forms. But even with this reservation the work was gloriously effective from beginning to end; Beethoven's second best is better than any other concerto-writer's very best, and Kreisler's abandon, elasticity and power, were seconded by Dr. Muck and the orchestra in an ensemble that was altogether commendable. It was true music again, in the days when we are getting a great deal of false music. Naturally the solo artist awakened great enthusiasm. He was recalled again and again, and the spontaneous tribute was fully deserved. We were sorry, however, to see a few uninformed auditors in the second gallery try to force an encore, which is entirely against the rule of these dignified concerts.

A word must be added regarding the cadenza of the first movement. It was an excellently constructed one and was played with incomparable beauty and delicacy.

The final number of this enjoyable programme was also something to grow enthusiastic over. Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead" is one of the most worthy of modern compositions. Familiarity here by no means breeds contempt, but reveals new beauties at each hearing. Such a work as Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony" reveals all that it has to say at the first audition and grows somewhat weaker thereafter, but such works as Bruckner's seventh symphony, Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" or this "Isle of the Dead," only grow stronger with repetitions.

We wish that the auditor might have in his hand a photograph of Boecklin's picture, when listening to the music inspired by it. The utter loneliness and the solemn gloom suggested in the painting are well translated into tones. That impressive ground-bass, which is carried on so long in picturesque monotony, does not suggest the splash of waves so much as the sweep of the oars, and one thinks of Tennyson's lines in "Elaine,"

"And the dead, steered by the dumb,
Went upwards with the flood."

But Rosenthal's painting, which grew out of these lines, is not as impressive as Boecklin's work. There is simplicity, too, in some of the construction of Rachmaninoff's music, and the ground-bass alluded to above can almost be reduced to tonic and dominant chords. The control of rhythm which the composer displays might be a lesson to some of his contemporaries.

Dr. Muck read the work with impressive power. It made rather a sombre ending to the concert, especially for the Thanksgiving time, but it was well worth hearing again. It is so seldom that one can welcome something genuine and lofty in the music of most recent days that "The Isle of the Dead" should always be welcome.

BOSTON HERALD,

NOVEMBER 27.

SIXTH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Rachmaninoff's "The Island of the Dead" a Feature of the Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The sixth afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major (K 543); Beethoven, Concerto for the violin (Mr. Kreisler, violinist); Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead."

If Arnold Boecklin's picture, "The Island of the Dead," had been in full view of the audience, many would have wondered how the composer of the symphonic poem written to it could have found in this picture some of the thoughts that he expressed in tones.

To most of us this sombre painting suggests infinite quiet, eternal rest.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
  Nor any change of light;
Nor sounds of water shaken,
  Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal
  Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
  In an eternal night.

The symphonic poem opens in a spirit all in harmony with the painter's expression. There is the "tranquil lapping of the water"; there is the thought of the island with its funereal trees and awful rocks; there is the mysterious figure near the coffin, standing as the ferryman rows as with muffled oars. This symphonic poem has been conducted here by the composer, Mr. Fiedler, and now Dr. Muck. When the composer conducted, the scene as painted by Boecklin was brought marvellously to the mind of the hearer. The mood was one of melancholy monotony, sustained, impressive, but never tiresome. Neither Mr. Fiedler nor Dr. Muck succeeded in giving this strange, indescribable impression of death, its quiet and loneliness.

This mood passes. There is not only a lament that rises to a frantic pitch; there is apparently the picture of the Last Great Day, with music that Puccini might have found for the torture chamber in "Tosca"; there is the sound of the dread hymn for the dead, the plain song, "Dies Irae" of the Holy Church. The music is powerful, dramatic if you please; but what has it to do with the moody Boecklin's picture?

It would be interesting to know how Rachmaninoff saw "The Island of the Dead." No two persons see a picture, a landscape, a seascape in exactly the same way. No two persons hear music in precisely the same manner. Yet two ordinary men would feel that Boecklin expressed the thought

That no life lives forever;
  That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
  Winds somewhere safe to sea.

If there were to be a theme from the service for the dead, it should be the "Requiem Aeternam," not the "Dies Irae"; for what have wrath and terror to do with Boecklin's picture?

Behold, here is a mystery. Did Rachmaninoff conjure up thoughts of a frightful afterlife awaiting the passenger making the last journey? Was he obsessed by Poe's terrible tale "Silence"? What fired his imagination? He is a man of brains, and not merely musical brains. He is also a Russian. He gives no explanation. He simply points to the picture, in which he sees things not visible to the great majority.

This symphonic poem was played dramatically. While the symphony of Mozart had the serene beauty of a Grecian frieze. The last movement performed with great spirit and with a fine treatment of the charming chattering might have been written by Mozart for

Mr. Kreisler, stormily applauded, repeated the remarkable performance of Beethoven's concerto which he gave three years ago this week. Yesterday, as then, the orchestral accompaniment, as led by Dr. Muck, was as remarkable as Mr. Kreisler's interpretation, upon which it is not necessary to dwell; an interpretation conspicuous for triumphant technic, and for an appreciation of the music that rose to devotion, which, however, was not slavish, but as if one master recognized another.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony in F major, "Pastoral"; Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Smetana, symphonic poem "Vysehrad"; Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody in A major, op. 11, No. 1.

TRANSCRIPT, NOVEMBER 27,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

FROM MOZART BY BEETHOVEN TO RACHMANINOV

Dr. Muck Revives the Russian's Tone-Poem, "The Isle of the Dead"—The Riddles and the Power of Music and Performance — Mr. Kreisler Plays Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and Orchestra, Conductor and Virtuoso Are as One—Mozart as Fore-Runner

DEEP in human nature lies the child-like or the dog-like impulse to believe that, however often a thing is refused, at last it will be granted. From the earliest times extra pieces for the "assisting artists" or the repetition of a purely orchestral number have been forbidden at the Symphony Concerts, except in the case of Mr. Paderewski. There is not a reason in the world why he should be permitted to play additional numbers that is not equally applicable to Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Gabrilowitsch, Miss Farrar or any other "soloist" of the first rank. But in some bad old way the precedent became fixed and a management that waited twenty-five years before it struck the absurd word "rehearsal" from the designation of the afternoon concerts is not likely to abate Mr. Paderewski's privilege. He may pass for the exception that proves the rule, even though the applause of the audience yesterday showed clearly that no small part of it would have Mr. Kreisler also excepted. Time and again, after the violinist had played Beethoven's concerto, plaudits recalled him; time and again they subsided only to renew themselves now from one corner of the house and now from another in the fashion that every practiced concert-goer knows is the way of an audience when it obstinately wishes an extra piece. Of course it received none; and it is safe to say that Mr. Kreisler, being of discreet and modest temper, had no desire to thrust himself through rule and custom of the concerts. The insistence of the listeners, however, was curious and interesting to watch and there has been no parallel for it since the day in which another audience demanded a repetition of Chabrier's "España," and Dr. Muck, seemingly almost persuaded, actually turned back the pages of the score. He went no further, however, and the concert ran the orthodox course. Yesterday neither he nor Mr. Kreisler so much as faltered.

Both deserved the applause that the audience heaped upon them and still more the intentness with which it listened throughout a long piece to violinist, conductor and band almost inextricably woven into the mutually containing web of Beethoven's music. For when Dr. Muck, Mr. Kreisler and the Symphony Orchestra play the concerto there is no thought—till long afterwards—of the constituent elements in the performance. Whether the conductor or the violinist chose the pace, for example, at which the movements were severally taken, no one hearing may say. The probabilities are that conductor and violinist, being alike finely-tempered, were at one in their notion of that which most fully and characteristically disclosed the music. Whether the ear of the conductor or the violinist was quickest with the perfect euphonies between the solo instrument and the other orchestral voices, is no more to be determined by any listener. A like instinct and skill with such refinements of tone probably prompted both, with the men of the orchestra adding their command of their particular instruments and their aptitude for such delicate beauty. All three, again, were at one in the exquisite body and the exquisite undulations of the tone that they made the voice of the music and all three were of like unity in every shading and every emphasis. The lightest detail of the concerto touched the ear; yet it moved throughout in flowing line and unbroken surface.

The plasticity and the coloring of Mr. Kreisler's tone, now light and bright and again deep and full, were hardly more moving to the ear than the lovely backgrounds that the wood-winds and the horns wrought for it. The embroidery of the string choir, when the music bade it so adorn the melody, was only a less beautiful tracery than the violinist's own. When there was transition, hardly an ear might say whether Dr. Muck or Mr. Kreisler was spinning it the more adroitly or whether it was conductor or virtuoso that was so artfully advancing a long crescendo or so alertly heightening the whole rhythm and motion of the music. Best of all, the twain were of one mind as to the substance and the style of the concerto. It is music that has charmed the ears and the sensibilities of men for a century and more by the happy invention of the melodies; the fancy with which they are developed and transformed; the diverse grace with which they are ornamented, the apt and unflagging ingenuity with which they display—to use a [illegible] word for what is really in the concerto a delicate process—the finer capacities of the virtuoso and of the conductor and the finer qualities of the violin and the orchestra that are their instruments. The concerto is not of the greater, the nobler, the heroic Beethoven; it is of Beethoven happy, fertile, lyric with a light, ingratiating and almost playful task. Scarcely any other of his surviving music so overflows with the charm that he could command no less than majesty.

Mozart, with the symphony in E-flat of his final years, seemed to lead the way into Beethoven's concerto in more senses than the mere relative position of the two pieces on the programme implied. Half the symphony at least is quick with a like mingling of charm and élan to that which flows out of the concerto. Mozart's minuet and trio are no more from one point of view than the conventional movement that orthodox procedure prescribed for the symphonies of the end of the eighteenth century. Yet how adroitly he distributes tonal light and shade in it—when there is the ear of a Muck to hear him—and how the abiding charm and the insinuating sentiment that set him apart from the rank and file of the composers of his day suffuse it. Is there not a like charm and sentiment, albeit scaled to a larger temperament and freer hand, in the Larghetto of the concerto? The finale to Mozart's symphony is all bright invention and light rhythmic energy and agility. The musical ideas return in cumulating repetitions; there are swirls of figures and foam of filigree. Here written fine is the pattern of the finale of the concerto written large.

Moreover, if the first two movements of the symphony—especially as Dr. Muck "read" them yesterday—were no preluding to the concerto, they foretold no less much that many another piece of Beethoven contains. Dr. Muck would have them no mere pattern-weaving in tones with charm and sentiment for their vesture and light energy for their propulsive power. The ear of Mozart himself might have rejoiced in the conductor's and the orchestra's distribution of tonal shadings and adroit emphasis through the slow movement; yet so doing by pace and accent and pervading and emanating mood Dr. Muck kept the Andante a brooding and troubled music—forerunner in its kind of the gravely contemplative slow movements that Beethoven was to write, discovering, almost, and then fulfilling the power of music to enchain the deeper and soberer emotions of men. Again, under Dr. Muck's vivid and vigorous hand, the first Allegro of the symphony moved with exciting energy of pace and rhythm, in bold contrasts, in incisive accents, in sweeps of full and ardent tone. It is hard to remember when it has been so intensified, when interplay of theme and counter-theme has had such emotional suggestion. Once again, there was clear foretaste of the expressive force and the passion of mood with which Beethoven was to make symphonic music puissant.

By no process that the music suggested was there any linking of Rachmaninov's tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," to Beethoven's concerto. It sufficed and more as the contrasting and the relatively novel piece of a pleasurable programme. Once more, too, music and performance raised anew the old riddles and left them quite as unanswered. Usually, a composer who is conductor, too, is less vivid and impressive with his own music than are other able and eloquent leaders. Strauss himself—a conductor of no mean parts—cheerfully admits that more than one director excels him in imaginative power and revealing force with his tone-poems and music-dramas. Yet Rachmaninov, conducting in "The Isle of the Dead," when the piece was first heard at the Symphony Concerts six years ago, made the music haunt ear and imagination as has none that has come after him with it. True, it was wholly new then; and the composer as a writer for orchestra was almost unknown to Bostonian ears. Yet even so he wrought his tone-picture at the beginning and at the end as has no other conductor hereabouts who has essayed the poem. Nobody expected that Mr. Fiedler would do much with such exacting music; everybody anticipated that Dr. Muck would rise high with it. He did; but not to the heights of pictorial and atmospheric suggestion that the composer himself attained in his tonal visioning of the isle that was sanctuary of solitude and stillness, and where dead spirits lay at rest or walked ghostly.

Did not Dr. Muck take this delineative music of the opening and the closing of the tone-poem at a little too quick a pace to preserve quite the long, slow, unfolding and sea-like movement of it? Was he a shade too preoccupied with the vivid details of instrumental and harmonic color that Rachmaninov has wrought upon it, like the lap-lap-lap of the little wavelets upon the silent shore, to deepen the uncanny atmosphere that exhales from this beginning and this end a gray and hidden place where neither light nor air nor leaf does ever stir, where nothing is that has life within it? Perhaps and perhaps. As of old, the conductor lacked neither the picturing imagination nor the heightening and the imparting resource that he has proved time and again with delineative music. Yet Rachmaninov invested it with a penetrating and haunting quality that he did not summon.

No more did Dr. Muck—or for that matter—Rachmaninov himself—read the riddle of all that fills the tone-poem between picture and picture. Admittedly, it is thrilling music to hear—music that pierces ear and heart with its voice of longing, music that harries the listening spirit with the voice of tortured struggle, music that summons the old hymn of the end of all things, music that rises to heights and lays open depths of poignantly human feeling with poignantly human eloquence. But what has the Dies Iræ and the visions that it evokes of the Christian heaven and the Christian hell to do with this pagan place where the dead abide in the eternal calm of solitude and stillness in chamber that no Judgment-Day as it seems, shall ever unlock? The isle of Boecklin's picture with its Charon-like ferryman is of no world of churches and sects.

Longing, that mounts in intenser and intenser accents cries out of the music. Do the souls of these pagan dead, taught to love life more dearly than aught that comes afterward, moan and pine for it in ghostly voices? Do they stir at last with the torture of the longing until they struggle with the stillness and solitude of their lifeless land? At the beginning of the tone-poem they are so encompassed; at the end such oblivion again descends upon them. A Dresdener, who knew Rachmaninov well when he dwelt in the Saxon capital, has so read the riddle of the tone-poem; but the composer, as the French say, guards a silence. "We can all praise the players" observes the disconcerted host at the end of "Fanny's First Play," when the reviewers are variously "interpreting" Shaw's comedy. So we who listened yesterday with a hundred varying impressions may all praise the graphic beauty, the poignant power, the sustained eloquence, the high imagination and the instant illusion of Rachmaninov's tone-poem. Not too much music written in our time may stand beside it.

H. T. P.

TRANSCRIPT. DECEMBER 10,

CONCERTS OF YESTERDAY

JOHN POWELL NEW AND NOTABLE PIANIST

His Playing of Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia with Dr. Muck in Cambridge—The Virtues of the Zoellner Quartet—Mr. Gebhard in New Pieces of His Own

BETWEEN a repetition of Rimsky Korsakov's suite "Antar" and another of Rachmaninov's tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," the Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck played in Sanders Theatre at Cambridge last evening a piece unheard hereabouts for many years in which an uncommonly interesting and able pianist was heard for the first time by Bostonian ears. The piece was the Hungarian Fantasia that Liszt translated and expanded for pianoforte and orchestra from the fourteenth of his rhapsodies; the pianist was Mr. John Powell, Virginian by birth, European by training; composer and virtuoso both, who has dwelt long in Europe and who has now returned, scarcely heralded, to make his way in concerts on this side of the sea. As a composer he is already known to them by the individually imagined and resourcefully accomplished concerto for violin that Mr. Zimbalist played a few years ago; as a virtuoso, by the testimony of his playing last evening, he will soon find as deserved a place, even as he has in London and other more distant capitals.

The fantasia itself is a pleasurable and characteristic music, utilizing the motives and following the general lines of the rhapsody whence it came. It begins in grave and sonorous preluding; it proceeds in ornate passage-work and cadenza for the pianoforte; it mounts into an ardent and eloquent "Allegro Eroico," and it culminates in an extended, excited, and multifariously quickened and colored finale in the gypsy manner. It runs in the usual contrasts — languorous or wild — of such Hungarian music as Liszt wrote in his "national idiom"; it teems with even or syncopated Hungarian rhythms; it is fertile with the ornament that Liszt could invent to tax the skill and resource of the pianist and yet accord with the characteristics and the moods of these Hungarian pieces; and, again after his fashion, it has moments of sensuous beauty, declamatory force and tonal tumult that cloak workmanship with emotion, illusion and excitement. As it was written, so Mr. Powell played it—with no little command of broad sweeps of large and deep tone; of glinting and seemingly improvised ornament; of significant and stirring modulation in pace and rhythm; of the pervading moods and the momentary temper of the music. At every turn ready resource served him; his tone had clarity, body, warmth and eloquence; he answered to instrumental song; he struck rhythmic fire. There was individuality in his playing and power and beauty. In its own voice and image the music glowed under his hand. Piece and pianist alike deserved the Symphony Concerts at home.

H. T. P.

BOSTON POST, DECEMBER 11,

DUKAS' WORK BY SYMPHONY

"The Sorcerer's Apprentice" Given Hearing

BY OLIN DOWNES

There was no soloist at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestra played Beethoven's sixth symphony, Dukas' orchestral scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Smetana's symphonic poem, from the cycle, "My Fatherland," "Vyrserhad," and Enesco's First Roumanian Rhapsody in A major.

No doubt the performance of Beethoven's symphony was eloquent, whatever one's opinion of the symphony itself may be. The performance of Dukas' amazingly witty scherzo was heavy handed. The instrumentation of Dukas, which should sparkle and flash like [illegible], sounded at times heavy [illegible]

[illegible] extreme acceleration toward the end. The noble work of Smetana made again a profound impression, and it was well performed. Enesco's rhapsody is not, frankly speaking, worth the paper it is printed on, in a heroic spirit. The music, which in the time of Dvorak's youth would have been called fresh and pleasing is now "old hat." The reiteration of Roumanian dance tunes becomes monotonous. The audience was cordial and applauded for a long time.

BOSTON GLOBE—DECEMBER 11.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Beethoven "Pastoral" Is Played Dramatically.

Music by Dukas and Enesco Add Color to Program.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the seventh Friday afternoon concert yesterday. The "pastoral" symphony of Beethoven, who died in 1827, followed by "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" of Dukas, who was born 38 years later, prompts its own observations in "program" music.

With the four movements of the symphony were printed the scenes of nature's serenity, bucolic mirth, the storm, and the song of praise. A condensed English version of Goeth's ballad, which inspired Dukas was printed elsewhere in the program book.

Music which becomes baldly photographic in its realism is not among the finest examples of that written to a "program." Beethoven discouraged too literal a basis of fact for the symphony. His love for the country was at all times intense within him. Nature was healer and companion to him, a creature of varied moods, as she was to Wordsworth, and is no less mirrored here than in pages of the piano sonatas and quartets.

The first two movements whatever the programatic suggestion, are replete with that calm and tranquility to be found in the bosom of nature. There is serenity and no hint of petty circumstance or artifice, while this is characterizing with imagination, the third movement possesses even to modern ears a strikingly dramatic moment. The sudden hush, the sharp intrusion in a remote key of the muttering thunder in double basses and the ensuing down pour is all pictorial and stimulating, and with comparatively what simple means. The performance was one of euphony and dramatic beauty.

Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice," an admirable type of modern program music in which there is symbolism and suggestion rather than attempt at too literal reproduction, is always pleasurable. Dr Muck's feeling for this also is one of satirical, at times sardonic, humor and was pointed yesterday.

Smetana is boresome in his patriotism in "Vysehrad," the first symphonic poem of his cycle, "My Country." The ideas are not striking and there is much scattered treatment. Many with reason left the hall at its conclusion. In so doing they missed Enesco's first Rumanian Rhapsody in A major, a potpourri of Rumanian National airs. There is vivacity, but little development, little variety or enrichment of expression. Noise often passes for weightier matter.

BOSTON JOURNAL—DECEMBER 11.

BEETHOVEN WORK IDEALLY PLAYED

Dr. Muck Gives a Poetical Reading of "Pastoral" Symphony.

Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, the andante of which Vincent d'Indy has called the most beautiful picture of true nature to be found in musical literature, has the place of honor on this week's Symphony program. It was performed at yesterday's concert with appropriately beautiful effects.

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No doubt, to many the "Pastoral" symphony nowadays seems tame. It was written by a nature lover who did not believe in tone painting to any great extent. The subject would be treated much more realistically today. The audience yesterday took the charming performance rather coolly.

Modern works make up the remainder of the program. Dukas' ingenious scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "Vysehrad," the symphonic poem in which Smetana decribes a dream of the ancient glories of Bohemia, and Enesco's "Rumainian Rhapsody," written around traditional airs of the composer's native land, are picturesque and pleasing examples of the lesser classics. Besides, they could hardly be played better than they were played yesterday.

There will be a soloist at next week's concerts, Miss Ruth Deyo, the pianist, who will play the Tschaikowsky concerto in B flat minor. The pure[illegible] orchestral pieces will be [illegible] Mer" sketches and [illegible]

Mr. Kreisler, stormily applauded, repeated the remarkable performance of Beethoven's concerto which he gave three years ago this week. Yesterday, as then, the orchestral accompaniment, as led by Dr. Muck, was as remarkable as Mr. Kreisler's interpretation, upon which it is not necessary to dwell; an interpretation conspicuous for triumphant technic, and for an appreciation of the music that rose to devotion, which, however, was not slavish, but as if one master recognized another.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony in F major, "Pastoral"; Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Smetana, symphonic poem "Vysehrad"; Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody in A major, op. 11, No. 1.

TRANSCRIPT, NOVEMBER 27,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

FROM MOZART BY BEETHOVEN TO RACHMANINOV

Dr. Muck Revives the Russian's Tone-Poem, "The Isle of the Dead"—The Riddles and the Power of Music and Performance — Mr. Kreisler Plays Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and Orchestra, Conductor and Virtuoso Are as One—Mozart as Fore-Runner

DEEP in human nature lies the child-like or the dog-like impulse to believe that, however often a thing is refused, at last it will be granted. From the earliest times extra pieces for the "assisting artists" or the repetition of a purely orchestral number have been forbidden at the Symphony Concerts, except in the case of Mr. Paderewski. There is not a reason in the world why he should be permitted to play additional numbers that is not equally applicable to Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Gabrilowitsch, Miss Farrar or any other "soloist" of the first rank. But in some bad old way the precedent became fixed and a management that waited twenty-five years before it struck the absurd word "rehearsal" from the designation of the afternoon concerts is not likely to abate Mr. Paderewski's privilege. He may pass for the exception that proves the rule, even though the applause of the audience yesterday showed clearly that no small part of it would have Mr. Kreisler also excepted. Time and again, after the violinist had played Beethoven's concerto, plaudits recalled him; time and again they subsided only to renew themselves now from one corner of the house and now from another in the fashion that every practiced concert-goer knows is the way of an audience when it obstinately wishes an extra piece. Of course it received none; and it is safe to say that Mr. Kreisler, being of discreet and modest temper, had no desire to thrust himself through rule and custom of the concerts. The insistence of the listeners, however, was curious and interesting to watch and there has been no parallel for it since the day in which another audience demanded a repetition of Chabrier's "España," and Dr. Muck, seemingly almost persuaded, actually turned back the pages of the score. He went no further, however, and the concert ran the orthodox course. Yesterday neither he nor Mr. Kreisler so much as faltered.

Both deserved the applause that the audience heaped upon them and still more the intentness with which it listened throughout a long piece to violinist, conductor and band almost inextricably woven into the mutually containing web of Beethoven's music. For when Dr. Muck, Mr. Kreisler and the Symphony Orchestra play the concerto there is no thought—till long afterwards—of the constituent elements in the performance. Whether the conductor or the violinist chose the pace, for example, at which the movements were severally taken, no one hearing may say. The probabilities are that conductor and violinist, being alike finely-tempered, were at one in their notion of that which most fully and characteristically disclosed the music. Whether the ear of the conductor or the violinist was quickest with the perfect euphonies between the solo instrument and the other orchestral voices, is no more to be determined by any listener. A like instinct and skill with such refinements of tone probably prompted both, with the men of the orchestra adding their command of their particular instruments and their aptitude for such delicate beauty. All three, again, were at one in the exquisite body and the exquisite undulations of the tone that they made the voice of the music and all three were of like unity in every shading and every emphasis. The lightest detail of the concerto touched the ear; yet it moved throughout in flowing line and unbroken surface.

The plasticity and the coloring of Mr. Kreisler's tone, now light and bright and again deep and full, were hardly more moving to the ear than the lovely backgrounds that the wood-winds and the horns wrought for it. The embroidery of the string choir, when the music bade it so adorn the melody, was only a less beautiful tracery than the violinist's own. When there was transition, hardly an ear might say whether Dr. Muck or Mr. Kreisler was spinning it the more adroitly or whether it was conductor or virtuoso that was so artfully advancing a long crescendo or so alertly heightening the whole rhythm and motion of the music. Best of all, the twain were of one mind as to the substance and the style of the concerto. It is music that has charmed the ears and the sensibilities of men for a century and more by the happy invention of the melodies; the fancy with which they are developed and transformed; the diverse grace with which they are ornamented, the apt and unflagging ingenuity with which they display—to use a harsh word for what is really in the concerto a delicate process—the finer capacities of the virtuoso and of the conductor and the finer qualities of the violin and the orchestra that are their instruments. The concerto is not of the greater, the nobler, the heroic Beethoven; it is of Beethoven happy, fertile, lyric with a light, ingratiating and almost playful task. Scarcely any other of his surviving music so overflows with the charm that he could command no less than majesty.

Mozart, with the symphony in E-flat of his final years, seemed to lead the way into Beethoven's concerto in more senses than the mere relative position of the two pieces on the programme implied. Half the symphony at least is quick with a like mingling of charm and élan to that which flows out of the concerto. Mozart's minuet and trio are no more from one point of view than the conventional movement that orthodox procedure prescribed for the symphonies of the end of the eighteenth century. Yet how adroitly he distributes tonal light and shade in it—when there is the ear of a Muck to hear him—and how the abiding charm and the insinuating sentiment that set him apart from the rank and file of the composers of his day suffuse it. Is there not a like charm and sentiment, albeit scaled to a larger temperament and freer hand, in the Larghetto of the concerto? The finale to Mozart's symphony is all bright invention and light rhythmic energy and agility. The musical ideas return in cumulating repetitions; there are swirls of figures and foam of filigree. Here written fine is the pattern of the finale of the concerto written large.

Moreover, if the first two movements of the symphony—especially as Dr. Muck "read" them yesterday—were no preluding to the concerto, they foretold no less much that many another piece of Beethoven contains. Dr. Muck would have them no mere pattern-weaving in tones with charm and sentiment for their vesture and light energy for their propulsive power. The ear of Mozart himself might have rejoiced in the conductor's and the orchestra's distribution of tonal shadings and adroit emphasis through the slow movement; yet so doing by pace and accent and pervading and emanating mood Dr. Muck kept the Andante a brooding and troubled music—forerunner in its kind of the gravely contemplative slow movements that Beethoven was to write, discovering, almost, and then fulfilling the power of music to enchain the deeper and soberer emotions of men. Again, under Dr. Muck's vivid and vigorous hand, the first Allegro of the symphony moved with exciting energy of pace and rhythm, in bold contrasts, in incisive accents, in sweeps of full and ardent tone. It is hard to remember when it has been so intensified, when interplay of theme and counter-theme has had such emotional suggestion. Once again, there was clear foretaste of the expressive force and the passion of mood with which Beethoven was to make symphonic music puissant.

By no process that the music suggested was there any linking of Rachmaninov's tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," to Beethoven's concerto. It sufficed and more as the contrasting and the relatively novel piece of a pleasurable programme. Once more, too, music and performance raised anew the old riddles and left them quite as unanswered. Usually, a composer who is conductor, too, is less vivid and impressive with his own music than are other able and eloquent leaders. Strauss himself—a conductor of no mean parts—cheerfully admits that more than one director excels him in imaginative power and revealing force with his tone-poems and music-dramas. Yet Rachmaninov, conducting in "The Isle of the Dead," when the piece was first heard at the Symphony Concerts six years ago, made the music haunt ear and imagination as has none that has come after him with it. True, it was wholly new then; and the composer as a writer for orchestra was almost unknown to Bostonian ears. Yet even so he wrought his tone-picture at the beginning and at the end as has no other conductor hereabouts who has essayed the poem. Nobody expected that Mr. Fiedler would do much with such exacting music; everybody anticipated that Dr. Muck would rise high with it. He did; but not to the heights of pictorial and atmospheric suggestion that the composer himself attained in his tonal visioning of the isle that was sanctuary of solitude and stillness, and where dead spirits lay at rest or walked ghostly.

Did not Dr. Muck take this delineative music of the opening and the closing of the tone-poem at a little too quick a pace to preserve quite the long, slow, unfolding and sea-like movement of it? Was he a shade too preoccupied with the vivid details of instrumental and harmonic color that Rachmaninov has wrought upon it, like the lap-lap-lap of the little wavelets upon the silent shore, to deepen the uncanny atmosphere that exhales from this beginning and this end a gray and hidden place where neither light nor air nor leaf does ever stir, where nothing is that has life within it? Perhaps and perhaps. As of old, the conductor lacked neither the picturing imagination nor the heightening and the imparting resource that he has proved time and again with delineative music. Yet Rachmaninov invested it with a penetrating and haunting quality that he did not summon.

No more did Dr. Muck—or for that matter—Rachmaninov himself—read the riddle of all that fills the tone-poem between picture and picture. Admittedly, it is thrilling music to hear—music that pierces ear and heart with its voice of longing, music that harries the listening spirit with the voice of tortured struggle, music that summons the old hymn of the end of all things, music that rises to heights and lays open depths of poignantly human feeling with poignantly human eloquence. But what has the Dies Iræ and the visions that it evokes of the Christian heaven and the Christian hell to do with this pagan place where the dead abide in the eternal calm of solitude and stillness in chamber that no Judgment-Day as it seems, shall ever unlock? The isle of Boecklin's picture with its Charon-like ferryman is of no world of churches and sects.

Longing, that mounts in intenser and intenser accents cries out of the music. Do the souls of these pagan dead, taught to love life more dearly than aught that comes afterward, moan and pine for it in ghostly voices? Do they stir at last with the torture of the longing until they struggle with the stillness and solitude of their lifeless land? At the beginning of the tone-poem they are so encompassed; at the end such oblivion again descends upon them. A Dresdener, who knew Rachmaninov well when he dwelt in the Saxon capital, has so read the riddle of the tone-poem; but the composer, as the French say, guards a silence. "We can all praise the players" observes the disconcerted host at the end of "Fanny's First Play," when the reviewers are variously "interpreting" Shaw's comedy. So we who listened yesterday with a hundred varying impressions may all praise the graphic beauty, the poignant power, the sustained eloquence, the high imagination and the instant illusion of Rachmaninov's tone-poem. Not too much music written in our time may stand beside it.

H. T. P.

TRANSCRIPT. DECEMBER 10,

CONCERTS OF YESTERDAY

JOHN POWELL NEW AND NOTABLE PIANIST

His Playing of Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia with Dr. Muck in Cambridge—The Virtues of the Zoellner Quartet—Mr. Gebhard in New Pieces of His Own

BETWEEN a repetition of Rimsky Korsakov's suite "Antar" and another of Rachmaninov's tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," the Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck played in Sanders Theatre at Cambridge last evening a piece unheard hereabouts for many years in which an uncommonly interesting and able pianist was heard for the first time by Bostonian ears. The piece was the Hungarian Fantasia that Liszt translated and expanded for pianoforte and orchestra from the fourteenth of his rhapsodies; the pianist was Mr. John Powell, Virginian by birth, European by training; composer and virtuoso both, who has dwelt long in Europe and who has now returned, scarcely heralded, to make his way in concerts on this side of the sea. As a composer he is already known to them by the individually imagined and resourcefully accomplished concerto for violin that Mr. Zimbalist played a few years ago; as a virtuoso, by the testimony of his playing last evening, he will soon find as deserved a place, even as he has in London and other more distant capitals.

The fantasia itself is a pleasurable and characteristic music, utilizing the motives and following the general lines of the rhapsody whence it came. It begins in grave and sonorous preluding; it proceeds in ornate passage-work and cadenza for the pianoforte; it mounts into an ardent and eloquent "Allegro Eroico," and it culminates in an extended, excited, and multifariously quickened and colored finale in the gypsy manner. It runs in the usual contrasts — languorous or wild — of such Hungarian music as Liszt wrote in his "national idiom"; it teems with even or syncopated Hungarian rhythms; it is fertile with the ornament that Liszt could invent to tax the skill and resource of the pianist and yet accord with the characteristics and the moods of these Hungarian pieces; and, again after his fashion, it has moments of sensuous beauty, declamatory force and tonal tumult that cloak workmanship with emotion, illusion and excitement. As it was written, so Mr. Powell played it—with no little command of broad sweeps of large and deep tone; of glinting and seemingly improvised ornament; of significant and stirring modulation in pace and rhythm; of the pervading moods and the momentary temper of the music. At every turn ready resource served him; his tone had clarity, body, warmth and eloquence; he answered to instrumental song; he struck rhythmic fire. There was individuality in his playing and power and beauty. In its own voice and image the music glowed under his hand. Piece and pianist alike deserved the Symphony Concerts at home.

H. T. P.

BOSTON POST, DECEMBER 11,

DUKAS' WORK BY SYMPHONY

"The Sorcerer's Apprentice" Given Hearing

BY OLIN DOWNES

There was no soloist at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestra played Beethoven's sixth symphony, Dukas' orchestral scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Smetana's symphonic poem, from the cycle, "My Fatherland," "Vyrserhad," and Enesco's First Roumanian Rhapsody in A major.

No doubt the performance of Beethoven's symphony was eloquent, whatever one's opinion of the symphony itself may be. The performance of Dukas' amazingly witty scherzo was heavy handed. The instrumentation of Dukas, which should sparkle and flash like electricity, sounded at times heavy

seemed despotically regular until an extreme acceleration toward the end. The noble work of Smetana made again a profound impression, and it was well performed. Enesco's rhapsody is not, frankly speaking, worth the paper it is printed on, in a heroic spirit. The music, which in the time of Dvorak's youth would have been called fresh and pleasing is now "old hat." The reiteration of Roumanian dance tunes becomes monotonous. The audience was cordial and applauded for a long time.

BOSTON GLOBE- DECEMBER 11.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Beethoven "Pastoral" Is Played Dramatically.

Music by Dukas and Enesco Add Color to Program.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the seventh Friday afternoon concert yesterday. The "pastoral" symphony of Beethoven, who died in 1827, followed by "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" of Dukas, who was born 38 years later, prompts its own observations in "program" music.

With the four movements of the symphony were printed the scenes of nature's serenity, bucolic mirth, the storm, and the song of praise. A condensed English version of Goeth's ballad, which inspired Dukas was printed elsewhere in the program book.

Music which becomes baldly photographic in its realism is not among the finest examples of that written to a "program." Beethoven discouraged too literal a basis of fact for the symphony. His love for the country was at all times intense within him. Nature was healer and companion to him, a creature of varied moods, as she was to Wordsworth, and is no less mirrored here than in pages of the piano sonatas and quartets.

The first two movements whatever the programatic suggestion, are replete with that calm and tranquility to be found in the bosom of nature. There is serenity and no hint of petty circumstance or artifice, while this is characterizing with imagination, the third movement possesses even to modern ears a strikingly dramatic moment. The sudden hush, the sharp intrusion in a remote key of the muttering thunder in double basses and the ensuing down pour is all pictorial and stimulating, and with comparatively what simple means. The performance was one of euphony and dramatic beauty.

Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice," an admirable type of modern program music in which there is symbolism and suggestion rather than attempt at too literal reproduction, is always pleasurable. Dr Muck's feeling for this also is one of satirical, at times sardonic, humor and was pointed yesterday.

Smetana is boresome in his patriotism in "Vysehrad," the first symphonic poem of his cycle, "My Country." The ideas are not striking and there is much scattered treatment. Many with reason left the hall at its conclusion. In so doing they missed Enesco's first Rumanian Rhapsody in A major, a potpourri of Rumanian National airs. There is vivacity, but little development, little variety or enrichment of expression. Noise often passes for weightier matter.

BOSTON JOURNAL- DECEMBER 11,

BEETHOVEN WORK IDEALLY PLAYED

Dr. Muck Gives a Poetical Reading of "Pastoral" Symphony.

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Beethoven found in nature "a friend with whom he took pleasure in familiar talk"—on the whole, a simple, gentle, rustic friend. So he expressed himself in this sixth symphony. Dr. Muck's interpretation was graceful, sympathetic; so perfect, in fact, that the art of it was completely concealed.

No doubt, to many the "Pastoral" symphony nowadays seems tame. It was written by a nature lover who did not believe in tone painting to any great extent. The subject would be treated much more realistically today. The audience yesterday took the charming performance rather coolly.

Modern works make up the remainder of the program. Dukas' ingenious scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "Vysehrad," the symphonic poem in which Smetana decribes a dream of the ancient glories of Bohemia, and Enesco's "Rumainian Rhapsody," written around traditional airs of the composer's native land, are picturesque and pleasing examples of the lesser classics. Besides, they could hardly be played better than they were played yesterday.

There will be a soloist at next week's concerts, Miss Ruth Deyo, the pianist, who will play the Tschaikowsky concerto in B flat minor. The purely orchestral pieces will be Debussy's "La Mer" sketches and Haydn's symphony

BOSTON HERALD,
DECEMBER 11.

SYMPHONY GIVES 7TH CONCERT

Attains Full Expression of Beethoven's Message in His "Pastoral."

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The concert will be repeated this evening. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral"	Beethoven
The Sorcerer's Apprentice	Dukas
Vysehrad	Smetana
Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1	Enesco

This program of familiar pieces was well arranged. There was variety; there were contrasts; there was brilliant and poetical orchestral performance; there was no "soloist" to disturb the occasion.

Those accustomed to unimaginative interpretations, who had come to the conclusion that the pastoral symphony is a good deal of a bore and nodded by the side of the brook until aroused by the merry peasants with their heavy feet in the dance and by the village musicians, should have been in Symphony Hall yesterday. We have never heard the first movement played with such clarity, such June-like freshness, with coloring that brought to mind the sky with clouds like cotton bales, the grass that is "the handkerchief of the Lord," and the dreams and visions of a summer day. Here was the full expression of Beethoven's own indication: "Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country." The following Andante, often unbearable because the conductor chooses a sluggish pace for the sake of "great expression," was for once not too long. There was uncommon vitality in the Scherzo. The Thunder storm was admirably managed and the shepherd's song of thanksgiving did not sound as though it were written for chorus and cabinet organ.

Some think that "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" has sadly aged. True, it is nearly twenty years old, and a mass of music composed within this period of time and once thought important, if not epoch-making, has been buried, and the efforts of excavators and resurrectionists have been in vain; no one wishes the corpses. To us this Scherzo is still fresh and brilliant, but as absolute, not program music. We can find little portrayal of the incidents in Goethe's poem, nor unless we were informed beforehand would we, listening to the music, think for a moment of Goethe's ballad or Lucian's prose. Over a hundred years ago one Boye wrote a little book entitled "Musical Expression Put in the Class of Chimeras." He maintained, for example, that if the words "I have found my Eurydice" were sung to Gluck's famous air, the expression of the music would be the same; and he also argued that the music characterized as most expressive is the most wearisome. This book was answered by one Le Febvre. We have not read his reply. Replies are generally slow in arriving and are often unconvincing, especially to those who do not wish to be convinced. There is sense in Boye's book, which is worth a translation and the publication, if only as a curiosity.

Will any one who has heard this Scherzo several times put his hand on his heart and swear that the introductory measures transport him to the Sorecerer's room, that he afterwards sees and hears the magic broom at work, the flood of water pouring in?

The intrinsic merits of this music are not affected by the absence or the presence of the title. The Pastoral symphony would suggest to the sensitive pleasant thoughts, probably of country scenes and life, if it were not dubbed "pastoral," nor is there need of a printed program to persuade the hearer that certain pages portray a thunder storm. But to show a magic broom set in motion with dire results by a sorcerer's apprentice is another matter. Fortunately we can enjoy the music of Dukas as a scherzo without invoking the magic name and the Olympian presence of Goethe.

Smetana's symphonic poem inspired by the thought of past glory and present downfall is still bardic in its simplicity, noble in its mournfulness.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone
in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy night? It is gone
in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the
dreams of the Blind
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth
in the wind.

This verse of Rueckert's might stand below the printed preface in Smetana's score.

The Philharmonic Society of New York will play next week the whole of Smetana's cycle, "My Country," of which "Vysehrad" is the first tone poem. "Tabor" and "Blanik" have not been performed in Boston, and "Sarka" has not been heard for 20 years. The performance of the whole cycle at one concert may be too much of a good thing, except to hearers of Bohemian birth or ancestry.

Enesco's Rhapsody has been played here at least three times. Are the other two rhapsodies equally interesting by their effects of rhythm and color?

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Debussy, La Mer; Tschaikowsky, Concerto for Piano No. 1 (Miss Ruth Deyo, pianist); Haydn, Symphony in E-flat (B. and H. No. 1).

At the concerts of Dec. 24 and 25, Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," and an organ concerto by Rheinberger will be performed.

ADVERTISER, SATURDAY
DECEMBER 11.

SYMPHONY CONCERT CONSERVATIVE

BEETHOVEN'S "PASTORAL" BEGINNING OF SCHOOL

Orchestral Humor Followed by Majesty of Smetana and Enesco's Turbulence

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Beethoven—"Pastoral" Symphony.
Dukas—"The Sorcerer's Apprentice."
Smetana—"Vysehrad." Symphonic Poem.
Enesco—Rumanian Rhapsody.

Not so long ago a battle was going on between programme music and absolute music. The victory has been won, in the present generation, by programme music, possibly because of the influence of Richard Strauss and Debussy. Programme music is instrumental music, which, by means of its title, or by printed notes upon the programme, gives a definite picture. Absolute music is that which deals with emotions and attempts nothing definitely pictorial. Richard Strauss once told the son of the present reviewer that he believed that every composer had a definite picture in his mind when he was creating a work, in which case we would like to know what pictures were in Bach's cranium when he wrote his fugues or his two-part inventions!

In spite of the fact that programme-music existed in ancient Greece, we may consider Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony the beginning of the school, the first large classical instrumental form which tried for pictorial effects, although Berlioz soon after evolved the broad modern vein of instrumental picture-painting. It was interesting therefore to hear the beginning of a school that has captured the entire modern musical camp. It was interesting also to note that Beethoven distrusted the new idea, as he proved by labelling his first movement—"More a picture of emotions than picture-painting." But he seems to have gotten entirely over his doubts by the time he arrived at the second movement, for from the Andante to the end of the symphony the picture-painting is as definite as he can make it, even the poultry by the brook ("Quail, Cuckoo and Nightingale") being definitely labelled, while the village dance, with a country band playing, the subsequent row among the dancers, the thunder-storm and the Thanksgiving after it, are realistic touches of the most vivid character.

One or two points may be especially noted. Beethoven gives the jolliest practical joke, in the third movement, that was ever practiced in symphony, when he portrays a poor musician whose instrument has only three notes left on it, and who plays those three notes (F, C, F,) whenever he can squeeze them into the harmony of the village band. We always feel that it would be a bit of added humor to emphasize these notes more than is done, since the player would undoubtedly make the most of them.

Boston can generally furnish any possible kind of weather, but the thunder storm of this work, with the lightning coming after the thunder is beyond any variety we have experienced here. It was interesting also to hear the shepherd piping on a clarinette after the storm. Wagner, Schumann, Rossini, Berloiz, in short, every 19th century composer, causes the shepherd to use an English horn, but Beethoven never used this instrument in an orchestral score.

The work was played with loving care, and was received with much enthusiasm. It deserved the appreciation, but for all that we find the brook (second movement) too extended for good effect. It possibly tried to emulate Tennyson's stream:

> "Men may come and men may go,
> But I go on forever,"

and the symphony as a whole has faded more than any of its eight sisters. It was soon evident that this concert was to be devoted to tonal pictures, for Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" was another very definite tional sketch, and, if Beethoven made his joke with one bassoon, Dukas made his fun with three. Therefore the bassoons had their innings in this concert. The work has been heard so often in Boston that the story is familiar even to non-musicians, but we can say that every detail, the coming to life of the broomstick, its going and coming with water, the sawing of it in two, the two broomsticks then becoming water-carriers, the return of the magician and the restoring of matters to their more normal state, all this was portrayed with great clearness and with delicate humor. The work has never received so graphic a performance in Boston.

After all this orchestral humor, Dr. Muck inverted the old French saying into—"From the ridiculous to the sublime is but a step,"—and gave the majesty of Smetana. We firmly believe that Smetana will wear better than his pupil, Dvorak, who for so long a time outshone him. He had not the routine knowledge of Dvorak, nor his contrapuntal skill, but he was well enough equipped in this and in orchestration, and he was terribly in earnest, and that counts for ever so much in music.

Bohemian Art was crushed altogether in the 30-years' war, and even in the time of Maria Theresa there was an effort made to stamp out the language. It failed, and such poets as Puchmayer, Wocel, Czelakowsky, and others have lifted the poetry from the dust in which it was laid while Smetana and Dvorak did something of the same kind for music. Some plants become more fragrant when bruised, and it is so with the Bohemian music. It has a mediaeval flavor that is glorious.

Nevertheless it was rather too sudden a transition to go from Dukas' comical bassoons to Smetana's bardic harp, with which "Vysehrad" began. Mr. Holy and Mr. Cella, however, played the beautiful preluding excellently, and we were soon in the atmosphere of the Middle Ages, as the composition worked up from its solo beginning to military grandeur with stirring trumpet calls and brass effects. The sadness of the ending of the work is very impressive. There is something of Ossianic loneliness in the brooding memory of past glories at which Smetana hints in his finale and it was played with emotional power. This was the loftiest point of yesterday's programme.

We were not quite as much in sympathy with Rumania, which came next in our musical Balkan journey. There was little of Smetana's dignity in Enesco's turbulence. After the first peasant melody had presented its simplicity, some of the themes were as wild as American college songs, and as informal. There were frenzied dances, which suggested a combination of Cancan and Carmagnole, and plenty of piccolo spice was poured into the dish, as one pours paprika into a goulash. If ever the piccolo player earned his salary, he did it in this piece. Each dance was wilder than the other (where were the Rumanian police?) and as each seemed to be a climax of wildness in itself, the auditor was deceived into imagining that the end had come,—about 10 different times. Finally the end did actually come, (everything has an end, except a sausage, which has two) and, stunned and dazed, we wandered into the outer atmosphere. We hope that Rumania will remain neutral, for if she does this kind of thing when she is at peace, what would she evolve when she is at war?

TRANSCRIPT. DECEMBER 9, 1915

As Dr. Muck Sees Music in America

Past and Present, Possibilities, Prospects and Poisons—All in a Characteristic Interview That Is Penetrating, Unflattering, Candid and Constructive

From month to month, this autumn, the magazine, The Craftsman, has been publishing a notable series of interviews with eminent conductors of orchestras in the United States. It began in October with Mr. Stransky of the Philharmonic Society of New York; it continued in November with Mr. Bodanzky of the Metropolitan Opera House, and in the December number, published today, it passes to Dr. Muck in the longest, the most careful and the most characteristic interview that he has ever given either in Berlin or in Boston. The Craftsman proposed to the several conductors that they discuss the present conditions and prospects of serious music in the United States, and Dr. Muck, keenly interested, spoke with penetration and candor, as a man of the world and a man of ideals. By the generous permission of the proprietors and the editor of The Craftsman, the article follows hereunder.

A MUSIC loving people! Why not—living in such a marvellous country, a country that should be the source of splendid inspiration for every art. It is different in Europe; the inspiration is not needed. Music continues and thrives in the Old World because it is a part of the existence of the people. They are all brought up with music in their homes and in their schools. They know it as they know their A B Cs; they do not have to seek new and tremendous inspiration—influences powerful enough to cut a channel through prevailing interests.

"But in America you did not start with music when you were a young nation; in a way you did not start as a young nation at all. It always seems to me that this country began life as a youth, not a child. Usually the beginning of music is in the infancy of the nation, when there are no conventional boundaries to the emotions; when the people crave some rich expression for their vital interests; when all of life is activity, spontaneity, and when people are not shut away from nature's storehouse of inspiration, when they are looking up to the sky, out to the woods hourly, when each day takes them down pathways that are full of beauty and fragrance which must have expression in ballad or chant, in the dance of the warrior or the song of the lover.

"America has had no long, slow centuries of simple, primitive existence. Her early struggles were not the old battles of warriors over maidens or of nations seeking to possess each other's hunting grounds and pleasure places. From the start you were more conventional, more grown up. People came from other worlds who were not happy and settled in America with their own specialized ways, with their own social attitude and religion all ready-made. If they fought battles it was against the aborigines whose land they needed; it was not to protect ancient homes and traditional art. This way was essential, but not so picturesque, and it started your nation past the time of early thrilling days of romance, in which music and poetry has time to take deep roots into the hearts of the people.

Emotion and Idea

"When art comes early in the life of a nation it is the expression of that people's emotional interest in beauty. When it comes later, and civilization is full-fledged, it is born of a conventional appreciation of the world's standards of beauty. The early music wells up out of great love, great joy, great splendid response to nature. In the later life of a nation, art comes from an appreciation of what it adds to life, from a sense of its decorative importance. In other words, one is born of an emotion and one of an idea. Wagner, strangely enough, combined both the traditional and the modern point of view in his music. He had the great idea of a new religion for the world, a religion that could no longer be held in the grasp of the gods, that must be reborn through the splendor and tragedy of human love and sacrifice. In the music of Strauss you feel the pounding of a great idea, you feel suddenly that he is breaking down conventional barriers that have held people away from the intoxication and joy of music. Beethoven had the great idea of bringing close to the people all pastoral beauty from the beginning of days. Whatever has been joyous in pastoral lives, whatever has been sad or thrilling or tender or peaceful Beethoven has reproduced for the world's joy and strength.

Haste the Enemy

"In America, I should say, you will have for your later day music the great idea of democracy, of freedom for all the people. This idea is expressed in the very quality of the western landscape, in the freedom, vastness, the titanic grandeur, the unoccupied beautiful spaces; all these things speak of liberty, boundless opportunity. Who that has ever seen the Grand Canyon at sunset or in the moonlight, or those great limitless plains veiled in rose and violet and the mellowing gray of twilight can fail to be profoundly impressed, richly influenced? Such beauty and vastness must liberate the spirit, and the free spirit must eventually express something of the force that has opened the windows of its

(Photograph by Schwalb of Charlottenburg.)

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"Already your painters have found the West and have brought back some of its beauty on canvas, but as yet, I have heard no poetry that repeats to me the story of sunrise in the West, no music that gives me of the yellow lights and the purple shadows that stream down that deep canyon, varied from day to day, and forever lovely.

"You ask me what is the difficulty. It is not that you do not love music in America—few individuals in the world are more liberal than the American man or woman who seeks to bring music to this country, but as yet you have not stopped long enough to cherish the birth of great art here. It seems to me that you are constantly putting it off to the future. You say, 'some day we will have art in America, we can have it whenever we want it. So far we have had everything that we wanted. We are busy just now, we have not yet all the money we want.' And truly you have the great genius for making money; but you appear too busy to use it; at least, to use it in a way that seems most valuable to me. You do buy many, many things that enable you to get about quickly, not only things that will make your homes beautiful but things that will enable you to get away from your homes—swifter steamers, swifter railroads, swifter motor cars. It is a nation hurrying from one generation to another, one century to another, seeking always means of haste, pressing past with an ideal of haste rather than some definite goal.

"Isn't it just as good to stop today as tomorrow, to spend beautiful leisure in your beautiful homes, into which to bring beautiful art? This is the lovely present I wish for America. I want leisure now for your music, your painters want it for art, your young geniuses want it for poetry. Stop now and make this the greatest century America has ever known for the birth of great national art.

Youth and Music

"How would I suggest doing this? I have already said that you should seek your inspiration in your own land, in the splendor and beauty of it, teach your children how beautiful your own land is, and in connection with that, in every school in America teach your children all the beautiful music that the greatest musicians of the world have produced. Have every school one rich chorus, have children sing out all the joy and love of their young hearts; they want to do it, they do not want to bend over their desks every minute, they do not want to study every minute, they want to express something of what youth is, what they feel life to be. You will have no difficulty in establishing choruses in your public schools. All youth has music in its heart, let it pour out in tremendous volumes in every school in America. Beyond this, if you have the time, and I should say make the time, let every school have its orchestra. I do not believe there is a school in America that would not furnish you talent for an orchestra. Let the choruses work with the orchestra, and let children feel that it is a great honor to play in the orchestra. Oh, you cannot think what this would do for the happiness of youth, for the production of art in this country, what channels it would furnish for genius to express itself in the coming generation. And suddenly you will find that you are this musical nation that you have talked about, and no one will ever ask again how it can be done and why Americans are not creating music. You will find barriers that have stood in front of genius drop away, you will find that music will reach the homes.

Poisoning the Source

"It is hopeless to attempt to do anything for middle age. No nation has ever developed art through its grown-up people. It has developed much enjoyment, much culture, it has shown appreciation of art, as America has done, for there is an ever increasing love of good music in this country, an ever growing audience for opera and for symphony concerts, but that is not what you are asking about in America. You want your own musical life, you want your own musical geniuses, men who will have a vision of what music should be in this country, who will see straight into the hearts of the people, who will produce their aspirations, their longings, their love of beauty, who will have the great idea for music from American inspiration, the music of the democracy—the music of the free people.

"I do not mean for a moment that there is no music in the American school, but there should be music in every school—in the public schools, the private schools, the colleges, the universities, and always the best. I do not in the least believe in popular music for the masses; I do not believe there is such a thing as good popular music. I think what you call here your ragtime, is poison. It poisons the very source of your musical growth, for it poisons the taste of the young. You cannot poison the spring of art and hope for a fresh clear stream to flow out and enrich life.

"From the very start I should say, give your young people the best music the world has ever known of every land. It will not lessen their ability to create native music. No good art ever hurts or lessens the power to produce any other valuable art. Art is a long history of great progress, but it is a connected history, and by giving good music to your young people here, from Germany, from France, from every known source, you are only opening up their interest, their need of music, their capacity to produce music, and when they finally reach the point where they long to create they will seek native sources of inspiration if they have the real art. But if you pollute the spring, if you poison the beginning of musical source, you will find the power for creation is atrophied, and the small stream which forces its way out will be muddied and soiled and unbeautiful.

The Curse of Vulgar Music

"You ask me how the American nation shall produce its own music. I say to you from the bottom of my heart that it shall at once cease to train its children with what is called the popular music. By this I do not mean for an instant that the primitive music of a nation is not the rich, resourceful, inspiring thing; the folk music of all lands has been the beginning of musical development and musical culture, the joy of the people and the foundation on which the widest musical culture has rested. But such music as you are producing in America today for the cabaret and the second-rate musical comedy is not folk music. It is just the expression of a restless desire of the people for excitement, for change, for intoxication, which is not improving, from year to year, from generation to generation; it is only changing, meeting various emotional whims of the people. You have new music because you want new dances or you want more excitement. This cannot become the source of inspiration for the development of a musical nation. You ask me frankly and I tell you frankly.

"One instance came to my notice in regard to the deadly influence of the ragtime music which I will cite to show the invidious effect it may have even on people whose first impulse is toward the right thing. I dined one evening with a family devoted to the interests of the Symphony Concerts. They had been subscribers for years. After the dinner I was very tired and strolled in the library alone to rest for a moment. To my astonishment I saw a music machine in one corner of the room. I said possibly they may have some records of good music and singers, and so glanced over the records. Then, to my horror I discovered that they were of the most deadly, vulgar ragtime music; not only was the music of the worst character, but in some instances there were records of vulgar café-chantant songs, a collection of all the things that it seemed to me the real music lover would be opposed to. It was a terrible shock to me. I felt as though I had lost friends. I wondered how much I was to blame for it. How was it possible that I could have put into my work in the Symphony Concerts my heart and soul and most earnest desire for the best results from such work and then find that among those I had counted upon as true friends and music lovers, there was this deadly interest in the vulgar fad of the day? I realized how much there was to work against, how much to overcome before this country, with all the opportunity in the world, would really become a musical nation.

Only the Best

"Not only should you seek the best music for your children, but give them the best teachers, always the best teachers. If you want your children to love poetry, you do not give them some poor little verse, some bit of popular doggerel, you turn back to Shakspeare, to Goethe, to Racine; you give them the wealth of the world. If you wish them to recite poetry you seek some great master of the dramatic arts, so that all the fulness of the meaning of the creator reaches them. You must do the same in music. You must have them taught by the man who knows and loves music, who can win a response from them, who can direct them and encourage them.

"The best music in the world is of no avail for children with a poor teacher. Everything must be of the best if we wish the best results. Seek good music in simple form and music lovers as instructors. What would we think of a gardener who planted seeds in poor soil because the poor soil was economical or easy to get or because people were accustomed to using poor soil? The good gardener seeks the best soil for just the kind of growth he desires, and then he knows just how to plant the seed and how to care for the little plant and how to cultivate his garden for the best and beautiful results. Surely it is necessary to cultivate music as wisely as a garden. And so I say once more that you cannot cultivate a love for Beethoven via ragtime."

The Question of Endowment

Dr. Muck spoke very wisely and logically on the question of the wisdom of endowing music in America. "Undoubtedly," he said, "it would be better for a democratic people to produce and to support their own music. It would be more in line with their ideals. But what will you? As yet the people do not seem willing to make the effort to suport opera and symphony concerts. The question resolves itself into this: If you do not endow these institutions you cannot have this music. If you wish the music at this present stage of your civilization, it must be endowed. So far as I am aware no musical institution of any description is supported by State or Government in America. The only endowments that are made are individual and those in some instances are lavish to a degree. In New York your opera is supported by subscription and frequently by additional endowment as well—always personal. This is true of every opera in America. It is also true, so far as I am able to state, of symphony orchestra. I know it is true of New York, of Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle and so on indefinitely.

"And right here it is important to note that the interest in symphony orchestra is spreading. It is no small matter for America to realize that there is a successful symphony orchestra in Seattle as well as in San Francisco, Chicago and so on toward the East. But these orchestras are not supported by the voluntary contributions of the mass of people. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is practically the gift to the people

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[illegible]

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Mr. Higginson. It is Mr. Higginson who has made it possible for the Boston Symphony to work without joining the music union, so that it is an absolutely free institution. And in this free country I find that the trade unions do not always leave the people quite free either in the arts or crafts. I think that if you are not careful, through them you will greatly mar musical opportunity and you will possibly kill the development of craft work.

"A short time ago a carpenter came to do some work for me in my house in Boston and I actually had to tell him how to do his own work, for I am proud of the fact that I am a good carpenter. I learned it in my youth, as I did many other simple, practical things.

"I talked with my union carpenter and he told me that as a matter of fact he was not a carpenter at all, but a plumber; but he could make a little more money as a carpenter and so he elected to call himself that and came to do my work. It is much the same in the musical trade unions. There is no standard except a financial one, and it is not the man who is the greatest musician who has the best salary.

"But to return to the endowment of music. You will see that at present it is necessary for certain kinds of musical development. After you have put music in all your schools, in the biggest, most impersonal way, I firmly believe that you will be cultivating a generation of people who will be eager to support symphony concerts and opera, who will be writing music for both.

"The question of endowment does not seem to trouble any one in Germany; it is universal. In every place of forty or fifty thousand inhabitants there is a symphony orchestra supported by the town. In Berlin the emperor gives three million marks a year out of his private income for the advancement of music; in Vienna, music is supported by the Government. There seems to be no question in the world but what the people who have the greatest opportunity for enjoying music should really be the supporters. The idea of endowing music in Germany came about through Frederick the Great, some two hundred years ago. He was a music lover. He and the dukes of his court decided that they would pay for it themselves and this sentiment has continued in Germany ever since, although if it were not done there is, in my mind, no question in the world but what the people by voluntary contributions would hold music in their midst.

Our Restless Land

"You have asked me just what quality in your civilization I find most detrimental to the development and progress of the arts. It seems to me that the most serious handicap to art that I have been able to discover in America, and of course there are serious handicaps in every nation to its best growth, is the fact that politics in this country is a matter of business, not of national concern. I believe that politics should be absolutely separated from business activities. Politics is the machinery of running a nation. A man should not be in politics to make money, to make his living, but to work for the welfare of the nation. There should be no opportunity whatever for him to have to face financial questions. He should be supported by the Government. But in America I find in every State people in politics for their own interest, not to build up a finer, stronger, purer nation, not to insure the development of art loving people, not to add to the beauty of the country, the delight of it, but for their own aggrandizement. Naturally this brings about a State restless, uncertain and separated from the betterment of the country. Also it places in power and in high positions men not prepared for the work; it gives young people the idea that they can start on the top, not that they must work carefully, warily, assiduously into a position of supremacy, and one that may account for a great deal of the general restlessness that prevails everywhere, and of the eagerness of young people to skip the steps that should be climbed in their own business, artistic or spiritual growth.

"In all schools I notice a tendency for children to escape as soon as possible, to get out and make money before they are prepared to make it well, to start life with half-baked ideas of what is worth while, with their profession half learned, to be independent when they are young, and not to be independent in order to get the utmost from life, but to play harder. It is the young people who are making a little money, without much knowledge, who fill the cabarets and the poor theatres and whose lives are choked and disintegrated before they are old enough to realize what they are losing.

"Everywhere these young people are seeking for money in order to have more houses, more clothes, more playtime, more motor cars. This cannot mean more beauty, more real happiness, more development, more spiritual activity. The plumber cannot call himself a carpenter and do good work. Youth must prepare itself for great things if it is to live them, and it is through the preparation of the young that all great and good things come to a nation."

From HERALD
Address: New York City

Date DEC 3 - 1915

Fritz Kreisler Charms Anew with Symphony

1884

Violinist Makes His First Appearance Here This Season as Soloist with Dr. Muck's Musicians.

In this day and country, when everything must move swiftly to interest the public, there seems to be little chance of Bruckner's symphony in E major, No. 7, which was performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck last evening at Carnegie Hall, ever becoming extremely popular.

Bruckner undoubtedly has ideas, but to the average American concertgoer he has too few to keep one symphony going for an hour and a quarter. And from the nature of the applause which followed the presentation it was evident that most of the audience felt somewhat like the Italian pianist Busoni, who when he was asked to go to the theatre by his concert manager last winter declined, saying that he had only about twenty-five more years to live and that life was too short to indulge in such things.

There is some fine music in Bruckner's score. The second movement, over which there has been much controversy as to whether it was written as a funeral march in memory of the death of Richard Wagner or not, is thrilling in parts and throughout is very good to hear. Before the end of the four movements interest lagged. The applause which came after its close was weak but prolonged, showing that if Bruckner's followers were few, at least they were enthusiastic.

The soloist last night was Fritz Kreisler, violinist, who has not been heard here before this season. He was in fine form, though he had some trouble keeping his violin in tune. There probably is no violinist who plays the Beethoven concerto which was his selection, so well. His playing in the cadenza in the first movement was wonderful. The broad melodies he played with fire and passion, and the quiet passages he presented with beautiful tone and with such finish that only admiration could result. Showers of applause came at the end of the first movement and again at the close of the work.

From STAATSZEITUNG
Address: New York City.

Date NOV 28 1915

Die „Boſtoner" in Brooklyn.

Estab

Das zweite in der diesjährigen Serie von Konzerten gibt das Boſtoner Symphonie=Orcheſter am Freitag, den 3. Dezember, im Opernſaale der Academy of Muſic unter den Auſpizien des Brooklyn Inſtituts für Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften, und zwar hat der Dirigent Dr. Carl Mack ein äußerſt intereſſantes und gediegenes Programm aufgeſtellt. Als Soliſt

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From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City

Date DEC 3 - 1915

BOSTON'S ORCHESTRA BRINGS LENTEN GLOOM

Kreisler and a Brilliant Performance of Beethoven.

Estab 34

Dr. Muck chose a particularly unhappy time to reward the admiration which music lovers in New York feel for him and the Boston Orchestra by compelling them to do more than an hour's penance at the second of the evening concerts at Carnegie Hall last night. Lent is still several months distant, and if he thought that his admirers deserved punishment for the good of their souls, either morally or æsthetically, he might have held off Bruckner's symphony in E major till they were in a spirit when they felt that they needed or deserved chastening. As it was, they had to take it last night, and go through the perfunctory motions of approval after an hour half of which at least was unrelieved boredom, in order at the last to enjoy Beethoven's violin concerto and Mr. Kreisler's performance of it. Many years ago when the symphony was first performed at a concert of the Philharmonic Society under Theodore Thomas the audience was frank enough to give expression to its opinion of the symphony by walking out of the Metropolitan Opera House in large detachments after the second and third movements and going gloomily home after the last. That was not to be expected last night, because Mr. Kreisler was on hand to make amends for the affliction. He did—so far as he could—by a brilliant performance of the Beethoven concerto, a much more reposeful and musicianly one than he put to his credit the last time he played it here, and one that was thoroughly in the spirit of the composition, which sounded peculiarly stimulating after

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Date

Boſtoner Symphonie = Orcheſter.

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H.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City

Date DEC 3 1915

Esta 84

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For the second part of the programme there can only be words of the highest praise. Fritz Kreisler played the Beethoven concerto as it deserves to be played, and Dr. Muck and his players were in accord with him. It was a noble performance of a work so great that it wipes away all mere nationality, for it is as universal as Homer and Shakespeare.

Mr. Higginson. It is Mr. Higginson who has made it possible for the Boston Symphony to work without joining the music union, so that it is an absolutely free institution. And in this free country I find that the trade unions do not always leave the people quite free either in the arts or crafts. I think that if you are not careful, through them you will greatly mar musical opportunity and you will possibly kill the development of craft work.

"A short time ago a carpenter came to do some work for me in my house in Boston and I actually had to tell him how to do his own work, for I am proud of the fact that I am a good carpenter. I learned it in my youth, as I did many other simple, practical things.

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Date NOV 2 8 1915

Estab

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From SUN
Address: New York City
Date DEC 3 1915

k, 1884

BRUCKNER'S MUSIC BY BOSTON PLAYERS

Symphony Orchestra Gives an Hour and Three Minutes to Solemn Task.

BEETHOVEN HEARD TOO

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is in town again. The programme of the concert last night in Carnegie Hall comprised two numbers, Anton Bruckner's E major symphony, No. 7, and Beethoven's violin concerto. The solo violinist was Fritz Kreisler. There was a time when the gentlemen of Boston walked with perfect gait in the airy ways of classic repose under the direction of Petronius Gericke, "arbiter elegantiarum." Long past are those days and many a stormy mountain height and flooded valley have the sweet singers of Huntington avenue travelled since then.

Under the mighty sceptre of the stern and unrelenting Cato Muck of Berlin they now fly to the very summit of Mount Caucasus itself and amid the eternal snows sing of the sorrows of a poor old man whom the unwitting world passed by. His name was Anton Bruckner and he wrote symphonies, which remained on paper. But there are some who are determined that the world shall hear them. We may reject them, but we shall not escape them. Dr. Carl Muck is one of these friends of Bruckner and foes of idle seekers after entertainment. Listening to a Bruckner symphony is not entirely a sport; it is a solemn consecration, in part a mortification of the flesh and at times a burden to the spirit. Yet when one has suffered and been strong for an hour and three minutes he has received from out of the vasty deeps of Bruckner's bottomless ocean mighty monsters well to be remembered.

Mastery of Counterpoint.

There is enough thematic inspiration in the symphony to set up a Schoenberg or a Stravinsky in business for life. The mastery of counterpoint shown in the first movement is inspiring. It is creative counterpoint, the kind which evolves new things out of old, and it flames with the glow of a large intellect.

The second movement is remarkable. Its second theme is one of the most graceful and winning in all music; but Bruckner's fatal incontinence, his long habit of dwelling in solitary infatuation with his thoughts in the seclusion of his study has here led him to wearisome repetitions and overelaborations. In the scherzo too insistent reiteration of the harsh melodic subject first given forth by the trumpet goes on till the hearer's mind becomes dulled by it. The trio gathers unto itself more than its due share of credit by force of contrast.

The last movement finds the composer desperately enmeshed in the tangled strands of his own ideas. Thirty years ago, when Theodore Thomas introduced this symphony, most of us thought that the dire confusion of chords in this last movement was the deadly feature of it; but now we know better. This harmony is ugly only nor'-nor'west and it is at least characteristic. And it is even simple when brought into comparison with the new stock of keys out of which the futurists brew their witches' broth.

Bruckner's apologists made for him the plea which Schoenberg's are making for their idol to-day. He is logical; the ugly harmonies come in the inevitable process of the voice parts. This is juggling with facts. Counterpoint is never tyrannical except when in strictly canonic form. Free counterpoint, which comprises the chief material of the latter day composer, admits of any sort of evasion of sheer ugliness if it threatens to join itself to the pursuit of logic.

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BRUCKNER'S MUSIC BY BOSTON PLAYERS

Symphony Orchestra Gives an Hour and Three Minutes to Solemn Task.

BEETHOVEN HEARD TOO

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is in town again. The programme of the concert last night in Carnegie Hall comprised two numbers, Anton Bruckner's E major symphony, No. 7, and Beethoven's violin concerto. The solo violinist was Fritz Kreisler. There was a time when the gentlemen of Boston walked with perfect gait in the airy ways of classic repose under the direction of Petronius Gericke, "arbiter elegantiarum." Long past are those days and many a stormy mountain height and flooded valley have the sweet singers of Huntington avenue travelled since then.

Under the mighty sceptre of the stern and unrelenting Cato Muck of Berlin they now fly to the very summit of Mount Caucasus itself and amid the eternal snows sing of the sorrows of a poor old man whom the unwitting world passed by. His name was Anton Bruckner and he wrote symphonies, which remained on paper. But there are some who are determined that the world shall hear them. We may reject them, but we shall not escape them. Dr. Carl Muck is one of these friends of Bruckner and foes of idle seekers after entertainment. Listening to a Bruckner symphony is not entirely a sport; it is a solemn consecration, in part a mortification of the flesh and at times a burden to the spirit. Yet when one has suffered and been strong for an hour and three minutes he has received from out of the vasty deeps of Bruckner's bottomless ocean mighty monsters well to be remembered.

Mastery of Counterpoint.

There is enough thematic inspiration in the symphony to set up a Schoenberg or a Stravinsky in business for life. The mastery of counterpoint shown in the first movement is inspiring. It is creative counterpoint, the kind which evolves new things out of old, and it flames with the glow of a large intellect.

The second movement is remarkable. Its second theme is one of the most graceful and winning in all music; but Bruckner's fatal incontinence, his long habit of dwelling in solitary infatuation with his thoughts in the seclusion of his study has here led him to wearisome repetitions and overelaborations. In the scherzo too insistent reiteration of the harsh melodic subject first given forth by the trumpet goes on till the hearer's mind becomes dulled by it. The trio gathers unto itself more than its due share of credit by force of contrast.

The last movement finds the composer desperately enmeshed in the tangled strands of his own ideas. Thirty years ago, when Theodore Thomas introduced this symphony, most of us thought that the dire confusion of chords in this last movement was the deadly feature of it; but now we know better. This harmony is ugly only nor'-nor'west and it is at least characteristic. And it is even simple when brought into comparison with the new stock of keys out of which the futurists brew their witches' broth.

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THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony and Beethoven's Violin Concerto.

Dr. Muck made an unusual program for the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which was given last evening in Carnegie Hall. It comprised only two numbers: Anton Bruckner's Seventh Symphony and Beethoven's concerto for violin, played by Fritz Kreisler. The symphony is long, lasting just over an hour. The audience listened with patience to this work of vast dimensions in length, breadth, and thickness, encouraged, no doubt, by the thought of what was to follow it.

Dr. Muck played it here eight years ago, in his first term as conductor of the Boston Orchestra. He is a prophet of Bruckner, who has made extensive propaganda for his symphonies in Europe as well as in this country. So have many others of the most distinguished of modern conductors; and this fact should discourage hasty depreciation of Bruckner's works. Yet they have not hastily been depreciated here, though they have tried the endurance of the public for nearly a generation. When the Seventh Symphony was first played in New York some twenty-eight years ago it was considered excessively complicated, full of unintelligible counterpoint, forced harmonies, abstruse elaboration. The fifteen brass instruments used in it excited wonder and consternation. Its composer was regarded as bewilderingly "modern," with Wagnerian tendencies.

His music now seems intelligible enough; it does not persistently ape the Wagnerian idiom, and what he is trying to convey is easy to understand. The trouble with Bruckner does not lie in that direction. It is evident that he was a creative force of undoubted power; but that he had little control, through self-criticism, of his work in symphonic development. Such development he had not mastered; and he had little feeling for the significance or the apt proportions of the symphonic form. The movements of this symphony seem like an elaborate series of genial experiments carried to wearisome lengths, with no certain foresight of the end and no inevitable progress toward that end. There are pages of grandiose and imposing power; passages that are as the large utterance of the early gods, poignant and searching, truly and finely felt.

The opening passages of the first movement, and much in it that follows, have impressiveness; but there are here, as through the whole work, tiresome repetitions, dry and uninteresting details; and the end is a reminder, amusing today, of Bruckner's Wagnerian ardor, so closely does it paraphrase the final scene of "Das Rheingold." The slow movement, interminably and extravagantly prolonged though it is, has true nobility and in its finest moments a deep solemnity. If the succulent portions of the scherzo could be isolated from much husk, they would be enjoyed. The last movement is the weakest, inept in its material and dry in its pretentious learnedness.

This strangely compounded work was heard with more apparent interest than at any previous performance of it here. The performance was superb, devoted on the part of both conductor and players: though some may have questioned whether the scherzo might not have gained by a livelier tempo. There was much applause after the slow movement, and at the end Dr. Muck was several times recalled, and, as he so often does, made his men rise to share the applause with him.

Mr. Kreisler was most enthusiastically welcomed. He played Beethoven's concerto with the profound appreciation of its poetical beauties that has so often marked his performances of it before. It was the performance of a great artist who penetrates the spirit of Beethoven's work and who

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BOSTONIANS IN BRUCKNER WORK

Dr. Karl Muck Leads Composition Written in Honor of Richard Wagner.

MEMORIES OF OLD BATTLE

How Hanslick Tried to Destroy Symphonic Champion Advanced by Wagnerites.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

It is a commonplace among observers of human nature that the more abstract a question the more concrete, personal and virulent is the quarrel between those who have ranged themselves on different sides of it. Huxley has told us in a tragic page of the fearful dissensions that rage in the fiery bosoms of entomologists when once there arises a contest among them as to the proper way of classifying the odious insects that form the subject matter of their emulous and impassioned studies.

The calamities and quarrels of musicians are proverbially embittered. We notice this in our own days when an audience at a rehearsal of "Pelleas et Melisande" expressed its sincere variety and discord of opinion in the frank and refreshing terms of a free fight, and again when French appreciations of the melodic beauties of "Lohengrin" expressed themselves odorously and emphatically in the form of the ancient weapon known as "stinkpots" hurled at the heads of the principal performers.

A Laputan Quarrel.

Fifty years a Laputan quarre ly suggestive of the last episod second act of "Die Meistersin Nurnberg," was proceeding i Deutschland." One school of m maintained that the touch and pu of German music burned, and alone, in the noble hand of Wagner, the dramatic musician. element violently denied this, sayi the unsullied flame leaped heav from the brazier held in the h Johannes Brahms, the absolute mu One faction was for the theatre, the other for the concert room.

If you loved Brahms you were supposed to hate Wagner. If you came under the spell of Wagner, you had to put a ban on Brahms. The battle raged inflamed by Hanslick, the Vienna critic, who pursued Wagner with a rancorous hunt of obloquy. He created and sustained the battle, feeling that the proper means of elevating Brahms was to debase Wagner. This demonstrates that Hanslick was a poor critic and a poorer soul. Musically he was a nonentity, though he had literary power enough to wound and impede great men. He used it. One taunt of the Brahmsites, or rather the Hanslickites, stung the Wagnerites to the quick. "Your gang," they halloed, "have no symphonic writers. You all belong to the green room and ballet girl crew. Get one of your Wagner idealists to write a symphony. Symphony! Do you hear? Symphony. Yah!" We know the delicacies of internal Teutonic controversy. Imagine the flight of technical Billingsgate.

Wagnerian Symphonist.

The Wagnerites duly brought fo their symphonist. He was Anton B ner, whose Seventh was played last at Carnegie Hall by the Boston cians led by Dr. Karl Muck. Br was a starving village schoolmaste had studied music with opportun maimed and deferred that when l life he tried to play upon the great in the Albert Hall, London, he himself hampered and bewildered l luxurious complexity of the mech In physical appearance and bear must have been among the fashionable and intellectual musicians of the concert halls of Vienna, what Tom Pinch was among the spruce lawyers of the Temple. The uncouth, homely figure was such as to cause laughter among the ill-bred. He spoke with the dialect and ungainly utterance of what he was—a peasant. But whatever was his exterior, it clothed a soul of music.

An Ugly Duckling.

Bruckner was the ugly duckling who turned out a swan. He idolized Wagner, and thought he saw a way of applying Wagner's ideals to the unsupported and unillustrated music of the concert-room. The Brahmsites—though Brahms took no share in the ignoble cry—saw that the village organist had genius as a composer, and they set out to destroy him. Hanslick got Von Buelow sneering and the women spitting. The calling of the critic is at most an asinine and otiose one; but it is never so bloedsinnige as when the writer lends himself and his pen to the sinister purposes of crazy faction.

The opposition of Hanslick to Wagner is the supreme jest of musical history. Wagner had his revenge full and sweet. The Viennese intrigue against Bruckner is not such agreeable reading. Bruckner was poor, struggling, humble and gifted. Hanslick, who was the powerful leader of a rich and insolent musical rabble, even fought against his appointment to some miserable teaching post. The story is pathetic, squalid, showing the meanness of human nature.

The Seventh Symphony is supposed to be written in honor of Wagner. The celebrated adagio is a sort of anticipatory elegy on him whom Bruckner loved to call master. I say anticipatory, because it was written several months before Wagner died at Venice. It must be regarded, however, as its writer wished it to be regarded, as the dirge on the death of his ideal.

Nothing finer than Dr. Muck's interpretation of the Adagio of this work has been heard in many years. The movement has been described as the monument of its creator. Were it possible to solidify the main features of Mr. Muck's version of the Adagio into the durable lineaments of stone, his expression so recorded of the austere beauties of this symphony might be made a fitting memorial to Dr. Muck himself.

On the conclusion of the Bruckner work, the noble episodes of which are the plenary apology for its length and discursiveness, Fritz Kreisler played the Beethoven violin concerto.

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Dr. Muck played it here eight years ago, in his first term as conductor of the Boston Orchestra. He is a prophet of Bruckner, who has made extensive propaganda for his symphonies in Europe as well as in this country. So have many others of the most distinguished of modern conductors; and this fact should discourage hasty depreciation of Brückner's works. Yet they have not hastily been depreciated here, though they have tried the endurance of the public for nearly a generation. When the Seventh Symphony was first played in New York some twenty-eight years ago it was considered excessively complicated, full of unintelligible counterpoint, forced harmonies, abstruse elaboration. The fifteen brass instruments used in it excited wonder and consternation. Its composer was regarded as bewilderingly "modern," with Wagnerian tendencies.

His music now seems intelligible enough; it does not persistently ape the Wagnerian idiom, and what he is trying to convey is easy to understand. The trouble with Bruckner does not lie in that direction. It is evident that he was a creative force of undoubted power; but that he had little control, through self-criticism, of his work in symphonic development. Such development he had not mastered; and he had little feeling for the significance or the apt proportions of the symphonic form. The movements of this symphony seem like an elaborate series of genial experiments carried to wearisome lengths, with no certain foresight of the end and no inevitable progress toward that end. There are pages of grandiose and imposing power; passages that are as the large utterance of the early gods, poignant and searching, truly and finely felt.

The opening passages of the first movement, and much in it that follows, have impressiveness; but there are here, as through the whole work, tiresome repetitions, dry and uninteresting details; and the end is a reminder, amusing today, of Bruckner's Wagnerian ardor, so closely does it paraphrase the final scene of "Das Rheingold." The slow movement, interminably and extravagantly prolonged though it is, has true nobility and in its finest moments a deep solemnity. If the succulent portions of the scherzo could be isolated from much husk, they would be enjoyed. The last movement is the weakest, inept in its material and dry in its pretentious learnedness.

This strangely compounded work was heard with more apparent interest than at any previous performance of it here. The performance was superb, devoted on the part of both conductor and players: though some may have questioned whether the scherzo might not have gained by a livelier tempo. There was much applause after the slow movement, and at the end Dr. Muck was several times recalled, and, as he so often does, made his men rise to share the applause with him.

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It is a commonplace among observers of human nature that the more abstract a question the more concrete, personal and virulent is the quarrel between those who have ranged themselves on different sides of it. Huxley has told us in a tragic page of the fearful dissensions that rage in the fiery bosoms of entomologists when once there arises a contest among them as to the proper way of classifying the odious insects that form the subject matter of their emulous and impassioned studies.

The calamities and quarrels of musicians are proverbially embittered. We notice this in our own days when an audience at a rehearsal of "Pelleas et Melisande" expressed its sincere variety and discord of opinion in the frank and refreshing terms of a free fight, and again when French appreciations of the melodic beauties of "Lohengrin" expressed themselves odorously and emphatically in the form of the ancient weapon known as "stinkpots" hurled at the heads of the principal performers.

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THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony and Beethoven's Violin Concerto.

Dr. Muck made an unusual program for the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which was given last evening in Carnegie Hall. It comprised only two numbers: Anton Bruckner's Seventh Symphony and Beethoven's concerto for violin, played by Fritz Kreisler. The symphony is long, lasting just over an hour. The audience listened with patience to this work of vast dimensions in length, breadth, and thickness, encouraged, no doubt, by the thought of what was to follow it.

Dr. Muck played it here eight years ago, in his first term as conductor of the Boston Orchestra. He is a prophet of Bruckner, who has made extensive propaganda for his symphonies in Europe as well as in this country. So have many others of the most distinguished of modern conductors; and this fact should discourage hasty depreciation of Bruckner's works. Yet they have not hastily been depreciated here, though they have tried the endurance of the public for nearly a generation. When the Seventh Symphony was first played in New York some twenty-eight years ago it was considered excessively complicated, full of unintelligible counterpoint, forced harmonies, abstruse elaboration. The fifteen brass instruments used in it excited wonder and consternation. Its composer was regarded as bewilderingly "modern," with Wagnerian tendencies.

His music now seems intelligible enough; it does not persistently ape the Wagnerian idiom, and what he is trying to convey is easy to understand. The trouble with Bruckner does not lie in that direction. It is evident that he was a creative force of undoubted power; but that he had little control, through self-criticism, of his work in symphonic development. Such development he had not mastered; and he had little feeling for the significance or the apt proportions of the symphonic form. The movements of this symphony seem like an elaborate series of genial experiments carried to wearisome lengths, with no certain foresight of the end and no inevitable progress toward that end. There are pages of grandiose and imposing power; passages that are as the large utterance of the early gods, poignant and searching, truly and finely felt.

The opening passages of the first movement, and much in it that follows, have impressiveness; but there are here, as through the whole work, tiresome repetitions, dry and uninteresting details; and the end is a reminder, amusing today, of Bruckner's Wagnerian ardor, so closely does it paraphrase the final scene of "Das Rheingold." The slow movement, interminably and extravagantly prolonged though it is, has true nobility and in its finest moments a deep solemnity. If the succulent portions of the scherzo could be isolated from much husk, they would be enjoyed. The last movement is the weakest, inept in its material and dry in its pretentious learnedness.

This strangely compounded work was heard with more apparent interest than at any previous performance of it here. The performance was superb, devoted on the part of both conductor and players; though some may have questioned whether the scherzo might not have gained by a livelier tempo. There was much applause after the slow movement, and at the end Dr. Muck was several times recalled, and, as he so often does, made his men rise to share the applause with him.

Mr. Kreisler was most enthusiastically welcomed. He played Beethoven's concerto with the profound appreciation of its poetical beauties that has so often marked his performances of it before. It was the performance of a great artist who penetrates the spirit of Beethoven's work and who

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BOSTONIANS IN BRUCKNER WORK

Dr. Karl Muck Leads Composition Written in Honor of Richard Wagner.

MEMORIES OF OLD BATTLE

How Hanslick Tried to Destroy Symphonic Champion Advanced by Wagnerites.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

It is a commonplace among observers of human nature that the more abstract a question the more concrete, personal and virulent is the quarrel between those who have ranged themselves on different sides of it. Huxley has told us in a tragic page of the fearful dissensions that rage in the fiery bosoms of entomologists when once there arises a contest among them as to the proper way of classifying the odious insects that form the subject matter of their emulous and impassioned studies.

The calamities and quarrels of musicians are proverbially embittered. We notice this in our own days when an audience at a rehearsal of "Pelleas et Melisande" expressed its sincere variety and discord of opinion in the frank and refreshing terms of a free fight, and again when French appreciations of the melodic beauties of "Lohengrin" expressed themselves odorously and emphatically in the form of the ancient weapon known as "stinkpots" hurled at the heads of the principal performers.

A Laputan Quarr

Fifty years a Laputan qua ly suggestive of the last epi second act of "Die Meister Nurnberg," was proceeding Deutschland." One school of maintained that the touch and of German music burned, an alone, in the noble hand of Wagner, the dramatic musician. element violently denied this, sa the unsullied flame leaped hea from the brazier held in the Johannes Brahms, the absolute m One faction was for the theatre, the other for the concert room.

If you loved Brahms you were supposed to hate Wagner. If you came under the spell of Wagner, you had to put a ban on Brahms. The battle raged inflamed by Hanslick, the Vienna critic, who pursued Wagner with a rancorous hunt of obloquy. He created and sustained the battle, feeling that the proper means of elevating Brahms was to debase Wagner. This demonstrates that Hanslick was a poor critic and a poorer soul. Musically he was a nonentity, though he had literary power enough to wound and impede great men. He used it. One taunt of the Brahmsites, or rather the Hanslickites, stung the Wagnerites to the quick. "Your gang," they halloed, "have no symphonic writers. You all belong to the green room and ballet girl crew. Get one of your Wagner idealists to write a symphony. Symphony! Do you hear? Symphony. Yah!" We know the delicacies of internal Teutonic controversy. Imagine the flight of technical Billingsgate.

Wagnerian Symphonist.

The Wagnerites duly brought forward their symphonist. He was Anton Bruckner, whose Seventh was played last night at Carnegie Hall by the Boston musicians led by Dr. Karl Muck. Bruckner was a starving village schoolmaster, who had studied music with opportunity so maimed and deferred that when late in life he tried to play upon the great organ in the Albert Hall, London, he found himself hampered and bewildered by the luxurious complexity of the mechanism. In physical appearance and bearing he must have been among the fashionable and intellectual musicians of the concert halls of Vienna, what Tom Pinch was among the spruce lawyers of the Temple. The uncouth, homely figure was such as to cause laughter among the ill-bred. He spoke with the dialect and ungainly utterance of what he was—a peasant. But whatever was his exterior, it clothed a soul of music.

An Ugly Duckling.

Bruckner was the ugly duckling who turned out a swan. He idolized Wagner, and thought he saw a way of applying Wagner's ideals to the unsupported and unillustrated music of the concert-room. The Brahmsites—though Brahms took no share in the ignoble cry—saw that the village organist had genius as a composer, and they set out to destroy him. Hanslick got Von Buelow sneering and the women spitting. The calling of the critic is at most an asinine and otiose one; but it is never so bloedsinnige as when the writer lends himself and his pen to the sinister purposes of crazy faction.

The opposition of Hanslick to Wagner is the supreme jest of musical history. Wagner had his revenge full and sweet. The Viennese intrigue against Bruckner is not such agreeable reading. Bruckner was poor, struggling, humble and gifted. Hanslick, who was the powerful leader of a rich and insolent musical rabble, even fought against his appointment to some miserable teaching post. The story is pathetic, squalid, showing the meanness of human nature.

The Seventh Symphony is supposed to be written in honor of Wagner. The celebrated adagio is a sort of anticipatory elegy on him whom Bruckner loved to call master. I say anticipatory, because it was written several months before Wagner died at Venice. It must be regarded, however, as its writer wished it to be regarded, as the dirge on the death of his ideal.

Nothing finer than Dr. Muck's interpretation of the Adagio of this work has been heard in many years. The movement has been described as the monument of its creator. Were it possible to solidify the main features of Mr. Muck's version of the Adagio into the durable lineaments of stone, his expression so recorded of the austere beauties of this symphony might be made a fitting memorial to Dr. Muck himself.

On the conclusion of the Bruckner work, the noble episodes of which are the plenary apology for its length and discursiveness, Fritz Kreisler played the Beethoven violin concerto.

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Orchestral Concerts.

Dr. Muck and his Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a most enjoyable concert in Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon, although (to some, no doubt, because) the programme was entirely old-fashioned. It included a Mozart symphony, a Handel concerto for two wind orchestras, Viotti's twenty-second concerto for violin (Fritz Kreisler) and Mendelssohn's "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage." In none of these is the heavy brass artillery brought into action, but there was abundant opportunity to display the polish and euphony of the famous Boston band. The climax of the concert, it is needless to say, was the Viotti concerto, in which Mr. Kreisler—who got an ovation both before and after playing—was at his very best. He has more than one way of bringing the music of former generations home to modern audiences. He also has, poor man, more than one reason for sadness. The adagio was bathed in tears—more soulful playing has never been heard in a local concert hall. His own cadenza is as splendid an improvisation as his cadenzas in the Beethoven concerto. His playing of it was a bigger advertisement for his Carnegie Hall recital next Sunday afternoon than a whole display page in a daily paper.

G JOURNAL
York City
DEC 6 1915

CHESTRAS IN NCERTS OF WEEK-END

The floods of music that sometimes inundate New York of a week-end surged forth and eddied about the devoted concert-goer on Saturday and Sunday. If he happened to be a choiceful music lover, the several streams offered him plentiful variety. There were no less than five orchestral concerts on the two days, two each of the New York Symphony and Philharmonic orchestras and one of the visiting orchestra from Boston.

To present to the reader any extensive consideration of these five concerts would be manifestly beyond the bounds of newspaper space. It is impossible to do more than indicate some of the significant elements in all this music.

The Boston Orchestra, in Carnegie Hall, on Saturday presented performances of one of the greatest three symphonies of Mozart, that in E flat; a Handel concerto for strings and two wind choirs: the twenty-second concerto for violin and orchestra of Viotti, with Fritz Kriesler as the soloist, and Mendelssohn's overture, "Meeres Stille und Glueckliche Fahrt."

All this, with the exception of the Mendelssohn overture, was eighteenth century music and some of the best of it. Dr. Muck is too much of a thinker and too much the musician with profound sympathies to patronize, even ever so little, the eighteenth century in music. Mozart is accordingly one of the great figures of all time to him. And it was from this viewpoint that the E flat symphony was played.

Mr. Kreisler also has a deep reverence for this music of an earlier day, as some of its forgotten jewels which he has unearthed and again brought out into the sunshine of his art audibly reveal. He knows, moreover, that it is one of the follies of tradition to treat this music solely as having been written merely for its own sake—that is, merely for its odwn of producing beautiful sounds. To have heard him play the slow movement of this concerto of Viotti should have been sufficient to give the lie to any such tradition. A suffusing warmth made the whole work live again with a renewed vitality.

RNING TELEGRAPH
New York City
DEC 5 - 19

L SYMPHONISTS GIVE TWO CONCERT

ians Heard in the Afterno d the Philharmonists in the Evening.

There were several concerts yesterday in Manhattan. Among these the more important were the concert of classical music given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall in the afternoon, and the first concert of the popular series of the Philharmonic Society given in the same place in the evening.

The Boston Symphonists gave a noble rendering of Handel's concerto in F major. The tranquil beauties of the largo showed the varied and massive powers of the musical intellect of Handel. The symphony was Mozart's in E flat major.

The soloist was Mr. Fritz Kreisler, unrivalled in the rich splendor of his perfect tone and his command over the imagination of his hearers.

The Philharmonic programme included two Beethoven, two Wagner and two Liszt numbers. Mr. Josef Stransky conducted.

Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, with blushing modesty, played three concertos at Hall with the New York Sym-

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ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

Boston Symphony and Philharmonic play—Mr. Hutcheson in Concertos.

There were three orchestral concerts in town yesterday: an unusual number for a week day, even in New York; today, being Sunday, there will be four. At Carnegie Hall, in the afternoon, the Boston Symphony Orchestra made its second appearance on its present visit. Also in the afternoon Mr. Ernest Hutcheson gave an ambitious concert in Aeolian Hall, at which he had the assistance of the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Damrosch. The Philharmonic Society, in the evening, gave the first of a series of popular concerts, under Mr. Stransky's direction. All these concerts had large audiences.

Dr. Muck put before his afternoon subscribers a program of eighteenth and early nineteenth century music: Mozart's symphony in E flat, Händel's concerto in F for strings and two wind orchestras; Mr. Fritz Kreisler played Viotti's twenty-second concerto in A minor, for violin, which was followed by Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," (a title which is an exacter translation of the original than the one usually given, but which smacks more of German than of English.) Mozart's symphony was beautifully played with an elastic rhythm and with exquisite translucency and beauty of tone; and the vital spirit of the work that has touched it with immortality was caught and embodied in the performance.

The concerto by Händel is a stately and noble specimen of his style. Five of the nine movements of the original are given in Kogel's arrangement which was used. If there was thinness in the original score, Mr. Kogel has seen to it that there is none in his edition, and there was splendid richness in the sound of the orchestra. Passages of obbligato for two oboes and for two horns were both exquisitely played, and Dr. Muck at the close of the movements in which they occurred had the players rise and appropriate a due measure of the applause for themselves.

Mr. Freisler's playing of Viotti's concerto was wholly appropriate to the style of the composition in its simplicity, dignity, and breadth, and yet there were not excluded warmth and sympathetic expression, especially in the adagio, that were found especially appealing. The cadenza for the slow movement made great use of the passages in thirds that abound in the movement, and was much liked.

From SUN
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Es k, 1884

ANCIENT MUSIC BY BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Diagrams Not Needed by Harmony Lovers to Enjoy Dr. Muck's Programme.

FRITZ KREISLER PLAYS

The programme arranged by Dr. Carl Muck for the matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was delightful. It comprised Mozart's symphony in E flat, Handel's concerto in F major for strings and wind, Viotti's A minor violin concerto and Mendelssohn's overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage." The solo player in the Viotti work was Fritz Kreisler, who had already appeared with the orchestra at its Thursday evening concert, playing the Beethoven concerto.

Yesterday's programme had the value created by homogeneity of character. Up to the Mendelssohn composition it consisted of eighteenth century productions in the field of absolute music, while the overture, although entering the domain of the delineative, comes down to us from a time when tone painting preserved its primitive thought and object and did not seek to steep itself in philosophy or ethics.

One could listen to this music without beginning a struggle to find out what it all meant. It was not necessary to read Nietzsche before going to the concert nor to acquaint one's self with that new law of harmony which abolishes all the others. One could sit in the serene enjoyment of pure beauty in sounds.

Listening to such works the concertgoer could be ready to agree with Dr. Hanslick's view that music expresses nothing at all and is beautiful just because it is beautiful. And what is more one who has had to wrestle with several hundred scores of problem music could be glad that in order to understand this programme it was necessary, as it was for *Lady Sapphir* harkening to *Bunthorne's* poetry, "to think of nothing at all."

All the music was beautifully played. But without doubt the highest mark of the afternoon was reached in Mr. Kreisler's performance of the slow movement of the Viotti concerto. The movement is in itself one of those simple, flowing, unstrained songs which so many of the earlier writers for the violin turned out. No mighty music, perhaps, but then neither are all Schubert's songs mighty. Music is not all Alps. It has its sunny valleys, and even its violets.

Viotti's adagio is something very gentle, tender and lovable, and its classic purity of style is fragile and easily spoiled. Mr. Kreisler, as is his habit in dealing with the music of the old masters, let the song sing itself. His delivery of it was continent, reverent and affectionate. He played the whole concerto like the great master that he is, but this adagio was a thing to cherish in the memory.

Nor must the delightful virtuosity and

From TRIBUNE
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BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYS AGAIN

Mozart and Handel on Classic Programme—Mr. Kreisler Again Appears.

A very different atmosphere permeated yesterday afternoon's concert of the Boston Symphony than the one that hung over its predecessor on Friday night. From Bruckner Conductor Muck had turned to Mozart, and many must have considered the journey one from gloom to sunlight. No matter what Major Higginson's band elects to play, Carnegie Hall is invariably found sold out, so as far as the size of the audience is concerned there was yesterday no variation. The Mozart work was the symphony in E flat major (K. 543), and in it the great orchestra was at its best.

Dr. Muck is never more pleasing than when he essays the classics, and his reading of the symphony yesterday possessed all his usual poise, balance and fine dynamic adjustment. It was an exquisitely polished, an exquisitely articulated performance. The same praise must be given to the Handel Concerto in F major for strings and two wind orchestras.

The solo performer was again Mr. Kreisler, who chose this time the Viotti Concerto in A minor, No. 22. The famous violinist was quite at his best, and both in technical mastery and in richness of tone he proved himself the master that he is. The concluding number was the Mendelssohn overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage." Whatever adverse comment might be made of a programme so alike in spirit as was yesterday's, it at least possessed the merit of being one in which each of its component parts was of pure beauty. Variety in an afternoon's entertainment does not appear to appeal to Dr. Muck.

From HERALD
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Dr. Muck's Men Join in Applause for Mr. Kreisler

Violinist with Boston Symphony Orchestra Fairly Outdoes Himself at Concert.

Like a trip to an antiquarian's was yesterday afternoon's Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at Carnegie Hall, when Dr. Karl Muck conducted a programme of music, most of which was centuries old. Mozart, Handel and Viotti represented the eighteenth century, while the nearest approach to the music of to-day was Mendelssohn's "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage," which was the youngest member of this party, being only a century old.

The afternoon's soloist was Fritz Kreisler, violinist, who appeared for the second time this week with the orchestra, and yesterday played the Viotta A minor concerto with nobility of tone, artistic dignity and compelling sentiment. The adagio was interpreted wonderfully, its sentimental beauty never exaggerated and the technical difficulties of both the opening movement and the finale were mastered so easily that they appeared to be child's play to the violinist. Small wonder that the audience kept calling him out time and time again, while a large share of the applause came from the members of the orchestra.

Dr. Muck's men began the programme with Mozart's E flat symphony, excellently played and of such a purity of style that it sounded a model bit of virtuoso ensemble playing. Then came a
andel F major concerto for strings and
d orchestras, in which the solo work
he orchestra's "firsts" was remark-
Finally there was heard the Men-
overture, also well played, and
audience reluctantly filed out.

From EVENING GLOBE
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Music.

The Boston Symphony Plays Bruckner.

The bugbear of symphony concert audiences in New York is Anton Bruckner. I can understand certain reasons why he might be, but let us not forget that in the eighties (or was it the nineties?) the sapient Philip Hale declared that the red lamps in the old Boston Music Hall meant "exit in case of Brahms." It is not given to every composer of music to write like Tschaikowsky or Victor Herbert. Bach could not tickle the ears in just that way; neither could Anton Bruckner. I have no quarrel with people who know the music of Bruckner and dislike it, but I have a quarrel with the people that dislike it before they have listened to it. Personally I am more curious about Bruckner than about any composer not now living. The "antis" would prevent my gratifying my very legitimate curiosity. Fortunately for me certain exceedingly important conductors have been on my side—the late Theodore Thomas, Max Fiedler, Mr. Stransky, Dr. Muck might without inaccuracy be termed Brucknerites.

Dr. Muck in particular is stiff-necked in his generation. Heaven knows I have fought his programme-making often enough! Let me now publicly rejoice that he dared put a Bruckner symphony on the programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night, and let all those who shy at music that is unfamiliar or hard-shelled, or less voluptuous to sink your eye-teeth into than a bar of the fattest nougat, regard the feast he, in compensation, has spread for their joy to-morrow. Mozart, Handel, Viotti, Mendelssohn, all heaped into one delirious December afternoon! And in so saying I at the same time warn any and all and sundry that Mozart remains the first article of my musical creed!

I remember a performance of Bruckner's eighth symphony, directed by Max Fiedler, which converted me if not to Bruckner at least to Bruckner's eighth symphony. I once spoke of the eighth symphony to Mr. Stransky, and he treated its beauty, its charm even, as the tritest matter of course. I wish he would put it on a Philharmonic programme. The symphony performed last night is the seventh, which Brucknerites regard, I understand, as its author's masterpiece. There are unmistakable drawbacks to the enjoyment of this symphony—pages that are merely pedantic, pages that are simple garrulity, pages that are to music—as M. Saint-Saëns once said of certain things in Wagner—what pickles are to cookery. The scherzo has been termed "ugly." I noticed that it was received with more applause than any other movement by the great audience, which as a whole received the symphony rather coldly.

But I did feel sincerely last night that the symphony was worth sitting through in all its excessive length for the sake of the genuine, the great beauties it contains which the world could not afford to leave unheard. Nor is Bruckner without classical support in his predicament. We all submit to the bad in Schumann's symphonies for the sake of the good. Has not our fellow-townsman, Mr. H. T. Finck, contested the right of the finale of Beethoven's violin concerto to a place in a concert of serious music? Are there not those (I am not of them!) who find Schubert's symphony in C major too long? In at least four symphonies out of Beethoven's nine we sit through pages that are hopelessly antiquated, moribund, for the sake of others imperishable in their beauty.

The opening of Bruckner's symphony as sung by the Boston band last night struck me as one of the most thrillingly beautiful pages in all symphonic music. And there is many another page of compelling beauty in this long work. Nor are they confined to the opening and to the adagio, which in Europe has attained even a certain celebrity. Dr. Muck evidently conducted the symphony with all the lavish care of a deep affection. The performance by the orchestra was in the main superb. A conspicuous slip on the part of a horn merely proved this miraculous band is human.

I have spoken of the reception by the audience as rather cold. There was, indeed, applause enough at the end to give Dr. Muck an excuse for summoning his men to rise and share the glory with their conductor. But this rising of orchestras to their feet, once a rarity, is so common now as to have become meaningless. The applause that makes your ear-drums tingle broke out when Mr. Kreisler appeared on the stage.

Mr. Kreisler elected to be heard in the Beethoven violin concerto, the work whose finale Mr. Finck once condemned. Mr. Kreisler is one of the most admired exponents of this concerto. He began to play last night roughly and nervously, but soon he recovered his poise and thenceforth he played superbly. The deafening applause his performance elicited was quite deserved. The symphony and the concerto made the whole of the programme, and no one can complain that the concert was short.

From EVENING GLOBE
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Music.

Two Busy Days in the Field of Music.

All those who sputtered at Dr. Muck because he put a Bruckner symphony on the programme of the Boston orchestra's concert Thursday night had a chance to soothe their outraged notions Saturday afternoon, for nothing more decorous and doctorial ever came out of Dr. Primrose's own academy than the programme Dr. Muck set before the audience that filled Carnegie Hall for the matinée concert of his orchestra. There were no indurated nuts to crack, no hyperacid harmonies to digest. It consisted of Mozart's symphony in E flat, Handel's F major concerto for strings and wind, the A minor violin concerto of Viotti (with Fritz Kreisler as soloist), and Mendelssohn's "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage" overture—all eighteenth century music except the overture, which almost is.

Not a number on this programme as performed on Saturday but was in itself a sheer delight. But the combination! Myriad are the ways of dichotomizing the universe. One sundering rock is Dr. Muck's Saturday programme. To one side streams the swarm of those that found in it a source of delirious joy; to the other, those that mournfully admit the collocation of all those just things became long before the concert was over a veritable burden to the flesh.

so superb that silence would be an indiscretion.

The Hippodrome with Sousa's Band, Miss Belle Storey, and Orville Harrold; the Metropolitan Opera House with Mrs. Garrison, Miss Braslau, Mr. Damacco, and Mr. Amato, and the Princess Theatre with Gaston M. Déthier and Edouard Déthier in sonatas for piano and violin offered concert-goers a variety of entertainment last evening.

PITTS SANBORN.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

Kreisler with Boston Orchestra.

Whenever Fritz Kreisler plays the Beethoven concerto—he did it in Carnegie Hall last night, with Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra—one recalls an incident in the life of Joseph Joachim which is characteristic of that strictly classical and "objective" violinist. He had composed his own cadenza for the first movement of this concerto (as most public players do), and there was so much comment on this achievement—all of it favorable—that he refused to play it afterwards, on the ground that he did not want musical folk to talk more about his cadenza than about Beethoven's work itself. It ought to have occurred to him that the concerto was already old in his day and little more to be said about it, whereas his cadenza was new and therefore properly a subject of discussion.

Fritz Kreisler is neither as o nor as foolish as was Joachim. of praise have been written and of his two cadenzas for this c which are even more splendid th chim's—entrancing improvisations melodies of the concerto; yet he calmly—or rather passionately— them, doubtless because he has a tion that Beethoven is able to hold even if now taken for granted a out much comment. To be sure, would resent the accusation that cadenza is really the best thin whole concerto; but every time o it, one is more impressed with the fact that it really is so. Beethoven was not vain or jealous. Had he heard Fritz Kreisler play that concerto, he would have gladly admitted that this great Viennese violinist had provided the climax for the whole work.

Last night it was not this part of the work in which Kreisler was at his best as it is usually. Nor ,in fact, in the more brilliant parts of Beethoven's noble work. It was in the slow movement that he excelled. Rarely has this been played with such melting tenderness. The cadenza in the final movement impressed itself especially on his hearers, for its wonderful beauty. The first cadenza has almost overshadowed it heretofore, but in this second cadenza Kreisler has taken material which is far inferior in value to that of the first movement and lifted it to the level of the remainder of the concerto. That is an achievement without precedent.

The only other work on yesterday's programme was Bruckner's seventh symphony, yet the performance lasted an hour and fifty minutes. Bruckner's symphonies are long—too long—and inspired only in spots. The gem of the seventh is the solemn adagio. This is a sort of dirge, supposed to have been inspired by the thought that Wagner, whom Bruckner adored, was near the end of his life. It was played as a dirge after Bruckner's own death. It is certainly one of his best movements, and the Boston Orchestra played it most impressively. There are some singularly beautiful moments in this slow movement, especially the opening, the beautiful first melody given to the violins, the magnificent crescendo toward the end, and the superb brass effects in which Bruckner revels. These frequently resemble Wagner and Liszt and Berlioz, too, are suggested, the latter in the scherzo, and Liszt in the finale. The pathos of Bruckner's struggles against poverty and musical enmity make one feel lenient in criticism of his work, even though he cannot suffer any more from adverse criticism; but the fact remains that the beauty spots in this symphony are few and far between, and separated by arid stretches of mere notes.

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Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date DEC 3 - 191

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The first movement of the symsymphony, said Prof. Welch, is a survival of the slow introductions of the Italian opera that gave the audience time to get settled in their seats. It is built of very slender material, he declared, but it shows admirably Mozart's delicate touch. The second movement he called a work created not merely for one generation, but for all time.

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Mendelssohn's composition scarcely expresses the inspiration of the poem, he said; it is almost gay in contrast to Rachmaninoff's tone poem, which reveals a freer use of dissonance that Mendelssohn never thought of using. In this way Rachmaninoff gave tone ideas that Mendelssohn never heard of.

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The Hippodrome with Sousa's Band, Miss Belle Storey, and Orville Harrold; the Metropolitan Opera House with Mrs. Garrison, Miss Braslau, Mr. Damacco, and Mr. Amato, and the Princess Theatre with Gaston M. Déthier and Edouard Déthier in sonatas for piano and violin offered concert-goers a variety of entertainment last evening.

PITTS SANBORN.

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EVENING POST
New York City
DEC 3 1915

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Kreisler with Boston Orchestra.

Whenever Fritz Kreisler plays the Beethoven concerto—he did it in Carnegie Hall last night, with Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra—one recalls an incident in the life of Joseph Joachim which is characteristic of that strictly classical and "objective" violinist. He had composed his own cadenza for the first movement of this concerto (as most public players do), and there was so much comment on this achievement—all of it favorable—that he refused to play it afterwards, on the ground that he did not want musical folk to talk more about his cadenza than about Beethoven's work itself. It ought to have occurred to him that the concerto was already old in his day and little more to be said about it, whereas his cadenza was new and therefore properly a subject of discussion.

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The Hippodrome with Sousa's Band, Miss Belle Storey, and Orville Harrold; the Metropolitan Opera House with Mrs. Garrison, Miss Braslau, Mr. Damacco, and Mr. Amato, and the Princess Theatre with Gaston M. Déthier and Edouard Déthier in sonatas for piano and violin offered concert-goers a variety of entertainment last evening.

PITTS SANBORN.

From STANDARD UNION
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date

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The first movement of the symsymphony, said Prof. Welch, is a survival of the slow introductions of the Italian opera that gave the audience time to get settled in their seats. It is built of very slender material, he declared, but it shows admirably Mozart's delicate touch. The second movement he called a work created not merely for one generation, but for all time.

In considering the Brahms concerto which Kriesler will play tonight, Prof. Welch said Brahms had put all his ideas into the introduction. The first movement emphasizes the rhythmic complexity of the composer throwing off the melodic idea into the complex shifting of rhythm. Then follows a profound slow movement, and the last movement gives the Brahms of Hungarian dances, with vigorous movement, alternating for violin and orchestra.

Mendelssohn's composition scarcely expresses the inspiration of the poem, he said; it is almost gay in contrast to Rachmaninoff's tone poem, which reveals a freer use of dissonance that Mendelssohn ever thought of using. In this way Rachmaninoff gave tone ideas that Mendelssohn never heard of.

EVENING POST
New York City
DEC 3 1915

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Kreisler with Boston Orchestra.

Whenever Fritz Kreisler plays the Beethoven concerto—he did it in Carnegie Hall last night, with Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra—one recalls an incident in the life of Joseph Joachim which is characteristic of that strictly classical and "objective" violinist. He had composed his own cadenza for the first movement of this concerto (as most public players do), and there was so much comment on this achievement—all of it favorable—that he refused to play it afterwards, on the ground that he did not want musical folk to talk more about his cadenza than about Beethoven's work itself. It ought to have occurred to him that the concerto was already old in his day and little more to be said about it, whereas his cadenza was new and therefore properly a subject of discussion.

Fritz Kreisler is neither as objective nor as foolish as was Joachim. Volumes of praise have been written and spoken of his two cadenzas for this concerto, which are even more splendid than Joachim's—entrancing improvisations on the melodies of the concerto; yet he goes on calmly—or rather passionately—playing them, doubtless because he has a conviction that Beethoven is able to hold his own, even if now taken for granted and without much comment. To be sure, Kreisler would resent the accusation that his first cadenza is really the best thing in the whole concerto; but every time one hears it, one is more impressed with the fact that it really is so. Beethoven was not vain or jealous. Had he heard Fritz Kreisler play that concerto, he would have gladly admitted that this great Viennese violinist had provided the climax for the whole work.

Last night it was not this part of the work in which Kreisler was at his best as it is usually. Nor, in fact, in the more brilliant parts of Beethoven's noble work. It was in the slow movement that he excelled. Rarely has this been played with such melting tenderness. The cadenza in the final movement impressed itself especially on his hearers for its wonderful beauty. The first cadenza has almost overshadowed it heretofore, but in this second cadenza Kreisler has taken material which is far inferior in value to that of the first movement and lifted it to the level of the remainder of the concerto. That is an achievement without precedent.

The only other work on yesterday's programme was Bruckner's seventh symphony, yet the performance lasted an hour and fifty minutes. Bruckner's symphonies are long—too long—and inspired only in spots. The gem of the seventh is the solemn adagio. This is a sort of dirge, supposed to have been inspired by the thought that Wagner, whom Bruckner adored, was near the end of his life. It was played as a dirge after Bruckner's own death. It is certainly one of his best movements, and the Boston Orchestra played it most impressively. There are some singularly beautiful moments in this slow movement, especially the opening, the beautiful first melody given to the violins, the magnificent crescendo toward the end, and the superb brass effects in which Bruckner revels. These frequently resemble Wagner and Liszt and Berlioz, too, are suggested, the latter in the scherzo, and Liszt in the finale. The pathos of Bruckner's struggles against poverty and musical enmity make one feel lenient in criticism of his work, even though he cannot suffer any more from adverse criticism; but the fact remains that the beauty spots in this symphony are few and far between, and separated by arid stretches of mere notes.

From EAGLE
Address lyn, N. Y.
Date 3 - 1915

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LER PLAYS HMS' CONCERTO

Violinist Heard With Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy.

NIGHT OF SUPREME THINGS.

"Island of the Dead" Given Here for First Time.

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From TIMES
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

Music Notes.

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Master Violinist Given Ovation at Boston Symphony Concert.

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The orchestral numbers were Mozart's Symphony in E flat major, Rachmaninoff's Symphonie Poem, "The Island of the Dead," suggested by the painting of Arnold Bocklin, and Mendelssohn's Overture, "Sea Calm and a Prosperous Voyage."

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The Mozart Symphony under Dr. Muck's leadership was a triumph of grace and beauty in sound. It kas a far cry from the gay, and impersonal music of Mozart to the gloomy, but strikingly effective tone painting of the modern Russian, and Dr. Muck is a master in contrasts. The symphonic poem of Rachmaninoff is well worth a frequent hearing. It is rich in modern orchestral effects, the mood is further enhanced by a suggestion of the Dies Irae, the work rises at times to tremendous climaxes, and at the beginning and at the close there is admirable tone painting of the "tranquil lapping of the water that surrounds the Island of the Dead."

Dr. Muck and his men were compelled to rise in acknowledgement of the applause with which the performance was received.

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From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 28 1915

Est

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Anton Bruckner's Seventh Symphony will be played here for the first time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He is one of the most interesting, and, at the same time, the most pathetic figure in the history of music. His life was one long struggle against poverty, and to the end of his days he made his living by teaching in Vienna for 60 cents a lesson. Nonetheless, he was a giant among composers. His symphonies, of which there are nine, are built on a large scale, and have made their way in public favor slowly. Almost from the beginning Bruckner has had the most loyal service from the great conductors of the world, but the public has been slower to recognize his genius.

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The length of the concert will be one hour and three quarters.

[59]

From EVENING GLOBE
Address: New York City
Date DEC 6 - 1915

ablished:

Music.

Two Busy Days in the Field of Music.

All those who sputtered at Dr. Muck because he put a Bruckner symphony on the programme of the Boston orchestra's concert Thursday night had a chance to soothe their outraged notions Saturday afternoon, for nothing more decorous and doctorial ever came out of Dr. Primrose's own academy than the programme Dr. Muck set before the audience that filled Carnegie Hall for the matinée concert of his orchestra. There were no indurated nuts to crack, no hyperacid harmonies to digest. It consisted of Mozart's symphony in E flat, Handel's F major concerto for strings and wind, the A minor violin concerto of Viotti (with Fritz Kreisler as soloist), and Mendelssohn's "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage" overture—all eighteenth century music except the overture, which almost is.

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PITTS SANBORN.

From STANDARD UNION
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date DEC 3 - 1915

rk, 18

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EVENING POST
New York City
DEC 3 1915

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From EAG
Address lyn, N.
Date 3 -

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From STANDARD UNION
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date DEC 4 - 1915

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From TIMES
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
4 1915

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Music Notes.

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Est

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The length of the concert will be one hour and three quarters.

From ENQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 28 1915

Esta 884

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in the Academy of Music tomorrow evening. The soloist will be Fritz Kreisler, who will then make his only appearance here during the current season. The programme has only two numbers. The first part will be taken by Bruckner's Seventh Symphony in E major. The second part will be devoted to Beethoven's concerto in D major for violin, which Mr. Kreisler will play.

Anton Bruckner's Seventh Symphony will be played here for the first time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He is one of the most interesting and at the same time most pathetic figures in the history of music. His life was one long struggle against poverty and to the end of his days he made his living by teaching in Vienna at the large sum of 60 cents a lesson. Nonetheless, he was a giant among composers. His symphonies, of which there are nine, are built on a large scale, and have made their way in public favor slowly. Almost from the beginning Bruckner has had the most loyal service from the great conductors of the world, but the public has been slower to recognize his genius.

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The length of the concert will be one hour and three-quarters.

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 30 1915

Establi

BOSTON SYMPHONY, KREISLER SOLOIST

Great Violinist Thrills the Audience with a Beethoven Concerto.

PROGRAM.

Bruckner……Symphony, E major, No. 7
Beethoven,
Concerto in D major, for violin, Op. 61
Conductor …… **Dr. Karl Muck**
Soloist……Fritz Kreisler

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last evening, attracted an audience that completely filled every part of the available space, and turned many away. Fritz Kreisler made his first appearance here this season as a soloist, which was, no doubt, responsible for the great outpouring, for Kreisler's popularity in Philadelphia is such as is enjoyed by no other artist.

But aside from the soloist, Dr. Muck and his Boston Symphony, presented the divine Bruckner Symphony No. 7, which is so seldom presented and which is so admirable in its entire construction, that it is a gem among the more modern of the symphonies. It is to be compared with no other like work, and in its great variety it gives the orchestra the opportunity for the full breadth of the choirs, and Dr. Muck's reading leaves nothing to be desired in bringing out the full import of the entire work.

The Tribute to Wagner.

The most appealing part of the symphony is the adagio movement, into which the composer has thrown his great soul, to give the most divine expression of another great soul, the greatest of all Germans, in his estimation, whom he revered, and this portion of his work remains as the monument he has erected to the genius of Wagner.

Dr. Muck conducted the Bruckner Symphony at Graz nearly thirty years ago, and directed its first performance in Austria and in Berlin. He is a great admirer of the eminent Austrian and naturally he has full command of the work and is able to make it most impressive, more so than any other American conductor. At the finish of the symphony the conductor was called out repeatedly, and finally requested the orchestra to rise to share with him the great ovation he received from the delighted audience.

Kreisler's Incomparable Art.

Kreisler's playing was again evidence of the incomparable mastery he holds over the instrument. It is beyond criticism, and beyond any further attainment in perfection. His cadenzas hold the audience breathless at his art. It was in the larghetto movement that the full breadth of his work was brought out, and during his interpretation many at the top of the house were on their feet in order that they should not miss one particle of the wonderful music to which they were being treated.

[illegible] the Boston Symphony [illegible] the Academy [illegible]

From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
NOV 28 1915 30

KREISLER HEARD WITH DR. MUCK'S SYMPHONY

Second Appearance of Boston Orchestra Delights Academy Audience

RARE SKILL IS REVEALED

Work Played With Fidelity to Manuscript, But Devoid of Stiffness

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra was warmly welcomed at the Academy of Music last night, when its second concert, conducted by Dr. Karl Muck, was given with Fritz Kreisler as soloist. The full force of Kreisler's personality, his immaculate phrasing and technical finish, came to the surface in his rendition of Beethoven's Concerto in D major for violin.

The theme of the concerto, eloquent of content, was carried by the orchestra, threaded during rare intervals with the full-throated and eloquent tones of the soloist's violin. The few passionate movements were skillfully interpreted by Kreisler; the more quiet passage gleamed with subdued color, sometimes shaded to near silence, under his bow. From the opening of the theme, introduced by three taps of the bettledrums, until the final note, the concerto made a notable appeal to the audience.

A deeply religious mood of Bruckner's Symphony in E major was sympathetically interpreted by the orchestra. Reminiscent of the Wagner school of music, with themes heroic in character rather than purely melodious, the symphony was charged with force and character under the baton of Doctor Muck. The colorful theme of the second movement, embroidered with the melody of violins, picked up by horn, oboes and clarinets, was well interpreted; the volume of sound, which characterized some passages tempered by judicious handling and released under perfect control.

Doctor Muck was equally happy in his interpretation of the more joyous mood of the finale, ending in a free fantasia. Played with a fidelity to manuscript, with discretion but without stiffness, the symphony captured the audience in the final movements even more than at the beginning. The rich orchestral music was developed by infinite variety of instruments mastered by members of the orchestra, who were obviously in accord with the leader.

From ENQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 30 1915

E 1884

BOSTON ORCHESTRA HERE

Symphony Concert at the Academy of Music Last Evening

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, gave its second concert for the season before the kind of audience which its appearance never fails to attract at the Academy of Music last evening when the programme consisted of only two numbers, Bruckner's seventh symphony and Beethoven's concerto for the violin.

The symphony was in the nature of a novelty, as it had not previously been presented here. Although characterized by the diffuseness and prolixity which were Bruckner's besetting sins—it plays for a mortal hour and a few minutes over—it is in every sense of the word a great work and the tedium which its inordinate length entails is from time to time illuminated by flashes of genius which reconcile the listener to the excessive demands which are made upon his attention. Easily the finest and most interesting of its movements is the heavenly adagio in which a theme of singular beauty is developed and exhibited and diversified with a wonderfully skillful and resourceful art, which by itself sufficiently rewards the patience which the composition in its entirety exacts and renders its production well worth the while.

At the same time it must be regretted that Bruckner's sense of proportion and of form did not serve to restrain him from the inordinate copiousness in which he indulged and that he so conspicuously failed to cultivate or practice the virtue of reticence. His injudicious or undiscriminating admirers affected at one time to recognize in him a rival and even superior to Brahms, but one among other grounds upon which such claims must be rejected is embodied in the circumstance that Brahms always knows when to stop, something that Bruckner could never learn. There is not a note in one of Brahms symphonies which could well be spared out, but in the symphony played last evening there are whole pages whose elimination would be an undisputed and indisputable improvement.

The Beethoven concerto was done by [illegible] finished art was [illegible] displayed than [illegible]

[60]

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piece, so admirable and satisfying in the beauty of its tone, in the authoritative masterliness of its execution, in the sustained dignity of its sentiment, in its unaffected simplicity and in the spontaneity of its inspiration was a perfect exemplification of the violin playing art and an unalloyed delight. The next of these concerts will be given on [illegible]

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 28 1915

84

BRUCKNER SYMPHONY ON ORCHESTRA'S BILL

Fritz Kreisler to Play Beethoven Concerto at Concert in the Academy.

CARUSO AND ALDA TO SING

Massenet's "Manon" Announced by Metropolitan—Philadelphia Orchestra's Tour.

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FRITZ KREISLER.

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It was Bruckner's misfortune to be an ardent admirer of Wagner at a time when Vienna, where Bruckner lived, was dominated, musically speaking, by the great Hanslick, who hated Wagner and all his works and let that hate spread to those who admired Wagner or followed in his footsteps. Consequently, Hanslick continuously wrote most venomously regarding Bruckner and his symphonies and did much to make the quaint old man's life unhappy.

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From EAGLE
Address Brooklyn, N. Y.
Da NOV 4 1915

1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

Impressive Programme With Fritz Kreisler as Solo Violinist.

There was something for all tastes on Dr. Muck's Boston Symphony programme last night at the Academy. The conductor joined Rachmaninoff to Mozart and Mendelssohn to Brahms. The dainty, gracious measures of Mozart's E flat Symphony preceded the Russian's "Die Toteninsel," with its impressive sweep and weirdly colored accents. Then came Brahms' Concerto in D major, closely aligned in form to music of the past, but full of the rich variety and orchestral fury of this day. The Concerto served to introduce Fritz Kreisler, the soloist of the evening. The concluding Mendelssohn-Bartholdy number, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," might have served its intended purpose as an overture, but it sounded hollow, ingenuous and little more than pretty after what had preceded it. If last night's audience could have rearranged Dr. Muck's programme to its taste it would probably have placed the overture first, followed this with the Mozart Symphony and continued the concert after the intermission with Brahms, concluding with the Rachmaninoff number, which produced the greatest single impression of the evening.

Dr. Muck takes his Mozart very seriously. That means strict attention to the composer's prescriptions and proscriptions. It results in giving well-tempered value to every phase of the composition, but it leaves the hearer wondering how it would seem to have him hurried along a little more. Last night the tempo was rather slow, particularly in the first movement and in the familiar, but eternally delightful, "Minuetto."

"The Island of the Dead," Rachmaninoff's Symphonic Poem, is an endeavor to interpret in orchestral music the impressions conveyed by Boecklin's picture of that name. The music has something of the mystic weirdness and world-weariness suggested by the picture. There is a wealth of thematic material, much of it enunciated only to be at once abandoned. It is a constant struggle for expression rather than the completed delineation of a series of musical ideas. From the quiet rhythmic sweep of the opening passages through the several approaches to passionate climax and on to the tranquil end there is the ever-present suggestion that "more is meant than strikes the ear." The opening and close recall the wonderful orchestral passages with which Moussorgsky illustrates and ornaments the remarkable snowstorm scene in "Boris Godunoff." In such a work an important phase of the Boston Orchestra's achievement is revealed. It created again the composition, smoothing over the composer's dissonance and lingering lovingly on the melodic beauties. After the number, enthusiasm of the audience rose to its highest pitch and the orchestra was compelled to bow its response.

Fritz Kreisler has long been a Brooklyn favorite, and the usual warm welcome greeted him. One beauty of the Brahms D major concerto lies in its impartial distribution of material as between orchestra and soloist. Both participate in the elaboration of the themes, while the easily flowing transitions from the strings to the solo instrument are among the finest passages. The second movement, with its romanza character, is the most beautiful and it revealed the depth and sweep of Kreisler's art. The cadenza and concluding rondo gave his technical mastery full play, but the Adagio lingers in memory. The audience was enthusiastic in its appreciation and recalled the soloist to the stage again and again.

From BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 27 1915

E 1884

THE second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in the Academy of Music on Monday evening with Fritz Kreisler as the soloist. The program has only two numbers. The first part will be taken by Bruckner's Seventh Symphony in E-major. The second part will be devoted to Beethoven's Concerto in D-major for violin, which Mr. Kreisler will play.

The Bruckner Symphony, which will be played here for the first time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was written in the two years between September 188 and September 1883. It was dedicated to King Ludwig II. of Bavaria and the statement is always made that the Adagio was composed as funeral music in memory of Richard Wagner. It was in a sense, for although it was written before Wagner died, Bruckner in a letter to his good and [illegible] Felix [illegible]

From ENQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 28 1915

Boston Symphony Orchestra

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Anton Bruckner's Seventh Symphony will be played here for the first time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He is one of the most interesting and at the same time most pathetic figures in the history of music. His life was one long struggle against poverty and to the end of his days he made his living by teaching in Vienna at the large sum of 60 cents a lesson. Nonetheless, he was a giant among composers. His symphonies, of which there are nine, are built on a large scale, and have made their way in public favor slowly. Almost from the beginning Bruckner has had the most loyal service from the great conductors of the world, but the public has been slower to recognize his genius.

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The symphony had its first performance in Leipsic, December 30, 1884, under Nikisch at a theatre concert in aid of the Wagner Monument Fund. Later it was played in Munich under Levi and in Vienna under Richter. The first performance in Austria, however, was given in Graz, March 14, 1886, when Dr. Muck conducted it. Dr. Muck studied the score with the composer himself and his score which he uses in performances contains Bruckner's own markings.

The length of the concert will be one hour and three-quarters.

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 30 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY, KREISLER SOLOIST

Great Violinist Thrills the Audience with a Beethoven Concerto.

PROGRAM.

Bruckner.....Symphony, E major, No. 7
Beethoven,
Concerto in D major, for violin, Op. 61
Conductor .... Dr. Karl Muck
Soloist....................Fritz Kreisler

The second concert of the Bosto Symphony Orchestra at the Academy Music last evening, attracted an aud ence that completely filled every pa of the available space, and turned ma away. Fritz Kreisler made his first a pearance here this season as a soloi which was, no doubt, responsible for t great outpouring, for Kreisler's popula ity in Philadelphia is such as is enjoy by no other artist.

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The Tribute to Wagner.

The most appealing part of the symphony is the adagio movement, into which the composer has thrown his great soul, to give the most divine expression of another great soul, the greatest of all Germans, in his estimation, whom he revered, and this portion of his work remains as the monument he has erected to the genius of Wagner.

Dr. Muck conducted the Bruckner Symphony at Graz nearly thirty years ago, and directed its first performance in Austria and in Berlin. He is a great admirer of the eminent Austrian and naturally he has full command of the work and is able to make it most impressive, more so than any other American conductor. At the finish of the symphony the conductor was called out repeatedly, and finally requested the orchestra to rise to share with him the great ovation he received from the delighted audience.

Kreisler's Incomparable Art.

Kreisler's playing was again evidence of the incomparable mastery he holds over the instrument. It is beyond criticism, and beyond any further attainment in perfection. His cadenzas hold the audience breathless at his art. It was in the larghetto movement that the full breadth of his work was brought out, and during his interpretation many at the top of the house were on their feet in order that they should not miss one particle of the wonderful music to which they were being treated.

The next concert of the Boston Symphony will be given at the Academy on [illegible] 3, when Mme. Melba will be

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From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
NOV 20 1915
30

KREISLER HEARD WITH DR. MUCK'S SYMPHONY

Second Appearance of Boston Orchestra Delights Academy Audience

RARE SKILL IS REVEALED

Work Played With Fidelity to Manuscript, But Devoid of Stiffness

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra was warmly welcomed at the Academy of Music last night, when its second concert, conducted by Dr. Karl Muck, was given with Fritz Kreisler as soloist. The full force of Kreisler's personality, his immaculate phrasing, and technical finish, came to the surface in his rendition of Beethoven's Concerto in D major for violin.

The theme of the concerto, eloquent of content, was carried by the orchestra, threaded during rare intervals with the full-throated and eloquent tones of the soloist's violin. The few passionate movements were skillfully interpreted by Kreisler; the more quiet passage gleamed with subdued color, sometimes shaded to near silence, under his bow. From the opening of the theme, introduced by three taps of the bettledrums, until the final note, the concerto made a notable appeal to the audience.

A deeply religious mood of Bruckner's Symphony in E major was sympathetically interpreted by the orchestra. Reminiscent of the Wagner school of music, with themes heroic in character rather than purely melodious, the symphony was charged with force and character under the baton of Doctor Muck. The colorful theme of the second movement, embroidered with the melody of violins, picked up by horn, oboes and clarinets, was well interpreted; the volume of sound, which characterized some passages tempered by judicious handling and released under perfect control.

Doctor Muck was equally happy in his interpretation of the more joyous mood of the finale, ending in a free fantasia. Played with a fidelity to manuscript, with discretion but without stiffness, the symphony captured the audience in the final movements even more than at the beginning. The rich orchestral music was developed by infinite variety of instruments mastered by members of the orchestra, who were obviously in accord with the leader.

From ENQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 30 1915

BOSTON ORCHESTRA HERE

Symphony Concert at the Academy of Music Last Evening

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, gave its second concert for the season before the kind of audience which its appearance never fails to attract at the Academy of Music last evening when the programme consisted of only two numbers, Bruckner's seventh symphony and Beethoven's concerto for the violin.

The symphony was in the nature of a novelty, as it had not previously been presented here. Although characterized by the diffuseness and prolixity which were Bruckner's besetting sins—it plays for a mortal hour and a few minutes over—it is in every sense of the word a great work and the tedium which its inordinate length entails is from time to time illuminated by flashes of genius which reconcile the listener to the excessive demands which are made upon his attention. Easily the finest and most interesting of its movements is the heavenly adagio in which a theme of singular beauty is developed and exhibited and diversified with a wonderfully skillful and resourceful art, which by itself sufficiently rewards the patience which the composition in its entirety exacts and renders its production well worth the while.

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The Beethoven concerto was done by Fritz Kreisler, whose finished art was never more [illegible] displayed than during the [illegible] season and whose no-

piece, so admirable and satisfying in the beauty of its tone, in the authoritative masterliness of its execution, in the sustained dignity of its sentiment, in its unaffected simplicity and in the spontaneity of its inspiration was a perfect exemplification of the violin playing art and an unalloyed delight. The next of these concerts will be given on Monday

[60]

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 28 1915

BRUCKNER SYMPHONY ON ORCHESTRA'S BILL

Fritz Kreisler to Play Beethoven Concerto at Concert in the Academy.

CARUSO AND ALDA TO SING

Massenet's "Manon" Announced by Metropolitan—Philadelphia Orchestra's Tour.

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From EAGLE
Address Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date NOV 4 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

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From BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 27 1915

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

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Anton Bruckner's Seventh Symphony will be played here for the first time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He is one of the most interesting and at the same time most pathetic figures in the history of music. His life was one long struggle against poverty and to the end of his days he made his living by teaching in Vienna at the large sum of 60 cents a lesson. Nonetheless, he was a giant among composers. His symphonies, of which there are nine, are built on a large scale, and have made their way in public favor slowly. Almost from the beginning Bruckner has had the most loyal service from the great conductors of the world, but the public has been slower to recognize his genius.

The Seventh Symphony which Dr. Muck will play here was written in the two years between September, 1881, and September, 1883. It was dedicated to King Ludwig II of Bavaria and the statement is always made that the Adagio was composed as funeral music in memory of Richard Wagner. It was in a sense, for although it was written before Wagner died, Bruckner in a letter to his good and loyal friend, Felix Mottl, said that he wrote the Adagio when very sad over the knowledge that the "Master" (Wagner) did not have long to live.

The symphony had its first performance in Leipsic, December 30, 1884, under Nikisch at a theatre concert in aid of the Wagner Monument Fund. Later it was played in Munich under Levi and in Vienna under Richter. The first performance in Austria, however, was given in Graz, March 14, 1886, when Dr. Muck conducted it. Dr. Muck studied the score with the composer himself and his score which he uses in performances contains Bruckner's own markings.

The length of the concert will be one hour and three-quarters.

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 3 0 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY, KREISLER SOLOIST

Great Violinist Thrills the Audience with a Beethoven Concerto.

PROGRAM.
Bruckner......Symphony, E major, No. 7
Beethoven,
Concerto in D major, for violin, Op. 61
Conductor .... Dr. Karl Muck
Soloist......................Fritz Kreisler

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last evening, attracted an audience that completely filled every part of the available space, and turned many away. Fritz Kreisler made his first appearance here this season as a soloist, which was, no doubt, responsible for the great outpouring, for Kreisler's popularity in Philadelphia is such as is enjoyed by no other artist.

But aside from the soloist, Dr. Muck and his Boston Symphony, presented the divine Bruckner Symphony No. 7, which is so seldom presented and which is so admirable in its entire construction, that it is a gem among the more modern of the symphonies. It is to be compared with no other like work, and in its great variety it gives the orchestra the opportunity for the full breadth of the choirs, and Dr. Muck's reading leaves nothing to be desired in bringing out the full import of the entire work.

The Tribute to Wagner.

The most appealing part of the symphony is the adagio movement, into which the composer has thrown his great soul, to give the most divine expression of another great soul, the greatest of all Germans, in his estimation, whom he revered, and this portion of his work remains as the monument he has erected to the genius of Wagner.

Dr. Muck conducted the Bruckner Symphony at Graz nearly thirty years ago, and directed its first performance in Austria and in Berlin. He is a great admirer of the eminent Austrian and naturally he has full command of the work and is able to make it most impressive, more so than any other American conductor. At the finish of the symphony the conductor was called out repeatedly, and finally requested the orchestra to rise to share with him the great ovation he received from the delighted audience.

Kreisler's Incomparable Art.

Kreisler's playing was again evidence of the incomparable mastery he holds over the instrument. It is beyond criticism, and beyond any further attainment in perfection. His cadenzas hold the audience breathless at his art. It was in the larghetto movement that the full breadth of his work was brought out, and during his interpretation many at the top of the house were on their feet in order that they should not miss one particle of the wonderful music to which they were being treated.

The next concert of the Boston Symphony will be given at the Academy on January 3, when Mme. Melba will be

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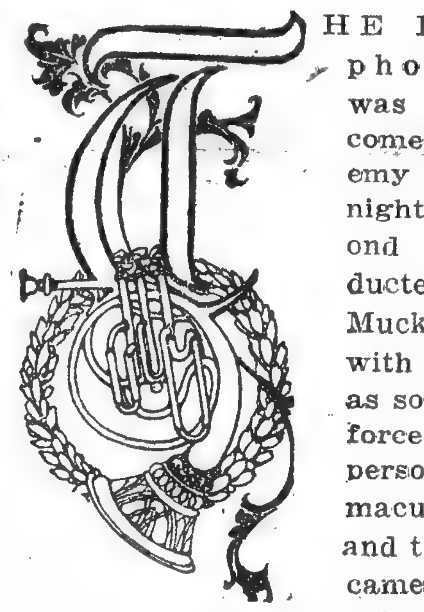
From NORTH AMERICAN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date 30 NOV [illegible] 1915

KREISLER HEARD WITH DR. MUCK'S SYMPHONY

Second Appearance of Boston Orchestra Delights Academy Audience

RARE SKILL IS REVEALED

Work Played With Fidelity to Manuscript, But Devoid of Stiffness



THE Boston Symphony Orchestra was warmly welcomed at the Academy of Music last night, when its second concert, conducted by Dr. Karl Muck, was given with Fritz Kreisler as soloist. The full force of Kreisler's personality, his immaculate phrasing, and technical finish, came to the surface in his rendition of Beethoven's Concerto in D major for violin.

The theme of the concerto, eloquent of content, was carried by the orchestra, threaded during rare intervals with the full-throated and eloquent tones of the soloist's violin. The few passionate movements were skillfully interpreted by Kreisler; the more quiet passage gleamed with subdued color, sometimes shaded to near silence, under his bow. From the opening of the theme, introduced by three taps of the bettledrums, until the final note, the concerto made a notable appeal to the audience.

A deeply religious mood of Bruckner's Symphony in E major was sympathetically interpreted by the orchestra. Reminiscent of the Wagner school of music, with themes heroic in character rather than purely melodious, the symphony was charged with force and character under the baton of Doctor Muck. The colorful theme of the second movement, embroidered with the melody of violins, picked up by horn, oboes and clarinets, was well interpreted; the volume of sound, which characterized some passages tempered by judicious handling and released under perfect control.

Doctor Muck was equally happy in his interpretation of the more joyous mood of the finale, ending in a free fantasia. Played with a fidelity to manuscript, with discretion but without stiffness, the symphony captured the audience in the final movements even more than at the beginning. The rich orchestral music was developed by infinite variety of instruments mastered by members of the orchestra, who were obviously in accord with the leader.

R
iladelphia, Pa.
NOV 3 0 1915

BOSTON ORCHESTRA HERE

ymphony Concert at the Academy of Music Last Evening

he Boston Symphony Orchestra, un- the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, its second concert for the season be- e the kind of audience which its appearance never fails to attract at the cademy of Music last evening when the rogramme consisted of only two numbers, Bruckner's seventh symphony and eethoven's concerto for the violin.

The symphony was in the nature of a novelty, as it had not previously been presented here. Although characterized by the diffuseness and prolixity which were Bruckner's besetting sins—it plays for a mortal hour and a few minutes over—it is in every sense of the word a great work and the tedium which its inordinate length entails is from time to time illuminated by flashes of genius which reconcile the listener to the excessive demands which are made upon his attention. Easily the finest and most interesting of its movements is the heavenly adagio in which a theme of singular beauty is developed and exhibited and diversified with a wonderfully skillful and resourceful art, which by itself sufficiently rewards the patience which the composition in its entirety exacts and renders its production well worth the while.

At the same time it must be regretted that Bruckner's sense of proportion and of form did not serve to restrain him from the inordinate copiousness in which he indulged and that he so conspicuously failed to cultivate or practice the virtue of reticence. His injudicious or undiscriminating admirers affected at one time to recognize in him a rival and even superior to Brahms, but one among other grounds upon which such claims must be rejected is embodied in the circumstance that Brahms always knows when to stop, something that Bruckner could never learn. There is not a note in one of Brahms symphonies which could well be spared out, but in the symphony played last evening there are whole pages whose elimination would be an undisputed and indisputable improvement.

The Beethoven concerto was done by Fritz Kreisler, whose finished art was never more effectively displayed than during the [illegible] season and whose no-

1884

[60]

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piece, so admirable and satisfying in the beauty of its tone, in the authoritative masterliness of its execution, in the sustained dignity of its sentiment, in its unaffected simplicity and in the spontaneity of its inspiration was a perfect exemplification of the violin playing art and an unalloyed delight. The next of these concerts will be given on Monday evening, Jan.

CORD
Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 2 8 19

BRUCKNER SYMPHONY ON ORCHESTRA'S BILL

Fritz Kreisler to Play Beethoven Concerto at Concert in the Academy.

CARUSO AND ALDA TO SING

Massenet's "Manon" Announced by Metropolitan—Philadelphia Orchestra's Tour.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in the Academy of Music tomorrow evening. The soloist will be Fritz Kreisler, who will then make his only appearance here during this season. The program has only two numbers. The first part will be taken by Bruckner's Seventh Symphony in E Major. The second part will be devoted to Beethoven's, Concerto in B Major for violin.

FRITZ KREISLER.

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony will be played here for the first time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He is one of the most interesting and, at the same time, most pathetic figures in the history of music. His life was one long struggle against poverty, and to the end of his days he made his living by teaching in Vienna at 60 cents a lesson. His symphonies, of which there are nine, are built on a large scale, and have made their way in public favor slowly. Almost from the beginning Bruckner has had the most loyal service from the great conductors of the world, but the public has been slower to recognize his genius.

It was Bruckner's misfortune to be an ardent admirer of Wagner at a time when Vienna, where Bruckner lived, was dominated, musically speaking, by the great Hanslick, who hated Wagner and all his works and let that hate spread to those who admired Wagner or followed in his footsteps. Consequently, Hanslick continuously wrote most venomously regarding Bruckner and his symphonies and did much to make the quaint old man's life unhappy.

The Seventh Symphony, which Dr. Muck will play here, was written in the two years between September, 1881, and September, 1883. It was dedicated to King Ludwig II of Bavaria, and the statement is always made that the Adagio was composed as funeral music in memory of Richard Wagner. This was so in a sense, for although the Adagio was written before Wagner died, Bruckner in a letter to his good and loyal friend, Felix Mottl, said that the Adagio was written under the stress of the knowledge that Wagner did not have long to live.

The Symphony had its first performance in Leipsic, December 30, 1884, under Nikisch, at a theatre concert in aid of the Wagner Monument Fund. Later it was played in Munich under Levi, and, in Vienna, under Richter. The first performance in Austria, however, was given in Graz, March 14, 1886, when Dr. Muck conducted the work. Dr. Muck studied the score with the composer himself and the score which Muck uses in performances contains Bruckner's own markings.

From EAGLE
Address Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date NOV 4 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

Impressive Programme With Fritz Kreisler as Solo Violinist.

There was something for all tastes on Dr. Muck's Boston Symphony programme last night at the Academy. The conductor joined Rachmaninoff to Mozart and Mendelssohn to Brahms. The dainty, gracious measures of Mozart's E flat Symphony preceded the Russian's "Die Toteninsel," with its impressive sweep and weirdly colored accents. Then came Brahms' Concerto in D major, closely aligned in form to music of the past, but full of the rich variety and orchestral fury of this day. The Concerto served to introduce Fritz Kreisler, the soloist of the evening. The concluding Mendelssohn-Bartholdy number, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," might have served its intended purpose as an overture, but it sounded hollow, ingenuous and little more than pretty after what had preceded it. If last night's audience could have rearranged Dr. Muck's programme to its taste it would probably have placed the overture first, followed this with the Mozart Symphony and continued the concert after the intermission with Brahms, concluding with the Rachmaninoff number, which produced the greatest single impression of the evening.

Dr. Muck takes his Mozart very seriously. That means strict attention to the composer's prescriptions and proscriptions. It results in giving well-tempered value to every phase of the composition, but it leaves the hearer wondering how it would seem to have him hurried along a little more. Last night the tempo was rather slow, particularly in the first movement and in the familiar, but eternally delightful, "Minuetto."

"The Island of the Dead," Rachmaninoff's Symphonic Poem, is an endeavor to interpret in orchestral music the impressions conveyed by Boecklin's picture of that name. The music has something of the mystic weirdness and world-weariness suggested by the picture. There is a wealth of thematic material, much of it enunciated only to be at once abandoned. It is a constant struggle for expression rather than the completed delineation of a series of musical ideas. From the quiet rhythmic sweep of the opening passages through the several approaches to passionate climax and on to the tranquil end there is the ever-present suggestion that "more is meant than strikes the ear." The opening and close recall the wonderful orchestral passages with which Moussorgsky illustrates and ornaments the remarkable snowstorm scene in "Boris Godunoff." In such a work an important phase of the Boston Orchestra's achievement is revealed. It created again the composition, smoothing over the composer's dissonance and lingering lovingly on the melodic beauties. After the number, enthusiasm of the audience rose to its highest pitch and the orchestra was compelled to bow its response.

Fritz Kreisler has long been a Brooklyn favorite, and the usual warm welcome greeted him. One beauty of the Brahms D major concerto lies in its impartial distribution of material as between orchestra and soloist. Both participate in the elaboration of the themes, while the easily flowing transitions from the strings to the solo instrument are among the finest passages. The second movement, with its romanza character, is the most beautiful and it revealed the depth and sweep of Kreisler's art. The cadenza and concluding rondo gave his technical mastery full play, but the Adagio lingers in memory. The audience was enthusiastic in its appreciation and recalled the soloist to the stage again and again.

From BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 2 7 1915

THE second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in the Academy of Music on Monday evening with Fritz Kreisler as the soloist. The program has only two numbers. The first part will be taken by Bruckner's Seventh Symphony in E-major. The second part will be devoted to Beethoven's Concerto in D-major for violin, which Mr. Kreisler will play.

The Bruckner Symphony, which will be played here for the first time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was written in the two years between September 188 and September 1883. It was dedicated to King Ludwig II. of Bavaria and the statement is always made that the Adagio was composed as funeral music in memory of Richard Wagner. It was in a sense, for although it was written before Wagner died, Bruckner in a letter to his good and loyal friend, Felix Mottl,

1884

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date EC 4
Es

FRITZ KREISLE RECEIVES OVAT

Is Assisting Artist with Bostonp Symhony.

PLAYS BRAHMS' CONCERTO WITH NOBILITY OF TONE

Perfection Attained by Boston Orchestra Splendidly Exemplified Throughout the Programme —Concert One of the Most Enjoyable of the Season.

The second Philharmonic concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Dr. Karl Muck, was given last night at the Academy of Music, before a very large audience that was highly enthusiastic throughout the evening, each orchestral number receiving great applause, as did the playing of Fritz Kreisler, who was the soloist, or rather assisting artist, of the evening.

Mr. Kreisler received an ovation on his appearance for the third number on the programme, Brahms' Concerto for violin and orchestra in D major, opus 77. The artist was at his best and the three movements were played with all the mobility of tone, marvelous technique and exquisite artistic conception that has placed Mr. Kreisler on the highest artistic plane. The applause was deafening and sustained at the end.

The orchestral numbers began with Mozart's Symphony in E flat and was followed by Rachmaninoff's "Die Toteninsel" (The Island of the Dead), a symphonic tone poem for full orchestra, to the picture of A. Backlin, opus 29, and Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage," opus 27.

The degree of perfection attained by this body of artists was splendidly exemplified last night throughout. The magnificence of voice, precision in the difficult and involved harmonies in Rachmaninoff's tone poem, and the exquisite melodies of the symphony and overture made last night's concert one of the most enjoyable that has been heard in some time.

The orchestral part in th number was handled by Dr. masterly manner.

From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date NOV 28 19
Establi

KREISLER AS SOLOIST

FRITZ KREISLER will make his first appearance of the year here on wednesday night as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its second concert in the Lyric Theatre. He will play Tschaikowsky's brilliant Concerto in D major.

The program that Dr. Muck has arranged is one of extraordinary beauty and interest. It comprises Mozart's Symphony in E flat (K. 543), Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Isle of the Dead;" Tschaikowsky's violin concerto and Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage."

The three great symphonies of Mozart, which were written in the space of less than a year, those in C major, G minor and E flat, would have been sufficient to insure him immortality had he written nothing else. In them his genius shines the brightest. His melodic inventon was never more wonderful and in his skill as a composer he so wrote that despite the small orchestra he uses, the symphonies are today full of modern feeling. There is little choice among the three. Some prefer the "Jupiter," some prefer the G minor and some the E flat, but they are all of ineffable beauty.

Of the living Russian composers Sergei Rachmaninoff is easily the foremost, and despite the fact that he was for many years a resident of Germany the racial traits of his music are very strong. In his symphonic poem that Dr. Muck is to play he has drawn his inspiration from that remarkable picture of the Swiss painter, Arnold Bocklin, "Der Toteninsel." The chances are that this work will be heard in Baltimore for the first time. When Rachmaninoff came to this country a few years ago as a guest of the Boston Symphony Orchestra he conducted the poem in Boston, but at the Baltimore concert he simply appeared as the piano soloist. The poem is one of extraordinary beauty and is well worthy of more frequent performances than it has. The program in its proper order is as follows:

Mozart—Symphony in E flat.
Rachmaninoff—"Der Toteninsel."
Tschaikowsky—Concerto for violin and orchestra.
Mendelssohn—Overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage."

From EVENING SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date NOV 27 1915
Estab

KREISLER TO APPEAR HERE WEDNESDAY

Will Be Soloist At Concert Of The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MOZART WORK ON PROGRAM

Symphonic Poem By Rachmaninoff, Regarded As Greatest Living Russian Composer, To Be Played.

Fritz Kreisler will make his first appearance of the year here next Wednesday night as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its second concert in the Lyric Theatre. He will play Tschaikowsky's brilliant Concerto in D Major.

The program that Dr. Muck has arranged is one of extraordinary beauty and interest. It comprises Mozart's Symphony in E flat (K. 543), Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem "The Isle of the Dead," Tschaikowsky's violin concerto and Mendelssohn's overture "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage."

The three great symphonies of Mozart, which were written in the space of less than a year, those in C major, G minor and E flat, would have been sufficient to insure him immortality had he written nothing else.

Regarded As Greatest Of Russians.

Of the living Russian composers Sergei Rachmaninff is regarded by many as the foremost, and despite the fact that he was for many years a resident of Germany, the racial traits of his music are very strong. In his symphonic poem that Dr. Muck is to play he has drawn his inspiration from that remarkable picture of the Swiss painter, Arnold Bocklin, "Der Toteninsel."

When Rachmaninoff came to this country a few years ago as a guest of the Boston Symphony Orchestra he conducted the poem in Boston, but at the Baltimore concert he simply appeared as the piano soloist. The concert will close with Mendelssohn's overture "Sea-Calm and Prosperous V

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date 1915
Estab

GOOD PROGRAM BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Second Concert at Lyric Well Attended; Fritz Kreisler Is Soloist.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the second concert of its Baltimore series of the season at the Lyric last night. The program was quite interesting, and Fritz Kreisler, violinist, as the special soloist, was applauded an unusually long time. The audience filled the house.

Mozart's Symphony in E flat (K. 543) is heard seldom enough to have been enjoyable last night. Its comparative simplicity of construction, its brightness and Mozart's particular individualty made it much more welcome than another repetition at this time of the oft-repeated Beethoven symphonies. It would be well, particularly in these days of transition in musical art, if other such works were played more often.

The Island of the Dead, a symphonic poem by Rachmaninoff, suggested by the picture of that name by A Bocklin, is a tonal work from contemplation of which it is hard to turn. Here is modern music in keeping with the present age—neither an echo of ancient days nor, literally speaking, the shadow of coming events. To attempt to describe it would be far harder than to attempt to describe the gripping picture which inspired it. The simplicity of the emotion, yet its deep moving power defy words for communication of its full appreciation. When one hears such music he wonders how much further musical art is able to go along present lines, and if, after all, it will be necessary in future to resort to such a method as just suggested by the youthful Leo Ornstein.

It seemed a pity to have to turn immediately from such a work to Tschaikowsky's violin concerto, fine as the concerto is. The concerto itself is moving music, and Kreisler played it exceedingly well and with excellent support by the orchestra.

Mendelssohn's overture, Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage, closed the program rather ineffectively. It seemed insipid after the other music.

J. N. H.

NEWS
Baltimore, Md.
DEC 2 - 1915

PROGRAM PLEASES

Boston Symphony Orchestra Heard At Its Best.

Judicious Blending Of Ancient And Modern Schools; Kreisler Receives A Great Ovation.

It is doubtful whether any concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra of late years has been so heartily enjoyed as that at the Lyric last night, and this was the result of a most fortunate combination of circumstances. For one thing, Fritz Kreisler was the soloist; the playing of the orchestra was peculiarly finished and sympathetic even for this unique organization, and finally, the program was one of singular attraction and nicety of balance. For the last two years, indeed, Dr. Muck's programs have shown a consistent endeavor to give Baltimore a judicious blend of the best of both ancient and modern schools, and such criticisms as have been freely expressed in the past as to this conductor's seemingly careless flinging on to this city of whatever music happened to suit his mood at the moment must surely now, in common justice, cease.

The concert opened with Mozart's E-flat Symphony—one of the three which have, by universal consent, been rescued from the general internment of the composer's remaining 46 symphonies; but of these three the one performed last night is certainly the least striking.

Of its two contemporaries, that commonly known as the Jupiter Symphony has a pervading dignity and a certain godlike aloofness which more or less justifies its title, and, moreover, its finale stands for all time as a monument of orchestral counterpoint, while the other—the G minor, the first great emotional symphony given to the world—is full of a tender subtlety of feeling quite modern at times in its intensity. The E-flat Symphony, on the other hand, is bathed in almost uninterrupted sunshine and its claims to distinction lie in the unusual impressiveness of its introduction, the energy and individuality of its last movement and the exquisite grace and balance of its slender scoring throughout. This is, by the bye, the only symphony without oboe parts in the musical repertoire of today.

Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," which came next on the program, is in many respects the most inspired work that has yet issued from this composer's pen. There is a powerful weirdness of coloring, a curiously tense atmosphere and a peculiar suggestion of desolation, especially at the beginning, which made a profound impression on the audience. Many of the harmonic progressions are most original and beautiful, but never, as is the case with so many modern compositions, exaggerated or eccentric.

Fritz Kreisler, who played the now almost hackneyed Tschaikowsky concerto in D, was at his finest once again last night. There is in this artist a steady and perpetual flow of inspiration above and beyond his immense technical equipment, whic gives him a place altogether uniqu among executants of the present da and he was accorded such an ova tion both before and after his pe formance as has seldom been wi nessed even at these concerts.

H. D. P.

From EVENING SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date DEC 1 - 1915
Estab

BOSTON SYMPHONY TONIGHT

Fritz Kreisler Will Be Soloist At Concert At Lyric.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Lyric Theatre at 8.15 this evening, and Fritz Kreisler will be the soloist. The program is as follows:

Mozart—Symphony in E flat.
Rachmaninoff—"Die Toteninsel" (symphonic poem).
Tschaikowsky—Concerto for violin and orchestra.
Mendelssohn—Overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage."

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date NOV 24 1915
Es 1884

SECOND CONCERT SATISFYING

Boston Symphony Orchestra and Miss Hartley, Pianist, Pleased.

The second concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last night and Infantry Hall was well filled with an appreciative audience. It was an all instrumental programme that was presented, with a pianist as soloist, and that combination does not always appeal as strongly to many as a more diversified arrangement of musicians. On this occasion, however, the audience left the hall quite satisfied with what had been heard in two hours of continuous pleasure.

The programme was carefully planned and well balanced, reflecting more than ordinarily the skill of Dr. Muck in that respect. The symphony was serious and difficult, while the remaining numbers were of the lighter sort, all being brilliant, bright and melodious. The programme was played in the following order:

Brahms, Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Op. 98; Berlioz, Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," Op. 9; Saint-Saens, Concerto in G minor, No. 2, for Pianoforte, Op. 22; Bizet, Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1, Music to Alphonse Daudet's play.

The Brahms Fourth Symphony in E minor is not as popular as most compositions that are rendered more frequently. Dr. Muck, however, does not seem to share in that feeling concerning this selection, for he has shown evidence of keen admiration for Brahms in all his moods, and has been particularly successful in interpreting his music to the public. The marked feature of this symphony is its slow movement, and it possesses a beauty that cannot fail to be appreciated by real lovers of music of the highest grade. The unique character of the last part of the selection also marks it as distinctive, the composer having used as a basis the ancient Passacaglia dance. Altogether this symphony is well worth hearing when it is played as it should be, and there was nothing lacking in the expression with which it was rendered last night. It has still further charm for many because it is the last work of the kind that Brahms produced, and so forms in a sense a special memorial to his genius.

In the second half of the programme three French composers were represented, the trio who stand highest in musical honor in that land. Berlioz, Saint-Saens and Bizet are names to inspire any musician, and the grouping of the three as a section of a programme was a happy idea that worked to a charm.

Berlioz contributed the overture to the "Roman Carnival," which shows clearly and skillfully the gayety of the carnival time in ancient Rome when the population in light holiday mood sallied forth to enjoy the festival. There is a fanciful strain running through the muisc, and the great composer must have been in a happy frame when he created this masterpiece of wild, care-free melody.

The other orchestral number and the final one on the programme, was the Bizet selection, his first "L'Arlesienne" suite. This composer's name is associated inseparably with the music of "Carmen," but this selection, which is part of the incidental music which he wrote for Daudet's play, is as fine and rich in melody as any of his compositions. It is filled with the spirit of the Provence, and is iexquisite in its colorful character. Each of the four parts, prelude, minuetto, adagietto and carillon, is a gem in itself, and the entire suite, played as it was last night, as an unfailing source of keenest pleasure.

The solosit was Miss Laeta Hartley, an American pianist who had never been heard in this city before. She made many friends, however, both by her simple, charming manner and by her ability at the piano. Her selection was Saint-Saen's second concerto in G minor, which requires special nimblenes and accuracy, and she played it with marked symphony, displaying a delicacy of touch combined with assurance of control that won immediate admiration and warm aproval from her audience. It is no mean test of ability, and it was rendered in a most satisfying manner by both the soloist and the orchestra.

From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date NOV 28 1915
884

THE second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in the National Tuesday afternoon at 4:30. The soloist will be Fritz Kreisler the great violinist, who will then make his first appearance of the season here. Kreisler will play Tschaikowsky's brilliant Concerto in D Major.

The orchestral numbers will be the urth Symphony of Brahms, Bizet's quisite "L'Arlesienne" Suite. The ahms Symphony in E Minor No. 4, s been for a number of years in a ise the Cinderella of the symphonic aily. Pedants in the first place obted to the key in which it was writ saying that it was improper to come a symphony in such a key. Oth found it turgid and cryptic, al igh the bitterest enemies of Brahms to admit that the slow movement one of ethereal beauty. The great uctors of the world, however, have always had great admiration for this symphony, and now the public is beginning rapidly to respond to its charm.

From CITIZEN

Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date EC 4 - 1915

FRITZ KREISLER RECEIVES OVATION

Is Assisting Artist with Bostonp Symhony.

PLAYS BRAHMS' CONCERTO WITH NOBILITY OF TONE

Perfection Attained by Boston Orchestra Splendidly Exemplified Throughout the Programme —Concert One of the Most Enjoyable of the Season.

The second Philharmonic concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Dr. Karl Muck, was given last night at the Academy of Music, before a very large audience that was highly enthusiastic throughout the evening, each orchestral number receiving great applause, as did the playing of Fritz Kreisler, who was the soloist, or rather assisting artist, of the evening.

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The degree of perfection attained by this body of artists was splendidly exemplified last night throughout. The magnificence of voice, precision in the difficult and involved harmonies in Rachmaninoff's tone poem, and the exquisite melodies of the symphony and overture made last night's concert one of the most enjoyable that has been heard in some time.

The orchestral part in the Kreisler number was handled by Dr. Muck in a masterly manner.

From SUN

Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date NOV 28 1915

Establi

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NING SUN

ltimore, Md.

NOV 27 1915

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more, Md.

1915

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J. N. H.

NEWS

Baltimore, Md.

DEC 2 - 1915

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H. D. P.

From EVENING SUN

Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date DEC 1 - 1915

Estab

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From TRIBUNE

Address: Providence, R. I.

Date NOV 24 1915

Es 1884

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The Brahms Fourth Symphony in E minor is not as popular as most compositions that are rendered more frequently. Dr. Muck, however, does not seem to share in that feeling concerning this selection, for he has shown evidence of keen admiration for Brahms in all his moods, and has been particularly successful in interpreting his music to the public. The marked feature of this symphony is its slow movement, and it possesses a beauty that cannot fail to be appreciated by real lovers of music of the highest grade. The unique character of the last part of the selection also marks it as distinctive, the composer having used as a basis the ancient Passacaglia dance. Altogether this symphony is well worth hearing when it is played as it should be, and there was nothing lacking in the expression with which it was rendered last night. It has still further charm for many because it is the last work of the kind that Brahms produced, and so forms in a sense a special memorial to his genius.

In the second half of the programme three French composers were represented, the trio who stand highest in musical honor in that land. Berlioz, Saint-Saens and Bizet are names to inspire any musician, and the grouping of the three as a section of a programme was a happy idea that worked to a charm.

Berlioz contributed the overture to the "Roman Carnival," which shows clearly and skillfully the gayety of the carnival time in ancient Rome when the population in light holiday mood sallied forth to enjoy the festival. There is a fanciful strain running through the muisc, and the great composer must have been in a happy frame when he created this masterpiece of wild, care-free melody.

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From POST

Address: Washington, D. C.

Date NOV 28 1915

884

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From CITIZEN
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From STAR
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Estab

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EWS
Baltimore, Md.
DEC 2 - 1915

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884

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
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Es

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The second Philharmonic concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Dr. Karl Muck, was given last night at the Academy of Music, before a very large audience that was highly enthusiastic throughout the evening, each orchestral number receiving great applause, as did the playing of Fritz Kreisler, who was the soloist, or rather assisting artist, of the evening.

Mr. Kreisler received an ovation on his appearance for the third number on the programme, Brahms' Concerto for violin and orchestra in D major, opus 77. The artist was at his best and the three movements were played with all the mobility of tone, marvelous technique and exquisite artistic conception that has placed Mr. Kreisler on the highest artistic plane. The applause was deafening and sustained at the end.

The orchestral numbers began with Mozart's Symphony in E flat and was followed by Rachmaninoff's "Die Toteninsel" (The Island of the Dead), a symphonic tone poem for full orchestra, to the picture of A. Backlin, opus 29, and Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage," opus 27.

The degree of perfection attained by this body of artists was splendidly exemplified last night throughout. The magnificence of voice, precision in the difficult and involved harmonies in Rachmaninoff's tone poem, and the exquisite melodies of the symphony and overture made last night's concert one of the most enjoyable that has been heard in some time.

The orchestral part in th
number was handled by Dr.
masterly manner.

From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date NOV 2 8 19

Establi

KREISLER AS SOLOIST

FRITZ KREISLER will make his first appearance of the year here on Wednesday night as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its second concert in the Lyric Theatre. He will play Tschaikowsky's brilliant Concerto in D major.

The program that Dr. Muck has arranged is one of extraordinary beauty and interest. It comprises Mozart's Symphony in E flat (K. 543), Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Isle of the Dead;" Tschaikowsky's violin concerto and Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage."

The three great symphonies of Mozart, which were written in the space of less than a year, those in C major, G minor and E flat, would have been sufficient to insure him immortality had he written nothing else. In them his genius shines the brightest. His melodic inventon was never more wonderful and in his skill as a composer he so wrote that despite the small orchestra he uses, the symphonies are today full of modern feeling. There is little choice among the three. Some prefer the "Jupiter," some prefer the G minor and some the E flat, but they are all of ineffable beauty.

Of the living Russian composers Sergei Rachmaninoff is easily the foremost, and despite the fact that he was for many years a resident of Germany the racial traits of his music are very strong. In his symphonic poem that Dr. Muck is to play he has drawn his inspiration from that remarkable picture of the Swiss painter, Arnold Bocklin, "Der Toteninsel." The chances are that this work will be heard in Baltimore for the first time. When Rachmaninoff came to this country a few years ago as a guest of the Boston Symphony Orchestra he conducted the poem in Boston, but at the Baltimore concert he simply appeared as the piano soloist. The poem is one of extraordinary beauty and is well worthy of more frequent performances than it has. The program in its proper order is as follows:

Mozart—Symphony in E flat.
Rachmaninoff—"Der Toteninsel."
Tschaikowsky—Concerto for violin and orchestra.
Mendelssohn—Overture, "Sea-Calm a
Prosperous Voyage."

From EVENING SU
Address: Baltim
Date

Estal

KREISLER TO HERE WED

Will Be Soloist At Concert O Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MOZART WORK ON PROGRAM

Symphonic Poem By Rachmaninoff, Regarded As Greatest Living Russian Composer, To Be Played.

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Regarded As Greatest Of Russians.

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When Rachmaninoff came to this country a few years ago as a guest of the Boston Symphony Orchestra he conducted the poem in Boston, but at the Baltimore concert he simply appeared as the piano soloist. The concert will close with Mendelssohn's overture "Sea-
Calm and Prosperous V

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date 1915

Estab

GOOD PROGRAM BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Second Concert at Lyric Well Attended; Fritz Kreisler Is Soloist.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the second concert of its Baltimore series of the season at the Lyric last night. The program was quite interesting, and Fritz Kreisler, violinist, as the special soloist, was applauded an unusually long time. The audience filled the house.

Mozart's Symphony in E flat (K. 543) is heard seldom enough to have been enjoyable last night. Its comparative simplicity of construction, its brightness and Mozart's particular individualty made it much more welcome than another repetition at this time of the oft-repeated Beethoven symphonies. It would be well, particularly in these days of transition in musical art, if other such works were played more often.

The Island of the Dead, a symphonic poem by Rachmaninoff, suggested by the picture of that name by A Bocklin, is a tonal work from contemplation of which it is hard to turn. Here is modern music in keeping with the present age—neither an echo of ancient days nor, literally speaking, the shadow of coming events. To attempt to describe it would be far harder than to attempt to describe the gripping picture which inspired it. The simplicity of the emotion, yet its deep moving power defy words for communication of its full appreciation. When one hears such music he wonders how much further musical art is able to go along present lines, and if, after all, it will be necessary in future to resort to such a method as just suggested by the youthful Leo Ornstein.

It seemed a pity to have to turn immediately from such a work to Tschaikowsky's violin concerto, fine as the concerto is. The concerto itself is moving music, and Kreisler played it exceedingly well and with excellent support by the orchestra.

Mendelssohn's overture, Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage, closed the program rather ineffectively. It seemed insipid after the other music.

J. N. H.

From NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date DEC 2 - 1915

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PROGRAM PLEASES

Boston Symphony Orchestra Heard At Its Best.

Judicious Blending Of Ancient And Modern Schools; Kreisler Receives A Great Ovation.

It is doubtful whether any concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra of late years has been so heartily enjoyed as that at the Lyric last night, and this was the result of a most fortunate combination of circumstances. For one thing, Fritz Kreisler was the soloist; the playing of the orchestra was peculiarly finished and sympathetic even for this unique organization, and finally, the program was one of singular attraction and nicety of balance. For the last two years, indeed, Dr. Muck's programs have shown a consistent endeavor to give Baltimore a judicious blend of the best of both ancient and modern schools, and such criticisms as have been freely expressed in the past as to this conductor's seemingly careless flinging on to this city of whatever music happened to suit his mood at the moment must surely now, in common justice, cease.

The concert opened with Mozart's E-flat Symphony—one of the three which have, by universal consent, been rescued from the general internment of the composer's remaining 46 symphonies; but of these three the one performed last night is certainly the least striking.

Of its two contemporaries, that commonly known as the Jupiter Symphony has a pervading dignity and a certain godlike aloofness which more or less justifies its title, and, moreover, its finale stands for all time as a monument of orchestral counterpoint, while the other—the G minor, the first great emotional symphony given to the world—is full of a tender subtlety of feeling quite modern at times in its intensity. The E-flat Symphony, on the other hand, is bathed in almost uninterrupted sunshine and its claims to distinction lie in the unusual impressiveness of its introduction, the energy and individuality of its last movement and the exquisite grace and balance of its slender scoring throughout. This is, by the bye, the only symphony without oboe parts in the musical repertoire of today.

Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," which came next on the program, is in many respects the most inspired work that has yet issued from this composer's pen. There is a powerful weirdness of coloring, a curiously tense atmosphere and a peculiar suggestion of desolation, especially at the beginning, which made a profound impression on the audience. Many of the harmonic progressions are most original and beautiful, but never, as is the case with so many modern compositions, exaggerated or eccentric.

Fritz Kreisler, who played the now almost hackneyed Tschaikowsky concerto in D, was at his finest once again last night. There is in this artist a steady and perpetual flow of inspiration above and beyond his immense technical equipment, which gives him a place altogether unique among executants of the present day, and he was accorded such an ovation both before and after his performance as has seldom been witnessed even at these concerts.

H. D. P.

From EVENING SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date DEC 1

Estab

BOSTON SYMPHONY TON

Fritz Kreisler Will Be Soloist Concert At Lyric.

The second concert of the Bos Symphony Orchestra will take place the Lyric Theatre at 8.15 this even and Fritz Kreisler will be the solo The program is as follows:

Mozart—Symphony in E flat.
Rachmaninoff—"Die Toteninsel" (symphonic poem).
Tschaikowsky—Concerto for violin and orchestra.
Mendelssohn—Overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage."

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date NOV 24 191

Es 1884

SECOND CONCERT SATISFYING

Boston Symphony Orchestra and Miss Hartley, Pianist, Pleased.

The second concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last night and Infantry Hall was well filled with an appreciative audience. It was an all instrumental programme that was presented, with a pianist as soloist, and that combination does not always appeal as strongly to many as a more diversified arrangement of musicians. On this occasion, however, the audience left the hall quite satisfied with what had been heard in two hours of continuous pleasure.

The programme was carefully planned and well balanced, reflecting more than ordinarily the skill of Dr. Muck in that respect. The symphony was serious and difficult, while the remaining numbers were of the lighter sort, all being brilliant, bright and melodious. The programme was played in the following order:

Brahms, Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Op. 98; Berlioz, Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," Op. 9; Saint-Saens, Concerto in G minor, No. 2, for Pianoforte, Op. 22; Bizet, Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1, Music to Alphonse Daudet's play.

The Brahms Fourth Symphony in E minor is not as popular as most compositions that are rendered more frequently. Dr. Muck, however, does not seem to share in that feeling concerning this selection, for he has shown evidence of keen admiration for Brahms in all his moods, and has been particularly successful in interpreting his music to the public. The marked feature of this symphony is its slow movement, and it possesses a beauty that cannot fail to be appreciated by real lovers of music of the highest grade. The unique character of the last part of the selection also marks it as distinctive, the composer having used as a basis the ancient Passacaglia dance. Altogether this symphony is well worth hearing when it is played as it should be, and there was nothing lacking in the expression with which it was rendered last night. It has still further charm for many because it is the last work of the kind that Brahms produced, and so forms in a sense a special memorial to his genius.

In the second half of the programme three French composers were represented, the trio who stand highest in musical honor in that land. Berlioz, Saint-Saens and Bizet are names to inspire any musician, and the grouping of the three as a section of a programme was a happy idea that worked to a charm.

Berlioz contributed the overture to the "Roman Carnival," which shows clearly and skillfully the gayety of the carnival time in ancient Rome when the population in light holiday mood sallied forth to enjoy the festival. There is a fanciful strain running through the muisc, and the great composer must have been in a happy frame when he created this masterpiece of wild, care-free melody.

The other orchestral number and the final one on the programme, was the Bizet selection, his first "L'Arlesienne" suite. This composer's name is associated inseparably with the music of "Carmen," but this selection, which is part of the incidental music which he wrote for Daudet's play, is as fine and rich in melody as any of his compositions. It is filled with the spirit of the Provence, and is iexquisite in its colorful character. Each of the four parts, prelude, minuetto, adagietto and carillon, is a gem in itself, and the entire suite, played as it was last night, as an unfailing source of keenest pleasure.

The solosit was **Miss Laeta Hartley**, an American pianist who had never been heard in this city before. She made many friends, however, both by her simple, charming manner and by her ability at the piano. Her selection was Saint-Saen's second concerto in G minor, which requires special nimblenes and accuracy, and she played it with marked symphony, displaying a delicacy of touch combined with assurance of control that won immediate admiration and warm aproval from her audience. It is no mean test of ability, and it was rendered in a most satisfying manner by both the soloist and the orchestra.

From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date NOV 2 8 191

Est 1884

THE second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in the National Tuesday afternoon at 4:30. The soloist will be Fritz Kreisler the great violinist, who will then make his first appearance of the season here. Kreisler will play Tschaikowsky's brilliant Concerto in D Major.

The orchestral numbers will be the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, Bizet's exquisite "L'Arlesienne" Suite. The Brahms Symphony in E Minor No. 4, has been for a number of years in a sense the Cinderella of the symphonic family. Pedants in the first place objected to the key in which it was written saying that it was improper to compose a symphony in such a key. Others found it turgid and cryptic, although the bitterest enemies of Brahms had to admit that the slow movement was one of ethereal beauty. The great conductors of the world, however, have always had great admiration for this symphony, and now the public is beginning rapidly to respond to its charm.

[61]

From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 1 1915

The second Boston Symphony concert of the season attracted its usual large and fashionable audience to the National Theater yesterday afternoon. The German Ambassador was among the box holders, his guests including Mme. Hauge, Mrs. Norman Williams and Prince and Princess von Hatzfeldt-Trachenberg. Gen. and Mrs. Crozier had among the guests in their box Lady Spring-Rice and Mrs. Robert Lansing. The Rev. and Mrs. F. Ward Denys, in one of the stage boxes, entertained Mrs. Ralph Cross Johnson, Miss Mabel Johnson and the Misses Denys. In the stage box on the opposite side of the house were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, Mrs. Eugene Hale, Mrs. George Howard and Mrs. Rollins Morse. Mrs. Preston Gibson entertained a party in Mrs. McMillan's box, her guests including Mrs. Seaton Schroeder and Miss Patten. Mr. and Mrs. Lisner had with them in their box Mrs. Charles H. Robb, Mrs. D. Percy Hickling, Mrs. Frank Freeman and Miss Harpmann. Mrs. Mahlon Pitney, Mr. and Mrs. Myron Whitney and Mrs. Walter Bruce Howe were among the guests in Mrs. Calderon Carlisle's box. Among others in the audience were Mr. and Mrs. George Peabody Eustis, Mrs. Henry Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Duncan McKim, Mr. Arnold Hague, Miss Alice Shepard, Mrs. James Harlan, Mme. Ekengren, Mrs. Adolph Caspar Miller, Mrs. Edward Douglas White, Mrs. Julian James, Mrs. Marcus Hanna, Miss Phelps, Mrs. William Holland Wilmer and her mother, Mrs. Smith; Mrs. Slater, Mrs. John H. Purdy, Mrs. Thomas Sweeney, Mrs. Gibson Fahnestock, Mrs. William Hammond, Mrs. James R. Mann, Mrs. Mendeville Carlisle, Mrs. Robert Hinckley, Miss Sophie Siebert, Mrs. Robert Taylor, Mrs. Beverly Williamson, Mrs. Richardson Clover, Miss Beatrice Clover, Mrs. Philip Sheridan, the Misses Sheridan, Mrs. Christian Heurich, Miss Keyser, Mrs. C. C. Clover, Mrs. Thomas Carter, Mrs. Robert Chew, Mrs. Archibald Davis, Mrs. Leutze, Miss Leutze, Mrs. De Frees Critten, Mrs. John C. Simpson, Mrs. A. W. Bagley, Mrs. Henry Fitch, Mrs. Buckner Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. William Eaches Fendall, Mrs. Edward Mitchell, Miss Margaret Perin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Carpenter, Mrs. Charles C. Walcutt, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Noyes, Miss Lee, Mrs. John Blair, Miss Margaret Breckinridge, Miss Harriet Winslow, Mrs. Andrew Peters, Mr. Conti, Miss Sargent, Mrs. Rapley, Miss Hickey, Miss Cannon and Miss Julia Scott.

From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 5 - 1915

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[illegible] Franklin gave a tea Wed-

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 1 1915

KREISLER CHARMS SYMPHONY AUDIENCE

Boston Orchestra and Violinist Heard in Program of Pleasing Numbers.

Fritz Kreisler's magnificent rendering of Tschaikowsky's concerto in D major was easily the feature of the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon at the National Theater, and Mr. Kreisler's surmounting of the technical difficulties was a triumph of virtuosity.

Moreover the applause which greeted him seemed to be the expression of sincere affection as well as a tribute to his power and charm as a musician. The finale, with its interwoven Russian folk songs was given in a particularly brilliant manner.

The second movement of Bizet's suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1, which was the closing number of the program, was easily the most delightful part of the orchestral program and was distinguished by delicacy and grace of execution. The symphony of the afternoon, Brahms' No. 4, in E minor, was of a character to appeal to the intellect rather than to the emotions.

From TIMES
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date NOV 26 1915

PADEREWSKI AS COMPOSER.

Famous Pianist to Appear Here, December 1.

If Paderewski were not the astonishing pianist that he is, his fame would be secure as a composer. As it is, he is like Liszt; because he is the greatest virtuoso of his time, the public has been slow to appreciate his genius as composer. This is all the more interesting since he at one time gave up all idea of being a pianist and decided to devote himself entirely to composition. It was not until he was twenty-four that he set himself seriously at work to perfect the technique that has brought him fame and fortune; and then it was because he was urged to do so by his friend and countrywoman, Helena Modjeska. He has to his credit a concerto for piano and orchestra, a fantasia for the same, a sonata and a set of variations for piano alone, an opera, and a symphony. When he came to America in 1908 the errand which brought him was to have his symphony performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra. By that organization it was played in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and Brooklyn. It has also been played with much success since in London, Paris, Leipsic, Warsaw and Philadelphia. Paderewski will give a concert in Foot Guard hall, Wednesday evening, December 1. Tickets are now on sale at Watkins Brothers, Inc., No. 239 Asylum street.

From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 1 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYS.

Fritz Kreisler Is Soloist at Orchestra Concert.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Carl Muck, conductor, was given yesterday evening at the National theater.

The numbers on the program were Brahms' Symphony in E minor (No. 4.); Tschaikowski's Concert in D major for violin, and a suite (No. 1), of Bizet's "L'Arlesienne." Fritz Kreisler, who was the soloist of the occasion, received a tremendous ovation.

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 1 1915

Boston Symphony Concert.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, gave its second concert of the season at the New National Theater yesterday afternoon, with Fritz Kreisler, the distinguished violinist as soloist. Brahms' "Symphony in E Minor" (No. 4), and Bizet's suite, "L'Arlesienne," were the orchestral numbers of the program, with Tschaikowski's "Concerto in D Major" as the offering of the soloist, supported by the orchestra. The appearance of Mr. Kreisler was greeted with a great volume of applause, which was renewed with even greater vigor at the close of his number. There were those who declared that the symphony, which is said to be too profound for appreciation by the average audience, was, on this occasion, quite within reach of lovers of music, and really enjoyable. The Bizet selection, however, was thought to have possessed greater charm.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 30 1915

BOSTON ORCHESTRA WITH KREISLER

Great Violinist Plays Beethoven Concerto After the Bruckner Symphony

PROGRAM:

Bruckner...........Symphony, E major, No. 7
Beethoven............Concerto for violin, op.61

The program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at the Academy last night, consisted of only two numbers. These were sufficient to provide two hours of undissembled enjoyment.

The Bruckner Symphony took about an hour and a quarter to play. Like the Fourth Symphony, played by our own orchestra a year ago, the work is easily chargeable with an overopulence of material, and with a lack of long-continued dominant motives—in other words, it may seem to be a succession of picturesque episodes lacking co-ordination. The lay listener is likely to feel that it is not easy for the ear to seize upon and remember any very definite themes; yet there certainly is plenty of melody and harmony and constant movement.

The first movement abounds in free and flowing melody for the strings, broken by the interpretation of flute and oboe. There is a vigorously independent use of the second violins, a marked characteristic of the whole work. The adagio is beautiful, and at times sublime. It is distinguished for the use of the four "Bayreuth tubas" that were seen in the background, and heard with their big and rich and solemn voices in the forefront. They resembled in outward aspect elongated French horns with the throats of slender tubas. Their presence emphasized the Wagnerian atmosphere and concept of parts of the symphony.

The Scherzo has the dimensions—though not the character—of similar movements in the symphonies of Brahms; its spirit is as playful as the starving muse of the master knew how to achieve, yet in dimensions the movement is built on the heroic model. The finale is enriched by splendid effects of the choral voices of the aforesaid tubas, against a marching dignity of the plucked strings of the basses and the cellos. It is a noble work—and one is a little bewildered that contemporary critics should have been so consistently cruel to the poor, humble composer who progressed from 75 cents a month to 60 cents an hour, in his long life as musical pedagogue. That his music could have kept so much of serenity and sweetness speaks for a nature not embittered by loneliness and unkind tongues, and should endear him with posterity, though he was so often denied and decried and disappointed in his lifetime.

Kreisler played gloriously. It was a man of sorrows that confronted the audience while the orchestra played the introductory passage—a man into whose soul the iron and blood of war have entered, whose nature was deeply seamed and seared by that of which he was a part at Lemberg in Galicia. The music he made grew more and more beautiful to hear as it proceeded. When he reached the cadenza, and the violin outsoared alone, the warm, throbbing, human voice of the instrument said the soul's inmost in tones of a luscious and melting eloquence: it was a movement within a movement, a little separate crown-jewel of loveliness encased by Kreisler's hand in a Beethoven setting.

The first theme, taken for the main idea, was elaborated upon and embroidered without gilding refined gold or painting the lily, but with supreme reticence and good taste, in the temper of the work whence it outgrew like a flower. The Larghetto, with the violin's running commentary upon the orchestral milieu, passed without a break into the inspired scamper of the Rondo with another dazzling cadenza of apeggios. Technically brilliant as the execution was from first to last, there was found not room for personal display: there was neither meretricious cunning nor vainglory. Here was a man with a message to deliver and a meaning to communicate, through the medium of the greatest music written for the violin with the orchestra, and the severest test of the character and ideals of the exponent.

Mr. Kreisler emerged from the ordeal a greater figure in his art—and not merely in the regard of his audience—than ever. He was applauded to the echo, it is needless to remark: and the sound that he called into being for his enraptured audience last evening lingers and is exquisite, still.

The accompaniment under Dr. Muck's hand was so finely graduated and adaptive that most of the time one was only subconsciously aware of it.

F. L. W.

From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 1 1915

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From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 5 - 1915

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[illegible] James Franklin gave a tea Wed-

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 1 1915

KREISLER CHARMS SYMPHONY AUDIENCE

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Moreover the applause which greeted him seemed to be the expression of sincere affection as well as a tribute to his power and charm as a musician. The finale, with its interwoven Russian folk songs was given in a particularly brilliant manner.

The second movement of Bizet's suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1, which was the closing number of the program, was easily the most delightful part of the orchestral program and was distinguished by delicacy and grace of execution. The symphony of the afternoon, Brahms' No. 4, in E minor, was of a character to appeal to the intellect rather than to the emotions.

From TIMES
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date NOV 26 1915

PADEREWSKI AS COMPOSER.

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If Paderewski were not the astonishing pianist that he is, his fame would be secure as a composer. As it is, he is like Liszt; because he is the greatest virtuoso of his time, the public has been slow to appreciate his genius as composer. This is all the more interesting since he at one time gave up all idea of being a pianist and decided to devote himself entirely to composition. It was not until he was twenty-four that he set himself seriously at work to perfect the technique that has brought him fame and fortune; and then it was because he was urged to do so by his friend and countrywoman, Helena Modjeska. He has to his credit a concerto for piano and orchestra, a fantasia for the same, a sonata and a set of variations for piano alone, an opera, and a symphony. When he came to America in 1908 the errand which brought him was to have his symphony performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra. By that organization it was played in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and Brooklyn. It has also been played with much success since in London, Paris, Leipsic, Warsaw and Philadelphia. Paderewski will give a concert in Foot Guard hall, Wednesday evening, December 1. Tickets are now on sale at Watkins Brothers, Inc., No. 239 Asylum street.

From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 1 1915

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The numbers on the program were Brahms' Symphony in E minor (No. 4.); Tschaikowski's Concert in D major for violin, and a suite (No. 1), of Bizet's "L'Arlesienne." Fritz Kreisler, who was the soloist of the occasion, received a tremendous ovation.

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 1 1915

Boston Symphony Concert.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, gave its second concert of the season at the New National Theater yesterday afternoon, with Fritz Kreisler, the distinguished violinist as soloist. Brahms' "Symphony in E Minor" (No. 4), and Bizet's suite, "L'Arlesienne," were the orchestral numbers of the program, with Tschaikowski's "Concerto in D Major" as the offering of the soloist, supported by the orchestra. The appearance of Mr. Kreisler was greeted with a great volume of applause, which was renewed with even greater vigor at the close of his number. There were those who declared that the symphony, which is said to be too profound for appreciation by the average audience, was, on this occasion, quite within reach of lovers of music, and really enjoyable. The Bizet selection, however, was thought to have possessed greater charm.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 30 1915

BOSTON ORCHESTRA WITH KREISLER

Great Violinist Plays Beethoven Concerto After the Bruckner Symphony

PROGRAM:

Bruckner...........Symphony, E major, No. 7
Beethoven............Concerto for violin, op.61

The program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at the Academy last night, consisted of only two numbers. These were sufficient to provide two hours of undissembled enjoyment.

The Bruckner Symphony took about an hour and a quarter to play. Like the Fourth Symphony, played by our own orchestra a year ago, the work is easily chargeable with an overopulence of material, and with a lack of long-continued dominant motives—in other words, it may seem to be a succession of picturesque episodes lacking co-ordination. The lay listener is likely to feel that it is not easy for the ear to seize upon and remember any very definite themes; yet there certainly is plenty of melody and harmony and constant movement.

The first movement abounds in free and flowing melody for the strings, broken by the interpretation of flute and oboe. There is a vigorously independent use of the second violins, a marked characteristic of the whole work. The adagio is beautiful, and at times sublime. It is distinguished for the use of the four "Bayreuth tubas" that were seen in the background, and heard with their big and rich and solemn voices in the forefront. They resembled in outward aspect elongated French horns with the throats of slender tubas. Their presence emphasized the Wagnerian atmosphere and concept of parts of the symphony.

The Scherzo has the dimensions—though not the character—of similar movements in the symphonies of Brahms; its spirit is as playful as the starving muse of the master knew how to achieve, yet in dimensions the movement is built on the heroic model. The finale is enriched by splendid effects of the choral voices of the aforesaid tubas, against a marching dignity of the plucked strings of the basses and the cellos. It is a noble work—and one is a little bewildered that contemporary critics should have been so consistently cruel to the poor, humble composer who progressed from 75 cents a month to 60 cents an hour, in his long life as musical pedagogue. That his music could have kept so much of serenity and sweetness speaks for a nature not embittered by loneliness and unkind tongues, and should endear him with posterity, though he was so often denied and decried and disappointed in his lifetime.

Kreisler played gloriously. It was a man of sorrows that confronted the audience while the orchestra played the introductory passage—a man into whose soul the iron and blood of war have entered, whose nature was deeply seamed and seared by that of which he was a part at Lemberg in Galicia. The music he made grew more and more beautiful to hear as it proceeded. When he reached the cadenza, and the violin outsoared alone, the warm, throbbing, human voice of the instrument said the soul's inmost in tones of a luscious and melting eloquence: it was a movement within a movement, a little separate crown-jewel of loveliness encased by Kreisler's hand in a Beethoven setting.

The first theme, taken for the main idea, was elaborated upon and embroidered without gilding refined gold or painting the lily, but with supreme reticence and good taste, in the temper of the work whence it outgrew like a flower. The Larghetto, with the violin's running commentary upon the orchestral milieu, passed without a break into the inspired scamper of the Rondo with another dazzling cadenza of apeggios. Technically brilliant as the execution was from first to last, there was found not room for personal display: there was neither meretricious cunning nor vainglory. Here was a man with a message to deliver and a meaning to communicate, through the medium of the greatest music written for the violin with the orchestra, and the severest test of the character and ideals of the exponent.

Mr. Kreisler emerged from the ordeal a greater figure in his art—and not merely in the regard of his audience—than ever. He was applauded to the echo, it is needless to remark: and the sound that he called into being for his enraptured audience last evening lingers and is exquisite, still.

The accompaniment under Dr. Muck's hand was so finely graduated and adaptive that most of the time one was only subconsciously aware of it.

F. L. W.

[62]

From POST
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From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date DEC 1 1915
Estal 84

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From TIMES
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date NOV 26 1915
Esta 884

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HERALD
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From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date NOV 30 1915
Establ

BOSTON ORCHESTRA WITH KREISLER

Great Violinist Plays Beethoven Concerto After the Bruckner Symphony

PROGRAM:

Bruckner...........Symphony, E major, No. 7
Beethoven............Concerto for violin, op.61

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The Bruckner Symphony took about an hour and a quarter to play. Like the Fourth Symphony, played by our own orchestra a year ago, the work is easily chargeable with an overopulence of material, and with a lack of long-continued dominant motives—in other words, it may seem to be a succession of picturesque episodes lacking co-ordination. The lay listener is likely to feel that it is not easy for the ear to seize upon and remember any very definite themes; yet there certainly is plenty of melody and harmony and constant movement.

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The accompaniment under Dr. Muck's hand was so finely graduated and adaptive that most of the time one was only subconsciously aware of it.

F. L. W.

[62]

From **BULLETIN**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date NOV 3 0 1915

10

Boston Symphony

Kreisler Soloist of Program Including Bruckner's Seventh Symphony

Es 884

FRITZ Kreisler, making his first local appearance of the season, was the soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's second concert of its series, at the Academy of Music last evening, on a program which consisted of only two numbers, the first part being devoted to the performance of Anton Bruckner's Symphony No. 7, in E major, and the second to the interpretation of Beethoven's D major concerto for violin and orchestra. The concert was somewhat longer than usually given by this organization, however, since the first work consumed about an hour and fifteen minutes and the other at least half that time.

The symphony, in fact, great as it undoubtedly is in the skill of its counterpoint, of which Bruckner was a master, and impressive in its elaborate instrumentation, is too long to sustain for the average listener the interest that a work of more simplicity and melodious appeal might maintain, and at its completion one is not likely to feel any stirring desire to hear it soon again.

The second movement—adagio—has been called Bruckner's masterpiece, and there is some belief that it was written as a funeral dirge for Richard Wagner, although it was completed nearly a year before the latter's death. It is, at any rate, a fine and impressive piece of orchestral writing, though even here the ear misses the appeal of direct melodization and there is a reiteration of idea and tonal effect that does not always escape tedium. The first movement, allegro moderato, is much given to piercing combination of high-pitched tone in strings and brasses, and while the Boston players gave of their brilliant best to make the music inspiring, it had neither the appeal of a Beethoven nor the impressiveness of a Wagner, though near to the close of the movement there was a brief suggestion of the fire music in "Die Walkure," and the ending has something of Wagnerian effect.

The adagio, however, with its nearer approach to rich melodization, was more satisfying, and the scherzo, while lacking much of the blithesome spirit of jocosity that this movement of a symphony may be expected to present, rose to a real height of lavish instrumentation, and was not unlike the thrilling third act of a play, which causes the fourth to come with the spent force of an anti-climax.

Not the least interesting of the four is the final movement, presenting as it does some fine passages of shimmering strings, a choral of real beauty, and at the last a full burst of triumphant crescendo, the end coming with a sharp chord which seems to leave something unsaid. But, as before mentioned, one scarcely feels inclined to wish for more. Great as the work is in many respects, and magnificently played as it was in every respect, under Dr. Muck's sedately effective leadership, an hour and fifteen minutes was quite enough of it.

The Beethoven violin concerto is one of the most beautiful in existence, even if not the greatest in the scope of achievement that it offers to an artist, and Kreisler was at his best. In fluency and accuracy of execution, purity of tone, lovely legato and birdlike flight of lofty trill, Kreisler's playing last evening was incomparable. In the first cadenza alone he seemed to do with marvelous skill about everything that can be done with his instrument, and the larghetto as he played it was enough to melt the traditional heart of stone. A prolonged reception was given the violinist when he first appeared, and when he had finished his number the applause was in the nature of a genuine ovation.

The Boston orchestra's third concert of the season is scheduled for Monday evening, January 3, when Mme. Melba will be the soloist.

Evening
From **PUBLIC LEDGER**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date NOV 3 0 1915

Established

BOSTON SYMPHONY AND KREISLER PLAY

Bruckner Symphony and Beethoven Concerto in Academy Program

The second series of Boston Symphony concerts, in a program consisting of but two numbers and with Fritz Kreisler as assisting artist, was given at the Academy last night. The symphony, Anton Bruckner's seventh, was long and was coolly received. The Beethoven concerto for violin, with which Kreisler's name is almost inevitably linked, made up in the appreciation of the audience.

One can hardly criticise Doctor Muck for bringing to this city in his limited appearances here such works as this one of Bruckner's. He can hardly limit himself to the established favorites, and it is well that he should bring his experiments on tour. Bruckner he played recently in Boston, and it was truly said there that this is music which a Mediterranean people would never forgive. If the perfervid Wagnerite, who attacked Brahms, could have looked about in his own camp and said of Bruckner that he

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There are beautiful mom seventh, and there is a se as a funeral march, which passingly great were it no long drawn out. For the r have ears for tonal beauty consolation in the magnific the orchestra. For sheer more glowingly warm and been heard this year than the brass, nor were the en of the whole band less th The same smooth, rich ele quence of utterance which Boston Symphony an orga and precious in past seasons again.

But even if Bruckner had not been played in this way, even if all his works were set down in a program, it would be worth listening to if Fritz Kreisler were given as a reward at the end. He appeared last night more in possession of his health and of himself. The brave figure seemed again undismayed by adversity, and the magnificent head was still unbowed. He looked out at his audience with a strange sadness, but with triumph. And he played again.

From the witches' Sabbath which is called life Mr. Kreisler and his art redeem us eternally in the contemplation of serene beauty and of revelry which is lusty and cheerful and gay. There are tones in his most beautiful violin in the world which are not heard elsewhere, and there are passions which he suffers and transmits which are known everywhere not so poignantly, not so intensely, not so completely as in his playing. Tribute to him can only be a sad and stammering expression of what must be felt even by those to whom music and all the emotions it calls into being are a matter of every day. He is a great genius and there plays about him that mysterious flame which forbids inquiry and settles doubt. We cannot drink from the cup from which he has drunk.

G. V. S.

From **PRESS**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date NOV 2 8 1915

Est 1884

MUSIC OF THE WEEK

Monday Evening.
Boston Symphony Orchestra—Academy of Music.
Tuesday Evening.
"Manon"—Metropolitan Opera House.
Wednesday Evening.
Le Coin d'Or Musical—251 South Camac Street.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in the Academy of Music to-morrow (Monday) evening, November 29. The soloist will be Fritz Kreisler, who will then make his only appearance here during the current season. The program has only two numbers. The first part will be taken by Bruckner's Seventh Symphony in E Major. The second part will be devoted to Beethoven's Concerto in D Major for violin, which Mr. Kreisler will play.

Anton Bruckner's Seventh Symphony will be played here for the first time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He is one of the most interesting and at the same time, most pathetic figures in the history of music. His life was one long struggle against poverty and to the end of his days he made his living by teaching in Vienna at the large sum of sixty cents a lesson. Nonetheless, he was a giant among composers. His symphonies, of which there are nine, are built on a large scale, and have made their way in public favor slowly. Almost from the beginning Bruckner has had the most loyal service from the great conductors of the world, but the public has been slower his genius.

From **EVENING TELEGRAM**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date NOV 3 0 1915

67

KREISLER WITH THE BOSTON

Great Violinist Plays Beethoven on Bruckner Program at Academy.

884

Last season Fritz Kreisler played in Philadelphia five times. For even an unusually good artist, that would be about three times too many. But Mr. Kreisler, by chance of fortune, is not an unusually good artist. He is a superlatively splendid one. Such reflections were engendered last evening when the violinist stepped on the stage of the Academy of Music and played with matchless fire, delicacy and variety Beethoven's familiar D-major concerto, thereby putting joy into a night that had been devoted entirely to Bruckner and blatancy. For Dr. Muck, seduced either by an academic interest in submerged symphonies or the really admirable adagio, had elected to give that composer's seventh, prolix jig tunes, mirthless suavity, and all because it was "new to Philadelphia."

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[63]

From **EVENING MAIL**
Address: **New York City**
Date DEC 3 1915

Established: L

MUSIC

Conducted by
Sigmund Spaeth

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1884

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MONITOR,

DECEMBER 11, 1915

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The majority of the house on Friday afternoon must have felt convinced of one thing. Whether or not Beethoven meant his symphony to be an example of rural landscape painting, the conductor did not mean his interpretation to be anything of that sort. In other words, if there ever was any descriptive quality in the work, it has, in his judgment, vanished. It is no longer vitally there. For the modern audience, that is to say, accustomed to late nineteenth and early twentieth century methods of scenic orchestration, the sixth symphony is sheer music, pure formalism. It is as abstract as all the rest of Beethoven.

The reading, then, considered in the light of program music, was to the last degree flat and commonplace. But not so musically. For the execution of the work was remarkable. The first violins were never put through their phrases with greater neatness and delicacy. They have done nothing all the season with lighter and surer hand than the subjects of the second movement. If Beethoven never wearied of developing them, the players never for a moment slackened in their zeal to give them lustrous tone and classic outline. And the woodwind choir was in like mood with the string section. It never did its part-singing more ingratiatingly.

And there it stands with the "Pastoral" symphony. It is taken from the shelf with such regudarity that the public must sometimes wonder if its presentation just so often is not one of the conditions on which the orchestra is founded. It gets performed with as much respect as a civic ceremonial. It is a part of the artistic routine of the community which nobody perhaps would care to have interrupted. It belongs in the active repertory of the Symphony orchestra, and let him dare to ask for its retirement who will. Schönberg pieces for orchestra may come and go again. But the sixth symphony came when the gilt shield was molded for the proscenium arch of Symphony hall and was inscribed with the name of Beethoven. And it stays.

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Then followed the ever interesting, ever entertaining "Sorcerer's Apprentice" of Dukas, quite a contrast, to be sure, but most welcome when played by these artists. Another marked contrast was afforded in the third number, Smetana's "Vyserhad," to many the gem of the concert.

The final number, Enesco's "Rouma-

From BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date NOV 30 1915

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Boston Symphony

Kreisler Soloist of Program Including Bruckner's Seventh Symphony

FRITZ Kreisler, making his first local appearance of the season, was the soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's second concert of its series, at the Academy of Music last evening, on a program which consisted of only two numbers, the first part being devoted to the performance of Anton Bruckner's Symphony No. 7, in E major, and the second to the interpretation of Beethoven's D major concerto for violin and orchestra. The concert was somewhat longer than usually given by this organization, however, since the first work consumed about an hour and fifteen minutes and the other at least half that time.

The symphony, in fact, great as it undoubtedly is in the skill of its counterpoint, of which Bruckner was a master, and impressive in its elaborate instrumentation, is too long to sustain for the average listener the interest that a work of more simplicity and melodious appeal might maintain, and at its completion one is not likely to feel any stirring desire to hear it soon again.

The second movement—adagio—has been called Bruckner's masterpiece, and there is some belief that it was written as a funeral dirge for Richard Wagner, although it was completed nearly a year before the latter's death. It is, at any rate, a fine and impressive piece of orchestral writing, though even here the ear misses the appeal of direct melodization and there is a reiteration of idea and tonal effect that does not always escape tedium. The first movement, allegro moderato, is much given to piercing combination of high-pitched tone in strings and brasses, and while the Boston players gave of their brilliant best to make the music inspiring, it had neither the appeal of a Beethoven nor the impressiveness of a Wagner, though near to the close of the movement there was a brief suggestion of the fire music in "Die Walkure," and the ending has something of Wagnerian effect.

The adagio, however, with its nearer approach to rich melodization, was more satisfying, and the scherzo, while lacking much of the blithesome spirit of jocosity that this movement of a symphony may be expected to present, rose to a real height of lavish instrumentation, and was not unlike the thrilling third act of a play, which causes the fourth to come with the spent force of an anti-climax.

Not the least interesting of the four is the final movement, presenting as it does some fine passages of shimmering strings, a choral of real beauty, and at the last a full burst of triumphant crescendo, the end coming with a sharp chord which seems to leave something unsaid. But, as before mentioned, one scarcely feels inclined to wish for more. Great as the work is in many respects, and magnificently played as it was in every respect, under Dr. Muck's sedately effective leadership, an hour and fifteen minutes was quite enough of it.

The Beethoven violin concerto is one of the most beautiful in existence, even if not the greatest in the scope of achievement that it offers to an artist, and Kreisler was at his best. In fluency and accuracy of execution, purity of tone, lovely legato and birdlike flight of lofty trill, Kreisler's playing last evening was incomparable. In the first cadenza alone he seemed to do with marvelous skill about everything that can be done with his instrument, and the larghetto as he played it was enough to melt the traditional heart of stone. A prolonged reception was given the violinist when he first appeared, and when he had finished his number the applause was in the nature of a genuine ovation.

The Boston orchestra's third concert of the season is scheduled for Monday evening, January 3, when Mme. Melba will be the soloist.

Evening
From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date NOV 30 1915

Established

BOSTON SYMPHONY AND KREISLER PLAY

Bruckner Symphony and Beethoven Concerto in Academy Program

The second series of Boston Symphony concerts, in a program consisting of but two numbers and with Fritz Kreisler as assisting artist, was given at the Academy last night. The symphony, Anton Bruckner's seventh, was long and was coolly received. The Beethoven concerto for violin, with which Kreisler's name is almost inevitably linked, made up in the appreciation of the audience.

One can hardly criticise Doctor Muck for bringing to this city in his limited appearances here such works as this one of Bruckner's. He can hardly limit himself to the established favorites, and it is well that he should bring his experiments on tour. Bruckner he played recently in Boston, and it was truly said there that this is music which a Mediterranean people would never forgive. If the perfervid Wagnerite, who attacked Brahms, could have looked about in his own camp and said of Bruckner that he

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There are beautiful moments in the seventh, and there is a solemn adagio, as a funeral march, which would be surpassingly great were it not insufferably long drawn out. For the rest, those who have ears for tonal beauty found ample consolation in the magnificent playing of the orchestra. For sheer effects nothing more glowingly warm and beautiful has been heard this year than the tones in the brass, nor were the ensemble effects of the whole band less than anticipated. The same smooth, rich elegance and eloquence of utterance which has made the Boston Symphony an organization unique and precious in past seasons were heard again.

But even if Bruckner had not been played in this way, even if all his works were set down in a program, it would be worth listening to if Fritz Kreisler were given as a reward at the end. He appeared last night more in possession of his health and of himself. The brave figure seemed again undismayed by adversity, and the magnificent head was still unbowed. He looked out at his audience with a strange sadness, but with triumph. And he played again.

From the witches' Sabbath which is called life Mr. Kreisler and his art redeem us eternally in the contemplation of serene beauty and of revelry which is lusty and cheerful and gay. There are tones in his most beautiful violin in the world which are not heard elsewhere, and there are passions which he suffers and transmits which are known everywhere not so poignantly, not so intensely, not so completely as in his playing. Tribute to him can only be a sad and stammering expression of what must be felt even by those to whom music and all the emotions it calls into being are a matter of every day. He is a great genius and there plays about him that mysterious flame which forbids inquiry and settles doubt. We cannot drink from the cup from which he has drunk.

G. V. S.

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date NOV 28 1915

MUSIC OF THE WEEK

Monday Evening.
Boston Symphony Orchestra—Academy of Music.
Tuesday Evening.
"Manon"—Metropolitan Opera House.
Wednesday Evening.
Le Coin d'Or Musical—251 South Camac Street.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in the Academy of Music to-morrow (Monday) evening, November 29. The soloist will be Fritz Kreisler, who will then make his only appearance here during the current season. The program has only two numbers. The first part will be taken by Bruckner's Seventh Symphony in E Major. The second part will be devoted to Beethoven's Concerto in D Major for violin, which Mr. Kreisler will play.

Anton Bruckner's Seventh Symphony will be played here for the first time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He is one of the most interesting and at the same time, most pathetic figures in the history of music. His life was one long struggle against poverty and to the end of his days he made his living by teaching in Vienna at the large sum of sixty cents a lesson. Nonetheless, he was a giant among composers. His symphonies, of which there are nine, are built on a large scale, and have made their way in public favor slowly. Almost from the beginning Bruckner has had the most loyal service from the great conductors of the world, but the public has been slower to recognize his genius.

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F... EGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date NOV 30 1915

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KREISLER WITH THE BOSTON

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TRANSCRIPT.

DECEMBER 11.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A LIGHT PROGRAMME OF AGREEABLE MUSIC

The Distinctions of Performance That Glorified It—Dukas's Tonal Tale in Perfection of Vivid Detail—Enesco's Fiery Rhapsody of Folk-Tune—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony as a "Disposition of the Soul"

Too much goes for granted with the public of the Symphony Orchestra. At the end of the concert yesterday afternoon the audience departed highly pleased with a light programme of familiar pieces, easily comprehensible and readily entertaining—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Dukas's Scherzo of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Smetana's tone-poem of the fallen Bohemian citadel, "Vysehrad," and one of Enesco's whirling Roumanian Rhadsodies: Repertory pieces all, as orchestral repertories run nowadays, but by no means played as such pieces often fare. It has been said—and not altogether justly—that Dr. Muck would rather polish to the last pitch of revealing and imparting perfection the performance of music with which he and the band are familiar than turn their mutual prowess into new and untried fields. It may also be true that the conductor puts on his programmes fewer novel numbers, especially by rising composers, than many of his hearers reasonably desire. On the other hand, it is in no spirit of sloth or of finicking preoccupation that he likes to refine—or in some instances to enlarge—upon such music as that of Dukas's Scherzo or of Enesco's Rhapsody.

Never has the tonal anecdote of the apprentice's adventures with the magic broom been told in our concerts with such clarity, precision and impeccable adjustment of harmonic, instrumental and rhythmic details as it was yesterday. Not a few may have been only for expert ears; but even casual listeners must have suspected that the mysterious voice and premonition of the music at the beginning; the working of the charm in the main body of the Scherzo as an inevitable and irresistible force; the perturbation, the relief and the final lifting of the spell—the serio-comic illusion of the whole, stimulating as so much music, fascinating as so much tonal suggestion and tonal narrative—sprang from a performance that far transcended routine.

Again, in Enesco's Rhapsody, what might easily seem rather monotonous repetitions and rehandlings of a few motives from Roumanian folk-song, Dr. Muck, by diversifying skill and intensifying imagination, transforms into flights of bravura intoxicating to hear. He modulates acutely and tingling; he makes shrewd play with suspensive pauses; he heightens color; he raises or diminishes emphases; he breaks or sustains rhythm. So played the Rhapsody sounds as though Enesco were pouring out the heady wine of Balkan folk-song—a vineyard in which few but him have begun to work—mixing it with the biting spice of instrumental coloring and orchestral virtuosity and finally heating the brew over the hot fires of stinging rhythms. Music that lacks seriousness as the mediocrities say, because they are prone, perhaps from long mediation over their own music, to confuse that useful quality with dulness. Music that lacks development that is no more than decked and re-decked iteration. cry the learned pundits with scorn in their voices.

Yet by this time, most of us know that Enesco is fertile of means and method and that he is wise enough and resourceful enough to choose and follow his own procedure. Color and reiteration best serve his purpose in the rhapsody; when counterpoint and development are more serviceable to his musical design he is expert with them. Moreover, there is an artistry of repetition in this music of native wildness, barely bridled for the concert-room that these same pundits and mediocrities are prone to overlook—the artistry that makes it whip ear and sensation until they tingle with these snapping rhythms, glow with this hot fire of speech and catch and crouch with the orchestra at the suspensive pauses that send it whirling more swiftly onward. Enesco knows this goading artistry that in him and in this particular rhapsody is half Roumanian instinct and half Viennese and Parisian sophistication. In general, it is the secret of the transformation of the wilder folk-music into an art-music that keeps the original thrill. Liszt knew it and applied it when he wrote his Hungarian rhapsodies.

Similarly, conductor and orchestra did much for Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. By this time most of those that hear it care little for the pictorial element in the music. They do not pursue the purling brook through the Andante as they are wont to do through certain passages in "The Creation" by ingenuous old Haydn. They do not listen for the sounds of the village musicians in the course of the scherzo. Tonal lightnings and thunders have long baen commonplaces of music. There is no need of either shepherd's songs or hymns of thanksgiving to savor the upswelling of one of Beethoven's finales. It may even be suspected that most auditors yesterday cared not one pin whether Beethoven was fortunate enough to see and feel nature with the eyes and the temper of Mr. d'Indy and so gain the approval of a chapter in a monograph that more extols Beethoven the more closely he approaches the ideals and the ways of the eminent Parisian himself. Usually Beethoven's delineation in the Pastoral Symphony is so transparently clear and so savory in momentary suggestion that the hearer takes hardly a passing thought of it. Rather he listens to an absolute music that is born of what Rubinstein aptly [illegible] "the disposition of the composer's

Beethoven, writing the symphony, was minded to instrumental song as fresh of melody, as flowing of fancy, as fecund in serene grace upon serene grace, as luminous as the day and as warm as sunshine and so he made the first movement. Attuned to as serene, fanciful and graceful a revery, he wrote the second movement of tranquil and songful musing. He made merry in the scherzo with his rustic dances, because such was his "disposition of soul" whereas it ran sometimes to rough and even fierce play with these bold and pounding rhythms. The thunderstorm, even to this day, is a little feat of ingenious interweaving of delineation into a symphonic web. The finale is Beethoven tranquilly and not turbulently exultant. If musing wanderings in the woods about Vienna quickened to him these moods, impulses and inventions, if his whole reflective love for the face and the suggestion of nature was background, as it were, to them, so much the better for the woods. But without "the dispositon of the soul" and of such a soul as Beethoven's, the Pastoral Symphony would hardly have been written. It is music of the spirit and not music of the scene.

BOSTON JOURNAL-

DECEMBER 13,

SYMPHONY PLAYS POPULAR PROGRAM

Delights Big Audience Present at Pension Fund Concert.

Seldom is the Boston Symphony Orchestra heard in a program of so popular a character as the one presented at yesterday's pension fund concert, and it was undoubtedly on this account that Symphony Hall was almost sold out. Financially, as well as artistically, the concert was a big success.

The program consisted of Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony—and this composer's music is always popularly received—Strauss' "Blue Danube" waltz, Lalo's "Namouna" ballet suite and Rossini's "William Tell" overture. All but the symphony might fairly be classified as "Pop" music. For this reason the concert was welcomed by the crowd and heartily enjoyed.

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Dr. Muck's conducting of Tschaikowsky's Symphony, was dramatic, noble, impressive, a great reading of a great work. In his choice of tempi; in his control of rhythm; in his infinite wealth of dynamic gradations; in his sense of continuity; in his expression of detail without checking the melodic flow; in his obtaining powerful effects without the sacrifice of tone; in these and many other respects he excited admiration.

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The first violin part of the finale of the "Tell" overture probably has not been played as cleanly or at as furious pace on many occasions. Nor should Mr Maquarre's flute be forgotten here in the obbligato to the song by English horn, or in the Oriental rhapsody in the "Market Day Shows" of the Lalo, which brought interrupting applause.

TRANSCRIPT,

DECEMBER 11.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A LIGHT PROGRAMME OF AGREEABLE MUSIC

The Distinctions of Performance That Glorified It—Dukas's Tonal Tale in Perfection of Vivid Detail—Enesco's Fiery Rhapsody of Folk-Tune—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony as a "Disposition of the Soul"

TOO much goes for granted with the public of the Symphony Orchestra. At the end of the concert yesterday afternoon the audience departed highly pleased with a light programme of familiar pieces, easily comprehensible and readily entertaining—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Dukas's Scherzo of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Smetana's tone-poem of the fallen Bohemian citadel, "Vysehrad," and one of Enesco's whirling Roumanian Rhadsodies: Repertory pieces all, as orchestral repertories run nowadays, but by no means played as such pieces often fare. It has been said—and not altogether justly—that Dr. Muck would rather polish to the last pitch of revealing and imparting perfection the performance of music with which he and the band are familiar than turn their mutual prowess into new and untried fields. It may also be true that the conductor puts on his programmes fewer novel numbers, especially by rising composers, than many of his hearers reasonably desire. On the other hand, it is in no spirit of sloth or of finicking preoccupation that he likes to refine—or in some instances to enlarge—upon such music as that of Dukas's Scherzo or of Enesco's Rhapsody.

Never has the tonal anecdote of the apprentice's adventures with the magic broom been told in our concerts with such clarity, precision and impeccable adjustment of harmonic, instrumental and rhythmic details as it was yesterday. Not a few may have been only for expert ears; but even casual listeners must have suspected that the mysterious voice and premonition of the music at the beginning; the working of the charm in the main body of the Scherzo as an inevitable and irresistible force; the perturbation, the relief and the final lifting of the spell—the serio-comic illusion of the whole, stimulating as so much music, fascinating as so much tonal suggestion and tonal narrative—sprang from a performance that far transcended routine.

Again, in Enesco's Rhapsody, what might easily seem rather monotonous repetitions and rehandlings of a few motives from Roumanian folk-song, Dr. Muck, by diversifying skill and intensifying imagination, transforms into flights of bravura intoxicating to hear. He modulates acutely and tingling; he makes shrewd play with suspensive pauses; he heightens color; he raises or diminishes emphases; he breaks or sustains rhythm. So played the Rhapsody sounds as though Enesco were pouring out the heady wine of Balkan folk-song—a vineyard in which few but him have begun to work—mixing it with the biting spice of instrumental coloring and orchestral virtuosity and finally heating the brew over the hot fires of stinging rhythms. Music that lacks seriousness as the mediocrities say, because they are prone, perhaps from long mediation over their own music, to confuse that useful quality with dulness. Music that lacks development that is no more than decked and re-decked iteration, cry the learned pundits with scorn in their voices.

Yet by this time, most of us know that Enesco is fertile of means and method and that he is wise enough and resourceful enough to choose and follow his own procedure. Color and reiteration best serve his purpose in the rhapsody; when counterpoint and development are more serviceable to his musical design he is expert with them. Moreover, there is an artistry of repetition in this music of native wildness, barely bridled for the concert-room that these same pundits and mediocrities are prone to overlook—the artistry that makes it whip ear and sensation until they tingle with these snapping rhythms, glow with this hot fire of speech and catch and crouch with the orchestra at the suspensive pauses that send it whirling more swiftly onward. Enesco knows this goading artistry that in him and in this particular rhapsody is half Roumanian instinct and half Viennese and Parisian sophistication. In general, it is the secret of the transformation of the wilder folk-music into an art-music that keeps the original thrill. Liszt knew it and applied it when he wrote his Hungarian rhapsodies.

Similarly, conductor and orchestra did much for Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. By this time most of those that hear it care little for the pictorial element in the music. They do not pursue the purling brook through the Andante as they are wont to do through certain passages in "The Creation" by ingenuous old Haydn. They do not listen for the sounds of the village musicians in the course of the scherzo. Tonal lightnings and thunders have long been commonplaces of music. There is no need of either shepherd's songs or hymns of thanksgiving to savor the upswelling of one of Beethoven's finales. It may even be suspected that most auditors yesterday cared not one pin whether Beethoven was fortunate enough to see and feel nature with the eyes and the temper of Mr. d'Indy and so gain the approval of a chapter in a monograph that more extols Beethoven the more closely he approaches the ideals and the ways of the eminent Parisian himself. Usually Beethoven's delineation in the Pastoral Symphony is so transparently clear and so savory in momentary suggestion that the hearer takes hardly a passing thought of it. Rather he listens to an absolute music that is born of what Rubinstein aptly called "the disposition of the composer's

Beethoven, writing the symphony, was minded to instrumental song as fresh of melody, as flowing of fancy, as fecund in serene grace upon serene grace, as luminous as the day and as warm as sunshine and so he made the first movement. Attuned to as serene, fanciful and graceful a revery, he wrote the second movement of tranquil and songful musing. He made merry in the scherzo with his rustic dances, because such was his "disposition of soul" whereas it ran sometimes to rough and even fierce play with these bold and pounding rhythms. The thunderstorm, even to this day, is a little feat of ingenious interweaving of delineation into a symphonic web. The finale is Beethoven tranquilly and not turbulently exultant. If musing wanderings in the woods about Vienna quickened to him these moods, impulses and inventions, if his whole reflective love for the face and the suggestion of nature was background, as it were, to them, so much the better for the woods. But without "the dispositon of the soul" and of such a soul as Beethoven's, the Pastoral Symphony would hardly have been written. It is music of the spirit and not music of the scene.

BOSTON JOURNAL-

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[64]

SUNDAY POST, DECEMBER 19,

America Needs Music

So Says Dr. Muck, Who Advises Giving Young People the Best Music Possible and Calls Ragtime Poison —Other Musical News of Interest

The Craftsman has been publishing a series of important and interesting interviews with noted European conductors who occupy positions of the first rank at present in this country, as formerly in Europe, interviews concerned especially with these conductors' estimates of musical conditions as they are now in America and as they may possibly develop in later years. Dr. Karl Muck is the last conductor to have been so interviewed, and he expressed his opinions of music in America with his wonted brilliancy and clearness in reasoning. His statements are particularly valuable, for Dr. Muck is a man of exceptional penetration; he is a thoughtful student of men as well as things; he is unflinchingly and unflatteringly sincere, and his opinion is the more valuable and interesting since it reflects characteristically the esthetic attitude of a great musician who is a representative product of centuries of European culture

"In America," said Dr. Muck, "you did not start with music when you were a young nation; in a way, you did not start as a young nation at all. It always seems to me that this country began life as a youth, not as a child. Usually the beginning of music is in the infancy of the nation, where there are no conventional boundaries to the emotions, when the people crave some rich expression for their vital interests, when all of life is activity, spontaneity, and when people are not shut away from nature's storehouse of inspiration, when they are looking up to the sky, out to the woods hourly, when each day takes them down pathways that are full of beauty and fragrance which must have expression in ballade or chant, in the dance of the warrior or the song of the lover.

"America has had no long, slow centuries of simple, primitive existence. Her early struggles were not the old battles of warriors over maidens or of nations seeking to possess each other's hunting grounds and pleasure places. From the start you were more conventional, more grown up. People came from other worlds who were not happy and settled in America in their own special ways, with their own special attitude and religion already made. If they fought battles it was against the aborigines, whose land they needed; it was not to protect ancient homes and traditional art. This way was essential, but not so picturesque, and it started your nation past the time of early thrilling days of romance, in which music and poetry have time to take deep root in the hearts of the people. . .

"In America, I should say, you will have for your later day music the great idea of democracy, of freedom for all the people. This idea is expressed in the very quality of the Western landscape, in the freedom, vastness, the titanic grandeur, the unoccupied beautiful spaces; all these things speak of liberty, boundless opportunity . . . You want your own musical life, you want your own musical geniuses, men who will have a vision of what music should be in this country, who will see straight into the hearts of the people, who will produce their aspirations, their longings, their love of beauty, who will have their great idea of music from American inspiration, the music of the democracy, the music of the free people.

"I do not mean for a moment that there is no music in the American school, but there should be music in every school—in the public schools, the private schools, the colleges, the universities, and always the best. I do not in the least believe in popular music for the masses; I do not believe there is such a thing as good popular music. I think what you call here your rag-time is poison. It poisons the very source of your musical growth, for it poisons the taste of the young. You cannot poison the spring of art and hope for a fresh, clear stream to flow out and enrich life.

"From the very start, I should say, give your young people the best music the world has known of every land. It will not lessen their ability to create native music. No good art ever hurts or lessens the power to produce any other valuable art. Art is a long history of great progress, but it is a connected history, and by giving good music to your young people here, from Germany, from France, from every known source, you are only opening up their interest, their need of music, their capacity to produce music, and when they finally reach the point where they long to create they will seek native sources of inspiration if they have the real art. But if you pollute the spring, if you poison the beginning of the musical source, you will find the power for creation is atrophied, and the small stream which forces its way out will be muddied and soiled and unbeautiful.

"You ask me how the American nation shall produce its own music. I say to you from the bottom of my heart that it shall at once cease to train its children with what is called the popular music. By this I do not mean for an instant that the primitive music of a nation is not the rich, resourceful, inspiring thing; the folk music of all lands has been the beginning of musical deevlopment and musical culture, the joy of the people and the foundation on which the widest musical culture has rested. But such music as [illegible] are producing in America today [illegible] the cabaret and the second-rate [illegible] comedy is not folk music. It [illegible] the expression of a restless de- [illegible] the people for excitement, for

improving from year to year, from generation to generation; it is only changing, meeting various emotional whims of the people. You have new music because you want new dances or you want more excitment. This cannot become the source of inspiration for the development of a musical nation."

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What a concerto, even if Dr. Muck and Miss Deyo were not exactly one in this final reëntry of that mighty and majestic melody; if her tone was lamentably bodiless and colorless through almost the whole course of the introduction and the first movement! But within the limits of that tone, she struck rhythmic fire in the Finale and she perceived and imparted the lyric beauty and the insinuating euphonies of the Andantino and the pseudo-Scherzo. Moreover, how ingeniously and unobtrusively Dr. Muck scaled the orchestral part of the concerto to the resource and the power of the pianist. He can be considerate as well as severe and in more

SUNDAY POST, DECEMBER 19,

America Needs Music

So Says Dr. Muck, Who Advises Giving Young People the Best Music Possible and Calls Ragtime Poison —Other Musical News of Interest

The Craftsman has been publishing a series of important and interesting interviews with noted European conductors who occupy positions of the first rank at present in this country, as formerly in Europe, interviews concerned especially with these conductors' estimates of musical conditions as they are now in America and as they may possibly develop in later years. Dr. Karl Muck is the last conductor to have been so interviewed, and he expressed his opinions of music in America with his wonted brilliancy and clearness in reasoning. His statements are particularly valuable, for Dr. Muck is a man of exceptional penetration; he is a thoughtful student of men as well as things; he is unflinchingly and unflatteringly sincere, and his opinion is the more valuable and interesting since it reflects characteristically the esthetic attitude of a great musician who is a representative product of centuries of European culture

"In America," said Dr. Muck, "you did not start with music when you were a young nation; in a way, you did not start as a young nation at all. It always seems to me that this country began life as a youth, not as a child. Usually the beginning of music is in the infancy of the nation, where there are no conventional boundaries to the emotions, when the people crave some rich expression for their vital interests, when all of life is activity, spontaneity, and when people are not shut away from nature's storehouse of inspiration, when they are looking up to the sky, out to the woods hourly, when each day takes them down pathways that are full of beauty and fragrance which must have expression in ballade or chant, in the dance of the warrior or the song of the lover.

"America has had no long, slow centuries of simple, primitive existence. Her early struggles were not the old battles of warriors over maidens or of nations seeking to possess each other's hunting grounds and pleasure places. From the start you were more conventional, more grown up. People came from other worlds who were not happy and settled in America in their own special ways, with their own special attitude and religion already made. If they fought battles it was against the aborigines, whose land they needed; it was not to protect ancient homes and traditional art. This way was essential, but not so picturesque, and it started your nation past the time of early thrilling days of romance, in which music and poetry have time to take deep root in the hearts of the people. . . .

"In America, I should say, you will have for your later day music the great idea of democracy, of freedom for all the people. This idea is expressed in the very quality of the Western landscape, in the freedom, vastness, the titanic grandeur, the unoccupied beautiful spaces; all these things speak of liberty, boundless opportunity . . . . You want your own musical life, you want your own musical geniuses, men who will have a vision of what music should be in this country, who will see straight into the hearts of the people, who will produce their aspirations, their longings, their love of beauty, who will have their great idea of music from American inspiration, the music of the democracy, the music of the free people.

"I do not mean for a moment that there is no music in the American school, but there should be music in every school—in the public schools, the private schools, the colleges, the universities, and always the best. I do not in the least believe in popular music for the masses; I do not believe there is such a thing as good popular music. I think what you call here your rag-time is poison. It poisons the very source of your musical growth, for it poisons the taste of the young. You cannot poison the spring of art and hope for a fresh, clear stream to flow out and enrich life.

"From the very start, I should say, give your young people the best music the world has known of every land. It will not lessen their ability to create native music. No good art ever hurts or lessens the power to produce any other valuable art. Art is a long history of great progress, but it is a connected history, and by giving good music to your young people here, from Germany, from France, from every known source, you are only opening up their interest, their need of music, their capacity to produce music, and when they finally reach the point where they long to create they will seek native sources of inspiration if they have the real art. But if you pollute the spring, if you poison the beginning of the musical source, you will find the power for creation is atrophied, and the small stream which forces its way out will be muddied and soiled and unbeautiful.

"You ask me how the American nation shall produce its own music. I say to you from the bottom of my heart that it shall at once cease to train its children with what is called the popular music. By this I do not mean for an instant that the primitive music of a nation is not the rich, resourceful, inspiring thing; the folk music of all lands has been the beginning of musical deevlopment and musical culture, the joy of the people and the foundation on which the widest musical culture has rested. But such music as you are producing in America today for the cabaret and the second-rate musical comedy is not folk music. It is just the expression of a restless desire of the people for excitement, for

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What a concerto, even if Dr. Muck and Miss Deyo were not exactly one in this final reëntry of that mighty and majestic melody; if her tone was lamentably bodiless and colorless through almost the whole course of the introduction and the first movement! But within the limits of that tone, she struck rhythmic fire in the Finale and she perceived and imparted the lyric beauty and the insinuating euphonies of the Andantino and the pseudo-Scherzo. Moreover, how ingeniously and unobtrusively Dr. Muck scaled the orchestral part of the concerto to the resource and the power of the pianist. He can be considerate as well as severe and in more ways than perhaps Miss Deyo suspected [illegible] to the concerto was the little symphony by Haydn that ended the concert to an obbligato of departing auditors with whom in the pauses between the movements the conductor was ironically and even sardonically patient. Moreover, it was painful to the mere observer to note that many of these early goers were of those who often sigh for the "good old music of melody that they love." Yesterday, they received it and in a performance that would have warmed the cockles of their ears; but so small a matter as a two-hour concert seemed to dampen their ostentatious affection. So much the worse for them, since they missed the strange note of mystery that Hadyn strikes in the introduction, as though he were something graver than a fertile, adroit and smiling symphonist according to the ways of the eighteenth century; the light and shadow of the ensuing Allegro like sunshine on a floor when a curtain sways in a breeze; the precision of phrase and rhythm with which the string choir in absolute unity and elasticity sang the melody of the Andante; the variation that Mr. Witek, with exquisite suavity of tone and modulation, wrought in solo upon it; the melodious stateliness of the minuet; and the biting contrasts in the harmonic vesture of the Finale. Elsewhere than in Boston, the perfections of the orchestra and Dr. Muck in these little symphonies of Haydn are occasion for felicitation and not for flight. They set free the imagination of the composer and he had more than those that call him merely tuneful believe; they disclose the nicety of his means, his strokes, his adjustments; and they reveal, beyond much modern music, the deft and suave exactitude and the impeccable taste and style of conductor and band with this music. Can it be that our audiences prefer Haydn, if they listen to him at all, merely "run off" in the day's work?

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Haydn's symphony afforded a decided contrast to the Tschaikowsky number, and would have afforded greater pleasure had there been less interruption from people leaving the hall during its playing. This may be the holiday shopping season, and the concert may have been a trifle long, but that affords no excuse for interruptions which compel the conductor to delay the concert for people to leave the hall.

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Shimmering in the dawn, reflecting the noonday glory, capricious, caressing, turbulent, torrential, a monster of destruction, partner to the fury of the wind, the great deep is unfolded as a scroll. It is a creature of whims and fancies. There are no attempts at absolute or photographic realism. It is music of the most untrammeled imagination. It lacks the stereotyped form of the analyst, but it possesses that noble repose of the sea, a repose of ceaseless motion, transformed into a thousand shapes and visions. The second picture, the frolics of the waves, might ask yet lighter treatment, but the suite was played throughout with kindling imagination, with gorgeous colors.

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When Dr. Muck first conducted Debussy's "Sea" in 1907 at a public rehearsal, hardly a hand was heard in applause. Yesterday he was recalled after the third sketch; there was hearty applause after the second; there was moderate appreciation of the first. The times change and we change with them. The idiom of Debussy is by this time familiar. His orchestral compositions are no longer thought formless and incoherent. Quotations from his works are admitted into even grave treatises on harmony. In comparison with Schoenberg, Stravinsky and young Mr. Ornstein, his Muse now wears a high-neck dress and a cameo brooch; her hair is plastered on her forehead.

As these Sketches are frankly impressionistic, the enjoyment of the hearer depends largely on his own susceptibility and imagination. There are persons who do not like the ocean. Oscar Wilde was disappointed in the Atlantic; but there are more normal beings, far from being poseurs, who cannot exclaim with Jules Laforgue, "the sea, always new, always respectable!" We know a man who was doomed to spend a vacation in a summer hotel on a bluff looking down on Nantucket Sound. Whenever he sat on a bench he turned his back to the ocean and faced pine trees, giving as an excuse that "the sea got on his nerves."

Debussy's "Sea" is not for them, neither is it for those who find pleasure in Mendelssohn's overture to "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage." For Debussy knows a wilder ocean, many-faced, now exulting in Aeschylean laughter, now spasmodic, sinister, terrible, and never so terrible as when calm, or inviting mortals to sport with it, and smiling, as though it were forgetful of rotting ships and sunken treasure and the drowned far down that were for a time regarded curiously by monsters of the deep.

No one has painted in music so vividly and with such varied coloring the phases of the ocean as Debussy. Hanslick maintained that there is music that "stinks." There are pages of Debussy that smell of brine.

Others recall to the hearer the ripples rustling up "hoarse and sibilant," waves moaning or angry.

Some vast heart, like a planet's, chain'd and
chafing in those breakers,
By lengthen'd swell and spasm, and panting
breath,
And rhythm's rasping of thy sands and waves,
And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter,
And undertones of distant lion roar,
Sounding, appealing to the sky's deaf ear.

This music of Debussy surpasses even [illegible] description of the storm that wrecked the Comprachicos, of the whirlwind issuing from the Nothing which is All. "It is a shapeless howling. It is the inarticulate spoken by the indefinite. At intervals it is a complaint; space laments and justifies itself."

Tschaikowsky's concerto has now been played at these concerts by 12 pianists, including Miss Ruth Deyo, the pianist yesterday; and of them five were women. We all feel that this concerto is eminently for a strong man. For this reason, no doubt, women are anxious to play it. There have been amazonian pianists, as Sophie Menter, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, Mme. Carreno in her younger days, Adele aus der Ohe, who played Liszt's concerto in E flat with amazing dash and brillianee, and in other concertos was a Diana, cool, chaste, shooting inexorable darts with fatal aim.

Was Miss Deyo's choice a wise one? We associate her with music of a more refined, more poetic, subtler, vaporous character. Her performance yesterday was musical, charming in the purely lyrical passages, clear in bravura, surprisingly masculine in the pompous chords of the introduction, but there were times when we missed the vigor that in a performance of this work should approach drunken frenzy if not sheer brutality. For there are pages that are brutal, with the strange melancholy of the Russian that seeks relief and forgetfulness in vodka.

The performance of Debussy's "Sea" was superb in every way, and the symphony of Haydn was played with the polished vitality that only this orchestra led by Dr. Muck can give to it. The concert will be repeated tonight.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Carpenter, suite "Adventures in a Perambulator" (first time at these concerts); Saint-Saens, concerto in A minor for 'cello (Mr. Malkin, 'cellist); Rheinberger's concerto in F major for organ, three horns and strings (Mr. Marshall, organist).

DAILY ADVERTISER,

DECEMBER 18,

SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SHARP CONTRAST

IN WHICH DR. MUCK TAKES ESPECIAL DELIGHT

Miss Ruth Deyo Scores Triumph as Soloist—Debussy and Haydn

BY LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME.

Debussy—Three Orchestral Sketches, "La Mer."
Tschaikowsky—Piano Concerto, B-flat minor. Solist, Ruth Deyo.
Haydn—Symphony in E flat major.

We have heard Debussy's views upon the sea several times now and are still not convinced that he is a good tone-poet in maritime affairs. He does not, to be sure, deal with submarines or sea-serpents, but on the other hand he does not picture real sailors or salt breezes. One cannot write upon this work the words of Walt Whitman:—

"Today a rude [illegible]
Of ships sailing the seas,
Each with its special flag, or ship-signal,
Of unnamed heroes in the ships,
Of waves spreading and spreading
Far as the eye can reach,
Of dashing spray, and the winds piping and
blowing,
And out of these a song, for the sailors
of all nations,
Fitful, like a surge."

There is more of the salt sea in ten measures of the "Flying Dutchman Overture" than in this work from beginning to end.

The title of the first movement, "From Dawn to Noon Upon the Ocean," suggests that it is going to run at least through two watches, but it is considerably less than eight hours long, although very baleful while it lasts. There was muted horn enough in this to suggest that every sailor aboard had touches of seasickness.

Nevertheless there were moments of impressiveness, too, but everything seemed fragmentary and disjointed. One might place such a work above Mendelssohn's "Seal-calm and Prosperous Voyage," but much below his "Hebrides," or the first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony."

The second movement has a fine glow of color and viewed purely as orchestral music might be commended, but it comes no nearer to its subject than the rest of the work. There is much brilliancy in the finale and perhaps some of the recreations of the second dog-watch lifted the composer out of his oceanic woes, but it was only temporary. The work is a libel on Father Neptune. Its many oboe wailings and muted horn groans suggest that Debussy was not picturing the sea of Wagner, or Rubinstein, or Mendelssohn, but Shakespeare's "Sea of Troubles," or else that very unpleasant ocean portrayed by Coleridge in his "Ancient Mariner:"—

"The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea."

That is the kind of sea which occupies the greater part of this orchestral picture, so far as we can discover. Skill in orchestration and much originality is there, but beyond that there is nothing to commend. We can only regard the work as a "frightful example," a warning of how not to write marine tone-pictures. The excellent performance deserved what applause the composition received.

Then came Tschaikowsky's concerto with Miss Ruth Deyo at the piano. This is the work which Nicolas Rubinstein found fault with and which Hanslick found unpleasant. All that is changed and the critics have reversed their opinions. It is a composition which has a wild and frenzied finale, which suggests a bacchanalian orgie. Therefore, almost all the lady pianists try to play it. There are direct folk-song reminiscences in the work, especially in the first and last movements. The second movement embodies the vein of both Scherzo and Slow movement in its treatment. The concerto belongs in some degree to Boston, since it was in this city that Von Buelow first played it and it was from here that the success of the work was cabled to the composer.

Miss Deyo did very much with the concerto. She played the difficult first movement with commendable technical skill and superb breadth, and she gave becoming muscularity to the finale. But for all that, it is a work which we much prefer to hear from masculine hands. One would as soon think of a female pianist picturing the dissipations of Nijni-Novgorod in fair-time as of her giving full expression to the orgie of this particular concerto. Nevertheless, we must hasten to add that Miss Deyo made more of it than any female pianist that we have yet heard in the work, and there was elasticity as well as power in the performance. The ensemble was excellent and Miss Deyo was recalled and re-recalled with great enthusiasm.

Then followed one of those very sharp contrasts in which Dr. Muck seems to take especial delight. To go from Tschaikowsky's revelry to Haydn's naive prattle was like going direct from Zola to Wordsworth, or from Vodka to milk. Nevertheless we generally enjoy Haydn's symphonies better than any 18th century works in this form. Mozart attempts dramatic effects, and these shrivel up somewhat when compared with the tremendous dramatic compositions of the present. But Haydn never tries to become too intense. He gives most of his themes "a la Watteau," in simple and direct prettiness, and is as restful as a reclining chair.

Of course there is nothing of technical difficulty in such a work as this symphony, at least not for our orchestra, but it is to their credit that they do not slight the interpretation of the work. They gave as careful an ensemble as would be found in more ambitious works, and the light airiness and grace lent a peculiar charm to the final work even if the fiery concerto neutralized it somewhat.

We are glad that Dr. Muck does not allow the auditor, in the midst of so much that is modern, to forget that there were simpler, calmer days in music, once upon a time.

The conservative critic and composer, Hiller, once said to the present writer: "The danger in America is that your audiences get at once the most advanced and sensational modern music. They do not grow up to it by degrees, as we have done in Germany." It is well that we have such an educator as Dr. Muck

The foil to the concerto was the little symphony by Haydn that ended the concert to an obbligato of departing auditors with whom in the pauses between the movements the conductor was ironically and even sardonically patient. Moreover, it was painful to the mere observer to note that many of these early goers were of those who often sigh for the "good old music of melody that they love." Yesterday, they received it and in a performance that would have warmed the cockles of their ears; but so small a matter as a two-hour concert seemed to dampen their ostentatious affection. So much the worse for them, since they missed the strange note of mystery that Hadyn strikes in the introduction, as though he were something graver than a fertile, adroit and smiling symphonist according to the ways of the eighteenth century; the light and shadow of the ensuing Allegro like sunshine on a floor when a curtain sways in a breeze; the precision of phrase and rhythm with which the string choir in absolute unity and elasticity sang the melody of the Andante; the variation that Mr. Witek, with exquisite suavity of tone and modulation, wrought in solo upon it; the melodious stateliness of the minuet; and the biting contrasts in the harmonic vesture of the Finale. Elsewhere than in Boston, the perfections of the orchestra and Dr. Muck in these little symphonies of Haydn are occasion for felicitation and not for flight. They set free the imagination of the composer and he had more than those that call him merely tuneful believe; they disclose the nicety of his means, his strokes, his adjustments; and they reveal, beyond much modern music, the deft and suave exactitude and the impeccable taste and style of conductor and band with this music. Can it be that our audiences prefer Haydn, if they listen to him at all, merely "run off" in the day's work?

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Tschaikowsky's concerto has now been played at these concerts by 12 pianists, including Miss Ruth Deyo, the pianist yesterday; and of them five were women. We all feel that this concerto is eminently for a strong man. For this reason, no doubt, women are anxious to play it. There have been amazonian pianists, as Sophie Menter, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, Mme. Carreno in her younger days, Adele aus der Ohe, who played Liszt's concerto in E flat with amazing dash and brilliance, and in other concertos was a Diana, cool, chaste, shooting inexorable darts with fatal aim.

Was Miss Deyo's choice a wise one? We associate her with music of a more refined, more poetic, subtler, vaporous character. Her performance yesterday was musical, charming in the purely lyrical passages, clear in bravura, surprisingly masculine in the pompous chords of the introduction, but there were times when we missed the vigor that in a performance of this work should approach drunken frenzy if not sheer brutality. For there are pages that are brutal, with the strange melancholy of the Russian that seeks relief and forgetfulness in vodka.

The performance of Debussy's "Sea" was superb in every way, and the symphony of Haydn was played with the polished vitality that only this orchestra led by Dr. Muck can give to it. The concert will be repeated tonight.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Carpenter, suite "Adventures in a Perambulator" (first time at these concerts); Saint-Saens, concerto in A minor for 'cello (Mr. Malkin, 'cellist); Rheinberger's concerto in F major for organ, three horns and strings (Mr. Marshall, organist).

DAILY ADVERTISER,

DECEMBER 18,

SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SHARP CONTRAST

IN WHICH DR. MUCK TAKES ESPECIAL DELIGHT

Miss Ruth Deyo Scores Triumph as Soloist—Debussy and Haydn

BY LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME.

Debussy—Three Orchestral Sketches. "La Mer."
Tschaikowsky—Piano Concerto, B-flat minor. Solist, Ruth Deyo.
Haydn—Symphony in E flat major.

We have heard Debussy's views upon the sea several times now and are still not convinced that he is a good tone-poet in maritime affairs. He does not, to be sure, deal with submarines or sea-serpents, but on the other hand he does not picture real sailors or salt breezes. One cannot write upon this work the words of Walt Whitman:—

"Today a rude [illegible]
Of ships sailing the seas,
Each with its special flag, or ship-signal,
Of unnamed heroes in the ships,
Of waves spreading and spreading
Far as the eye can reach,
Of dashing spray, and the winds piping and
blowing,
And out of these a song, for the sailors
of all nations,
Fitful, like a Surge."

There is more of the salt sea in ten measures of the "Flying Dutchman Overture" than in this work from beginning to end.

The title of the first movement, "From Dawn to Noon Upon the Ocean," suggests that it is going to run at least through two watches, but it is considerably less than eight hours long, although very baleful while it lasts. There was muted horn enough in this to suggest that every sailor aboard had touches of seasickness.

Nevertheless there were moments of impressiveness, too, but everything seemed fragmentary and disjointed. One might place such a work above Mendelssohn's "Seal-calm and Prosperous Voyage," but much below his "Hebrides," or the first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony."

The second movement has a fine glow of color and viewed purely as orchestral music might be commended, but it comes no nearer to its subject than the rest of the work. There is much brilliancy in the finale and perhaps some of the recreations of the second dog-watch lifted the composer out of his oceanic woes, but it was only temporary. The work is a libel on Father Neptune. Its many oboe wailings and muted horn groans suggest that Debussy was not picturing the sea of Wagner, or Rubinstein, or Mendelssohn, but Shakespeare's "Sea of Troubles," or else that very unpleasant ocean portrayed by Coleridge in his "Ancient Mariner:"—

"The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea."

That is the kind of sea which occupies the greater part of this orchestral picture, so far as we can discover. Skill in orchestration and much originality is there, but beyond that there is nothing to commend. We can only regard the work as a "frightful example," a warning of how not to write marine tone-pictures. The excellent performance deserved what applause the composition received.

Then came Tschaikowsky's concerto with Miss Ruth Deyo at the piano. This is the work which Nicolas Rubinstein found fault with and which Hanslick found unpleasant. All that is changed and the critics have reversed their opinions. It is a composition which has a wild and frenzied finale, which suggests a bacchanalian orgie. Therefore, almost all the lady pianists try to play it. There are direct folk-song reminiscences in the work, especially in the first and last movements. The second movement embodies the vein of both Scherzo and Slow movement in its treatment. The concerto belongs in some degree to Boston, since it was in this city that Von Buelow first played it and it was from here that the success of the work was cabled to the composer.

Miss Deyo did very much with the concerto. She played the difficult first movement with commendable technical skill and superb breadth, and she gave becoming muscularity to the finale. But for all that, it is a work which we much prefer to hear from masculine hands. One would as soon think of a female pianist picturing the dissipations of Nijni-Novgorod in fair-time as of her giving full expression to the orgie of this particular concerto. Nevertheless, we must hasten to add that Miss Deyo made more of it than any female pianist that we have yet heard in the work, and there was elasticity as well as power in the performance. The ensemble was excellent and Miss Deyo was recalled and re-recalled with great enthusiasm.

Then followed one of those very sharp contrasts in which Dr. Muck seems to take especial delight. To go from Tschaikowsky's revelry to Haydn's naive prattle was like going direct from Zola to Wordsworth, or from Vodka to milk. Nevertheless we generally enjoy Haydn's symphonies better than any 18th century works in this form. Mozart attempts dramatic effects, and these shrivel up somewhat when compared with the tremendous dramatic compositions of the present. But Haydn never tries to become too intense. He gives most of his themes "a la Watteau," in simple and direct prettiness, and is as restful as a reclining chair.

Of course there is nothing of technical difficulty in such a work as this symphony, at least not for our orchestra, but it is to their credit that they do not slight the interpretation of the work. They gave as careful an ensemble as would be found in more ambitious works, and the light airiness and grace lent a peculiar charm to the final work even if the fiery concerto neutralized it somewhat.

We are glad that Dr. Muck does not allow the auditor, in the midst of so much that is modern, to forget that there were simpler, calmer days in music, once upon a time.

The conservative critic and composer, Hiller, once said to the present writer: "The danger in America is that your audiences get at once the most advanced and sensational modern music. They do not grow up to it by degrees, as we have done in Germany." It is well that we have such an educator as Dr. Muck at the helm.

BOSTON JOURNAL
DECEMBER 18

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The interest in Debussy is still timid, but unquestionably there is a growing appreciation of the many beauties to be found in his misty landscapes and seascapes. The performance yesterday showed these sketches in the most favorable light, for Dr. Muck conducted with an enthusiasm that would satisfy the most captious modernist.

Equally enthusiastic, on the part of both soloist and orchestra, was the performance of the Tschaikowsky concerto, which has many brilliant moments and also much of the lyric sweetness beloved of the majority of Symphony patrons. Doubtless many more soloists would play it if they could. There was rapturous applause for Miss Deyo's playing, which brilliantly met the great technical demand of the work. The sweet lavendar atmosphere of the Haydn symphony was also well brought out.

There will be the usual concerts next Friday afternoon and Saturday night, holiday or no holiday. The novelty on the coming program will be the John Alden Carpenter suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," the realistic joys and humors of which were so hugely relished when the work was played here a few weeks ago by the New York Symphony Orchestra. Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, the Saint-Saens concerto for 'cello and orchestra and Rheinberger's concerto for organ, horns and strings will also be played, with Joseph Malkin and John P. Marshall as soloists.

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DEBUSSY'S PIECES BY SYMPHONY

Impressionism in the Extreme Played and Enjoyed

BY OLIN DOWNES

Miss Ruth Deyo, pianist, was soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. She played the Tschaikowsky piano concerto in B-flat minor.

The orchestral compositions were Debussy's "Trois Esquisse Symphoniques," "La Mer" and Haydn's Symphony in E flat (B. & H. No. 1).

EXTREME OF DEBUSSY

Dr. Muck was the first to introduce in Boston, in 1907, these orchestral pieces of Debussy, which represent the extreme boundaries of Debussy's impressionism. The pieces are not to be analyzed, nor are they easily described. How intimate is Debussy's communion with the sea in these compositions? Some find in the last of the three "Nocturnes" for orchestra—the piece called "Sirenes" —a more definite suggestion of the sea, a more pervasive mood. It is further true that Debussy employs in "La Mer" two important motives which he first discovered when he composed the "Sirenes."

In the performance of "La Mer" one may hear the wash of the sea, the swish of the winds or the rustle of a forest, or a hundred other things. Debussy might easily have intended to mislead his audiences by means of this title. He might easily have said to himself: "I will now indulge to the full my passion for the play of sheer sonorities, tone colors, subtle and complex textures. What shall I call it all? I [illegible] call it 'The Sea.'"

Marvellously Made

The pieces are marvellously made, with incomparable virtuosity. The orchestration offers an endless succession of the most ingenious and beautiful combination of instruments. The composer modulates in every measure. His music seems utterly free and joyous. In this, at least, it suggests nature which moralizes not, and is glad even when it witnesses death. The rythmic development of the ideas is most wonderful of all. Here is counterpoint and development by means of rhythm. The rhythm combinations are endless and they are entirely suggestive.

This music commences where not only speech, but dreams, come to an end. It is wholly impersonal. It is of all or of nothing, as one chooses. When Dr. Muck first played "La Mer" it was coldly received. Yesterday there was hearty applause, especially after the second piece, "Frolics of the Waves."

Miss Deyo's performance of the Tschaikowsky concerto was carefully planned and consistently carried out, but she would have done better, with her limited strength, to have chosen a work demanding less virility in execution.

A Chopin concerto, a concerto by Mozart—these works also require gifted interpretors, and they might have been more fortunate in their interpretations at the hands of Miss Deyo.

TRANSCRIPT,
DECEMBER 13,

DR. MUCK IN NEW FIELDS

"POPULAR CLASSICS" FOR THE PENSION FUND

Johann Strauss's "Blue Danube" Waltz and Rossini's Overture to "William Tell" from the Conductor and the Symphony Orchestra — Lalo's Resurrected Ballet-Music Proves None Too Interesting, and Tschaikovski's Fifth Symphony Conquers as of Old

AFTER all, there are more ways than one to assemble a programme that will fill Symphony Hall with the audience that the Symphony Orchestra deserves when it gives a concert for the increase of its Pension Fund. The readiest way, of course, is to set the overtures and the preludes of Wagner's operas and music-drama in chronological array as Dr. Muck has done often in his two terms as the conductor of the band. The next readiest is to diversify these pieces with other fragments of those operas and music-dramas that will best endure transfer from the theatre, again as Dr. Muck has done, yielding a conviction or two about the wisdom of such shiftings, when he began to discover that Boston seldom receives Wagner in the opera house. However eager the public, conductor and orchestra repine occasionally at an unbroken succession of "Wagner Concerts" for the Pension Fund and fear that some day the essential audience will be like-minded with them.

The next recourse is a symphony by Tschaikowski—preferably the popular "Pathetic." Yet even that may not be played whenever the conductor would put aside the convenient "Wagner Programme"; for the public is much more quickly sated with the melody and morbidezza of Petrograd, than it is with the richer and more various eloquence of Baireuth. Tschaikowski's fourth, fifth and "Manfred" symphonies remain; but an audience is certain only with the fifth. Accordingly, that piece began the concert of yesterday afternoon—the first of the two that the orchestra will undertake this year for its own treasury. But what was to fill the rest of the customary two hours?

In the past Dr. Muck has tried various expedients. This autumn he pitched upon a new one—the playing of two "popular classics" in one of which, Strauss's waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," many have long been eager to hear the orchestra. The other was the overture to Rossini's "William Tell," a piece in which Dr. Muck conducted a score of times when it was revived at the Royal Opera in Berlin. Between the two, seeking ingratiating ballet music, he placed a suite from Lalo's "Namouna" after he had rejected for various reasons fragments of Delibes's "Sylvia" and Rubinstein's "Feramors." All four pieces met the chief necessity of the occasion. They filled the hall after those that seek the Pension-Fund Concerts out of loyalty to the orchestra and those that like to hear it occasionally in any programme had reserved their places. Besides, they were interesting in themselves to hear from the band that, as usual when the Pension-Fund is in question, was on its mettle.

The Viennese say that Johann Strauss preferred the waltz of "The Blue Danube" —which river is by no means always "blue" or always "beautiful"—to all the rest that he wrote, even if other ears find "Wine, Women and Song" and one or two more quite as engaging. They also say that no one conducted in that waltz of the Danube as did the composer himself, even if he was his own worst enemy in his operettas in which he was wont to forget the stage for the orchestra. There were not many in the audience yesterday —if there was even one—who could draw a comparison between the elder Strauss and Dr. Muck in the music; but it is safe to say that the composer hardly commanded such an orchestra as that which sat under the conductor yesterday. The introduction, for example, owed much to the richness of tone that the horns lent it; the strings were as apt to the second beat of the measure—the secret of the fascination of Viennese waltzes—as was Dr. Muck himself; and only such an instrument as is the band could have been as sensitive to the light graduations of pace, rhythm and body of tone, to the sustained flow and to the graceful or the suspensive transitions to which the conductor kept the waltz running. And none other could so have clothed it with luminous, opulent and edgeless tone. For once, a piece of music that is more truly a work of fine and individual fancy and of plentiful and cunning resource than many a more pretentious composition shone in heightened but wisely tempered glories. For never once did Dr. Muck in his free handling of it cloud or distort it. Yet even the Castles might not dance to "The Blue Danube" played as a tone-poem in little and Miss Pavlova herself would have needed rehearsals.

Perhaps the overture to "William Tell" sounded less unusual from Dr. Muck and the orchestra than some of their hearers expected, for the sound reason that it offered them less opportunity for finesse of performance and tonal and interpretative distinction. Yet the full-voiced song of the violoncellos at the beginning, as Mr. Warnke, Mr. Malkin and the rest of the choir sustained, warmed and deepened it, might have rejoiced Rossini's exacting ears and the audiences of the twenties and the thirties would have heard in the finale such a "grand crescendo" as they demanded and admired in their operatic overtures. As Dr. Muck has been wont to prove in the close of Wagner's overture to "Rienzi," the secret of incessant and adroit quickening and cumulation in these showy endings did not die with the generation that cultivated and applauded them.

For the novel number of the afternoon, the fragments of Lalo's ballet-music were of uneven interest. The final pieces in the suite—the music of the Carnival at Corfu, curiously called on the programme "Market-Day Shows" and "Market-Day Festival"—obviously needed the background of the spectacle for full suggestion and illusion. Without the sun-supped square, the incessant moement of the crowd, the din of the incoming entertainers and the interludes of their feats and diversions, the music seems only well-made in itself and insistent, but rather pointless, with its characterizing and atmospheric purpose. In a measure, too, the Theme and Variations suffer from a like absence of the pictured scene and the mimed action. In place in the second act of the ballet, they mirror the surrender of the amorous Namouna to the awakened Othavio. Heard as such they do not lack glamor and wile; but heard as "absolute music," the ear found pleasure—and none too much—only in the freshness of the melody, Mr. Maquarre's skill with the long passage for the first flute and the richer and the richer harmonic dress of an ecstatic climax. Per contra, the serenade was charming to hear in the fanciful play of the strings with the two sprightfully motives and in the pretty coloring that oboes and clarinets shed upon it. And the Prelude might well have claimed the public of the Opéra in Paris in 1882 as a true symphonic piece. The vague beginnings touch the listening ear; to them ensues a thrilling passage in stark harmonic simplicity that unfolds the motive of Namouna's devotion; the succeeding measures for her charm are contrastingly and insinuatingly graceful; the climax "working-out" the two melodies and bearing them into fuller and fuller eloquence might well have seemed to those same Parisians an introduction to music-drama and not to a ballet-pantomime. It is trnasfiguring music; but there was no transfiguring, even for a Lalo, of much that "Namourna," according to Nuitter's prescribed libretto, must contain. Perhaps a superfluous tear or two has been shed in the last thirty years over this ill-fated ballet.

"Blue Danube" or no "Blue Danube," Tschaihovski's symphony remained the chief pleasure of the concert to many an hearer and by far the most applauded piece of the day. The Russian had his melodic inspirations and, though it is the custom of the time to belittle his music, there is no doubling them in the show movement of this fifth symphony, in the first movement of the familiar concerto for piano, in one and another "high point" in his music. Moreover, they are none the worse because they are unusually such that the average ear understand and feels them in the on the instant and keeps them through all the handling they may undergo. Better still, they are proof apart all sorts of repition. Not often is the prolonged song of this Andanti—for Tschaikovski was humanly loth to let it go until he had wrung the last drop from it—sung with such suffused and opalescent be only of tone with such sustained yet various voice, with such warmth of feeling and grace of motion as it was yesterday. Such music and such playing of it held the audience of Sunday rapt and truly moved; but man an inferior performance has done almost as much. much. Final and crowning proof of the virtue of that same melody—how often at Tschaikovski's hands, it hovers on the very edge of sentmentality and yet never descends into it. The vague longing thating that infiltrates it quite as much of Peter Iltisch Tscraikovski, man or composer, as of the Slav temperament in general—always ready to save.

On this score the mood of the Andante is near kin to the melancholy of disillusion, of like twofold origin, that impregnates the short, languid scherzo that sighs and chokes itself away—the wan ghost of a waltz and not the doleful mockery of it like the waltz "that never waltzes" of the second movement of the Pathetic Symphony. The rest—the first movement and the finale—are of the familiar Tschaikowski that delighted to contrast a supersensuous melody or a vivid "motto-motive" with the writings and the thrashings of a super-excited orchestra or else raced away into tonal tumults of ardent folk-song made "art-music" by his plentiful resources of glaring color, sharp progression and rhythmic force. Perhaps they are of a mannered, rather out-moded and shallow Tschaikovski, the victim for the time in the ears of a sated world, of his own idiosyncracies of temperament and procedure. But the slow song and the ghostly waltz endure by intrinsic virtue. H. T. P.

SUNDAY GLOBE—
JANUARY 2, 1916

"Music & Musicians

Dr. Muck On a Great Foe to Musical Art.

The holiday lull in concert giving offers a favorable moment to consider phases of the interview with Dr Muck in the current number of the Craftsman. The full text without abridgement is well worth the serious and receptive attention of musicians, and of American citizens. It is significant to read this saying of Dr Muck, a factor in Prussian bureaucracy: "In America, I should say, you will have for your later-day music the great idea of democracy, of freedom for all the people."

Following the epoch marking appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Panama Exposition last June, Dr Muck spent some time in travel through the wonders of Western scenery. He was impressed by the picturesque grandeur of the Grand Canyon. "This idea (that of democracy in American music)" continues he, "is expressed in the very quality of the Western landscape, in the freedom, vastness, the titanic grandeur, the unoccupied beautiful spaces; all these things speak of liberty, boundless opportunity. Who that ever has seen the Grand Canyon at sunset or in the moonlight, or those great limitless plains, veiled in rose and violet and the mellowing gray of twilight, can fail to be profoundly impressed, richly influenced?"

It is the opinion of Dr Muck that the American painters have captured something of this glory and beauty in their canvases, but he has yet to hear poetry and music which reflects it. He credits Americans with liberality surpassed by few in bringing music to this country, but "as yet you have not stopped long enough to cherish the birth of great art here. It seems to me you are constantly putting it off to the future."

Dr Muck's rebuke of the American greed for money and money-getting is tactfully and gracefully given. He probably would call it merely an expression of personal opinion. He says we reason after this manner as a people: "We will have art, some day, when we want it, for we have all things as we want them We are busy now making money." He credits Americans with a great genius for money-making, and here the learned doctor, whose learning is that of the philosopher as of the musician, speaks words of insight and of wisdom—"but you appear too busy to use it."

Money-Making First.

Then, hastening to qualify or explain what may seem a blunt statement he adds: "At least, to use it in a way that seems most valuable to me. You do buy many, many things that enable you to get about quickly, not only things that will make your homes beautiful, but things that will enable you to get away from your homes—swifter steamers, swifter railroads, swifter motor cars. It is a Nation hurrying from one generation to another, one century to another, seeking always means of haste, pressing past with an ideal of haste rather than some definite goal.

"Isn't it just as good to stop today as tomorrow to spend beautiful leisure in your beautiful homes, into which to bring beautiful art? This is the lovely present I wish for America. I want leisure now for your music, your painters want it for art, your young geniuses want it for poetry. Stop now and make this the greatest century America has ever known for the birth of great National art."

Dr Muck's sense of the too distracting, the vitiating American passion for diversion, for this, then that nervous stimulant, is a significant element in his diagnosis. His proposed course, one of education of the youth, of active cultivation of music in the schools, in the employment of choruses and of orchestras, and of the careful choice of teachers for the young in their individual instruction, all is sound and not strange to American educators. As to the development of orchestral music in the public schools of our cities, there is an activity which probably would surprise the eminent conductor did he know of its seriousness and extent.

But it is in regard to the use of the so-called "popular" music as one of the most vicious manifestations of this love of diversion, that these observations upon our musical customs should be arresting. Dr Muck makes a clean and sharp distinction between the folk music, the songs that have grown up out of the life of a people as expression of their joy, sorrow, triumph, despair, and are transmitted from mouth to mouth, between music of this nature, of which France, Germany, Russia, Britain and Ireland for example have a wealth and the music now bearing the name "popular" in common parlance as distinguished from "classic."

"Ragtime" Is Poison.

These statements now following will, if they have not already, raise thundering protest: "I do not in the least believe in popular music for the masses; I do not believe there is such a thing as good popular music. I think what you call here your ragtime is poison. It poisons the very source of your musical growth, for it poisons the taste of the young. You cannot poison the spring of art and hope for a fresh, clear stream to flow out and enrich life.

"You ask me how the American Nation shall produce its own music. I say to you from the bottom of my heart that it shall at once cease to train its children with what is called the popular music. By this I do not mean for an instant that the primitive music of a Nation is not the rich, resourceful, inspiring thing; the folk music of all [illegible]

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Johann Strauss's "Blue Danube" Waltz and Rossini's Overture to "William Tell" from the Conductor and the Symphony Orchestra — Lalo's Resurrected Ballet-Music Proves None Too Interesting, and Tschaikovski's Fifth Symphony Conquers as of Old

AFTER all, there are more ways than one to assemble a programme that will fill Symphony Hall with the audience that the Symphony Orchestra deserves when it gives a concert for the increase of its Pension Fund. The readiest way, of course, is to set the overtures and the preludes of Wagner's operas and music-drama in chronological array as Dr. Muck has done often in his two terms as the conductor of the band. The next readiest is to diversify these pieces with other fragments of those operas and music-dramas that will best endure transfer from the theatre, again as Dr. Muck has done, yielding a conviction or two about the wisdom of such shiftings, when he began to discover that Boston seldom receives Wagner in the opera house. However eager the public, conductor and orchestra repine occasionally at an unbroken succession of "Wagner Concerts" for the Pension Fund and fear that some day the essential audience will be like-minded with them.

The next recourse is a symphony by Tschaikowski—preferably the popular "Pathetic." Yet even that may not be played whenever the conductor would put aside the convenient "Wagner Programme"; for the public is much more quickly sated with the melody and morbidezza of Petrograd, than it is with the richer and more various eloquence of Baireuth. Tschaikowski's fourth, fifth and "Manfred" symphonies remain; but an audience is certain only with the fifth. Accordingly, that piece began the concert of yesterday afternoon—the first of the two that the orchestra will undertake this year for its own treasury. But what was to fill the rest of the customary two hours?

In the past Dr. Muck has tried various expedients. This autumn he pitched upon a new one—the playing of two "popular classics" in one of which, Strauss's waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," many have long been eager to hear the orchestra. The other was the overture to Rossini's "William Tell," a piece in which Dr. Muck conducted a score of times when it was revived at the Royal Opera in Berlin. Between the two, seeking ingratiating ballet music, he placed a suite from Lalo's "Namouna" after he had rejected for various reasons fragments of Delibes's "Sylvia" and Rubinstein's "Feramors." All four pieces met the chief necessity of the occasion. They filled the hall after those that seek the Pension-Fund Concerts out of loyalty to the orchestra and those that like to hear it occasionally in any programme had reserved their places. Besides, they were interesting in themselves to hear from the band that, as usual when the Pension-Fund is in question, was on its mettle.

The Viennese say that Johann Strauss preferred the waltz of "The Blue Danube"—which river is by no means always "blue" or always "beautiful"—to all the rest that he wrote, even if other ears find "Wine, Women and Song" and one or two more quite as engaging. They also say that no one conducted in that waltz of the Danube as did the composer himself, even if he was his own worst enemy in his operettas in which he was wont to forget the stage for the orchestra. There were not many in the audience yesterday—if there was even one—who could draw a comparison between the elder Strauss and Dr. Muck in the music; but it is safe to say that the composer hardly commanded such an orchestra as that which sat under the conductor yesterday. The introduction, for example, owed much to the richness of tone that the horns lent it; the strings were as apt to the second beat of the measure—the secret of the fascination of Viennese waltzes—as was Dr. Muck himself; and only such an instrument as is the band could have been as sensitive to the light graduations of pace, rhythm and body of tone, to the sustained flow and to the graceful or the suspensive transitions to which the conductor kept the waltz running. And none other could so have clothed it with luminous, opulent and edgeless tone. For once, a piece of music that is more truly a work of fine and individual fancy and of plentiful and cunning resource than many a more pretentious composition shone in heightened but wisely tempered glories. For never once did Dr. Muck in his free handling of it cloud or distort it. Yet even the Castles might not dance to "The Blue Danube" played as a tone-poem in little and Miss Pavlova herself would have needed rehearsals.

Perhaps the overture to "William Tell" sounded less unusual from Dr. Muck and the orchestra than some of their hearers expected, for the sound reason that it offered them less opportunity for finesse of performance and tonal and interpretative distinction. Yet the full-voiced song of the violoncellos at the beginning, as Mr. Warnke, Mr. Malkin and the rest of the choir sustained, warmed and deepened it, might have rejoiced Rossini's exacting ears and the audiences of the twenties and the thirties would have heard in the finale such a "grand crescendo" as they demanded and admired in their operatic overtures. As Dr. Muck has been wont to prove in the close of Wagner's overture to "Rienzi," the secret of incessant and adroit quickening and cumulation in these showy endings did not die with the generation that cultivated and applauded them.

For the novel number of the afternoon, the fragments of Lalo's ballet-music were of uneven interest. The final pieces in the suite—the music of the Carnival at Corfu, curiously called on the programme "Market-Day Shows" and "Market-Day Festival"—obviously needed the background of the spectacle for full suggestion and illusion. Without the sun-supped square, the incessant moement of the crowd, the din of the incoming entertainers and the interludes of their feats and diversions, the music seems only well-made in itself and insistent, but rather pointless, with its characterizing and atmospheric purpose. In a measure, too, the Theme and Variations suffer from a like absence of the pictured scene and the mimed action. In place in the second act of the ballet, they mirror the surrender of the amorous Namouna to the awakened Othavio. Heard as such they do not lack glamor and wile; but heard as "absolute music," the ear found pleasure—and none too much—only in the freshness of the melody, Mr. Maquarre's skill with the long passage for the first flute and the richer and the richer harmonic dress of an ecstatic climax. Per contra, the serenade was charming to hear in the fanciful play of the strings with the two sprightfully motives and in the pretty coloring that oboes and clarinets shed upon it. And the Prelude might well have claimed the public of the Opéra in Paris in 1882 as a true symphonic piece. The vague beginnings touch the listening ear; to them ensues a thrilling passage in stark harmonic simplicity that unfolds the motive of Namouna's devotion; the succeeding measures for her charm are contrastingly and insinuatingly graceful; the climax "working-out" the two melodies and bearing them into fuller and fuller eloquence might well have seemed to those same Parisians an introduction to music-drama and not to a ballet-pantomime. It is trnasfiguring music; but there was no transfiguring, even for a Lalo, of much that "Namourna," according to Nuitter's prescribed libretto, must contain. Perhaps a superfluous tear or two has been shed in the last thirty years over this ill-fated ballet.

"Blue Danube" or no "Blue Danube," Tschaihovski's symphony remained the chief pleasure of the concert to many an hearer and by far the most applauded piece of the day. The Russian had his melodic inspirations and, though it is the custom of the time to belittle his music, there is no doubling them in the show movement of this fifth symphony, in the first movement of the familiar concerto for piano, in one and another "high point" in his music. Moreover, they are none the worse because they are unusually such that the average ear understand and feels them in the on the instant and keeps them through all the handling they may undergo. Better still, they are proof apart all sorts of repition. Not often is the prolonged song of this Andanti—for Tschaikovski was humanly loth to let it go until he had wrung the last drop from it—sung with such suffused and opalescent be only of tone with such sustained yet various voice, with such warmth of feeling and grace of motion as it was yesterday. Such music and such playing of it held the audience of Sunday rapt and truly moved; but man an inferior performance has done almost as much. much. Final and crowning proof of the virtue of that same melody—how often at Tschaikovski's hands, it hovers on the very edge of sentmentality and yet never descends into it. The vague longing thating that infiltrates it quite as much of Peter Iltisch Tscraikovski, man or composer, as of the Slav temperament in general—always ready to save.

On this score the mood of the Andante is near kin to the melancholy of disillusion, of like twofold origin, that impregnates the short, languid scherzo that sighs and chokes itself away—the wan ghost of a waltz and not the doleful mockery of it like the waltz "that never waltzes" of the second movement of the Pathetic Symphony. The rest—the first movement and the finale—are of the familiar Tschaikowski that delighted to contrast a supersensuous melody or a vivid "motto-motive" with the writings and the thrashings of a super-excited orchestra or else raced away into tonal tumults of ardent folk-song made "art-music" by his plentiful resources of glaring color, sharp progression and rhythmic force. Perhaps they are of a mannered, rather out-moded and shallow Tschaikovski, the victim for the time in the ears of a sated world, of his own idiosyncracies of temperament and procedure. But the slow song and the ghostly waltz endure by intrinsic virtue. H. T. P.

SUNDAY GLOBE—

JANUARY 2, 1916

[illegible] Musicians

Dr. Muck On a Great Foe to Musical Art.

The holiday lull in concert giving offers a favorable moment to consider phases of the interview with Dr Muck in the current number of the Craftsman. The full text without abridgement is well worth the serious and receptive attention of musicians, and of American citizens. It is significant to read this saying of Dr Muck, a factor in Prussian bureaucracy: "In America, I should say, you will have for your later-day music the great idea of democracy, of freedom for all the people."

Following the epoch marking appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Panama Exposition last June, Dr Muck spent some time in travel through the wonders of Western scenery. He was impressed by the picturesque grandeur of the Grand Canyon. "This idea (that of democracy in American music)" continues he, "is expressed in the very quality of the Western landscape, in the freedom, vastness, the titanic grandeur, the unoccupied beautiful spaces; all these things speak of liberty, boundless opportunity. Who that ever has seen the Grand Canyon at sunset or in the moonlight, or those great limitless plains, veiled in rose and violet and the mellowing gray of twilight, can fail to be profoundly impressed, richly influenced?"

It is the opinion of Dr Muck that the American painters have captured something of this glory and beauty in their canvases, but he has yet to hear poetry and music which reflects it. He credits Americans with liberality surpassed by few in bringing music to this country, but "as yet you have not stopped long enough to cherish the birth of great art here. It seems to me you are constantly putting it off to the future."

Dr Muck's rebuke of the American greed for money and money-getting is tactfully and gracefully given. He probably would call it merely an expression of personal opinion. He says we reason after this manner as a people: "We will have art, some day, when we want it, for we have all things as we want them. We are busy now making money." He credits Americans with a great genius for money-making, and here the learned doctor, whose learning is that of the philosopher as of the musician, speaks words of insight and of wisdom—"but you appear too busy to use it."

Money-Making First.

Then, hastening to qualify or explain what may seem a blunt statement he adds: "At least, to use it in a way that seems most valuable to me. You do buy many, many things that enable you to get about quickly, not only things that will make your homes beautiful, but things that will enable you to get away from your homes—swifter steamers, swifter railroads, swifter motor cars. It is a Nation hurrying from one generation to another, one century to another, seeking always means of haste, pressing past with an ideal of haste rather than some definite goal.

"Isn't it just as good to stop today as tomorrow to spend beautiful leisure in your beautiful homes, into which to bring beautiful art? This is the lovely present I wish for America. I want leisure now for your music, your painters want it for art, your young geniuses want it for poetry. Stop now and make this the greatest century America has ever known for the birth of great National art."

Dr Muck's sense of the too distracting, the vitiating American passion for diversion, for this, then that nervous stimulant, is a significant element in his diagnosis. His proposed course, one of education of the youth, of active cultivation of music in the schools, in the employment of choruses and of orchestras, and of the careful choice of teachers for the young in their individual instruction, all is sound and not strange to American educators. As to the development of orchestral music in the public schools of our cities, there is an activity which probably would surprise the eminent conductor did he know of its seriousness and extent.

But it is in regard to the use of the so-called "popular" music as one of the most vicious manifestations of this love of diversion, that these observations upon our musical customs should be arresting. Dr Muck makes a clean and sharp distinction between the folk music, the songs that have grown up out of the life of a people as expression of their joy, sorrow, triumph, despair, and are transmitted from mouth to mouth, between music of this nature, of which France, Germany, Russia, Britain and Ireland for example have a wealth and the music now bearing the name "popular" in common parlance as distinguished from "classic."

"Ragtime" Is Poison.

These statements now following will, if they have not already, raise thundering protest: "I do not in the least believe in popular music for the masses; I do not believe there is such a thing as good popular music. I think what you call here your ragtime is poison. It poisons the very source of your musical growth, for it poisons the taste of the young. You cannot poison the spring of art and hope for a fresh, clear stream to flow out and enrich life.

"You ask me how the American Nation shall produce its own music. I say to you from the bottom of my heart that it shall at once cease to train its children with what is called the popular music. By this I do not mean for an instant that the primitive music of a Nation is not the rich, resourceful, inspiring thing; the folk music of all lands has been the [illegible]

[illegible] the people and the foundation [illegible] the widest musical culture has rested. But such music as you are producing in America today for the cabaret and the second-rate musical comedy is not folk music. It is just the expression of a restless desire of the people for excitement, for change, for intoxication, which is not improving from year to year, from generation to generation; it is only changing, meeting various emotional whims of the people.

"You have new music because you want new dances or you want more excitement. This cannot become the source of inspiration for the development of a musical Nation. You ask me frankly and I tell you frankly.

"One instance came to my notice in regard to the deadly influence of the ragtime music which I will cite to show the insidious effect it may have even on people whose first impulse is toward the right thing.

"I dined one evening with a family devoted to the interests of Symphony music. They had been subscribers for years. After the dinner I was very tired and strolled in the library alone to rest for a moment. To my astonishment I saw a music machine in one corner of the room. I said possibly they may have some records of good music and singers, and so glanced over the records. Then, to my horror I discovered that they were of the most deadly, vulgar ragtime music; not only was the music of the worst character, but in some instances there were records of vulgar cafe chantant songs, a collection of all the things that it seemed to me the real music lover would be opposed to.

"It was a terrible shock to me. I felt as though I had lost friends. I wondered how much I was to blame for it. How was it possible that I could have put into my work in the symphony my heart and soul and most earnest desire for the best results from such work and [illegible] among those I had [illegible] music

[illegible] comes early in [illegible] a nation it is the expression of that people's emotional interest in beauty. When it comes later, and civilization is full fledged, it is born of a conventional appreciation of the world's standards of beauty. The early music wells up out of great love, great joy, great, splendid response to nature. In the later life of a nation art comes from an appreciation of what it adds to life, from a sense of its decorative importance. In other words, one is born of an emotion and one of an idea. Wagner, strangely enough, combined both the traditional and the modern point of view in his music. He had the great idea of a new religion for the world, a religion that could no longer be held in the grasp of the gods, that must be reborn through the splendor and tragedy of human love and sacrifice. In the music of Strauss you feel the pounding of a great idea, you feel suddenly that he is breaking down conventional barriers that have held people away from the intoxication and joy of music. Beethoven had the great idea of bringing close to the people all pastoral beauty from the beginning of days. Whatever has been joyous in pastoral lives, whatever has been sad or thrilling or tender or peaceful Beethoven has reproduced for the world's joy and strength.

"In America, I should say, you will have for your later day music the great idea of democracy, of freedom for all the people. This idea is expressed in the very quality of the Western landscape, in the freedom, vastness, the titanic grandeur, the unoccupied beautiful spaces; all these things speak of liberty, boundless opportunity. Who that has ever seen the Grand Canyon at sunset or in the moonlight, of those great, limitless plains veiled in rose and violet and the mellowing gray of twilight can fail to be profoundly impressed, richly influenced? Such beauty and vastness must liberate the spirit, and the free

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Dr. Karl Muck Writes On Music of the Democrac

He Calls Ragtime Poison and Says America Cannot Hope to Produce Music of the Type of the Old World Countries.

Dr. Karl Muck, the distinguished conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has in the current number of "The Craftsman" a most interesting contribution to the subject of music in America. Dr. Muck's article is entitled "The Music of the Democracy," and it does not attempt to pour molasses over our national consciousness. The conductor declares that as America never had a childhood, it cannot hope to produce music of the type possessed by the countries of the Old World.

"When art comes early in the life of a nation it is the expression of that people's emotional interest in beauty. When it comes later and civilization is full-fledged it is born of a conventional appreciation of the world's standards of beauty. In other words, one is born of an emotion and one of an idea."

Not a very comforting thought to those who desire to see an American school of music and who believe that music is primarily a product of the emotions. If a real American music is to be produced, continues Dr. Muck, it will not be through ragtime, but despite of it, and a cultivation of the musical taste must be endowed.

"I do not in the least believe in popular music; I do not believe there is such a thing as *good* popular music. What you call here ragtime is poison. It poisons the very source of your musical growth, for it poisons the taste of the young."

This is Dr. Muck's uncompromising doctrine, and in conclusion he vehemently assails the ideals of Young America, declaring that our youth is everywhere seeking for pleasure with a background of half-baked ideas. This state, he declares, is fatal to art and to beauty. The article in "The Craftsman" is in part as follows:

"A music-loving people! Why not—living in such a marvellous country, a country that should be the source of splendid inspiration for every art. It is different in Europe; the inspiration is not needed. Music continues and thrives in the Old World because it is a part of the existence of the people. They are all brought up with music in their homes and in their schools. They know it as they know their A B C's; they do not have to seek new and tremendous inspiration—influences powerful enough to cut a channel through prevailing interests.

"But in America you did not start with music when you were a young nation; in a way, you did not start as a young nation at all. It always seems to me that this country began life as a youth, not a child. Usually the beginning of music is in the infancy of the nation, when there are no conventional boundaries to the emotions, when the people crave some rich expression for their vital interests, when all of life is activity, spontaneity, and when people are not shut away from nature's storehouse of inspiration, when they are looking up to the sky, out to the woods hourly, when each day takes them down pathways that are full of beauty and fragrance which must have expression in ballad or chant, in the dance of the warrior or the song of the lover.

"America has had no long, slow centuries of simple, primitive existence. Her early struggles were not the old battles of warriors over maidens or of nations seeking to possess each other's hunting grounds and pleasure places. From the start you were more conventional, more grown up. People came from other worlds who were not happy, and settled in America with their own specialized ways, with their own social attitude and religion all ready-made. If they fought battles it was against the aborigines whose land they needed; it was not to protect ancient homes and traditional art. This way was essential, but not so picturesque, and it started your nation past the time of early thrilling days of romance, in which music and poetry [illegible] time to take deep [illegible]

spirit must eventually express something of the force that has opened the windows of its soul.

"It is hopeless to attempt to do anything for middle age. No nation has ever developed art through its grown-up people. It has developed much enjoyment, much culture, it has shown appreciation of art, as America has done, for there is an ever increasing love of good music in this country, an ever growing audience for grand opera and for symphony concerts, but that is not what you are asking about in America. You want your own musical life, you want your own musical geniuses, men who will have a vision of what music should be in this country, who will see straight into the hearts of the people, who will produce their aspirations, their longings, their love of beauty, who will have the great idea for music from American inspiration, the music of the democracy—the music of the free people.

"I do not mean for a moment that there is no music in the American school, but there should be music in every school—in the public schools, the private schools, the colleges, the universities, and always the best. I do not in the least believe in popular music for the masses; I do not believe there is such a thing as good popular music. I think what you call here your ragtime is poison. It poisons the very source of your musical growth, for it poisons the taste of the young. You cannot poison the spring of art and hope for a fresh, clear stream to flow out and enrich life.

"From the very start, I should say, give your young people the best music the world has ever known of every land. It will not lessen their ability to create native music. No good art ever hurts or lessens the power to produce any other valuable art. Art is a long history of great progress, but it is a connected history, and by giving good music to your young people here, from Germany, from France, from every known source, you are only opening up their interest, their need of music, their capacity to produce music, and when they finally reach the point where they long to create they will seek native sources of inspiration if they have the real art. But if you pollute the spring, if you poison the beginning of the musical source, you will find the power for creation is atrophied, and the small stream which forces its way out will be muddied and soiled and unbeautiful.

"You ask me how the American nation shall produce its own music. I say to you from the bottom of my heart that it shall at once cease to train its children with what is called the popular music. By this I do not mean for an instant that the primitive music of a nation is not the rich, resourceful, inspiring thing; the folk music of all lands has been the beginning of musical development and musical culture, the joy of the people and the foundation on which the widest musical culture has rested. But such music as you are producing in America to-day for the cabaret and the second-rate musical comedy is not folk music. It is just the expression of a restless desire of the people for excitement, for change, for intoxication, which is not improving from year to year, from generation to generation; it is only changing, meeting various emotional whims of the people. You have new music because you want new dances or you want more excitement. This cannot become the source of inspiration for the development of a musical nation.

"As yet the people do not seem willing to make the effort to support grand opera and symphony concerts. The question resolves itself into this: If you do not endow these institutions you cannot have this music. If you wish the music at this present stage of your civilization, it must be endowed. So far as I am aware no musical institution of any description is supported by state or government in America. The only endowments that are made are individual, and those in some instances are lavish to a degree. In New York your grand opera is supported by subscription and frequently by additional endowment as well—always personal. This is true of every grand opera in America. It is also true, so far as I am able to state, of the symphony orchestra. I know it is true of the New York Symphony, of the Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle and so on indefinitely.

"And right here it is important to note that the interest in the symphony orchestra is spreading. It is no small matter for America to realize that there is a successful symphony orchestra in Seattle as well as in San Francisco, Chicago and so on toward the East. But these orchestras are not supported by the voluntary contributions of the mass of people. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is practically the gift to the people of one great music lover, Mr. Higginson. It is Mr. Higginson who has made it possible for the Boston Symphony to work without joining the music union, so that it is an absolutely free institution. And in this free country I find that the trade unions do not always leave the people quite free either in the arts or crafts. I think that if you are not careful, through them you will greatly mar musical opportunity and you will possibly kill the development of craft work.

"A short time ago a carpenter came to do some work for me in my house in Boston and I actually had to tell him how to do his own work, for I am proud of the fact that I am a good carpenter. I learned it in my youth, as I did many other simple, practical things.

"I talked with my union carpenter and he told me that as a matter of fact he was not a carpenter at all, but a plumber; but he could make a little more money as a carpenter and so he elected to call himself that and came to do my work. It is much the same in the musical trade unions. There is no standard except a financial one, and it is not the man who is the greatest musician who has the best salary.

"But to return to the endowment of music. You will see that at present it is necessary for certain kinds of musical development. After you have put music in all your schools, in the biggest, most impersonal way, I firmly believe that you will be cultivating a generation of people who will be eager to support symphony concerts, grand opera, who will be writing music for both.

"The question of endowment does not seem to trouble any one in Germany; it is universal. In every place of forty or fifty thousand inhabitants there is a symphony orchestra supported by the town. In Berlin the Emperor gives 3,000,000 marks a year out of his private income for the advancement of music; in Vienna, music is supported by the government. There seems to be no question in the world but what the people who have the greatest opportunity for enjoying music should really be the supporters. The idea of endowing music in Germany came about through Frederick the Great, some two hundred years ago. He was a music lover. He and the dukes of his court decided that they would pay for it themselves, and this sentiment has continued in Germany ever since, although if it were not done there is, in my mind, no question in the world but what the people by voluntary contributions would hold music in their midst.

"You have asked me just what quality in your civilization I find most detrimental to the development and progress of the arts. It seems to me that the most serious handicap to art that I have been able to discover in America, and, of course, there are serious handicaps in every nation to its best growth, is the fact that politics in this country is a matter of business, not of national concern. I believe that politics should be absolutely separated from business activities. Politics is the machinery of running a nation. A man should not be in politics to make money, to make his living, but to work for the welfare of the nation. There should be no opportunity whatever for him to have to face financial questions. He should be supported by the government. But in America I find in every state people in politics for their own interest—not to build up a finer, stronger, purer nation, not to insure the development of art-loving people, not to add to the beauty of the country, the delight of it, but for their own aggrandizement. Naturally this brings about a state restless, uncertain and separated from the betterment of the country. Also, it places in power and in high positions men not prepared for the work; it gives young people the idea that they can start on the top, not that they must work carefully, warily, assiduously into a position of supremacy, and one that may account for a great deal of the general restlessness that prevails everywhere, and of the eagerness of young people to skip the steps that should be climbed in their own business, artistic or spiritual growth.

"In all schools I notice a tendency for children to escape as soon as possible, to get out and make money before they are prepared to make it well, to start life with half-baked ideas of what is worth while, with their profession half learned; to be independent when they are young, and not to be independent in order to get the utmost from life, but to play harder. It is the young people who are making a little money, without much knowledge, who fill the cabarets and the poor theatres, and whose lives are choked and disintegrated before they are old enough to realize what they are losing.

"Everywhere these young people are seeking for money in order to have more houses, more clothes, more playtime, more motor cars. This cannot mean more beauty, more real happiness, more development, more spiritual activity. The plumber cannot call himself a carpenter and do good work. Youth must prepare itself for great things if it is to live them, and it is through the preparation of the young that all great and good things come to a nation."

Dr. Muck surely does not flatter us, but in this day of Henry Fords and easy money and unpreparedness, his words may well be taken to heart, not only in regard to music, but for all the arts, and indeed for life itself.

TRANSCRIPT,

DECEMBER 13.

WAR SPIRIT AND THE SYMPHONY

To the Editor of the Transcript:

While hearing the Pension Fund concert on Sunday, the affairs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra dwelt in my mind, and a few sentences about these affairs may interest your readers.

When in September, 1914, Dr. Muck turned up from Germany, a doubt existed as to whether the orchestra would play together, for the members hailed from ten different nations which were at war with one another.

Therefore, it was settled that a few words should be said to the members, and the words were said—counselling kindness and pleasant looks between man and man and only such. The men of the orchestra listened quietly and seemed pleased. Since that day fourteen months have passed, during which harmony has prevailed; yet rehearsals, concerts, monthly journeys, the trip to San Francisco, with their trials, have come and gone. It is a fine instance of self-control and gentle behavior. These members of the orchestra are men with red blood in their veins, and must feel keenly the great struggle. With their birth and education, they cannot well understand our views of life, and must be puzzled with our opposition to their inherited beliefs and principles, while at the same time we esteem and like them and their fellow-countrymen as individuals, and admire many things in their native countries. Especially to Germany the orchestra owes much, and that means the schools, the music, and the members from Germany and Austria.

It is a serious task to practise afresh the old music, and to study and play the new music which the later composers have made so complicated—to find the hidden meaning and beauty of a great symphony—in short, to render such a beautiful service as that of yesterday. It is the result of careful, intelligent labor through years, and of obedience to the will of honest, able, gifted conductors such as we have had and have. Nevertheless, all this work tries the patience and the nerves of men. Moreover, these musicians are not our countrymen, but foreigners who came here to give us delight and comfort. How different from the position of a native-born man who, by working for his own country, simply does his duty and no more than his duty! He only adorns his own house.

I say all these things only to lay before a public which has been always steadfast, loyal and kind, the high deserts of these artists and especially of their wonderful conductor, Dr. Muck—to remind our friends of the audiences that the conduct of the artists under trying conditions has been excellent—a conduct without which the orchestra could not have existed for one day—and to express aloud my own deep, strong admiration and affection for these artists, and particularly for Dr. Muck, who never [illegible] in giving [illegible] each [illegible] ment and musical culture, the joy of the people and the foundation on which the widest musical culture has rested.

"But such music as you are producing in America today for the cabaret and the second-rate musical comedy is not folk music. It is just the expression of a restless desire of the people for excitement, for change, for intoxication, which is not improving from year to year, from generation to generation; it is only changing, meeting various emotional whims of the people.

"You have new music because you want new dances or you want more excitement. This cannot become the source of inspiration for the development of a musical Nation. You ask me frankly and I tell you frankly.

"One instance came to my notice in regard to the deadly influence of the ragtime music which I will cite to show the insidious effect it may have even on the people whose first impulse is toward the right thing.

"I dined one evening with a family devoted to the interests of Symphony music. They had been subscribers for years. After the dinner I was very tired and strolled in the library alone to rest for a moment. To my astonishment I saw a music machine in one corner of the room. I said possibly they may have some records of good music and singers, and so glanced over the records. Then, to my horror I discovered that they were of the most deadly, vulgar ragtime music: not only was the music of the worst character, but in some instances there were records of vulgar cafe chantant songs, a collection of all the things that it seemed to me the real music lover would be opposed to.

"It was a terrible shock to me. I felt as though I had lost friends. I wondered how much I was to blame for it. How was it possible that I could have put into my work in the symphony my heart and soul and most earnest desire for the best results from such work and [illegible] among those I had [illegible] music

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[illegible] comes early in the life of a nation it is the expression of that people's emotional interest in beauty. When it comes later, and civilization is full fledged, it is born of a conventional appreciation of the world's standards of beauty. The early music wells up out of great love, great joy, great, splendid response to nature. In the later life of a nation art comes from an appreciation of what it adds to life, from a sense of its decorative importance. In other words, one is born of an emotion and one of an idea. Wagner, strangely enough, combined both the traditional and the modern point of view in his music. He had the great idea of a new religion for the world, a religion that could no longer be held in the grasp of the gods, that must be reborn through the splendor and tragedy of human love and sacrifice. In the music of Strauss you feel the pounding of a great idea, you feel suddenly that he is breaking down conventional barriers that have held people away from the intoxication and joy of music. Beethoven had the great idea of bringing close to the people all pastoral beauty from the beginning of days. Whatever has been joyous in pastoral lives, whatever has been sad or thrilling or tender or peaceful Beethoven has reproduced for the world's joy and strength.

"In America, I should say, you will have for your later day music the great idea of democracy, of freedom for all the people. This idea is expressed in the very quality of the Western landscape, in the freedom, vastness, the titanic grandeur, the unoccupied beautiful spaces; all these things speak of liberty, boundless opportunity. Who that has ever seen the Grand Canyon at sunset or in the moonlight, or those great, limitless plains veiled in rose and violet and the mellowing gray of twilight can fail to be profoundly impressed, richly influenced? Such beauty and vastness must liberate the spirit, and the free

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Dr. Karl Muck Writes On Music of the Democrac

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Dr. Karl Muck, the distinguished conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has in the current number of "The Craftsman" a most interesting contribution to the subject of music in America. Dr. Muck's article is entitled "The Music of the Democracy," and it does not attempt to pour molasses over our national consciousness. The conductor declares that as America never had a childhood, it cannot hope to produce music of the type possessed by the countries of the Old World.

"When art comes early in the life of a nation it is the expression of that people's emotional interest in beauty. When it comes later and civilization is full-fledged it is born of a conventional appreciation of the world's standards of beauty. In other words, one is born of an emotion and one of an idea."

Not a very comforting thought to those who desire to see an American school of music and who believe that music is primarily a product of the emotions. If a real American music is to be produced, continues Dr. Muck, it will not be through ragtime, but despite of it, and a cultivation of the musical taste must be endowed.

"I do not in the least believe in popular music; I do not believe there is such a thing as *good* popular music. What you call here ragtime is poison. It poisons the very source of your musical growth, for it poisons the taste of the young."

This is Dr. Muck's uncompromising doctrine, and in conclusion he vehemently assails the ideals of Young America, declaring that our youth is everywhere seeking for pleasure with a background of half-baked ideas. This state, he declares, is fatal to art and to beauty. The article in "The Craftsman" is in part as follows:

"A music-loving people! Why not—living in such a marvellous country, a country that should be the source of splendid inspiration for every art. It is different in Europe; the inspiration is not needed. Music continues and thrives in the Old World because it is a part of the existence of the people. They are all brought up with music in their homes and in their schools. They know it as they know their A B C's; they do not have to seek new and tremendous inspiration—influences powerful enough to cut a channel through prevailing interests.

"But in America you did not start with music when you were a young nation; in a way, you did not start as a young nation at all. It always seems to me that this country began life as a youth, not a child. Usually the beginning of music is in the infancy of the nation, when there are no conventional boundaries to the emotions, when the people crave some rich expression for their vital interests, when all of life is activity, spontaneity, and when people are not shut away from nature's storehouse of inspiration, when they are looking up to the sky, out to the woods hourly, when each day takes them down pathways that are full of beauty and fragrance which must have expression in ballad or chant, in the dance of the warrior or the song of the lover.

"America has had no long, slow centuries of simple, primitive existence. Her early struggles were not the old battles of warriors over maidens or of nations seeking to possess each other's hunting grounds and pleasure places. From the start you were more conventional, more grown up. People came from other worlds who were not happy, and settled in America with their own specialized ways, with their own social attitude and religion all ready-made. If they fought battles it was against the aborigines whose land they needed; it was not to protect ancient homes and traditional art. This way was essential, but not so picturesque, and it started your nation past the time of early thrilling days of romance, in which music and poetry have time to take deep root in the

spirit must eventually express something of the force that has opened the windows of its soul.

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"I do not mean for a moment that there is no music in the American school, but there should be music in every school—in the public schools, the private schools, the colleges, the universities, and always the best. I do not in the least believe in popular music for the masses; I do not believe there is such a thing as good popular music. I think what you call here your ragtime is poison. It poisons the very source of your musical growth, for it poisons the taste of the young. You cannot poison the spring of art and hope for a fresh, clear stream to flow out and enrich life.

"From the very start, I should say, give your young people the best music the world has ever known of every land. It will not lessen their ability to create native music. No good art ever hurts or lessens the power to produce any other valuable art. Art is a long history of great progress, but it is a connected history, and by giving good music to your young people here, from Germany, from France, from every every known source, you are only opening up their interest, their need of music, their capacity to produce music, and when they finally reach the point where they long to create they will seek native sources of inspiration if they have the real art. But if you pollute the spring, if you poison the beginning of the musical source, you will find the power for creation is atrophied, and the small stream which forces its way out will be muddied and soiled and unbeautiful.

"You ask me how the American nation shall produce its own music. I say to you from the bottom of my heart that it shall at once cease to train its children with what is called the popular music. By this I do not mean for an instant that the primitive music of a nation is not the rich, resourceful, inspiring thing; the folk music of all lands has been the beginning of musical development and musical culture, the joy of the people and the foundation on which the widest musical culture has rested. But such music as you are producing in America to-day for the cabaret and the second-rate musical comedy is not folk music. It is just the expression of a restless desire of the people for excitement, for change, for intoxication, which is not improving from year to year, from generation to generation; it is only changing, meeting various emotional whims of the people. You have new music because you want new dances or you want more excitement. This cannot become the source of inspiration for the development of a musical nation.

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"And right here it is important to note that the interest in the symphony orchestra is spreading. It is no small matter for America to realize that there is a successful symphony orchestra in Seattle as well as in San Francisco, Chicago and so on toward the East. But these orchestras are not supported by the voluntary contributions of the mass of people. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is practically the gift to the people of one great music lover, Mr. Higginson. It is Mr. Higginson who has made it possible for the Boston Symphony to work without joining the music union, so that it is an absolutely free institution. And in this free country I find that the trade unions do not always leave the people quite free either in the arts or crafts. I think that if you are not careful, through them you will greatly mar musical opportunity and you will possibly kill the development of craft work.

"A short time ago a carpenter came to do some work for me in my house in Boston and I actually had to tell him how to do his own work, for I am proud of the fact that I am a good carpenter. I learned it in my youth, as I did many other simple, practical things.

"I talked with my union carpenter and he told me that as a matter of fact he was not a carpenter at all, but a plumber; but he could make a little more money as a carpenter and so he elected to call himself that and came to do my work. It is much the same in the musical trade unions. There is no standard except a financial one, and it is not the man who is the greatest musician who has the best salary.

"But to return to the endowment of music. You will see that at present it is necessary for certain kinds of musical development. After you have put music in all your schools, in the biggest, most impersonal way, I firmly believe that you will be cultivating a generation of people who will be eager to support symphony concerts, grand opera, who will be writing music for both.

"The question of endowment does not seem to trouble any one in Germany; it is universal. In every place of forty or fifty thousand inhabitants there is a symphony orchestra supported by the town. In Berlin the Emperor gives 3,000,000 marks a year out of his private income for the advancement of music; in Vienna, music is supported by the government. There seems to be no question in the world but what the people who have the greatest opportunity for enjoying music should really be the supporters. The idea of endowing music in Germany came about through Frederick the Great, some two hundred years ago. He was a music lover. He and the dukes of his court decided that they would pay for it themselves, and this sentiment has continued in Germany ever since, although if it were not done there is, in my mind, no question in the world but what the people by voluntary contributions would hold music in their midst.

"You have asked me just what quality in your civilization I find most detrimental to the development and progress of the arts. It seems to me that the most serious handicap to art that I have been able to discover in America, and, of course, there are serious handicaps in every nation to its best growth, is the fact that politics in this country is a matter of business, not of national concern. I believe that politics should be absolutely separated from business activities. Politics is the machinery of running a nation. A man should not be in politics to make money, to make his living, but to work for the welfare of the nation. There should be no opportunity whatever for him to have to face financial questions. He should be supported by the government. But in America I find in every state people in politics for their own interest—not to build up a finer, stronger, purer nation, not to insure the development of art-loving people, not to add to the beauty of the country, the delight of it, but for their own aggrandizement. Naturally this brings about a state restless, uncertain and separated from the betterment of the country. Also, it places in power and in high positions men not prepared for the work; it gives young people the idea that they can start on the top, not that they must work carefully, warily, assiduously into a position of supremacy, and one that may account for a great deal of the general restlessness that prevails everywhere, and of the eagerness of young people to skip the steps that should be climbed in their own business, artistic or spiritual growth.

"In all schools I notice a tendency for children to escape as soon as possible, to get out and make money before they are prepared to make it well, to start life with half-baked ideas of what is worth while, with their profession half learned; to be independent when they are young, and not to be independent in order to get the utmost from life, but to play harder. It is the young people who are making a little money, without much knowledge, who fill the cabarets and the poor theatres, and whose lives are choked and disintegrated before they are old enough to realize what they are losing.

"Everywhere these young people are seeking for money in order to have more houses, more clothes, more playtime, more motor cars. This cannot mean more beauty, more real happiness, more development, more spiritual activity. The plumber cannot call himself a carpenter and do good work. Youth must prepare itself for great things if it is to live them, and it is through the preparation of the young that all great and good things come to a nation."

Dr. Muck surely does not flatter us, but in this day of Henry Fords and easy money and unpreparedness, his words may well be taken to heart, not only in regard to music, but for all the arts, and indeed for life itself.

TRANSCRIPT.

DECEMBER 13.

WAR SPIRIT AND THE SYMPHONY

To the Editor of the Transcript:

While hearing the Pension Fund concert on Sunday, the affairs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra dwelt in my mind, and a few sentences about these affairs may interest your readers.

When in September, 1914, Dr. Muck turned up from Germany, a doubt existed as to whether the orchestra would play together, for the members hailed from ten different nations which were at war with one another.

Therefore, it was settled that a few words should be said to the members, and the words were said—counselling kindness and pleasant looks between man and man and only such. The men of the orchestra listened quietly and seemed pleased. Since that day fourteen months have passed, during which harmony has prevailed; yet rehearsals, concerts, monthly journeys, the trip to San Francisco, with their trials, have come and gone. It is a fine instance of self-control and gentle behavior. These members of the orchestra are men with red blood in their veins, and must feel keenly the great struggle. With their birth and education, they cannot well understand our views of life, and must be puzzled with our opposition to their inherited beliefs and principles, while at the same time we esteem and like them and their fellow-countrymen as individuals, and admire many things in their native countries. Especially to Germany the orchestra owes much, and that means the schools, the music, and the members from Germany and Austria.

It is a serious task to practise afresh the old music, and to study and play the new music which the later composers have made so complicated—to find the hidden meaning and beauty of a great symphony—in short, to render such a beautiful service as that of yesterday. It is the result of careful, intelligent labor through years, and of obedience to the will of honest, able, gifted conductors such as we have had and have. Nevertheless, all this work tries the patience and the nerves of men. Moreover, these musicians are not our countrymen, but foreigners who came here to give us delight and comfort. How different from the position of a native-born man who, by working for his own country, simply does his duty and no more than his duty! He only adorns his own house.

I say all these things only to lay before a public which has been always steadfast, loyal and kind, the high deserts of these artists and especially of their wonderful conductor, Dr. Muck—to remind our friends of the audiences that the conduct of the artists under trying conditions has been excellent—a conduct without which the orchestra could not have existed for one day—and to express aloud my own deep, strong admiration and affection for these artists, and particularly for Dr. Muck, who never [illegible] in giving [illegible] each ment and musical culture, the joy of the people and the foundation on which the widest musical culture has rested.

"But such music as you are producing in America today for the cabaret and the second-rate musical comedy is not folk music. It is just the expression of a restless desire of the people for excitement, for change, for intoxication, which is not improving from year to year, from generation to generation; it is only changing, meeting various emotional whims of the people.

"You have new music because you want new dances or you want more excitement. This cannot become the source of inspiration for the development of a musical Nation. You ask me frankly and I tell you frankly.

"One instance came to my notice in regard to the deadly influence of the ragtime music which I will cite to show the insidious effect it may have even on people whose first impulse is toward the right thing.

"I dined one evening with a family devoted to the interests of Symphony music. They had been subscribers for years. After the dinner I was very tired and strolled in the library alone to rest for a moment. To my astonishment I saw a music machine in one corner of the room. I said possibly they may have some records of good music and singers, and so glanced over the records. Then, to my horror I discovered that they were of the most deadly, vulgar ragtime music; not only was the music of the worst character, but in some instances there were records of vulgar cafe chantant songs, a collection of all the things that it seemed to me the real music lover would be opposed to.

"It was a terrible shock to me. I felt as though I had lost friends. I wondered how much I was to blame for it. How was it possible that I could have put into my work in the symphony my heart and soul and most earnest desire for the best results from such work and then find that among those I had counted upon as true friends and music lovers, there was this deadly interest in the vulgar fad of the day? I realized how much there was to work against, how much to overcome before this country, with all the opportunity in the world, would reall[illegible] sical Nation."

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"When art comes early in the life of a nation it is the expression of that people's emotional interest in beauty. When it comes later and civilization is full-fledged it is born of a conventional appreciation of the world's standards of beauty. In other words, one is born of an emotion and one of an idea."

Not a very comforting thought to those who desire to see an American school of music and who believe that music is primarily a product of the emotions. If a real American music is to be produced, continues Dr. Muck, it will not be through ragtime, but despite of it, and a cultivation of the musical taste must be endowed.

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"But in America you did not start with music when you were a young nation; in a way, you did not start as a young nation at all. It always seems to me that this country began life as a youth, not a child. Usually the beginning of music is in the infancy of the nation, when there are no conventional boundaries to the emotions, when the people crave some rich expression for their vital interests, when all of life is activity, spontaneity, and when people are not shut away from nature's storehouse of inspiration, when they are looking up to the sky, out to the woods hourly, when each day takes them down pathways that are full of beauty and fragrance which must have expression in ballad or chant, in the dance of the warrior or the song of the lover.

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"From the very start, I should say, give your young people the best music the world has ever known of every land. It will not lessen their ability to create native music. No good art ever hurts or lessens the power to produce any other valuable art. Art is a long history of great progress, but it is a connected history, and by giving good music to your young people here, from Germany, from France, from every known source, you are only opening up their interest, their need of music, their capacity to produce music, and when they finally reach the point where they long to create they will seek native sources of inspiration if they have the real art. But if you pollute the spring, if you poison the beginning of the musical source, you will find the power for creation is atrophied, and the small stream which forces its way out will be muddied and soiled and unbeautiful.

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"A short time ago a carpenter came to do some work for me in my house in Boston and I actually had to tell him how to do his own work, for I am proud of the fact that I am a good carpenter. I learned it in my youth, as I did many other simple, practical things.

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"You have asked me just what quality in your civilization I find most detrimental to the development and progress of the arts. It seems to me that the most serious handicap to art that I have been able to discover in America, and, of course, there are serious handicaps in every nation to its best growth, is the fact that politics in this country is a matter of business, not of national concern. I believe that politics should be absolutely separated from business activities. Politics is the machinery of running a nation. A man should not be in politics to make money, to make his living, but to work for the welfare of the nation. There should be no opportunity whatever for him to have to face financial questions. He should be supported by the government. But in America I find in every state people in politics for their own interest—not to build up a finer, stronger, purer nation, not to insure the development of art-loving people, not to add to the beauty of the country, the delight of it, but for their own aggrandizement. Naturally this brings about a state restless, uncertain and separated from the betterment of the country. Also, it places in power and in high positions men not prepared for the work; it gives young people the idea that they can start on the top, not that they must work carefully, warily, assiduously into a position of supremacy, and one that may account for a great deal of the general restlessness that prevails everywhere, and of the eagerness of young people to skip the steps that should be climbed in their own business, artistic or spiritual growth.

"In all schools I notice a tendency for children to escape as soon as possible, to get out and make money before they are prepared to make it well, to start life with half-baked ideas of what is worth while, with their profession half learned; to be independent when they are young, and not to be independent in order to get the utmost from life, but to play harder. It is the young people who are making a little money, without much knowledge, who fill the cabarets and the poor theatres, and whose lives are choked and disintegrated before they are old enough to realize what they are losing.

"Everywhere these young people are seeking for money in order to have more houses, more clothes, more playtime, more motor cars. This cannot mean more beauty, more real happiness, more development, more spiritual activity. The plumber cannot call himself a carpenter and do good work. Youth must prepare itself for great things if it is to live them, and it is through the preparation of the young that all great and good things come to a nation."

Dr. Muck surely does not flatter us, but in this day of Henry Fords and easy money and unpreparedness, his words may well be taken to heart, not only in regard to music, but for all the arts, and indeed for life itself.

TRANSCRIPT,

DECEMBER 13.

WAR SPIRIT AND THE SYMPHONY

To the Editor of the Transcript:

While hearing the Pension Fund concert on Sunday, the affairs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra dwelt in my mind, and a few sentences about these affairs may interest your readers.

When in September, 1914, Dr. Muck turned up from Germany, a doubt existed as to whether the orchestra would play together, for the members hailed from ten different nations which were at war with one another.

Therefore, it was settled that a few words should be said to the members, and the words were said—counselling kindness and pleasant looks between man and man and only such. The men of the orchestra listened quietly and seemed pleased. Since that day fourteen months have passed, during which harmony has prevailed; yet rehearsals, concerts, monthly journeys, the trip to San Francisco, with their trials, have come and gone. It is a fine instance of self-control and gentle behavior. These members of the orchestra are men with red blood in their veins, and must feel keenly the great struggle. With their birth and education, they cannot well understand our views of life, and must be puzzled with our opposition to their inherited beliefs and principles, while at the same time we esteem and like them and their fellow-countrymen as individuals, and admire many things in their native countries. Especially to Germany the orchestra owes much, and that means the schools, the music, and the members from Germany and Austria.

It is a serious task to practise afresh the old music, and to study and play the new music which the later composers have made so complicated—to find the hidden meaning and beauty of a great symphony—in short, to render such a beautiful service as that of yesterday. It is the result of careful, intelligent labor through years, and of obedience to the will of honest, able, gifted conductors such as we have had and have. Nevertheless, all this work tries the patience and the nerves of men. Moreover, these musicians are not our countrymen, but foreigners who came here to give us delight and comfort. How different from the position of a native-born man who, by working for his own country, simply does his duty and no more than his duty! He only adorns his own house.

I say all these things only to lay before a public which has been always steadfast, loyal and kind, the high deserts of these artists and especially of their wonderful conductor, Dr. Muck—to remind our friends of the audiences that the conduct of the artists under trying conditions has been excellent—a conduct without which the orchestra could not have existed for one day—and to express aloud my own deep, strong admiration and affection for these artists, and particularly for Dr. Muck, who never [illegible] in giving [illegible] each

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Address
Date DEC 5 - 1915
Established:

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The growth in favor which the orchestra has had in Worcester has been constant and steady until now it has no rival.

In this respect, Worcester stands well in line with the rest of the country, for the Boston symphony orchestra is the nearest approach to a national institution that America possesses in the world of art.

Its many concerts throughout the country draw overflowing audiences and critics and public alike have difficulty in expressing their appreciation of its magnificent playing.

It was this orchestra that was chosen as the representative musical organization of the country to give a series of concerts at the Panama-Pacific international exposition in San Francisco last spring. There it gave 13 concerts in as many days, and for these concerts more than 46,000 people paid prices ranging from $1 to $3 each to listen to it.

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Dr. Muck has arranged a special program for Worcester. The soloist will be Laeta Hartely, a distinguished American pianist, who has played with much success with the Boston symphony orchestra.

It was originally announced that she would play Saint-Saens' "Concerto in G minor, No. 2," but she has decided that the great "Concerto in D minor, No. 1," by the American composer, Edward MacDowell, is a more effective work.

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Bizet suite ....."L'Arlesienne," No. 1
Soloist—Laeta Hartley.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date DEC 8 - 1915

Notes.

The high grade of soloists, which the Boston Symphony is bringing to Providence, will be thoroughly maintained at its third concert Tuesday evening, Dec. 14, when Madame Louise Homer, the great contralto, of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York will appear. Madame Homer has long been a favorite in this city. She will sing two arias by Gluck and an aria from "Samson and Delilah."

rk, 188

From COURANT
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date DEC 9 - 1915
Esta 384

THE MUSIC OF DEMOCRACY.

Dr. Karl Muck is the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—and regarding a man's musicianship and standing in the artistic world nothing more need be said than that, for that fact fixes his place. But Dr. Muck is more than a great conductor of a great orchestra. By means of the place he fills he becomes a leader of the musical thought of this country just so long as his ideas and ideals are expressed in the programs and the playing of the famous Boston organization; and anything he may have to say on the subject of music in or for America has both weight and value. "The Craftsman" is doing a fine service to its readers in bringing out, this year, the opinions of great masters of music on their art, its aims and possibilities; it has already published a very interesting interview with Arthur Bodanzky, the new German opera conductor of the Metropolitan, and the present issue is enriched by an article in the form of an interview with Dr. Muck.

The feeling is present in Dr. Muck's mind that America must begin to take up serious music as a youth, so to speak, rather than as a child—as the European nations have taken it up. The new nation is not born to the traditions of the old; neither are a new people, comparatively, born with instinctive appreciation for an art like music, maybe, as are the older peoples of the world. Where musical training in practically every class of society is more or less a matter of course—as in Germany—the standard of musical knowledge may well average higher than it can in a country like ours, where musical knowledge has been, in the past, confined to a comparatively few people. We had no long, slow centuries of simple primitive existence, as Dr. Muck well points out; and the art that is the expression of an older people's emotional interest in beauty, when born to a full-fledged civilization comes as a more conventional appreciation of the world's standards of beauty. In the early life of a nation music is an emotion; in the later life it may be more of an idea.

But despite the fact that we were a grown-up nation before music was much more than dreamed of here, Dr. Muck sees no reason why we may not become a really music-loving people. He feels that we may have for our later day music the great idea of democracy, of freedom for all people. The music may express the vastnesses of our land, the titanic grandeur, the unoccupied beautiful spaces; it will speak of liberty, of boundless opportunity. The painters have begun to express America as represented in the wonders of our great West—the Grand Canyon has been pictured in its splendors of color, light and shadow—but no poet has yet brought word of its supreme beauties, no music has yet given the great conductor of orchestras the loveliness of great open spaces of the yellow lights and purple shadows of the Canyon.

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Dr. Muck is an idealist, but he is not so wholly that as to be unable to give us practical ideas of our opportunities to become truly musical. He has a true musician's scorn of the commonplace, the banal, the vulgar, and he can not see "ragtime" records in a cultured home without a feeling that somehow he has strayed among aliens instead of friends. But he points to us the way out of the depths of cheap and ordinary music, in his expressed hope for the musical future of the country when the children, who now may be taught to appreciate the best music, shall become the real music-lovers of the land—bringing up their children in turn to understand and love the best in music. This is the moral of his whole talk, though he does not point it as a moral: By learning to appreciate the best music we shall, in time, learn also to produce music that will express America in music—and such expression will be the real music of democracy.

From COURANT
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date DEC 4 - 19
Esta 384

Boston Symphony.

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From COURANT
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date DEC 3 - 1915
Estab

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

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From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
Date NOV 28 1915
Established:

Philharmonic and Boston Symphony Vie for Honors

A SHARP but good-natured rivalry has developed between the Philharmonic and the Boston Symphony followings. The growth of this rivalry has been slow but sure, and its access has been closely watched by the musical people of New York, who number some hundreds of thousands. So, as it is a matter that concerns so many, it is worthy of note in these columns.

That the playing of the visitors from Massachusetts is superb there is no doubt. It is with them a matter both of skill and instruments, for the Boston Symphony is as remarkable for the value of its violins, as a financial asset, as it is for the faultlessness of its wood players as an artistic fact. The readings by Karl Muck, as conductor, and, before him, by Max Fiedler, and others, have approached perfection. The spiritual brotherhood, so to speak, of the orchestra is proverbial. So that with all these items of good instruments, good playing, good conductors and good feeling, it is but natural that the whole should be a pattern of orchestral performances.

But during the last week or two there has been a decided revolt among the clientele and administrators of the Philharmonic against the assumption of the Boston adherents that the latter alone should spell perfection. This feeling has found public exposition in the newspapers, and a propaganda is afoot to convince New York that the products of the Philharmonic are quite as remarkable as those of the Boston Orchestra. In this propaganda a strong appeal is being made to home pride and support, and the argument is put forward that as the Philharmonic is essentially a New York establishment, it behooves New Yorkers to make it a rallying point.

This is a worthy argument, of course, but in urging it a strange omission has been made. If there is to be a feeling that New York should support and admire an institution because it is of New York, then the New York Symphony Society also merits a high place in that argument. Founded in 1878 by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, this institution, both by name and by nature, has been essentially of New York. During the whole thirty-seven years of its existence its conductors have been New Yorkers.

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From its inception the New York Symphony Society has given loving and painstaking attention to the works of American composers. And a large part of its orchestra is composed of native musicians.

So that in this new exhortation to New York music lovers to judge between the Boston fetich and "local talent," the New York Symphony has surely a good claim to be heard.

[69]

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Address
Date DEC 5 - 1915
Established:

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Soloist—Laeta Hartley.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date DEC 8 - 1915

Notes.

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rk, 188

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Address Hartford, Conn.
Date DEC 9 - 1915
Esta 184

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To make us the musical nation we hope to become we must work, necessarily, with the children. They must be well taught—and taught by those who love the best, the highest things in the great art. "Good music in simple form and music lovers as instructors," expresses Dr. Muck's ideas on this subject. A love for Beethoven may not be well founded on a basis of ragtime. Endowed music will do much for the nation, and in speaking of conditions as they exist now Dr. Muck feels that if we wish music—the best—it must be endowed. Government does not take such things into consideration here; individuals must be depended on to give of their wealth so that the people may enjoy the greatest music. A fear is expressed that in some ways the real freedom of music and musicians in America is hampered by union conditions. And the feeling is very plain that there should be a standard of art in music independent of the financial standard.

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From [illegible]
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Date DEC 4 - 191
Esta 84

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dress Hartford, Conn.
e DEC 8 - 1915

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[69]

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date DEC 22 1915

1884

Melba With Boston Symphony.

An error was made in the notice of the third Boston Symphony Concert, which comes January 3, in the announcement that Ernest Schelling would be the soloist. Mr. Schelling will be soloist at the February concert, but as announced at the beginning of the season the soloist at the January concert, a week from next Monday, will be Madame Melba. This will be Madame Melba's last appearance in Philadelphia this season.

From TIMES
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date DEC 7 19

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The three annual visits of Boston Symphony orchestra become the most eagerly antici events in our entertainment se The second of these will take at Parsons's theater next M evening. Both program and are entirely new to Hartford ences. This in itself will add t attractiveness of the evening, only on these occasions can w come acquainted with the grea chestral creations of modern composers and there is much interest in new performers, especially where there is reason to expect something unusual. In Miss Hartley, the brilliant young American pianist, is combined rare excellence as a pianist and a captivating personality. Brahms, MacDowell, Smetana and Paul Kulas contribute to a program which, for interest and brilliancy, er has been excelled by any of here by the Boston players. ved seats are now on sale at & Alfred's music store.

From POST
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date 4 1915
Establish

BOSTON ORCHESTRA PLAYS BRUCKNER 7TH SYMPHONY

Kreisler Plays Beethoven Violin Concerto With Orchestra—Carus Sings Well in "Pagliacci"

(Special to The Hartford Post)

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From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date DEC 22 1915

Melba With Boston Symphony.

An error was made in the notice of the third Boston Symphony Concert, which comes January 3, in the announcement that Ernest Schelling would be the soloist. Mr. Schelling will be soloist at the February concert, but as announced at the beginning of the season the soloist at the January concert, a week from next Monday, will be Madame Melba. This will be Madame Melba's last appearance in Philadelphia this season.

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Address Hartford, Conn.
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BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The three annual visits of the Boston Symphony orchestra have become the most eagerly anticipated events in our entertainment season. The second of these will take place at Parsons's theater next Monday evening. Both program and soloist are entirely new to Hartford audiences. This in itself will add to the attractiveness of the evening, for only on these occasions can we become acquainted with the great orchestral creations of modern composers and there is much interest in new performers, especially where there is reason to expect something unusual. In Miss Hartley, the brilliant young American pianist, is combined rare excellence as a pianist and a captivating personality. Brahms, MacDowell, Smetana and Paul Kulas contribute to a program which, for interest and brilliancy, never has been excelled by any offered here by the Boston players. Reserved seats are now on sale at Gallup & Alfred's music store.

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[70]

SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN:
DECEMBER 21,

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

CONCERT IN THE AUDITORIUM

A CONCERTO FOR ORGAN

Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony and a Lalo Suite Features of a Fine Program Superbly Played

It was a great pleasure to hear the Boston symphony orchestra again in the Auditorium last evening after the intermission of a season, but it is to be feared that the managers will not be encouraged to go on with the experiment. The audience was large, or for most occasions it would appear large, but for a concert by America's foremost orchestra it was not adequate. There should have been no empty seats at all, and Springfield is quite capable of supporting the concerts on that scale. To be sure, allowance must be made for the proximity of the holidays, but the orchestra must be taken when it can be had, and everything else should give place to that. Hartford got the start of Springfield in this matter by forming a local organization which took charge of the concerts and made sure of the attendance. In some way or other, the Springfield public must be got together for the more effective support of a few first-rate concerts each season; the second-rate will take care of itself.

But if numerically the audience was not quite adequate, in appreciation it left nothing to be desired. It appreciated, for example, the readiness with which Dr Muck agreed to an alteration of the program at the request of a number of music lovers. The original plan had been to play the eighth symphony by Beethoven and the suite by Bizet, "L'Arlesienne." The latter happens to have been played here more frequently than almost any other modern work, and while the symphony was not open to the same objection, there was a general demand for a modern symphonic work. In place of these, therefore, the orchestra played the fifth symphony by Tschaikowsky to open the program, and for a closing number the brilliant suite by Lalo, "Namouna," which had never been given here before. The intervening work for orchestra and organ, the concerto in F major by Rheinberger, was also put on to gratify the natural desire to hear the fine new municipal organ in a concerted work.

Changes of program to meet local conditions are often reasonable, and willingness to make them deserves proper appreciation. The result is not always satisfactory, and it cannot be that last evening it was wholly ideal, although it was a fine concert, and given with the perfection and brilliance which are a matter of course with this wonderful orchestra. In the program as it stood there was just a little lack of substance. Tschaikowsky is a very great master, but he wears his heart on his sleeve. Rheinberger is a composer of learning and talent, but his muse is slightly academic. The Lalo suite is extremely effective, but it is not there that one will look for substance lacking elsewhere. While the program, therefore, was delightful, it did not quite meet the special need of a music-loving public which must make one concert go a long way, and which needs to have everything packed into one short evening—the very best of the old and familiar, and the most significant and challenging of the new and revolutionary.

When so many great men have composed great works, it is remarkable how few have won the suffrage of the general public. Theodore Thomas, a master of program making for the general, found that Beethoven was accepted, and Wagner after Beethoven, but that a substitute was difficult till the star of Tschaikowsky rose.

For the immense popularity of the Russian composer it is hardly necessary to account; his emotional appeal is instant and overwhelming. Too instant and too overwhelming, perhaps, to augur well for his future—the works that last are usually less direct and less tyrannous in their appeal. To many the "Pathetic" symphony has become almost intolerable, though they feel its greatness as fully as ever. The fifth symphony in E minor, played last evening, is not so great a work but it perhaps endures more frequent hearings for the very reason that it is less intense; the emotional chords will not bear unlimited strain.

Even in the best work of Tschaikowsky there is a curious unevenness; a good deal of rubbish is swept in with the jewels. Sometimes he uses triviality to point his pessimism; jingle and glitter go to emphasize the somber moral that all is vanity. Themes of frivolous and almost trashy character will stand side by side with those great elemental motives in which he is unsurpassed, and which once heard give the impression that they must always have existed—a mark of very great genius. The symphony grows steadily in strength; the first movement is the least satisfactory, and the finale the strongest, though perhaps the favorite movement is the andante cantabile with its beautiful air sung first by the horns and then by the violoncelli. The symphony was played well, but not with special fervor; the Beethoven work originally proposed would have had a more sympathetic reading.

In some ways the most satisfactory part of the program was the Rheinberger concer- [illegible] which was finely played by the orches- [illegible] organist, J. P. Marshal. It is [illegible] the greatest organists and organ composers of the 19th century, and it gave a rare chance to see how effectively the organ, an instrument with a highly individual quality of its own, can both take and lend beauty by co-operation with the orchestra. The great defect of the organ is a lack of incisiveness and of variety; no matter how its voice may be altered by registration it remains an organ. But in its smooth, full solidity there is a noble character which makes it rightfully the king of instruments, and when its special genius is respected it and the orchestra can collaborate on equal terms. The concerto is scored for organ, three horns, and strings, and is in three movements, each of fine quality. Its suave and dignified harmony yielded some delightful effects, specially at the close of the beautiful andante.

The Lalo suite with which the concert closed was an extremely effective and pleasing novelty, and the more welcome because Lalo has left, for a composer of such exceptional talent, so small an output of music. A trio was played here recently, and is a delightful work; his 'cello concerto and the Concerto Espagnol for violin are deservedly favorites. This suite "Namouna" has always had something of the ill-luck which attended the pantomime for which it was composed 33 years ago. It is not great music, but it is brilliant, original and striking, and it brought the program to an effective close.

SPRINGFIELD UNION:
DECEMBER 21,

SYMPHONY CONCERT IS WELL RECEIVED

Boston Musicians Add to Impression Created Here Long Ago.

DIGNIFIED PROGRAM

Well-Balanced Selections Lend Charm to Balanced Whole.

Those who paid the tribute of attendance at last night's Symphony concert were well repaid. The coming of the Boston Symphony orchestra to Springfield has always been a red-letter event here; and last night's fine and well-considered program at the Auditorium, while of sufficient worth to have taxed to the limit the seating capacity of the building, well upheld its own exalted traditions. The program, changed to a group or more unusual compositions in order that it might please and attract a greater number of people, consisted of three announced parts—first the Russian, then German, and then the French schools, and was therefore quite neutral as to character. The American colors, displayed so very effectively on the Auditorium stage yesterday, might well have been left there—Dr. Muck and his men would have loked well against such substantial and patriotic background—and would have given the scene a more festal appearance in better keeping with the Christmas spirit than was possible with all those solemn, black-garbed visitors present. It would also have quite properly symbolized their literal "backing" while in vigorous and periodic pursuit of the extremely desirable American dollar.

The Tschaikowsky "Fifth" symphony as played by this band was undeniably beautiful throughout, and justifies its recent revival as a concert piece. Of course it is permeated with the tempestous thought of a mind much disturbed by perplexing conditions—this according to his biographer. The andante movement, filled with galloping recurrences of the somber and wailing theme, gave little promise of the wealth of color in succeeding paragraphs. In the picturesque second movement the horns, with their syncopated following of oboe and clarinet, resembled nothing so much as a portrayal of the bleak steppes of his native Votkinsk, across which wild Cossack raiders occasionally rushed; succeeded by a strong passage of wonderfully majestic swing and sonorousness for extremely vivid contrast. The last movement was truly Slavic in all its characteristics—the chorale-like opening naturally—enough followed by emergence into light, of a mind glad to be free and leaving its cerements behind. A great deal of feeling—a most striking musical picture of mental anguish—seems to have been condensed in this truly fascinating masterpiece; and one cannot be too grateful for the inclusion of such an enjoyable work on our local program.

After intermission came Rheinberger, with his very churchly concerto for organ, three horns and the string section of the orchestra, a colorful and more rhythmic composition and less ambitious composition. But in this Mr. Marshall at the organ had little opportunity to shine. The prelude to the Lalo suite was firey and prophetic. When it came to the "serenade," behold! It proved to be by Mr. Maquarre with the same magic flute which accompanied Melba in her recent memorable aria here, and it was a sufficiently enchanting theme, in wierd minor, to be played under the window of any women either more real or more mythical than "Namouna." The theme with variations [illegible] grand crash of florid "market day shows" and the "festival" was at once rural and delightful.

Dr. Muck's conducting can be said to be as technically perfect as it is individual. As previously noted, he is free from mannerisms, and conducts with a quiet and masterful dignity that is as convincing of his power as of his earnestness. Those who watch for the best in orchestral readings may well look forward to any return of such a leader, who keeps his splendid forces in such superb disciplinary control. No composition—much less a Tschaikowsky number like that of last night—could be either commonplace or hackneyed under such a baton. Whatever the orchestra plays is instantly infused with life, and moves logically on to the end which seems to be its natural one. The same studious care in reading these elaborate scores and the apparently complete effacement of self is Dr. Muck's most marked characteristic, and this is not true of some famous conductors. One feels that no better interpretation of a piece could be given than one at his hands as soon as its last note has been sounded, and that is a pretty good test of supremacy in leadership.

It seems a pity that this city is not able as yet to pay the prices which would bring one if this season's symphony soloists here with the orchestra, but that is doubtless too much to expect at first. More variety, and perhaps attractive enough to make possible a more positive advance sale of tickets, if Geraldine Farrar, Paderewski, Kreisler, Harold Bauer, Ruth Deyo or Ernest Schelling—all of whom are this year's list of symphony soloists—could be heard here, or even one of their Cambridge concerto solo performers, Gabrilowitsch, John Powell or Alice Eldridge. Failure to secure any of these through prohibitive cost might have resulted in a splendid solo from either Concert Meister Witek or the modest maestro sitting last night in the front seat of the 'cello choir, Mr. Warnke, who has won no inconsiderable laurels as a master of his instrument.

ERNEST NEWTON BAGG.

BOSTON GLOBE—
JANUARY 1,

SCHELLING FANTASIA PLAYED FIRST TIME

Has Original Ideas With Varied Treatment.

Known and Unknown Men Subjects of Characterization.

In his "Impressions From an Artists' Life" for orchestra and piano, played at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon for the first time anywhere, Ernest Schelling has written music in which he has said he heard the virtuosi and the ensemble of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is music to tempt and to reveal the virtuosity of the organization, of the justly celebrated leaders of their various choirs and of the entire body of instrumentalists, for it is kaleidoscopic and incessant in variety.

There are vital and glowing ideas; the treatment is daring and original. There are personal mannerisms of idiom such as the tenacious development of a rhythmical figure, but there is arresting and inspiriting music for its own sake; there is graphic characterization, in some instances apparent to all, doubtless the more stimulating were the personal subjects known, and in such a timely movement as that evidently portraying the tramp of marching men and the pall and terror of carnage there are the clear signs of true inspiration.

Mr Schelling is known as an eminent pianist in his own name, as a pupil of Paderewski, as a member of the musical colony near Lausanne, Switzerland. He is American born, a native of New Jersey. A brother holds a chair in the University of Pennsylvania.

In this fantasia Mr Schelling is strikingly cosmopolitan. He writes out of many epochs and moods. He is archaic and modern, although not aggressively so; he is pastoral and militant; he is Spanish, Slavic, Oriental. There is a rhythmic suggestion of the South, of a sensuous people; there is much allusion to the dance; there is the suggestion of the North and of repression. The final movement is based upon a Lutheran choral, which finishes in an ardor, perhaps more Latin than Saxon.

The fantasia opens with a free rhapsodie passage for piano, its nearest approach to a solo instrument, leading to a theme given out in unison by violins and violas, embellished by the piano. Following are 19 variations. Mr Schelling has escaped the odium attending the usual writer in this form, the man who with diabolic ingenuity, as some practioner in magic, works now this and now that trick before the bystander's eyes.

These "variations" are in the nature of paraphrases, calling forth the orchestra or some of its soloists in impressionistic portraits of the composer's friends, for on the program each is followed by initials. It is not hard to guess the probable identity of I. J. P. This variation, No. 9, "Polska," for strings alone, was one of four of the 19 omitted yesterday. The horn solo with piano was also omitted and two for full orchestra. One evidently was dedicated to Ireland. In Mr Paderewski's "polska" a tribute to Poland was to have been expected.

A striking movement, by reason of its graphic characterization, is that in memory of Gustav Mahler. An illuminating portrait of the tireless dynamic force of the man, always aspiring, always achieving, nervous and impatient in expression, breaking itself at last in a herculean climax of the struggle. Those who knew Mahler intimately found other more human and less titian qualities in him, but these variations are impressionistic sketches, and here are the salient characteristics as the world [illegible]

Mr Schelling displays in this diversified score, an ingenious and imaginative sense of rhythm, a harmonic appreciation which gives accompanying chords or figuration appropriate and interpretative color, and above all a gift of beautiful, moving melody. Recall the air which owes much to Mr Longy's consummate art, but is well graced in itself, or that given to Mr Ferier. Mr Witek and Mr Sand also were remembered, although the composer, as pianist, evidently wished to cover up the latter.

The pianoforte cadenza, unless the introductory measures be such, was found missing. Did Mr Schelling write one, but modestly refrain from playing it at this the first performance when he himself was the pianist? The part may not appeal to the casual virtuoso, for it lacks opportunity for display. Indeed the piano, with little that is thematic or the music of development, here is chiefly decorative. Mr Schelling showed his sincerity by refraining from a rhapsodical or improvisational flight in the midst of a number in which he had asked a friend or acquaintance to sit for a portrait to the orchestra.

It may be thought by some the work has needlessly boisterous moments. It is true that the smaller pulsatile instruments at times are inexorable in marking a rhythmic figure. As a rule the score abounds in rather than knows the lack of variety. The little opportunity of the pianist whetted a desire to hear him in a concerto. Dr Muck conducted and the men played with inspirational zeal.

Brahms' second symphony received a dramatic and Rimsky-Korsakoff's caprice on Spanish themes a highly colorful performance. The orchestra will be absent on its Southern tour next week.

BOSTON JOURNAL—
JANUARY 1,

SCHELLING MAKES DOUBLE TRIUMPH

Appears as Composer and Soloist at Symphony Concert.

Ernest Schelling, the American composer and pianist, made his appearance at the Symphony concert yesterday as soloist, taking part in the first public performance of his new work, "Impressions (from an Artist's Life) in Form of Variations on an Original Theme." The work is scored for piano and orchestra.

Both the new work and the composer were favorably received by the usual large audience. Several of the impressions mark Mr. Schelling's recollections of previous appearances with the Symphony Orchestra, and this interesting fact is so noted in the program. For instance: "Variation L. is for woodwind alone. When I wrote it I heard but one timber in my ear, that of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; therefore B. S. O."

This number was warmly applauded. So, too, was the performance of the third Brahms symphony, which opened the concert. Dr. Muck yesterday conducted this work for the first time in Boston.

The final number on the program, which, as usual, will be given again tonight, is Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice on Spanish Themes."

There will be no concerts next week. The following week, when the orchestra has returned from its Southern tour, it will give the first performance in Boston of Edgar Stillman Kelly's "New England Symphony." Mme. Mebla will sing arias by Handel and Mozart. The remainder of the program has not yet been made up.

BOSTON HERALD,
JANUARY 1,

10TH SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SEASON GIVEN

Mr. Schelling Plays 21 Variations of Theme, His Inspiration Drawn from Many Sources.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 3, F major; Schelling, Impressions (from an Artist's Life), in Form of Variations on an Original Theme, for orchestra and piano (first performance); Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish Themes. Mr. Schelling was the pianist.

Mr. Schelling is not one of those who say confidently that the day of variations is long past. Twenty-one variations on his original theme were played yesterday, and we suspect him of having more in manuscript, for evidently the task was a congenial one, and his invention is fertile. Tschaikowsky wrote a set of variations for a chamber work to portray certain habits and the general character of Nicholas Rubin-

[illegible] -thinking [illegible] opinions [illegible] nature, amusement [illegible] of Johannes Brahms in a [illegible] of orchestral variations. We are also familiar in Boston with orchestral variations by Elgar in which he painted musically some of his friends and acquaintances.

The variations of Mr. Schelling were written during the last two years with the sound of the Boston Symphony orchestra in his ears, the timbre of the strings, the timbre of the wood-wind, and with the thought of its conductor and certain virtuosos in the band. But other persons, certain events, certain places kindled his fancy. The variations he has annotated briefly. Some of the persons identified by initials are Dr. Muck, Mr. Longy, Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Kreisler. There are variations in memory of Mahler and Pfitzner. A lagoon in North Carolina suggested one, a view of the Wartburg in 1915 another.

The theme, suggested by the Boston Symphony orchestra, as is the first variation, is in the unusual key of G sharp minor. The choice by some, especially violinists, who are obliged to play in this key, might be thought fantastical. The variations are even more fantastical. As a whole, here is a virtuoso piece intended to display the brilliance of the orchestra and the skill of certain individual players. The French in the slang of studio would say that this music is "amusing," but there are sombre pages and there are pages of great beauty in a simple form as the oboe solo, the viola solo, "Polska," with the thought of Mr. Paderewski, and the charming "Lagoon." The most impressive variation is the one marked "August, 1914." It pictures the rush of the German army through Belgium, the despair and agony of the outraged country. And at the end of this singularly powerful page the plain song of the "Dies Irae" is introduced in a striking manner. So too, the final variation, with the Lutheran Choral, rises above the merely fantastical. As a purely humorous variation the one entitled "Erin," is ingenious. Let us hope that no "patriot" may class it in his condemnation with Synge's "Playboy of the Western World."

A composer that in these days writes 21 orchestral variations gives hostages to fortune. No matter how great his technical skill, how cunning his invention, his work will seem, on the surface at least, episodic, scrappy. The average hearer will be little interested in the transformations of the theme; his attention will be directed to rhythms, melodic figures, effects of color, purely sensuous impressions. Furthermore the variation-maker, the more earnest his purpose, runs the risk of wearying the hearer, especially if the latter listens by rule of thumb, misses count in the numbering, and then flounders in perplexity.

Mr. Schelling, however, has shown genuine fancy, with a touch here and there of fantastical that is not displeasing in its wildness; he has also shown in several variations poetic imagination and a sense of the dramatic, as in "August, 1914." We have spoken of variations of pure beauty. It would be an agreeable task to dwell on certain musical harmonic effects, on the delightful extravagance of "Erin," on the composer's peculiar instrumentation. If the variations in memory of Pfitzner and of Mahler seemed less successful than others, it is perhaps because we know too little of the music by these composers.

The performance was an orchestral triumph. Nor should praise be given alone to Messrs. Longy, Ferir, Sand and other players of solos, charming as their playing was; the whole orchestra covered itself with glory.

Dr. Muck gave a remarkable reading of Brahms's symphony. He brought out a bitterness, a sullen despair, not wholly lost in the final pages of resignation, acceptance of Fate that have passed unnoticed in former performances. While there was an expression, when necessary, of the tenderness that is akin to melancholy, the reading on the whole was more masculine and more defiant than those to which we have been accustomed. Rimsky-Korsaoff's Caprice is dimmed by the gorgeous coloring of Chabrier, Debussy and Ravel remembering Spain.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of those on Jan. 14 and 15 will be as follows: Kelly, New England Symphony (first time here); a Suite or Gluck's dance music; Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon." Mme. Melba will sing Handel's "Sweet Bird" and two airs from "Le Nozzi di Figaro."

BOSTON POST,
JANUARY 1

SCHELLING PLAYS WITH SYMPHONY

Composer-Soloist Performs Own Work

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, held yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows: Third Symphony, Brahms; Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra, Ernest Schelling (first time); "Span- [illegible] Caprice," Rim [illegible] composer as well as pianist, was the soloist.

BRAHM'S GREAT WORK

The feature of this concert was the superb reading of Brahms' symphony. The third symphony may lack a measure of the epic greatness of the first; it may be urged that the two middle movements have a less symphonic character than the two parallel movements in Brahms' second symphony, and some may find the strange, haunting melancholy of the third movement merely doleful, dulll and monochromatic in coloring. It is not easy to agree with these conclusions of the anti-Brahmsites. The first movement of the third symphony is superbly dramatic, and the hurtling together of the theme which opens the symphony and the real first theme of the first movement is one of the most imposing ideas found in the symphonic music of Brahms.

The three last movements contain much that is finest in the style of the later Brahms. They are contemplative, and in the case of the third movement, deeply melancholy, yet there is a nobility of mood as well as theme, a noble resignation and acceptance of the riddle of life and its end that sound noble by the side of the energy and the dramatic granduer of the movements which commence and conclude the symphony.

Interpreted in a great spirit by Dr. Muck, this work towered so high that in retrospect it overshadows everything else on the programme.

Schelling's Artistry

To this Mr. Schelling would undoubtedly retort, "But I had no idea of disputing the greatness of Brahms!" So much was evident in the pianist's modest demeanor. Mr. Schelling played with magnificent virtuosity and with the authority of a creative artist. His composition, which lacks originality or any very impressive workmanship, has some immediately effective qualities, and there are certain pages that stand out in the memory, as the variations in which a figure, starting in the lowest registers of the strings, mounts gradually and irresistibly through the upper registers of the stringed instrument, to the steady roll of a small drum, accompanied at times by wild fanfares of the brass, and finally by the proclamation of the plain chant, the "Dies Irae." A striking effect! It might be the assembly that gathered on the banks of the sea, in an odd tale by Quiller-Couch, when the ghosts of drowned warriors came up from the deep, answering summons to judgment, and each man made his confession and returned to the grave. The variation headed "Lagoon" is simply and suggestively written. There is the suggestion of rippling waves and the soughing of night winds. The 4th and 5th variations are effective. Some variations have references intelligible to Bostonians, as the variation headed, 'B. S. O."; the variation, "K. M."; the variation, "G. L." "K. M.", it may here be remarked, conducted this work, as well as the composition of Brahms, with the most scrupulous care for the intention of the composer.

The "B. S. O." displayed its virtuosity collectively and individually, as when "G. L." played a solo which appeared to us uninteresting in itself and ill-suited to his instrument, and, of course, made the most of it, and he was not the only member of the remarkable woodwind section to distinguish himself. There were some members of the orchestra unremembered by Mr. Schelling, who could not be expected to write a solo for every player in the "B. S. O." But the violin playing of "A. W.," for instance, as well as the viola playing of "E. F.," deserve also very special mention.

The composer, at the piano, listened whenever the exigencies of performance permitted, as attentively as any in the hall. The performance was a triumph. The work was received with manifest approval and enthusiasm by a large section of the audience. But if the truth must be told, side by side with passages effectively orchestrated are others, so poor in material, so superficial in treatment and workmanship as to be scarcely worthy of a place on a serious symphony programme.

ART IN ARIATIONS

Y HALL—Tenth program of ymphony orchestra, Karl Muck, or; afternoon of Dec. 31. The pro- : Brahms, third symphony in F ma- ; Ernest Schelling, "Artist's Life," variations for piano and orchestra (first performance, the composer assisting as pianist); Rimsky-Korsakoff, caprice on Spanish themes, op. 34.

Variation, whether it is the Bach kind, which makes the composer concentrate on a single piece of melody of neutral emotion; whether it is the Beethoven kind, which bids him set off a melody of didactic sentiment, say, against one of romantic; or whether it is the Liszt kind, which lets him shape and color a given melody or group of melodies to suit the shifts of scene and feeling in a story, comes right down to one thing. It is an acknowledgment on the part of composers that the only way they have found for conveying idea is by singing a strain and then singing it again. Having to speak in terms of time, they have learned no other way to be sustained and consecutive but by systematically repeating themselves. The great triumphs of the second half of the nineteenth century in music which Wagner and Strauss, following where Liszt led, won, were triumphs of reiteration.

One of the most eminent pianists on the concert circuit said in The Christian Science Monitor a little more than a year ago that all music of the last three centuries is based on the variation. In his talk with his interviewer he remarked at some length on composers who from time to time have extended the scope of the variation as a structural formula. He referred to Bach with his scheme of subject, answer, countersubject, stretto and all the other devices of fugal dialogue, whereby a single melody sounding in various relations to itself can be elaborated into a large, symmetrical, intelligible and satisfying work. He spoke of Beethoven, with his sonata form, whereby the first movement of a symphony is built up from two short, contrasting themes, his method of variation being that known as development. Lastly he pointed to Liszt as the nineteenth century man to whom it was given to stand in the large room of the symphonic poem, the form which uses the most elastic variation of all, that which allows the composer to be discursive without end, namely, the transmuted theme.

Was it inevitable that music should have this history? Theorists have never opened the question. They have only laid down rules for the reiterative game. Accepting the whole body of variation doctrine handed down from the renaissance contrapuntists as the foundation of musical discipline for all time, of course they accept the variation idea itself. It would be interesting if it could be known who the experimenter with notes was who discovered that in certain cases the first phrase of a melody could be made to go pleasingly against the second. He was the one who first got the idea of imitation in music, and who started the delectable chain of events that have culminated in the thematic complexities of the "Ring" music dramas and in the instrumental sonorities of the "Alpine" symphony.

Possibly some day a composer will venture to go out around the renaissance contrapuntists to find a new starting point. And it may be that he will be able, though leaving the variation out of account altogether, to shape his expression intelligibly and to indicate his emotions poignantly. Suppose he should take as severe a formula as a Greek dramatic chorus. With strophes and antistrophes in equally balanced groups to build on, he would at least have a well supported and proportioned structural plan.

But the question is of Mr. Schelling's variations on an original theme, disclosing some particulars of an artist's life. All of the 21 little pieces are delightfully written. They are brisk in action, compact in form and clear in characterization. And they are not too serious. One of particularly interesting qualities as a portrait is the fourth variation, in memory of Hans Pfitzner. One showing command of an interesting small plan of orchestration is the sixth, "Flonzaley," for strings and horn. One which pleased the audience especially was the seventh for oboe solo and piano, "G. L." The composer may be said to have given the friendship of Mr. Longy, the oboist, a severe test, so continuous was his writing for the solo part. But when, at the conclusion of the duet the house broke into a moment of applause, each artist gave a gratified nod at the other.

A successful number for its racial color and rhythm was No. 10, for full orchestra, "Erin, L. S." A brilliant little example of orchestral scenic description was No. 14, for strings alone, a picture of a North Carolina lagoon. A piece of rather disturbingly realistic quality in the midst of so much that was sentimental was No. 17 A, for full orchestra, "August, 1914."

The whole program was well planned and tellingly interpreted. The stern third symphony of Brahms was relieved so completely by the Schelling and Rimsky-Korsakoff music as to lose all its hard outline. Dr. Muck presented three works that were evidently a pleasure to him and he made them all and severally a lasting pleasure to his listeners.

TRANSCRIPT,
JANUARY 1, 1916

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

AGAIN MUSIC OF WIT, FANCY AND ADROIT ARTISTRY

Mr. Schelling's Amusing and Admirable Variations Before Too Sober-Minded an Audience—The Interest and the Distinctions of an Unusual Piece in Plan and Accomplishment — Rimsky-Korsakov's Fading Caprice and a Transformed Symphony of Brahms

AMUSING, adroit and fanciful music is seemingly a perilous thing to set before the audiences of the Symphony Concerts. A week ago they heard an exceptionally expert and entertaining example of it in Mr. Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," listened to it with "a certain detachment" as the French say, and applauded it politely and coolly. Yesterday they heard another piece in the same genre, equally diverting and no less artful—Mr. Schelling's Variations for Orchestra and Pianoforte—and were equally indifferent to it. True, applause once and again interrupted the progress of the music—an unusual moment at such concerts—but it was manifestly tribute to the skill that some virtuoso of the orchestra had just displayed in a solo passage or response to a transparent dance-tune, like the Spanish Habanera or the Irish Jig. At the end of the whole piece, the audience was even colder to it and to Mr. Schelling, present and participating as the pianist added to the band, and his variations, than it had been to the absent Mr. Carpenter and his suite. "Thoughtful people" and other pestilent prigs shook their heads gravely. Why should such relative frivolities as these two pieces intrude themselves into the Symphony Concerts?

They should none the less, dear brethren and sisters; they should even be invited to enter them; and once there, they should be heartily encouraged. It is as good to smile and to be entertained in the concert-room as it is to pucker the brow of thought and to feel the thrill of keen and deep emotion. It is possible to write amusing, witty and fanciful music, well-invented and well-ordered, that by its intrinsic quality is quite as deserving of the Symphony Concerts as not a few "serious" pieces that have had passing place in them. Let a relatively little-known composer, like Mr. Carpenter or Mr. Schelling, write a symphony that is no more than laborious, conscientious and "dignified" filling of a formula with routine material and well-tested effects and the "thoughtful people," especially if they happen to be his friends, will hail him as a "serious" musician doing "serious" work. Let him write a tone-poem, that may be imitation of Strauss, or imitation of Debussy or a singular mixture of both, spiced with Stravinsky, and the ardent young lions of ultra-modern music forthwith salute him as a rising man. But let him merely write an entertaining and expert piece like Mr. Carpenter's suite of the baby's airing or Mr. Schelling's string of impressions and recollections in the form of variations and straightway only the few that know that artful and amusing frivolity is twenty times more difficult and twenty times more worth while than dull-witted and toiling "seriousness" take pleasure in the music and have warm words for the composer.

Once again, dear brethren and sisters, whom the mask of seriousness (hiding barrenness beneath) so often deceives, music like Mr. Carpenter's or Mr. Schelling's pieces is many fold more difficult to write and implies far finer and more distinguished attributes in the composer than nine-tenths of the "respectable" symphonies and the "bourgeois" tone-poems that afflict the concerts of our time. To say nothing of Mr. Carpenter's suite, which the justly admiring Dr. Muck is not likely to let pass from the repertory of the Symphony Concerts, Mr. Schelling's twenty-one variations are more fertile of diversified and individual invention; they give freer play to imagination and artistry; they are more engaging and illusory to the hearer; they far more abound in the handling that is expert skill quickened by fancy. These symphonies and these tone-poems go and come as "dutiful" and maybe "educational" music; but "duty" and "education," in the concert-room, are tedious, if necessary, business; whereas the "light" suite of last week and the "light" variations of yesterday stir the mind, stimulate the fancy, hold interest firmly but diversely and afford many sorts of pleasure to those that love fertility and felicity, wit, skill, elegance, distinction and to be frank, frivolity. Perish the thought that our concerts should fall to stodgy British or stodgy German levels; while nearer home, New York and Chicago have already risen to Mr. Carpenter's music and are likely to do as much for Mr. Schelling's. Here in Boston we sorely need a propaganda against respectable musical mediocrity.

"Impressions (From an Artist's Life) in Form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte"—as Mr. Schelling's full and cumbrous title runs—begin with the usual statement of the theme in the unusual key of G-sharp minor. The violins and the viola announce it in unison; the full orchestra gradually develops it; the pianoforte embroiders it with arabesques. Like many another such musical thought that is to be fertile in variations, it does not in itself arrest the ear or impress the imagination. It is hardly more than useful material. Then ensue twenty-one variations—some for full orchestra some for solo instruments usually paired with the pianoforte and some for individual groups or separate choirs. Each variation has a sub-title, indicated by word or initials, that suggests the impression the composer would transmit or the characterization he would imply. A strict canonJthe musical form of the game of "following the leader—labelled "rather martial, precise in rhythm, incisive" hardly needs the initials K. M. to suggest Mr. Schelling's view of Dr. Muck; two more variations recall the living composer, Pfitzner, with whom Mr. Schelling studied and the dead composer, Mahler, whom he much admired, and hint amusingly at one and another idiosyncrasy in their music. A variation in the manner of Polish folk tune is designed to imply Mr. Paderewski; another for viola and pianoforte, Mr Kreisler. A Spanish dance bears the initials of Miss Pavlova; a quartet for the string choir with an incidental horn serves for "The Flonzaleys"; an orchestral variation is lettered W. M., presumably the illustrious Dutch conductor, Mr. Mengelberg.

Yet others are tonal impressions of a place or occasions like that for clarinet, piping a Savoyard shephard's tune, like that labelled "August, 1914," of troops marching forth to war while the Dies Irae rumbled ominously in the tonal background; like that of the still lagoon or of the stately and square-cut chorale that Mr. Schelling heard on the Wartburg. The theme itself is inscribed to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for which he destined the piece and which he says, he heard incessantly in his ears while he was composing it. Accordingly he has utilized its assembled skill and ristinctions no less than he has the individual abilities of the more eminent players. Throughout, the pianoforte is little more than an instrument added to the orchestra as an embroidering or a blending voice or yet again as the means [illegible] stein, a deep-thinking German, pictured the nature, amusements and opinions of Johannes Brahms in a set of orchestral variations. We are also familiar in Boston with orchestral variations by Elgar in which he painted musically some of his friends and acquaintances.

The variations of Mr. Schelling were written during the last two years with the sound of the Boston Symphony orchestra in his ears, the timbre of the strings, the timbre of the wood-wind, and with the thought of its conductor and certain virtuosos in the band. But other persons, certain events, certain places kindled his fancy. The variations he has annotated briefly. Some of the persons identified by initials are Dr. Muck, Mr. Longy, Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Kreisler. There are variations in memory of Mahler and Pfitzner. A lagoon in North Carolina sugested one, a view of the Wartburg in 1915 another.

The theme, suggested by the Boston Symphony orchestra, as is the first variation, is in the unusual key of G sharp minor. The choice by some, especially violinists, who are obliged to play in this key, might be thought fantastical. The variations are even more fantastical. As a whole, here is a virtuoso piece intended to display the brilliance of the orchestra and the skill of certain individual players. The French in the slang of studio would say that this music is "amusing," but there are sombre pages and there are pages of great beauty in a simple form as the oboe solo, the viola solo, "Polska," with the thought of Mr. Paderewski, and the charming "Lagoon." The most impressive variation is the one marked "August, 1914." It pictures the rush of the German army through Belgium, the despair and agony of the outraged country. And at the end of this singularly powerful page the plain song of the "Dies Irae" is introduced in a striking manner. So too, the final variation, with the Lutheran Choral, rises above the merely fantastical. As a purely humorous variation the one entitled "Erin," is ingenious. Let us hope that no "patriot" may class it in his condemnation with Synge's "Playboy of the Western World."

A composer that in these days writes 21 orchestral variations gives hostages to fortune. No matter how great his technical skill, how cunning his invention, his work will seem, on the surface at least, episodic, scrappy. The average hearer will be little interested in the transformations of the theme; his attention will be directed to rhythms, melodic figures, effects of color, purely sensuous impressions. Furthermore the variation-maker, the more earnest his purpose, runs the risk of wearying the hearer, especially if the latter listens by rule of thumb, misses count in the numbering, and then flounders in perplexity.

Mr. Schelling, however, has shown genuine fancy, with a touch here and there of fantastical that is not displeasing in its wildness; he has also shown in several variations poetic imagination and a sense of the dramatic, as in "August, 1914." We have spoken of variations of pure beauty. It would be an agreeable task to dwell on certain musical harmonic effects, on the delightful extravagance of "Erin," on the composer's peculiar instrumentation. If the variations in memory of Pfitzner and of Mahler seemed less successful than others, it is perhaps because we know too little of the music by these composers.

The performance was an orchestral triumph. Nor should praise be given alone to Messrs. Longy, Ferir, Sand and other players of solos, charming as their playing was; the whole orchestra covered itself with glory.

Dr. Muck gave a remarkable reading of Brahms's symphony. He brought out a bitterness, a sullen despair, not wholly lost in the final pages of resignation, acceptance of Fate that have passed unnoticed in former performances. While there was an expression, when necessary, of the tenderness that is akin to melancholy, the reading on the whole was more masculine and more defiant than those to which we have been accustomed. Rimsky-Korsaoff's Caprice is dimmed by the gorgeous coloring of Chabrier, Debussy and Ravel remembering Spain.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of those on Jan. 14 and 15 will be as follows: Kelly, New England Symphony (first time here); a Suite or Gluck's dance music; Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon." Mme. Melba will sing Handel's "Sweet Bird" and two airs from "Le Nozzi di Figaro."

BOSTON POST,

JANUARY 1

SCHELLING PLAYS WITH SYMPHONY

Composer-Soloist Performs Own Work

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, held yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows: Third Symphony, Brahms; Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra, Ernest Schelling (first time); "Spanish Caprice," Rimsky-Korsakoff.

Ernest Schelling, on this occasion composer as well as pianist, was the soloist.

BRAHM'S GREAT WORK

The feature of this concert was the superb reading of Brahms' symphony. The third symphony may lack a measure of the epic greatness of the first; it may be urged that the two middle movements have a less symphonic character than the two parallel movements in Brahms' second symphony, and some may find the strange, haunting melancholy of the third movement merely doleful, dulll and monochromatic in coloring. It is not easy to agree with these conclusions of the anti-Brahmsites. The first movement of the third symphony is superbly dramatic, and the hurtling together of the theme which opens the symphony and the real first theme of the first movement is one of the most imposing ideas found in the symphonic music of Brahms.

The three last movements contain much that is finest in the style of the later Brahms. They are contemplative, and in the case of the third movement, deeply melancholy, yet there is a nobility of mood as well as theme, a noble resignation and acceptance of the riddle of life and its end that sound noble by the side of the energy and the dramatic granduer of the movements which commence and conclude the symphony.

Interpreted in a great spirit by Dr. Muck, this work towered so high that in retrospect it overshadows everything else on the programme.

Schelling's Artistry

To this Mr. Schelling would undoubtedly retort, "But I had no idea of disputing the greatness of Brahms!" So much was evident in the pianist's modest demeanor. Mr. Schelling played with magnificent virtuosity and with the authority of a creative artist. His composition, which lacks originality or any very impressive workmanship, has some immediately effective qualities, and there are certain pages that stand out in the memory, as the variations in which a figure, starting in the lowest registers of the strings, mounts gradually and irresistibly through the upper registers of the stringed instrument, to the steady roll of a small drum, accompanied at times by wild fanfares of the brass, and finally by the proclamation of the plain chant, the "Dies Irae." A striking effect! It might be the assembly that gathered on the banks of the sea, in an odd tale by Quiller-Couch, when the ghosts of drowned warriors came up from the deep, answering summons to judgment, and each man made his confession and returned to the grave. The variation headed "Lagoon" is simply and suggestively written. There is the suggestion of rippling waves and the soughing of night winds. The 4th and 5th variations are effective. Some variations have references intelligible to Bostonians, as the variation headed, 'B. S. O."; the variation, "K. M."; the variation, "G. L." "K. M.", it may here be remarked, conducted this work, as well as the composition of Brahms, with the most scrupulous care for the intention of the composer.

The "B. S. O." displayed its virtuosity collectively and individually, as when "G. L." played a solo which appeared to us uninteresting in itself and ill-suited to his instrument, and, of course, made the most of it, and he was not the only member of the remarkable woodwind section to distinguish himself. There were some members of the orchestra unremembered by Mr. Schelling, who could not be expected to write a solo for every player in the "B. S. O." But the violin playing of "A. W.," for instance, as well as the viola playing of "E. F.," deserve also very special mention.

The composer, at the piano, listened whenever the exigencies of performance permitted, as attentively as any in the hall. The performance was a triumph. The work was received with manifest approval and enthusiasm by a large section of the audience. But if the truth must be told, side by side with passages effectively orchestrated are others, so poor in material, so superficial in treatment and workmanship as to be scarcely worthy of a place on a serious symphony programme.

ART IN
ARIATIONS

Y HALL—Tenth program of ymphony orchestra, Karl Muck, or; afternoon of Dec. 31. The pro-: Brahms, third symphony in F ma-; Ernest Schelling, "Artist's Life," variations for piano and orchestra (first performance, the composer assisting as pianist); Rimsky-Korsakoff, caprice on Spanish themes, op. 34.

Variation, whether it is the Bach kind, which makes the composer concentrate on a single piece of melody of neutral emotion; whether it is the Beethoven kind, which bids him set off a melody of didactic sentiment, say, against one of romantic; or whether it is the Liszt kind, which lets him shape and color a given melody or group of melodies to suit the shifts of scene and feeling in a story, comes right down to one thing. It is an acknowledgment on the part of composers that the only way they have found for conveying idea is by singing a strain and then singing it again. Having to speak in terms of time, they have learned no other way to be sustained and consecutive but by systematically repeating themselves. The great triumphs of the second half of the nineteenth century in music which Wagner and Strauss, following where Liszt led, won, were triumphs of reiteration.

One of the most eminent pianists on the concert circuit said in The Christian Science Monitor a little more than a year ago that all music of the last three centuries is based on the variation. In his talk with his interviewer he remarked at some length on composers who from time to time have extended the scope of the variation as a structural formula. He referred to Bach with his scheme of subject, answer, countersubject, stretto and all the other devices of fugal dialogue, whereby a single melody sounding in various relations to itself can be elaborated into a large, symmetrical, intelligible and satisfying work. He spoke of Beethoven, with his sonata form, whereby the first movement of a symphony is built up from two short, contrasting themes, his method of variation being that known as development. Lastly he pointed to Liszt as the nineteenth century man to whom it was given to stand in the large room of the symphonic poem, the form which uses the most elastic variation of all, that which allows the composer to be discursive without end, namely, the transmuted theme.

Was it inevitable that music should have this history? Theorists have never opened the question. They have only laid down rules for the reiterative game. Accepting the whole body of variation doctrine handed down from the renaissance contrapuntists as the foundation of musical discipline for all time, of course they accept the variation idea itself. It would be interesting if it could be known who the experimenter with notes was who discovered that in certain cases the first phrase of a melody could be made to go pleasingly against the second. He was the one who first got the idea of imitation in music, and who started the delectable chain of events that have culminated in the thematic complexities of the "Ring" music dramas and in the instrumental sonorities of the "Alpine" symphony.

Possibly some day a composer will venture to go out around the renaissance contrapuntists to find a new starting point. And it may be that he will be able, though leaving the variation out of account altogether, to shape his expression intelligibly and to indicate his emotions poignantly. Suppose he should take as severe a formula as a Greek dramatic chorus. With strophes and antistrophes in equally balanced groups to build on, he would at least have a well supported and proportioned structural plan.

But the question is of Mr. Schelling's variations on an original theme, disclosing some particulars of an artist's life. All of the 21 little pieces are delightfully written. They are brisk in action, compact in form and clear in characterization. And they are not too serious. One of particularly interesting qualities as a portrait is the fourth variation, in memory of Hans Pfitzner. One showing command of an interesting small plan of orchestration is the sixth, "Flonzaley," for strings and horn. One which pleased the audience especially was the seventh for oboe solo and piano, "G. L." The composer may be said to have given the friendship of Mr. Longy, the oboist, a severe test, so continuous was his writing for the solo part. But when, at the conclusion of the duet the house broke into a moment of applause, each artist gave a gratified nod at the other.

A successful number for its racial color and rhythm was No. 10, for full orchestra, "Erin, L. S." A brilliant little example of orchestral scenic description was No. 14, for strings alone, a picture of a North Carolina lagoon. A piece of rather disturbingly realistic quality in the midst of so much that was sentimental was No. 17 A, for full orchestra, "August, 1914."

The whole program was well planned and tellingly interpreted. The stern third symphony of Brahms was relieved so completely by the Schelling and Rimsky-Korsakoff music as to lose all its hard outline. Dr. Muck presented three works that were evidently a pleasure to him and he made them all and severally a lasting pleasure to his listeners.

TRANSCRIPT,

JANUARY 1, 1916

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

AGAIN MUSIC OF WIT, FANCY AND ADROIT ARTISTRY

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"Impressions (From an Artist's Life) in Form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte"—as Mr. Schelling's full and cumbrous title runs—begin with the usual statement of the theme in the unusual key of G-sharp minor. The violins and the viola announce it in unison; the full orchestra gradually develops it; the pianoforte embroiders it with arabesques. Like many another such musical thought that is to be fertile in variations, it does not in itself arrest the ear or impress the imagination. It is hardly more than useful material. Then ensue twenty-one variations—some for full orchestra some for solo instruments usually paired with the pianoforte and some for individual groups or separate choirs. Each variation has a sub-title, indicated by word or initials, that suggests the impression the composer would transmit or the characterization he would imply. A strict canonJthe musical form of the game of "following the leader—labelled "rather martial, precise in rhythm, incisive" hardly needs the initials K. M. to suggest Mr. Schelling's view of Dr. Muck; two more variations recall the living composer, Pfitzner, with whom Mr. Schelling studied and the dead composer, Mahler, whom he much admired, and hint amusingly at one and another idiosyncrasy in their music. A variation in the manner of Polish folk tune is designed to imply Mr. Paderewski; another for viola and pianoforte, Mr Kreisler. A Spanish dance bears the initials of Miss Pavlova; a quartet for the string choir with an incidental horn serves for "The Flonzaleys"; an orchestral variation is lettered W. M., presumably the illustrious Dutch conductor, Mr. Mengelberg.

Yet others are tonal impressions of a place or occasions like that for clarinet, piping a Savoyard shephard's tune, like that labelled "August, 1914," of troops marching forth to war while the Dies Iræ rumbled ominously in the tonal background; like that of the still lagoon or of the stately and square-cut chorale that Mr. Schelling heard on the Wartburg. The theme itself is inscribed to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for which he destined the piece and which he says, he heard incessantly in his ears while he was composing it. Accordingly he has utilized its assembled skill and ristinctions no less than he has the individual abilities of the more eminent players. Throughout, the pianoforte is little more than an instrument added to the orchestra as an embroidering or a blending voice or yet again as the means [illegible] color. As such and with abundant resource and unobtrusive discernment, Mr. Schelling himself played it, as apt as ever in touch and tone.

In fine, Mr. Schelling has designed his variations as a delineative impressionistic and moody music quite as much as diversified transmutations of his theme in the orthodox and "absolute" fashion. The expert listener takes pleasure in the fertility and the ingenuity of these transformations in themselves and in the variety of musical resource—rhythms, harmonies, timbres, modulation and all the rest that the composer brings to them. Mr. Schelling is inventive indeed in his twenty-one versions and suggestions of his theme; his skill is endless in the technical manipulation of them; he does not lack imagination and even subtlety with his means; he has surprising feeling for timbres and harmonies and the suggestion that they convey, and to feeling he joins knowledge. There is significance in his modulations. This pleasure rises to admiration and exhilaration as the listener notes the aptness, the variety, the clear delineative implication, the wealth of mood or picture, the faculty of characterization, the atmospheric sensibility that almost every variation clearly bears.

Not one is uninteresting; hardly one fails to be elegant, artful and amusing. The range of them enkindles admiration into pleasant marvel—merry Irish dances, like to folk-tune; a vivid Spanish Habanera; the wistful and singularly rhythmed music of Poland; sober German choral and exotic Afghan piping and setting; the peace of a lagoon, the rhythmed tumult of marching troops; the idiosyncrasies of instruments and the idiosyncrasies of composers; vignettes of virtuosi and impressions of moods. And in every one apt invention, happy fancy, plentiful resource and purpose clearly foreseen and as clearly fulfilled. Like Strauss and Elgar, he has made an ancient and often academic and pedantic form serve the new purposes of music in delineation, characterization and suggestion and he has enriched it with all the newfound means to that end. Unlike them in "Don Quixote" and the "Enigma Variations," he has been witty, fanciful, light and entertaining. Once more an American composer has written an aristocratic music. and two such pieces in a single season seem almost too good to be true.

Severally and collectively the orchestra and Dr. Muck gave back to Mr. Schelling not only the technical virtuosity but also the suggestion and the characterization that his Variations asked of them and enhanced all three by the consummate beauty of tone and the musical aptness and finesse in the narrower sense of the adjective that they brought to them. Surely as Mr. Schelling imagined and implied, Dr. Muck and the men wrought. Then they passed to one of their favorite "show-pieces," Rimsky-Korsakov's Spanish Caprice," for becoming end of the concert. Yet somehow, yesterday, and through no fault of theirs, it sounded unexpectedly thin and outmoded. The vivid play with Spanish rhythms and universal orchestral timbres; the sharp or subtle strokes of harmony or modulation; the fires of the fandango; the charm of the serenade; the fancy of the variations and the cadenzas, the flaming or the flickering color seemed to lack vitality and illusion, to come and go as tricks of the orchestrating trade; to bear shamming suggestion of Spanish scene and atmosphere rather than enkindled imagination of it. Perhaps the more truthful but not less vivid illusion of an actual Spain in the music of Ravel, Laparra and the rising generation of Spanish composers themselves has withered the old conventions of such music. Perhaps also repetition readily states these "show-pieces." The orchestra, the conductor and the audience like them and justly. Moreover, there is more than one that awaits —and deservingly—Dr. Muck's hand.

Brahms's third symphony made the contrasting beginning of the concert—a piece as it happened, in which Dr. Muck had never before conducted in Boston and which deserves repetition above some of the composer's other symphonies that stand oftener on his programmes. In none of the other three, except possibly the first, does Brahms write with such vigorous readiness of idea, such freedom and force of progress and cumulation, with such absence of the calculation that usually besets him, with such fertility of means to clearly foreseen and fully accomplished ends. His musical thoughts spring at once into vital being; they seem to shape of themselves a changeful and forward course or they return in significant reiteration; the harmonic and the instrumental dress that clothes them is born not so much of reflection as of imagination; the coloring of the whole music is rich, warm, glowing. Usually Brahms achieves his harmonic and instrumental vesture by the exercise of ability. In this third symphony, he often substitutes intuition. Moreover, in none of his other symphonies is there suggestion of dramatic conflict in tones to compare with the contrasting play of his bright and joyous and his darkling and bitter theme through the first movement and the finale. On the instant they impress and enkindle; to the end, as they strive against each other, they hold the listener engrossed and stirred.

As Dr. Muck released the magnificent might that sweeps through the finale of the first of Brahms's symphonies, so now he set free the manifold and dramatized energy of no little of this symphony in F major. Each of the conflicting themes in the first movement was alive with its intrinsic quality, force and suggestion; the tonal drama seemed of man and fate with the man endowed, contrary to Tchaikowski's fashion, with a mind and a will as well as with nerves and sensibility; and the end was submission rather than resignation. So may a conductor of imagination and of power read out of at least two of Brahms's symphonies that of which the dry-as-dusts who too long held him to their bosoms, never suspected the existence and set parts of his music of yesterday almost beside the "Tragic Overture." And with that same imagination, in inevitable corollary, such a conductor can invest the intervening Andante and Allegretto with the grave beauty that rises from the one and the wistful charm that exhales from the other and give to both dramatic accents. To Dr. Muck and so to the rest of us Brahms can be poet and even dramatist in tones. H. T. P.

TRAVELER, SATURDAY,

JANUARY 1, 1916.

SCHELLING'S "IMPRESSIONS" AT THE SYMPHONY

The "Impressions," by Ernest Schelling, with the composer at the piano, was the feature of yesterday afternoon's Symphony concert. The program was:

Brahms, Symphony No. 3, F major; Schelling, Impressions (from an Artist's Life), in form of variations on an original theme, for orchestra and piano (first performance); Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish Themes.

One gets the idea on first hearing of the Schelling composition that the composer seeks to set forth the many wonderful qualities of the Boston orchestra and its soloists. He succeeds admirably, but has rather overdone it. The work, to survive, will have to be cut, and cut considerably. It was superbly given.

The symphony and the caprice afforded a striking contrast, with the former retaining its great hold on the musical public, while the later provided a fitting close to the concert.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

DECEMBER 13, 1915

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PLAYS FOR PENSION FUND

SYMPHONY HALL—Boston Symphony orchestra in concert for the benefit of its pension fund, afternoon of Dec. 12. The program: Tschaikowsky, symphony No. 5 in E minor, op. 64; Johann Strauss, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" waltzes; Lalo, "Namouna" suite; Rossini, overture to "Wilhelm Tell."

Indubitably many of the audience that packed Symphony hall Sunday afternoon were drawn by the prospect of hearing this orchestra play the "Blue Danube" waltzes and the "William Tell" overture. From the standpoint of conductor, orchestra and audience, it is interesting to record that the piece which made the most impression on the hearers was not the so-called popular music but one of the numbers of the Lalo suite, which was new to most who heard it. This brought eager applause, partly for the music and partly for Mr. Maquarre, whose flute was called on for a long virtuoso passage. Ingratiating is this music of Lalo's, worthy a recurring place on the regular programs of the orchestra.

Dr. Muck gave what some would be pleased to call a scholarly reading of the Tschaikowsky fifth symphony; by which they doubtless mean a reluctance to take liberties with the meaning of the composer. And this in spite of the fact that the last movement was judiciously cut towards the end. The fifth symphony, not so well known and fortunately less emotionally liked than the sixth, has passages of musical grandeur and beauty that are good for one to hear. As Dr. Muck and the Boston orchestra played it yesterday it was an exposition of the best in symphonic writing and also a commentary on Russian national feeling.

The "Blue Danube" waltzes have doubtless in the minds of many found a standard set by which to judge all other performances of the music. So with the "William Tell" overture. With the waltzes the conductor got out of them all there was to get. It was a pleasure to hear the poor, maltreated overture played as it ought to be played, which Dr. Muck's memories of his early light opera conducting days made possible.

BOSTON HERALD.

DECEMBER 25,

SYMPHONY GIVES NINTH CONCERT IN ITS SERIES

Produces Novelty in Form of the Suite "Adventures in a Perambulator."

By PHILIP HALE.

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to "The Magic Flute"........Mozart
Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator".. Carpenter
Concerto in A minor for violocello..Saint-Saens
Concerto in F major for organ, three horns and strings...............Rheinberger

Mr. Carpenter, a business man with a poetically musical soul, living in Chicago, has told in tones the adventures of a baby wheeled about in a perambulator by the nurse. They meet a policeman on whom the nurse looks kindly; they listen to a hurdy-gurdy playing familiar tunes; they see the lake with sunbeams dancing on the back of the waves; all sorts of dogs run about them; at last the baby, tired, dreams confused dreams, seeing mother and the nurse, and pondering the exciting moments of his ride. For the music and the enlightenment of the hearer, Mr. Carpenter has written a pleasingly whimsical program, argument, what-you-will.

A "musical joke," even when it is short, is to be looked upon with suspicion. Too many are laboriously contrived; as funny as an open grave. Two of Mr. Carpenter's episodes—"The Lake" and "Dreams"—are full of sentiment, at times emotion, and thus provide plausible contrast; but even then there is a little too much in one and the same vein. This monotony is increased by certain mannerisms in style. We should not mourn if the episode "Dogs" were cut out, for it is, as far as suggestion is concerned, the least successful one of the series. Grant that the idea of scampering, endless chasing in a circle, the dogs' foolish game of tag, is well expressed, the mimetic measures, the yelping, baying, barking, growling, are ineffective. "Not a bit like it, Mr. Carpenter," a hearer might exclaim, and quote the story of Agesilaus. "Another time being desired to hear a man that naturally counterfeited the nightingale's voice, he would not hear him, saying, 'I have oftentimes heard the nightingale itself.' "

Among the mannerisms noted are these: The practice of ending an episode, piano or pianissimo; with a final abuse of upper notes of strings or a piccolo flourish; little tricks of surprise, which too often repeated, do not surprise.

On the whole this Suite is more than "clever," an obnoxious word in art, often condemnatory. Mr. Carpenter has a delicate fancy, a vivid imagination, surprising facility and ingenuity, truly individual expression. There are many charming harmonic effects that are fresh and original. The instrumentation is as a rule singularly effective, by felicitous combinations of timbres, by the peculiar use of instruments, and especially by the daring and successful treatment of the pulsatile section. The music might be described as ultra-modern with a respect for flowing melodic lines; it is not a new chapter in the gospel of deliberate and sensational ugliness.

There is genuine humor, as in the portrayal of the policeman; also in the episode "The Hurdy-Gurdy," an audacious tour de force with an intoxicating use of xylophones. There is genuine poetry, as in "Dreams" and in "The Lake," which is emotional though at times dangerously near sentimentalism.

Viewed in many ways this Suite must be considered as one of the most interesting compositions written by an American. While it is evident that Mr. Carpenter has been influenced by the French school and is not unacquainted with the work of one Richard Strauss; it is also evident that Mr. Carpenter thinks for himself and has his own manner of expression. This music would command respect and admiration in any country.

The performance of this Suite was remarkably euphonious and brilliant. The concert began with an equally remarkable reading and performance of Mozart's immortal overture. The opening Adagio was fraught with significance; there was the expression of solemn anticipation—"Behold, I show you a great mystery"; the chattering, bustling fugue was played with uncommon crispness, clearness, vivacity. Dr. Muck's sharp accentuation, the lightning flashes of emphasis, the significance given to phrases in the Introduction, usually treated indifferently as of no real importance, made the performance noteworthy.

Mr. Malkin of the orchestra played Saint-Saens's concerto in a masterly and beautiful manner, with sure mechanism, rich, pure tone, the delicacy and elegance demanded by Saint-Saens. The minuet saves the concerto as a composition. Mr. Marshall, the organist of the orchestra, made the most of Rheinberger's concerto, a work which shows at least that the composer thoroughly understood the nature of the instrument for which he wrote so much, and did not put before the organist a harsh and thankless task. Yet even in the last Eighties there were organists of great reputation in Germany who looked on Rheinberger as a dangerous man, too free, extravagant, licentious in his use of "pianoforte passages" for the organ.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Brahms, Symphony

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date DEC 12 1915

CAN'T REACH BEETHOVEN VIA RAGTIME

Dr. Muck, Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra, Gives Americans a Frank View of Their Musical Shortcomings.

"YOU Americans," declares Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, "have the great genius for making money; but you appear too busy to use it." It was in connection with a plea for better music in America that Dr. Muck was speaking, and he pointed out frankly what he considered this nation's artistic defects. "Such music as you are producing in America to-day for the cabaret and the second-rate musical comedy is not folk music," he added. "It is just the expression of a restless desire for excitement, for change, for intoxication. This cannot become the source of inspiration for the development of a musical nation. You cannot cultivate a love for Beethoven via ragtime."

Dr Muck's idea of us from the musical point of view is given in the form of an extended interview in the Craftsman Magazine, under the heading: "The Music of Democracy." He makes especial reference to the possibilities of musical instruction in the public schools, by choruses and orchestras, which will be of interest to those interested in that branch of instruction in the Providence schools. Dr. Muck is quoted as follows:

"A music loving people! Why not—living in such a marvellous country, a country that should be the source of splendid inspiration for every art. It is different in Europe; the inspiration is not needed. Music continues and thrives in the Old World because it is a part of the existence of the people. They are all brought up with music in their homes and in their schools. They know it as they know their A B C's, they do not have to seek new and tremendous inspiration—influences powerful enough to cut a channel through prevailing interests.

* * *

"But in America you did not start with music when you were a young nation; in a way, you did not start as a young nation at all. It always seems to me that this country began life as a youth, not a child. Usually the beginning of music is in the infancy of the nation, when there are no conventional boundaries to the emotions, when the people crave some rich expression for their vital interests, when all of life is activity, spontaneity, and when people are not shut away from nature's storehouse of inspiration, when they are looking up to the sky, out to the woods hourly, when each day takes them down pathways that are full of beauty and fragrance which must have expression in ballad or chant, in the dance of the warrior or the song of the lover.

"America has had no long, slow centuries of simple, primitive existence. Her early struggles were not the old battles of warriors over maidens or of nations seeking to possess each other's hunting [illegible] and pleasure places. From the start you were more conventional, more grown up. People came from other worlds who were not happy and settled in America with their own specialized ways, with their own social attitude and religion all ready-made. If they fought battles it was against the aborigines whose land they needed; it was not to protect ancient homes and traditional art. This way was essential but not so picturesque, and it started your nation past the time of early thrilling days of romance, in which music and poetry has time to take deep roots into the hearts of the people.

"When art comes early in the life of a nation it is the expression of that people's emotional interest in beauty. When it comes later and civilization is full-fledged it is born of a conventional appreciation of the world's standards of beauty. The early music wells up out of great love, great joy, great splendid response to nature. In the later life of a nation, art comes from an appreciation of what it adds to life, from a sense of its decorative importance. In other words, one is born of an emotion and one of an idea.

"Wagner, strangely enough, combined both the traditional, and the modern point of view in his music. He had the great idea of a new religion for the world, a religion that could no longer be held in the grasp of the gods, that must be reborn through the splendor and tragedy of human love and sacrifice. In the music of Strauss you feel the pounding of a great idea, you feel suddenly that he is breaking down conventional barriers that have held people away from the intoxication and joy of music. Beethoven had the great idea of bringing close to the people all pastoral beauty from the beginning of days. Whatever has been joyous in pastoral lives, whatever has been sad or thrilling or tender or peaceful Beethoven has reproduced for the world's joy and strength.

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"In America, I should say, you will have for your later day music the great idea of democracy, of freedom for all the people. This idea is expressed in the very quality of the Western landscape, in the freedom, vastness, the titanic grandeur, the unoccupied beautiful spaces; all these things speak of liberty, boundless opportunity. Who that has ever seen the Grand Canyon at sunset or in the moonlight, or those great limitless plains, veiled in rose and violet and the mellowing gray of twilight can fail to be profoundly impressed, richly influenced? Such beauty and vastness must liberate the spirit, and the free spirit much eventually express something of the force that has opened the windows of its soul.

"Already your painters have found the West and have brought back some of its beauty on canvas, but as yet, I have heard no poetry that repeats to me the story of sunrise in the West, no music that gives me of the yellow lights and the purple shadows that stream down that deep canyon, varied from day to day, and forever lovely.

"You ask me what is the difficulty.

"It is not that you do not love music in America—few individuals in the world are more liberal than the American man or woman who seeks to bring music to this country, but as yet you have not stopped long enough to cherish the birth of great art here. It seems to me that you are constantly putting it off to the future. You say, 'Some day we will have art in America, we can have it whenever we want it. So far we have had everything that we wanted. We are busy just now, we have not yet all the money we want.'

"And truly you have the great genius for making money; but you appear too busy to use it; at least, to use it in a way that seems most valuable to me.

Dr. Karl Muck.

You do buy many, many things that enable you to get about quickly, not only things that will make your homes beautiful but things that will enable you to get away from your homes—swifter steamers, swifter railroads, swifter motor cars. It is a nation hurrying from one generation to another, one century to another, seeking always means of haste, pressing past with an ideal of haste rather than some definite goal.

"Isn't it just as good to stop to-day as to-morrow, to spend beautiful leisure in your beautiful homes, into which to bring beautiful art? This is the lovely present I wish for America. I want leisure now for your music, your painters want it for art, your young geniuses want it for poetry. Stop now and make this the greatest century America has ever known for the birth of great national art.

* * *

"How would I suggest doing this? I have already said that you should seek your inspiration in your own land, in the splendor and beauty of it, teach your children how beautiful your own land is, and in connection with that, in every school in America teach your children all the beautiful music that the greatest musicians of the world have produced. Have every school one rich chorus, have children sing out all the joy and love of their young hearts; they want to do it, they do not want to bend over their desks every minute, they do not want to study every minute, they want to express something of what youth is, what they feel life to be.

"You will have no difficulty in establishing choruses in your public schools. All youth has music in its heart, let it pour out in tremendous volumes in every school in America. Beyond this, if you have the time, and I should say make the time, let every school have its orchestra. I do not believe there is a school in America that would not furnish you talent for an orchestra. Let the choruses work with the orchestra, and let children feel that it is a great honor to play in the orchestra. Oh, you cannot think what this would do for the happiness of youth, for the production of art in this country, what channels it would furnish for genius to express itself in the coming generation. And suddenly you will find that you are this musical nation that you have talked about, and no one will ever ask again how it can be done and why Americans are not creating music. You will find barriers that have stood in front of genius drop away, you will find that music will reach the homes.

"It is hopeless to attempt to do anything for middle age. No nation has ever developed art through its grown-up people. It has developed much enjoyment, much culture, it has shown appreciation of art, as America has done, for there is an ever increasing love of good music in this country, an ever growing audience for grand opera and for symphony concerts, but that is not what you are asking about in America. You want your own musical life, you want your own musical geniuses, men who will have a vision of what music should be in this country, who will see straight into the hearts of the people, who will produce their aspirations, their longings, their love of beauty, who will have the great idea for music from American inspiration, the music of the democracy—the music of the free people.

* * *

"I do not mean for a moment that there is no music in the American school, but there should be music in every school—in the public schools, the private schools, the colleges, the universities, and always the best. I do not in the least believe in popular music for the masses; I do not believe there is such a thing as good popular music. I think what you call here your ragtime, is poison. It poisons the very source of your musical growth, for it poisons the taste of the young. You cannot poison the spring of art and hope for a fresh clear stream to flow out and enrich life.

"From the very start I should say, give your young people the best music the world has ever known of every land. It will not lessen their ability to create native music. No good art ever hurts or lessens the power to produce any other valuable art. Art is a long history of great progress, but it is a connected history, and by giving good music to your young people here, from Germany, from France, from every known source, you are only opening up their interest, their need of music; their capacity to produce music, and when they finally reach the point where they long to create they will seek native sources of inspiration if they have the real art. But if you pollute the spring, if you poison the beginning of musical source, you will find the power for creation is atrophied, and the small stream which forces its way out will be muddied and soiled and unbeautiful.

"You ask me how the American nation shall produce its own music. I say to you from the bottom of my heart that it shall at once cease to train its children with what is called the popular music. By this I do not mean for an instant that the primitive music of a nation is not the rich, resourceful, inspiring thing; the folk music of all lands has been the beginning of musical development and musical culture, the joy of the people and the foundation on which the widest musical culture has rested.

"But such music as you are producing in America to-day for the cabaret and the second-rate musical comedy is not folk music. It is just the expression of a restless desire of the people for excitement, for change, for intoxication, which is not improving from year to year, from generation to generation; it is only changing, meeting various emotional whims of the people. You have new music because you want new dances or you want more excitement. This cannot become the source of inspiration for the development of a musical nation. You ask me frankly and I tell you frankly.

* * *

"One instance came to my notice in regard to the deadly influence of the ragtime music which I will cite to show the invidious effect it may have even on people whose first impulse is toward the right thing. I dined one evening with a family devoted to the interests of symphony music. They had been subscribers for years. After the dinner I was very tired and strolled in the library alone to rest for a moment.

"To my astonishment I saw a music machine in one corner of the room. I said possibly they may have some records of good music and singers, and so glanced over the records. Then, to my horror I discovered that they were of the most deadly, vulgar ragtime music; not only was the music of the worst character, but in some instances there were records of vulgar cafe chantant songs, a collection of all the things that it seemed to me the real music lover would be opposed to.

"It was a terrible shock to me. I felt as though I had lost friends. I wondered how much I was to blame for it. How was it possible that I could have put into my work in the symphony my heart and soul and most earnest desire for the best results from such work and then find that among those I had counted upon as true friends and music lovers, there was this deadly interest in the vulgar fad of the day? I realized how much there was to work against, how much to overcome before this country, with all the opportunity in the world, would really become a musical nation.

"Not only should you seek the best music for your children, but give them the best teachers, always the best teachers. If you want your children to love poetry, you do not give them some poor little verse, some bit of popular doggerel, you turn back to Shakespeare, to Goethe, to Racine; you give them the wealth of the world. If you wish them to recite poetry you seek some great master of the dramatic arts, so that all the fullness of the meaning of the creator reaches them. You must do the same in music. You must have them taught by the man who knows and loves music, who can win a response from them, who can direct them and encourage them.

"The best music in the world is of no avail for children with a poor teacher. Everything must be of the best if we wish the best results. Seek good music in simple form and music lovers as instructors. What would we think of a gardener who planted seeds in poor soil because the poor soil was economical or easy to get or because people were accustomed to using poor soil? The good gardener seeks the best soil for just the kind of growth he desires, and then he knows just how to plant the seed and how to care for the little plant and how to cultivate his garden for the best and beautiful results. Surely it is necessary to cultivate music as wisely as a garden. And so I say once more that you cannot cultivate a love for Beethoven via ragtime."

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Dr. Muck spoke on the question of the wisdom of endowing music in America. "Undoubtedly," he said, "it would be better for a democratic people to produce and to support their own music. It would be more in line with their ideals. But what will you?

"As yet the people do not seem willing to make the effort to support grand opera and symphony concerts. The question resolves itself into this. If you do not endow these institutions you cannot have this music. If you wish the music at this present age of your civilization, it must be endowed. So far as I am aware no musical institution of any description is supported by State or Government in America. The only endowments that are made are individual, and those in some instances are lavish to a degree. In New York your grand opera is supported by subscription and frequently by additional endowment as well—always personal. This is true of every grand opera in America. It is also true, so far as I am able to state, of the symphony orchestra. I know it is true of the New York Symphony, of the Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle and so on indefinitely.

"And right here it is important to note that the interest in the symphony orchestra is spreading. It is no small matter for America to realize that there is a successful symphony orchestra in Seattle as well as in San Francisco, Chicago and so on toward the East. But these orchestras are not supported by the voluntary contributions of the mass of people. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is practically the gift to the people of one great music lover, Mr. Higginson. It is Mr. Higginson who has made it possible for the Boston Symphony to work without joining the music union, so that it is an absolutely free institution.

"And in this free country I find that the trade unions do not always leave the people quite free either in the arts or crafts. I think that if you are not careful, through them you will greatly mar musical opportunity and you will possibly kill the development of craft work.

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"A short time ago a carpenter came to do some work for me in my house in Boston and I actually had to tell him how to do his own work, for I am proud of the fact that I am a good carpenter. I learned it in my youth, as I did many other simple, practical things. I talked with my union carpenter and he told me that as a matter of fact he was not a carpenter at all, but a plumber; but he could make a little more money as a carpenter and so he elected himself that and came to do my work. It is much the same in the musical trade unions. There is no standard except a financial one, and it is not the man who is the greatest musician who has the best salary.

"But to return to the endowment of music. You will see that at present it is necessary for certain kinds of musical development. After you have put music in all your schools, in the biggest, most impersonal way, I firmly believe that you will be cultivating a generation of people who will be eager to support symphony concerts, grand opera, who will be writing music for both.

"The question of endowment does not seem to trouble any one in Germany; it is universal. In every place of 40,000 or 50,000 inhabitants, there is a symphony orchestra supported by the town. In Berlin the Emperor gives 3,000,000 marks a year out of his private income for the advancement of music; in Vienna, music is supported by the Government. There seems to be no question in the world but what the people who have the greatest opportunity for enjoying music should really be the supporters.

'The idea of endowing music in Germany came about through Frederick the Great, some 200 years ago. He was a music lover. He and the Dukes of his court decided that they would pay for it themselves and this sentiment has continued in Germany ever since, although if it were not done there is; in my mind no question in the world but what the people by voluntary contributions would hold music in their midst.

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"You have asked me just what quality in your civiliation I find most detrimental to the development and progress of the arts. It seems to me that the most serious handicap to art that I have been able to discover in America, and of course there are serious handicaps in every nation to its best growth, is the fact that politics in this country is a matter of business, not of national concern. I believe that politics should be absolutely separated from business activities. Politics is the machinery of running a nation. A man should not be in politics to make money, to make his living, but to work for the welfare of the nation. There should be no opportunity whatever for him to have to face financial questions. He should be supported by the Government. But in America I find in every State people in politics for their own interest, not to build up a finer, stronger, purer nation, not to insure the development of art loving people, not to add to the beauty of the country, the delight of it, but for their own aggrandizement. Naturally this brings about a State restless, uncertain and separated from the betterment of the country. Also it places in power and in high positions men not prepared for the work; it gives young people the idea that they can start on the top, not that they must work carefully, warily, assiduously into a position of supremacy, and one that may account for a great deal of the general restlessness that prevails everywhere, and of the eagerness of young people to skip the steps that should be climbed in their own business artistic or spiritual growth.

"In all schools I notice a tendency for children to escape as soon as possible, to get out and make money before they are prepared to make it well, to start life with half-baked ideas of what is worth while, with their profession half learned, to be independent when they are young, and not to be independent in order to get the utmost from life, but to play harder. It is the young people who are making a little money, without much knowledge, who fill the cabarets and the poor theatres, and whose lives are choked and disintegrated before they are old enough to realize what they are losing.

"Everywhere these young people are seeking for money in order to have more houses, more clothes, more playtime, more motor cars. This cannot mean more beauty, more real happiness, more development, more spiritual activity. The plumber cannot call himself a carpenter and do good work. Youth must prepare itself for great things if it is to live them, and it is through the preparation of the young that all great and good things come to a nation."

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SCIENCE MONITOR,

DECEMBER 27,

SYMPHONY MEN PRESENT SUITE BY CARPENTER

SYMPHONY HALL—Ninth afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Dec. 24. The program: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Carpenter, "Perambulator" suite (first time at these concerts); Saint-Saëns, concerto No. 1 in A minor for violin and orchestra (Joseph Malkin, soloist); Rheinberger, concerto in F major for organ, three horns and string orchestra (John P. Marshall, organist).

If orchestral music had been one of the arts practiced by the fifth century Greeks, it could not have helped developing characteristics of form and structure very different from those it actually has assumed. If composers had flourished in Athens contemporarily with Aeschylus and Sophocles, they would surely have established architectural patterns quite contrary to those set up by Bach and Beethoven. Had Aristotle been in position to write a treatise on the subject of symphonic method and design, he would have had no such matters to discuss as the fugal form and the sonata form, much less the variation form. These contrivances of late renaissance times could have had no place in an ancient scheme of art. They are based on an idea which in the minds of the men of the earlier civilization would have been essentially inartistic. For they contain as an essential part of their outline that post-classical and decadent contrivance known as the summary. The Bach fugue and the Beethoven allegro and rondo, which are probably the most important formulas in which tone thinkers have expressed themselves, demand, according to their innate logic, the use of the superfluous and altogether un-Hellenic device called the recapitulation.

It is doubtless an unfortunate thing that the modern world has had to evolve canons of musical taste without help from the epoch that produced the Attic drama and the Doric temple. Some way might have been indicated for the art of tone to keep itself fluid, unified and vital besides the obvious one of repetition. Of late, happily, a way is being found by certain composers of France. The trend toward redundancy is finding some check in the orchestra writing of recent men of the Parisian school. It ought to find similar check in the work of composers in the United States, since a succinct and compact style of address may be said to agree with the national habits. But the rule of tradition prevails with the Chicagoan whose suite was played at the Christmas Symphony concerts. The summarizing of themes is made a dutiful part of his "Perambulator" exploit. And duty enters into the affair in such a manner as to drive out inspiration. The ride of the baby, which begins so auspiciously and which proceeds so illusively along the street where walks the policeman and where plays the hurdy-gurdy, must needs end with a dream which recalls the whole journey. In the interests of symphonic recapitulation the viewpoints of the story are mixed. A piece which begins as a delightful study of tone-painting ends as an exercise in musical mathematics.

The two soloists made contributions to the program which greatly pleased the listeners. Mr. Malkin presented the Saint-Saëns concerto for violoncello with a finely finished execution and with an uncommonly lustrous tone. Mr. Marshall played the organ part of the Rheinberger concerto with tasteful registration and with a dramatic feeling for the dialogue between his instrument and the string and brass groups. He made an especial success in the part of the work where the composer makes his, in the majestic finale.

TRANSCRIPT,

DECEMBER 24,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

THE PROBLEM OF A CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME

Dr. Muck's Solution of It, with Mr. Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator" for His Capital Piece—Music of Humor, Fancy, Wit and Dexterity That Blends Word-Picturing and Tone-Picturing and Joins Distinction to Entertainment

WHO shall read the mind of a conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, when, once in six or seven years, he must put together a programme for a pair of concerts one of which falls on the afternoon before Christmas and the other on the evening of that day itself? Perhaps in his secret thoughts he would be glad to omit both, but his august master—the precedent of five-and-thirty years—forbids any break in the appointed sequence of the concerts. It is the proud boast of the Comédie-Française that it has never foregone a scheduled performance, unless fire, war or other "act of God"—as the contracts say—has defeated it in its duty. So far no celestial or terrestrial contingency has ever interrupted the ordered course of the Symphony Concerts, and before them the fact that today is Christmas Eve and that tomorrow is Christmas Day is no more than the capricious accident of an impertinent calendar. For Dr. Muck there was no option and, being loyal to the traditions of the orchestra, he doubtless desired none; but he must have suspected that his audience today would be relatively slender in numbers and almost certainly preoccupied with other matters than the hearing of symphonic music. Tomorrow the assembly may be larger and also more tired, since every one knows, but pretends not to believe, that holiday-making is a fatiguing business.

What, then, was a conductor to do, especially if he were minded to suit a part of his programme to those two obstinate dates on the calendars, ecclesiastic and secular, festal and commercial? Now, Christmas may have its stately and ceremonial side as when the Roman or the Anglican church celebrates it. The overture to Mozart's opera of "The Magic Flute" happens to be a ceremonial music, especially when the deep and solemn proclamation of the trombones interrupts it and returns yet again to stay the course of the fugued finale. Then it is music of rites and temples, as indeed the opera bids; even the running passages for strings have an audible gravity of voice and the coloring wood-winds, fuller and richer than was often Mozart's wont, are warm and mellow. Accordingly, the overture, as it did today, may well begin a pair of Christmas concerts.

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Mr. Carpenter's music is well written and cleverly scored. Its "plot" is now known. The "Adventures in the Perambulator" are the adventures of the young gentlemen or lady, sex unknown, out for a morning walk. The nurse, the policemen, and "Myself" have representative themes. There are heard the turning of the wheels of the perambulator, the clanking of a hurdy-gurdy, the majestic stride of the policemen, the barking of dogs, the swish of waters as the big lake with the little waves and the big waves with sunbeams on their back come into view. The workmanship is more than suggestive of Strauss, and reminiscences of other composers are heard. Yet the music has a value of its own, if only the value which is that of music well and wittily written, and a big orchestra employed with admirable mastery and a genuine sense of humor.

Beauty in "The Lake"

The most valuable of the six movements of the suite is "The Lake," with its impressionistic effects and its harmonic beauty. The take-off on the hurdy-gurdy and such "masterpieces" as "Alexander's Ragtime Band" is bunny, but the humor of the Scherzo, "Dogs," is still funnier, in its ingenious suggestion of canine sounds and its fugal treatment of thematic fragments. This is not music that can be called original, but it is music right excellently made, and, thank heaven, it is for a change the music of a composer who does not take himself too seriously. At the same time, we must acknowledge that Mr. Carpenter's programme of the composition, written by himself, is fully as original and as entertaining as his music.

The orchestral performances of one of the clearest of Mozart's fugues and of the great introduction of the overture was admirable. Mr. Malkin did entire justice to a composition conspicuous for its grace and its neatness of workmanship and deftness of instrumentation. He played with ample virtuosity, with a warm and rich tone, with the authority of an experienced and accomplished [illegible]

SCIENCE MONITOR,

DECEMBER 27,

SYMPHONY MEN PRESENT SUITE BY CARPENTER

SYMPHONY HALL—Ninth afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Dec. 24. The program: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Carpenter, "Perambulator" suite (first time at these concerts); Saint-Saëns, concerto No. 1 in A minor for violin and orchestra (Joseph Malkin, soloist); Rheinberger, concerto in F major for organ, three horns and string orchestra (John P. Marshall, organist).

If orchestral music had been one of the arts practiced by the fifth century Greeks, it could not have helped developing characteristics of form and structure very different from those it actually has assumed. If composers had flourished in Athens contemporarily with Aeschylus and Sophocles, they would surely have established architectural patterns quite contrary to those set up by Bach and Beethoven. Had Aristotle been in position to write a treatise on the subject of symphonic method and design, he would have had no such matters to discuss as the fugal form and the sonata form, much less the variation form. These contrivances of late renaissance times could have had no place in an ancient scheme of art. They are based on an idea which in the minds of the men of the earlier civilization would have been essentially inartistic. For they contain as an essential part of their outline that post-classical and decadent contrivance known as the summary. The Bach fugue and the Beethoven allegro and rondo, which are probably the most important formulas in which tone thinkers have expressed themselves, demand, according to their innate logic, the use of the superfluous and altogether un-Hellenic device called the recapitulation.

It is doubtless an unfortunate thing that the modern world has had to evolve canons of musical taste without help from the epoch that produced the Attic drama and the Doric temple. Some way might have been indicated for the art of tone to keep itself fluid, unified and vital besides the obvious one of repetition. Of late, happily, a way is being found by certain composers of France. The trend toward redundancy is finding some check in the orchestra writing of recent men of the Parisian school. It ought to find similar check in the work of composers in the United States, since a succinct and compact style of address may be said to agree with the national habits. But the rule of tradition prevails with the Chicagoan whose suite was played at the Christmas Symphony concerts. The summarizing of themes is made a dutiful part of his "Perambulator" exploit. And duty enters into the affair in such a manner as to drive out inspiration. The ride of the baby, which begins so auspiciously and which proceeds so illusively along the street where walks the policeman and where plays the hurdy-gurdy, must needs end with a dream which recalls the whole journey. In the interests of symphonic recapitulation the viewpoints of the story are mixed. A piece which begins as a delightful study of tone-painting ends as an exercise in musical mathematics.

The two soloists made contributions to the program which greatly pleased the listeners. Mr. Malkin presented the Saint-Saëns concerto for violoncello with a finely finished execution and with an uncommonly lustrous tone. Mr. Marshall played the organ part of the Rheinberger concerto with tasteful registration and with a dramatic feeling for the dialogue between his instrument and the string and brass groups. He made an especial success in the part of the work where the composer makes his, in the majestic finale.

TRANSCRIPT,

DECEMBER 24,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

THE PROBLEM OF A CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME

Dr. Muck's Solution of It, with Mr. Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator" for His Capital Piece—Music of Humor, Fancy, Wit and Dexterity That Blends Word-Picturing and Tone-Picturing and Joins Distinction to Entertainment

WHO shall read the mind of a conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, when, once in six or seven years, he must put together a programme for a pair of concerts one of which falls on the afternoon before Christmas and the other on the evening of that day itself? Perhaps in his secret thoughts he would be glad to omit both, but his august master—the precedent of five-and-thirty years—forbids any break in the appointed sequence of the concerts. It is the proud boast of the Comédie-Française that it has never foregone a scheduled performance, unless fire, war or other "act of God"—as the contracts say—has defeated it in its duty. So far no celestial or terrestrial contingency has ever interrupted the ordered course of the Symphony Concerts, and before them the fact that today is Christmas Eve and that tomorrow is Christmas Day is no more than the capricious accident of an impertinent calendar. For Dr. Muck there was no option and, being loyal to the traditions of the orchestra, he doubtless desired none; but he must have suspected that his audience today would be relatively slender in numbers and almost certainly preoccupied with other matters than the hearing of symphonic music. Tomorrow the assembly may be larger and also more tired, since every one knows, but pretends not to believe, that holiday-making is a fatiguing business.

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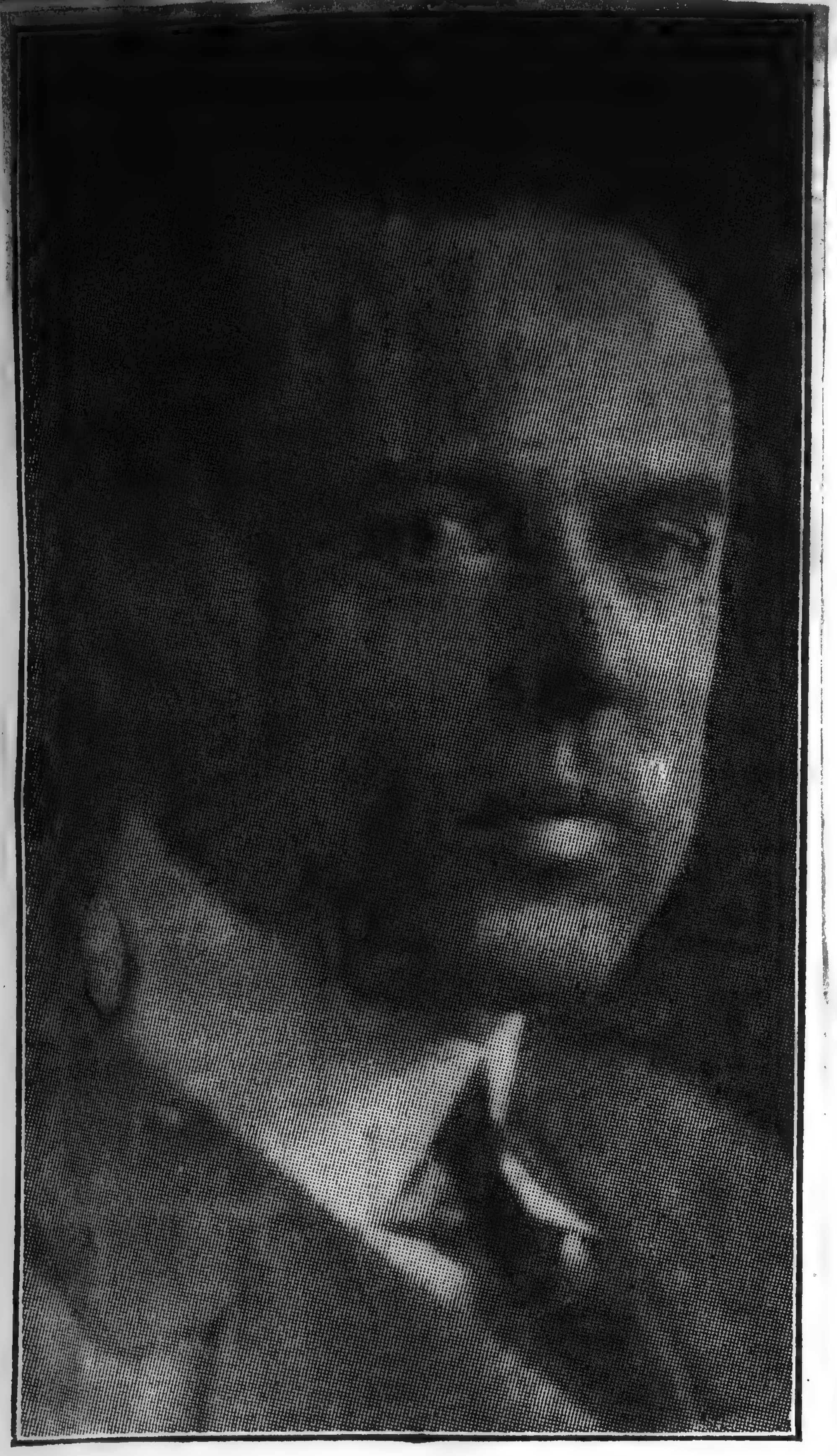
The orchestral performances of one of the clearest of Mozart's fugues and of the great introduction of the overture was admirable. Mr. Malkin did entire justice to a composition conspicuous for its grace and its neatness of workmanship and deftness of instrumentation. He played with ample virtuosity, with a warm and rich tone, with the authority of an experienced and ac-



John Alden Carpenter

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Dr. Muck, as usual, wielded a masterly baton in the performance of the concertos as well as the earlier music of the programme.

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"Adventures in a Perambulator" Pleases—"Magic Flute Overture" Brilliantly Played

By Louis C. Elson

PROGRAMME

Mozart "Magic Flute Overture"
Carpenter "Adventures in a Perambulator"
Orchestral Suite
St. Saens Violoncello Concerto A minor
Soloist, Mr. Joseph Malkin
Rheinberger
Concerto for Organ, Horns and Strings
Soloist, Mr. John P. Marshall

A most agreeable programme, just suited to usher in Christmas Eve, and every note of it within the bounds of intelligibility. The very first number plunged into "medias res" with its chattering, light-hearted fugal exposition, the theme of which we suspect Mozart took from Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord," Book II., No. 7. If any musical reader will compare the two he will at once recognize the kinship; the key, the length and the modulations being identical. But Mozart makes an altogether different affair out of it, Bach treating his subject in a sedate manner in canon, while Mozart makes it full of jollity.

Yet we never can reconcile ourselves to the rapidity with which all modern conductors take the Mozart fugue theme. No auditor can follow its figures in the helter-skelter pace at which it is played. But no amount of speed can cause our strings to blur, and the whole overture was most brilliantly and very rapidly played. It may be recalled, in this connection, that Mozart did not care greatly for the flute, and even in "The Magic Flute" did not give that instrument much prominenee. He once wrote a flute and harp concerto, however (milk-and-water), but that was inspired by his empty pocketbook—and he did not get paid for it after all. The overture was much applauded and deserved to be. The introduction to the Mozart overture seemed, to us, exaggerated in its contrasts.

It is a grateful task to record the triumph of an American composer. John Alden Carpenter, in the "Adventures in a Perambulator," has introduced a baby into the musical repertoire that is as successful as, and much more natural than, Richard Strauss's heavily-scored infant who lives in a family where they had double-fugues at 7 o'clock in the morning—probably for breakfast.

It was programme-music, and the meditations of the baby, which are printed in connection with the score, were properly reproduced in the programme-book, so that each auditor was enable to dilate with the proper emotion; it was gloriously good fun, and masterly music as well. What a pompous and slow-moving policeman the bassoon made! How perfectly the xylophone reproduced the aggressive tones of the street-organ (not a hurdy-gurdy, by the way), and with what charming vagueness the fragments of these things floated through baby's dream at the close!

But, exhilarating as it is to find a good humorist among modern composers, it is still more gratifying to note that the scoring here is most skilful and that the treatment of the themes is indicative of a high musicianship. "The Lake", the one earnest movement of this Suite, shows a delicacy of treatment that suggests Debussy at his best—not the Debussy of "La Mer." We do not think, however, that "Dogs," the succeeding movement, is graphic or especially remarkable. Mr. Carpenter might have remembered how Gluck pictured the dog Cerberus, in "Orpheus," by glissando effects (sliding) upon a contrabass string. It is much more graphic than Mr. Carpenter's canines.

But we are so charmed with the suite that we feel that picking any flaw is almost hyper-criticism. Nevertheless we revel most in the humor of the movement falsely entitled "Hurdy-Gurdy." Dr. Muck joined the first two movements together, which, we think, only mystified the audience. The interpretation was not superior to that of the New York Symphony orchestra, given in Boston under Walter Damrosch, a few weeks ago. There are a few "Leit-motiven" in the composition, and the figures representing the Nurse, the Perambulator and its wheels, the baby, and the policeman, can readily be followed. The work has so recently been given in Boston that great length of comment seems superfluous save to state again, emphatically, that the American composers who take themselves with such deadly seriousness might learn a lesson from this work, and Chadwick's "Tam O'Shanter," which latter ought also to be heard in Boston soon.

The work was greatly applauded, the orchestra finally rising in response.

St. Saens' Violoncello Concerto was also music without any aggressive or radical tendencies, and it served to display our excellent new violoncellist, Mr. Joseph Malkin. We have but recently spoken of the work of this artist in these columns and there is little more to tell save to renew the encomiums then written. Mr. Malkin has a broad and sympathetic tone. He makes technique his servant instead of being its slave. He is pure in intonation, even in the highest positions, and is absolutely sure in skips, runs or double-stopping.

There is a little too much of embroidery in this concerto, but for all that it displays the solo instrument well, and it has some very effective themes. Mr. Malkin was greatly applauded, and the orchestra and conductor deserved to share in this, for the ensemble was excellent.

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To us this concerto was a keen delight. It did one good to breathe the clear, classical air once more. Good logical development of figures was there, especially in the finale, and the Andante had a dignity which was in fine contrast with the sprightliness of the finale. The playing of the horns in the second movement was especially good, but the forces were in perfect ensemble almost all through.

Mr. Marshall played with artistic effect and the registration was chosen with tast and intelligence. The organ sounds especially well in Symphony Hall, and we were glad to hear the instrument in a prominent role for once. The pure contrapuntal touches were very effective, and Mr. Marshall did splendid manual and pedal work in the final Cadenza. Altogether this concerto was the most effective work of the concert, and we hope that few auditors will miss its glories in the concert tonight.

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The program for the Christmas concerts embraces Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, the baby-carriage suite, the Saint-Saens 'cello concerto in A minor, with Joseph Malkin as soloist, and the Rheinberger concerto for organ, horns and strings, with John P. Marshall presiding at the seldom heard organ.
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Mr Malkin was soloist in Saint-Saens' first concerto in A-minor for cello and orchestra. A creditable appearance, although one not distinguished either in technic or in beauty of style. In the opening overture to "The Magic Flute," Dr Muck exhausts the possibilities of the broad tempo of the Adagio, and the irregularly accented notes in the brilliant fugue.

From SUN

Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date

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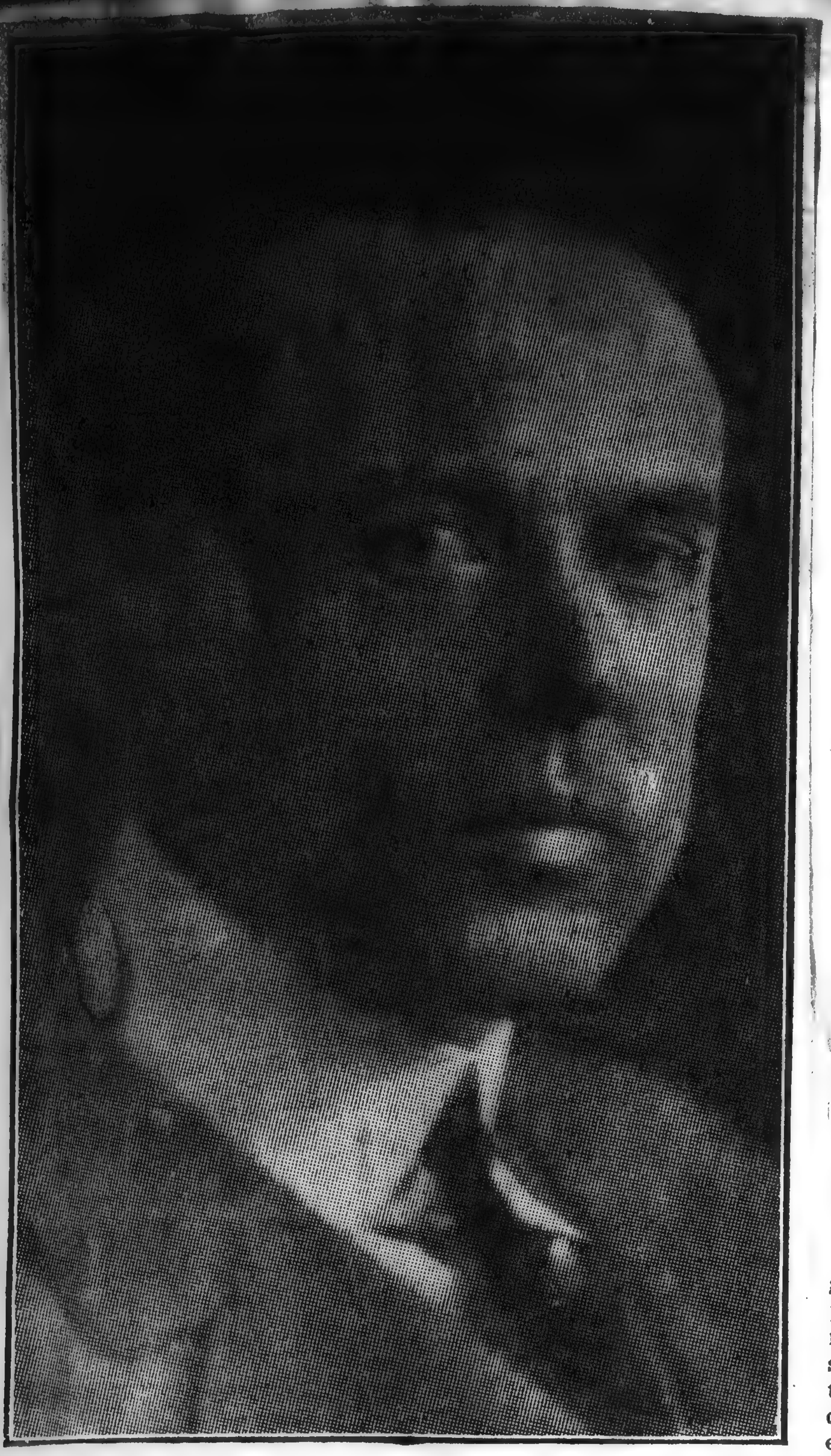

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Music of Substance

But—it is a significant fact not due to performance, but to the compositions themselves—that if we deduct the greatness of Mozart's music, the honest music without heaven-storming originality, and yet what substance it has! Music that showed to remarkable advantage by the side of either Carpenter's or Saint-Saens'! The sturdy thematic material, the firmness of the tonal structure, the broad, clear writing, the effective organ part and the excellent scoring for the strings and horns make for an exceedingly brave sounding composition. All this makes splendid music, music of the Yule-tide, music we would fain hear at more frequent intervals than in the past, music, incidentally, which bears witness to the extraordinary strength and vitality of good polyphonic composition of the German school. Mr. Marshall played in a brilliant and musicianly manner.

Dr. Muck, as usual, wielded a masterly baton in the performance of the concertos as well as the earlier music of the programme.

DAILY ADVERTISER,

DECEMBER 25

TWO SOLOISTS HEARD IN AMERICAN WORK

JOHN CARPENTER RECORDS TRIUMPH

"Adventures in a Perambulator" Pleases—"Magic Flute Overture" Brilliantly Played

By Louis C. Elson

PROGRAMME

Mozart "Magic Flute Overture"
Carpenter "Adventures in a Perambulator" Orchestral Suite
St. Saens Violoncello Concerto A minor
Soloist, Mr. Joseph Malkin
Rheinberger
Concerto for Organ, Horns and Strings
Soloist, Mr. John P. Marshall

A most agreeable programme, just suited to usher in Christmas Eve, and every note of it within the bounds of intelligibility. The very first number plunged into "medias res" with its chattering, light-hearted fugal exposition, the theme of which we suspect Mozart took from Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord," Book II., No. 7. If any musical reader will compare the two he will at once recognize the kinship; the key, the length and the modulations being identical. But Mozart makes an altogether different affair out of it, Bach treating his subject in a sedate manner in canon, while Mozart makes it full of jollity.

Yet we never can reconcile ourselves to the rapidity with which all modern conductors take the Mozart fugue theme. No auditor can follow its figures in the helter-skelter pace at which it is played. But no amount of speed can cause our strings to blur, and the whole overture was most brilliantly and very rapidly played. It may be recalled, in this connection, that Mozart did not care greatly for the flute, and even in "The Magic Flute" did not give that instrument much prominence. He once wrote a flute and harp concerto, however (milk-and-water), but that was inspired by his empty pocketbook—and he did not get paid for it after all. The overture was much applauded and deserved to be. The introduction to the Mozart overture seemed, to us, exaggerated in its contrasts.

It is a grateful task to record the triumph of an American composer. John Alden Carpenter, in the "Adventures in a Perambulator," has introduced a baby into the musical repertoire that is as successful as, and much more natural than, Richard Strauss's heavily-scored infant who lives in a family where they had double-fugues at 7 o'clock in the morning—probably for breakfast.

It was programme-music, and the meditations of the baby, which are printed in connection with the score, were properly reproduced in the programme-book, so that each auditor was enable to dilate with the proper emotion; it was gloriously good fun, and masterly music as well. What a pompous and slow-moving policeman the bassoon made! How perfectly the xylophone reproduced the aggressive tones of the street-organ (not a hurdy-gurdy, by the way), and with what charming vagueness the fragments of these things floated through baby's dream at the close!

But, exhilarating as it is to find a good humorist among modern composers, it is still more gratifying to note that the scoring here is most skilful and that the treatment of the themes is indicative of a high musicianship. "The Lake", the one earnest movement of this Suite, shows a delicacy of treatment that suggests Debussy at his best—not the Debussy of "La Mer." We do not think, however, that "Dogs," the succeeding movement, is graphic or especially remarkable. Mr. Carpenter might have remembered how Gluck pictured the dog Cerberus, in "Orpheus," by glissando effects (sliding) upon a contrabass string. It is much more graphic than Mr. Carpenter's canines.

But we are so charmed with the suite that we feel that picking any flaw is almost hyper-criticism. Nevertheless we revel most in the humor of the movement falsely entitled "Hurdy-Gurdy." Dr. Muck joined the first two movements together, which, we think, only mystified the audience. The interpretation was not superior to that of the New York Symphony orchestra, given in Boston under Walter Damrosch, a few weeks ago. There are a few "Leit-motiven" in the composition, and the figures representing the Nurse, the Perambulator and its wheels, the baby, and the policeman, can readily be followed. The work has so recently been given in Boston that great length of comment seems superfluous save to state again, emphatically, that the American composers who take themselves with such deadly seriousness might learn a lesson from this work, and Chadwick's "Tam O'Shanter," which latter ought also to be heard in Boston soon.

The work was greatly applauded, the orchestra finally rising in response.

St. Saens' Violoncello Concerto was also music without any aggressive or radical tendencies, and it served to display our excellent new violoncellist, Mr. Joseph Malkin. We have but recently spoken of the work of this artist in these columns and there is little more to tell save to renew the encomiums then written. Mr. Malkin has a broad and sympathetic tone. He makes technique his servant instead of being its slave. He is pure in intonation, even in the highest positions, and is absolutely sure in skips, runs or double-stopping.

There is a little too much of embroidery in this concerto, but for all that it displays the solo instrument well, and it has some very effective themes. Mr. Malkin was greatly applauded, and the orchestra and conductor deserved to share in this, for the ensemble was excellent.

Then the usual Christmas exodus began. We were very sorry for this, since the best work of the concert followed.

The Organ Concerto came last and ended this most enjoyable programme. Of course the name of Rheinberger was sufficient guarantee that there would be no modern tricks played with the musical Art in this work. There are but few concertos for organ and orchestra in existence, and very few composers can blend the two forces into a really effective form. Guilmant has done it, but he leans a little towards the confectionery side of music, and sometimes his movements become a trifle cloying in consequence. But this work of Rheinberger's is virile from first to last. There is plenty of contrast, too, and, of course, melody is not discarded.

It has become the custom, "in these most brisk and giddy-paced times," to size up Rheinberger's compositions as "Kapellmeister-musik," music of the pedantic brain altogether, but we could name more than one of his works in which romance is present. To us this concerto was a keen delight. It did one good to breathe the clear, classical air once more. Good logical development of figures was there, especially in the finale, and the Andante had a dignity which was in fine contrast with the sprightliness of the finale. The playing of the horns in the second movement was especially good, but the forces were in perfect ensemble almost all through.

Mr. Marshall played with artistic effect and the registration was chosen with tast and intelligence. The organ sounds especially well in Symphony Hall, and we were glad to hear the instrument in a prominent role for once. The pure contrapuntal touches were very effective, and Mr. Marshall did splendid manual and pedal work in the final Cadenza. Altogether this concerto was the most effective work of the concert, and we hope that few auditors will miss its glories in the concert tonight.

[76]

DECEMBER 25,

BOSTON JOURNAL

SYMPHONY PLAYS HOLIDAY PROGRAM

Baby Carriage Suite by Chicago Composer Is Warmly Applauded.

There was a holiday atmosphere at the Symphony concert yesterday, due to the unusual presence of two soloists and to the first performance under Dr. Muck's direction of the enthusiastically heralded symphonic suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," by John Alden Carpenter, which was first played here last month by the New York Symphony Orchestra.

The program for the Christmas concerts embraces Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, the baby-carriage suite, the Saint-Saens 'cello concerto in A minor, with Joseph Malkin as soloist, and the Rheinberger concerto for organ, horns and strings, with John P. Marshall presiding at the seldom heard organ. It is a typical holiday list of offerings, with the Carpenter tone pictures serving as so many plums in the pudding.

Among the new works presented by Dr. Much in recent years none has proved quite so pleasing, to all classes of music lovers, as the suite depicting a Chicago nursling's adventures in some lakeside reservation stocked with comical cavalier policemen, yelping dogs and rattling hurdy-gurdies. The suite has the imaginative distinction characteristic of much of the new French music, but a warmth of feeling and sense of humor that give it a place of its own. Chicago should be proud of this amateur composer.

Too many novelties are something more than caviare even to the Symphony public these days, but this "pram" music was enthusiastically applauded yesterday. Mr. De Voto, the pianist, shared deservedly in the ovation the orchestra received.

The same program will played again tonight.

Next week the new number on the program will be Ernest Schellings' "Symphonic Variations," for piano and orchestra, with the composer himself as soloist. Dr. Muck will conduct the third Brahms symphony for the first time in Boston. The final number will be Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice on Spanish Airs."

BOSTON GLOBE—

DECEMBER 25,

BABY MUSIC BETTER THAN ITS PROGRAM

Carpenter's Perambulator Suite Repeated.

Messrs Marshall and Malkin Heard in Solo Performances.

Who is the author of the program of Mr Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," which stands as a preface to the score? No name appears, Some sage in infantile psychology is hiding his light. Such induction as to the first human percepts amounts to uncanny perception, to downright divination, to the chronic symptoms of genius.

Walter Damrosch and his New York Symphony Orchestra first made the music known here several weeks ago. It was at once apparent to be charming, spontaneous, apt and imaginative in invention and denoting a high degree of skill in treatment, and this notwithstanding the "program," available in advance from the first performance in Chicago and said to be the composer's inspiration.

This is curious. His writing is permeated with the spirit of play, with the exquisite lightness of touch and graceful humor which envelops the peopled realms of the imagination. There is no literal suggestion of the foolish attempts at naivete, the silly twaddle of these amusing episodes of dogs and policemen whose relation to the score is no more apparent than [illegible]

Modern French [illegible] been found in the style. It is true the whole tone scale is frequently heard. At the previous performance there were suggestions of pages other than those of Mr Carpenter. It is clear that beside listening to the hurdy gurdy play snatches of popular masterpieces, his infant of the perambulator must have been wheeled into a performance of "The Girl of the Golden West."

The opera was produced in Chicago, which is Mr Carpenter's home, the year all progressive cities joined in swelling the tribute to the house of Ricordi. Fragments of the opera are in the air in the first two sections: Setting Out and The Policeman. In the fourth division, "The Lake," which begins much in the mood and idiom of the "night scene" in "Louise," there is a figure reminiscent of the music of the barroom scene for Rance and Minnie. Nor is that all of Mr Carpenter's allegiance to Puccini. There are allusions to "La Boheme," a passage similar to that of and three muted trumpets in fifths, and measures reminding of the early part of the third act.

Burlesque is widely avoided in translating the various observations of the journey. Although it must be admitted the child was old beyond his years, he might have misconstrued the policeman's motives had he discovered him in a surreptitious flirtation with his nurse. To depict a policeman conniving with a nurse girl through orchestral speech would have been difficult, not to say indecent. The policeman in this case speaks through the bassoon. This is incongruous, for the bassoon is not of Celtic origin.

But to resume. The musical observations are not painfully literal. There is no suggestion of labeled pictures in a primer. The hurdy gurdy is treated with exquisite wit, with an admirable sense of realism blended with the ideal. This is the apotheosis, the magnificat, the sublimation of the hurdy gurdy. Such an instrument would not be barred from the residential streets of our best people. "The Lake" has a quietly rhapsodic character. So with Dreams music, which charms irrespective of printed directions. Dr Muck interpreted the suite with sense of this charm. Some might make it more delineative, more unsophisticated, more frank, but he played it as a score of much poetic beauty.

Rheinberger's concerto for organ, with John Marshall as soloist, with strings and three horns is music of academic clearness and order. The organ is used with a distinctive sense of its powers. There is fugal treatment of ideas of less dignity than their development. Mr Marshall's performance was marked by fluent technic, by a nice sense of registration and of dynamic proportion. The cadenza was tastefully played.

Mr Malkin was soloist in Saint-Saens' first concerto in A-minor for cello and orchestra. A creditable appearance, although one not distinguished either in technic or in beauty of style. In the opening overture to "The Magic Flute," Dr Muck exhausts the possibilities of the broad tempo of the Adagio, and the irregularly accented notes in the brilliant fugue.

Md.

G WITH
ON SYMPHONY

IUCK has made an in-
rogram for the third con-
ston Symphony Orches-
be given in the Lyric

ERNEST SCHETLING

Theatre next Wednesday evening at 8.15. With the exception of the charming little symphony of Haydn in E flat, No. 1, the program is decidedly modern, including what many regard as the greatest tone poem of Richard Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration," Ernest Schelling's new symphonic variations for orchestra and piano and the diabolically clever Scherzo of the Frenchman Paul Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

Novelties always arouse great interest among music lovers and Mr. Schelling's new symphonic variations are a novelty in the full sense of the word, for they have just had their first performances in Boston. Mr. Schelling has written with extraordinary skil and fancy. They are not a piano concerto in any sense of the word, for he makes the piano an integral part of the orchestra, and having written the variations with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in view, he has given incidental solos to all the leaders of the various sections. Mr. Schelling will play the piano part.

The program in its proper order is as follows:

Symphony in E flat major.......................Hayd
Tone Poem—Death and Transfiguration.....Straus
Symphonic Variations.............................Schellin
The Sorcerer's Apprentice........................Duka

From **ENQUIRER**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date JAN 4 - 1916

Establish

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Its Third Concert for the Season at the Academy of Music

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, gave its third concert for the season at the Academy of Music last evening when the naturally great interest of the occasion was enhanced by the appearance of Mme. Melba, as the assisting artist. The varied and interesting programme presented was one that made no exacting demands upon the attention and could be appreciated and enjoyed with a minimum of mental effort. As its central feature, it had Haydn's light hearted symphony in E flat, B. and H. No. 1, which was played with an admirable refinement and lucidity and with a careful avoidance of anything in the nature of an exaggerated emphasis. It is as simple as it is sunny and any attempt to invest it with a gravity or importance which it does not possess, would have denatured its purport and its significance. From such a good artist as Dr. Muck, no such attempt was to be expected.

Other orchestral numbers were a double concerto by Mozart for violin and viola, a beautiful composition beautifully played by Mr. Anton Witek and Mr. E. Ferir, and Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage." Mme. Melba's selections were Handel's aria "Sweet Bird" with flute obligato accompaniment and two songs from "The Marriage of Figaro," the "Porgi d'Amor" and the "Voiche Sapete." These are numbers which are very well adapted for the exhibition of Mme. Melba's consummate vocal art. She was in good voice and she delivered them with a lovely quality of tone and an unsurpassed facility of execution which rendered her performance an exemplar of what really fine singing means. It was a great treat and a high privilege to hear here, and the audience was enthusiastic with its applause. The next of these concerts will take place on Monday evening, February 14.

From Bulletin
Address Providence, R. I.
Date

Esta

MADAME HOMER TOO ILL TO APPEAR WITH SYMPHONY

Noted Soloist's Place to be Taken by Joseph Malkin.

Madame Louise Homer, who was to have appeared here with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall this evening, will be unable to sing, as she is ill with the grip. Her place as soloist will be taken by Joseph Malkin, the brilliant virtuoso, who shares with Mr. Warnke the first desk of the 'cello section of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Malkin played the same selection he will render here at the regular concerts in Boston last Friday and Saturday with much success.

The programme will be as follows: Symphony, "Antar," Rimsky-Korsakoff; Symphonic Poem, "Vysehrad," Smetana; Concerto for Violoncello in A-minor, opus 33, Saint-Saens; overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," Mendelssohn.

From **EVENING JOURNAL**
Address: **New York City**
Date

Establi

BOSTON BAND AT CARNEGIE HALL

Dr. Karl Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra came to Carnetgie Hall last evening for the first of their two January concerts in New York. It was wintry weather without and there were also chills of sorts within. Some of the chill communicated itself to Beethoven's Summertime Pastoral Symphony, which began the frigidities of the evening in Dr. Muck's chastened filtration of its sunlight, while most of the remainder of the chill already existed within the piece that followed.

This was the "Impressions (from an Artist's Life) in Form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte," by Ernest Schelling, the friendly pianists' friendly pianist. One sets down the title in all its length and parentheses, not omitting the latter, since they may have some occult bearing upon the piece. A parenthetical artist's life might, perhaps, explain many things about these Schellingesque engima variations, even the prime enigma of their inclusion in a Boston Symphony programme.

But, explainable or not, the programme did include them, and this was their first performance in New York. It would be vastly more profitable to discuss Dr. Muck's performance of Beethoven's Sixth Sym the Sixth Symphony itself, and the two things were not ide But custom, oblivious to values, a fetish of the label, "First Here," placed beneath a musical and thus the major portions views of last evening's doings a negie Hall concern themselves these Schelling "Impressions (f Artist's Life) in Form of Var on an Original Theme for Orc and Pianoforte—First Time H

The originality of the the question any one might quarre Mr. Schelling over, includin shade of Tschaikowsky, but since the quarrel would, on the same grounds, extend through the greater part of the very numerous variations themselves, this phase of the matter would better be dropped, else would it become as unendurably lengthy as the "Impressions."

Sir Edward Elgar once pleased himself and, no doubt, a number of his friends by writing a set of "Enigma Variations," appending various initals to each of the segments. Mr. Schelling has pleased himself—the feelings of his friends have not transpired—by appending initials to most of these variations of his. Thus one read "B. S. O."—the Boston Symphony Orchestra; "K. M."—Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; "G. L."—Georges Longy, first oboeist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Schelling confesses that he had the Boston orchestra largely in mind when he was delivering himself of these "Variations." Thus do the fates work on, and all of us, even the Boston orchestra, even Dr. Muck himself, perhaps, lie within the palms of their hands, unknowing what is in store.

What was in store was some forty-odd minutes of as utterly jejune music as this writer remembers to have heard on a Boston Symphony programme. Even the execrable Mracek "Max und Moritz" was a towering work of genius compared to these "Impressions (from an Artist's Life)." One of these variations was a travesty [illegible] the memory of Gustav Mahler, [illegible] this sort of mediocrity [illegible] perpetrate.

From **RECORD**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date JAN [illegible] 1916

Establish

BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Delightful Concert in Which Melba's Singing is a Feature.

As though to atone for the Bruckner affliction of his last visit, Dr. Karl Muck brought the Boston Symphony Orchestra to the Academy last night, to play a program designed to delight every lover of the really beautiful and melodious in music. The offerings were as varied as they were interesting, and comprised the E Flat Major Symphony of Haydn, a Mozart "Concertante Symphonie" for violin and viola, and Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage," as the orchestral portion. Melba sang the "Sweet Bird that Shun'st the Noise of Folby," from Haendel's "L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderato," and two arias from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro"—"Porgi Amor" and "Voi che Sapete."

Indeed, so much variety at one orchestral entertainment and all of it so different from the usual type of thing heard, made the program seem almost like a "continuous performance." To begin with, there was the lovely E Flat Major Symphony of Haydn, with its fine opportunity in the third variation of the andante for a violinist's art to shine.

Witek played the solo in the polished style familiar to his admirers, and the work in its entirety was much applauded. Next, Melba proved, by her graceful singing of the Haendel aria, that the beauty and fluency of her coloratura is still a thing of vitality and brilliancy. For those who delight in this florid style, the performance of the "Sweet Bird," with its agile flute obligato, done by Andre Maquarre, was a delight. Melba was in fine voice and was given a great ovation, being recalled fully a dozen times.

This would seem, under ordinary circumstances, to be a complete entertainment, yet it was a mere beginning. Dr. Muck, like a modern Aladdin, next produced, in the Mozart Concertante Symphonie, for violin and viola, one of the striking novelties of a season remarkable for the extent of new things being done. Witek, concertmeister of the orchestra, and Ferir, principal viola player, gave a splendid performance of this interesting and unusual work, the instruments blending beautifully in the double work and being ever more enjoyable in the portions allotted to the single voice. The cadenza was taken at a rapid tempo and was brilliant and fascinating. Melba then returned and in the two arias from the "Marriage of Figaro," completely charmed her audience. The "Voi che Sapete" was a marvel of graceful, fluid tone.

Melba was in much better condition vocally than when she sang here in the autumn, her voice last night seeming as clear, sweet and resonant and as true to the pitch as it was in her golden era.

Mendelssohn's "Sea Calm" floated the audience along in unresisting fashion, despite lack of charm, and ended an alto-

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From **EVENING STAR**
Address: **Washington, D. C.**
Date JAN 2 - 1916

Establ

Boston Symphony Tuesday.

Dr. Muck has announced the program for the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be given in the New National Theater Tuesday afternoon. It contains a novelty, a set of variations for orchestra and piano by Ernest Schelling, and Mr. Schelling himself will play the piano part.

The symphony will be Mozart's in E flat. Another important work will be the symphonic poem of the Russian, Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead," which was inspired by Arnold Bocklin's picture. The remaining num- [illegible] "Roman Carnival"

From **TRIBUNE**
Address: **Providence, R. I.**
Date DEC 29 1915

Established

ONCERT MARRE BY ILLNESS

Boston Symphony Orchestra Played Under Difficulties.

Bad weather has become almost proverbial in connection with Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts, but the fact does not seem to seriously effect the attendance at these popular musical events. For that reason Infantry Hall was filled as usual last night for the third of the present series by this organization.

Unfortunately, however, the weather was not the most serious difficulty in connection with this concert, for illness played a more prominent part in marring the harmony of the event. Not only was Mme. Louise Homer, who was to have been the soloist, unable to appear, as had been announced would be the case, but Dr. Muck, the conductor of the orchestra, was also incapacitated by sickness and his place was taken by Mr. Schmidt, his assistant. It is no disparagment of the substitutes to say that the combination of unfavorable circumstances was reflected upon the audience and made the concert somewhat less enjoyable. Still another change was made by the substitution in the programme of Eulsco's Rhapsodie Roumaine for Mendelssohn's Overture, "Sea—Calm and Prosperous Voyage" as the last number.

The symphony was "Antar," by Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakoff, the Russian naval officer, who first pursued music as an avocation and then devoted practically his whole time to it. This symphony has never been rendered here before and it was heard with interest and pleasure. Most pople are apt to forget that Russia is an Eastern as well as a Western nation, and so, at first thought, surprise is felt that the work of this Russian composer, while, essentially, Russian in character, feeling and expression as that nation is usually rated, is also touched and tinged with the spirit of the Orient. When the double characteric of Russsia is remembered, however, this combination and blending of the Oriental with the Occidental appears natural. The foundation for this work is an Arabian romance of an early century, and it is to be expected, therefore, that the music will have Oriental coloring, and those elements are prominent in the theme and its treatment, as they are, indeed, in most of the work of this composer. The three movements are rich in melody and beauty.

The second orchestral number was the symphonic poem of the Bohemian composer, Smetana, "Vysehrad." This is one of seven similar works, written in the form of a cycle, to celebrate the glories, beauties and traditions of the native land of the composer. This is rated as the finest of these, which are extant, and it is marked by grandeur and beauty, with passages filled with the fire of patriotism, and others expressive of the strength and solidity of the nation at the height of its power and influence.

The final number, the substitute, was the least enjoyable of the orchestral selections. It does not possess the artistic character and polish that marks most of the music selected for presentation by this orchestra, but is of a livelier and lighter nature and not quite suited to a programme of serious numbers. Under other conditions, it would probably have found more favor.

There was naturally and inevitably not little disappointment at the inability Madame Louise Homer to appear, but the grip is no respecter of persons, and when that disease lays its icy hand upon one there is no resisting its urgency for rest and recuperation. In place of the vocalist, Joseph Malkin, who holds a seat in the first section of the 'cellists of the orchestra, was pressed into service. That was an easy task, however, as Mr. Malkin has been doing similar work recently in Boston. His selevtion was Saint Saens's concerto for violoncello in A minor, opus 33, which he rendered wit admirable expression and delicacy o touch. Mr. Malkin is an artist of n mean order, and his performance las night won him many admirers and muc applause.

From **RECORD**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date JAN 2 - 1916

Estab

ORCHESTRA CONCERT WITH MELBA AS STAR

Gabrilowitsch to Play Piano Concerto With Local Symphony Organization.

KNEISEL SEASON TO OPEN

First Recital Here of Kreisler This Season—Fortnightly Club's Program.

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given tomorrow night in the Academy of Music. The soloist will be Melba, who is to be in this country only a few weeks more. She will leave at the end of January for Australia.

MADAM MELBA.

An interesting item in the program is Mozart's Concertante Symphonie for violin and viola and string orchestra. It is believed that this work has never been heard in Philadelphia. It is a piece full of typical Mozartean beauty and will enable Philadelphia to hear as soloist two of the greatest artists of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Witek, the concertmaster, and Ferir, leader of the viola section. The program in full is as follows:

Haydn—Symphony in E-flat, B. and H. No. 1
Haendel—Aria, "Sweet Bird."
Mozart—Double Concerto for violin and viola orchestra.
(Violin, Witek; viola, Ferir.)
Mozart—Two Arias from "The Marriage of Figaro."
(a) Porgi Amor.
(b) Voi che sapete.
Mendelssohn—Overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage."

* * *

From **ENQUIRER**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date JAN 2 - 19

Establis

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given tomorrow night in the Academy of Music at 8.15. The soloist will be Madame Melba, the greatest singer of our time. Madame Melba is to be in this country only a few weeks more as she is leaving the end of January for Australia and this will be the last opportunity to hear her this year.

A very interesting item in the programme is Mozart's concertante symphonie for violin and viola and string orchestra. The chances are that this work has never been heard in Philadelphia. It is a piece full of typical Mozartean beauty and will enable Philadelphia to hear as soloist two of the greatest artists of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Witek, the concert master, and Mr. Ferir, the leader of the viola section. The programme in full is as follows:

Haydn, symphony in E flat, B. and H. No. 1.
Handel, aria, "Sweet Bird."
Mozart, double concerto for violin and viola and orchestra. Violin, Mr. Witek; viola, Mr. Ferir.
Mozart, two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro."
a Porgi Amor.
b Voi che sapete.
Mendelssohn, overture, "Sea calm and Prosperous Voyage."

[77]

From ENQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date JAN 4 - 1916

Establish

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Address Providence, R. I.
Date 1915

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Noted Soloist's Place to be Taken by Joseph Malkin.

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The programme will be as follows: Symphony, "Antar," Rimsky-Korsakoff; Symphonic Poem, "Vysehrad," Smetana; Concerto for Violoncello in A-minor, opus 33, Saint-Saens; overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," Mendelssohn.

From EVENING JOURNAL
Address: New York City
Date JAN 7 - 191

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JAN 4 - 1916

BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Delightful Concert in Which Melba's Singing is a Feature.

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Address: Washington, D. C.
Date JAN 2 - 1916

Establ

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BUNE
Providence, R. I.
DEC 29 1915

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The symphony was "Antar," by Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakoff, the Russian naval officer, who first pursued music as an avocation and then devoted practically his whole time to it. This symphony has never been rendered here before and it was heard with interest and pleasure. Most pople are apt to forget that Russia is an Eastern as well as a Western nation, and so, at first thought, surprise is felt that the work of this Russian composer, while, essentially, Russian in character, feeling and expression as that nation is usually rated, is also touched and tinged with the spirit of the Orient. When the double characteric of Russsia is remembered, however, this combination and blending of the Oriental with the Occidental appears natural. The foundation for this work is an Arabian romance of an early century, and it is to be expected, therefore, that the music will have Oriental coloring, and those elements are prominent in the theme and its treatment, as they are, indeed, in most of the work of this composer. The three movements are rich in melody and beauty.

The second orchestral number was the symphonic poem of the Bohemian composer, Smetana, "Vysehrad." This is one of seven similar works, written in the form of a cycle, to celebrate the glories, beauties and traditions of the native land of the composer. This is rated as the finest of these, which are extant, and it is marked by grandeur and beauty, with passages filled with the fire of patriotism, and others expressive of the strength and solidity of the nation at the height of its power and influence.

The final number, the substitute, was the least enjoyable of the orchestral selections. It does not possess the artistic character and polish that marks most of the music selected for presentation by this orchestra, but is of a livelier and lighter nature and not quite suited to a programme of serious numbers. Under other conditions, it would probably have found more favor.

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RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
JAN 2 - 1916

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First Recital Here of Kreisler This Season—Fortnightly Club's Program.

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is to be in this country only a few weeks more. She will leave at the end of January for Australia.

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ENQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
JAN 2 - 1916

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[77]

From **ENQUIRER**

Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**

Date JAN 4 - 1916

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Its Third Concert for the Season at the Academy of Music

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, gave its third concert for the season at the Academy of Music last evening when the naturally great interest of the occasion was enhanced by the appearance of Mme. Melba, as the assisting artist. The varied and interesting programme presented was one that made no exacting demands upon the attention and could be appreciated and enjoyed with a minimum of mental effort. As its central feature, it had Haydn's light hearted symphony in E flat, B. and H. No. 1, which was played with an admirable refinement and lucidity and with a careful avoidance of anything in the nature of an exaggerated emphasis. It is as simple as it is sunny and any attempt to invest it with a gravity or importance which it does not possess, would have denatured its purport and its significance. From such a good artist as Dr. Muck, no such attempt was to be expected.

Other orchestral numbers were a double concerto by Mozart for violin and viola, a beautiful composition beautifully played by Mr. Anton Witek and Mr. E. Ferir, and Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage." Mme. Melba's selections were Handel's aria "Sweet Bird" with flute obligato accompaniment and two songs from "The Marriage of Figaro," the "Porgi d'Amor" and the "Voiche Sapete." These are numbers which are very well adapted for the exhibition of Mme. Melba's consummate vocal art. She was in good voice and she delivered them with a lovely quality of tone and an unsurpassed facility of execution which rendered her performance an exemplar of what really fine singing means. It was a great treat and a high privilege to hear here, and the audience was enthusiastic with its applause. The next of these concerts will take place on Monday evening, February 14.

From Bulletin

Address Providence, R. I.

Date

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From **EVENING JOURNAL**

Address: **New York City**

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16

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IBUNE

Providence, R. I.

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RECORD

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ENQUIRER

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From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date JAN 7 - 1916

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES A SURPRISE

Theme and 19 Variations by Schelling Prove Test for Entire Orchestra.

Establi 84

It has been said that every player in the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a virtuoso. Ernest Schelling gave the matter a practical test by writing a theme and nineteen variations, which Karl Muck presented at Carnegie Hall last evening.

The full title of the work is "Impressions from an Artist's Life, in the Form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte." It might fairly be changed to "The Orchestra and Its Instruments: Their Possibilities and Their Limitations."

Mr. Schelling's theme is hardly more than a series of minor phrases, somewhat Oriental in color, and easily disguised with a variety of rhythmic and harmonic devices. It is ushered in by a brilliant pianoforte introduction, which says in plain words, "Whatever else this piece may be, you can depend upon its difficulty."

As one variation follows another nearly every instrument in the orchestra is made to testify to the truth of this warning. The wood-wind in particular labors under an almost constant strain, the tones of the oboe being once carried almost to the breaking point.

Mr. Schelling meanwhile does not spare himself, but does his full share of hard work at the piano. Personal and national characteristics enter largely into the variations. By the insertion of initials, names and dates in his sub-titles the composer attempts to indicate the influences which affected his work.

Dr. Muck himself, Hans Pfitzner, Georges Longy, Pavlowa, Paderewski, Granados, Mahler, Kreisler, the Biltmore estate in North Carolina, the war and the Wartburg all have their turn. Ireland is represented by a realistic jig, orchestrated in the Grainger style. and Spain has its conventional tambourines and castanets.

The other numbers on Dr. Muck's programme were Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony and the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" of Paul Dukas.

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date JAN 7 - 1916

SCHELLING'S MUSIC PLEASES AUDIENCE

Esta 1884

New Variations Admirably Played by Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began the year 1916 at Carnegie Hall last evening with one of those concerts which delight the admirers of the organization and irritate many other persons. The programme embraced three numbers, the "Pastoral" symphony of Beethoven, a new set of variations for piano and orchestra by Ernest Schelling, and Dukas's "Apprenti Sorcier." The first consideration, and that a brief one, must be given to the new work of the American pianist and composer.

The title in full is "Impressions (from an artist's life) in Form of Variations on Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte." There are altogether twenty-one variations, of which one was cut in last evening's perormance. The theme, which is one of much intrinsic charm, is sung by the violins and violas, the piano supplying an ornamental commentary. The composer then sets out on a series of sketches, which need not be catalogued. The first, for example, for wood wind is marked "B. S. O.," which means that Mr. Schelling in writing it thought of the tonal splendors of the wood choir of the Boston orchestra. Could one mistake the second? A canon, "rather martial, precise in rhythm, incisive, K. M." Why, one could see Karl Muck conducting himself.

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From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date JAN 7 - 1916

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Estab 384

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World
From
Address [illegible] N. Y.
Date JAN 6

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Estab 84

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ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER.

Brooklyn, January 5, 1916.

From EVE. SUN
Address New York City.
Date JAN 7 - 1916

Estab. 384

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W. B. CHASE.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City
Date JAN 7 1916

E 188

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om EVE. STAATS ZEITUNG
dress: New York City
te JAN 6 - 1916

384

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m MORNING TELEGRAPH
ress: New York City
e JAN 7 1916

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT CARNEGIE HALL

ablish

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Esta 1884

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In some there is extravagance th amusing, as in the Habañera, the Af dance, if it is an Afghan dance Lutheran choral, which closes the s is impressively wrought. Most lis will have lost hold of the theme b many of the variations have passe for Mr. Schelling has used it wit complete indifference of the modern poser, as merely a convenient pe imagination has indeed run rio facility and ingenuity in orchestr vice have kept it company, an variations, rather too many for a series, leave, as they doubtless we tended to leave, a kaleidoscopic i sion, in which there is diversely ple ble stimulation. The performance brilliant, on the part of both the chestra and the composer, who pl the pianoforte part.

The program began with an exquis performance of Beethoven's "Pasto symphony of marvelously pur and gl ing tone; a performance which perfect clarity, balance and prec was like a great piece of chamber m and completely mirrored all the be and serenity of Beethoven's inspira At the end came Paul Dukas's am humoresque "L'Apprenti Sorcier familiar item of modern French

[78]

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date JAN 7 - 1916
Establi 84

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES A SURPRISE

Theme and 19 Variations by Schelling Prove Test for Entire Orchestra.

It has been said that every player in the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a virtuoso. Ernest Schelling gave the matter a practical test by writing a theme and nineteen variations, which Karl Muck presented at Carnegie Hall last evening.

The full title of the work is "Impressions from an Artist's Life, in the Form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte." It might fairly be changed to "The Orchestra and Its Instruments: Their Possibilities and Their Limitations."

Mr. Schelling's theme is hardly more than a series of minor phrases, somewhat Oriental in color, and easily disguised with a variety of rhythmic and harmonic devices. It is ushered in by a brilliant pianoforte introduction, which says in plain words, "Whatever else this piece may be, you can depend upon its difficulty."

As one variation follows another nearly every instrument in the orchestra is made to testify to the truth of this warning. The wood-wind in particular labors under an almost constant strain, the tones of the oboe being once carried almost to the breaking point.

Mr. Schelling meanwhile does not spare himself, but does his full share of hard work at the piano. Personal and national characteristics enter largely into the variations. By the insertion of initials, names and dates in his sub-titles the composer attempts to indicate the influences which affected his work.

Dr. Muck himself, Hans Pfitzner, Georges Longy, Pavlowa, Paderewski, Granados, Mahler, Kreisler, the Biltmore estate in North Carolina, the war and the Wartburg all have their turn. Ireland is represented by a realistic jig, orchestrated in the Grainger style. and Spain has its conventional tambourines and castanets.

The other numbers on Dr. Muck's programme were Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony and the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" of Paul Dukas.

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date JAN 7 -
Esta 1884

SCHELLING'S MUSIC PLEASES AUDIENCE

New Variations Admirably Played by Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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The fourth is in honor of Mr. Schelling's orchestration teacher, the composer Hans Pfitzner. A string quartet variation with horn solo does double duty under the title of Flonzaley. It honors the quartet and the beautiful place on the Signale de Chebres. Who is "I. J. P.," with his weird Polish lament, but Paderewski? And there is one for Fritz Kreisler with a viola solo, and there is another in full orchestra for Wilhelm Mengelberg, the Amsterdam conductor.

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Establ 884

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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

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W. B. CHASE.

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om EVE. STAATS ZEITUNG
dress: New York City
te IAN 6 - 1916
884

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lress: New York City
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18

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Da
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[78]

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date JAN 7 - 1916

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES A SURPRISE

Theme and 19 Variations by Schelling Prove Test for Entire Orchestra.

Establi … 84

It has been said that every player in the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a virtuoso. Ernest Schelling gave the matter a practical test by writing a theme and nineteen variations, which Karl Muck presented at Carnegie Hall last evening.

The full title of the work is "Impressions from an Artist's Life, in the Form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte." It might fairly be changed to "The Orchestra and Its Instruments: Their Possibilities and Their Limitations."

Mr. Schelling's theme is hardly more than a series of minor phrases, somewhat Oriental in color, and easily disguised with a variety of rhythmic and harmonic devices. It is ushered in by a brilliant pianoforte introduction, which says in plain words, "Whatever else this piece may be, you can depend upon its difficulty."

As one variation follows another nearly every instrument in the orchestra is made to testify to the truth of this warning. The wood-wind in particular labors under an almost constant strain, the tones of the oboe being once carried almost to the breaking point.

Mr. Schelling meanwhile does not spare himself, but does his full share of hard work at the piano. Personal and national characteristics enter largely into the variations. By the insertion of initials, names and dates in his sub-titles the composer attempts to indicate the influences which affected his work.

Dr. Muck himself, Hans Pfitzner, Georges Longy, Pavlowa, Paderewski, Granados, Mahler, Kreisler, the Biltmore estate in North Carolina, the war and the Wartburg all have their turn. Ireland is represented by a realistic jig, orchestrated in the Grainger style, and Spain has its conventional tambourines and castanets.

The other numbers on Dr. Muck's programme were Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony and the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" of Paul Dukas.

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date JAN 7 - 1916

SCHELLING'S MUSIC PLEASES AUDIENCE

Esta … 1884

New Variations Admirably Played by Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began the year 1916 at Carnegie Hall last evening with one of those concerts which delight the admirers of the organization and irritate many other persons. The programme embraced three numbers, the "Pastoral" symphony of Beethoven, a new set of variations for piano and orchestra by Ernest Schelling, and Dukas's "Apprenti Sorcier." The first consideration, and that a brief one, must be given to the new work of the American pianist and composer.

The title in full is "Impressions (from an artist's life) in Form of Variations on Original Tneme for Orchestra and Pianoforte." There are altogether twenty-one variations, of which one was cut in last evening's perormance. The theme, which is one of much intrinsic charm, is sung by the violins and violas, the piano supplying an ornamental commentary. The composer then sets out on a series of sketches, which need not be catalogued. The first, for example, for wood wind is marked "B. S. O.," which means that Mr. Schelling in writing it thought of the tonal splendors of the wood choir of the Boston orchestra. Could one mistake the second? A canon, "rather martial, precise in rhythm, incisive, K. M." Why, one could see Karl Muck conducting himself.

The fourth is in honor of Mr. Schelling's orchestration teacher, the composer Hans Pfitzner. A string quartet variation with horn solo does double duty under the title of Flonzaley. It honors the quartet and the beautiful place on the Signale de Chebres. Who is "I. J. P.," with his weird Polish lament, but Paderewski? And there is one for Fritz Kreisler with a viola solo, and there is another in full orchestra for Wilhelm Mengelberg, the Amsterdam conductor.

Most of the variations are more than ordinarily good—some are beautiful; some are pregnant with suggestion. The oboe solo for "G. L." (Georges Longy, who played it) was delightful. The Siciliano and the Habanera had the true character. But Mr Schelling as a delineative composer reached his highest level in the variation entitled "August, 1914." There were grim realism and a fine musical insight in his employment of the martial rhythm and the screaming of harsh trumpet tones, the dull beat of drums and the mutter of war's threats throughout the orchestra.

It was a good piece of writing. So too was his transformation of his theme into a Lutheran choral, which he annotated "Wartburg, 1915."

Mr. Schelling was far from the ancient seat of the Landgraves of Thuringia in the summer of 1915, but perhaps in that momentous year Mr. Schelling remembered that, while a prisoner in the Wartburg, Luther translated the Bible into German. At any rate he made a fine development of his theme in the chorale form and soon afterward brought his work to an effective conclusion.

It goes almost without saying that the composition was well played. Mr. Schelling aided not a little in bringing about this happy result by his own brilliant performance of the piano part, which is not dominant, but an integral share of the whole. The composition will add to Mr. Schelling's repute and will cause music lovers to expect something of larger ambition from his pen.

Doubtless those who have unhappily outlived their admiration for the classics will dismiss the performance of the "Pastoral" symphony with the denunciation of its perfect classicism. But those who can still enjoy pure and restful art had a delightful time listening to this same performance, which was so delicate in all its touches, so transparent and luminous in all its tonal tints and withal so poetic in its reproduction of the spirit of the work that it left the hearer with recollections worth possessing.

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date JAN 7 - 1916

PLAYS OWN COMPOSITION.

Ernest Schelling Calls It an Expression of Personalities.

Establ … 384

Ernest Schelling, pianist, playing a new composition of his own, was the soloist at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall last night.

The new composition is written in the form of nineteen variations on an original theme. Schelling says: "They are impressions of personalities, of places and of happenings as they happened to strike my imagination."

Beethoven's Sixth Symphony was given a splendid reading, which contrasted strangely with the variations which followed.

Duka's "L'Apprenti Sorcier" was the third and closing number.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From
Address
Date

DR. MUCK'S NUMBERS AGAIN.

Estab … 84

Editor Brooklyn Daily Eagle:

I am ready to join your correspondent, "Music Loving Subscriber," in protesting against the unmusical programmes offered to us by Dr. Muck of the Boston Symphony. The correspondent writes that there must be many subscribers who think that such "doses" as we were made to swallow at the last concert are unbearable. I know of a number of such subscribers.

ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER.

Brooklyn, January 5, 1916.

From EVE. SUN
Address New York
Date JAN 7 -

Estab.

Boston Symphony patrons last ning not only packed Carnegie as usual, but listened to the best gramme given by the wise men fr the Hub this season, if not in yea A guest composer was the Americ pianist, Ernest Schelling, whose "Var ations" in the form of impressions o people and places were designated by cryptic letters which he who runs may read to-day. These labels, easily guessed, made it an "initial" performance in more senses than one. And after orchestrating a personal column, so to speak, the native artist penned at least one glowing, vivid page of war. His "August, 1914," set even the highbrows beating time with earthbound feet. A choked drumbeat recaled word pictures of the oncoming mass of moving gray, which poured into many a "town in northern France" eighteen months ago as a winter fog sweeps through the narrows from the sea.

Schelling's music did not gild the ily; it was brief, kaleidoscopic. Playing his own solo, he painted Paderewski, not as pianist but as patriot, in a lament of Poland like the chorus of maidens in "Prince Igor." Fritz Kreisler he scored for viola, not as fiddler but as friend. There was magic atmosphere in a memorial to Hans Pfitzner, from whom alone he learned orchestral resource. More naive was the "Siciliano" to an earlier teacher, his father, and very merry the Irish reel to his wife. Perhaps the music's highest point was a number, all strings, picturing the lake at Biltmore, N. C., or another of sparks from a fire in the Great Smoky Mountains. One flash of humor was a "canon, rather martial, precise in rhythm," to Karl Muck. In an oboe solo for Georges Longy he led that wind choir's star to impossible heights, where the veteran player was not ashamed to choke unblushingly on a top note. There was a ful orchestra piece to Willem Mengel-

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berg, who produced Schelling's previous "Fantastic Suite;" some real characterization in tense, nervous tribute to Mahler, and a "Habanera" to Pavlowa of heavenly grace.

Papa Stergel, of the former neighbors at Swiss Lausanne, sat in a box with the Flonzaleys and De Coppets. Amato of the opera was on the floor, and so was Granados, whose Spanish dances are in Schelling's recital programme next Monday at a smaller hall. To-night in Brooklyn the "Variations" are repeated, while the Beethoven "Pastoral" and Dukas "Sorcerer" give place there to Haydn, Strauss and Enesco.

W. B. CHASE.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City
Date JAN 7 1916

DR. MUCK'S lucid and beautiful reading of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was the chief beauty of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert last night.

E … 188

Ernest Shelling played the pianoforte sections of his own work. Impressions of an Artist's Life, in the form of variations.

These impressions in some cases aim at portraiture. For instance, the third in canon form bears the sub-title "Rather martial. Precise in rhythm. Incisive. K. M."

Of course, the K. M. is none other than Dr. Muck. Mr. Schelling's sub-title is more eloquent of Dr. Muck than is the music he composed.

Fr. Kr. is undoubtedly the famous violinist who attended the concert. Other initials are not so easily deciphered, but I. J. P. is surely the great Polish pianist who was Schelling's teacher.

Dukas' charming "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," which has been given here before, concluded the programme by the Big Band from Boston.

Incidentally this concert is the first of an avalanche of orchestral performances which includes both the home orchestras.

From EVE. STAATS ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date JAN 6 - 1916

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Symphonie-Konzert.

Das dritte im dieswinterlichen Cyclus von Brooklyner Konzerten gibt das rühmlichſt bekannte Boſtoner Symphonie-Orcheſter morgen Abend unter den Auſpizien des Brooklyn Inſtituts für Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften im Opernſaale der Academy of Muſic. Der geniale Kapellmeiſter Dr. Carl Muck hat wieder ein äußerſt gediegenes Programm zuſammengeſtellt und den Pianiſten Erneſt Schelling als Soliſten gewonnen. Es werden Piecen von Haydn, Richard Strauß und Enesco zu Gehör gebracht. Am Samstag Nachmittag geben der Geſang- und Mandolin-Club der Columbia Univerſität zuſammen unter denſelben Auſpizien ein Konzert im Muſikſaale der Academy of Muſic.

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date JAN 7 1916

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT CARNEGIE HALL

stablish

Renders Pleasing Program to Large Audience of Music Lovers Under Dr. Karl Muck's Direction.

PASTORAL FIRST NUMBER

Ernest Schelling's "Impressions" Proves Decidedly Original Piece of Work.

The Boston Symphony Soicety, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, was heard again in Carnegie Hall last night. The Sixth Symphony of Beethoven, known as the Pastoral, was the first number on the program, a symphony full of the beauty and peaceful tranquility of life in the country, a vivid contrast to the rush and turmoil of city life, especially in these troublous times.

It reminds one strongly of the word painting of the same subject by the English poet Goldsmith in his pastoral, "The Deserted Village," in which he brings to our minds a picture of the contented and happy rustic folk, with their simple pleasures, their dances, their games and their companions. He describes for us the peaceful country in which these kindly peasants live and the beauty of their surroundings, but "poor old Goldy" felt that this simple rustic life [illegible] to the heart. All three works

[78]

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lament:

Peasantry the Thing.

"But a bold peasantry, a country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

Beethoven's pastoral contains no lament, no warning; he felt just the beauty and the exquisite peace of nature, which never fails to soothe aching and weary hearts, but he describes the storm and the gradual resuming of the same old occupations the moment it has passed.

After the peaceful scene came the clash and noise of a new composition—Ernest Schelling's "Impressions" (from an artist's life) in form of variations on an original theme for orchestra and piano, played by Mr. Schelling himself for the first time in New York. It is a decidedly original piece of work, and needless to say received every advantage in its rendering last night.

Some of It Humorous.

Evidently parts were intended to be humorous, noticeably No. X., for full orchestra-Erin, or else it was taken sadly amiss last night.

No. XVI., for viola solo and piano, which, judging by the program, was dedicated to Fritz Kreisler, was particularly pleasing, as was also No. XIV., a decription of a lagoon. Several numbers were omitted.

The last composition was Duka's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (after a ballad by Goethe), which was played with life and spirit. The Society will give a new program at its concert on Saturday afternoon.

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ony Orchestra, which was given last ening in Carnegie Hall, brought for ard music new and old, one of the ew pieces being played for the first time. It is a set of variations for pianoforte and orchestra by Ernest Schelling, well known in New York as a pianist and composer, entitled "Impressions from an Artist's Life in Form of Variations on an Original Theme." Mr. Schelling had already played here his fantastic suite for pianoforte and orchestra and other compositions of his own. He played the solo part of this. There are twenty-one variations in this set, with two more marked with a letter. Of these three were omitted in the performance.

1884

The composer says of them: "The variations are impressions of personalities, of places, of happenings, as they happened to strike my imagination." Most are marked with initials or a name, which he thinks may sometimes be of interest to the listener, sometimes not. Of these may be identified Dr. Muck, Mr. Longy of the orchestra, Anna Pavlowa, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Kreisler; others are marked with the names of Hans Pfitzner, "Flonzaley," Gustav Mahler; others were suggested by a lagoon in North Carolina, by the oncoming of war in August, 1914, by a view of the Wartburg; "Savoyard" and "Afghan" suggest obvious characteristics.

The variations are fanciful in the extreme, even fantastic. As is intimated by several of Mr. Schelling's notes, he had the Boston Orchestra much in his mind when writing them, and they are timed toward exploiting the virtuosity of that band and of several o its individual players. There are man unusual and often experimental effects in treating the orchestra; the pianoforte itself is often used almost as an orchestral instrument, sometimes merely embroidering with brilliant passages, sometimes standing completely aside whi the orchestra plays alone.

The variations are of unequal music value. Mr. Longy has an express oboe solo in one of the most charmi of them; the Polish movement to whic Mr. Paderewski's initials are affixe the viola solo with Mr. Kreisler's, th Siciliano, have beauty of a spontaneous sort. The Irish variation marked "Erin" is an ingenious use of Iris dance rhythms, with ingenious effec of orchestral tone, as the harmon upon the violins. The one u which the composer seems to have pended the most serious thought is suggestive of the war, with its dr and discordant trumpets, its sin ostinato figure in the bass, its pro mation of the Gregorian "Dies Ir its stern climax—a movement of t dramatic power and impressivenes

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From **STAATSZEITUNG**
Address: New York City.
Date JAN 7 - 1916

Boſtoner Symphonie-Konzert.

Dr. Muck hat uns geſtern in Carnegie Hall einen vollen Genuß geboten, den ich vor Allem der unvergleichlich liebevoll und glänzend gebrachten Ausgeſtaltung von Beethoven's „Paſtoral"-Symphonie zuſchreiben muß. Dieſe ſechſte in der heiligen Neunzahl des Altmeiſters iſt gerade diejenige, welche die meiſten Falten zeigt, — ſo wiedergegeben wie geſtern, wirkt ſie jedoch wie neu — ſchön und ſo friſch, als ob ſie erſt vom Himmel gefallen wäre. Mit wonnigem Behagen malte Muck die Glücksempfindung bei der Ankunft auf dem Lande. Wir genießen mit ihm und ſeinem Meiſterorcheſter die liebliche Szene am Bach. Das Grünen und Blühen der Natur, die wonnigen Stimmen aus dem Vogelreiche. Wir folgen ihm mit Vergnügen auf den Tanzboden; wir genießen — ſit venia verbo — das Gewitterchen, das zur Zeit des Entſtehens der Symphonie als ſo ungemein realiſtiſch empfunden wurde, — ſchließlich ſchlägt uns der innige, gemütvolle Hirtengeſang des Allegretto in ſeine Bande. Es war eine wonnige Halbſtunde, für die wir dem Dirigenten und ſeiner Schar zu wirklichem Dank verbunden ſind.

Von ragender Virtuoſität, in den Farben dabei ungemein fein und ſtiliſtiſch gedämpft, war die Waſſerkalamität in Dukas' „Zauberlehrling" erfüllt. Man weiß, wie die Boſtoner derlei Sachen ſpielen können, und die geſtrige Darbietung war eine der glänzendſten Leiſtungen, deren man ſich erinnern kann.

Als Neuheit führte uns Dr. Muck Erneſt Schelling's neueſtes Werk mit dem Komponiſten am Piano vor. Der Künſtler nennt ſeine Arbeit „Eindrücke (aus einem Künſtlerleben) in Form von Variationen über ein Originalthema für Orcheſter und Pianoforte", und zwar iſt das Werk, das urſprünglich 19 Variationen enthält, im Verlauf der letzten zwei Jahre entſtanden. Wir zitieren den Komponiſten zur Charakteriſierung ſeines Werkes wie folgt: Das Originalthema Gis-Moll, Sechsachteltakt, iſt für Violinen und Bratſchen uniſono geſchrieben mit ornamentalen Figuren des Piano über Fermaten geführt.

„Die Variationen geben Eindrücke von Perſönlichkeiten, von Plätzen und Begebenheiten wieder, welche meine Phantaſie angeregt haben. Ich habe den einzelnen Variationen gewöhnlich ein Wort oder Initialen beigefügt, welche die Zuhörer manchmal intereſſieren ſollten, manchmal auch nicht.

Variation No. 1 iſt für Holzbläſer geſchrieben. Als ich dieſen Teil ſchrieb, hatte ich nur einen Klang in meinem Ohr: den des Boſtoner Symphonie-Orcheſters. Das erklärt die beigefügten Initialen B. S. O."

Von den übrigen Variationen will ich folgende anführen: No. 3 „Klarinette Octinato. Savoyard (Patre). No. 4 für Violincelliſoli und drei Flöten, mit Piano- und Streicherbegleitung. (Zur Erinnerung an Hans Pfitzer. Dem Schreiber dieſes iſt es übrigens nicht bekannt, daß Hans Pfitzer, der bekannte Komponiſt des „Armen Heinrich" und der „Roſe vom Liebesgarten", der Lehrer von Erneſt Schelling, geſtorben ſei.

Weitere Teile ſind No. 8, „Habanera Arragoneſe" für volles Orcheſter (A. P.), No. 12 „Hornſolo und Piano" (E. G.), No. 13 für volles Orcheſter (zum Andenken an Guſtav Mahler), No. 17a für volles Orcheſter (Auguſt 1914), welche Variation den Todeszug der Legionen dem Sieg oder dem Untergang entgegen malen ſoll; No. 18a für volles Orcheſter („Afghan") und No. 19 „Lutheriſcher Choral" (Wartburg 1905). Die Variationen No. 11 und No. 17 wurden bei der geſtrigen Aufführung weggelaſſen.

Das neueſte Werk Schellings muß als ſehr gelungen bezeichnet werden. Vor allem iſt es recht originell in Anlage und Durchführung; es webt eine ſtarke und ſympathiſche Stimmung darin, und die meiſten dieſer „perſönlichen Eindrücke" nehmen ſich in Wirklichkeit als „Erlebtes" aus. Das verleiht dem Werk ein Moment wohltuender Friſche und Ungezwungenheit, zudem das Geſetz der wirkenden Kontraſte faſt durchweg ſehr effektvoll eingehalten iſt. Die einzelnen Teile ſind ſelbſtverſtändlich nicht ganz gleichwertig, ich wüßte aber keines davon anzugeben, das beim erſten Anhören ermüden oder gar verſtimmen ſollte. Durchweg iſt die Stimmung wechſelvoll und treffend wiedergegeben, in einigen ſchwebt ſogar ein Moment ſtarker Perſönlichkeit darüber.

Das Hauptthema iſt ſtark und brauchbar, in ſeinem intermittierenden Gange mit den ganz modernen Intervallenſchritten plaſtiſch und variiert genug, um das Umwenden und Umkrempeln zu geſtatten. Die Orcheſtrierung iſt farbig und wechſelvoll, die einzelnen Inſtrumente, welche faſt alle konzertierend eingeführt werden, ſind ſehr wirkſam, zum Teil meiſterhaft behandelt. Ganz erleſen iſt die dem Piano zugedachte, dankbare Partie, deren Möglichkeiten ſich der am Flügel ſitzende Komponiſt auch nicht entgehen ließ. Eine Beſprechung im Einzelnen wäre nach dem Geſagten wohl verführeriſch, ſcheitert jedoch vorläufig an den dieſer Beſprechung geſetzten räumlichen Grenzen. Man wird das ſtimmungsvolle Werk aber gerne wieder hören.

Der Erfolg der etwa 42 Minuten

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ess: New York City
JAN 7 - 1916

NOVELTY BY BOSTON ORCHESTRA

New Composition by Ernest Schelling Played at Concert in Carnegie Hall.

With an American novel as a special attraction, the Boston Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, gave a concert last night in Carnegie Hall. Ernest Shelling, composer of the new work, also was a soloist, playing the piano part of his own composition, which was called "Impressions (from an Artist's Life) in form of Vaviations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte."

While the Impressions did not turn to be inspired or impressive music th were in part at least, very cleverly w ten. Writing of his purpose the compo said:—"The variations are impressi of personalities, or places, of happeni as they happened to strike my imagi tion." After each variation an initial name appeared. Among them were O. S." meaning (Boston Symphony chestra); K. M. (Karl Muck), F. S. (composer's father), L. S. (his wife), A. (Anna Pavlova), I. J. P. (Paderewski), G. (Enrique Granados) Fr. Kr. (F Kreisler), and G. L. (George Longy).

Sir Edward Elgar has written variations similarly annotated, and the spirit of the work is a little reminiscent of Fuchs; variations written in imitation of various composers. The different parts had little connection with each other. It would have required a careful study of the score to have followed the original theme in some of the sections. That alone showed cleverness. How any man could have made the same theme, if he really did use the same theme, sound like an Irish jig, an Oriental dance, a Siciliano, a Habanera, a Lutheran choral and a dozen other unrelated things is difficult to understand.

There were twenty variations in all, and eighteen were played. Some of them were interesting and some were not. Nearly all had rhythmic variety and charm. Not all of the sections were exactly appropriate to the subject, but surely the one inscribed to Dr. Muck had an appropriate inscription, "Rather martial, precise in rhythm, incisive." That is the impression that the average Boston Symphony subscriber has of the conductor. The one inscribed to Mr. Longy, first oboe player of the orches evidently was not quite appreciated by as he failed to play the oboe solo in it his usual technical skill and perfect tonation. Among the best variations those inscribed to the composer's fa and Paderewski.

Clever if not very musical was a Va tion marked August, 1914, a bit of gramme music picturing war and th to arms. The Lutheran choral at th was not entirely a fitting close, as choral in the brass sounded empty ins of full in its loudness, and the loud cra of percussion instruments only serve cover this defect. There was little ori orchestral color, though some of the vidual players had parts of unusual culty. The piano part which Mr. Sche played was not in reality a solo, but a nately an obligato to the orchestra an accompaniment to some solo instrument. It was received with prolonged applause though not with the enthusiasm which followed the symphony.

Beethoven's sixth symphony, played with astonishing beauty of tone, preceded and Dukas' skilfully scored and brilliant "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" followed the Variations.

From **AMERICAN**
Address: New York City
Date

Boston Symphony Has Schelling as Soloist

THE chief feature of the programme played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night at Carnegie Hall was not the well-known and ingenuous "Pastoral" Symphony of Beethoven, with its cuckoo calls, its rustic dances and mock storm.

Nor was it the fanciful and ever-welcome "Sorcerer's Apprentice" Scherzo of Dukas, which had been heard here often.

It was something different, very different, though not better, in the shape of a set of strange and "characteristic" Variations on a short theme invented by Ernest Schelling, who himself performed the chief solo parts at the piano.

"Characteristic" does not quite describe these Variations. "Impressionistic" would, perhaps, be more appropriate. Mr. Schelling has done something once achieved in a similar way by Sir Edward Elgar. But the Englishman was vastly more successful in his work than his German-American (or, shall we not say, American) emulator.

The theme of Mr. Schelling was soon lost and merged in fantastic broideries of many curious patterns. There were altogether nineteen variations, supposed to suggest to the composer what they only sometimes could suggest to the public, the personalities of this or that acquaintance or memories of places and events which had left impressions on his mind.

The musical results throughout were technically interesting; while now and then, as in one variation

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From **PO**
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date JAN 2 - 19

Musical Event

DR. MUCK has arranged a p gram of unusual beauty a interest for the third conc of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be given at the National Tuesday afternoon, January 4. As already announced, it contains an important novelty, a set of variations for orchestra and piano by Ernest Schelling, and Mr. Schelling himself will play the piano part. This work had its first performance in Boston Friday.

The symphony will be Mozart's in E flat. Another important work on the program will be the remarkable symphonic poem of the Russian Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead," which was inspired by Arnold Bochlin's great picture of the same name. The other number will be Berloiz's "Roman Carnival" overture.

From **PUBLIC LEDGER**
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

Musical Fraternity

THE visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the coincident reception to our own orchestra by Mr. Van Rensselaer, at which the visitors were guests, gave occasion for the manifestation of that freemasonry in music of which there cannot be too many examples. "We are not rivals, we are artists," a great violinist said, when a comparison was suggested between himself and another eminent player. Too often the prima donna or the conductor is at daggers drawn with a professional colleague. The tense, nervous atmosphere of the stage seems to engender petty jealousies. The star and the leading lady who engage in an impassioned love scene quarrel in the wings. The musical art that by its very nature should be conducive to spiritual harmony gives rise to fierce disputes for primacy; but these bickerings are born not of the art itself, but of that strange, inscrutable possession known as "temperament." It is a fortunate circumstance for music in this city that good feeling subsists between the orchestral players and the management; and no man has been more assiduous in cultivating these friendly relations than Mr. Van Rensselaer. The presentation of the loving-cups to him was not an empty ceremonial.

From **EVENING TELEGRAM**
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

MELBA ON BOSTON PROGRAM

Soprano Sings with Dr. Muck's Orchestra—Mozart Concerto Given.

To the popular ear it doubtless seemed last night that Mme. Nellie Melba was the glistening star of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's third program at the Academy of Music. The famous soprano had her moments of pulsating loveliness, and was radiant to look on; she attacked Handel's "Sweet Bird" and two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro" with all the zest, if not all the freshness, of a maiden; she was sincere and vigorous and hard working throughout; but the truth is that there were times when the thin silver of her voice was alloyed ignobly. Forced tone and ejaculatory method made themselves plain, even when ingeniously covered with the artifices of which Mme. Melba still is mistress, just as she still is mistress of her auditors, drawing fervor from them by a sheer graciousness and quaint almost-ld-fashionedness, that in itself atones or many lacks.

To the sensitive ear, the "big scene" (as we say at the play) of the evening was the playing by Messrs. Witek and Ferir of the Mozart symphonic concerto. The marriage of violin and viola rarely has been consummated with finer suavity, more strength and delicacy and purity, rising at points to an interpretation of Tschaikowsky's most worshipped idol that was purging and holy in its beauty.

The concerto, in fact, ousted the symphony of the occasion, Haydn's First, from the central position, though the latter was read most delightfully by Dr. Muck, who evidently was in a reactionary mood when he mapped the program. The last number was Mendelssohn's "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage."

From **EVENING NEWS**
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date JAN 8 - 1916

TO MAKE BALTIMORE DEBUT

Pianist Schelling A Feature Of The Boston Symphony Concert.

Ernest Schelling, one of the eminent pianists of the day, will make his Baltimore debut tonight, when he will appear at the Lyric as soloist at the third concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, playing his own symphonic variations.

This number is said to be particularly interesting. It is not a concerto in the generally accepted sense of the word, being more in the nature of a symphonic poem in which not only the piano but other instruments are given solo parts.

The symphony selected by Dr. Karl Muck, the director, is the beautiful one by Haydn in E flat, and the other numbers will be Richard Strauss' tone

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BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date JAN 4 - 1916

Boston Symphony

Third Concert of the Season, With Madame Melba as Soloist

MAKING her farewell appearance of the season, Madame Melba was the soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the third of its thirty-fifth series of concerts in this city, at the Academy of Music last evening, giving two numbers on a program which was purely of a classical nature, with Haydn, Handel, Mozart and Mendelssohn as the composers represented. Haydn's Symphony in E flat major, which was composed for the memorable Salomon concerts in London, where it was played at one of these concerts in 1795, was the opening number, and while it might not be called the most ingratiating of Haydn's symphony works, it nevertheless is of great beauty, which had a radiant realization in the interpretation given under Dr. Muck's comprehensive if rather unanimated leadership, [illegible] evening. There was real joy in listening to the andante, so exquisitely was its charm of melodious simplicity disclosed, although it is scarcely necessary to mention one part where all was so well done.

Even more to the liking of the audience, however, seemed to be the orchestra's second number, Concertante Symphonie for Violin and Viola, by Mozart, with the solo instruments played respectively by A. Witek, the concertmeister, and E. Ferir, the first viola player. This work is in the form of a duet for the violin and viola, although their voices are combined in comparatively few phrases, most notably in the second part, the andante, where for a moment they sing ecstatically together. Their colloquy, however, is delightfully carried on throughout, to the harmonious accompaniment of oboes, horns and strings, the presto movement, the finale being more in the true Mozart spirit of spontaneous melodization than those that precedt it.

The composition enabled Mr. Witek to give further demonstration of his highly artistic ability as a solo violinist, in addition to his oft-recognized skill as concertmeister, and introduced Mr. Ferir as master of a modest instrument, which, blending its tonal beauty in the rich alto of the string choir, seldom is permitted to lift its mellow-sweet voice in song by itself. The audience gave both artists an enthusiastic demonstration of its admiration.

The orchestra's third offering of the evening was the overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, a glowing example of descriptive music, which was suggested to Mendelssohn by a poem of Goethe, and which he repudiated later, after he had experienced an ocean voyage during which "calm sea" was not a term accurately to describe the actions of the waves. Nevertheless, the music is tonally delineative and melodiously beautiful in its suggestion of murmuring ocean and soft breeze, with the joyous culmination of a safe arrival in port, and the composition was the fitting last number on a program unmarred by aught of "modern" inharmoniousness.

Melba sang first Handel's aria, "Sweet Bird that Shunst the Noise of Folly," and as her second number the Countess's aria, "Porgi Amor," from "Le Nozze di Figaro," Mozart, and the song of Cherubino, "Voi, Che Sapete," from the same opera. The soprano, looking quite youthful and wholly charming in her becoming gown of cerise silk, with white bodice and a scarf of white tulle about her shoulders, was given such an ovation as must have been gratifying to her, even after the many triumphs of her long ful as in years agone. It is not to be lightful as in years agone. It is not to be expected that this wonderful voice should to-day have lost none of its first beauty, but it is still matchless, and in some respects more appealing than ever.

The "Sweet Bird" aria of Handel was sung by Melba, with the Boston Orchestra, at the Academy of Music, on Monday evening, February 18, 1907, and while now there is a little nearer approach to thinness in some of her upper tones, where there is not the same limpid facility in florid passages, much of the same purity and sweetness are there, the middle and lower tones being even more mellow and warm. It was in the Mozart arias that Melba was most effective last evening, however, the Cherubino number being flawless in tonal beauty and execution.

After this number, the applause was so enthusiastic and so prolonged that, when Melba had returned to the stage five or six times, Dr. Muck appeared to resent the ardor of the audience, and refused to begin the final orchestral selection, turning his back and carelessly conversing with some of the musicians; this, too, after the applause had died down and there was ample opportunity for him to return to his stand. Even going so far as to motion one of the musicians to rise, so that he mhiht have a chair, the conductor sat down, still ignoring the audience, and continued his conversation, while Melba, evidently not knowing what else to do, twice came back and made a few bows. While it must be admitted that the matter of applause for a soloist is overdone, and that it might have somewhat too prolonged last even he enthusiasm upon the farewell ap nce of an artist of Melba's popular is entirely justified. The same can said, however, of Dr. Muck's atti owards a representative audience, ty which the Boston Orchestra has regularly for thirty-four years, which he invariably has been re with courtesy and appreciation.

[79]

From STAATSZEITUNG
Address: New York Cit
Date JAN

Boſtoner Symphonie-Ko

Dr. Muck hat uns geſtern in Hall einen vollen Genuß geboten, vor Allem der unvergleichlich liebe glänzend gebrachten Ausgeſtaltu Beethoven's „Paſtoral"-Sympho ſchreiben muß. Dieſe ſechſte in der Neunzahl des Altmeiſters iſt gerade diejenige, welche die meiſten Falten zeigt, — ſo wiedergegeben wie geſtern, wirkt ſie jedoch wie neu — ſchön und ſo friſch, als ob ſie erſt vom Himmel gefallen wäre. Mit wonnigem Behagen malte Muck die Glücksempfindung bei der Ankunft auf dem Lande. Wir genießen mit ihm und ſeinem Meiſterorcheſter die liebliche Szene am Bach. Das Grünen und Blühen der Natur, die wonnigen Stimmen aus dem Vogelreiche. Wir folgen ihm mit Vergnügen auf den Tanzboden; wir genießen — ſit venia verbo — das Gewitterchen, das zur Zeit des Entſtehens der Symphonie als ſo ungemein realiſtiſch empfunden wurde, — ſchließlich ſchlägt uns der innige, gemütvolle Hirtengeſang des Alegretto in ſeine Bande. Es war eine wonnige Halbſtunde, für die wir dem Dirigenten und ſeiner Schar zu wirklichem Dank verbunden ſind.

Von ragender Virtuoſität, in den Farben dabei ungemein fein und ſtiliſtiſch gedämpft, war die Waſſerkalamität in Dukas' „Zauberlehrling" erfüllt. Man weiß, wie die Boſtoner derlei Sachen ſpielen können, und die geſtrige Darbietung war eine der glänzendſten Leiſtungen, deren man ſich erinnern kann.

Als Neuheit führte uns Dr. Muck Erneſt Schelling's neueſtes Werk mit dem Komponiſten am Piano vor. Der Künſtler nennt ſeine Arbeit „Eindrücke (aus einem Künſtlerleben) in Form von Variationen über ein Originalthema für Orcheſter und Pianoforte", und zwar iſt das Werk, das urſprünglich 19 Variationen enthält, im Verlauf der letzten zwei Jahre entſtanden. Wir zitieren den Komponiſten zur Charakteriſierung ſeines Werkes wie folgt: Das Originalthema Gis-Moll, Sechsachteltakt, iſt für Violinen und Bratſchen uniſono geſchrieben mit ornamentalen Figiren des Piano über Fermaten geführt.

„Die Variationen geben Eindrücke von Perſönlichkeiten, von Plätzen und Begebenheiten wieder, welche meine Phantaſie angeregt haben. Ich habe den einzlnen Variationen gewöhnlich ein Wort oder Initialen beigefügt, welche die Zuhörer manchmal intereſſieren ſollten, manchmal auch nicht.

Variation No. 1 iſt für Holzbläſer geſchrieben. Als ich dieſen Teil ſchrieb, hatte ich nur einen Klang in meinem Ohr: den des Boſtoner Symphonie-Orcheſters. Das erklärt die beigefügten Initialen B. S. O."

Von den übrigen Variationen will ich folgende anführen: No. 3 „Klarinette Octinato. Savoyard (Patre). No. 4 für Violincelliſoli und drei Flöten, mit Piano- und Streicherbegleitung. (Zur Erinnerung an Hans Pfitzer. Dem Schreiber dieſes iſt es übrigens nicht bekannt, daß Hans Pfitzer, der bekannte Komponiſt des „Armen Heinrich" und der „Roſe vom Liebesgarten", der Lehrer von Erneſt Schelling, geſtorben ſei.

Weitere Teile ſind No. 8, „Habanera Arragoneſe" für volles Orcheſter (A. P.), No. 12 „Hornſolo und Piano" (E. G.), No. 13 für volles Orcheſter (zum Andenken an Guſtav Mahler), No. 17a für volles Orcheſter (Auguſt 1914), welche Variation den Todeszug der Legionen dem Sieg oder dem Untergang entgegen malen ſoll; No. 18a für volles Orcheſter („Afghan") und No. 19 „Lutheriſcher Choral" (Wartburg 1905). Die Variationen No. 11 und No. 17 wurden bei der geſtrigen Aufführung weggelaſſen.

Das neueſte Werk Schellings muß als ſehr gelungen bezeichnet werden. Vor allem iſt es recht originell in Anlage und Durchführung; es webt eine ſtarke und ſympathiſche Stimmung darin, und die meiſten dieſer „perſönlichen Eindrücke" nehmen ſich in Wirklichkeit als „Erlebtes" aus. Das verleiht dem Werk ein Moment wohltuender Friſche und Ungezwungenheit, zudem das Geſetz der wirkenden Kontraſte faſt durchweg ſehr effektvoll eingehalten iſt. Die einzelnen Teile ſind ſelbſtverſtändlich nicht ganz gleichwertig, ich wüßte aber keines davon anzugeben, das beim erſten Anhören ermüden oder gar verſtimmen ſollte. Durchweg iſt die Stimmung wechſelvoll und treffend wiedergegeben, in einigen ſchwebt ſogar ein Moment ſtarker Perſönlichkeit darüber.

Das Hauptthema iſt ſtark und brauchbar, in ſeinem intermittierenden Gange mit den ganz modernen Intervallenſchritten plaſtiſch und variiert genug, um das Umwenden und Umkrempeln zu geſtatten. Die Orcheſtrierung iſt farbig und wechſelvoll, die einzelnen Inſtrumente, welche faſt alle konzertierend eingeführt werden, ſind ſehr wirkſam, zum Teil meiſterhaft behandelt. Ganz erleſen iſt die dem Piano zugedachte, dankbare Partie, deren Möglichkeiten ſich der am Flügel ſitzende Komponiſt auch nicht entgehen ließ. Eine Beſprechung im Einzelnen wäre nach dem Geſagten wohl verführeriſch, ſcheitert jedoch vorläufig an den dieſer Beſprechung geſetzten räumlichen Grenzen. Man wird das ſtimmungsvolle Werk aber gerne wieder hören.

Der Erfolg der etwa 42 Minut

From
Address: New York City
Date JAN 7 - 1916

NOVELTY BY BOSTON ORCHESTRA

◆

New Composition by Ernest Schelling Played at Concert in Carnegie Hall.

◆

With an American novel as a special attraction, the Boston Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, gave a concert last night in Carnegie Hall. Ernest Shelling, composer of the new work, also was a soloist, playing the piano part of his own composition, which was called "Impressions (from an Artist's Life) in form of Vaviations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte."

While the Impressions did not turn out to be inspired or impressive music they were in part at least, very cleverly written. Writing of his purpose the composer said:—"The variations are impressions of personalities, or places, of happenings as they happened to strike my imagination." After each variation an initial or name appeared. Among them were "B. O. S." meaning (Boston Symphony Orchestra); K. M. (Karl Muck), F. S. (the composer's father), L. S. (his wife), A. P. (Anna Pavlova), I. J. P. (Paderewski), E. G. (Enrique Granados) Fr. Kr. (Fritz Kreisler), and G. L. (George Longy).

Sir Edward Elgar has written variations similarly annotated, and the spirit of the work is a little reminiscent of Fuchs; variations written in imitation of various composers. The different parts had little connection with each other. It would have required a careful study of the score to have followed the original theme in some of the sections. That alone showed cleverness. How any man could have made the same theme, if he really did use the same theme, sound like an Irish jig, an Oriental dance, a Siciliano, a Habanera, a Lutheran choral and a dozen other unrelated things is difficult to understand.

There were twenty variations in all, and eighteen were played. Some of them were interesting and some were not. Nearly all had rhythmic variety and charm. Not all of the sections were exactly appropriate to the subject, but surely the one inscribed to Dr. Muck had an appropriate inscription, "Rather martial, precise in rhythm, incisive." That is the impression that the average Boston Symphony subscriber has of the conductor. The one inscribed to Mr. Longy, first oboe player of the orchestra, evidently was not quite appreciated by him as he failed to play the oboe solo in it with his usual technical skill and perfect intonation. Among the best variations were those inscribed to the composer's father and Paderewski.

Clever if not very musical was a Variation marked August, 1914, a bit of programme music picturing war and the call to arms. The Lutheran choral at the end was not entirely a fitting close, as the choral in the brass sounded empty instead of full in its loudness, and the loud crashes of percussion instruments only served to cover this defect. There was little original orchestral color, though some of the individual players had parts of unusual difficulty. The piano part which Mr. Schelling played was not in reality a solo, but alternately an obligato to the orchestra and an accompaniment to some solo instrument. It was received with prolonged applause though not with the enthusiasm which followed the symphony.

Beethoven's sixth symphony, played with astonishing beauty of tone, preceded and Dukas' skilfully scored and brilliant "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" followed the Variations.

◆

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
Date

Boston Symphony Has Schelling as Soloist

THE chief feature of the programme played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night at Carnegie Hall was not the well-known and ingenuous "Pastoral" Symphony of Beethoven, with its cuckoo calls, its rustic dances and mock storm.

Nor was it the fanciful and ever-welcome "Sorcerer's Apprentice" Scherzo of Dukas, which had been heard here often.

It was something different, very different, though not better, in the shape of a set of strange and "characteristic" Variations on a short theme invented by Ernest Schelling, who himself performed the chief solo parts at the piano.

"Characteristic" does not quite describe these Variations. "Impressionistic" would, perhaps, be more appropriate. Mr. Schelling has done something once achieved in a similar way by Sir Edward Elgar. But the Englishman was vastly more successful in his work than his German-American (or, shall we not say, American) emulator.

The theme of Mr. Schelling was soon lost and merged in fantastic broideries of many curious patterns. There were altogether nineteen variations, supposed to suggest to the composer what they only sometimes could suggest to the public, the personalities of this or that acquaintance or memories of places and events which had left impressions on his mind.

The musical results throughout were technically interesting; while now and then, as in one variation

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PO
s: Washington, D. C.
JAN 2 - 1916

Musical Events

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The symphony will be Mozart's in E flat. Another important work on the program will be the remarkable symphonic poem of the Russian Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead," which was inspired by Arnold Bochlin's great picture of the same name. The other number will be Berloiz's "Roman Carnival" overture.

PUBLIC LEDGER
s: Philadelphia, Pa.

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EVENING TELEGRAM
Philadelphia, Pa.

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LETIN
Philadelphia, Pa.
JAN 4 - 1916

Boston Symphony

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From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date JAN 4 - 1916
Established:

THIRD CONCERT OF BOSTON SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck Gives a Masterly Reading of Haydn's E Flat Symphony—Melba the Soloist.

Haydn—Symphony in E Flat (B. & H. No. 1).
Handel—Aria, "Sweet Bird."
Mozart—Double Concerto for violin and viola and orchestra. Violin, Mr. Witek; viola, Mr. Ferir.
Mozart—Two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro."
(a) Porgi Amor.
(b) Voi che sapete.
Mendelssohn—Overture, "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage."

Conductor	**Dr. Karl Muck**
Soloist	Madame Melba

The Boston Symphony's third program of the season last evening was one delight from start to finish, not only in the perfect playing of this great body of musicians, but in the variety presented in the program, in which Madame Melba appeared as the soloist, and two prominent members of the orchestra, Mr. Witek, the concertmeister, and Mr. Ferir, the first violinist, played a concerto with the orchestra.

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Address: New York City
Date JAN 2 - 1916
Established 1884

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D. EDWARD PORTER
New York, Dec. 12, 1915

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date JAN 2 - 1916
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Overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage"	Mendelssohn

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His program in full is as follows:

Sonata in A major	Handel
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Fugue in A major	Tartini
Fantasy in C major, op. 131	Schumann
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Mazurka in A minor (posthumous)	Chopin
Variations	Tartini
Indian Lament	Dvorak-Kreisler
Spanish Dance	Granados-Kreisler
Viennese Popular Song	Arr. by Kreisler
Tambourin Chinois	Kreisler

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From Bulletin
Address Providence, R. I.
Date DEC 27 1915

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EAGLE
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Address Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date JAN 3 - 1916
Established 1884

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MUSIC LOVING SUBSCRIBER.
Brooklyn, January 2, 1916.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date JAN 4 - 1916
Established

MADAME MELBA SINGS WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY

Double Concerto of Mozart, for Violin and Viola, Played by Anton Witek and Emil Ferir

PROGRAM

Haydn	Symphony in E flat, No. 1
Handel	"Sweet Bird That Shun'st"
Mozart	Concertante Symphony, Violin and Viola
Mozart	"Porgi Amor" and "Voi, Che Sapete," from "Figaro."
Mendelssohn	Overture, "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage."

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E. L. H.

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
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Established 1884

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Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date JAN 4 - 1916
Established:

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Dr. Muck Gives a Masterly Reading of Haydn's E Flat Symphony—Melba the Soloist.

Haydn—Symphony in E Flat (B. & H. No. 1).
Handel—Aria, "Sweet Bird."
Mozart—Double Concerto for violin and viola and orchestra. Violin, Mr. Witek; viola, Mr. Ferir.
Mozart—Two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro."
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Soloist	Madame Melba

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New York, Dec. 12, 1915

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Date JAN 4 - 1916

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PROGRAM

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PUBLIC LEDGER
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* * *

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given tomorrow night, January 3, in the Academy of Music, at 8:15. The soloist will be Madame Melba. She is to remain in this country only a few weeks more, as she is leaving at the end of January for Australia, and this will be the last local opportunity to hear her this year.

A very interesting item in the program is Mozart's concertante symphonie for violin and viola and string orchestra. This work has probably not had a public hearing before in Philadelphia. It is distinguished by typical Mozartian beauty, and will enable Philadelphia to hear as soloists two of the most eminent artists of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Witek, the concert-master, and Mr. Ferir, the leader of the viola section. The program in full is as follows:

Symphony in E flat, B. and H. No. 1	Haydn
Aria, "Sweet Bird"	Handel
Double concerto for violin and viola and orchestra Violin, Mr. Witek; viola, Mr. Ferir.	Mozart
Two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro" (a) Porgi Amor. (b) Voi che sapete.	Mozart
Overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage"	Mendelssohn

* * *

Fritz Kreisler gives a recital at the Academy next Saturday afternoon, January 8, at 2:30.

His program in full is as follows:

Sonata in A major	Handel
Grave in C minor	Friedman Bach
Fugue in A major	Tartini
Fantasy in C major, op. 131	Schumann
Larghetto Lamentoso	Godowsky
Legende	Godowsky
Impromptu	Schubert
Rondino (on a theme by Beethoven)	Kreisler
Mazurka in A minor (posthumous)	Chopin
Variations	Tartini
Indian Lament	Dvorak-Kreisler
Spanish Dance	Granados-Kreisler
Viennese Popular Song	Arr. by Kreisler
Tambourin Chinois	Kreisler

* * *

From
Address
Date JAN 2 1916
Established 1884

DISLIKES DR. MUCK'S NUMBERS.

Editor Brooklyn Daily Eagle:

With the echoes of melody heard at the exquisite concert given, this afternoon, by the New York Philharmonic still ringing in my ears I feel moved to make an effort to find someone who will protest with me against the miserable, unmusical programmes offered us by Dr. Muck of the Boston Symphony. The programme, this afternoon, arranged by that most admirable of programme makers, Stransky, was beyond criticism, a musical feast. Why cannot he have the same? Our orchestra certainly is fine enough. There must be many subscribers who think such doses as we were made to swallow at the last concert unbearable. To whom can we make protest for more music?

MUSIC LOVING SUBSCRIBER.
Brooklyn, January 2, 1916.

From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date JAN 4 - 1916
Establi

MADAME MELBA SINGS WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY

Double Concerto of Mozart, for Violin and Viola, Played by Anton Witek and Emil Ferir

PROGRAM

Haydn	Symphony in E flat, No. 1
Handel	"Sweet Bird That Shun'st"
Mozart	Concertante Symphony, Violin and Viola
Mozart	"Porgi Amor" and "Voi, Che Sapete," from "Figaro."
Mendelssohn	Overture, "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage."

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, directed by Karl Muck, filled the Academy last evening with an audience that reluctantly bade a present farewell to Madame Melba, who is on her way to Australia. The great singer, who of late has placed her art chiefly at the disposal of the Empire of which she is so loyal a subject, sang with melting beauty of tone and pathetic sincerity the famous Handel aria, "Sweet Bird That Shun'st," and "Porgi Amor" and "Voi, Che Sapete," from "Figaro." Probably she could have chosen no sweeter and more eloquent music. The voice carried the message of the composer with a sympathy which the circumstances intensify. The singer has had her own cross to carry in the loss of those near and dear to her, and it has passed into her art. After each appearance she was recalled again and again. There were found in her singing the wonted grace and ease and simplicity of execution, even in the elaborate mazes of the Handel aria, and the ravishing loveliness of the tone of years ago. In twenty-two seasons of appearances on the American stage the voice has lost neither its cunning nor its feeling. The orchestra accompanied with a rare community of interest, and Andre Maquane played the flute obligato for the Handel music so beautifully that the prima donna brought him forward to share the honors.

The Mozart double concerto for violin and viola played by Anton Witek and Emil Ferir was played with ideal crispness and precision of technique, and oneness of purpose and execution. The theme passed from instrument to instrument as though a single set of strings gave it expression in different registers. In the cadenzas (written by Hellmesberger) that soared out of the first and second movements there was such fullness and freedom of sound it was as though a whole string quartet were playing. The rich and virile tone-coloring of the viola was in sharp contrast to the feminine but never effeminate voice of the violin. The support by the orchestra was masterful. The viola is seldom heard as a solo instrument with the orchestra. When the instrument is handled as Mr. Ferir used it last evening, one is led to wonder at the indifference of so many composers to its possibilities.

The naive and blithe Symphony in E flat major, No. 1, of Haydn was an apt prelude for a program that consistently adhered to the classical pattern. A delicious violin obligato by Mr. Witek was a feature of the slow movement, and the whole work was interpreted by Doctor Muck in a way to bring out to best advantage the spirit of sunny gayety characteristic of the serenest optimist among the writers of music. The mellifluous tranquillities of the Mendelssohn overture at the program's close suitably balanced the initial mood. From the first note to the last—especially in the Mozart concerto—the splendid quality of the tone of the strings was in constant evidence.

F. L. W.

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date
Esta 1884

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Dr. Karl Muck has made a most remarkable program for the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be given in the Lyric Theater next Wednesday evening at 8:15. With the exception of the charming little Symphony of Haydn in E flat, No. 1, the program is decidedly modern, including what many regard as the greatest tone poem of Richard Strauss, Death and Transfiguration, Ernest Schelling's new Symphonic Variations for orchestra and piano, and the diabolically clever Scherzo of the French Paul Dukas, The Sorcerer's Apprentice.

[80]

From STAATSZEITUNG

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date DEC 29 1915

SYMPHONY CONCERT BADLY DISARRANGED

Illness of Dr. Muck, Conductor, Affects Programme.

MME. HOMER ALSO ABSENT

Novelty by Enesco is Substituted for Mendelssohn's Overture as Last Number on Card at Infantry Hall.—Performance Lacking in Unity.

For over 100 years the world has been bearing witness to the truth of the statement made by Bobby Burns, that "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley, and lea'e us nought but grief and pain for promised joy," and it had still another chance last evening, when the programme of special interest promised for the third concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall, was sadly disarranged by a series of unexpected happenings.

That is not to say that the poet's words must be taken too literally, since the withdrawal of the "promised joy," did not in this case result in "grief and pain," but in a series of disappointments beginning with the announcement in yesterday morning's Journal that Mme. Louise Homer, whose appearance had been eagerly awaited, was prevented by illness from fulfilling her engagement. However, as the management stated that Mr. Joseph Malkin, 'cellist of the orchestra, who had been announced as soloist for the fourth concert, would play in Mme. Homer's place, the audience prepared to enjoy his performance; and while there were a few more empty seats than usual, the storm and the prevailing epidemic may have had an equal share in that effect.

ASSISTANT IS CONDUCTOR.

Before the audience had grasped the significance of a further change in the insertion in the programme announcement was made that on account of a bad cold Dr. Muck would be unable to conduct the orchestra, Mr. Schmidt, assistant conductor, taking his place, which threw light on the substitution of a novelty by Enesco for the last number, Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," so successfully given at a recent concert in Boston.

The programme in its rearrangement was given as follows:

Rimsky-Korsakoff........................
........Symphony No. 2, "Antar," op. 15
I. Largo: Allegretto vivace
II. Allegro
III. Allegro risoluto alla Marcia
IV. Allegretto vivace: Andante amoroso
Saint-Saens........................
..Concerto for Violoncello in A-minor, op. 33
I. Allegro non troppo
II. Allegretto con moto
III. Allegro non troppo.
Smetana ...."Vysehrad"
Symphonic Poem: No. 1 of the Cycle. "Ma Vlast" ("My Country").
Enesco........................
Rhapsodie Roumaine, in A-major, op. 11, No. 1

In spite of the strong Oriental flavor of its orchestral numbers and the comparatively modern quality of the music, the programme seemed lacking in unity, and in its presentation verged more nearly on the commonplace, and showed less distinction than usual.

The "Antar" symphony of Rimsky-Korsakoff, composed nearly 50 years ago, shows the strong influence exerted by the music of the East on the composer. Especially characteristic was its first movement, with the monotonous undertone of the kettledrum at intervals, beneath the Oriental melody of the flute accompanied by harp and horns. It may be that the assistant conductor was a bit nervous, since one felt a lack of precision, a loss of the finer shading demanded by the first number, that was less evident as the symphony progressed.

THIRD MOVEMENT FEATURES.

The third movement, in its brilliant rhythm, was one of the happiest in the work, which, concluding with the measures of an Arabian love song, is full of color, suggestive to the imagination.

Sharing interest with the symphony and superseding it in performance was the concerto for violoncello by Saint-Saens, played by Mr. Malkin. No longer ago than the last concert, the audience had an opportunity to appreciate the demands for delicacy and technical elegance made by the composer in his concerto for the piano; again last evening, with the 'cello as a medium, the themes and their elaboration were given in a masterly manner, with purity and richness of tone and mechanical perfection When such a player as Mr. Malkin gives us of his best on such an instrument the result is likely to be a satisfying performance, worthy of the repeated recalls he received at its conclusion.

Smetana's "Vysehrad" was to many the most enjoyable orchestral performance of the evening, dignified and moving brilliantly to its conclusion, in marked contrast to the concluding number, which was of the "descriptive" order, better adapted to one of the orchestra's "pop" concerts. Its substitution for the Mendelssohn overture made what someone in the audience characterized as its "musical rough-house," less appreciated, perhaps, than it might have been in another connection. Opening with a sort of village theme, sung by the clarinet, soon joined by the oboe, the music grew fast and furious, with occasional interruptions, as when a crowd pauses in its merriment to listen to a brief exhortation or announcement before resuming its frenzied jollity.

The fourth concert in the series will be given on Tuesday evening, Feb. 8.

A. W. C.

From Bulletin
Address Providence, R. I.
Date DEC 27 1915

ORCHESTRAL CLUB OF BOSTON GIVES SUNDAY CONCERTS

Large Audiences Listen to Programmes in Afternoon and Evening at Keith's. — Selections from Lighter Classics Well Played.

The Boston Symphony Orchestral Club, an organization composed of 16 player from the ranks of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave two "pop" concerts in Keith's Theatre yesterday afternoon and evening. Both programmes were drawn from the lighter classics and were exceedingly well played. The club is really a miniature symphony orchestra, and is ideally fitted to perform works that are light and delicate in character. But when occasion demanded, a very full and sonorous body of tone is obtained, and the heavier numbers are played with excellent effect.

In Andre Maquarre the club has an able conductor. Also, each member is an artist of many years experience in ensemble playing, so it is not surprising that they play together as one man and seem moved by a common impulse in the artistic conception of whatever they play.

The assisting vocalist, Mme. Margarita Boas of the Boston Opera Company, was unable to appear, owing to illness, her place being filled by soloists from the club, Mr. Cella, harpist, at the matinee, and Mr. Hyde, trumpet soloist, in the evening. In the afternoon the programme was as follows:

Overture, "Oberon," Weber; cornet solo, "Serenade," Schubert, Mr. Heim; "Jewels of the Madonna," (a) intermezzo, (b) waltz, Wolf-Ferrari; harp solo, Mr. Cella; selection, "Lohengrin," Wagner; Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 2, Liszt; violin solo, Meditation from "Thais," Massenet, Mr. Theodorowicz; "Dance of the Hours," Ponchielli; fantasie, "Aida," Verdi.

The various soloists acquitted themselves admirably. Mr. Heim is one of the few cornetists that believe in quality rather than in quantity of tone, the result being a beautiful performance of his solo. Mr. Theodorowicz also gained applause by his playing of a violin number. It was Mr. Cella, however, that made the greatest impression. The harp requires a master hand to make it unusually interesting as a solo instrument. Lacking possibilities in tone color, the player relies mostly on brilliancy of technique for variety of effect. This is what Mr. Cella had to offer. In clearness and rapidity of finger work his performance was astonishing. Showers of glittering notes and lightning arpeggios sprang in bewildering profusion from beneath his magic fingers. His audience recognized the unusual quality of his work and demanded an encore.

In the evening a larger audience attended, the soloists being Mr. Nagel, 'cello; Mr. Hyde, trumpet, and Mr. Marquarre, flute, besides Messrs. Cella and Theodorowicz. As at the matinee the audience was demonstrative. The order of the programme follows:

Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai, ballet music from the "Queen of Sheba," Goldmark ('cello obligato), Mr. Nagel; selection, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; harp solo, "Rondo Brilliant," Cella, Mr. Cella; trumpet solo, Mr. Hyde; overture, "Mignon," Thomas; flute solo, "Fantasie," Demersman, Mr. Marquarre; (a) "Largo," Handel (violin obligato), Mr. Theodorowicz, (b) Intermezzo from "Midsummer," Marquarre; operatic selection, "Tannhauser," Wagner.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date DEC 31 1915

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

TWO interesting programmes have been arranged by Dr. Karl Muck for the third pair of concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which will be given in Carnegie Hall Thursday evening, January 6, and Saturday afternoon, January 8. The Thursday evening programme comprises Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, Ernest Schelling's new symphonic Variations for orchestra and piano, with Mr. Schelling as pianist, and Dukas's Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." The programme for Saturday afternoon comprises the Brahms Symphony in F major, Enesco's first Rumanian Rhapsody, Rimsky-Korsakoff's poem, "The Island of the Dead," and Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" Overture.

From STANDARD UNION
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date JA 1915

Karl Muck has made a most remarkable programme for the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be given in the Academy of Music next Friday evening, Jan. 7, at 8:15. With the exception of the charming little symphony of Haydn in E flat, No. 1, the programme is decidedly modern, including what many regard as the greatest tone poem of Richard Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration"; Ernest Schelling's new symphonic variations for orchestra and piano and the Roumanian rhapsody of the Roumanian composer, Enesco. Novelties always arouse interest among music lovers, and Mr. Schelling's new symphonic variations are a novelty in the full sense of the word, for they have just had their first performances in Boston. Mr. Schelling has written with extraordinary skill and fancy. They are not a piano concerto by any means, for he makes the piano an integral part of the orchestra, and having written the variations with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in view, he has given incidental solos to all the leaders of the various sections. Mr. Schelling will play the piano part.

MONITOR, BOSTON,
JANUARY 15,

BOSTON HEARS "NEW ENGLAND" IN A SYMPHONY

SYMPHONY HALL—Eleventh afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Ernst Schmidt replacing Karl Muck as conductor, Mme. Nellie Melba soloist, afternoon of Jan. 14. The program:

Edgar Stillman Kelley—Symphony No. 2, "New England," in B-flat minor, op. 33, first time in Boston; Handel—Scena, "Sweet Bird That Shun'st the Noise of Folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderato" (flute obbligato, André Maquarre); Gluck—Ballet suite No. 2 (put together by Gevaert): III. tambourin from "Iphigénie en Aulide," IV. gavotte from "Armide," V. chaconne from "Iphigénie en Aulide" and "Orphée"; Mozart—a, cavatina, "Porgi Amor," Act II., Scene 1 of "Le Nozze di Figaro"; b, canzona, "Voi, che sapete," Act. II., Scene 3 of "Le Nozze di Figaro"; Cherubini—Overture to "Anacreon."

A glance at Mr. Kelley's achievements in music, both in composition and commentary, reveals a sound career. Careful schooling in methods of writing music, experience in the practical application of various sorts of musical theory, painstaking research into the life and works of a great composer, to say nothing of the excellent training to be got from the urging press of newspaper criticism, have all fitted him to set down musical ideas in scholarly and logical fashion, correct according to the canons of the schools. Not that any apology is needed for Mr. Kelley's musical scholarship. His mastery of his craft is plain, and whatever comes to him to say, he can say, clearly and forcefully.

A hearing of his second symphony is convincing of all this ability. Its thoughtful and careful construction is best described by the word German, which in musical matters has come to be synonymous with thoroughness of scholarship. One feels that Mr. Kelley has said, and said well, all that he can say about his subject.

Statement and development of theme come in well-wrought cadences, and generally recapitulation follows in orderly fashion. Admirable, too, is the instinct that led Mr. Kelley to choose the form of a symphony to express his ideas rather than a symphonic poem. As he conceives the New England spirit, the more rigid the form of its musical expression, the truer. So, too, he has kept away from the so-called modern idiom and its colorful harmonies.

Having found that Mr. Kelley says most satisfactorily what he has to give out, the listener naturally slips into an examination of what he says, and in so doing learns promptly the difference between an exercise in symphonic writing and a symphony. Admirable as the form may be—the externals, if you please—what really counts, of course, is the idea behind the music; in this case, the estimate of those ideas cognately expressed in New England traits of character and in his music.

Now, judging from this work, Mr. Kelley's conception of characterizing New England traits is an austerity amounting almost to barrenness. With the mottoes by which each movement is designated no one will have any disposition to quarrel. They are New England, written by a first New Englander, William Bradford, and well calculated to inspire eloquent expression.

Over the lento: allegro appassionato is inscribed: "All great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties; and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages."

It is of course futile to speculate on what great actions Mr. Kelley had in mind when he wrote this movement

[81]

one might at least surmise that they were not inspired by the [illegible] of human affection which would enterprise a great good to fellowmen.

The allegretto pastorale is described by Governor Bradford's entry, which says: "Warm and fair weather, the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly." However, there has evidently not been enough warm and fair weather to take the chill off the shady side of the rocks in the pasture. If Mr. Kelley had not treated so freely the thematic material he got from the birds, if he had not put their songs through the German mill of counterpoint, the result would have been happier, for even in New England the birds sing joyously.

"Great lamentation and heaviness" introduces the lento, and in this movement Timothy Swan's funeral hymn tune, "China" is utilized. So imbued with his lugubrious notion regarding New England chaacter is the composer, however, that this melancholy movement is really of the four the most in keeping with its designation.

The key to the allegro con fuoco is supposed to be contained in this sentiment: "The fit way to honor and lament the departed is to be true to one another and to work together bravely for the cause to which living and dead have consecrated themselves." Surely in these words is no repining, but bravery and optimism and a sober joy in living life well,—in short, a description of the true New England traits. Through the conscientious development of Mr. Kelley's themes one seeks fruitlessly for the courage that dares, inspired by the religious faith that brought the first New Englanders, that they might make their worship of God a part of their daily lives.

It was unfortunate that Dr. Muck could not conduct this symphony; he surely would have had a greater appreciation of the meaning of New England than Mr. Schmidt. Too, the first violin section was weakened by the absence of the concert master. Yet making allowance for handicaps the fact remains that the New England portrayed is not the New England that has wrought and achieved gloriously and lives with its full measure of joy.

Mme. Melba had to respond to many recalls because of the pleasure her gratifying voice gave. The fact that her selections were so well known did not militate against the enjoyment in her flawless singing.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

JANUARY 8,

SYMPHONY SALE FOR NEXT YEAR TO BE TAKEN UP

Manager of Orchestra to Arrange With Holders of Seats For Renewals — Receipts at Autumn Auctions Estimated

Ever since the manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra announced last September that the subscription sale of tickets for the Boston concerts would be conducted this year for the last time by auction, and that in the season of 1916-17 the seats in Symphony hall would be sold on a flat-rate basis, the question has been asked here and there what scale of prices would be adopted. When making the announcement, the manager expressed himself as desirous of abolishing the old method on the ground that it was ponderous and antiquated and that it did not accomplish the fairness intended. He declared that the auctioneer, starting each ticket at a nominal price and letting it go to the buyer who offered the largest premium, was no longer the useful public servant he was 30 years ago. For nowadays, he pointed out, subscribers instead of attending the sale and bidding for their locations, leave the whole thing in the hands of a dozen or so ticket brokers.

Arguing further for the retirement of the auctioneer and his hammer, he referred to the success of the flat-rate system in the cities of the tours, noting particularly New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, where subscribers all pay alike and have long so paid, with satisfaction on both sides. At the close of his announcement he urged for acceptance in Boston a scheme of seat allotment that is now working with happy results in New York, whereby the holders of places this year can subscribe for the same places next year and can continue to hold them for as many years as they desire. He remarked that not more than 100 seats in Carnegie hall change owners from season to season, and he urged a similar permanence in Symphony hall.

It is to be supposed, then, that when plans for next season begin to be considered, which ought to be soon, present holders of seats at the 24 Friday afternoon concerts and at the 24 Saturday evening concerts in Boston will be asked whether they want to retain their locations for next year, and necessarily they will at the same time be informed as to the rates they will have to pay for renewal.

There may or there may not be some intricacy in the question as to who the holders of the seats are. Of course no difficulty will arise on this point for those who bought their season tickets at the auction last fall in person. But some difficulty may arise for those—and they are enormously in the majority—who bought through an agent. Does the broker possess the seat, or does the person who purchased it of him possess it? If the broker, then nearly the whole floor plan and a large portion of the balcony plans of Symphony hall will be controlled for years to come by a group whose interest in the concerts is solely a trade interest.

In regard to prices, perhaps the most important point to be determined is whether the subscription rate will be the same or different for the Friday afternoon and the Saturday evening series. For it is well known that under the auction system the matinee subscribers have paid considerably more than have the evening subscribers. And the Friday patrons, though paying more, have received no more in return. In fact, until this year they have been given to understand that they heard only a rehearsal of the program and that the Saturday patrons heard the official presentation of it. The question is, whether the majority ought to be charged extra for the privilege of hearing the program first and for hearing it in the afternoon. Doubtless a social rather than a financial adjustment is needed. If the evening concert were changed from Saturday night to Thursday night, the whole matter might straighten out of itself.

Some figures on the auction sales of last autumn at Symphony hall will throw light on the situation as to the relative demand for the two sets of concerts. The sales, it will be recalled, were held on two pairs of days: Sept. 27 and 28, when the auctioneer put up the seats for Fridays; and on Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, when he put up those for Saturdays. On the first day of each sale, the forward locations were offered at a starting price of $18. On the second day, the rear locations were offered at $10. The actual prices which purchasers, or their agents for them, paid for the better places were from $35.50 to $118 on Fridays; and from $19 to $63 on Saturdays. The prices which they paid for the poorer ranged from $25 to $41 on Fridays; and from $11 to $30 on Saturdays.

The bidding was rather even, and as a rule the prices paid were proportionate to the value of the location. The only bidders who could have been at all disappointed were some who set their desire on the first row of $10 seats. For when they closed with the auctioneer they found they paid as much as the purchasers of the last row of $18 seats. About the average price paid for places on Fridays in the middle of the floor was $72 for the season, or $3 a concert. About the average paid at the sides was $60, or $2.50 a concert. About the average toward the rear or far forward was $48, or $2 a concert. Thus if the manager were to scale the matinee house next season according to the prices paid at the last auction sales, he would ask for the good floor seats something like $3, $2.50 and $2. And if he were to make the evening scale according to the auction, he would charge for the same locations something like $1, $1.50 and $2.

These figures have an interest at this time beyond the community for which Symphony hall is a musical focus. They can be studied profitably by patrons of the Boston Symphony orchestra in the cities of the monthly tours, namely, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. For a reorganization of the scale of prices in certain of these places is said to have been considered, if not positively to have been decided on. Should standardization of prices in all the cities be made, it will be important for subscribers everywhere to understand what are the conditions in the place where the concerts originate. Now a comparison of the present prices in all the cities proves that the $3 rate at the Friday concerts in Boston is the highest anywhere. For in Philadelphia, at the Academy of Music, according to the official circular of the orchestra issued last fall, the highest rate for the season of five concerts is $60 for a box seating five persons, or $2.40 a concert for each person. The rates run from this down to $3.50 for the season, or a little less than 75 cents a concert. In New York, at Carnegie hall, the maximum is the same as in Philadelphia, while the minimum rate is 60 cents a concert. In Baltimore, at the Lyric theater, the maximum is $2 and the minimum $1.50 a concert. The rates in Brooklyn are the same [illegible] in Washington are about the same as those in Baltimore. In all the cities of the monthly tour, the price of single seats, when any are available, is $2.50.

If the highest prices are paid in Boston, so are the lowest. For there are about 50 subscribers for Saturday evenings, located in the rear of the second balcony of Symphony hall, who average $12 for the season, or 50 cents a concert.

Subscribers to concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra and all patrons of orchestral music will be interested to know how much money was paid into the box office at Symphony hall at the two auction sales of two days each last fall. The seats were sold singly, in twos, in threes or in fours, according to the wish of the bidders; and, as has been pointed out, the receipts for Fridays far exceeded those for Saturdays. The totals, based on the figures called out by the auctioneer at the close of each sale, are as follows:

Friday concerts	$100,346.50
Saturday concerts	$65,380.50

These figures may not show the precise amount received from purchasers. For a number of the seats may have been bid in by representatives of the manager of the orchestra and put on sale from the box office window afterwards. Most of such seats were probably for Saturdays, and the effect of subtracting the price of them would only make the difference between the matinee and evening demand even stronger.

Figures regarding the capacity of the halls in which the orchestra regularly plays can be studied to advantage in connection with prices. The capacity of Symphony hall is something over 2500 seats. The capacity of Carnegie hall, New York, is slightly more. The capacity of the Academy of Music in Philadelphia is about 3000 and of the hall in which the orchestra plays in Brooklyn about the same as Symphony hall. The capacity of the New National theater in Washington is only 1900. That of the Lyric theater in Baltimore is set at 2000.

The work of the orchestra includes tours to cities of New England and to cities of the West. In Providence, R. I., the concerts are managed the same as in the cities of the monthly tour. In New Bedford, Mass., Springfield, Mass., Lawrence, Mass., Fall River, Mass., Hartford, Conn., and Portland, Me., the concerts are given for a fixed fee. In troy, N. Y., Rochester, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., Cleveland, O., and Detroit, Mich., which are all more or less regularly visited, the concerts are likewise given for a fixed fee and are locally managed. The seven western cities of the October, 1915, tour were visited on the fixed fee plan, about 30,000 people attending in all.

Perhaps the most favored subscribers of the orchestra, price, location of seats and all considered, are those of Cambridge, Mass., who hear eight annual concerts in Sanders theater, Harvard University, for $7. The most favored single ticket buyers are unquestionably those who get seats in the second balcony of Symphony hall on Friday afternoons for 25 cents and those who have a similar privilege in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. It is said that whatever rearrangement of prices is made the coming season, the 25 cent seats in Boston and Philadelphia will remain.

TRANSCRIPT,

JANUARY 15,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A MELANCHOLY AFTERNOON WITH DR. MUCK AWAY

Once More, Revelation of How Much the Interest of Music and Performance Depends on the Conductor—Mr. Kelley's New Symphony Obscured and Hampered—The Contrasts of Mme. Melba's Singing

DISILLUSION and enlightenment came timely yesterday afternoon to those that like to believe the Symphony Concerts are so "institutional" that they would go on of themselves, whoever might be leading the orchestra. For the whole week an affection of the throat with the consequent fever had kept Dr. Muck from work and the assistant conductor, Mr. Schmidt, had prepared the programme in his stead—Mr. Kelley's new symphony and the other pieces except Mme. Melba's three airs. In actual performance, he disclosed more elasticity of pace and rhythm, more regard for color and contrast and more heed of quality of tone than he has hitherto revealed when Dr. Muck has been disabled; but, outside Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon," the purely orchestral music of the day sounded dull, lifeless and neutral-colored in comparison with the vivid and animating voice that it was easy to believe the absent chief would have given it. Moreover, under Mr. Schmidt's leading, the orchestra seemed no more than a faithful and practised instrument, fulfilling its function as mechanically as a singing disc.

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On the other hand, when Mme. Melba passed to the two airs from Mozart's opera of "Figaro"—the Countess's "Porgi Amor" and the page's "Voi che Sapete"—she summoned many a distinction of her prime. Both pieces, and especially Cherubino's song, lie well within her middle and best-preserved tones—still limpid, edgeless, soft and silvery, tones of a lustrous timbre, a velvety texture and a haunting sweetness, the memory of which will be not the least of the pleasures of song that Mme. Melba has

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One might as least [illegible] that they were not inspired by that glow of human affection which would enterprise a great good to fellowmen.

The allegretto pastorale is described by Governor Bradford's entry, which says: "Warm and fair weather, the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly." However, there has evidently not been enough warm and fair weather to take the chill off the shady side of the rocks in the pasture. If Mr. Kelley had not treated so freely the thematic material he got from the birds, if he had not put their songs through the German mill of counterpoint, the result would have been happier, for even in New England the birds sing joyously.

"Great lamentation and heaviness" introduces the lento, and in this movement Timothy Swan's funeral hymn tune, "China" is utilized. So imbued with his lugubrious notion regarding New England chaacter is the composer, however, that this melancholy movement is really of the four the most in keeping with its designation.

The key to the allegro con fuoco is supposed to be contained in this sentiment: "The fit way to honor and lament the departed is to be true to one another and to work together bravely for the cause to which living and dead have consecrated themselves." Surely in these words is no repining, but bravery and optimism and a sober joy in living life well,—in short, a description of the true New England traits. Through the conscientious development of Mr. Kelley's themes one seeks fruitlessly for the courage that dares, inspired by the religious faith that brought the first New Englanders, that they might make their worship of God a part of their daily lives.

It was unfortunate that Dr. Muck could not conduct this symphony; he surely would have had a greater appreciation of the meaning of New England than Mr. Schmidt. Too, the first violin section was weakened by the absence of the concert master. Yet making allowance for handicaps the fact remains that the New England portrayed is not the New England that has wrought and achieved gloriously and lives with its full measure of joy.

Mme. Melba had to respond to many recalls because of the pleasure her gratifying voice gave. The fact that her selections were so well known did not militate against the enjoyment in her flawless singing.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

JANUARY 8,

SYMPHONY SALE FOR NEXT YEAR TO BE TAKEN UP

Manager of Orchestra to Arrange With Holders of Seats For Renewals — Receipts at Autumn Auctions Estimated

Ever since the manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra announced last September that the subscription sale of tickets for the Boston concerts would be conducted this year for the last time by auction, and that in the season of 1916-17 the seats in Symphony hall would be sold on a flat-rate basis, the question has been asked here and there what scale of prices would be adopted. When making the announcement, the manager expressed himself as desirous of abolishing the old method on the ground that it was ponderous and antiquated and that it did not accomplish the fairness intended. He declared that the auctioneer, starting each ticket at a nominal price and letting it go to the buyer who offered the largest premium, was no longer the useful public servant he was 30 years ago. For nowadays, he pointed out, subscribers instead of attending the sale and bidding for their locations, leave the whole thing in the hands of a dozen or so ticket brokers.

Arguing further for the retirement of the auctioneer and his hammer, he referred to the success of the flat-rate system in the cities of the tours, noting particularly New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, where subscribers all pay alike and have long so paid, with satisfaction on both sides. At the close of his announcement he urged for acceptance in Boston a scheme of seat allotment that is now working with happy results in New York, whereby the holders of places this year can subscribe for the same places next year and can continue to hold them for as many years as they desire. He remarked that not more than 100 seats in Carnegie hall change owners from season to season, and he urged a similar permanence in Symphony hall.

It is to be supposed, then, that when plans for next season begin to be considered, which ought to be soon, present holders of seats at the 24 Friday afternoon concerts and at the 24 Saturday evening concerts in Boston will be asked whether they want to retain their locations for next year, and necessarily they will at the same time be informed as to the rates they will have to pay for renewal.

There may or there may not be some intricacy in the question as to who the holders of the seats are. Of course no difficulty will arise on this point for those who bought their season tickets at the auction last fall in person. But some difficulty may arise for those—and they are enormously in the majority—who bought through an agent. Does the broker possess the seat, or does the person who purchased it of him possess it? If the broker, then nearly the whole floor plan and a large portion of the balcony plans of Symphony hall will be controlled for years to come by a group whose interest in the concerts is solely a trade interest.

In regard to prices, perhaps the most important point to be determined is whether the subscription rate will be the same or different for the Friday afternoon and the Saturday evening series. For it is well known that under the auction system the matinee subscribers have paid considerably more than have the evening subscribers. And the Friday patrons, though paying more, have received no more in return. In fact, until this year they have been given to understand that they heard only a rehearsal of the program and that the Saturday patrons heard the official presentation of it. The question is, whether the majority ought to be charged extra for the privilege of hearing the program first and for hearing it in the afternoon. Doubtless a social rather than a financial adjustment is needed. If the evening concert were changed from Saturday night to Thursday night, the whole matter might straighten out of itself.

Some figures on the auction sales of last autumn at Symphony hall will throw light on the situation as to the relative demand for the two sets of concerts. The sales, it will be recalled, were held on two pairs of days: Sept. 27 and 28, when the auctioneer put up the seats for Fridays; and on Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, when he put up those for Saturdays. On the first day of each sale, the forward locations were offered at a starting price of $18. On the second day, the rear locations were offered at $10. The actual prices which purchasers, or their agents for them, paid for the better places were from $35.50 to $118 on Fridays; and from $19 to $63 on Saturdays. The prices which they paid for the poorer ranged from $25 to $41 on Fridays; and from $11 to $30 on Saturdays.

The bidding was rather even, and as a rule the prices paid were proportionate to the value of the location. The only bidders who could have been at all disappointed were some who set their desire on the first row of $10 seats. For when they closed with the auctioneer they found they paid as much as the purchasers of the last row of $18 seats. About the average price paid for places on Fridays in the middle of the floor was $72 for the season, or $3 a concert. About the average paid at the sides was $60, or $2.50 a concert. About the average toward the rear or far forward was $48, or $2 a concert. Thus if the manager were to scale the matinee house next season according to the prices paid at the last auction sales, he would ask for the good floor seats something like $3, $2.50 and $2. And if he were to make the evening scale according to the auction, he would charge for the same locations something like $1, $1.50 and $2.

These figures have an interest at this time beyond the community for which Symphony hall is a musical focus. They can be studied profitably by patrons of the Boston Symphony orchestra in the cities of the monthly tours, namely, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. For a reorganization of the scale of prices in certain of these places is said to have been considered, if not positively to have been decided on. Should standardization of prices in all the cities be made, it will be important for subscribers everywhere to understand what are the conditions in the place where the concerts originate. Now a comparison of the present prices in all the cities proves that the $3 rate at the Friday concerts in Boston is the highest anywhere. For in Philadelphia, at the Academy of Music, according to the official circular of the orchestra issued last fall, the highest rate for the season of five concerts is $60 for a box seating five persons, or $2.40 a concert for each person. The rates run from this down to $3.50 for the season, or a little less than 75 cents a concert. In New York, at Carnegie hall, the maximum is the same as in Philadelphia, while the minimum rate is 60 cents a concert. In Baltimore, at the Lyric theater, the maximum is $2 and the minimum $1.50 a concert. The rates in Brooklyn are the same as those in New York and the rates in Washington are about the same as those in Baltimore. In all the cities of the monthly tour, the price of single seats, when any are available, is $2.50.

If the highest prices are paid in Boston, so are the lowest. For there are about 50 subscribers for Saturday evenings, located in the rear of the second balcony of Symphony hall, who average $12 for the season, or 50 cents a concert.

Subscribers to concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra and all patrons of orchestral music will be interested to know how much money was paid into the box office at Symphony hall at the two auction sales of two days each last fall. The seats were sold singly, in twos, in threes or in fours, according to the wish of the bidders; and, as has been pointed out, the receipts for Fridays far exceeded those for Saturdays. The totals, based on the figures called out by the auctioneer at the close of each sale, are as follows:

Friday concerts	$100,346.50
Saturday concerts	$65,380.50

These figures may not show the precise amount received from purchasers. For a number of the seats may have been bid in by representatives of the manager of the orchestra and put on sale from the box office window afterwards. Most of such seats were probably for Saturdays, and the effect of subtracting the price of them would only make the difference between the matinee and evening demand even stronger.

Figures regarding the capacity of the halls in which the orchestra regularly plays can be studied to advantage in connection with prices. The capacity of Symphony hall is something over 2500 seats. The capacity of Carnegie hall, New York, is slightly more. The capacity of the Academy of Music in Philadelphia is about 3000 and of the hall in which the orchestra plays in Brooklyn about the same as Symphony hall. The capacity of the New National theater in Washington is only 1900. That of the Lyric theater in Baltimore is set at 2000.

The work of the orchestra includes tours to cities of New England and to cities of the West. In Providence, R. I., the concerts are managed the same as in the cities of the monthly tour. In New Bedford, Mass., Springfield, Mass., Lawrence, Mass., Fall River, Mass., Hartford, Conn., and Portland, Me., the concerts are given for a fixed fee. In troy, N. Y., Rochester, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., Cleveland, O., and Detroit, Mich., which are all more or less regularly visited, the concerts are likewise given for a fixed fee and are locally managed. The seven western cities of the October, 1915, tour were visited on the fixed fee plan, about 30,000 people attending in all.

Perhaps the most favored subscribers of the orchestra, price, location of seats and all considered, are those of Cambridge, Mass., who hear eight annual concerts in Sanders theater Harvard University, for $7. The most favored single ticket buyers are unquestionably those who get seats in the second balcony of Symphony hall on Friday afternoons for 25 cents and those who have a similar privilege in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. It is said that whatever rearrangement of prices is made the coming season, the 25 cent seats in Boston and Philadelphia will remain.

TRANSCRIPT,

JANUARY 15,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A MELANCHOLY AFTERNOON WITH DR. MUCK AWAY

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to the heart. All three wo

From STAATSZEITUNG

lavished upon her time. They are the tones that Mozart may well have heard in the inmost chambers of his imagination when he set the melancholy musings of his Countess or the wistful amorous longing of his Page to some of the loveliest of his music. So he might have fancied his melodies running their suave and shimmering course in the radiance of sound; so he might have wished his little tendrils of ornament to wave about them; so he would have each phrase like a cameo cut in velvet; and so he might have felt the charm of the sentiment exfoliating from the music and wreathing the whole with its glamor. For when Mme. Melba, even today, sings the music of Mozart, she is more than the expert and practised singer. As she divines it by a songful instinct and intuition, that is the complement of her voice and not less rare and ravishing, so she imparts it.

H. T. P.

CONCERTS NEXT WEEK

THE SEASON ONCE MORE IN FULL TIDE

Dr. Muck to Resurrect a Neglected Symphonic Poem of Liszt—Mr. Casals and Mr. Bauer in Sonatas—Mme. Melba and Mr. Grainger Together—The "Morning Musicale"—Chamber Music for String Quartet and Wind Choir—Two New and Notable Pianists — Mr. Copeland and Mr. Powell Besides—Novel Debussy

MORE diligently than any previous conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck seeks to make known the symphonic poems of Liszt. At his hands the public of the Symphony Concerts has already heard "The Preludes," "Mazeppa," "The Battle of the Huns" and the seldom played "Hungaria," and to these he will add next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening the still less-known "Ce qu' on Entend sur la Montagne." Certainly the piece has never before appeared on the programmes of the Symphony Concerts; in all probability it is new to Boston. Other capitals of music in the United States rarely listen to it; and only in Germany, where it is commonly called "The Mountain Symphony" has it kept place in the active repertory. "Ce qu' on Entend sur la Montagne" is the first and one of the longest of Liszt's twelve symphonic poems; like-named verses in Hugo's "Feuilles d'Automne" suggested it. As the poem in words and the poem in tones runs, the poet sits musing by the sea. In imagination he hears two voices. One joyfully celebrates the beauty of the natural world; the other bewails the unhappy lot of man. Hugo ends questioningly, wondering that the Creator should so mingle good and evil in the world; Liszt solves or tries to solve the riddle in a consoling Andante Religioso. So runs not the least interesting, if one of the least known of these symphonic poems about the course and the content of which more will be printed in this place next week. The symphony of the impending programme is that in which Schumann gloriously sings of the coming of the spring in the Rhineland and unusually it will end the concert. The third item of the list is the seldom heard overture that Berlioz wrote to "Rob Roy" when the Waverley Novels were one of the sacred books of the Romantics of France.

JANUARY 15,

JOURNAL—

MELBA SINGS; NEW SYMPHONY PLAYED

Mme. Melba's presence as soloist makes this week's Symphony concerts more attractive even than they usual are. Hundreds stood in line yesterday waiting for a chance to reach the second balcony.

Ernst Schmidt, the assistant conductor of the orchestra, is temporarily taking the place of Dr. Muck, who is in the throes of the grip.

Mme. Melba's numbers are "Sweet Bird That Shun'st the Noise of Folly," from one of the Handel cantatas, and two Mozart songs, "Porgi armor" and "Voi, che sapete," both from "The Marriage of Figaro." Yesterday the prima donna whose achievements have given so much brilliancy to the last 25 years of musical history was in fairly good voice. Time has dealt kindly with all but her upper tones. The art that has made her one of the few living mistresses of bel canto remains virtually unimpaired. Her every effort is a lesson.

Edgar Stillman Kelley's "New England Symphony" yesterday had its first performance in Boston. Mr. Kelley, who comes of old New England stock, though he was born and still lives in the Middle West, has taken his inspiration from the log-book of the Mayflower, which was written by Gov. Bradford, one of his ancestors. The first two movements, one of which pictures the Pilgrims' "mental traits and moral tendencies," and the other a sort of spring scene, are the most admirable. The third movement is based largely on the old hymn, "Why do we mourn departing friends?" The last is a medley of what went before. The woodland scene was warmly applauded by the discriminating audience.

Three bits from Gluck's second ballet suite, and Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture fill out the program. The orchestra played finely under Mr. Schmidt's leadership.

A symphony poem by Liszt, never before heard at the Symphony concerts, will be played next week; also Berlioz' [illegible] overture and Schumann's [illegible] symphony.

From

ADVERTISER,

JANUARY 15,

SYMPHONY PLEASES AND AMAZES CRITIC

SUGGESTIONS HOW IT MIGHT BE OTHERWISE

Earnest and Dignified Work by Melba in New England Number and Others

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Programme.

Kelley: New England Symphony.
Handel: 'Sweet Bird," with flute obbligato.
Gluck: Three dances arr. by Gevaert.
Mozart: Arias from "Marriage of Figaro."
Cherubini: Overture, "Anacreon."
Soloist, Madame Melba

Naturally, to the public, the entree of Mme. Melba was the great attraction of the concert, the magnet which caused a long line of applicants for admission to form in the early morning and brave the wintry breezes for hours before the doors opened; but to the musician, who has America's musical advance at heart, the first performance of Edgar Stillman Kelley's "New England Symphony" meant very much more—great as the famous soprano was.

Before we heard the new symphony, we imagined that such a work could be worked out on about the following lines: Introduction: A quartette of oboes pictures the Pilgrims nasally engaged in singing psalms. "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand" might be used here, but for small orchestras it could be reduced to 100 times 100. The Introduction might lead into the first movement, called "Spring."

Skips from piccolo to contrabass might portray variations of the thermometer in a New England spring. A passage, "Con Fuoco," would suggest the relighting of the furnace in May. A contrapuntal interweaving of the Chest Protector motive and the Grippe motive, now follows. The Umbrella motive is now heard, and after a heavy gust on the wind instruments it is again given in inversion—inside out.

A mysterious horn solo pictures the dampened New Englander, seeking to ward off a cold by draughts from a bottle in the closet. The movement ends with the Mustard Poultice motive fortissimo.

Andante. Sunday Morning. The Brown Bread motive is intertwined with the Bean motive, followed by a transition into the Church scene which ends with a Slumber song after the preacher has reached "Tenthly, my Dear Brethren," skilfully shown by double counterpoint at the tenth.

Scherzo. A Sunday School picnic. Joyous feelings on coming into the country. A restless figure portrays the superintendent trying to make everybody happy. A string motive pictures him putting up the swings. A bacchanalian theme on piccolo shows him unpacking the Birch Beer from the baskets. Taps of kettle-drums show him driving tent-pegs to hold down the tablecloths, a vigorous sforzando chord of the ninth, on four bassoons and two E-flat clarinets, show that he has hit his thumb with the hammer. The trombones give a sharp "Tut tut!", while an inversion of the Superintendent figure shows him tripped up by his own tent pegs. A weird and desolate phase on muted horns pictures him seated on the custard pie.

Finale. A melody in the spirited rhythm of "Oh the Roast Beef of Old England," suggests "Oh the Cod-fish of New England," the national hymn of Massachusetts. At the close a gradual change of "Yankee Doodle" into "The Wearing of the Green" indicates the gradual change which has come over the population of New England.

But this scenario was not followed. Instead we found a most earnest and dignified work, the creation of a learned musician who has a melodic instinct which preserves him from experimenting with the absurd ugliness of the ultra-modern school. There is an enthusiasm in the work which ought to arouse any audience. The motto of the first movement gives the key to the exaltation of the entire work. It is taken from the log of the "Mayflower,"——

"All great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties; and must be both enterprized and overcome with answerable courages."

Subsequent mottoes continue the voices of the Pilgrims. We wish that the lines of the first New England composer, the Bostonian, William Billings, could have found their place among these quotations——

> "Let Tyrants shake their iron rod,
> And Slavery clank her galling chains,
> We'll fear them not; we trust in God,
> New England's God forever reigns!"

But after all the spirit of this is in the work. And, in spite of these mottoes Mr. Kelley does not give "programme-music," except in the second movement. It is the character of the sturdy New Englander, not his specific deeds, that is portrayed. There is a firmness, a decision, a directness that suits perfectly to its subject. And Mr. Kelley has not left musical form either. Beethoven pictured a hero without leaving the classical form, and the present composer can picture the New Englander in the same sonata-allegro limits, and does it. The only fault we found with the first movement was that it gave a series of striking episodes rather than a sustained unity. It was somewhat ascetic at times, but that was in keepilng with the subject.

The second movement pictures the beauty of the woods, and the carolling of birds. There are good tangible melodies here, interwoven with various bird-notes which Mr. Kelley gathered for himself in New England. This bit of realism may be condoned, just as one may excuse the "real Indian themes" which several American composers are disguising with every device of civilized music. The flute had plenty of work in this New England "Waldeswehen," and deserves especial mention for all its bird-music in the concert of yesterday.

In the third movement Mr. Kelley employs a real New England hymn as his core. He uses Timothy Swan's good old "China," and gives variations of it. A Richard Strauss could have made more effective tone-coloring here (it seemed rather monochromatic), but the variations are ingenious and effective. Mr. Kelley speaks of "China" as being even comparable to the old German chorales, but we doubt if so much disjunct movement would be found in the best of them. Fortunately Mr. Kelley does not allow the Variation-demon to run away with him, and the movement is of reasonable length.

The finale brings in several reminiscences of the preceding movements, the prominent points of each being passed in review, with new treatment or with rhythmic changes. There is a very long pedal-point upon the kettle-drum, the longest we have ever heard, but it obtains some variety by gradually changing into rhythm. There is a triumphant ending, a noble climax. This Finale seems to us the best movement of the entire work. The symphony was much applauded, the conductor (Mr. Schmidt) recalled, and the orchestra forced to rise.

But, by the way, one of the most famous of sopranos appeared in this concert, and we have kept her waiting all this time. Let it not be laid against the Boston public that they preferred a living prima donna to a dead Pilgrim. The self-same thing would have happened in London, Paris or Berlin. Mme. Melba's most florid number was Handel's "Sweet Bird," and as this fowl was not a double-headed eagle, and was charmingly accompanied with a flute obligato by M. Maquarre, it was something to enjoy greatly. The vocalist's fioriture were admirable although she showed some caution at times in the matter of high notes, and the final cadence has had a more brilliant ending. But the audience was very enthusiastic and the singer was recalled three times.

We prefer "Voi che Sapete" in a lower key, as Mozart wrote it. It is a true alto or mezzo-soprano song, and loses somewhat when a soprano attempts it, but in this and in "Porgi Amor" Mme. Melba showed that she has not lost that "bel canto" in which she has been unrivalled.

Little space is left to dwell upon Gluck's dances, or Cherubini's glorious "Anacreon" overture. They are not new, but they were very enjoyable. It was a peculiarity of this concert that from beginning to end it was real music. For almost two hours the auditor could forget that musical anarchists existed or that great length, great ugliness, and a tremendously great orchestra were necessary for any composition that deserved attention in the modern concert-room.

The illness of Dr. Muck brought Mr. Ernst Schmidt again to the conductor's stand. We have already spoken of this conductor in terms of praise. He is possibly the best assistant conductor that we have had in these concerts. His readings were intelligent, his beat sure, and there was an elasticity which showed that he was not merely a substitute but a good conductor in his own right. Nevertheless we wished that Mr. Kelley's remarkable symphony could have had the leadership of our own Dr. Muck, whom we believe to be unrivalled.

BOSTON GLOBE

JANUARY 15, 1916

"NEW ENGLAND" SYMPHONY PLAYED

Mme Melba Sings Arias From Mozart.

Mr Schmidt, in Dr Muck's Illness, Conducts Concert.

Edgar Stillman Kelley, although born in Wisconsin, is of New England heritage. Gov Bradford, who he has found to be the author of the log book of the Mayflower, was his ancestor. This log book contained "mottoes." They, and an inherited New England subconsciousness, prompted Mr Kelley to write the symphony played yesterday afternoon for the first time in Boston. The composer has endeavored to crystalize the spirit of the sturdy folk who for a civic and religious principle built the foundations of a Nation on these shores.

Mr Kelley, who has written in an informing and personally interesting manner upon his purpose and ideals, says he was able to "feel New England." The chief impression derived from this score is that of sincerity and conviction of feeling. There is no evident attempt to display learning, to exploit ideas of invention, development or orchestral treatment for their own sake. There is a direct frankness of expression, even when the mood of music and motto may not seem identical, as in the last act where devoted and spirited resolution would speak through music of a lighter cast, even for the moment that of operetta.

The first movement is inspired by the quotation: "All great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties; and must be enterprised and overcome with answerable courages." The chief theme is of stern and purposeful character. A contrasting one is not incongruous in its gentler asperation, yet is not sensuous. The second movement is an ingeniously woven fabric from themes given the composer by his "colleagues," the New England birds. "Warm and fair weather; the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly." The New England colonial climate evidently then possessed that boon now lost—a Spring. The welcome relaxation from the vigorous Winter is clearly expressed in this pastoral, ingratiating movement. The bird themes are made to flower, but not to obscure their origin and character.

The slow movement, "Great lamentation and heaviness," is based upon a typical hymn tune of Old New England psalmody, "Why do we mourn departing friends?" lachrymose and doleful, the type of tune which even now may be heard sung in nasal and tremulous woe in an occasional New England village church. The motto of the last movement urges that lament for the dead find fittest expression in brave consecration to their work while living.

Altogether a score of genuine musical value, retaining the composer's tendency toward sequence in development, but stimulating and characterizing in its reflection of an important phase of National life.

Because of Dr Muck's illness, Mr Schmidt conducted a good performance. Three movements from Gluck's charming ballet, suite No 2, made familiar also through Mme Pavlowa's dances, and Cherubini's "Anaceron" overture completed the orchestral program.

Mme Melba sang two airs from "The Marriage of Figaro," "Porgi Amor" and "Voi, che sapete," in a voice of extraordinary freshness, vibrancy and with a purity of line and style that still defies many of her younger sisters. Her reception after these and the preceding aria from Handel—more grateful in sustained than florid and embellishing passages—was that of love and respect for her in this golden sunset of her career. Many had not forgotten her noble devotion and sacrifice in aiding the wounded of her Nation. Her very dress and manner bespoke an hour of graver thoughts than those of display or adornment.

[83]

BOSTON HERALD,

JANUARY 15, 1916.

'NEW ENGLAND' SYMPHONY AT 11TH CONCERT

Work by Kelley Based on Puritan Sense of Duty Given Here for First Time—Music Might Have Been More Sportive at Times Without Fear of the Stocks—Dr. Muck Ill.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Ernst Schmidt conducted, for Dr. Muck has not yet recovered from an attack of the grip. The orchestral pieces were these: Kelley's Symphony No. 2, "New England" (first time in Boston); Gluck-Gevaert, Ballet Suite No. 2—Tambourin, Gavotte, Chaconne; Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon." Mme. Melba sang these airs: Handel's "Sweet Bird"; Mozart's "Porgi Amor" and "Voi, che sapete." Mr. Maquarre played the flute obligato for Handel's air.

We remember with pleasure many pagesof Mr. Kelley's operetta, "Puritania," and the music of his "Aladdin" suite, especially "The Flight of the Genius with the Palace," a movement that fascinated Edward MacDowell, of which he often spoke. We also remember some songs of genuine fancy. Mr. Kelley is well known as a musician of the soundest training, of solid acquirements, a man of original thought and views.

His symphony, written for the Litchfield County (Conn.) Choral Union, was first performed at Norfolk in June, 1913. A New Englander by descent, he "feels" New England, as he himself has said, and he felt that he should "write New England." For this symphony he chose as mottoes for the movements passages from the log book of the Mayflower, which was afterwards enlarged into the "History of the Plymouth Plantation." And to express the sentiment of early New England he chose for a theme, with variations, the old funeral tune, "China," to which the hymn, "Why do we mourn departing friends," was sung.

It might be said that this symphony expresses the stern New England idea of beauty—the New England conscience—as opposed or affected by a longing for the beautiful—"love of life in its best sense." It is to be expected that a symphony in traditional form contains a first movement in which there are two strongly contrasted themes. It matters little what these themes may typify. The interest, even where there is an elaborate program, is chiefly musical. The hearer considers first of all the nature of the themes and the use made of them: ingenuity, workmanship, harmonic and orchestral color.

New England! The oppressing sense of duty! The longing for the beautiful, that was in some instances crushed, while in rarer instances it softened austerity! Whenever we hear about New England duty we recall "Orpheus C. Kerr's" parody of Whittier in the form of a rejected national authem:

My native land, thy Puritanic stock
Still finds its roots firm-bound in Plymouth Rock,
And all thy sons unite in one grand wish—
To keep the virtues of Preserv-ed Fish.

Preserv-ed Fish, the Deacon stern and true,
Told our New England what her sons should do,
And should they swerve from loyalty and right,
Then the whole land were lost indeed in night.

Too much of this symphony sounds as if it were "made in Germany." With the possible exception of the Scherzo, which has for motto "Warm and fair weather, the birds sang in the trees most pleasantly," there is little that reveals the individuality of the composer shown in other works. The chief motive—Duty—is well found, but the composer was not fortunate in his expression of longing for the beautiful. A more sensuous strain would not have brought blushes to the cheeks of fair New England women with forbidding Christian names. The thematic treatment throughout is no doubt scholarly, but seldom striking, impressive. Take the variations, for instance; they are sombre, without true variety in expression. The Scherzo contains the relieving pages. Here is a pretty melodic idea and there is freshness, there is spontaneity in the invention. The symphony suffers from a lack of variety in orchestral color. Perhaps the composer wished to portray the prevailing monotony of early New England life. But one drab movement should be enough. It seems as if Mr. Kelley as a composer had been oppressed by the sense of duty; that he feared if his Muse were even innocently sportive, she would be pilloried. Her feet, at least, are in the stocks.

Mr. Kelley, fortunate man, is now free to compose at leisure. Let us hope that with his natural gifts he will turn his back on Germany, where he has spent many years; let him consider the French and their ways; let him kindle his fancy again by dreams of fairy tales and the Orient; or if he must have an American subject, let him choose one in which Duty does not like a Gorgon freeze his blood. He was in the audience yesterday and had reason to be [illegible] with the [illegible] of his work.

[illegible] for the fourth time at these conrts. The first time was 20 years go. It was not to be expected that er performance yesterday of this florid ir would be so brilliant as in former ears. But if the years are inexorable n certain ways, they are merciful in thers. Mme. Melba's singing of the irs from "Le Nozze di Figaro" was elightful. In them the voice was as resh and beautiful as of old. There was the charm of exquisite phrasing; there was the simplicity of the great artist.

The dances of Gluck pleased the audience, and the noble overture of Cherubini brought the end.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Berlioz, overture "Rob Roy"; Liszt, symphonic poem, "What One Hears on the Mountain" (first time at these concerts); Schumann, Symphony in B flat.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

JANUARY 20, 1916

SEAT HOLDERS AT SYMPHONY TO REGISTER NAMES

The management of the Symphony orchestra is this week taking the first step in the promised change of methods for disposing of the season tickets. As announced last September the auctions are given up entirely and beginning with next fall all the seats in Symphony hall, both for the Friday and Saturday series, will be sold by subscription at fixed prices. Likewise the owners of seats for this season have an option until March 4 on their seats for the coming season.

The first step in this new process is to have owners of seats for the present season for both series, register their seats, their names and addresses, so that the management will have a complete record of the seats that are held and that no injustice may result from the change.

The registration will be at Symphony hall between the hours of 10 and 1 o'clock on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week up to and including March 4, and during the concerts on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings. Cards have been provided whereon owners of seats may register.

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BOSTON POST,

JANUARY 15, 1916

KELLEY'S SYMPHONY IS ENJOYED

First Performance in Boston—Melba in Fine Voice

BY OLIN DOWNES

Owing to the illness of Dr. Muck, Ernst Schmidt, assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted the concert given by that organization yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Melba was soloist. Edgar Stillmann-Kelley's "New England" Symphony was played for the first time in Boston.

Mr. Kelley's [illegible] was first performed at the music festival given on the estate of Carl Stoeckel at Norfolk, Conn., June 3, 1913. Mr. Kelley, though born in Wisconsin, is by life-long association and by ancestry keenly sympathetic with the locality and the spirit of New England. Mr. Kelley believes that as yet American expression in music must be local, individual, rather than synthetic.

The motto of the first movement is a quotation from the log book of the Mayflower: "All great and honorable actions are accompanied by great difficulties; and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages." A Cromwellian sentence, fit to inspire any composer of true idealism.

The motto of the second movement: "Warm and fair weather; the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly." Here bird themes, the free transcription of songs actually heard in the woods of New England are employed. Movement III.: "Great lamentation and heaviness." The old funeral hymn, "Why do we maurn departed friends," is employed, and this hymn is employed through the movement as the basis for variations. Movement IV.: "The fit way to honor the departed is to be true to one another and to work bravely for the cause to which living and dead have consecrated themselves." In this movement there are quotations from themes heard in the earlier movements, and the whole comes to a conclusion with the theme of the hymn, with new harmonic and orchestral dress.

In the history of American music Mr. Kelley will occupy a very individual and honorable position. We must not forget that he is of the same generation as Messrs. Chadwick, Parker and Foote.

Features of the Work

The symphony is not founded upon negro folksong or cowboy ditty. It harks back to previous generations, but it is music for the young people of today, nevertheless, and it is the music of a man who, regardless of the caprices of fortune and favor, has written that which he felt it incumbent upon him to write. The entire character of the symphony bears witness to this. The introduction, the stern opening theme, the austere harmonies, the coloring which is severe throughout, with the exception of the second movement, where there are some delightful effects—all these things are admirably adapted to and expressive of the purpose of the work.

The use of the funeral hymn is typical, whether or not we agree with Mr. Kelley's very high estimation of this hymn. He compares it for artistic value to the typical German choral. To us this theme is so peculiarly in place because of its whine, its snivel. We are not so young as to have forgotten these hymns and the morals they drove home on damp Sundays. In the first movement the themes are in admirable contrast. Then there is the re-entrance of the second theme in the second movement, and the restatements of many preceding themes in a dramatic manner at the last.

Deserves Repetition

This symphony deserves to be heard again. Its workmanship places it among the few compositions by American composers which deserve repeated hearings at Symphony concerts. Its spirit is lofty, a noble echo of that which founded America and made it great. The symphony was well received, and a less modest man than the composer, who was present, would have been more in evidence, as the applause continued until Mr. Schmidt bade his orchestra rise to its feet in acknowledgment. The performance was sympathetic and Mr. Schmidt conducted with insight and authority.

Mme. Melba sang Handel's "Sweet Bird" and two airs of Mozart, "Porgi d'amor" from the "Marriage of Figaro," and "Voi che sapete" from "Don Giovanni." She sang Mozart's music with the utmost beauty of tone, and taste and musicianship in delivery. The purity and beauty of this voice are heard under excellent conditions in the music o' Mozart. Handel's air is in certain respects more taxing, at least in a technical sense, and its delivery was less felicitous, but all in all, this was one of the most notable appearances which Mme. Melba has given of late years.

The other orchestral pieces of the afternoon were three of the charming dances from Gluck's operas, "Armide" and "Iphigenia in Aulis," as Gaveart has arranged them in the second of two orchestral suites, and Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon."

BOSTON JOURNAL-

JANUARY 20,

SYMPHONY PATRONS REGISTER FOR SEATS

Registration for seats for the Symphony concerts is now going on at Symphony Hall, this innovation being due to the abolition of the auction sales. Cards have been provided for the registering of the regular Symphony patrons' names and addresses. In this way options are being secured on seats for coming seasons. The registration will end March 4.

In the future Symphony seats will be sold by subscription and at fixed prices, but the prices have not yet been announced.

BOSTON POST,

JANUARY 20,

REGISTRATION FOR SYMPHONY

First Step in Changing Seat Sale Method

The management of the Symphony Orchestra is this week taking the first step in the promised change of methods for disposing of the season tickets of the Symphony concerts. As announced last September the auctions are given up entirely and beginning with next fall all the seats in the hall, both for the Friday and Saturday series, will be sold by subscription at fixed prices. Likewise the owners of seats for this season will have an option until a given date, this date being March 4, on their seats for the coming season.

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ADVERTISER,

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From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date 1916

Es 1884

BOSTON ORCHESTRA HEARD

Varied Programme Offered Concertgoers in Carnegie Hall.

There could be no complaint of lack of variety in the programme which was offered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall.

Brahms's third symphony, with its stately and exuberant measures, given a carefully smooth and spirited reading, was followed by Georges Enesco's "Rhapsodie Roumaine," Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "Island of the Dead," and the overture, "Le Carnaval Romain" of Berlioz.

Probably no greater contrast to Enesco's liveliness and gay spirits could be imagined than the solemn, oppressive "Todteninsel" of Rachmaninoff. To each of them the Boston men did full justice.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date JAN 1916

Estab

DR. KARL MUCK ILL.

Unable to Conduct Orchestra, but May Do So To-Day.

Dr. Karl Muck, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was unable to direct it at the concert which took place last night at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn. Arthur Brooke, flutist, announced that the director would be unable to appear because of an attack of the grip. Ernest Schmidt, a first violinist, took up the baton and directed the concert.

At the Gotham Hotel, where Mr. Muck is stopping, it was announced late last night that he was feeling must better and expected to wield his baton at the concert to be given this afternoon at Carnegie Hall.

BOSTON HERALD,
JANUARY 15, 1916.

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KELLEY'S SYMPHONY IS ENJOYED

First Performance in Boston—Melba in Fine Voice

BY OLIN DOWNES

Owing to the illness of Dr. Muck, Ernst Schmidt, assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted the concert given by that organization yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Melba was soloist. Edgar Stillmann-Kelley's "New England" Symphony was played for the first time in Boston.

FIRST [illegible]

Mr. Kelley's symphony was first performed at the music festival given on the estate of Carl Stoeckel at Norfolk, Conn., June 8, 1913. Mr. Kelley, though born in Wisconsin, is by life-long association and by ancestry keenly sympathetic with the locality and the spirit of New England. Mr. Kelley believes that as yet American expression in music must be local, individual, rather than synthetic.

The motto of the first movement is a quotation from the log book of the Mayflower: "All great and honorable actions are accompanied by great difficulties; and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages." A Cromwellian sentence, fit to inspire any composer of true idealism.

The motto of the second movement: "Warm and fair weather; the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly." Here bird themes, the free transcription of songs actually heard in the woods of New England are employed. Movement III.: "Great lamentation and heaviness." The old funeral hymn, "Why do we mourn departed friends," is employed, and this hymn is employed through the movement as the basis for variations. Movement IV.: "The fit way to honor the departed is to be true to one another and to work bravely for the cause to which living and dead have consecrated themselves." In this movement there are quotations from themes heard in the earlier movements, and the whole comes to a conclusion with the theme of the hymn, with new harmonic and orchestral dress.

In the history of American music Mr. Kelley will occupy a very individual and honorable position. We must not forget that he is of the same generation as Messrs. Chadwick, Parker and Foote.

Features of the Work

The symphony is not founded upon negro folksong or cowboy ditty. It harks back to previous generations, but it is music for the young people of today, nevertheless, and it is the music of a man who, regardless of the caprices of fortune and favor, has written that which he felt it incumbent upon him to write. The entire character of the symphony bears witness to this. The introduction, the stern opening theme, the austere harmonies, the coloring which is severe throughout, with the exception of the second movement, where there are some delightful effects—all these things are admirably adapted to and expressive of the purpose of the work.

The use of the funeral hymn is typical, whether or not we agree with Mr. Kelley's very high estimation of this hymn. He compares it for artistic value to the typical German choral. To us this theme is so peculiarly in place because of its whine, its snivel. We are not so young as to have forgotten these hymns and the morals they drove home on damp Sundays. In the first movement the themes are in admirable contrast. Then there is the re-entrance of the second theme in the second movement, and the restatements of many preceding themes in a dramatic manner at the last.

Deserves Repetition

This symphony deserves to be heard again. Its workmanship places it among the few compositions by American composers which deserve repeated hearings at Symphony concerts. Its spirit is lofty, a noble echo of that which founded America and made it great. The symphony was well received, and a less modest man than the composer, who was present, would have been more in evidence, as the applause continued until Mr. Schmidt bade his orchestra rise to its feet in acknowledgment. The performance was sympathetic and Mr. Schmidt conducted with insight and authority.

Mme. Melba sang Handel's "Sweet Bird" and two airs of Mozart, "Porgi d'amor" from the "Marriage of Figaro," and "Voi che sapete" from "Don Giovanni." She sang Mozart's music with the utmost beauty of tone, and taste and musicianship in delivery. The purity and beauty of this voice are heard under excellent conditions in the music of Mozart. Handel's air is in certain respects more taxing, at least in a technical sense, and its delivery was less felicitous, but all in all, this was one of the most notable appearances which Mme. Melba has given of late years.

The other orchestral pieces of the afternoon were three of the charming dances from Gluck's operas, "Armide" and "Iphigenia in Aulis," as Gaveart has arranged them in the second of two orchestral suites, and Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon."

BOSTON JOURNAL—

JANUARY 20,

SYMPHONY PATRONS REGISTER FOR SEATS

Registration for seats for the Symphony concerts is now going on at Symphony Hall, this innovation being due to the abolition of the auction sales. Cards have been provided for the registering of the regular Symphony patrons' names and addresses. In this way options are being secured on seats for coming seasons. The registration will end March 4.

In the future Symphony seats will be sold by subscription and at fixed prices, but the prices have not yet been announced.

BOSTON POST,
JANUARY 20,

REGISTRATION FOR SYMPHONY

First Step in Changing Seat Sale Method

The management of the Symphony Orchestra is this week taking the first step in the promised change of methods for disposing of the season tickets of the Symphony concerts. As announced last September the auctions are given up entirely and beginning with next fall all the seats in the hall, both for the Friday and Saturday series, will be sold by subscription at fixed prices. Likewise the owners of seats for this season will have an option until a given date, this date being March 4, on their seats for the coming season.

The first step in this new process is to have owners of seats for the present season, for both series, register their seats, their names and addresses, so that the management will have a complete record of the seats that are held and that no injustice may result from the change.

The registration will be at Symphony Hall, between the hours of 10 and 1 on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week up to and including March 4, and during the concerts on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings. Cards have been provided wherein owners of seats may properly register, and the data on these cards will be then transferred to books, especially prepared for the purpose.

ADVERTISER,

JANUARY 20,

SYMPHONY SEATS TO BE REGISTERED

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From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date__________________________

Es **1884**

BOSTON ORCHESTRA HEARD

Varied Programme Offered Concertgoers in Carnegie Hall.

There could be no complaint of lack of variety in the programme which was offered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall.

Brahms's third symphony, with its stately and exuberant measures, given a carefully smooth and spirited reading, was followed by Georges Enesco's "Rhapsodie Roumaine," Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "Island of the Dead," and the overture, "Le Carnaval Romain" of Berlioz.

Probably no greater contrast to Enesco's liveliness and gay spirits could be imagined than the solemn, oppressive "Todteninsel" of Rachmaninoff. To each of them the Boston men did full justice.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date__________________________

Estab

DR. KARL MUCK ILL.

Unable to Conduct Orchestra, but May Do So To-Day.

Dr. Karl Muck, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was unable to direct it at the concert which took place last night at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn. Arthur Brooke, flutist, announced that the director would be unable to appear because of an attack of the grip. Ernest Schmidt, a first violinist, took up the baton and directed the concert.

At the Gotham Hotel, where Mr. Muck is stopping, it was announced late last night that he was feeling must better and expected to wield his baton at the concert to be given this afternoon at Carnegie Hall.

to the heart. All three works

From EVENING NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date

Establis

SCHELLING AS STAR

Famous Virtuoso-Composer Plays Own Composition.

Presents Novelty Of Genuine Worth At Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert.

Presenting for the first time in this city the "Impressions in the Form of Variations on an Original Theme" for orchestra and piano, by Ernest Schelling, the distinguished American virtuoso-composer, and with Mr. Schelling as the pianist, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its third concert of the season at the Lyric last night under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck.

Mr. Schelling's composition is different from anything of the sort that has ever been presented in this city. While it exploits the piano, it cannot properly be called a solo piece, the parts scored for the instrument being component factors of the orchestration.

Commands Attention.

It is a novelty, and one that, because of its genuine musical worth and the real inspiration that infuses it, commands and holds attention. It was gratifying to note that it was well received and that Mr. Schelling was recalled a number of times.

Mr. Schelling sacrificed every opportunity to make the piano parts predominate, thereby proving himself an artist of high caliber.

Other Numbers Familiar.

The other numbers on the program were familiar. They included Strauss' "Tod und Verklarung," a work whose sublime, unearthly beauty becomes more and more apparent the more it is heard; Dukas' "L'Apprenti Sorcier" and Haydn's E flat symphony, which sounded thin and primitive enough in comparison with the other things, despite its freshness and melodic charm.

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W. W

From
Address Brooklyn, N Y
Date 8 1916

Established: L

Boston Symphony Plays New Schelling Work

It is to be hoped that those subscribers to the Boston Symphony who have been "slamming" Dr. Muck so vigorously in The Eagle for his lack of skill in making up programmes were at the Academy last night. If so, they must have enjoyed the gentle satire of Ernest Schelling at Dr. Muck's precise and formal ways. It came in the second variation of Schelling's new composition, "Impressions of an Artist Life in Form of Variations." Brief programme notes go with the variations, indicating their quality, and some of them have initials following to connect them with some particular musician or organization. This canon is marked "Rather martial; precise in rhythm, incisive. K. M." If there were any doubt that "K. M." stood for Karl Muck it would have been dispelled by the sharp angularities of the pianoforte part, which seemed to correspond maliciously with the lines of Dr. Muck's face and to certain shoulder and elbow movements of his when conducting.

The likeness would have been plainer had Dr. Muck been there for comparison, but the conductor is in bed with the grip at the Hotel Gotham, Manhattan, and his place at the stand was taken by Ernest Schmidt, the assistant conductor. The announcement of the change was made by Arthur Brooke, the blond flute player of the orchestra, and Mr. Schmidt justified himself by an excellent performance of the monotonous "Symphony in E Flat," by Haydn, and of the gorgeous "Death and Transfiguration," by Strauss. This vivid and imaginative picture of a man's struggle with death long since won its way to the favor of our concert audiences. Its nobility and power plead eloquently in excuse for Strauss' later eccentricities in his operas, for the wind machine in "Don Quixote" and the squalling baby in the "Domestica." The man was a genius before he became a self-advertiser, and this work is the permanent evidence of his imaginative grasp. The performance was admirable and, although that may have been due to Dr. Muck's thoroughness in rehearsal, it certainly lost nothing by the substitution of Mr. S rformance.

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Quality of Schelling's Playing.

Schelling is a pianist of great spirit and of a variety of tonal color which suggests his teacher Paderewski, but he has written a work which reduces the piano to the place of one instrument in the orchestra, combining it in turn with solo instruments of the various choirs and sometimes using it to lead the full orchestra. As a result, he gets almost everything, from a suggestion of the kettledrums up through the harp to the singing tone of a violin and a suggestion of the mellowness of a clarinet or an English horn, from a keyboard which is sometimes regarded as inflexible. His was a wonderful performance and his is a remarkable composition. The enthusiastic recalls by the audience indicate that his "Impressions" will become a standard composition for orchestra. Other pianists may object to his frequent subordination of the instrument, but they can rest assured that the composer himself gets enough out of the piano part to satisfy the most exacting egoist.

The concert closed with a spirited "Rhapsodie Roumaine" by Georges Enesco, who is, or has been recently, an orchestra player in Manhattan. His rhapsody has the vigor and variety which make it useful for a short closing piece for a concert.

From EVENING MAIL
Address: New York City
Date

Established: L

MUSIC

Conducted by
Sigmund Spaeth

Ernest Schelling Appears as Composer and Pianist with Boston Orchestra—~~Katharine Goodson's Recital—Puccini's "Manon Lescaut."~~

It was Schumann who had the whim of putting the names and nicknames of his friends into his compositions. And it was Schumann also who said that it was easier to write good titles than good music.

Ernest Schelling, who is better known as a pianist than as a composer, and who is, in fact, scheduled for a recital at Aeolian Hall next Monday afternoon, has written a theme and variations for orchestra and pianoforte, and has put into his sub-titles the initials or names of numerous musicians, besides dates and places which influenced him in composing the music. He calls the entire composition "Impressions from an Artist's Life."

Mr. Schelling's theme and variations were played last evening by himself and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. At a first hearing the outstanding feature of the music is its extraordinary difficulty. It gives constant opportunities for the display of brilliant virtuosity both by individuals and by the orchestra as a whole.

A Complicated Work.

Even the theme invented by Mr. Schelling as the basis of his variations is a complicated affair. It consists of disjointed phrases in a minor key, elaborately harmonized, with a suggestion of orientalism.

To give a detailed account of the personal and musical characteristics of the nineteen variations is impossible. Nearly all of them have some points of interest in rhythm, harmony or instrumentation.

Karl Muck himself is represented in the second variation, which is described by the composer as "a canon—rather martial—precise in rhythm—incisive." Georges Longy is honored with one of the most difficult oboe solos imaginable. Pavlowa appears in a Spanish dance, Paderewski is reflected in melancholy Polish strains, and Mrs. Schelling inspires a merry Irish reel.

Granados loses his national characteristics in a horn solo, while Gustav Mahler's memory is celebrated in a rough, noisy passage for full orchestra. Fritz Kreisler is relegated to a short viola solo.

There is a deliberately sordid, ugly picture of the outbreak of the war, with an effective use of drums and brass, and finally the Wartburg suggests the playing of the theme in a major key in the manner of a Lutheran choral.

Dr. Muck's orchestra not only gave a brilliant performance of the Schelling work, with valuable assistance from the composer, but also interpreted Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony and the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" of Paul Dukas with rare skill.

[85]

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Schelling Contrasted with Carpenter.

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From EVENING POST
Address: New York City

Date

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Schelling with Boston Orchestra.

Musical America has got ahead of musical Germany in at least one branch of composition—the art of writing interesting variations. The set of variations by Ernest Schelling played in Carnegie Hall last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is far more entertaining than the several sets of variations heard here in recent years from the fertile pen of Max Reger. Reger holds the record in modern Germany. He can shake a dozen or two improvisations on any given theme out of his sleeves any day and every day of the year. Usually he winds up with an astonishingly brilliant fugue or other "stunt," on which the audience lavishes applause which seems to cover also the dull variations—but it does not.

Mr. Schelling is not obliged to resort to any such device. Like his friend and teacher, Paderewski, he is a far greater master of orchestral coloring and resources than Reger. His Variations—the full name of the composition is "Impressions (from an Artist's Life) in form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Piano"—constitute the most brilliant orchestral work ever composed by an American; and the ingenuity displayed in the instrumental combinations makes his composition extremely interesting. The audience liked it very much and gave its composer the most enthusiastic applause. He played the piano part, which is extremely difficult, himself, with contagious enthusiasm, and a pianistic art which few can match. The fiery introductory part introduces the pianist in a way that takes the hearer by storm and makes him eager to know what is to follow.

A simple schedule printed in the programme book made it easy for the audience to follow the individual variations, giving, at the same time, clues as to the composer's intention. Here are a f samples: II. A canon. Strings w pianoforte. Rather martial. III. Cla net ostinato. V. Full orchestra. Sic ano. VIII. Habanera Aragonese. Full orchestra. Erin. XIX. Concerni the first variation the composer sa "When I wrote it I heard but one tim in my ear, that of that of the Bos Symphony Orchestra; therefore B. S. O What he means by this he thus explai "The variations are impressions of p sonalities, of places, of happenings they happened to strike my imaginati I have usually written an initial o word to go with each variation. Som times these might be of interest to th listener; at other times not." Thus, variation VI (String Quartet and Horn Solo) has Flonzaley printed after it. IX, Strings alone. Polska is followed by the initials of Paderewski. Other initials refer to Kreisler, Dr. Muck, Pfitzner, Mahler, Anna Pavlowa, a Lagoon in North Carolina. Nor is the famous oboist of the orchestra, G. Longy, forgotten. He has a solo which tests even his skill; but then, the whole set of Variations was written avowedly to set forth the virtuosity of the leaders in the various families of this famous orchestra, which, be it said at once, was on its mettle and fully justified its fame. Richard Strauss himself could have hardly subjected it to a more severe test; and the players, like the pianist and Dr. Muck, evidently enjoyed this exhibition of their skill thoroughly; which was one reason why the audience enjoyed it.

The music is particularly fascinating in the Irish number X, and the Spanish number VIII, two fine specimens of rhythmic and melodic local color. It rises to a thrilling climax in XVII A, which is called "August, 1914," and is a reminiscence of the composer's exciting experiences, with his wife (to whom this piece is dedicated), at the outbreak of the war. Concerning the poetic content of this number, Mr. Schelling writes: "Called to arms—over a hill at dusk, legions are marching—marching on irresistibly, inexorably, nothing stopping them—not those who fall by the wayside, not those whose fate is written in the fiery and stormy skies. On they march to victory or disaster, with desolation, suffering, death! War without the glamour!" The music, with its cavalry drums, its blatant brass, and its intonation of the terror-inspiring "Dies Irae" is worthy of Berlioz or Liszt at their best; and splendidly imposing, also, is the concluding number appropriately named "Lutheran Choral. Wartburg, 1915."

To sum up: American music has been enriched by a masterwork. Mr. Schelling's composition was followed by the familiar piece of Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," and preceded by Beethoven's more than familiar "Pastoral Symphony," which was played so well, on the whole, that the musicians and their conductor deserved all the applause they got. M. D'Indy, in his book on Beethoven, has pointed out that conductors usually take e Andante (which ends with the quaint itations of nightingale, quail, and ckoo) at too slow a pace, thereby deoying its poetry. This was the case t night, through insufficient attention the words "molto mosso" following the ndante." The thunderstorm was quite citing, though not as tempestuous as en Mahler or Safonoff hurled these mpestuous sounds at the audience.

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AMERICAN
New York City
JAN 9 - 191

DR. MUCK'S NEW PROGRAMME IS REAL TRIUMPH

In a programme of cosmopolitan character Dr. Muck and the Boston Orchestra achieved a real triumph yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Much unfavorable comment has been directed toward Dr. Muck for the heavy, almost dolorous programmes that have been presented at his New York concerts.

He retrieved himself or should have done so to open-minded concert-goers, by his masterly rendering of the Austrian Brahm's melodious Symphony No. 3; the rich and highly-colored Roumanian rhapsodie by Enesco; the Russian, Rachmaninoff's poetic symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead;" and the French Berlioz's dramatic, picturesque "Roman Carnival."

The orchestra did its most significant work in the symphony. To many conservative music lovers this is Brahms's greatest composition. It was evident that the Bostonians considered it a giant and deserving of its most inspired efforts.

True appreciation of its many melodious measures; an artistic understanding of perfect proportion and balance; tonal color of ravishing beauty, and well-placed accentuation and shading in expression were [illegible] the most noticeable and

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m EVENING GLOBE
lress: New York City

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Music.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

ıblished:

People that shudder and yawn at the mention of Bruckner had a chance to listen to the "Pastoral" symphony of Beethoven played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the beginning of its concert in Carnegie Hall last evening. The great audience applauded heartily at the conclusion of the work and Dr. Muck went through the solemn farce of motioning his men to stand up and acknowledge with him the applause. That ceremony might mean something if it did not occur at every concert of the Boston orchestra and of our own Philharmonic Society.

Of Beethoven's "immortal nine" the "Pastoral" is probably the hardest to listen to to-day. Descriptive music has advanced immeasurably since Beethoven wrote it. To-day the "Pastoral" must rely on the sheer genius the composer put into it, as must every work of art whose manner is out of date, and Beethoven put rather less genius into it than into any of its sisters, save possibly the first and the second. Played as it was last night, however, with a perfection that beggars praise, all the melodic inspiration, all the beauty of workmanship, all the instrumental felicities appeared in their strongest light, and one thing is undeniable—that the andante, "Scene by the Brookside," is of the great Beethoven.

After Beethoven's "Pastoral" fancies the Boston men offered their patrons the first hearing in New York of "Impressions (from an Artist's Life) in form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte" by that accomplished pianist Ernest Schelling, which reminds me that I have quite forgotten the original theme. That is perhaps a negligible detail since I can truthfully attest that nineteen of the twenty-one variations were played. (The composer was the pianist.)

Like Elgar in his orchestral variations Mr. Schelling has dedicated richly. "The variations are impressions of personalities, of places, of happenings as they happened to strike my imagination. I have usually written an initial or a word to go with each variation. Sometimes these might be of interest to the listener; at other times not." Mr. Schelling himself avows that the original theme and the first variation are dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. "Variation I. is for wood-wind alone. When I wrote it I heard but one timbre in my ear, that of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; therefore B. S. O." How could the orchestra refuse to play it after that!

In the K. M. of Variation II., "rather material, precise in rhythm, incisive," it is easy to read Karl Muck. The fourth is openly "in memory of H. Pfitzner." Mr. Schelling's father, Dr. Felix Schelling, is obviously meant by the F. S. of the fifth. The sixth is marked "Flonzaley"—presumably the quartet. The seventh, for oboe and piano, is dedicated to a G. L., who must be Gustave Longy, the incomparable oboist of the Boston orchestra, and the oboist, needless to say, in this instance. A "Habanera Aragonese," marked A. P., may be a tribute to the Associated Press, or only to Adelina Patti, though some insist Anna Pavlowa is intended.

The following "Polska" is unmistakably dedicated to I. J. Paderewski, and so on.—E. G. might be Enrique Granados (Mr. Schelling plays from his "Goyescas" on Monday). N. C. suggests North Carolina. W. M. is perhaps Willem Mengelberg. Why Fritz Kreisler should be celebrated in a variation for viola solo with piano, rather than solo violin, is matter for argument, but at least the variation in question—the viola solo played by that fine artist, Mr. Ferir—is one of the best of the set. A war variation, "August, 1914," might mean the dusty and dejected futility of marching troops. Luther's hymn, "Wartburg, 1915," seems to end the thing in German victory.

At any rate, the audience had a guessing game, as well as the ingenuity and prettiness that appear in the variations, to make up for their length. It is to be hoped all those who hate Bruckner drained the joyous possibilities of this composition.

Dukas's scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," long a battlehorse of the Boston band, closed a concert preponderantly merry.

PITTS SANBORN.

From SUN
Address: New York City

Date 1916

Establis

BOECKLIN PICTURE IN RUSSIAN MUSIC

Rachmaninov's "Island of the Dead" Played by Dr. Muck.

AND A BRAHMS SYMPHONY

In the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was food for many essays. But here shall be a record of a few facts, together with such passing comment as may be assimilated with a light breakfast. The programme set forth the F major symphony (No. 3) of Johannes Brahms, Enesco's "Rumanian Rhapsody," Sergei Rachmaninov's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," celebrating the familiar picture of Arnold Boecklin, the Swiss painter, and Berlioz's overture, "Le Carnival Romain."

Russian dancers are twinkling their Muscovite toes in every salon. Russian operas are ushered into Broadway with ceremonial trumpetings. Russian music of the Stravinsky type is practised by pianists and rehearsed by orchestras. Let us then approach with bared head the composition of Rachmaninov. He has undertaken to express in music emotions aroused within his sensitive soul by gazing upon the painting. In he showed more continence than H Huber, the Swiss composer, who trie one fell symphony in E minor to gl a small catalogue of Boecklin's c tions.

This Huber work was played in town on November 8, 1902, by the B ton orchestra, then under the ve hand of Wilhelm Gericke. In its movement alone it translates into mu these pictures: "The Sile of Ocean," "Prometheus Chained," " Fluting Nymth," "The Night," "Spor the Waves," "Hermit Fiddling Be Statue of Madonna," "Elysian Fiel "The Dawn of Love" and "Bacchana A considerable assault upon the art interpretation.

The Abbe Liszt, however, had already set the fashion. He had done Orcagna's "Triumph of Death" into "The Dance of Death," had composed Kaulbach's "Battle of the Huns" and hymned several other works. We do not recall that any one has undertaken to carve in marble a fugue of Bach, to paint the fifth symphony of Beethoven or to etch an etude of Chopin. But the futurists and impressionists may yet be driven to it.

Rachmaninov's "Island of the Dead" was performed here on January 27, 1910, by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, the composer conducting, and was repeated a little later by the Bostonians. It made an impression, interested both musicians and laymen, and was promptly laid away in order that the classics might have room.

Boecklin spent much time in the island of Corfu. On its eastern shore he found the broad lagoon of Lake Kalikiopulo, once the Portus Hyllæicus, where the great Ulysses was cast ashore and met the one Nausicaa. And just opposite the entrance to that harbor he saw what the Italians call the Scoglio di Ulisse and the Greeks Pontikinisi, or "Mouse Island." And that bit of land, with its steep rocks and spires of cypress, became the Island of the Dead. It is in full and instructive view of the Kaiser Wilhelm's villa, Achilleion, recently discovered to be a base for submarines.

Rachmaninov, as we have noted, has made no futile endeavor to chant Boecklin's painting. In publishing to us the emotions aroused by the picture in his own heart he has written his own symphony, quite capable of standing on its own feet as an independent musical work. It has moments of impressiveness, as in the insistent repetition of

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the first [illegible] its cantabile development has something almost noble, yet falling below the composer's manifest aim. But the chief defect of the composition is its length. Compression would have made it a noteworthy work. Its bare spots are now too large.

The same fault mars Enesco's brilliant rhapsody, which is an orchestral virtuoso piece of no small merit. These two compositions were beautifully played and authoritatively conducted. Dr. Muck does not often advertise all the technical brilliancy of the orchestra, nor steep his spirit in such poignant utterance as that of Rachmaninov's best pages. He is apparently happier when singing the master songs of Brahms, as he did yesterday, with a lofty style and a profound feeling which make beauty stand before us in all her majesty.

From TIMES
Address: New York City

Date JAN 9 - 1916

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Music by Brahms, Enesco, Rachmaninoff, and Berlioz.

There was no solo performer at the afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck began his program yesterday with Brahms's third symphony, which has had a period of repose for several seasons past, while conductors have been diligently repeating the other three symphonies of Brahms, after the manner of conductors. It was a beautiful performance, of which the romantic spirit of the second movement and the poetic song of the third were brought forward with a special symphony. There was plenty of vigor in the first; but the playing of the orchestra in this was not quite on its highest level; the fire and trenchant rhythms of the last and the transfigured peace of its closing measures were superbly reproduced.

Es k, 1884

The other orchestral numbers were the first of Georges Enesco's three Rumanian rhapsodies, Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," and Berlioz's overture, the "Roman Carnival." Enesco's rhapsody was played here three years ago by the Boston Orchestra under Mr. Fiedler. It is of much less consequence as a musical composition than his symphony or his suite. It is a succession of lively tunes, dance tunes, apparently, of Rumania, to which the composer has done little or nothing except to write them down brilliantly for the orchestra. In doing this he has apparently accomplished all he attempted. They are good tunes, with character and native rhythms, and they rattled themselves into the good graces of the audience.

Rachmaninoff's tone poem had also been played here, first by the Russian Symphony Orchestra in 1910, under the composer's direction, and a few weeks later by the Boston Orchestra, under Mr. Fiedler. The piece is intended to voice a mood expressed by Arnold Böcklin's picture of the same title. The picture is known here only through reproductions; it may be doubted whether everybody in yesterday's audience had seen even reproductions of it. Did they who knew not the picture receive the full meaning of the music? Most other programs may be set before the anxious listener in some form or other; a description of a picture, even so eloquent as Mr. Hale's in the program notes, is only less unsatisfactory than a description of music. The composition has much that is impressive without an interpretation, but it is written at too great length, which becomes prolixity. The monotonous figure at the beginning suggests the lapping of the waves, and persists through much of the music. There is a fragment of the plain-song intonation of the "Dies Irae," also much repeated; the monotony is broken by a wildly passionate climax, like a lamentation; and then the mournful tranquility returns. A positive and unmistakable mood is established throughout the music, which is in its essence profoundly impressive. A pity that so much of the impressiveness is squandered by the excessive length to which the composer pursues his ideas. Dr. Muck's reading was one that gave the music its full signif-

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From STAATSZEITUNG
Address: New York City.

Date

Boſtoner Symphonie-Konzert.

Die dritte Symphonie von Brahms kann man viel eher als die kürzlich geſpielte erſte zu den „Paradeſtücken" des unvergleichlichen Boſtoner Orcheſters rechnen. Die „durchbrochene Arbeit" und das feine Filigran der Mittelſtimmen kann in ſolcher vollendeten Plaſtik nur von einem Orcheſterkörper freigelegt werden, in dem jedes Glied, jede Gruppe auf gleicher Höhe ſteht. In der Wahl der Tempi, gegen die bei Brahms ſo viel und zwar immer nach der Seite des „zu ſchnell" gefehlt wird, war Herrn Dr. Mucks Leitung vorbildlich.

Estab 34

Die nächſte Programmnummer, eine der rumäniſchen Rhapſodien von Georges Enesco, iſt als leichtere Unterhaltungsmuſik, in der die Boſtoner alle Regiſter orcheſtraler Bravour ziehen konnten, eine willkommene Bekanntſchaft. Höhere muſikaliſche Anſprüche macht dieſe Paraphraſe rumäniſcher Volksmelodien, die zum Teil an die ungariſchen anklingen, indeſſen nicht.

Mit Rachmaninoffs „Toteninſel", einer ſymphoniſchen Dichtung „zum" Gemälde von Böcklin, waren wir wieder in einer Welt der tragiſchen Gefühle. Es iſt eine klangſchöne, nationale Beſonderheiten diskret verwendende Tondichtung, die zum Glück auch ohne die etwas vage Beziehung zu Böcklin ihren Wert behält und ſich in wirkungsvoller Steigerung aufbaut, obgleich die architektoniſche Dispoſition nicht leicht zu überblicken iſt. Der Komponiſt hat das Werk vor einigen Jahren hier ſelbſt dirigiert. An Berlioz' „Ouverture" zum „Römiſchen Carneval", die das Konzert beſchloß, hätten manche Hörer den Schlußteil vielleicht gern in einen mehr karnevalsartigen Taumel aus- [illegible]

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City

Date

MUSIC AND DRAM

Schelling with Boston Orches

Musical America has got ahead sical Germany in at least one of composition—the art of writing sting variations. The set of vari by Ernest Schelling played in Carn Hall last night by the Boston Symp Orchestra is far more entertaining the several sets of variations heard in recent years from the fertile p Max Reger. Reger holds the reco modern Germany. He can shake a en or two improvisations on any theme out of his sleeves any day every day of the year. Usually he w up with an astonishingly brilliant fi or other "stunt," on which the audience lavishes applause which seems to cover also the dull variations—but it does not.

Mr. Schelling is not obliged to resort to any such device. Like his friend and teacher, Paderewski, he is a far greater master of orchestral coloring and resources than Reger. His Variations—the full name of the composition is "Impressions (from an Artist's Life) in form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Piano"—constitute the most brilliant orchestral work ever composed by an American; and the ingenuity displayed in the instrumental combinations makes his composition extremely interesting. The audience liked it very much and gave its composer the most enthusiastic applause. He played the piano part, which is extremely difficult, himself, with contagious enthusiasm, and a pianistic art which few can match. The fiery introductory part introduces the pianist in a way that takes the hearer by storm and makes him eager to know what is to follow.

A simple schedule printed in the programme book made it easy for the audience to follow the individual variations, giving, at the same time, clues as to the composer's intention. Here are a few samples: II. A canon. Strings with pianoforte. Rather martial. III. Clarinet ostinato. V. Full orchestra. Siciliano. VIII. Habanera Aragonese. X. Full orchestra. Erin. XIX. Concerning the first variation the composer says: "When I wrote it I heard but one timbre in my ear, that of that of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; therefore B. S. O." What he means by this he thus explains: "The variations are impressions of personalities, of places, of happenings as they happened to strike my imagination. I have usually written an initial or a word to go with each variation. Sometimes these might be of interest to the listener; at other times not." Thus, variation VI (String Quartet and Horn Solo) has Flonzaley printed after it. IX, Strings alone. Polska is followed by the initials of Paderewski. Other initials refer to Kreisler, Dr. Muck, Pfitzner, Mahler, Anna Pavlowa, a Lagoon in North Carolina. Nor is the famous oboist of the orchestra, G. Longy, forgotten. He has a solo which tests even his skill; but then, the whole set of Variations was written avowedly to set forth the virtuosity of the leaders in the various families of this famous orchestra, which, be it said at once, was on its mettle and fully justified its fame. Richard Strauss himself could have hardly subjected it to a more severe test; and the players, like the pianist and Dr. Muck, evidently enjoyed this exhibition of their skill thoroughly; which was one reason why the audience enjoyed it.

The music is particularly fascinating in the Irish number X, and the Spanish number VIII, two fine specimens of rhythmic and melodic local color. It rises to a thrilling climax in XVII A, which is called "August, 1914," and is a reminiscence of the composer's exciting experiences, with his wife (to whom this piece is dedicated), at the outbreak of the war. Concerning the poetic content of this number, Mr. Schelling writes: "Called to arms—over a hill at dusk, legions are marching—marching on irresistibly, inexorably, nothing stopping them—not those who fall by the wayside, not those whose fate is written in the fiery and stormy skies. On they march to victory or disaster, with desolation, suffering, death! War without the glamour!" The music, with its cavalry drums, its blatant brass, and its intonation of the terror-inspiring "Dies Irae" is worthy of Berlioz or Liszt at their best; and splendidly imposing, also, is the concluding number appropriately named "Lutheran Choral. Wartburg, 1915."

To sum up: American music has been enriched by a masterwork. Mr. Schelling's composition was followed by the familiar piece of Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," and preceded by Beethoven's more than familiar "Pastoral Symphony," which was played so well, on the whole, that the musicians and their conductor deserved all the applause they got. M. D'Indy, in his book on Beethoven, has pointed out that conductors usually take the Andante (which ends with the quaint imitations of nightingale, quail, and cuckoo) at too slow a pace, thereby destroying its poetry. This was the case last night, through insufficient attention to the words "molto mosso" following the "andante." The thunderstorm was quite exciting, though not as tempestuous as when Mahler or Safonoff hurled these tempestuous sounds at the audience.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City JAN 9 - 1916

Date

Establis

DR. MUCK'S NEW PROGRAMME IS REAL TRIUMPH

In a programme of cosmopolitan character Dr. Muck and the Boston Orchestra achieved a real triumph yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Much unfavorable comment has been directed toward Dr. Muck for the heavy, almost dolorous programmes that have been presented at his New York concerts.

He retrieved himself or should have done so to open-minded concert-goers, by his masterly rendering of the Austrian Brahm's melodious Symphony No. 3; the rich and highly-colored Roumanian rhapsodie by Enesco; the Russian, Rachmaninoff's poetic symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead;" and the French Berlioz's dramatic, picturesque "Roman Carnival."

The orchestra did its most significant work in the symphony. To many conservative music lovers this is Brahms's greatest composition. It was evident that the Bostonians considered it a giant and deserving of its most inspired efforts.

True appreciation of its many melodious measures; an artistic understanding of perfect proportion and balance; tonal color of ravishing beauty, and well-placed accentuation and shading in expression were among the most noticeable and praiseworthy features of Dr. Muck's reading.

The usual crowded house attended and the usual discreet show of appreciation followed each selection.

Music.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

People that shudder and yawn at the mention of Bruckner had a chance to listen to the "Pastoral" symphony of Beethoven played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the beginning of its concert in Carnegie Hall last evening. The great audience applauded heartily at the conclusion of the work and Dr. Muck went through the solemn farce of motioning his men to stand up and acknowledge with him the applause. That ceremony might mean something if it did not occur at every concert of the Boston orchestra and of our own Philharmonic Society.

Of Beethoven's "immortal nine" the "Pastoral" is probably the hardest to listen to to-day. Descriptive music has advanced immeasurably since Beethoven wrote it. To-day the "Pastoral" must rely on the sheer genius the composer put into it, as must every work of art whose manner is out of date, and Beethoven put rather less genius into it than into any of its sisters, save possibly the first and the second. Played as it was last night, however, with a perfection that beggars praise, all the melodic inspiration, all the beauty of workmanship, all the instrumental felicities appeared in their strongest light, and one thing is undeniable—that the andante, "Scene by the Brookside," is of the great Beethoven.

After Beethoven's "Pastoral" fancies the Boston men offered their patrons the first hearing in New York of "Impressions (from an Artist's Life) in form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte" by that accomplished pianist Ernest Schelling, which reminds me that I have quite forgotten the original theme. That is perhaps a negligible detail since I can truthfully attest that nineteen of the twenty-one variations were played. (The composer was the pianist.)

Like Elgar in his orchestral variations Mr. Schelling has dedicated richly. "The variations are impressions of personalities, of places, of happenings as they happened to strike my imagination. I have usually written an initial or a word to go with each variation. Sometimes these might be of interest to the listener; at other times not." Mr. Schelling himself avows that the original theme and the first variation are dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. "Variation I. is for wood-wind alone. When I wrote it I heard but one timbre in my ear, that of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; therefore B. S. O." How could the orchestra refuse to play it after that!

In the K. M. of Variation II., "rather material, precise in rhythm, incisive," it is easy to read Karl Muck. The fourth is openly "in memory of H. Pfitzner." Mr. Schelling's father, Dr. Felix Schelling, is obviously meant by the F. S. of the fifth. The sixth is marked "Flonzaley"—presumably the quartet. The seventh, for oboe and piano, is dedicated to a G. L., who must be Gustave Longy, the incomparable oboist of the Boston orchestra, and the oboist, needless to say, in this instance. A "Habanera Aragonese," marked A. P., may be a tribute to the Associated Press, or only to Adelina Patti, though some insist Anna Pavlowa is intended.

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PITTS SANBORN.

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Date 1916

Establis

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In the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was food for many essays. But here shall be a record of a few facts, together with such passing comment as may be assimilated with a light breakfast. The programme set forth the F major symphony (No. 3) of Johannes Brahms, Enesco's "Rumanian Rhapsody," Sergei Rachmaninov's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," celebrating the familiar picture of Arnold Boecklin, the Swiss painter, and Berlioz's overture, "Le Carnival Romain."

Russian dancers are twinkling their Muscovite toes in every salon. Russian operas are ushered into Broadway with ceremonial trumpetings. Russian music of the Stravinsky type is practised by pianists and rehearsed by orchestras. Let us then approach with bared head the composition of Rachmaninov. He has undertaken to express in music emotions aroused within his sensitive soul by gazing upon the painting. In this he showed more continence than Hans Huber, the Swiss composer, who tried in one fell symphony in E minor to glorify a small catalogue of Boecklin's creations.

This Huber work was played in this town on November 8, 1902, by the Boston orchestra, then under the velvet hand of Wilhelm Gericke. In its last movement alone it translates into music these pictures: "The Silence of the Ocean," "Prometheus Chained," "The Fluting Nymth," "The Night," "Sport of the Waves," "Hermit Fiddling Before Statue of Madonna," "Elysian Fields," "The Dawn of Love" and "Bacchanale." A considerable assault upon the art of interpretation.

The Abbe Liszt, however, had already set the fashion. He had done Orcagna's "Triumph of Death" into "The Dance of Death," had composed Kaulbach's "Battle of the Huns" and hymned several other works. We do not recall that any one has undertaken to carve in marble a fugue of Bach, to paint the fifth symphony of Beethoven or to etch an etude of Chopin. But the futurists and impressionists may yet be driven to it.

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Date JAN 9 - 1916

Est k, 1884

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STAATSZEITUNG
s: New York City.

cab 4

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Mit Rachmanninoffs „Toteninſel", einer ſymphoniſchen Dichtung „zum" Gemälde von Böcklin, waren wir wieder in einer Welt der tragiſchen Gefühle. Es iſt eine klangſchöne, nationale Beſonderheiten diskret verwendende Tondichtung, die zum Glück auch ohne die etwas vage Beziehung zu Böcklin ihren Wert behält und ſich in wirkungsvoller Steigerung aufbaut, obgleich die architektoniſche Diſpoſition nicht leicht zu überblicken iſt. Der Komponiſt hat das Werk vor einigen Jahren hier ſelbſt dirigiert. An Berlioz' „Ouverture" zum „Römiſchen Carneval", die das Konzert beſchloß, hätten manche Hörer den Schlußteil vielleicht gern in einen mehr karnevalsartigen Taumel aus- [illegible]

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Conductor Ill With Grip and Ernst Schmidt Drops Violin for Baton.

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Much Restraint Forgotten.

Mr. Schmidt rose to the occasion bravely and "the perfect orchestra" lost none of its perfection under his guidance. He "let her go" in the playing of the Strauss tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," with a result that brought an almost forgotten thrill to an audience which for the past few seasons has always had its feelings well restrained by Dr. Muck's precise readings. Not since the days of Mahler and Safonoff has the orchestra been allowed to burst out in such a tempest of glorious color as it was last night. It was as exciting as if Stransky had weilded the baton.

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New York, Jan. 7.

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[87]

From STANDARD UNION
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date JAN 8 - 1916

BOSTONIANS PLAY WITHOUT DR. MUCK

Conductor Ill With Grip and Ernst Schmidt Drops Violin for Baton.

BRINGS BACK OLD THRILL.

Schelling's Variations Triumph at First Hearing Here.

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is to-day ill with grip at his apartments in the Hotel Gotham, Manhattan. He was suffering from a severe cold when he came to New York on Thursday to conduct the concert at Carnegie Hall and fulfilled his task that evening against the advice of his physician. But last night, when his orchestra gave the third concert of the Brooklyn subscription series at the Academy of Music, he was too ill to appear.

His place was taken by Ernst Schmidt, assistant conductor, and one of the first violinists of the orchestra for the past two years. The announcement of Dr. Muck's indisposition was made at the beginning of the concert by Arthur Brooke, the flutist.

Much Restraint Forgotten.

Mr. Schmidt rose to the occasion bravely and "the perfect orchestra" lost none of its perfection under his guidance. He "let her go" in the playing of the Strauss tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," with a result that brought an almost forgotten thrill to an audience which for the past few seasons has always had its feelings well restrained by Dr. Muck's precise readings. Not since the days of Mahler and Safonoff has the orchestra been allowed to burst out in such a tempest of glorious color as it was last night. It was as exciting as if Stransky had weilded the baton.

The concert opened with Haydn's symphony in E flat major, and if the listener closed his eyes he would be ready to swear that it was Dr. Muck who was conducting. All of the clean-cut ryhthm and delicacy of tone that make the indisposed leader's interpretations of the classics so distinctive were preserved.

Schilling's "Impressions."

The feature of the evening came after the Strauss number. It was the first performance in Brooklyn of "Impressions (from an Artist's Life)," by Ernest Schelling, the American pianist. It is composed in the form of variations on an original theme for orchestra and piano. The piano was played last night by Mr. Schelling himself. It had been done the night before at Carnegie Hall and met with a reception from the critics that ranged from great enthusiasm—one writer calling it "the most brilliant orchestral work ever composed by an American"—to polite surprise at the skill in orchestration the composer had displayed.

Ahe fas as last night s audience went, the most enthusiastic praise was the sort that the number merited. It was composed, Mr. Schelling himself says, with the timbre of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in his ear. "Therefore the B. S. O.," he adds. Of course, after that, it was only fitting that the orchestra should play it. In his explanatory notes, Mr. Schelling shows a fondness for intials. "K. M.' characterizes Dr. Karl Muck, in an incisive measure; "A. P." introduces Anna Pavlowa, with a graceful habanera; "G. L." is for G. Longwy, the famous oboist of the orchestra. And so he goes on with impressions of Paderewski, Mahler and other persons.

Climax Inspired by War.

There is also a lagoon in North Carolina, an Irish dance, and, best of all, a tremendous piece of descriptive writing in the climax, "August, 1914." This was inspired by Mr. Schelling's experience in Europe at that time, and it introduces drums in cavalry measures, brass marching on inexorably and fatalistic warnings from the strings. Throughout theer is intoned the awful despair of the "Dies Irae." The impressions end with a magnificent "Lutheran Choral"—Wartburg, 1915."

Every player of such a number must be a virtuoso, and every player in the Boston orchestra is, so it was superbly performed. Mr. Schelling, setting himself a difficult task at the piano, won chief honors, playing in a dazzling manner. He was recalled many times by the audience, and the band stood up to bow.

The concert concluded with Enesco's "Rhapsodie Roumaine."

At the concert in Carnegie Hall this afternoon it is very doubtful that Dr. Muck will be recovered sufficiently to conduct.

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date

BAD MANNERS AT CONCERTS.

To the Editor of The World:

I don't know that I shall subscribe again for my two seats to the evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city. The reason for my abandonment of my holdings (if I so decide finally) is to be found not at all in Dr. Muck and his men, but in the audience—at least that portion sitting near me.

The inconceivable thing to me is that people can possibly be so rude!

I was brought up on these concerts in Boston when I lived there. In the old Music Hall on Winter Street, and later in Symphony Hall on Huntington Avenue, the moment the conductor raises his baton the great audience becomes absolutely quiet—and will remain so until the number shall end. Not a whisper—hardly a movement. To break this rule would be to declare one's self hopelessly ill-bred. But no one ever did break it, for the people who met there were present to hear the delightful music.

I have lived in New York for six or seven years, and all that time I have attended these concerts in Carnegie Hall. One of them took place last evening. People—both men and women—in front of me and behind me, talked, gazed about, arranged their hair and otherwise showed not only an apparently total indifference to the wonderful music, but also to the proprieties. Furthermore, I am convinced that they will be astonished at this criticism of mine, and will be quite unable to understand how they have been in error in the least. Some of the women even wore broad and lofty headgear—totally unmindful of those behind them who might wish to note the rise and fall of the Muck baton.

What amazes me is that such people should spend their money to go to such a place. What can there possibly be in it for them? No man or woman who, when a delightful passage is being played by this incomparable orchestra, totally ignores the performers and gazes up into the boxes or holds converse with a neighbor can be said to be getting value received from the music.

Now, don't anybody rise up and reply to me that if I like Boston so much better I'd better go there. Not at all. New York suits me, speaking generally. I'd rather live here than in any other city that I ever saw—and I've seen a few. But, all the same, when Boston people go to hear one of the world's greatest orchestras they know how to behave. They give the very closest attention—preserve intense silence—forget themselves absolutely in the presence of the greatest possible interpretation of Beethoven, Brahms, Bach and their giant compeers.

Good manners need not depend upon geography. OLD SUBSCRIBER.

New York, Jan. 7.

IERALD
New York City
JAN

MUCK LEADS)RCHESTRA AGAIN

tor of Boston Symphony Rers from Grip—Orchestra Not at Its Best.

Having recovered from his sudden attack of grip, Dr. Karl Muck, who had not been able to lead the Boston Symphony at its Brooklyn concert on Friday night, appeared at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon and conducted the orchestra through a concert that was applauded by a large audience.

It was by no means a flawless performance that the famous organization gave of Brahms' Third Symphony. There were slips on the part of the players, particularly in the first movement. The second movement was infinitely better played, but neither that section nor the remaining two movements were up to the standard of the Boston Symphony.

Then came a Roumanian Rhapsodie, opus 11, No. 1, written by Georges Enesco, in which Roumanian themes are cleverly employed and which is interesting, although it suffers from too frequent employment of the same material. Next was heard Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," a gloomy, rather tedious work save for its effectively reared climaxes.

Finally came the best playing of the afternoon, a really wonderful interpretation of Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain" overture, which sent everybody away in good spirits. But for all that the Boston Orchestra has given much more interesting concerts and better exhibitions of playing than yesterday.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Dat JAN - 1916

FOR DR. AND MRS. MUCK.

Mr. and Mrs. Irion Entertain for Conductor and His Wife.

Mr. Herman H. Irion and his wife, Mrs. Irion, who is known professionally as Mme. Yolanda Mero, pianist, gave a supper for Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Muck on last Thursday at their home at Euclid Hall. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Josef Stransky, Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Steinway, Mme. Melanie Kurt, Mr. and Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Gaertner, Mme. Julia Culp, Mme. Clara Cabrilowitsch, Mrs. Samuel Untermyer, Mr. Robert E. Dowling, Mr. Alexander Steinert, Dr. H. A. Cassebeer and Mr. Paul Strauss.

EVENING TELEGRAM
ss: New York City
JAN 8 - 1916

Dr. Karl Muck Is Ill.

)r. Karl Muck, director of the Boston mphony Orchestra, was unable to direct at the concert which took place the Academy of Music in Brook- Arthur Brooke, flutist, announced t the director would be unable to appear ause of an attack of the grip. Ernest midt, a first violinist, took up the baton and directed the concert.

At the Gotham Hotel, where Mr. Muck is stopping, it was announced late last night that he was feelingg much better and expected to wield his baton at the concert to be given this afternoon at Carnegie Hall.

CITIZEN
ss: Brooklyn, N. Y.
JAN

CTURE RECITAL Y MACDOUGALL

Theme Is Symphony Programme for To-Night.

The programme that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play to-night at the Academy of Music was considered last evening in a lecture-recital by Professor Hamilton C. Macdougall, of Wellesley College, before a Brooklyn Institute audience assembled in the lecture hall. Professor Macdougall devoted the greater part of his discourse to the two biggest numbers on the programme, the tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," of Richard Strauss, and the Haydn symphony in E flat major.

This tone poem of Strauss' represents the second Strauss, he said, not the first Strauss, with classical tendencies. There are two ways of being original, he remarked—one, to do things that have never been done before; the other, to do old things in a new way—and that is what Strauss has done in this composition; he has taken something old and done something entirely new with it. Dr. Macdougall played the various motives, pointing out the curious, soft, disjointed notes. the baffling rythm of the death motive, the luscious harmonies of the melody of youth, the curious theme which some commentators call the fever theme. In the lovely chords at the last, he said, the orchestral instrument are so well distributed that a maximum sonority is gained.

Professor Macdougall discussed the propriety of programme music, practically all music written to-day having a title affixed to it. But no programme piece can express all of the story it denotes, the most that music can do is to express the general idea, especially emotions, he said. But one should not berate those who enjoy music as picture-making, he declared. In concluding his treatment of the Strauss tone poem, Professor Macdougall said that Strauss was clever, often diabolically clever, but never reverent.

Then he took up the Haydn symphony, which he said Dr. Muck has wisely put at the beginning of the programme, as it would sound tame and flat if produced after the wonderful tone color of Strauss. This symphony is a type of the lovely, graceful music toward which young people of the present day are often too blase. He played the introduction, with the beating notes of the kettledrum, the bubbling notes of the allegro, then parts of the andante, the pretty minuet and the simple theme of the beautiful finale. This surprise symphony of Haydn's, as it is called, is characterized by one marked Haydn peculiarity, long blocks of piano passages, contrasting with similarly long stretches of fortissimo parts.

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City
Date JAN

A programme of just the right length and just the right kind was played last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall. There was the requisite symphony, Beethoven's "Pastoral," and the light bit at the end to send one home humming Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice." The feature of the concert was a most interesting composition by Ernest Schelling, the American pianist, with Mr. Schelling himself at the piano. The work is a series of variations on an original theme entitled "Impressions from an Artist's Life." The main theme is a vivid one, full of youth and nobility. On it are embroidered the impressions of persons, places and events, and these pictures are so full of variety, so characteristic, that one needs no programme notes to tell where the artist has remembered the colorful Orient, or returned in memory to Russia or Italy. Several variations are in memory of the composer's friends, and a fine military march and dirge points back to August, 1914.

The orchestration is brilliant throughout and there is something so spontaneous in the work that it makes instant appeal. The piano part, except in the opening, does not give the impression of having been written by a pianist, for often the piano is only an accompaniment to the beautiful solos for different instruments in the orchestra. When he did allow himself to show his skill, Mr. Schelling played with power and beauty, and with the poetry and imagination which show so plainly in his composition.

From EAGLE
Address
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY LECTURE.

Programme for Tonight's Concert Analyzed by Professor Macdougall.

The programme that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play tonight at the Academy of Music was considered last evening in a lecture-recital by Professor Hamilton C. Macdougall of Wellesley College, before an Institute audience in the lecture hall of the Academy. He dealt chiefly with the Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration," by Richard Strauss, and the Haydn Symphony in E flat major. The Tone Poem, he said, represents the second, not the first, Strauss, with classical tendencies. Strauss did old things in a new way, in the composition. Dr. Macdougall played the motives, pointing out the curious, soft, disjointed notes, the baffling rythm of the death motive, and the luscious harmonies of the melody of youth, the theme which some commentators call the "fever" theme. In the lovely chords at the last, he said, the orchestral instruments are so well distributed that a maximum sonority is gained. The lecturer, alluding to the propriety of programme music, said that practically all music written to-day has a title affixed to it. But no programme piece can express all of the story it denotes; the most that music can do is to express the general idea, especially emotions. But one should not berate those who enjoy music as picture making, he declared. In the Strauss Tone Poem, Professor Macdougall said that Strauss was clever, often diabolically clever, but never reverent.

The Haydn Symphony, the speaker said, Dr. Muck has wisely put at the beginning of the programme, as it would sound tame and flat if produced after the wonderful tone color of Strauss. The symphony is a type of the lovely, graceful music, toward which young people of the present day are often too blase. He played the introduction, with the beating notes of the kettledrum; the bubbling notes of the Allegro; then parts of the Andante, the pretty Minuet and the simple theme of the beautiful finale. This "surprise" symphony, as it is called, is characterized by a marked Haydn peculiarity in long blocks of piano passages, contrasting with similarly long stretches of fortissimo parts.

[87]

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date JAN 9 - 1916

DR. KARL MUCK VIGILANT LEADER

Second Concert of Boston Symphony Orchestra Delights Audience in Carnegie Hall.

PHILHARMONIC ALSO HEARD

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, chose a program which was a delight to music lovers for his second New York concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. It began with a Brahms symphony, the third in F major, op. 90, which Hans Richter characterized as the "Eroica" in contrast to his two first symphonies, known respectively as the "Appassionata," or "Pathetic," and the "Pastoral." Needless to say this masterful composition, received every advantage in its performance yesterday, for under the leadership of the appreciative and ever watchful Dr. Muck, the orchestra poured forth its volumes of exquisite tone with the artistic rendering and minute precision that one always associates with the words, "Boston Symphony."

Rachmaninoff's "The Island of the Dead," a symphonic poem for full orchestra to the picture by A. Bocklin, was another number on the program. The Russian composer has indeed caught the spirit and meaning of Bocklin's famous "dream picture," its awe, its mystery, its solemnity—a picture upon which we all love to gaze and meditate. For no matter how familiar we may be with the word "death" no matter what our idea may be of a future life, its realization is such a mystery to us that it all comes as a surprise, a shock, so little can we understand or grasp its meaning.

There were two other compositions played yesterday, Enesco's Rhapsodie Roumaine, No. 1, and Berlioz's overture, "The Roman Carnival," both of which were well received.

From TIMES
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date JAN 1916

Music Notes.

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So the Boston Symphony Orchestra Is Heard With E. Schmidt Conducting; Schelling the Soloist.

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was too ill to wield the baton at the Academy of Music concert last evening, and Assistant Conductor E. Schmidt, a first violin, acted in his stead. "A slight cold" was the official explanation of Dr. Muck's absence, but it was understood unofficially that he is in the grip of la grippe. Mr. Schmidt ascended the dais and guided the orchestra through a most difficult program without embarrassment or error. In truth, it was quite the same as though Dr. Muck had been in command, for the work of an orchestra leader is done at rehearsals rather than in concert. The characteristic brilliance of technique and flawless precision of the organization was as marked as ever last night. Announcement was made this afternoon at the Hotel Gotham that Dr. Muck is recovering rapidly and will be able to conduct th Carnegie Hall concert this evening.

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The brass, the strings, the wood winds, and the piano are all given soli, and the piano is subordinated, to the regret of the audience last night. A habanera inspired by Anna Pavlowa, a simple variation credited to a thought of Fritz Kreisler, a solo for harp and English horn charged to Petrograd, a number for the full orchestra in memory of Gustave Mahler, another inscribed to the composer's master, Paderewski, and a Lutheran Choral were the most pretentious of the rather tenuous series. The original theme, G sharp minor, 6-8 was based on a memory of a Boston Symphony Orchestra concert!

Haydn's Symphony in E flat major was the opening number, followed by Strauss' Tone Poem, Death and Transfiguration, and the Rhapsodie Roumaine of Enesco closed the concert.

From CITIZEN
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DR. MUCK TOO ILL TO APPEAR HERE

Ernst Schmidt Takes His Place as Conductor.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA PLAYS A BRILLIANT PROGRAMME

Ernest Schelling, Pianist, the Soloist, Renders for the First Time "Impressions from an Artist's Life."

At the beginning of the concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it was announced by Arthur Brooke, flutist of the orchestra, that Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, was suffering with a severe cold, and his place as conductor would be taken by Ernst Schmidt. Mr. Schmidt is one of the first violins and is assistant conductor, who has been with the orchestra two years. He gave a restrained and intellectual reading of the Haydn symphony, and, under his leadership, the playing of the Strauss tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," was marked by a wealth of color and great beauty of tone. He did not repress the orchestra, as Dr. Muck is prone to do, but rather "[illegible] them go."

Dr. Muck is really suffering from the grippe, which confines him to his apartments in the Hotel Gotham. He conducted at the concert given in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening much against the advice of his physician, and last night was too ill to come to Brooklyn. It is doubtful if he will be able to conduct at the matinee performance in Manhattan to-day.

Haydn's symphony in E flat major, Richard Strauss' tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," Opus 2[illegible] and "Rhapsodie Roumaine," A major, Op 11, No. 1, by Georges Enesco, comprised the programme, and, in addition, Ernest Schelling, pianist and composer, was the soloist, playing for the first time here his own "Impressions" (from an artist's life) in form of Variations on an Original Theme.

It is intimated by several of Mr. Schelling's notes that he had the Boston Orchestra much in mind when writing them and they exploit the orchestra and several of its individual players.

Most of the variation are impressions of personalities, places or events as they struck the artist's imagination, and many of them are marked with initials or a name.

Some of these are Dr. Muck, Mr. Longy, of the orchestra; Mr. Kreisler, Flonzaly, Gustav Mahler, one was suggested by a lagoon in North Carolina, another by the oncoming war in August, 1914, and so on.

The variations are fanciful in the extreme and of unequal musical value; his imagination has been allowed to run riot and extravagance is the result. The Lutheran choral, which closes the series, is impressive.

Mr. Schelling's performance and that of the orchestra was brilliant.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date

DR. MUCK NOT IN QUARREL.

All Persons Concerned Deny Disagreement with H. L. Higginson.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

BOSTON, Mass., Friday.—Rumors that Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, had had a disagreement with Henry L. Higginson, founder of the orchestra, and that this was the reason why he did not conduct the orchestra in Brooklyn on last Friday night, were denied to-night. Dr. Muck is still ill of grip. Mrs. Muck said:—

"Any stories of disagreement between Dr. Muck and Mr. Higginson are ridiculous, absurd. Dr. Muck is ill, and his physician has ordered him to remain in bed."

Mr. Higginson also denied the rumors.

William H. Brennan, of the business management of the orchestra, said:—"Rot and nonsense. Dr. Muck is ill. There has been no disagreement."

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date JAN 16 1916

A MUSICAL COINCIDENCE.

Reminiscences Evoked by a Tribune Article.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It does not often happen, as Mr. Krehbiel pointed out in last Saturday's issue of The Tribune, that a single community has the opportunity to hear two great symphonic orchestras play the same composition on the same day. For this reason I was much interested in his account of the two concerts of the Philharmonic and New York Symphony orchestras last Friday and their almost simultaneous performance of Dvorak's New World Symphony. It was possible, Mr. Krehbiel says, for an auditor, by rushing from one concert hall to the other, to hear these two performances and to compare the interpretation given by Mr. Stransky and his Philharmonic band with that offered by Mr. Walter Damrosch and his Symphony players.

It is doubtful, however, if anybody but the musical critics had sufficient knowledge of the unusual circumstances to arrange beforehand for such a taxicab adventure into the field of comparative music. Such an event, like a transit of Venus, occurs only once in a long period of time, and observers have to make their preparations well in advance.

It is nearly thirty years, so far as I know, since New Yorkers have had a similar opportunity to observe a transit of symphonic stars, if I may be permitted to continue the metaphor.

In 1886 or 1887—Mr. Krehbiel's collection of programmes will show the exact date—a friend who was a first rate amateur of music came to me one morning with a newspaper in his hand—we were employes in the same office—and said with some excitement:

"See here! Gericke and the Boston Orchestra play this afternoon at Steinway Hall and Theodore Thomas and his orchestra play at the Metropolitan Opera House this evening. They both have Goldmark's 'Sakuntala' overture on their programmes. Let's see how they do it. It's the chance of a lifetime!"

We got an afternoon off, not, however, by alleging that we had to attend a grandmother's funeral, although we were filled with as much enthusiasm as if we had been going to a championship game at the Polo Grounds. It was like seeing the Giants play the Cubs, or, better yet, like hearing Demosthenes in the afternoon and Gladstone in the evening.

Being clerks with a modest stipend, we sat not in the seats of the mighty but on the bleachers, to indulge in a metaphor again. No concert experience of later life has been so unusual or had a more delightful interest and I am obliged to Mr. Krehbiel for vividly recalling it by his article on the similar coincidence which has just occurred in the programmes and dates chosen by Mr. Stransky and Mr. Damrosch.

Thirty years is a long time to carry a distinct musical impression. But my recollection is that my friend and I agreed that Gericke, who was on his first visit to this country, played the great Goldmark overture with the greater vivacity of spirit and technical skill, while Thomas put into it the greater emotional sweep and abandon.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.
Cornwall, N. Y., Jan. 10, 1916.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date JAN 9

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT CARNEGIE HALL

Dr. Muck Gives Brahm's Third Symphony and "The Island of the Dead."

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert yesterday afternoon went to prove that when he wishes to Dr. Muck can come down from Parnassus and shake hands with Demos. It would be too much to expect him to remain with Demos for a whole afternoon, and so it was that to the Parnassians he devoted the first half of his programme—the Brahms Third Symphony. Yet the manner in which the great band gave the Brahms Third Symphony must have delighted even the dwellers on the plains, so exquisitely balanced was it, so vigorous, so expressive, so modulated to the most infinite wish of the conductor. It was a reading to delight all hearts.

The second half of the programme marked the descent. Here we had Enesco's Rhapsodie Roumaine, Op. 11, No. 1, a really fascinating work, built on various Rumanian folktunes and devoid of thematic development. It was played with spirit and incisive rhythm. Then came Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead." This composition, built on Arnold Böcklin's well known painting, is not unknown to New York. It very patently expresses the spirit of the picture, but for this very reason it becomes monotonous and pallid. The programme closed with the overture, "Le Carnival Romain," by Berlioz. Carnegie Hall was crowded, as usual. In popular appeal, as in artistic result, Major Higginson's orchestra knows no peer.

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It is intimated by several of Mr. Schelling's notes that he had the Boston Orchestra much in mind when writing them and they exploit the orchestra and several of its individual players.

Most of the variation are impressions of personalities, places or events as they struck the artist's imagination, and many of them are marked with initials or a name.

Some of these are Dr. Muck, Mr. Longy, of the orchestra; Mr. Kreisler, Flonzaly, Gustav Mahler, one was suggested by a lagoon in North Carolina, another by the oncoming war in August, 1914, and so on.

The variations are fanciful in the extreme and of unequal musical value; his imagination has been allowed to run riot and extravagance is the result. The Lutheran choral, which closes the series, is impressive.

Mr. Schelling's performance and that of the orchestra was brilliant.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date

DR. MUCK NOT IN QUARREL.

All Persons Concerned Deny Disagreement with H. L. Higginson.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

BOSTON, Mass., Friday.—Rumors that Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, had had a disagreement with Henry L. Higginson, founder of the orchestra, and that this was the reason why he did not conduct the orchestra in Brooklyn on last Friday night, were denied to-night. Dr. Muck is still ill of grip. Mrs. Muck said:—

"Any stories of disagreement between Dr. Muck and Mr. Higginson are ridiculous, absurd. Dr. Muck is ill, and his physician has ordered him to remain in bed."

Mr. Higginson also denied the rumors.

William H. Brennan, of the business management of the orchestra, said:—"Rot and nonsense. Dr. Muck is ill. There has been no disagreement."

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date JAN [illegible]

A MUSICAL COINCIDENCE.

Reminiscences Evoked by a Tribune Article.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It does not often happen, as Mr. Krehbiel pointed out in last Saturday's issue of The Tribune, that a single community has the opportunity to hear two great symphonic orchestras play the same composition on the same day. For this reason I was much interested in his account of the two concerts of the Philharmonic and New York Symphony orchestras last Friday and their almost simultaneous performance of Dvorak's New World Symphony. It was possible, Mr. Krehbiel says, for an auditor, by rushing from one concert hall to the other, to hear these two performances and to compare the interpretation given by Mr. Stransky and his Philharmonic band with that offered by Mr. Walter Damrosch and his Symphony players.

It is doubtful, however, if anybody but the musical critics had sufficient knowledge of the unusual circumstances to arrange beforehand for such a taxicab adventure into the field of comparative music. Such an event, like a transit of Venus, occurs only once in a long period of time, and observers have to make their preparations well in advance.

It is nearly thirty years, so far as I know, since New Yorkers have had a similar opportunity to observe a transit of symphonic stars, if I may be permitted to continue the metaphor.

In 1886 or 1887—Mr. Krehbiel's collection of programmes will show the exact date—a friend who was a first rate amateur of music came to me one morning with a newspaper in his hand—we were employes in the same office—and said with some excitement:

"See here! Gericke and the Boston Orchestra play this afternoon at Steinway Hall and Theodore Thomas and his orchestra play at the Metropolitan Opera House this evening. They both have Goldmark's 'Sakuntala' overture on their programmes. Let's see how they do it. It's the chance of a lifetime!"

We got an afternoon off, not, however, by alleging that we had to attend a grandmother's funeral, although we were filled with as much enthusiasm as if we had been going to a championship game at the Polo Grounds. It was like seeing the Giants play the Cubs, or, better yet, like hearing Demosthenes in the afternoon and Gladstone in the evening.

Being clerks with a modest stipend, we sat not in the seats of the mighty but on the bleachers, to indulge in a metaphor again. No concert experience of later life has been so unusual or had a more delightful interest and I am obliged to Mr. Krehbiel for vividly recalling it by his article on the similar coincidence which has just occurred in the programmes and dates chosen by Mr. Stransky and Mr. Damrosch.

Thirty years is a long time to carry a distinct musical impression. But my recollection is that my friend and I agreed that Gericke, who was on his first visit to this country, played the great Goldmark overture with the greater vivacity of spirit and technical skill, while Thomas put into it the greater emotional sweep and abandon.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.
Cornwall, N. Y., Jan. 10, 1916.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT CARNEGIE HALL

Dr. Muck Gives Brahm's Third Symphony and "The Island of the Dead."

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert yesterday afternoon went to prove that when he wishes to Dr. Muck can come down from Parnassus and shake hands with Demos. It would be too much to expect him to remain with Demos for a whole afternoon, and so it was that to the Parnassians he devoted the first half of his programme—the Brahms Third Symphony. Yet the manner in which the great band gave the Brahms Third Symphony must have delighted even the dwellers on the plains, so exquisitely balanced was it, so vigorous, so expressive, so modulated to the most infinite wish of the conductor. It was a reading to delight all hearts.

The second half of the programme marked the descent. Here we had Enesco's Rhapsodie Roumaine, Op. 11, No. 1, a really fascinating work, built on various Rumanian folktunes and devoid of thematic development. It was played with spirit and incisive rhythm. Then came Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead." This composition, built on Arnold Böcklin's well known painting, is not unknown to New York. It very patently expresses the spirit of the picture, but for this very reason it becomes monotonous and pallid. The programme closed with the overture, "Le Carnival Romain," by Berlioz. Carnegie Hall was crowded, as usual. In popular appeal, as in artistic result, Major Higginson's orchestra knows no peer.

Fr

from WORLD
Address: New York City
Date DEC 9
Established:

TWO FACES.

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This I saw in the unforgettable face of Fritz Kreisler.

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New York, Dec. 8.

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date JAN 9 - 1916
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OPERATIC SOCIETY AND ITS FOUNDING

"Talks to Young People Are Almost Monopolized by Their Eager Elders.

FOOLISH DEMONSTRATION

Dr. Muck Showed No Disrespect When He Sat Down During Riotous Applause.

* * *

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AGNES GORDON HOGAN.

IMES
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Date JAN 5 - 1916
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The symphony was the Mozart E flat major. It was given with a warmth and body of tone, with phrases that were suave in their grace, and with that perfection of tone and nuance that makes this formal music in the hands of the Boston players a true delight. The blitheness of the allegro finale with its wealth of detail was particularly effective.

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The flowing and pianistic playing of Ernest Schelling is full of charm, but only occasionally could it be appreciated in his amazing musical conception that he has called "Variations of personalities, of places, of happenings as they happened to strike my imagination." They are a strange medley of unrelated ideas numbering eighteen in all. There are some lovely moments, some piano cadenzas of real virtuosity, but most of the delineation is given the orchestra, much of it holds local color. But so vast a subject-matter needs must be cursory in treatment: "One timbre in my ear, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Paderewski: In memory of Mahler; the Flonzaleys: Petrograd; a Lagoon; August, 1914." With thematic material that is often reminiscent these variations begin and end an amazing creation.

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Establi 34

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"What remarkable harmony, it is just like the country at night."

"That 'August, 1914,' is Germany going to war."

"Yes, I am on a diet of eggs and rice."

"Why, these 19 variations are not variations at all, the theme changes with every variation."

During the closing number, Sorcerer's Apprentice:

"This is marked Orchestral Scherzo, that means joke, doesn't it?"

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"Are they laughing at us?" one man said.

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To the Editor of The World:

They say there are five and a quarter millions of people in this city. No one of us can look into the faces of all this vast throng, yet each of us sees many hundreds of them every day—and all different.

Most faces are commonplace enough. How many of them are there that really make one think? Not many. I have seen but two in days at all recent.

Fritz Kreisler's is one of them. There was a great outburst of applause as he came upon the platform in Carnegie Hall last Thursday night. He did not limp as he did when I last saw him enter by that same door a year ago. Then he was fresh from the Austrian trenches, where he had suffered a wound.

As I looked at him the other night it was not his marvellous playing that held me—it was his face. There was an indescribable gravity about that unmoved countenance. It was not austerity, it was not mere professional reticence. Dr. Muck too was calm and unsmiling, but his face was not the Kreisler face. That of the Austrian violinist had drawn, tense, solemn lines. It seemed to say: "Yes, I am here, and I am playing to you, and you are listening and applauding, but what is all this? This is not real life; it is only a make-believe. I see through you and beyond you to where real life is—there in the trenches, where life meets death; there where horror is, that you do not know and that I do know."

This I saw in the unforgettable face of Fritz Kreisler.

And then there is the one other face—that of Paderewski, the Pole, on the same platform yesterday. Like him of the violin, the great pianist seems weighted with the mark of years beyond his age. Grayer than before, thinner, paler, more ascetic, and likewise marked with the great sorrow that says: "You have not seen it, but I have; and because I have seen that thing I can never forget the sight."

Paderewski's face is that of one who has witnessed his beloved Poland, as he says, become "a vast desert, an immense ruin, a colossal cemetery." He has seen more than a year of uninterrupted terror and anguish and pain imposed upon millions of innocent men and women and children—his countrymen. He has seen them dying from cold, from exposure and from starvation. His face is that which expresses in human features what was in his heart when he wrote:

"I will accuse nobody. I will make no complaint against any of the belligerents. We have been treated according to the logic of war, which is in itself cruelty and atrocity. My errand is not of hatred but of love. I do not intend to excite passion but to awaken compassion. Pray speak to your good, kind friends. Tell them that far away from your prosperous, opulent, happy country there is a great people in great need, suffering beyond the limits of human endurance. Tell them that these very people, in the days of your need, sent you Kosciusko and Pulaski. Some one may be moved by your words; some one may try to help us. God will bless them, as he will you."

These are the things that I have seen in the faces—the strong, grave, haunting faces—of this Austrian and this Pole. And what has marked them thus? It is war that has marked them! ARTHUR ELLIOT SPROUL.

New York, Dec. 8.

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date
Establi

IMPRESSION AT AN IMPRESSIONISTIC CONCERT

Heard at the "impressionistic" concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night:

Lady and gentleman, after Strauss number, applauding vigorously. Lady: "Really, I do not understand it at all." Gentleman: "Frankly, neither do I."

"Isn't Dr. Muck charming?"

During the Schelling number, Scenes From an Artist's Life:

"What remarkable harmony, it is just like the country at night."

"That 'August, 1914,' is Germany going to war."

"Yes, I am on a diet of eggs and rice."

"Why, these 19 variations are not variations at all, the theme changes with every variation."

During the closing number, Sorcerer's Apprentice:

"This is marked Orchestral Scherzo, that means joke, doesn't it?"

The audience was very serious during the rendition of this number, but the orchestra members seemed to be enjoying themselves.

"Are they laughing at us?" one man said.

"Search me," the other replied.

ECORD
Philadelphia, Pa.
JAN 9 - 1916

IC SOCIETY AND ITS FOUNDING

"Talks to Young People Are Almost Monopolized by Their Eager Elders.

FOOLISH DEMONSTRATION

Dr. Muck Showed No Disrespect When He Sat Down During Riotous Applause.

* * *

A great deal of foolish and unnecessary comment was aroused over the fact that Dr. Muck took a moment's rest during the outburst over Melba in the Academy of Music last Monday night. Laws have been made and enforced on the subject of encores, women's hats and various other nuisances at symphony concerts. Some rule regulating the number of times a soloist should respond to applause would be an appropriate and welcome move. The no-encore rule of the Boston Orchestra is well understood. No one expects encores. Why, then, after a soloist has been generously applauded and made to feel the appreciation and gratitude of the audience, should the silly and annoying habit of forcing a soloist to make eight or 10 trips to the stage to bow be permitted? Would it not be more sensible and convenient to provide a comfortable chair for the soloist to occupy until such time as the grotesque demonstrations deemed necessary should subside? In this way the enthusiasts could continue their foolish applause and at the same time save the victim a number of unnecessary trips back and forth. The Boston Orchestra following, it is claimed, is largely a different one from that patronizing the Philadelphia Orchestra concerts. This can well be credited. At the latter concerts we have famous soloists and much generous applause. It never degenerates into that type of demonstration that might well justify police interference. On more than one occasion the atmosphere of the Boston Orchestra concerts has become unbearable to those who go to enjoy the music, the leaders of the demonstrations evidently laboring under the impression that they were amusing the audience by their erratic outbreaks. Why should the conductor of the orchestra, a type of man whose dignity should render such behavior impossible, stand while the irrepressible emotions engendered by hearing Melba or any other soloist, continue to force the occupants of remote parts of the house into a condition of excitement bordering on the irresponsible? It would be much more to the point if the conductor would begin his work and thus force the hoodlum element into a semblance of becoming behavior, or else withdraw entirely from the stage until the uncertain and fitful applause died the death of fatigue. Certainly, if the conductor, who stands throughout the evening, elects to remain on the stage and subject himself to an exhibition of crudity and ignorance such as witnessed Monday evening, there can be no objection to him occupying a chair and exchanging remarks with the musicians. We can only hope he was not expressing his impression of Philadelphia audiences and their remarkable courtesy.

AGNES GORDON HOGAN.

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date JAN - 1916
E 1884

Boston Symphony Concert.

A feature of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the New National Theater yesterday afternoon, with Ernest Schelling, pianist, as the soloist, was the first performance in public in Washington of Mr. Schelling's own composition, "Impressions (From an Artist's Life) in Form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte," played by the composer with the orchestra. The other numbers of the program were Mozart's "Symphony in E Flat Major," Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," and Berlioz's overture, "Le Carnaval Romain." Dr. Karl Muck was the conductor of the orchestra.

TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date JAN 5 1916
Established

MUSIC

Beautiful Playing and Novelty Characterize Boston Symphony Concert.

Beautiful playing, musical interest and novelty characterized the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Karl Muck at the New National Theater yesterday afternoon before the usual capacity audience that pays tribute to this orchestra. Two novelties presented were the rare orchestral reading of the Rachmaninoff symphony poem, "The Island of the Dead," written to the picture by Bocklin, and the first hearing in Washington of the variations for orchestra and piano by the American pianist, Ernest Schelling, with the composer at the piano.

The symphony was the Mozart E flat major. It was given with a warmth and body of tone, with phrases that were suave in their grace, and with that perfection of tone and nuance that makes this formal music in the hands of the Boston players a true delight. The blitheness of the allegro finale with its wealth of detail was particularly effective.

Rachmaninoff's "Toteninsel" is a vast tone painting of the impressionist type. It is a rich indefinite flow of sound that is yet surcharged with emotion and is full of atmosphere. One can assign a program to it also, for this tone picture of "The Island of the Dead" opens with a broad rhythmic sway as of the waters, through which is presently heard the insistent beat of a dirge that gathers intensity as it progresses. Varied muted instruments give touches of realism as Strauss would paint it, the wailing, a flutter as of birds; then a recapitulation which leads on to Elysian fields with big Wagnerian masses of orchestration and back again to the "Dead March," with its counter-assertion of rhythms all masterfully handled.

The flowing and pianistic playing of Ernest Schelling is full of charm, but only occasionally could it be appreciated in his amazing musical conception that he has called "Variations of personalities, of places, of happenings as they happened to strike my imagination." They are a strange medley of unrelated ideas numbering eighteen in all. There are some lovely moments, some piano cadenzas of real virtuosity, but most of the delineation is given the orchestra, much of it holds local color. But so vast a subject-matter needs must be cursory in treatment: "One timbre in my ear, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Paderewski: In memory of Mahler; the Flonzaleys: Petrograd: a Lagoon: August, 1914." With thematic material that is often reminiscent these variations begin and end an amazing creation.

The program closed with Berlioz's overture, "The Roman Carnival," with a truly lovely "bel canto" in the Italian serenade and an artistic building up to its scenic climax. J. MacB.

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date JAN
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At the Boston Symphony concert at the National Theater yesterday the German ambassador occupied one of the boxes, having among his guests Miss Harriet Southerland.

Lady Spring-Rice, wife of the British ambassador, Thomas Spring-Rice, and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth were guests in Mrs. Calderon Carlisle's box. Brig. Gen. and Mrs. William Crozier had with them a party of visitors here in connection with the pan-American congress. Mrs. Norman Williams, Mme. Hauge, Mrs. Philip Sheridan, Mrs. Wesley Merritt and Miss Mary Sheridan were occupants of one of the stage boxes. Mrs. J. McMillan had a party in her box, including Mrs. Rollins Morse, Miss Patten, and Mrs. Preston Gibson. Mr. and Mrs. A. Lisner also entertained a box party. Among others in the audience were Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe, Mrs. J. R. Mann, Mrs. Beverly Williamson, Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell, Countess Gizycka, Miss Margaretta Symons, Mr. and Mrs. William Eaches Fendall, Bishop Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Douglas, Mr. Arnold Hague, Mgr. Mackin, Mrs. Henry W. Fitch, Mrs. John P. Jackson, Mme. de Urcullu, Mrs. George Howard, Miss Perin, Mrs. Julian James, Mme. Ekengren, Mrs. Joseph Leiter, Mrs. Herbert Howard, Mrs. Arthur Willert, Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson, Mrs. Ben Hellen, Capt. and Mrs. John Gibbons, Mrs. Victor Kauffmann, Mrs. Lloyd Bowers, Mrs. John Rodgers, Mrs. Thomas Chatard, Miss Lee, Miss Flora Wilson, Miss Hickey, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Blagden, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner Randolph, Mrs. Tanner, Mrs. Sinclair Bowen, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, Mrs. Edward Mitchell, Walter Tuckerman, Myron Whitney, Mrs. Cuno Rudolph, Mrs. Frank Carpenter, Miss Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Heurich, Mrs. Alexander Bentley, Mrs. Chauncey Hackett, Mrs. E. H. G. Slater, Mrs. S. C. Netle, Robert Shaw Oliver, Congressman and Mrs. Horace Towner, Mrs. Edmund Pendleton, Mrs. John Blair, Mr. and Mrs. George Eustis, Mrs. Charles McChord, Mrs. George H. Chase, Mrs. William H. Wilmer, the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane, Miss Nancy Lane, Miss Gwynn, Mrs. Albert Mills, the Rev. and Mrs. F. Ward Denys, Mrs. Richardson Clover, Miss Beatrice Clover, and Miss Sargent.

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From **POST**
Address: **Washington, D. C.**
Date JAN 5 - 1916

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TRANSCRIPT, MONDAY.

JANUARY 17, 1916

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

THE WRONG OF CURRENT GOSSIP ABOUT DR. MUCK

Malicious and Wholly Unfounded Tales That He Declined to Conduct for Mme. Melba and That He Compelled Mr. Schelling to Alter a Sub-Title of His Variations—Inventions Without Rhyme, Reason or Justification—New Chamber Pieces by Ravel and Mr. Hadley—Concerts in Prospect

WHILE the Symphony Orchestra was making its monthly journey to New York and other cities to the southward in the week before last, Dr. Muck was attacked with the prevailing influenza and with a return of an affection of the throat for which he underwent an operation a few years ago. That operation, it now appears, was not as complete in result as either the patient or the surgeons anticipated. Thus ill, Dr. Muck was unable to conduct in the concert of the orchestra in Brooklyn on Friday evening, Jan. 7 and he led, altogether "on his nerve," in the concert in New York on the following Saturday afternoon. Returning to Boston, he took to his bed and put aside all thoughts of conducting at the concerts of last Thursday in Cambridge and of last Friday and Saturday in Boston. As already set down in this place, Mr. Kelley, the composer of the "New England Symphony," then to be played for the first times here, was notified of the mischance and asked to decide between a performance of the music under Mr. Schmidt on the appointed days or the postponement of production until next season. He preferred immediate performance, even under an assistant conductor. The fact that Mme. Melba was to assist the orchestra at these concerts lessened rather than increased the sense of obligation toward them that haunted Dr. Muck, inasmuch as her numbers filled a considerable space in the programme and would, so to say, go of themselves.

It is necessary to enumerate these petty details, of little concern to the public, because of the equally petty and, in some instances, malignant gossip that for two or three days has traversed the town. According to it, Dr. Muck feigned illness in order that he need not accompany Mme. Melba, a British subject, prone to discourse to all and sundry about the war from her point of view. To attribute such motives and such conduct to Dr. Muck, who sets his obligations to his work above all else, who is honesty and loyalty themselves, and who takes no thought of partisanship in all that concerns the Symphony Concerts, is wofully far from the truth and more suggestive of the minds of the fomenters of this gossip than of conductor's own. He was much concer because he could not conduct in Mr. K ley's symphony, which, for a year, he h been holding for performance. He though of Mme. Melba only as an eminent singer who would suffice in herself for the audience.

Of a piece with this gossip is yet another potin—as the French call these malicious yarns—as to Mr. Schelling's set of variations played here a fortnight ago and repeated later in New York and in other cities. One of those variations the composer entitled, "August, 1914," and in it pictured troops going forth to "war without its glamor." As the yarn goes, Mr. Schelling intended to label the variation with some reference to the march of the German soldiery into Belgium: but Dr. Muck forbade him to do so, hinting at all sorts of pains and penalties to the music, if he did. It seems extraordinary that any human beings should believe that a conductor would so wreck a piece, virtually inscribed to him and to his orchestra, and that he had himself sought for performance—least of all human beings that for many a year have come to know Dr. Muck's integrity as man and conductor. The simple truth of the matter is that the variation was written as a picture of the beginnings of warfare in any or all of the nations that embarked upon it in the summer of 1914 and that Mr. Schelling, who by temperament, is fain to be all things to all men, was disposed to agree with any interpretation the partisans of any one of the warring countries might put upon it. Dr. Muck, as it happened, was concerned only with the music, but was superfluously sensitive to the alleged implications that certain experts in malignant gossip drew from it and cast at him.

Finally, to cap the climax, New York was entertained last week with the report that for ten days Dr. Muck had been feigning illness because he and Mr. Higginson were at odds, whereas within those same days Mr. Higginson had been authoritatively quoted as saying that so long as Dr. Muck chose to be conductor of the Symphony Orchestra he could remain in his present post. The management of the Symphony Concerts dignifies such preposterous surmise when it formally and sharply denies it: but it is not so well advised when it makes no announcement of Dr. Muck's inability to conduct because of illness until the audience has received the programme books on Friday afternoon, though it has known for days that he could not lead.

For eighteen months past, no man could have striven more zealously than has Dr. Muck to keep the Symphony Concerts clear of any differences that the war and partisanship over it has provoked. Had all Europe been at peace since August of 1914, the concerts would have run exactly the same course that they have followed, save that more novel music now unobtainable. would have been played at them and a change or two made in the personnel of the band. No man in public and responsible place has been more careful than Dr. Muck not to obtrude his own loyalties and judgments between nation and nation upon those who knew him only in his public capacity and whom they concern as little as their own predilections concern him And the reward of such sense of obligation steadfastly maintained has been the petty slanders here set down. Occasionally malice has prompted and spread them; oftenest the normal human liking for detrimental report of the eminent and the normal human belief that there is no honesty about anything that appertains to the theatre or the concert-room has spread them—which may be explanation but which is not excuse.

H. T. P.

ADVERTISER,

MORNING, JANUARY 22,

WELCOME DR. MUCK ON HIS RECOVERY

SYMPHONY CONCERT TERMED CONSERVATIVE

Work Played in Brilliant Manner, Even for Boston Orchestra

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Programme.

Berlioz—Overture, "Rob Roy."
Liszt—Symphonic poem, "Sur la Montagne."
Schumann—Symphony No. 1, B-flat.

The time was when Liszt and Berlioz were considered radical, but they belong to the conservatives today. We can recall the paleolithic days of John S. Dwight, when Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner were looked upon as the ascetic looks upon the world, the flesh and—so forth. That has been changed and the extreme left is now occupied by Schoenberg, Stravinsky and possibly Reger. Even Richard Strauss and Debussy have been out-dissonanced.

Dr. Muck was greeted with especial cordiality on his return to the conductor's stand, after his recent illness, of which there was no trace in his work. But we did not find any sufficient reason for the resuscitation of the "Rob Roy" overture, even after its excellent performance. It is one of Berlioz's early works and it juggles with Scottish music. It is a strange thing that Scotland should be brimful of splendid folk-songs and yet never have produced a native composer who could weld these into a symphonic or large orchestral form. But, as if to make up for this, all the other nations have come under the spell of Gaelic music and numerous are the applications of it in European

Boieldieu ("La Dame Blanche"), Franz (songs), Beethoven (songs), Volkmann ("Richard III." overture), Schumann (songs), Mendelssohn (symphony), Bruch (cantata and concerto), are but a few of those who have built upon this foundation, and they have all, except Mendelssohn, un-Scotched their themes. And Berlioz has un-Scotched "Scots wha hae," in this overture. We do not mind his dallying with the speed of the melody, for Scotch themselves did that when they took it very slowly and metamorphosed it into "I'm wearin' awa, Jean," but Berlioz frequently serves it up in slices (a phrase at a time) like cold veal. It is very interesting figure treatment, but it kills the spirit of the great old melody.

The subordinate theme of this work is another old friend. It is the expressive "Childe Harold" theme, only given to the English horn instead of the Viola. Both of these are melancholic instruments, so the brooding character of the melody is well-preserved, but the theme is far less impressively treated in this overture than it was handled later on, in the great symphony. There is a great deal of intellectual figure development in this symphony, but nothing really exciting. We cannot imagine Rob Roy settling down as a teacher of counterpoint in Paris, as seems to be the case in this overture.

But possibly Dr. Muck had the idea that he would teach his audience how the modern programme-music, tone-coloring school began, for just as "Rob Roy" is an early work of Berloiz, the "Mountain Symphony" is the very beginning of the symphonic poems of Liszt. It was rather a bit of hill-climbing to go at once from the Scottish highlands to the Lisztian Alps. Another conjecture is that our conductor desired to console us for the fact that we are not to have Strauss' new Alpine Symphony this year, because we cannot supply the extra brasses which the composer calls for, and therefore gave us plenty of other mountain music.

In this connection let us say a word about a very unjust New York criticism of our orchestra. They have boasted over there that they can easily get the extra instruments for the New York performances of the Alpine Symphony, and satirize Boston with being hindered by such a small matter. Is it necessary to tell them that our orchestra is not in the Musicians' Union? If we were within the fold we could get a whole band of extra horns without any trouble whatever, and the new symphony would be given at once.

Liszt's "Bergsymphonie" (as the Germans call it) was well worth resuscitating. Although somewhat fragmentary, it is wholly a different proposition from Berlioz's Parisian Scotchman. Victor Hugo's poem, on which the work is founded, is a lofty picture of the perfection of Nature as contrasted with the troubles of Man. It is lofty, but untrue, since antagonism and war run through all animate oreation as well as through the human race. But the contrast of the calm of the mountain with the fever of the human creature is an effective one.

"The world is perfect everywhere,
Whenever fev'rish man is absent there"

Dr. Muck interpreted the graphic picture nobly. First, the portrayal of Nature in Solitude. Out of the muttering of the kettle-drums (a basso ostinato) there evolve themselves the sounds of rippling waters, the rush of winds and contending elements, and an oboe melody which pictures pastoral calm. Then one hears the voice of the Sea, and then the troubled clamor of Man. After this it is a constant struggle between the peace of Nature and the misery of Man. The latter gains the upper hand and all tranquility is gone. There is now a most tumultous Allegro, which the orchestra gave with magnificent fury; a gnashing, shrieking, cursing struggle, that went far beyond a similar picture which Beethoven drew in the introduction to the Finale of his Ninth symphony. There were terrific explosions that intimated that the "Mountain" was a Volcano.

Then follows, not Peace but Exhaustion, in an impressive silence broken only (and made more oppressive) by two soft strokes upon the gong, portentously evil.

The trembling question — Why? What Remedy?—is answered at first by the suggestion of Nature's beauty, the former theme, but Man seems not to be satisfied with this, and the question is asked again and again. At last, after an impressive pause, the Abbe Liszt, the devout Catholic (not then an Abbe, however), departs from Victor Hugo and gives the answer in an Andante Religioso, in which, with great skill, the dissonant and opposing themes are contrapuntally united. The brasses finally give the religious theme with absolute conviction, a new melody of Faith is introduced, and Liszt has solved the entire problem of the Universe!

Whether in this year of disgrace, 1916, the doubts are all thus summarily settled, may be questioned by some, but it is a striking work even if it does not attain the beauty of "Les Preludes," where somewhat similar questions are discussed. But it was followed by a less grandiose but more appealing work, Schumann's first symphony. Love, Spring and Happiness, came as poultices to the tonal wounds that had been inflicted. Less inflated, more sympathetic, it did not astonish as the Liszt work had done, but it went more directly to the heart. All three works were played in a brilliant manner, even for our orchestra. The enthusiasm of the audience was continuous, and Dr. Muck and the orchestra reached their highest standard in each number of this memorable concert.

BOSTON POST,

JANUARY 22.

TRIBUTE TO LISZT THE YOUTH PAID

His First Tone Poem Performed by Symphony

BY OLIN DOWNES

A programme of uncommon interest was presented by Dr. Muck yesterday afternoon at the 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck, having recovered from his recent severe indisposition, was again at the helm.

MUSIC OF THE 30S

The first performance at these concerts of the first of the 12 symphonid poems with which Liszt revolutionized modern music, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne," proved a matter of far more than merely historical interest, and the seldom played overture of Berlioz, "Rob Roy," prefaced happily the remarkable score of Liszt. This in spite of inequalities of workmanship and because of the youth and romanticism of the writing. This overture was first performed in 1833. The first sketches of Liszt's symphonic poem were made in the same year. The first performance of Schumann's "Spring" symphony, which brought the concert to an end, took place in 1841. A "romantic" programme, a revival of the gorgeous music of the '30s.

Liszt's symphonic poem is startling in its eloquence, color and impetuosity, and its astonishing prophecy of later scores. Shades of Zarathustra! The famous enigmatical conclusion of Strauss' tone suddenly smote our ears.

Was it with deliberate intent that Dr. Muck thus unmasked a composer whom he is far from admiring in toto? For there in the concluding measures of Liszt, large as life were the wavering tonalities, the plucking of double basses—Liszt varies the effect, very interestingly, with the kettle-drums—there is the mystic and philosophical mood, so completely depicted that we almost wondered whether the final page of Strauss had been tacked to the score of the early symphonic poem of Liszt. There should be a foot-note in Strauss' score in this place, after the symphonic poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne!" A feature of Zarathustra which Strauss' partisans and commentators have ignored! Nor has the composer, apparently, taken the pains to enlighten them.

But this symphonic poem is notable for other things than a forshading of a special effect by Strauss. The writing is exceptionally vigorous and sincere. Few of the scores of Liszt have so much richness of color, although there are scores which present finer tone-color to the ear. Taken as a whole, the work is full of inspiration, and must have seemed at the time of its first performance in 1847 a heaven-storming piece of audacity. The themes are not transformed as freely and as cleverly as they are in other compositions by Liszt; the final section of the tone-poem is too long, and you have the spectacle of a composer endeavoring assiduously to life himself up by the bootstraps. "Ahem, ahem"—somehow, the great roll, the thundering sentence, will not come. But, except this place and workmanship which makes up in directness and audacity what it lacks of mature skill—tolerate, if you can, the bombast of the earlier Liszt, and you have a piece of music aglow with ideas and enthusiasms that seem very young and more than half convincing today.

Berlioz' overture has precisely these same qualities, although the employment of the tune "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" is rather naive than effectual, but the romantic flavor of that must recompense for occasional weaknesses of workmanship. But it is a brave piece of music, and there is the quotation, the most beautiful page in the work, of the viola solo from Harold in Italy, a theme which obsessed the composer's imagination and haunted him through many years.

These two performances were of exceptional brilliancy, but in no wise more remarkable than the performance of Schumann's symphony. All that a great musician could do to aid a composer who was none too expert with the orchestra was done, until the symphony glowed with unbelievable color and the passion of spring. Symphony or not, as some say of this work, it held a worthy place on the programme yesterday, and at the hands of Dr. Muck, Schumann received his righteous reward.

From **POST**
Address: **Washington, D. C.**
Date JAN 5 - 1916

The Boston Symphony concert at the National Theater yesterday afternoon brought together a large and interesting audience. The German Ambassador occupied one of the boxes, having among his guests Miss Harriet Southerland.
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Lady Spring-Rice, wife of the British Ambassador, Mr. Thomas Spring-Rice, and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth were guests in Mrs. Calderon Carlisle's box. Gen. and Mrs. Crozier had with them a party of visitors here in connection with the pan-American congress. Mrs. Norman Williams, Mme. Hauge, Mrs. Philip Sheridan, Mrs. Wesley Merritt and Miss Mary Sheridan were occupants of one of the stage boxes. Mrs. James McMillan had a party in her box, including Mrs. Rollins Morse, Miss Patten, and Mrs. Preston Gibson. Mr. and Mrs. A. Lisner also entertained a box party. Among others in the audience were Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe, Mrs. James R. Mann, Mrs. Beverly Williamson, Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell, Countess Gizycka, Miss Margaretta Symons, Mr. and Mrs. William Eaches Fendall, Bishop Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Douglas, Mr. Arnold Hague, Mgr. Mackin, Mrs. Henry W. Fitch, Mrs. John P. Jackson, Mme. de Urcullu, Mrs. George Howard, Miss Perin, Mrs. Julian James, Mme. Ekengren, Mrs. Joseph Leiter, Mrs. Herbert Howard, Mrs. Arthur Willert, Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson, Mrs. Ben Hellen, Capt. and Mrs. John Gibbons, Mrs. Victor Kauffmann, Mrs. Lloyd Bowers, Mrs. John Rodgers, Mrs. Thomas Chatard, Miss Lee, Miss Flora Wilson, Miss Hickey, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Blagden, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner Randolph, Mrs. Tanner, Mrs. Sinclair Bowen, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, Mrs. Edward Mitchell, Mr. Walter Tuckerman, Mr. Myron Whitney, Mrs. Cuno Rudolph, Mrs. Frank Carpenter, Miss Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Heurich, Mrs. Alexander Bentley, Mrs. Chauncey Hackett, Mrs. E. H. G. Slater, Mrs. S. C. Neale, Mr. Robert Shaw Oliver, Representative and Mrs. Horace Towner, Mrs. Edmund Pendleton, Mrs. John Blair, Mr. and Mrs. George Eustis, Mrs. Charles McChord, Mrs. George H. Chase, Mrs. William H. Wilmer, the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane, Miss Nancy Lane, Miss Gwynn, Mrs. Albert Mills, the Rev and Mrs. F. Ward Denys, Mrs. Richardson Clover, Miss Beatrice Clover and Miss Sargent.

TRANSCRIPT, MONDAY,
JANUARY 17, 1916

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

THE WRONG OF CURRENT GOSSIP ABOUT DR. MUCK

Malicious and Wholly Unfounded Tales That He Declined to Conduct for Mme. Melba and That He Compelled Mr. Schelling to Alter a Sub-Title of His Variations—Inventions Without Rhyme, Reason or Justification—New Chamber Pieces by Ravel and Mr. Hadley—Concerts in Prospect

WHILE the Symphony Orchestra was making its monthly journey to New York and other cities to the southward in the week before last, Dr. Muck was attacked with the prevailing influenza and with a return of an affection of the throat for which he underwent an operation a few years ago. That operation, it now appears, was not as complete in result as either the patient or the surgeons anticipated. Thus ill, Dr. Muck was unable to conduct in the concert of the orchestra in Brooklyn on Friday evening, Jan. 7 and he led, altogether "on his nerve," in the concert in New York on the following Saturday afternoon. Returning to Boston, he took to his bed and put aside all thoughts of conducting at the concerts of last Thursday in Cambridge and of last Friday and Saturday in Boston. As already set down in this place, Mr. Kelley, the composer of the "New England Symphony," then to be played for the first times here, was notified of the mischance and asked to decide between a performance of the music under Mr. Schmidt on the appointed days or the postponement of production until next season. He preferred immediate performance, even under an assistant conductor. The fact that Mme. Melba was to assist the orchestra at these concerts lessened rather than increased the sense of obligation toward them that haunted Dr. Muck, inasmuch as her numbers filled a considerable space in the programme and would, so to say, go of themselves.

It is necessary to enumerate these petty details, of little concern to the public, because of the equally petty and, in some instances, malignant gossip that for two or three days has traversed the town. According to it, Dr. Muck feigned illness in order that he need not accompany Mme. Melba, a British subject, prone to discourse to all and sundry about the war from her point of view. To attribute such motives and such conduct to Dr. Muck, who sets his obligations to his work above all else, who is honesty and loyalty themselves, and who takes no thought of partisanship in all that concerns the Symphony Concerts, is wofully far from the truth and more suggestive of the minds of the fomenters of this gossip than of conductor's own. He was much concern because he could not conduct in Mr. K ley's symphony, which, for a year, he h been holding for performance. He though of Mme. Melba only as an eminent singer who would suffice in herself for the audience.

Of a piece with this gossip is yet another potin—as the French call these malicious yarns—as to Mr. Schelling's set of variations played here a fortnight ago and repeated later in New York and in other cities. One of those variations the composer entitled, "August, 1914," and in it pictured troops going forth to "war without its glamor." As the yarn goes, Mr. Schelling intended to label the variation with some reference to the march of the German soldiery into Belgium: but Dr. Muck forbade him to do so, hinting at all sorts of pains and penalties to the music, if he did. It seems extraordinary that any human beings should believe that a conductor would so wreck a piece, virtually inscribed to him and to his orchestra, and that he had himself sought for performance—least of all human beings that for many a year have come to know Dr. Muck's integrity as man and conductor. The simple truth of the matter is that the variation was written as a picture of the beginnings of warfare in any or all of the nations that embarked upon it in the summer of 1914 and that Mr. Schelling, who by temperament, is fain to be all things to all men, was disposed to agree with any interpretation the partisans of any one of the warring countries might put upon it. Dr. Muck, as it happened, was concerned only with the music, but was superfluously sensitive to the alleged implications that certain experts in malignant gossip drew from it and cast at him.

Finally, to cap the climax, New York was entertained last week with the report that for ten days Dr. Muck had been feigning illness because he and Mr. Higginson were at odds, whereas within those same days Mr. Higginson had been authoritatively quoted as saying that so long as Dr. Muck chose to be conductor of the Symphony Orchestra he could remain in his present post. The management of the Symphony Concerts dignifies such preposterous surmise when it formally and sharply denies it: but it is not so well advised when it makes no announcement of Dr. Muck's inability to conduct because of illness until the audience has received the programme books on Friday afternoon, though it has known for days that he could not lead.

For eighteen months past, no man could have striven more zealously than has Dr. Muck to keep the Symphony Concerts clear of any differences that the war and partisanship over it has provoked. Had all Europe been at peace since August of 1914, the concerts would have run exactly the same course that they have followed, save that more novel music now unobtainable, would have been played at them and a change or two made in the personnel of the band. No man in public and responsible place has been more careful than Dr. Muck not to obtrude his own loyalties and judgments between nation and nation upon those who knew him only in his public capacity and whom they concern as little as their own predilections concern him. And the reward of such sense of obligation steadfastly maintained has been the petty slanders here set down. Occasionally malice has prompted and spread them; oftenest the normal human liking for detrimental report of the eminent and the normal human belief that there is no honesty about anything that appertains to the theatre or the concert-room has spread them—which may be explanation but which is not excuse.

H. T. P.

ADVERTISER,
MORNING, JANUARY 22,

WELCOME DR. MUCK ON HIS RECOVERY

SYMPHONY CONCERT TERMED CONSERVATIVE

Work Played in Brilliant Manner, Even for Boston Orchestra

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Programme.

Berlioz—Overture, "Rob Roy."
Liszt—Symphonic poem, "Sur la Montagne."
Schumann—Symphony No. 1, B-flat.

The time was when Liszt and Berlioz were considered radical, but they belong to the conservatives today. We can recall the paleolithic days of John S. Dwight, when Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner were looked upon as the ascetic looks upon the world, the flesh and—so forth. That has been changed and the extreme left is now occupied by Schoenberg, Stravinsky and possibly Reger. Even Richard Strauss and Debussy have been out-dissonanced.

Dr. Muck was greeted with especial cordiality on his return to the conductor's stand, after his recent illness, of which there was no trace in his work. But we did not find any sufficient reason for the resuscitation of the "Rob Roy" overture, even after its excellent performance. It is one of Berlioz's early works and it juggles with Scottish music. It is a strange thing that Scotland should be brimful of splendid folk-songs and yet never have produced a native composer who could weld these into a symphonic or large orchestral form. But, as if to make up for this, all the other nations have come under the spell of Gaelic music and numerous are the applications of it in European music.

Boieldieu ("La Dame Blanche"), Franz (songs), Beethoven (songs), Volkmann ("Richard III." overture), Schumann (songs), Mendelssohn (symphony), Bruch (cantata and concerto), are but a few of those who have built upon this foundation, and they have all, except Mendelssohn, un-Scotched their themes. And Berlioz has un-Scotched "Scots wha hae," in this overture. We do not mind his dallying with the speed of the melody, for Scotch themselves did that when they took it very slowly and metamorphosed it into "I'm wearin' awa Jean," but Berlioz frequently serves it up in slices (a phrase at a time) like cold veal. It is very interesting figure treatment, but it kills the spirit of the great old melody.

The subordinate theme of this work is another old friend. It is the expressive "Childe Harold" theme, only given to the English horn instead of the Viola. Both of these are melancholic instruments, so the brooding character of the melody is well-preserved, but the theme is far less impressively treated in this overture than it was handled later on, in the great symphony. There is a great deal of intellectual figure development in this symphony, but nothing really exciting. We cannot imagine Rob Roy settling down as a teacher of counterpoint in Paris, as seems to be the case in this overture.

But possibly Dr. Muck had the idea that he would teach his audience how the modern programme-music, tone-coloring school began, for just as "Rob Roy" is an early work of Berlioz, the "Mountain Symphony" is the very beginning of the symphonic poems of Liszt. It was rather a bit of hill-climbing to go at once from the Scottish highlands to the Lisztian Alps. Another conjecture is that our conductor desired to console us for the fact that we are not to have Strauss' new Alpine Symphony this year, because we cannot supply the extra brasses which the composer calls for, and therefore gave us plenty of other mountain music.

In this connection let us say a word about a very unjust New York criticism of our orchestra. They have boasted over there that they can easily get the extra instruments for the New York performances of the Alpine Symphony, and satirize Boston with being hindered by such a small matter. Is it necessary to tell them that our orchestra is not in the Musicians' Union? If we were within the fold we could get a whole band of extra horns without any trouble whatever, and the new symphony would be given at once.

Liszt's "Bergsymphonie" (as the Germans call it) was well worth resuscitating. Although somewhat fragmentary, it is wholly a different proposition from Berlioz's Parisian Scotchman. Victor Hugo's poem, on which the work is founded, is a lofty picture of the perfection of Nature as contrasted with the troubles of Man. It is lofty, but untrue, since antagonism and war run through all animate creation as well as through the human race. But the contrast of the calm of the mountain with the fever of the human creature is an effective one.

"The world is perfect everywhere,
Whenever fev'rish man is absent there"

Dr. Muck interpreted the graphic picture nobly. First, the portrayal of Nature in Solitude. Out of the muttering of the kettle-drums (a basso ostinato) there evolve themselves the sounds of rippling waters, the rush of winds and contending elements, and an oboe melody which pictures pastoral calm. Then one hears the voice of the Sea, and then the troubled clamor of Man. After this it is a constant struggle between the peace of Nature and the misery of Man. The latter gains the upper hand and all tranquility is gone. There is now a most tumultous Allegro, which the orchestra gave with magnificent fury; a gnashing, shrieking, cursing struggle, that went far beyond a similar picture which Beethoven drew in the introduction to the Finale of his Ninth symphony. There were terrific explosions that intimated that the "Mountain" was a Volcano.

Then follows, not Peace but Exhaustion, in an impressive silence broken only (and made more oppressive) by two soft strokes upon the gong, portentously evil.

The trembling question — Why? What Remedy?—is answered at first by the suggestion of Nature's beauty, the former theme, but Man seems not to be satisfied with this, and the question is asked again and again. At last, after an impressive pause, the Abbe Liszt, the devout Catholic (not then an Abbe, however), departs from Victor Hugo and gives the answer in an Andante Religioso, in which, with great skill, the dissonant and opposing themes are contrapuntally united. The brasses finally give the religious theme with absolute conviction, a new melody of Faith is introduced, and Liszt has solved the entire problem of the Universe!

Whether in this year of disgrace, 1916, the doubts are all thus summarily settled, may be questioned by some, but it is a striking work even if it does not attain the beauty of "Les Preludes," where somewhat similar questions are discussed. But it was followed by a less grandiose but more appealing work, Schumann's first symphony. Love, Spring and Happiness, came as poultices to the tonal wounds that had been inflicted. Less inflated, more sympathetic, it did not astonish as the Liszt work had done, but it went more directly to the heart. All three works were played in an astonishingly brilliant manner, even for our orchestra. The enthusiasm of the audience was continuous, and Dr. Muck and the orchestra reached their highest standard in each number of this memorable concert.

BOSTON POST,
JANUARY 22,

TRIBUTE TO LISZT THE YOUTH PAID

His First Tone Poem Performed by Symphony

BY OLIN DOWNES

A programme of uncommon interest was presented by Dr. Muck yesterday afternoon at the 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck, having recovered from his recent severe indisposition, was again at the helm.

MUSIC OF THE 30S

The first performance at these concerts of the first of the 12 symphonic poems with which Liszt revolutionized modern music, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne," proved a matter of far more than merely historical interest, and the seldom played overture of Berlioz, "Rob Roy," prefaced happily the remarkable score of Liszt. This in spite of inequalities of workmanship and because of the youth and romanticism of the writing. This overture was first performed in 1833. The first sketches of Liszt's symphonic poem were made in the same year. The first performance of Schumann's "Spring" symphony, which brought the concert to an end, took place in 1841. A "romantic" programme, a revival of the gorgeous music of the '30s.

Liszt's symphonic poem is startling in its eloquence, color and impetuosity, and its astonishing prophecy of later scores. Shades of Zarathustra! The famous enigmatical conclusion of Strauss' tone suddenly smote our ears.

Was it with deliberate intent that Dr. Muck thus unmasked a composer whom he is far from admiring in toto? For there in the concluding measures of Liszt, large as life were the wavering tonalities, the plucking of double basses—Liszt varies the effect, very interestingly, with the kettle-drums—there is the mystic and philosophical mood, so completely depicted that we almost wondered whether the final page of Strauss had been tacked to the score of the early symphonic poem of Liszt. There should be a foot-note in Strauss' score in this place, after the symphonic poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne!" A feature of Zarathustra which Strauss' partisans and commentators have ignored! Nor has the composer, apparently, taken the pains to enlighten them.

But this symphonic poem is notable for other things than a forshading of a special effect by Strauss. The writing is exceptionally vigorous and sincere. Few of the scores of Liszt have so much richness of color, although there are scores which present finer tone-color to the ear. Taken as a whole, the work is full of inspiration, and must have seemed at the time of its first performance in 1847 a heaven-storming piece of audacity. The themes are not transformed as freely and as cleverly as they are in other compositions by Liszt; the final section of the tone-poem is too long, and you have the spectacle of a composer endeavoring assiduously to life himself up by the bootstraps. "Ahem, ahem"—somehow, the great roll, the thundering sentence, will not come. But, except this place and workmanship which makes up in directness and audacity what it lacks of mature skill—tolerate, if you can, the bombast of the earlier Liszt, and you have a piece of music aglow with ideas and enthusiasms that seem very young and more than half convincing today.

Berlioz' overture has precisely these same qualities, although the employment of the tune "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" is rather naive than effectual, but the romantic flavor of that must recompense for occasional weaknesses of workmanship. But it is a brave piece of music, and there is the quotation, the most beautiful page in the work, of the viola solo from Harold in Italy, a theme which obsessed the composer's imagination and haunted him through many years.

These two performances were of exceptional brilliancy, but in no wise more remarkable than the performance of Schumann's symphony. All that a great musician could do to aid a composer who was none too expert with the orchestra was done, until the symphony glowed with unbelievable color and the passion of spring. Symphony or not, as some say of this work, it held a worthy place on the programme yesterday, and at the hands of Dr. Muck, Schumann received his righteous reward.

[90]

BOSTON HERALD.

JAN 22

SYMPHONY GIVES SEASON'S 12TH CONCERT

Berlioz's Overture to "Rob Roy," Liszt's "What One Hears on the Mountain," and Symphonic Poem No. 1 and Schumann Composition Make up Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, overture to "Rob Roy"; Liszt, "What One Hears on the Mountain," Symphonic Poem No. 1 (after Victor Hugo); Schumann, Symphony in B flat major No. 1.

Some have wondered why Buelow was partial to Berlioz's overture "The Corsair." He praised it in his letters; he delighted in conducting it. It might be asked by those who are so unfortunate as not to appreciate the genius of Berlioz, why do conductors put his overture to "Rob Roy" on programs, especially as it is an early work and Berlioz burned the score, forgetting that he had sent a manuscript copy to the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris. It will be remembered that this overture was not published until 1900 when the second performance took place, and that was in London. The suggestion has been made that Berlioz destroyed the score because he had used one of the themes, the one that resembles curiously Offenbach's "Voici le Sabre," in his "Harold" symphony.

The answer to the questioners is that conductors and many other musicians find that the overture to "Rob Roy" has more than a historical interest. There is a Scottish atmosphere, and not merely by reason of the theme founded on "Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled." The horn fanfares, the melody for English horn accompanied by the harp, the suggestion of the bagpipes; in a word, the prevailing mood of the overture is Scottish. We know that Berlioz, as other men of the romantic period were admirers of Sir Walter, whose influence was then great and unmistakable in many ways. Berlioz wrote an overture, "Waverley"; why not one suggested by "Rob Roy"?

There are other reasons for liking this overture. Composed in 1832, it is surprisingly fresh, ingenious, vigorous in its instrumentation. Grant that the themes and some formulas are of an old pattern, they are still expressive, and they are developed and treated for the orchestra by the master of orchestration, from whom all following him have learned and are still learning, though no one has yet succeeded in obtaining such striking effect with apparently simple means.

Liszt's symphonic poem was played here for the first time, although it was remodelled by the composer nearly 60 years ago. The poem of the same title in Hugo's "Autumn Leaves" inspired the music. The poem itself is characteristic of the Hugo described by Mr. George Moore as a cross between an Italian improvisator and a metaphysical German student. In it we find the familiar "splendor of imagery and thunder of syllables." The poet puts himself on a mountain by the sea. He hears two voices: one singing superbly the beauty and the harmony of creation—the voice of Nature; the other, the voice of Humanity, is swollen with sighs, groans, sobs, cries of revolt, blasphemies. The poet then asks, why are we here? What is the end of all this? He hears no answer.

Liszt gives full and varied musical expression to these voices, but does not end with Hugo. He finds the answers in prayer, in the hope, comfort, assurance of religion. After the development of the contrasting themes, with a wealth of subsidiary details, the answer to the terrible doubt and vain questioning, the answer to Nature herself, is the final Hymn of Faith.

No wonder this symphonic poem frightened and appalled conductors, players, critics and audiences 50 years ago. Some today may regard the main contents as bombastic, yet accept and praise the solemn Hymn given first to the trombones. To us the music is remarkable in many ways, remarkable even as coming after the more important achievements of Berlioz. No modern composer, not even Debussy or Rimsky-Korsakoff has been more successful in suggesting the murmur of waves, the surge of the ocean. No ultra-modern composer, not even the Strauss of the later years, has expressed more dramatically and convincingly in music cries of anguish and despair. Liszt's use of dissonances is a revelation even in these days of dissonances, when common chords have a certain piquancy.

It is true that there are pages that might be spared. The final section is too long-drawn out. There is repetition that lessens the effect. Yet this section as a whole has majestic beauty and in it we observe Wagner gaily appropriating music for his "Parsifal," as elsewhere in the poem he found measures for his "Ring." How he and others after him have plundered the storehouse of Liszt!

The performance was impressive. After this music the Symphony of [illegible] seemed [illegible]

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will make a western trip. The program for Feb. 4-5 will include Beethoven's Symphony No. 2; Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator" (repeated by request), and a short piece to be announced. Miss Geraldine Farrar will sing Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin" and the Romance from "The Damnation of Faust."

MONITOR, BOSTON,

JANUARY 22, 1916

"MOUNTAIN" TONE POEM DISCLOSES LISZT'S METHOD

SYMPHONY HALL—Twelfth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Jan. 21: Berlioz, "Rob Roy" overture; Liszt, symphonic poem No. 1, "On the Mountain"; Schumann, symphony No. 1 in B-flat major, op. 38.

The present conductor of the Symphony orchestra is the first one to put the "Mountain" symphony into the repertory. In producing the piece he has enlarged his reputation, already great, as a Liszt interpreter and he has widened the public knowledge of a type of composition that is none too generally understood, though it was invented three quarters of a century ago. In seizing the opportunity his predecessors have neglected he has doubtless added more to his influence than he could have by bringing forward any newly-composed work whatsoever. His placing such a number on his program is one of those enterprises by which the conservatism of the institution which he directs is justified.

The music had a genuine effect of novelty. It greatly aroused the attention of the listeners. It could hardly have done so more if instead of being a mid-nineteenth century composition, a document of the maturing romantic period, it had been the latest product of the school of today which discards melodic line and harmonic color and thinks only in terms of cacophonic cubes.

And yet, fresh as was the "Mountain" symphony's sound, and of the morning as were its themes, there was no mistaking the composer. The music was the "Tasso" symphonic poem, the "Faust" symphony and the piano concerto in E flat all over again. For the piece represents, if not in complete and finished manner, at least in essentials, the Liszt who in the forties remodeled orchestral writing, making possible the structure of large works from a few simple elements of melody, and making possible the expression of all passions and moods without formal grouping of them into fast and slow movements.

The conductor gave his audience a valuable music lesson and himself a tremendous task in the sorting out of styles when he put together on one program selections by Liszt, Schumann and Berlioz. It must have been hard for many hearers to believe that all three of these composers could have been active at the same time. And it could not have been of much help to them to stop and think that the successors of the three, namely, Strauss, Reger and Debussy, are all influential in the concert world now. Dr. Muck made a conspicuous success of Liszt and Berlioz. The severe beat of his baton seemed requisite to the interpretation of both the "Mountain" symphony and the "Rob Roy" overture; but not so to the interpretation of the Schumann piece. It found, all listeners must admit, the precise value of every syncopation. The players, except with the utmost carelessness, could not have lost their way in any measure of their music. But where was the Schumann sentiment? Where that most cherished thing in romanticism, which Schumann best after Schubert expresses—that pensive gayety? Missing.

But let nobody imagine that the symphony in B flat was altogether a study in the mechanics of time-beating. Indeed the portrait delineated was nearly three fourths true to the original. The scherzo and not a little that immediately preceded it, and all that followed it was the very speech of the tenderest-hearted of the romanticists.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

JANUARY 22, 1916.

Symphony Seats Next Season

The management of the Symphony orchestra is taking the first step in the promised change of methods for disposing of the season tickets of the Symphony concerts. The first step in this new process is to have owners of seats for the present season register their seats, their names and addresses, so that the management will have a complete record of the seats that are held. The registration will be at Symphony Hall between the hours of 10 and 1 on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week up to and including March 4, and during the concerts on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings. Cards have been provided wherein owners of seats may properly register and the data on these cards will be then transferred to books especially prepared for the purpose.

TRANSCRIPT,

JANUARY 22,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A FULL PROGRAMME OF ROMANTIC MUSIC

Orchestra and Conductor at the Top of Their Bent Through a Stirring Afternoon—The Resurrection of Liszt's Puissant Tone-Poem of the Mountain—Schumann's "Spring" Symphony and an Overture of Berlioz

ROMANTIC music filled the programme of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon—all written in the full tide of the ardent years that drew Berlioz to Scott; Liszt to Hugo; and Schumann to the poetized sights and sounds and moods of the German spring. As it was written in the overture to "Rob Roy," in the tone-poem, "Ce qu' on Entend sur la Montagne," and in the symphony in B-flat major No. 1, as the formal titles go, so Dr. Muck and the orchestra played it. There are occasional and also inevitable days when the band falls away into relatively dull routine as it did a week ago; there are many more when it holds to the level of its alert and eloquent self; and there are surprisingly many—if memory runs back over the long course of the concerts—when it mounts well above that plane and sustains itself in this higher flight. Of such was the concert of Friday, and the audience unmistakably thrilled to it and by more and subtler tokens than outpoured applause. Seldom has the tone of the orchestra been more rich, warm and glowing than it was in Berlioz's overture, more songful of instrumental melody, more vivid of rhythm, more graphic of contrast. Seldom has the band gained such force and variety of characterizing and significant voice as it sustained through the manifold delineation and suggestion of Liszt's tone-poem; and seldom has it irradiated and vitalized music, as though it were playing it in re-creative rhapsody—yet with what control of means!—as it did Schumann's symphony of the spring. Strange that there are those, especially in the West, who believe that the orchestra lets fire wait upon finesse. Rather, when ardor and energy are the word, as they are in much of this romantic music, it can summon them as readily and truly as it does the elegance it bestows upon Mozart or Mendelssohn or the felicities of detail and implication with which it graces Debussy or Ravel. There are times when the Symphony Orchestra is a glorious orchestra and when the audience—often more routine than the players—feels and knows it as such. It was so yesterday.

The source and cause of these things was not far to seek. Dr. Muck was again in his place and in the full usage of his familiar powers upon his music, his forces and his audience. Upon the music, he exercised that sense of characterizing differentiation that gave to all three pieces the romantic ardor of invention, creation and final accomplishment, the romantic fulness and richness of speech, the romantic freedom of voice, the romantic intensity of mood and purpose that are life and soul within them. At the same time he distinguished the large rhetoric of Berlioz—for the overture to "Rob Roy" is or ought to be music of the theatre—from the warm and relatively intimate tonal poetry of Schumann; seized the significance within the spectacle of Liszt's tone-poem; drew from it that quality of excitement upon those that hear, which again is intrinsic in romantic music. Upon his forces, he exercised simultaneously the control that leaves not to chance so much as one progression, one modulation, one accent or one shading; while at the same time he infused into them his own sense of that which vitalized and characterized the music in hand and which the imagination and the projection of the conductor must discover and enforce beyond any indication of the engraved page. His audience in turn felt that power of transmitting and stimulating personality of which Dr. Muck seems the more unconscious the more his hearers know its spell. A great conductor in more than the usual flush of his abilities led a glorious orchestra through as exciting a concert as the season has brought.

Yet to the composers—dead and gone these many years but more alive in their music than many a writer of the day before yesterday—belongs the lion's share of the reward, since the conductor and the orchestra did but serve them, and most of all to the Liszt of the tone-poem, hitherto unheard in Boston, though it was put to paper more than sixty years ago. It is quite true that more than one of Liszt's sym[illegible] plenty in current orchestral repertories, hardly deserves its discovery and restoration to it. They are an uneven succession of pieces; there is one and another of them in which there is little body thinly clad. It is also quite true that it is much easier to play "Tasso" one year; "The Preludes" the next; maybe "Orpheus" the third and then make the round again than to go questing through the scores of the rest as Dr. Muck insistently does. If one of his discoveries among them, "Hungaria," hardly repaid revival, "Mazeppa" of a season or two back and especially "The Mountain Symphony" of yesterday richly deserved it. The wonder was that it had been overlooked for so long and that the conductor himself had sometimes hesitated over the resurrection of it—not from regard for convention, a consideration that little sways him—but from fear lest music so much of its own romantic time and fashion might not fall sixty years after upon responsive ears.

"Ce qu' on Entend sur la Montagne" is indeed romantic in the full blaze of the adjective that is presumed to illuminate Hugo when his voice and vision are biggest and most resounding; Hoffmann when he is most fantastic; Berlioz when he is at once grandiose and graphic, and Delacroix and his fellow-painters when they stretch their broadest canvas and heap it with bold design, flaming color and sombre shadow. That is to say, Liszt's music has the shortcomings—or what another generation has elected to call the shortcomings—of its species and of the talents and the temperament that wrought in it. There are passages in the tone-poem that seem to many ears superfluous repetition that Liszt wrote in excess of ardor for his vision and for the musical means by which he was bodying it forth; but these are the inevitable complement of the intensity of imagination and spirit that conceived the one and gave it voice, vitality and illusion with the other. There are passages that the reticent and the adroit in music call turgid; but they are of the grandiose style which was of Liszt's temperament and which was the unquestioned manner of romanticism in all the arts in his time. There are occasional passages—but much fewer than in many another of the symphonic poems—in which the music merely fills a halt until imagination and ardor glow again, but the compensation is disproportionately abundant in the ease of invention, the readiness of means and the fulness of illusion with which Liszt writes the music in which the two voices of Nature and of Man are in simultaneous play, or in which he blends them in the Andante designed to reconcile and to fuse their conflict and their questionings.

On the other hand, "The Mountain Symphony" is richly and glowingly alive with not a few of the virtues of such romantic music and of the composer who burned with an unquenchable desire to write it to the full and who left time to bear testimony to the delineative, the psychological and the tonal power of his music. It has borne two: the testimony whereby the best of the symphonic poems of Liszt have added a new and established form to music and seem now part and parcel of the music that endures from generation to generation; and the testimony whereby he seems often to be anticipating the composers of our time not only when they deliberately imitate him but when his visioning, his purpose and his means seem at one with theirs.

Liszt in this very music was questioning poignantly in tones and leaving the riddle of destiny, of man and of the material world unsolved in empty and dissonant intervals before the Strauss, who does likewise in "Zarathustra" to the general admiration, was born into that same world. Even the Wagner of "Parsifal" does not hesitate to borrow from the instrumental panoply of "Ce qu' on Entend sur la Montagne." Our contemporary music is much concerned with delineation; but who that writes it has surpassed Liszt in the tonal suggestion of the outspread and slowly swaying sea. Composers to right of us and composers to left of us would carry music to higher intensities; yet when Liszt sets the suffering and the frenzies of man over against the calm and the strength of nature, the music agonizes with the sharp stress of the conflict and the contrast. Those same composers search their minds and spirits for music of atmosphere. In relatively few measures at the beginning of "The Mountain Symphony," Liszt leads his poet to the mountain top, sets his voices of vision vibrating and stirs his hearers to excited and suspensive interest.

These pictorial and atmospheric qualities; that high heat of mood; that largeness and intensity of vision and answering emotion; that impinging suggestion of strangeness and suspense; that commanding voice, that mingling of exaltation and actuality, of the ideal, the natural and the human in one transporting illusion are the very life and soul of romantic music that makes it search and thrill when the mere superficial aspects of it are no more than a vanished fashion. Of such is "Ce qu' on Entend sur la Montagne," not merely resurrected yesterday, but in this unheeding Boston and among conventionally neglectful conductors, actually buried alive for more than sixty years.

Berlioz's overture, so far as it goes in frank and animated employ of a familiar Scotsmen's tune in warm harmonic vesture and spirited rhythmic march seems no more than well-developed romantic music from a happily chosen source beside such a piece as Liszt's "Mountain Symphony." Indeed the overture becomes a work of the imagination only when it summons and develops a melody that is all Berlioz's own and yet is curiously suggestive of the wistful and melancholy mood that Scottish landscape, Scottish light, air and solitude and maybe the Scottish temperament, when it sets to folk-poetry or folk-song, stirs in them that see and hear. Perhaps much reading and much joy of Sir Walter, then at the zenith of romantic fashion, gave Berlioz this divination; but more plausibly imagination in music knows no borders and Berlioz, as it afterward happened, was quite ready to shift that same motive to his melancholy Harold when he bore that wanderer into Italian solitudes.

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By the same token Schumann's symphony of the spring is universal in appeal, even if it evokes that quick-coming spring which the more fortunate North knows in annual and shining flood and that is strange to our middle—and mediocre—latitudes. Moreover, it is the sights and sounds of the spring in Germany, in the Rhine country, and the mood and the delight of human beings—German or any other—under them that stirred Schumann to his music and gave it ardor, beauty and enduring freshness of instrumental song. Now all the world—except the dull-witted English who have long misliked the symphony—hears it gladly, and might even hear it each year because it is music that quickens the ear, enlivens the fancy and awakes cheerful emotion even as do the stirrings and the glamors of the spring itself.

The very ardor of Schumann made him break the bonds that usually chafed him when he worked in the symphonic form. The very inspiration that possessed him made him modulate, harmonize and lay on his instrumental color as by effective intuition. The call of the trumpets and the horns at the beginning and all that flows out of this motive through the first movement are the sparks of genius rather than the mere strokes of invention and imagination. The fancy of the Scherzo shines hardly less brightly. The song of the Andante runs deep with the tranquil joy of the spring and then sets the restlessness that it breeds to gentle ruffling of the music. And the dance-tune of the end is a dance of nature with the poet's spirit rhythmed to it. No wonder Schumann wrote his symphony in four days when such flowing inspiration possessed him. As the outcome in Liszt's tone-poem was the power of romantic music so the outcome in Schumann's symphony is its beauty. The power intensifies human sensations and emotions, giving them new and strange exaltation and poignancy; the beauty clothes them in as novel and rare a loveliness. Because romantic music loved external pomps, some have believed it superficial. By the universal answer to it, it really goes deep.

H. T. P.

BOSTON AMERICAN

JANUARY 22, 1916.

LISZT NOVELTY AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

By FRED J. McISAAC.

Berlioz's overture to "Rob Roy," Liszt's tone poem, "What One Hears on a Mountain," and Schumann's symphony in B-flat major No. 1, op. 39, composed the program at the Boston Symphony concert yesterday.

Berlioz's overture was inspired by Scott's novels. Its chief theme is "Scots wha hea," an ancient melody to which Robert Burns set inspiring words. After hearing the first performance of his overture Berlioz went home and burned the manuscript. He used much of its thematic material in "Childe Harold" afterwards. Nevertheless it is agreeable music to those of us who have Scottish sympathies.

Liszt's tone poem received its first Boston performance yesterday, although it is nearly seventy years old. It was inspired by a poem by Victor Hugo, whom Liszt greatly admired. It is a musical description of the conflict between the forces of nature and humanity. It is couched in the sonorous and impressive phraseology of Liszt, but it falls far behind his other tone poems in inspiration and descriptive powers. Much of it is tedious, and much only noisy. It is easy to understand why no conductor felt moved to produce it here until Dr. Muck put it on as a novelty.

The Schumann Spring symphony is always gay, happy and charming, and it was delightfully played. The orchestra will be on tour next week. The soloist at the concert two weeks hence will be Geraldine Farrar.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

JANUARY 22,

"MOUNTAIN" TONE POEM DISCLOSES LISZT'S METHOD

SYMPHONY HALL—Twelfth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Jan. 21: Berlioz, "Rob Roy" overture; Liszt, symphonic poem No. 1, "On the Mountain"; Schumann, symphony No. 1 in B-flat major, op. 38.

The present conductor of the Symphony orchestra is the first one to put the "Mountain" symphony into the repertory. In producing the piece he has enlarged his reputation, already great, as a Liszt interpreter and he has widened the public knowledge of a type of composition that is none too generally understood, though it was invented three quarters of a century ago. In seizing the opportunity his predecessors have neglected he has doubtless added more to his influence than he could have by bringing forward any newly-composed work whatsoever. His placing such a number on his program is one of those enterprises by which the conservatism of the institution which he directs is justified.

The music had a genuine effect of novelty. It greatly aroused the attention of the listeners. It could hardly have done so more if instead of being a mid-nineteenth century composition, a document of the maturing romantic period, it had been the latest product of the school of today which discards melo- [illegible] line and harmonic color and thinks only in terms of cacophonic cubes.

And yet, fresh as was the "Mountain" symphony's sound, and of the morning as were its themes, there was no mistaking the composer. The music was the "Tasso" symphonic poem, the "Faust" symphony and the piano concerto in E flat all over again. For the piece represents, if not in complete and finished manner, at least in essentials, the Liszt who in the forties remodeled orchestral writing, making possible the structure of large works from a few simple elements of melody, and making possible the expression of all passions and moods without formal grouping of them into fast and slow movements.

The conductor gave his audience a valuable music lesson and himself a tremendous task in the sorting out of styles when he put together on one program selections by Liszt, Schumann and Berlioz. It must have been hard for many hearers to believe that all three of these composers could have been active at the same time. And it could not have been of much help to them to stop and think that the successors of the three, namely, Strauss, Reger and Debussy, are all influential in the concert world now. Dr. Muck made a conspicuous success of Liszt and Berlioz. The severe beat of his baton seemed requisite to the interpretation of both the "Mountain" symphony and the "Rob Roy" overture; but not so to the interpretation of the Schumann piece. It found, all listeners must admit, the precise value of every syncopation. The players, except with the utmost carelessness, could not have lost their way in any measure of their music. But where was the Schumann sentiment? Where that most cherished thing in romanticism, which Schumann best after Schubert expresses—that pensive gayety? Missing.

But let nobody imagine that the symphony in B flat was altogether a study in the mechanics of time-beating. Indeed the portrait delineated was nearly three fourths true to the original. The scherzo and not a little that immediately preceded it, and all that followed it was the very speech of the tenderest-hearted of the romanticists.

BOSTON GLOBE—

JANUARY 22,

REMARKABLE "NEW" LISZT TONE POEM

Amazingly Prophetic Work 68 Years Old.

A symphonic poem by Liszt performed for the first time in Boston! The thought might seem anomalous as that of a man born too late, strangely out of tune with his time, a sere page of the past, uncovered to be forgotten.

But not so with the "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" of Liszt after one of Victor Hugo's poems in his "Leaves of Autumn." Here is an amazingly prophetic work. The chief interest is not that now, at a symphony concert 68 years after its composition, the Orchestra plays it for the first time. Irrespective of time or period the score arrests the mind and stimulates feeling by its freshness, vigor, dramatic force, by the resourceful, and to modern ears, remarkable anticipation of modern methods of large dramatic expression—in invention of characterizing themes, in harmonic color apt and eloquent, in the contrast of ideas and moods as of orchestral choirs, to all of which the element of personality and identity attache, and finally in the interpretative and seizing use of dissonance.

Where was its model in the year 1848? Wagner shortly before had produced his "Tannhauser" in Dresden, and was soon to be expelled, not as an iconoclast in tones but in politics. Weber had completed his operas in a new romantic vein, and his life, a score of years before, but he had little to offer as inspiration.

The only likely name is not to be found in the German side of the house. It was a historically significant, as well as a gracious and courteous, act upon Dr Muck's part to precede the Liszt tone poem with a work by Berlioz. Remarkable seer of things to come was this turbulent, frenetic, morbidly sensitive Frenchman. The debt which the whole line of tonal romanticists, colorists, verists, dramatists from Liszt and Wagner down to Strauss and the new apostle of life in tone—Strawinsky—owe to Berlioz probably never can be wholly measured. It is true that music far more worthy of Berlioz and more fairly representative could be found than this "Rob Roy" overture. But in such a score as the Fantastic Symphony upon phases of an artist's life, he could have found the principle which was to evolve into a new art form, at once as precise and elastic if less composite than that new force in romanticism soon to be disclosed to the eye and ear by the Diaghileff ballet.

Liszt prefaced his score with this argument: "The poet hears two voices; one immense, magnificent, ineffable; singing the beauty and the harmony of creation; the other swollen with sighs, groans, sobs, cries of revolt and blasphemies. The one said Nature and the other Humanity." As in Hugo's poem "The one came from the sea, song of glory! a happy hymn! The other that came up from our earth was sad. Twas the murmur of mankind. Hid in this grand concert of song, day and night, each wave, each man, had a voice."

With the world in groans and tears in the vortex of this atrocious war, [illegible] grim and timely, in the present performance of this music, until now passed by, which no hour since Hugo penned his poem or Liszt his music could have supplied with such terrible emphasis.

There were obvious reasons why this old work, strangely new, would not have been undertaken by an orchestra without cool calculation and perhaps enlightening attempts. It is formidable and difficult. The demands upon the brass and particularly the first trumpet are herculean. They were met triumphantly yesterday. Liszt's use of the brass choir in glorifying hymnology were transporting. The entire orchestra reveled in the making of a flood of gorgeous, golden tone, a sonority which would transfigure far less worthy pages. None can deny passages of conventional Lisztian clap-trap, the melodramatic flourishes and sensational recourse to rhythm as a last resort. These places were made to sound. The noble pages of the beneficent song of nature and of the troubled and tragic song of man—and they far predominate—were played superbly.

The first symphony of Schumann continued the dramatic scheme. It carried on a chapter of less daring, if more minutely imaginative, development of the romantic thought, an unfolding in idea and in feeling to the eclipse of the manner merely. It was a performance executed with love and appreciation.

Dr Muck was given a welcome at his return. There will be no concerts next week.

From MORNING TELEGRAPH

Address: New York City

Date JAN 11 1916

DEAR BEAU BROADWAY—I have just been to the Boston Symphony concert, and I have come away sadly puzzled and mystified.

I noticed with pain, sorrow and deep humiliation Dr. Karl Muck's contemptuous air toward his New York audience. Can you explain this to me? And, too, why does he despise us so? Why doesn't he deign even to look at us, and why is it he refuses to acknowledge our hearty applause, save by mere cold and disdainful nods? Doesn't he approve of us? Doesn't he think we are serious enough? Does he think we are giddy and light-headed because we are sometimes a trifle late and a little too voluble? Is he trying to reform us? Does he treat his Boston audiences as he treats us, despite the fact that they regard going to a performance of their beloved orchestra as some sort of a religious ceremony?

DOESN'T Dr. Muck realize that if we didn't enjoy the Boston Symphony, and that if we didn't appreciate his splendid work, he wouldn't have crowded houses every time he comes to New York? Or that if we didn't love music and long to hear it, we shouldn't have three symphony societies here at one time?

You understand, Beau Broadway, I admire Dr. Muck intensely, and I look forward eagerly, from one month to another, to his splendid orchestra and to his delightful programs. He is an artist of the first rank, and I realize it, and that is perhaps why I feel all the more keenly his evident contempt and his marked scorn for us.

I WANT you to explain all this to me, as perhaps you may find I am oversensitive and imaginative. Perhaps, too he treats all his admirers in the same way, and that wou be a little consolation at last. Yours expectantly,

One of the New York Audience.

From EVENING POST

Address: New York City

Date JAN 10 1916

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Orchestral Concerts.

At the Boston Symphony concert in Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon, Dr. Muck opened the programme with Brahms's Third Symphony in F major. Dr. Muck's devotion to the Bayreuth cause has not prevented his doing full justice to the apostle of austerity; he conducted the symphony *con amore*, and brought out all its good points. This work, in the opinion of many, ranks among the Brahms symphonies next to his second in merit. The second and third movements have much charm, and Dr. Muck and his forces exhibited them in their best light.

Estal 84

There was no soloist. The second number on the programme was a Rumanian Rhapsody by Georges Enesco. This is full of bright, lively melody, and in one or two places suggests Strauss (Johann, not Richard). The men had to rise in acknowledgment of the applause at its close. "The Island of the Dead," an impressive symphonic poem by Rachmaninoff, was next played. It is full of sombre, lugubrious color, and is a fine reproduction of the spirit of Böcklin's famous painting. It was impressively played too, so much so that there was a hushed silence at its close which was much more of a tribute to composition and performance than applause would have been. That came later, to be sure, but the pause was full of meaning.

The programme closed with Berlioz's Overture, "The Roman Carnival," brilliantly played. The whole programme, barring a slip among the first violins in the Brahms symphony, was played in the "B. S. O.'s" best style.

Four concerts in eight days to crowd-

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From GERMAN HEROLD
Address: New York City
AN 3 - 1916
Date

Dr. Muck iſt krank.

Dr. Carl Muck, der Leiter des Boſton Symphonie-Orcheſters, iſt erkrankt und konnte das letzte Concert in der Brooklyner Academy of Muſic nicht leiten. Concertmeiſter Erneſt Schmidt übernahm die Leitung.

Establis

From EVENING JOURNAL
Address: New York City
Date

Esta 1884

3 ORCHESTRAS IN CONCERTS OF WEEK-END

Dr. Karl Muck for the second of the January pair of Boston Symphony concerts at Carnegie Hall not only subserved his electicism but also indulged graciously in what the late William J. Gaynor might have called an outward ornamentation of neutrality. There were on Dr. Muck's Saturday programme the Austrian-tinged Teutonism of Brahms's Third Symphony; the Parisian-tinged Rumanianism of George's Enesco's first rhapsody on the folk melodies of his native inspiration; the German-tinged Slavism of the Russian, Rachmaninoff's "Toteninsel" and the Italo-tinged Gallicism of the Frenchman, Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture.

Thus was neutrality in musical art quadruply expounded and quadruply confounded. The entente of the beautiful, in a word, is universal and even as when the beautiful happens to be merely national. For there were elements of beauty in all of this music and far more than elements in some of it. Even in times of critical and other belligerency the outer ornamentation of neutrality on the hither borders of the troubled seas thus appears to be only an imaginary unguent to troubled critical hepaticisms.

It should not need to be said that neither Dr. Muck nor the Boston Orchestra was in any wise troubled by considerations such as the foregoing in playing Brahms, Enesco, Rachmaninoff and Berlioz. They played the Brahms symphony with a seductive beauty, a truly uplifted poetic spirit. The ingenuities of Rachmaninoff were presented as a coherent mood and the folksong insistencies of the Rumanian were made interesting.

NEW YORK

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date JAN 3

Establis

The fifth concert in the series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in Infantry Hall on Tuesday week, Feb. 8, at 8:15. Owing to the failure of Mme. van Endert to come to America this year, her place in the Providence series of Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts will be taken by Kathleen Howard, who will appear with the orchestra at its next concert, Tuesday evening, Feb. 8. Miss Howard is an American contralto, who has had a notable career and stands very high in the ranks of her profession. A Canadian by birth, the greater part of her musical education was had in the United States. She sung for several years with much success in Germany and then had two seasons at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, and came to this country as a member of the Century Opera Company of New York.

The programme that Dr. Muck has arranged calls for Mozart's Symphony in E-flat Major, Handel's concerto for string orchestra and two wind choirs, Dvorak's overture, "Husitska." Miss Howard will sing twice. Her first number will be the great aria of Adriano from Wagner's opera, "Rienzi." Her second number will be the familiar aria from "Samson and Delilah," "My Heart at Thy Dear Voice."

Mr. Leo Ormstein, the famous young Russian pianist, who has gained widespread notice because of his futurist style of playing and his advanced ideas regarding the interpretation of modern and classic music, is to appear here again in concert in Churchill House on Wednesday evening, Feb. 16. At this time he will give a brilliant programme, including compositions from Mendels- Schumann, Liszt, Leschetizky; Debussy and Grieg. He will also a half dozen Chopin numbers.

N. B. PETTIS.

From WORLD
Address: New York City
JAN 1916
Date

Esta 384

Praise for One New York Audience.

To the Editor of The World:

I ought to supplement my recent letter to The World, in which I spoke of the bad manners of some who attend the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts in Carnegie Hall, by commenting in quite a different manner upon another very large audience that regularly assembles in this city to listen to good music.

I now make reference to the 2,000 or 2,500 people who are to be found every Sunday afternoon during the season filling the seats of the Great Hall at City College, where Prof. Baldwin gives a free organ concert.

This audience includes a notable proportion of young people—even children. But they are so totally devoid of self-consciousness, and are so obviously there to enjoy the music and for no other purpose, that I have often remarked with great satisfaction the notably decorous behavior of the great assemblage. There is the silence and rapt attention that should always characterize the audience at such a place, and that come unconsciously when conditions are natural.

OLD SYMPHONY SUBSCRIBER.
New York, Jan. 18.

From
Address
Date

Est 884

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The outstanding feature of the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Academy of Music, on Friday evening, February 18, will be Josef Joachim's "Concerto in D Major," for violin and orchestra, in Hungarian style. This work is seldom heard, owing chiefly to the stupendous difficulties that confront the musician who attempts to play it. It is regarded as the most difficult of all concertos for violin. The soloist will be Anton Witek, the accomplished concertmaster of the orchestra. The symphony will be Schumann's delightful "Spring," in B flat major, No. 1.

CLEVELAND LEADER, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29,

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN IDEAL CONCERT

BY ARCHIE BELL.

The best orchestra in America and one of the best in the world gave a concert at Grays' armory last evening before an audience that was representative of what is best in the intellectual, artistic and social life of Cleveland. And to carry the superlatives further, it was one of the best programs that one of the best among living conductors ever built for us.

Needless to add, it was the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Dr. Karl Muck was the man with the baton in his hand.

Any attempt to "criticize" such a concert would be impertinent and merited praise might appear to be fulsome; thus it seems to be the chronicler's duty simply to write down that the playing of the organization from the opening measures to the last tone was about as near perfection as any audience in the world is likely to hear.

Not so many years ago, a conductor would not have offered such a program before a Cleveland audience. There were the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven, the concerto for strings and two wind orchestras by Handel that is rarely heard anywhere, Richard Strauss' splendid tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration" and the Berlioz "Roman Carnival."

This was a program that ranged through about every tonal gamut possible and then emerged from the fiery test in a manner that defies a critical singing of wings.

And to think that such a concert as this would be possible in Cleveland not once a year, but twice a week—if Cleveland had a Henry Lee Higginson. There are plenty of instrumentalists in the world and enough conductors to supply the demand. All that is needed is the money, and judging from the patronage of music during the past week in this city, most of the money would be returned to the hand that was generous enough to donate it.

San Francisco decided last summer that it had been without the Boston orchestra as long as it should be, as a matter of self-respect. It took a guarantee of $65,000 to take the orchestra to the coast city. This $65,000 was back in the hands of guarantors before the last two concerts were given, and there were profits of something like $10,000.

Dr. Muck was in particularly fine fettle last night. He stood at the desk almost motionless as a statue. He had done his work at rehearsals—something that lesser conductors seem to fail to do—but of course he had the supreme advantage of having to deal with a large company of concert soloists upon various instruments, who prefer this ensemble perfection to the pathos of isolation on the concert platform.

The next concert in the series will be given the evening of February 18, when the New York Symphony orchestra will play under the direction of Walter Damrosch and Giovanni Martinelli will be the soloist.

BOSTON TRAVELER,

FEBRUARY 5,

GERALDINE FARRAR SOLOIST AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Geraldine Farrar as soloist at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon drew a sold out house, the "No tickets" sign being hung up long before the concert began. The program was: Orchestral pieces, Beethoven Symphony No. 2; Carpenter, Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator" (by request); Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman." Miss Geraldine Farrar sang Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin" and Marguerite's air, "L'amour, l'ardente flamme," from "La Damnation de Faust."

Miss Farrar was in good voice and entered into the spirit of her songs like a true artist. She was, however, rather more successful in her second number. The singer was cordially received and several times recalled. The orchestral accompaniments, notably the playing of the Eng'ish horn, were excellent. However, Miss Farrar is first of all an opera singer, and one misses the operatic surroundings.

BOSTON HERALD.

FEBRUARY 5,

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA GIVES 13TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral pieces were these: Beethoven Symphony No. 2; Carpenter, Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator (by request); Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman." Miss Geraldine Farrar sang Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin" and Marguerite's air, D'amour l'ardente flamme" from "La Damnation de Faust."

The symphony and overture are familiar. Mr. Carpenter's Suite was played at these concerts late in December and by the New York Symphony Orchestra in the preceding month. There need, then, be no extended comment on these compositions. The performance of the symphony was conspicuous by the manner in which the Larghetto was sung—with admirable suavity and euphony; by the elasticity, capriciousness and delicacy with which the Scherzo was interpreted, and by the playfulness of the Finale. Whether it is necessary for the musical salvation of the town that a certain number of Beethoven's symphonies should be heard every year with the three overtures of Weber, and other "standbys" is a question that need not now be discussed.

Mr. Carpenter's Suite again gave pleasure. Again the "Hurdy Gurdy," "The Lake" and "Dreams" seemed the most important of the movements. "The Policeman" is not without humor. It has been suggested that the Policeman here pictured in tones is not distinctively American; least of all a Chicagoan guardian of the peace;; tht h is French. How the policemen of different nations are to be distinguished musically is a question that should exercise the ingenuity of our young lions of musical periodicals. Would the objectors to Mr. Carpenter's policeman as "un-American" have him whistle "Dixie" or "Yankee Doodle" in the course of his amorous conversation with the nurse?

This Suite is not only an ingenious work; it has true fancy, true humor, pages of truly poetic feeling. Mr. Carpenter displays imagination; witness his glorification of the lake that supplies Chicago with water. But even his imagination was dormant at the thought of the Chicago river. An unflinching realist would have introduced the child's visit to the stockyards and slaughter houses. The composer yesterday was one of the audience.

Miss Farrar sang Elsa's Dream as though she were still under the spell of the vision. Not too ecstatically, not too enthusiastically, nor did she at the end explode in passion, as many of her German colleagues on the operatic stage have felt it their duty to do in the effort to be emotional. The singer's conception was romantic, and the interpretation was artistic. Unfortunately the music is too often above the natural voice of this singer.

The pathetic air of Marguerite was more favorable to her. Here the fulness and beauty of her lower and middle tones were revealed. The interpretation, however, was too virginal. Marguerite in this scene is no longer the maiden returning from church. She is in her chamber, remembering the lover and his embraces; longing for his return. The text and the music demand a more passionate expression than Miss Farrar saw fit to give.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week, will be as follows: Beethoven, Overture, "Leonora No. 1"; Joachim, Concerto in the Hungarian style for violin (Mr. Witek, violinist); Strauss, "Don Quixote."

Journal
Sat. Feb 5th

FARRAR STAR OF SUPERB CONCERT

It is as a dramatic singer that Geraldine Farrar shines with particular brilliancy among the artistes of the day. The questionable effects of her adventures outside the lyric field are almost entirely obliterated by the spell she can weave on the concert stage—as she wove yesterday, for instance, at the Symphony concert, when she sang "Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin," and the rarely heard "D'amour l'ardente flamme," the song sung by Marguerite in the fourth part of Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust."

The widely differing moods of Elsa and Marguerite, one dreaming of a lover who appears to her as a knight of glorious men and who will be her champion sent from Heaven, and the other musing passionately of a hero for whom she would gladly die in a delirium of love, were expressed with a power seldom projected so impressively, yet are tistically, through the cool, conventional atmosphere of the concert hall. But great is the warmth as well as the charm of the emotional singer's art. The huge audience that heard Miss Farrar yesterday was well rewarded for its loyal interest in one of the country's most gifted singers.

A gala air prevailed through the entire concert, which was due primarily to the extraordinarily brilliant performance of Beethoven's second symphony. the first number on the program. After this performance Dr. Muck and the orchestra received an ovation yesterday. John Alden Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," a work abounding in fancy, humor and true poetic feeling, was repeated by request. In this case the request could not have come from music-lovers interested in mere harmonic puzzles. Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture completes one of the choicest programs of the season.

Next week's program will present Beethoven's first "Leonora" overture, Strauss' "Don Quixote" and the Joachim violin concerto in D major, with Anton Witek as soloist.

5th

SYMPHONY MEN PLAY EARLY WORK OF BEETHOVEN

SYMPHONY HALL—Thirteenth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck conductor; afternoon of Feb. 4. The program: Beethoven, second symphony, in D major; Wagner, Elsa's dream from "Lohengrin" (Miss Geraldine Farrar, soloist); Carpenter, "Perambulator" suite; Berlioz, romance from "Damnation of Faust" (Miss Farrar); Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

The question might be raised whether Beethoven ever made an essential addition to his orchestral statement of himself after writing the second symphony, unless it was when he wrote the "Leonora" overture, No. 3. Not but that he broadened his style in a conspicuous way in the "Eroica" symphony; not but that, also, he displayed increased power of thematic organization in the fourth; not but that, furthermore, he exercised such mastery of sentiment and satire in the fifth as was never equaled by himself or any other composer before, and as has hardly been matched since. Yet, after all the points are argued, the case for the second symphony, as representing the whole vision of the man, is a pretty good one. For the listener who has grasped this work must find little difficulty in seizing the main idea of everything that follows it up at least to the finale of the ninth symphony. He might, admittedly, be at a loss to account for the "Pastoral" symphony, but only because of his difficulty to understand how the composer's inspiration could have got at so low an ebb. And as for the "Ode to Joy" variations at the end of the ninth symphony, they are a study in vocal expression, detachable, as it were, from their context; and complete in their own effect, if not independent in their purpose.

He who would hold for the preeminence of the second symphony over all that the composer wrote for orchestra after it would, of course, have to be a daring champion. He would have to break spears with so many heroes of criticism that he might never get done with his enterprise. But aggressiveness aside, anybody who would rank this composition first might win a good number of listeners to his opinion. After all, the seed of an idea is, in a way, more interesting and more valuable, too, than the leaf and flower of it. A few notes of a morning song may contain more eloquence than a whole psalm meditated at noon.

Even without argument the majority would perhaps grant that the symphony in D major shows the genius of Beethoven in its best color, if not in its full manifestation. And if a minority remains unpersuaded let them try looking at the work from the backward light of the symphony in C minor. Let them ask themselves where is the cyclic work of any period and of any composer which is such a unit as this one. Let them ask whether in the seventh and eighth symphonies there are to be found moods contrasted as strikingly as here and at the same time with as little premeditation. Let them ask whether it is more natural and agreeable to have developments of theme begin at the beginning and end at the ending, as in this work, or to pursue interminable paths and bypaths, as in the third and fourth symphonies.

The second symphony could conceivably be brought out as a dutiful repertory revival, without exciting any question about its characteristics. But the conductor and the players who presented it on this occasion did so with extraordinary zeal and with uncommon interpretative power. It seems doubtful now whether any other of their performances, when the season's work comes to be summed up, will outshine it. Nothing else on the program could compare with the reading of the Beethoven work in force and charm, even though one of the most brilliant sopranos of the day assisted as soloist. The "Perambulator" suite of Carpenter more than ever before sounded like half a composition, entertaining for its orchestration in the first three divisions and perfunctory in all particulars in the second three. The "Flying Dutchman" overture, whether regarded as meteorological realism or as romantic bombast, was disturbing and unpleasant in the neighborhood of the second symphony.

Miss Farrar brought much beauty of tone and a deeply-considered execution to her task in the "Lohengrin" and the "Damnation of Faust" solos. Like Miss Marcella Craft, she is one of the rare singers who know how to make their voices strike through the instrumental sonorities in a way to enhance the whole symphonic appeal. The playing of a great violinist could have meant no more to the purely musical value of the concert than her singing.

BOSTON GLOBE—
FEBRUARY 5.

"PERAMBULATOR" SUITE REPEATED

Carpenter's Music Again Gives Great Pleasure.

Miss Farrar Sings With Emotional Beauty of Voice.

Carpenter's fanciful suite "Adventures in a Perambulator" were repeated at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon. Amused enjoyment was evident in its reception, particularly after the movement called "The Hurdy-Gurdy." The humor is gracious and the pictorial composition skillful and imaginative impressionism.

The suite as a whole gives pleasure at a second hearing. There is no attempt at photographic realism, nor is there any effort to spell out a specific idiom of childhood. Laborious naivete would have been boresome to whatever degree the copious psychological observations of the infant are taken as a programmatic basis.

Few adult humans would credit such fertility of brain in offsprings other than their own. Some of these "first impressions of life" are amusing, some clever. Some are stupid nonsense, however allegorically taken, that has little place with the fineness of perception, the graceful imagination, the lightness of touch of the score, all highly expressive of a play spirit without thought of age, which is neither puerile nor affected.

The French influence in Mr Carpenter's workmanship is unquestioned. It has taught him to hear keenly, to listen well to the tints of his woodwinds, to keep his score transparent without being thin. But he has not been unmindful of Puccini. "The Lake" quotes almost verbatim the ascending figure in broken rhythm heard in the orchestra in the first act of "The Girl of the Golden West," beginning Minnie's scene of her Sunday school class, and much is made of it. Meanwhile beside other reminiscences of "La Boheme," Musetta's brittle, ironical laugh is heard again in the piccolo.

Sang Elsa's Prayer.

Miss Geraldine Farrar sang "Elsa's prayer from "Lohengrin" and Marguerite's soliloquy in Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust," part 4, beginning "D'amour l'ardente flamme." Berloiz' setting of the Faust legend, although attempted in operatic form by the redoubtable Raoul Gunsbourg at Monte Carlo, and by Mr Hammerstein with Renaud in New York, has missed the favor which sprang up about that of his successor and countryman a dozen and more years later.

And yet, search the well-worn pages of Gounod's opera, for one scene or passage in which Marguerite confesses the secrets of her soul with the simplicity, the poignancy and depth of feeling that are heard in these pages. The English horn pitches the emotional key in a prelude of haunting, piteous despair and prepares the way for the voice.

The song of the singer is one of quiet grief, of thrills at remembered happiness, at relived rapture, of pretty, pathetic fancies of treasured memories. Those who find Berlioz only a madman, a maker of noise and hysteria, should consider well the calm resignation of the opening measures, the gradations by which they grow and the proportion of the whole dramatic scheme.

Range of Color Remarkable.

Miss Farrar sang with good control of breath, with depth and fullness of tonal beauty, emotional and moving. In the medium and low voice her range of color was remarkable, and scarcely less in the upper in a closed vowel.

Using this beautiful instrument, she sang with quiet conviction, expressing the mystical ecstacy of Wagner's dream maiden and the suppressed passion of the woman in Berlioz' music who communes with the past.

Dr Muck made the orchestra part of the Berlioz aria a thing of individual beauty—thanks also to Mr Mueller and his solo playing—and again kept the charm and lightness foremost in Carpenter's sento.

Beethoven's second symphony was played in a manner that made due contrast between the scherzo in the Haydn manner and the prophetic finale. Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman" completed the program.

DAILY ADVERTISER,
FEBRUARY 5, 1916

FARRAR SOLOIST WITH SYMPHONY

PROGRAMME PRESENTED WAS WITHOUT NOVELTIES

Vocalist Was at Her Best in Pathetic Song of Marguerite

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Beethoven, Symphony No 2..........D major
Wagner........"Elsa's Dream." "Lohengrin"
Soloist, Miss Geraldine Farrar.
Carpenter, Suite......................
"Adventures of a Perambulator"
Berlioz................"My Heart is Heavy."
"Damnation de Faust"
Miss Farrar.
Wagner ....
"The Flying Dutchman" overture

There was nothing new in this programme, although by this we do not mean to intimate that Miss Farrar is old. Yet we must reiterate our often-expressed opinion that Miss Farrar is not an entire success upon the concert stage. She is a very intelligent singing actress, but she requires the footlights far more than Sembrich, or Gadski, or Schumann-Heink do.

This was made evident in the first number, in which the "voix blanche" which should characterize Wagner's most phlegmatic heroine was not markedly present. Yet one may pay tribute to her breadth and purity of tone.

Miss Farrar was more in her best vein in the pathetic song of Marguerite as Gallicized by Berlioz. This Romance is one of the gems of "The Damnation of Faust," and certainly portrays the brooding sadness of the deserted one more vividly than any other setting. Just as Berlioz heightens the effect of Goethe's work by damning Faust instead of saving him, so he strews adjuncts around this Romance which greatly advance its dramatic flavor. He adds an obbligato upon that instrument of dreamy melancholy, the English Horn, which is in itself a picture, and was nobly played. If one heard this song with its context, the hurly-burly of street life, the 2-4 song of the students against the 6-8 effects of the singing soldiery, one would have one of the finest and most fitting contrasts of music.

But even without this, the power of the number appealed to Miss Farrar strongly, since she is dramatic to the finger-tips and all of Berlioz's points were made with artistic acumen. Both in mezzo-voce and in broad passages her work was commendable, and it was self-abnegatory to sing this Romance, since it is rather above the full comprehension of the general public. Yet Miss Farrar was heartily recalled twice after each number.

But there was also an orchestra heard in this concert. We are always a little out of sympathy with a prima donna in these concerts. It seems the right thing in the wrong place. It disturbs the symphonic feeling altogether, when one knows that the crowd is waiting for the singer and the orchestral numbers are regarded as Preludes, Interludes and Postludes to her vocalism. This "Vox et preterea Nihil" feeling is not conducive to the full appreciation of our great band.

Nevertheless the second symphony had a full meed of applause. It is right that Dr. Muck, in making up these programmes, should take cognizance of the fact that there is a new generation growing up which needs to become familiar with the old masterpieces. The chief points to notice in the second symphony, as compared with its sisters, is the fact that here we get the first symphonic Scherzo ever written. Beethoven had grown tired of the everlasting Minuet as third movement, with its undeveloped themes, its dance rhythm, its square-cut style. Nevertheless it is curious to see how close he steered in this innovation, to the Minuet which he intended to replace by it. This Scherzo of the second symphony is more in Minuet spirit than the Minuet of the first symphony.

Another reform which begins in this symphony is the resolute and broad character of the finale, of which Dr. Muck made the utmost. It was customary in the old Cycle forms (Suite, Partita, Symphony) to reward the auditor for long attention by giving him a rollicking and jolly movement as Finale. There is such an one in the Beethoven first symphony. But in this present work the composer perceives that the finale should be a climax, not a recreation, and he sets out on the path which led to the great finales of the fifth, seventh and ninth symphonies.

Therefore, in this second symphony, the curtain is first lifted upon the symphonic reformer, even if the reforms were not made as sweeping as a modern Conservatory student would feel obliged to make them. The symphony won much appreciation, although the slow movement is too long and exhibits Beethoven as a decided repeater.

We were not sorry to hear Carpenter's Suite again, although there are other American works kept waiting. We need Chadwick's "Tam O'Shanter," and it might have been fairer to have repeated Kelley's "New England Symphony," which might have read differently under Dr. Muck than under Conductor Schmidt. It is very timely that, in the January number of the "Harvard Musical Review," Mr. Robert P. Casey gives an article containing some new facts regarding this American composer. He says, in part:—

"In 1893 he came to Harvard, where he took all the courses offered by the music department under Prof. Paine. While here he composed music for the Hasty Pudding Club, and was president of the Glee Club.

"An amusing incident is related of him at this period. Rushing away from a tea, in town, at a Glee Club concert which he was to conduct, Mr. Carpenter discovered, to his dismay, that he had forgotten his evening clothes. A hasty search had to be made through the chorus for a person of Mr. Carpenter's build; and the discomfited man was obliged to strip off his finery and to be clad in the president's afternoon "frock." Mr. Carpenter graduated from Harvard in 1897 with highest honors in music, and the following fall entered his father's firm as vice-president.

His musical education began under the tutelage of his mother when he was eight years old: he studied piano for four years with Miss Amy Fay, sister-in-law of the late Theodore Thomas, and from 1890-93 he was a pupil in piano composition under the late W. C. Seeboeck. Of this instruction Mr. Carpenter modestly remarked, "I had done some puttering in composition before that time, but my first definite instructions were from him."

Shortly after his graduation from Harvard, he went abroad and studied with Sir Edward Elgar in Rome. In 1908 he became acquainted, through Mr. Frederick A. Stock, director of the Chicago Orchestra, with Bernard Ziehn. Mr. Carpenter says of him, "I studied with Ziehn until his death about three years ago. In the short period that I worked with him I learned more and received more inspiration than from all other previous sources. He was, undoubtedly, a very great figure in the world of theoretical music. He was so recognized in Europe and was just beginning to be appreciated in this country at the time of his death."

There is nothing new to be said about the Carpenter Suite except that it gains on repetition. The obvious points, the wheeling Perambulator, the stolid policeman, the aggressive street-organ, were easily grasped at once, but the delicacy of "The Lake" and "Dreams" unfolded new beauties.

Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture is of the salt, salt sea. It was brilliantly played, as Dr. Muck always gives it. But if our conductor wants to give the public a fine object lesson some day, let him play Debussy's "La Mer" and follow it with this composition, and perhaps precede the French work with Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture. It would be a useful bit of comparison, even if rather continuously marine, and "La Mer" would be crushed between the upper and the nether millstone.

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FEBRUARY 12,

BOSTON POST,

SYMPHONY'S VIRTUOSITY ON PARADE

Memorable Performance of Remarkable Programme

BY OLIN DOWNES

The First Leonore overture of Beethoven, which is seldom heard in the concert room, and practically never when the opera, "Fidelio," is performed; the Joachim violin concerto, played by Anton Witek, concertmaster, and Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Don Quixote," made the programme of the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

WITEK'S ARTISTRY

The First Leonore overture, so-called, in reality the third overture that Beethoven wrote for a prelude to his opera, might be oftener played in the theatre. It is by no means such a symphonically complete work as the Third Leonore overture, but it has more the character of a curtain raiser than any of the other of the four overtures Beethoven wrote for his opera. The First Leonore overture is not only dramatic—most of the music Beethoven wrote for "Fidelio" is thrillingly dramatic, yet misses fire in the theatre—but it is theatrical in the best and most effective sense of the word.

But the outstanding features of this memorable concert were Mr. Witek's performance of Joachim's concerto, and the interpretation of Strauss' tone-poem. 'When Mr. Witek first undertook his duties as concertmaster of the Boston Symphony some five seasons ago, and played the Beethoven concerto for his first solo appearance, he proved himself as great a musician as he was a virtuoso. The Joachim concerto, presenting technical problems far more arresting than those of the concerto of Beethoven, is just as thoroughly in the palm of his hand. Yet it was not the technical quality of this performance which made it so impressive.

Like an Improvisator

The mechanical question is only mentioned because for the first time in the last 15 seasons of Symphony concerts in this city the violinist was such a master of his instrument that physical obstacles did not exist for him, or for the hearer. Interpretation was the only fact of the moment, and in interpreting this admirable work, Mr. Witek surpassed himself. He was no longer the purely objective interpreter of a classic masterpiece, but rather a player who wielded his bow like an improvisator, with an eloquence, authority and romantic fire that made every page of Joachim's masterpiece a joy to the ear and the understanding.

We had before a prodigious respect for this lengthy and admirably-built composition, but the respect was tempered with an awe that was hardly affection. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Witek's engrossing performance, while it did not rob the music of its symphonic proportions and character, gave it a conciseness and directness of emotional appeal, a degree of color and warm emotional expression that it had not had before for the ears of this generation. The concerto was interpreted by one of the few violinists in the world capable of doing it justice. No wonder that the audience applauded Mr. Witek through a good part of the intermission that followed his performance. No wonder that there was affection as well as respect in the recognition extended this concertmaster by Dr. Muck, as he threw an arm over Mr. Witek's shoulder.

Strauss' "Don Quixote"

The fitting climax to all this was the "Don Quixote." If, as Ernest Newman has observed, Strauss, in this perfect flowering of his style, has achieved a nervous, plastic, incisive utterance that is as musical prose, it is also true that he has intensified the meaning and the beauty of his prose in a manner only possible by means of music! Time was when the majority either laughed or sneered at the man who set out to portray in tones the psychology and the adventures of the dreaming idealist, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, the fat and unctuous apostle of the obvious, Sancho Panza. Today we know better, and await the next step in the development of the art of music. After "Don Quixote"—what?

Strauss has produced nothing since "Don Quixote" which equals it, either in finish and subtlety of style, or in emotional intensity. It is undoubtedly music of the very zenith of his powers. It is the music when his sardonic humor is tempered by his recognition of humanity, by the pity of the strong for the weak. The Strauss of earlier works—the "Don Juan," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Zarathustra," is a ma

contemptuous and intolerant of the multitude.

Its Grotesque Pathos

The Strauss of "Don Quixote" is a man to whom life has taught the lesson of charity. Where is there a figure equal in its grotesque pathos to his "Don Quixote"? Perhaps one—Stepan Stepanovitch in Dostoievsky's "The Possessed"! As for character drawing, laughter, stupidity in the person of Sancho and the country wench, irony, tragedy, the echoes of the last moment that makes all men, great and small, the doers and failures, of the same stature in the presence of the same terror—it seems that here Strauss has surpassed, even, the idealism and the poignancy of the concluding pages of his "Death and Transfiguration." The transparency of his style, the breath-taking virtuosity with which he writes his most complicated score, and yet subordinates this virtuosity to purely expressive purposes—these things are now recognized.

It is not necessary, any longer, to fight for the recognition of the Strauss of the tone-poems of which "Don Quixote" is unquestionably the climax. What he began in "Till Eulenspiegel" he completed here. And before our very eyes there seems to pass the Don, going mad as he reads his books of chivalry, setting out on his quest of adventure and the ideal, jousting with his windmills, slaying his sheep, keeping his crazy vigil through the night of hallucinations when the vision of Dulcinea descends upon him, finally meeting defeat, disillusion, riding homeward and taking leave of the world in gentleness and humility and understanding. Of what avail to point out this or that passage in the score? Either the music speaks to the hearer, or it does not, according to measure of Don Quixote or Sancho Panza within him.

Bleating of the Sheep

The performance was thrice admirable, in its extravagance and tenderness, in its outrageous humor and fantasy, to say nothing of its technical finish. The episode of the flock of sheep was not passed over lightly. Dr. Muck made his horns bleat more realistically than any of his predecessors, but in so doing he emphasized the extravagance of this episode as the composer would have had it emphasized. Similarly with the ride through the sky. Nothing more preposterous, more hallucinatory, than the imitation of the whirring of the wind and the impossible leaps and flights of the themes of the don and his squire could possibly have been put on paper or presented to the ear. But these passages did not destroy the perspective of the picture. They, appropriately, were justly considered as graphic and humorous episodes, not as principal features of the score, and episodes which threw into the greater relief the eloquence of the knight's utterances on chivalry and the ideal.

BOSTON GLOBE-

FEBRUAP 12.

FIDELIO OVERTURE.

Beethoven Work Played by Symphony Orchestra.

Of the four overtures which Beethoven wrote for his opera — originally called "Leonore," revised by "Fidelio"—the No. 1, played by Dr Muck yesterday afternoon, is the least known. Its history is curious. When the overture known as "Leonore" No. 2 was played at the first performance of the opera, its length and difficult string or wind parts, or both, were criticised. One of the reviews of the day might have served for a modernist of any epoch:

"The most grotesque modulations, in truly ghastly harmony, follow one another throughout the piece. The few trivial ideas that there are, which are carefully guarded from anything like nobility, . . . complete the disagreeable and deafening impression."

Following this No. 2 overture, composed in 1805, Beethoven wrote the more familiar Leonore No. 3, a dramatic poem in itself. To the complaints that this was too difficult and tragic for a prelude to the opera, he wrote the No. 1, begun in 1807, published posthumously as Beethoven's last opus unmber, 138, and finally the "Fidelio" overture in 1814.

The last two differ greatly from the first in their light and buoyant nature. Out of the material of the two earlier and more serious ones, he kept only the theme from Florestan's air, "In des Lebens Fruehlingstagen." The overture in C, played yesterday, touches scarcely at all upon the dramatic, tragic character of the often-heard No. 3. It gives the impression of a prelude to its dramatic character of the opera rather than an independent tonal picture of it.

Mr Witek, the concert master, relieved Joachim's concerto, op 11 (in the Hungarian manner) of much of its tedium and gave to the more rewarding pages true distinction. The first movement is too often pedantic with formulas of the classroom worn thread bare by sequence, but the romance is warm, emotional, songful with a gypsy flavor, and the last movement rhythmically stimulating. Mr Witek's treatment of the opening recitative on the G string, his poetic playing of the slow movement, his virile sense of rhythm in the last were features of the musicianship with which he employed his ample technic. Had a visiting virtuoso given such a performance his fame would have acclaimed with sensation. The audience was warmly appreciative.

Strauss' "Don Quixote" does not wear as well as certain other of the tone poems. After Strawinsky's illuminating descriptive powers with musical figures, harmonic grouping and orchestral timbres, this tinny bleating of sheep, the wind machine and all the rest of the ponderous apparatus to say what the Russian probably could say with more economy and also more point—seems

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FEBRUARY 12.

BOSTON HERALD.

14TH SYMPHO CONCERT SEASON GI

Beethoven's "Leonore" Ov No. 1 and Strauss's Quixote" Played — Mr Warnke and Ferir in La Solo Parts—Mr. Witek I in Joachim's Hungarian C certo.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 1, op. 138; Joachim, Concerto in the Hungarian manner for violin; Strauss, "Don Quixote." Mr. Witek was the solo violinist. The solo 'cello and violin parts in Strauss's tone poem were played by Mr. Warnke and Mr. Ferir respectively.

Although the "Leonore" overture played yesterday is numbered the first, it was the third in order of composition. Perhaps it is well that it should be heard occasionally, for it not only is interesting as showing how the c poser could vary his subject, bu contains a few engrossing passages. an overture to the opera it has the vantage over the other two of no ticipating the one great dramatic ment in the opera—the trumpet call announces the governor. Some said, and justly, that the overture 3 is the whole opera in a condensed form, more dramatic, more emotional than the opera itself; for this reason it should never be played in the theatre as a prelude. Viewed merely as a concert overture, No. 1 falls far below the other two. And what possessed Beethoven to write his "Fidelio" overture to the same opera, an overture that is not dramatic and is wholly unconnected with the text?

At long intervals some violinist, greatly daring, plays Joachim's Hungarian concerto. A less audacious person contents himself with the first movement, which is long enough; but by so doing he does not give a sop to the audience by playing the Romanze, with its obvious melody, its obvious embroidery, its obvious sentiment. Mr. Listemann played the whole of the concerto at a Symphony concert in 1881. Mr. Kneisel played the first movement in 1886; Mr. Winternitz did likewise in 1902. The indefatigable Willy Hess, not having the slightest consideration for a well disposed audience, played the whole concerto twice, in 1904 and in 1909.

Joachim was a celebrated violinist and quartet player. He was an impotent conductor, nor do we speak from hearsay. As a composer he had little talent. Nothing can be more laboriously contrived than his overtures, except this Hungarian concerto. It is so singularly ungrateful to the violinist that the question comes up: Why does any one take the trouble to play it? Perhaps the inherent difficulty of the task is tempting. A violinist may wish to have the concerto in his repertory to show his technical ability.

With the exception of the Romanze, music of amiable sentiment, the concerto is not one to enlist the sympathy of an audience. To quote the saying of Mozart: "Music should sound." That is, it should be euphonious. This concerto does not sound. It is painfully put together, manufactured. The solo instrument is not favored. If the composer by accident hits upon an agreeable phrase, he at once kills the effect by pitting an oboe, or a horn, against it, without rhyme or reason. Mr. Witek's abilities are well known. It was not necessary for him to utter this challenge. He played the concerto yesterday as though he really liked it. The hearers, recognizing his proficiency, paid him the customary tribute.

There are beautiful and stately things in Strauss's "Don Quixote." The introduction, with its romantic, chivalric spirit, with the whirring thoughts that finally turn the Knight's brain; the matter of fact comments of Sancho Panza as the two are in quest of adventures; the noble measures in which the Knight discourses on honor, glory and the ideal; the music that portrays the death scene—all these pages are of a supreme talent, if they are not the work of a genius. It is to be feared, however, that many hearers are more interested in the eccentricities of the tone-poem, in the sensationalism, as the variations that picture the sheep and the ride through the air. These variations are amusing; they are clever; but they are not the pages that make the composition remarkable. A less gifted composer, with the trick of clever instrumentation, can do surprising things; but his imagination would fail him if he should attempt to carry the hearer with Don Quixote high in the realm of the ideal. The performance was vivid and eloquent. Messrs. Warne and Ferir played with the finest understanding of the music allotted to Knight and follower. The concert will be repeated tonight.

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BOSTON JOURNAL

FEBRUARY 12

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From POST

Address: Washington, D. C. JAN 17 1916

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FEBRUARY 12.

BOSTON POST,

SYMPHONY'S VIRTUOSITY ON PARADE

Memorable Performance of Remarkable Programme

BY OLIN DOWNES

The First Leonore overture of Beethoven, which is seldom heard in the concert room, and practically never when the opera, "Fidelio," is performed; the Joachim violin concerto, played by Anton Witek, concertmaster, and Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Don Quixote," made the programme of the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

WITEK'S ARTISTRY

The First Leonore overture, so-called, in reality the third overture that Beethoven wrote for a prelude to his opera, might be oftener played in the theatre. It is by no means such a symphonically complete work as the Third Leonore overture, but it has more the character of a curtain raiser than any of the other of the four overtures Beethoven wrote for his opera. The First Leonore overture is not only dramatic—most of the music Beethoven wrote for "Fidelio" is thrillingly dramatic, yet misses fire in the theatre—but it is theatrical in the best and most effective sense of the word.

But the outstanding features of this memorable concert were Mr. Witek's performance of Joachim's concerto, and the interpretation of Strauss' tone-poem. When Mr. Witek first undertook his duties as concertmaster of the Boston Symphony some five seasons ago, and played the Beethoven concerto for his first solo appearance, he proved himself as great a musician as he was a virtuoso. The Joachim concerto, presenting technical problems far more arresting than those of the concerto of Beethoven, is just as thoroughly in the palm of his hand. Yet it was not the technical quality of this performance which made it so impressive.

Like an Improvisator

The mechanical question is only mentioned because for the first time in the last 15 seasons of Symphony concerts in this city the violinist was such a master of his instrument that physical obstacles did not exist for him, or for the hearer. Interpretation was the only fact of the moment, and in interpreting this admirable work, Mr. Witek surpassed himself. He was no longer the purely objective interpreter of a classic masterpiece, but rather a player who wielded his bow like an improvisator, with an eloquence, authority and romantic fire that made every page of Joachim's masterpiece a joy to the ear and the understanding.

We had before a prodigious respect for this lengthy and admirably-built composition, but the respect was tempered with an awe that was hardly affection. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Witek's engrossing performance, while it did not rob the music of its symphonic proportions and character, gave it a conciseness and directness of emotional appeal, a degree of color and warm emotional expression that it had not had before for the ears of this generation. The concerto was interpreted by one of the few violinists in the world capable of doing it justice. No wonder that the audience applauded Mr. Witek through a good part of the intermission that followed his performance. No wonder that there was affection as well as respect in the recognition extended this concertmaster by Dr. Muck, as he threw an arm over Mr. Witek's shoulder.

Strauss' "Don Quixote"

The fitting climax to all this was the "Don Quixote." If, as Ernest Newman has observed, Strauss, in this perfect flowering of his style, has achieved a nervous, plastic, incisive utterance that is as musical prose, it is also true that he has intensified the meaning and the beauty of his prose in a manner only possible by means of music! Time was when the majority either laughed or sneered at the man who set out to portray in tones the psychology and the adventures of the dreaming idealist, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, the fat and unctuous apostle of the obvious, Sancho Panza. Today we know better, and await the next step in the development of the art of music. After "Don Quixote"—what?

Strauss has produced nothing since "Don Quixote" which equals it, either in finish and subtlety of style, or in emotional intensity. It is undoubtedly music of the very zenith of his powers. It is the music when his sardonic humor is tempered by his recognition of humanity, by the pity of the strong for the weak. The Strauss of earlier works—the "Don Juan," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Zarathustra," is a man contemptuous and intolerant of the multitude.

Its Grotesque Pathos

The Strauss of "Don Quixote" is a man to whom life has taught the lesson of charity. Where is there a figure equal in its grotesque pathos to his "Don Quixote"? Perhaps one—Stepan Stepanovitch in Dostoievsky's "The Possessed"! As for character drawing, laughter, stupidity in the person of Sancho and the country wench, irony, tragedy, the echoes of the last moment that makes all men, great and small, the doers and failures, of the same stature in the presence of the same terror—it seems that here Strauss has surpassed, even, the ideal ism and the poignancy of the concluding pages of his "Death and Transfiguration." The transparency of his style, the breath-taking virtuosity with which he writes his most complicated score, and yet subordinates this virtuosity to purely expressive purposes—these things are now recognized.

It is not necessary, any longer, to fight for the recognition of the Strauss of the tone-poems of which "Don Quixote" is unquestionably the climax. What he began in "Till Eulenspiegel" he completed here. And before our very eyes there seems to pass the Don, going mad as he reads his books of chivalry, setting out on his quest of adventure and the ideal, jousting with his windmills, slaying his sheep, keeping his crazy vigil through the night of hallucinations when the vision of Dulcinea descends upon him, finally meeting defeat, disillusion, riding homeward and taking leave of the world in gentleness and humility and understanding. Of what avail to point out this or that passage in the score? Either the music speaks to the hearer, or it does not, according to measure of Don Quixote or Sancho Panza within him.

Bleating of the Sheep

The performance was thrice admirable, in its extravagance and tenderness, in its outrageous humor and fantasy, to say nothing of its technical finish. The episode of the flock of sheep was not passed over lightly. Dr. Muck made his horns bleat more realistically than any of his predecessors, but in so doing he emphasized the extravagance of this episode as the composer would have had it emphasized. Similarly with the ride through the sky. Nothing more preposterous, more hallucinatory, than the imitation of the whirring of the wind and the impossible leaps and flights of the themes of the don and his squire could possibly have been put on paper or presented to the ear. But these passages did not destroy the perspective of the picture. They, appropriately, were justly considered as graphic and humorous episodes, not as principal features of the score, and episodes which threw into the greater relief the eloquence of the knight's utterances on chivalry and the ideal.

BOSTON GLOBE-

FEBRUAR 12.

FIDELIO OVERTURE.

Beethoven Work Played by Symphony Orchestra.

Of the four overtures which Beethoven wrote for his opera—originally called "Leonore," revised by "Fidelio"—the No. 1, played by Dr Muck yesterday afternoon, is the least known. Its history is curious. When the overture known as "Leonore" No. 2 was played at the first performance of the opera, its length and difficult string or wind parts, or both, were criticised. One of the reviews of the day might have served for a modernist of any epoch:

"The most grotesque modulations, in truly ghastly harmony, follow one another throughout the piece. The few trivial ideas that there are, which are carefully guarded from anything like nobility, . . . complete the disagreeable and deafening impression"

Following this No. 2 overture, composed in 1805, Beethoven wrote the more familiar Leonore No. 3, a dramatic poem in itself. To the complaints that this was too difficult and tragic for a prelude to the opera, he wrote the No. 1, begun in 1807, published posthumously as Beethoven's last opus unmber, 138, and finally the "Fidelio" overture in 1814.

The last two differ greatly from the first in their light and buoyant nature. Out of the material of the two earlier and more serious ones, he kept only the theme from Florestan's air, "In des Lebens Fruehlingstagen." The overture in C, played yesterday, touches scarcely at all upon the dramatic, tragic character of the often-heard No. 3. It gives the impression of a prelude to its dramatic character of the opera rather than an independent tonal picture of it.

Mr Witek, the concert master, relieved Joachim's concerto, op 11 (in the Hungarian manner) of much of its tedium and gave to the more rewarding pages true distinction. The first movement is too often pedantic with formulas of the classroom worn thread bare by sequence, but the romance is warm, emotional, songful with a gypsy flavor, and the last movement rhythmically stimulating. Mr Witek's treatment of the opening recitative on the G string, his poetic playing of the slow movement, his virile sense of rhythm in the last were features of the musicianship with which he employed his ample technic. Had a visiting virtuoso given such a performance his fame would have acclaimed with sensation. The audience was warmly appreciative.

Strauss' "Don Quixote" does not wear as well as certain other of the tone poems. After Strawinsky's illuminating descriptive powers with musical figures, harmonic grouping and orchestral timbres, this tinny bleating of sheep, the wind machine and all the rest of the ponderous apparatus to say what the Russian probably could say with more economy and also more point—seems obsolete and forced. There are pages

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FEBRUARY 12.
BOSTON HERALD.

14TH SYMPHO CONCERT SEASON GI

Beethoven's "Leonore" Ov No. 1 and Strauss's Quixote" Played — Mr Warnke and Ferir in La Solo Parts—Mr. Witek H in Joachim's Hungarian C certo.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 1, op. 138; Joachim, Concerto in the Hungarian manner for violin; Strauss, "Don Quixote." Mr. Witek was the solo violinist. The solo 'cello and violin parts in Strauss's tone poem were played by Mr. Warnke and Mr. Ferir respectively.

Although the "Leonore" overture played yesterday is numbered the first, it was the third in order of composition. Perhaps it is well that it should be heard occasionally, for it not only is interesting as showing how the composer could vary his subject, but contains a few engrossing passages. an overture to the opera it has the vantage over the other two of no ticipating the one great dramatic ment in the opera—the trumpet call announces the governor. Some said, and justly, that the overture 3 is the whole opera in a condensed form, more dramatic, more emotional than the opera itself; for this reason it should never be played in the theatre as a prelude. Viewed merely as a concert overture, No. 1 falls far below the other two. And what possessed Beethoven to write his "Fidelio" overture to the same opera, an overture that is not dramatic and is wholly unconnected with the text?

At long intervals some violinist, greatly daring, plays Joachim's Hungarian concerto. A less audacious person contents himself with the first movement, which is long enough; but by so doing he does not give a sop to the audience by playing the Romanze, with its obvious melody, its obvious embroidery, its obvious sentiment. Mr. Listemann played the whole of the concerto at a Symphony concert in 1881. Mr. Kneisel played the first movement in 1886; Mr. Winternitz did likewise in 1902. The indefatigable Willy Hess, not having the slightest consideration for a well disposed audience, played the whole concerto twice, in 1904 and in 1909.

Joachim was a celebrated violinist and quartet player. He was an impotent conductor, nor do we speak from hearsay. As a composer he had little talent. Nothing can be more laboriously contrived than his overtures, except this Hungarian concerto. It is so singularly ungrateful to the violinist that the question comes up: Why does any one take the trouble to play it? Perhaps the inherent difficulty of the task is tempting. A violinist may wish to have the concerto in his repertory to show his technical ability.

With the exception of the Romanze, music of amiable sentiment, the concerto is not one to enlist the sympathy of an audience. To quote the saying of Mozart: "Music should sound." That is, it should be euphonious. This concerto does not sound. It is painfully put together, manufactured. The solo instrument is not favored. If the composer by accident hits upon an agreeable phrase, he at once kills the effect by pitting an oboe, or a horn, against it, without rhyme or reason. Mr. Witek's abilities are well known. It was not necessary for him to utter this challenge. He played the concerto yesterday as though he really liked it. The hearers, recognizing his proficiency, paid him the customary tribute.

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From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date FEB 2[illegible] 19[illegible]

Reversing Mahomet, who "went to his mountain," it appears the latest musical upheaval of Ossa on Pelion is to come to New York. Last Friday the Boston Symphony Orchestra revived in its home town Liszt's symphonic poem with the odd title, "What One Hears on the Mountain." So far as could be found out, the music had only been played once in America, at a Philharmonic Society concert in New York in 1869.

Finished in 1847, and dating back as early as 1833, the "novelty" had a remarkable success in Boston. Now Dr. Muck has placed it on the programme of his next matinee in Carnegie Hall, on a Saturday three weeks away.

W. B. CHASE.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City [illegible] 1916
Date

A Man to Reckon With

COMMENTING on the first performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Boston, of Edgar Stillman Kelley's New England Symphony, Olin Downes writes in *Musical America:*

The symphony is a work which will occupy a significant position in the history of American music. It is the accomplishment of a composer of the older generation of Americans, whose musical workmanship is that of a master of his means, and who has been perhaps the most progressive in spirit of the group of men who were the first to give the American composer an honorable and important position in his art. Years ago, when symphonic poems and French impressionism were not bywords and standbys, Mr. Kelley was writing music so individual and daring that it must have seemed impudent, indeed, to the pedants of the period. His "Aladdin" music is a case in point. That score is a matter of wonder on account of its qualities of individual humor and fantasy, its astonishing technical workmanship, its modern tendency. An American capable of producing this score, at any period, is a man to reckon with. The orchestral coloring of the New England Symphony is austere and is in excellent conformance with the subject and the ideals of the work.

The second movement is warm and beautiful music. The bird songs are not employed too literally, but always in a suggestive and artistic manner. In this movement the nature coloring, the vernal moods, are the more ingratiating because of what has preceded and what is to come. Mr. Kelley thinks very highly of the funeral hymn, which he believes fit to rank in beauty and nobility with the German chorale, and with which he opens his third movement. We like the hymn too, and for a different reason. We like its drone, its snivel, its nasal, God-fearing bareness. It is in place. To-day the variation form is becoming outmoded and so to-day we may feel that there is a variation too much, but these variations are interesting, continuous, and cumulative in their effect. At the end of the final movement the funeral hymn, with new orchestral dress, is heard in an impressive version.

From TIMES
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date JAN 29 1916

The Boston Orchestra.

The outstanding feature of the fourth concert of the Bost[illegible] Symphony Orchestra in the Aca[illegible] of Music Friday evening, Febr[illegible] 18, will be Josef Joachim's Con[illegible] in D Major for violin and orche[illegible] in Hungarian style. The soloist [illegible] be Anton Witek, the concert-master of the orchestra. The Symphony will be Schumann's "Spring" Symphony.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City JAN [illegible] 1916
Date

Dr. Muck and Liszt

A WEEK ago Friday and Saturday, in Boston, Dr. Muck revived Liszt's symphonic poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne," which, so far as could be found out, had been played only once in America, at a Philharmonic Society concert in New York in 1869. This is the first of the series of symphonic poems that Liszt wrote, and while it was not finished until 1847, the idea of writing it came to him at least as early as 1833. The poem had a remarkable success in Boston, and Dr. Muck has placed it on the programme of his fourth matinée [illegible] Carnegie Hall, Saturday afternoon, F[illegible]ruary 19. The two leading items on [illegible] Thursday evening programme, Febr[illegible] 17, are Debussy's "La Mer" and Rich[illegible] Strauss's "Don Quixote."

From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date JAN 30 1916

BOSTON SYMPHONY'S FOURTH CONCERT

Two works of unusual interest stand on the program of the fourth Boston Symphony concert, which will be given in the Lyric Wednesday evening, February 16. These are Josef Joachim's concerto for violin and orchestra in Hungarian style and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne." The Joachim concerto is very seldom heard and is a work of stupendous difficulties. It will be played by Anton Witek, the concert-master of the orchestra. Liszt's symphonic poem is the first of the series of revolutionary works in that form which he wrote. Until it was played in Boston January 21 and 22, so far as can be found out, its only performance in America was in New York in 1869. Dr. Muck, a great believer in the work, revived it and his judgment was vindicated by the extraordinary success it had.

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date

Continuing a literary cycle of "Lisztiana" from the pen of W. E. Walter comes news to-day that the last visit but one of the Boston Symphony over to New York this season will include at next week's Saturday matinee a work unheard since it was played by the Philharmonic under Bergmann in 1869. The symphonic poem "What One Hears on the Mountain" was the first of a series that Liszt wrote. In the early '80s, when Karl Muck was more occupied as a piano virtuoso than a conductor, the present Boston leader was soloist at a festival in northern Germany, where this music was played. He was "quite a lad" at the time. Liszt was there and was exceedingly dissatisfied with the interpretation. On the evening following the concert he put Muck at one piano, took the other himself, and played it through, giving his ideas as to how it should go. As this was one of the very few times that Dr. Muck met Liszt it made a vivid impression upon him and he feels that he is now interpreting the poem as Liszt desired. Its recent revival had great success in Boston.

From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date

KARL MUCK AND LISZT

Dr. Karl Muck tells an interesting incident concerning Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne," which is the principal work on the fourth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Although this symphonic poem was begun by Liszt as long ago as 1833, and really finished in 1847, until Dr. Muck played it in Boston a fortnight ago, so far as is known, it had only one performance in America and that was in 1869. Dr. Muck himself had only heard it once.

When a lad, fresh from the Conservatory of Leipzig, and a piano virtuoso, Muck was playing at a music festival in Northern Germany. "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" was one of the works on the program played by the orchestra. It had been hurriedly prepared with one rehearsal, and Liszt was greatly dissatisfied with the performance. After the concert Muck was at the same house where Liszt was being entertained, and began to talk with Liszt about this symphonic poem, which interested Muck greatly. Liszt at the time had with him a transcription for four hands and he had Muck play the work through with him, giving his ideas as to its interpretation. Dr. Muck says that Liszt's remarks about the work are as fresh in his mind as if they were made a year ago instead of over 30 years ago.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date

THE climax of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's last season in Boston was, by universal consent, the production of Liszt's "Faust" symphony. Four performances of it were given to crowded audiences, and the newspapers had columns of praise of this inspired music and about the enthusiasm of the audiences.

This season, again, Liszt has scored. Dr. Muck exhumed the first of Liszt's symphonic poems, "What One Hears on the Mountain," and again made a sensation. This work, in the words of Olin Downes, was found "extremely brilliant and romantic." "And by all the sayings of Zarathustra, if there is not the very conclusion of Strauss's magnificent tone-poem, stuck here in the last page of an obscure score of Liszt . . . Strauss helped himself, as many others helped themselves, where Liszt was concerned, with both hands."

Saint-Saëns, in his latest volume of reminiscences and comments ("L'Ecole Buissonnière"), gives his opinion that this same work, "Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne," "is perhaps the most admirable of these famous symphonic poems. Liszt was inspired by the poem of Victor Hugo, and has reproduced its spirit marvellously in his music. When will this characteristic work be included in our orchestral programmes?"

Philip Hale, noted for his antiquarian industry, as well as his wit and wisdom, could not find a record of any performance of this work in America before Dr. Muck's, except one in New York, given by the Philharmonic under Bergmann in 1869. But Mr. Humiston remembers one given several years ago by the Chicago Orchestra in Chicago.

The press agent of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, W. E. Walter, relates that in the very early eighties, when Dr. Muck was more famous as a piano virtuoso than a conductor, he was soloist at a festival in northern Germany, where this was played. He was quite a lad at the time. Liszt was there, but was exceedingly dissatisfied with the interpretation, and on the evening following the concert he put Muck at one piano, took the other himself, and played it through, giving his ideas as to how it should go. As this was one of the very few times that Dr. Muck met Liszt, it made a vivid impression upon him, and he feels that he is now interpreting the poem as Liszt desired.

It will be played under him in New York by the Boston Symphony Orchestra next Saturday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, the other pieces listed being Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" symphony and Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture. The Thursday evening programme includes a Haydn symphony, Debussy's "The Sea," and R. Strauss's "Don Quixote."

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date FEB 13 1916

The fourth and last but one of the concerts given each season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Academy of Music next Friday evening, Feb. 18, at 8:15. The programme which Dr. Muck has arranged, presents two points of great interest. These are Joachim's Concerto in D major for violin and orchestra (in the Hungarian style), and Schumann's Symphony in B flat major, No. 1.

Joachim's great concerto seldom appears on modern programmes, for as skilled as the violin virtuoso is to-day—which is saying much—there are few artists who will undertake and are able to overcome the stupendous difficulties which Joachim has placed in this work. One of the few virtuosi able to do this is Anton Witek, the concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and he has just played it in Boston with remarkable success. In writing this concerto Joachim seems deliberately to have piled difficulty upon difficulty, and although when played by Witek it sounds comparatively simple, only a master of his instrument dare undertake it.

The B flat Symphony of Schumann is popularly known as the "Spring" Symphony. It might well be called the "Bridal" Symphony, for Schumann wrote it in the first flush of success in winning, as his bride, after manw difficulties, Clara Wieck. It is the one symphony of the four which Schumann wrote, in which the composer was unusually happy with his treatment of the orchestra. With the other three Schumann symphonies it is a fair criticism that they are pianistic instead of orchestral, for they sound quite as well in an arrangement for four hands, if indeed they do not sound better so than when played by an orchestra. But in the B-flat major symphony, Schumann has written a clear, lucid score, and the music simply bubbles with the joy and happiness of the composer. The programme, in full, is as follows:

Overture, "Leonora," No. 1, Op. 138 (Beethoven); Concerto in D major, Opus 11, in the Hungarian style) (Joachim); Symphony [illegible]

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date FEB 6 - 1916

Pre-eminent among the musical attractions of the coming week will be the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday evening. Music lovers throughout this city and State look forward, always with the keenest anticipations, to the occasional concerts by this great musical organization, famous throughout the country, and a Boston Symphony concert is always an event in the musical life of the city.

A programme of unusual attractiveness and charm is this fourth concert, which promises to be one of the best of the very fine series that Dr. Muck has been giving here this season. Kathleen Howard, the soloist, as is now generally known, is one of the foremost contraltos of this country. The greater part of her career has bene spent in Germany and in London and she would be in Germany to-day were it not for the war.

She will sing two numbers. The first is the great aria from Wagner's "Rienzi," sung by Adriano; "Gerechter Gott" and the second is the very familiar and always popular, "My Heart at Thy Dear Voice," from Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah."

The orchestral part of the programme is rather light and decidedly pleasing. The symphony will be the immortal one in E-flat of Mozart, one of the three masterpieces that this supreme genius gave to the world in the course of a few months, its fellows being the Symphony in C-major, called "The Jupiter," and the one in G-minor.

In the second part wil come the fascinating concerto for strings and two-wind choirs by Handel, which shows purely 18th century music in one of its most pleasing aspects. Incidentally, it is admirable for the display of virtuosity in the celebrated wind choirs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The final number on the programme is the stirring "Husitska" overture of Dvorak. The programme in its proper order is as follows:

Symphony in E-flat major.........Mozart
Arie, "Gerechter Gott" from "Rienzi"... .... Wagner
Concerto in F-major for strings and two-wind orchestras ....Handel
Aria, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix" from "Samson and Delilah"........... .... Saint-Saens
Overture, "Husitska"..............Dvorak

Following the symphony concert other concerts of note are scheduled for the near future.

Francis Macmillen, the famous American violinist, who will be heard in the Strand Theatre, Feb. 13 at 3:30 p. m., this season, under the direction of T. R. Goodwin, is the exception that proves the rule. One is almost always startled to have greatness or genius pointed out in one's neighbor or playfellow.

Therefore, when a violinist, acknowledged to be the peer of any of the four or five greatest virtuosos on that king of instruments, happens to be an American, or what is more startling still, happens to come from one's own State, and is truly a neighbor if not actually a former playmate, it is certainly rare to find that artist a profit in his own home.

Macmillen is proud of his Americanism and never overlooks an opportunity to make the fact known. Most of all he loves his native State, Ohio. In all his travels abroad he never fails to make mention of the fact to the interviewer that he was born at Marietta, O., and that the few boyhood days he had time to enjoy, as his has been a life of work, were spent there, and in his second home, Springfield, O.

Since those days, Macmillen, aside from five American tours, consisting in the aggregate of about 400 concerts, has been heard in nearly every country in Europe, where he has toured and retoured, always with the same great success that greeted his London debut, when he was fresh from his student days and final triumph at the Brussels Conservatoire.

He has played as soloist with nearly every important orchestra in Europe, and without exception, in this country, he has been the star attraction, not once, but several times, with every great orchestral society.

by Chevalier Rodolfo Fornari, tenor, and Karel Havlicek, violin, assisted by Carmelita Wilkes, soprano, and Malvina Ehrlich, piano.

The name Carmelita Wilkes, one of the soloists, is well known to the music lovers of the West and Middle West. Lyric sopranos of wide range and skillful technique are not plentiful and therefore Miss Wilkes' voice will be more appreciated by those who have the good fortune to listen to her numbers. The most noticeable feature of this singer is her complete surrender of self to the mood of the theme of her song. She wins her audiences by the purity of tone, the grace of her method and the exquisite melodiousness of her vocalization.

Karel Havlicek, violinist, another of the soloists, is a Bohemian by birth and came to America for the second time in the spring of 1915. Such was his mastery of the violin that immediately upon his arrival he was engaged by Mr. Witek, the maestro of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to play for that organization for the balance of the season. Since playing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra Havlicek has given concerts in 100 cities in America.

From WORLD

KATHLEEN HOWARD.
Soloist with the Boston Symphon Orchestra in Infantry Hall Nex Tuesday Evening.

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date [illegible]

Boston Symphony.

The fourth pair of Boston Symphony concerts will be given in Carnegie Hall this week, Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. Two works of the ultra-modern school are placed on the Thursday evening programme—Debussy's three symphonique sketches entitled "The Sea," and Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote." In Don Quixote the 'cello solo will be played by Henri Warnke, the principal cellist of the orchestra, while Mr. Ferir will play the viola solo obligato. The third number of the programme will be Haydn's little Symphony in B flat major, No. 1.

Dr. Muck has placed on the programme for the Saturday matinee Liszt's first Symphonique Poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne." According to Philip Hale, annotator of the Boston Symphony Orchestra programme book, the only time this work was played in America, so far as he can find out, until Dr. Muck revived it three years ago, was in New York by the New York Philharmonic Society under Bergmann in 1869. The symphonique poem is the first of the series that Liszt wrote. The idea goes back at least as far as 1833, and it had its first performance in 1847.

In the very early eighties, when Dr. Muck was more famous as a piano virtuoso than a conductor, he was soloist at the festival in Northern Germany, where this was played. He was quite a lad at the time. Liszt was there and was exceedingly dissatisfied with the interpretation, and on the evening following the concert he put Muck at one piano, took the other himself and played it through giving his ideas as to how it should go. As this was one of the very few times that Dr. Muck met Liszt it made a vivid impression upon him and he feels that he is now interpreting the poem as Liszt desired. The programme for Saturday afternoon in full comprises.

"Antar," op. 15. Rimsky Korsakoff's Symphony No. 2
"Ce qu'on entend sur la Montague"........Liszt
Overture, "The Flying Dutchman"......Wagner

Russian Symphony Society

BROOKLYN EDIT
From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date FEB 1 3 1916

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

THE fourth and last but one of the concerts given each season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Academy of Music under Institute auspices next Friday evening. The programme which Dr. Muck has arranged presents two points of great interest. These are Joachim's Concerto in D major for violin and orchestra—in the Hungarian style—and Schumann's Symphony in B flat major, No. 1.

Joachim's great concerto seldom appears on modern programmes for, skilled as the violin virtuoso is—which is saying much—there are few artists who will undertake and are able to overcome the stupendous difficulties which Joachim has placed in this work. One of the few virtuosi able to do this is Anton Witek, the concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and he has just played it in Boston with remarkable success. In writing this concerto Joachim seems deliberately to have piled difficulty upon difficulty, and although when played by Witek it sounds comparatively simple only a master of his instrument dare undertake it.

The B flat symphony of Schumann is popularly known as the "Spring" Symphony. It might well be called the "Bridal" Symphony, for Schumann wrote it in the first flush of success in winning, after many difficulties, as his bride, Clara Wieck. It is the one symphony of the four which Schumann wrote in which the composer was unusually happy with his treatment of the orchestra. With the other three Schumann symphonies it is a fair criticism that they are pianistic instead of orchestral, for they sound quite as well in an arrangement for four hands, if indeed they do not sound better so than when played by an orchestra. But in the B flat major symphony Schumann has written a clear, lucid score, and the music simply bubbles with the joy and happiness of the composer. The programme in full is as follows:—

Overture—"Leonora" No 1, opus 138...Beethoven
Concerto in D major, opus 11 (in the Hungarian style) ....Joachim
Symphony in B flat major, No. 1, opus 38. Schumann

TRANSCRIPT,
FEBRUARY 12,

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

"DON QUIXOTE" AND A TEDIOUS CONCERTO

Even Mr. Witek Fails to Atone for the Dulness of Joachim's Piece—An Overlooked and Interesting Overture of Beethoven—The Contrasts of Strauss's Tone-Poem and the Moments in Which He Excels Himself

LIKE the wedding-guests in the parable, whenever the violinists play Joachim's Hungarian Concerto, with one accord they begin to make excuse. The "literature" of their instrument offers them so little that is really desirable for symphony concerts. If they alternate Beethoven's and Brahms's concertos from year to year, they are likely to surfeit their audiences. Bruch's and Tschaikovsky's—the next in their favor—will not bear too much repetition. Mendelssohn's is old-fashioned; Goldmark's prolix; and Saint-Saëns's merely elegant. What is a poor violinist to do, especially if he happens to be a violinist who follows German ways and masters, but play Joachim in the Hungarian manner? Mr. Kneisel has played him at the Symphony Concerts; Mr. Hess has played him there, twice over, and so precedent was not lacking for Mr. Witek to do likewise yesterday afternoon. For a week his friends have been making the usual excuses over the revival of the concerto and clinching them with a semi-triumphant "What would you have him play?" At one extreme, Mr. Witek might have played a concerto of the seventeenth or the eighteenth century, as composers like Bach or Mozart, as violinists like Tartini and Viotti, have written them, and on that score both Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Ysaye have set him illustrious example. At the other extreme, he might have made known a novel concerto by a contemporary composer, like Elgar's or Weingartner's. Whatever the shortcomings, they are interesting enough to deserve a single hearing and they tax the powers of the violinist to the utmost.

As it was, Mr. Witek played Joachim in the Hungarian manner, and there is much testimony in print and by word of mouth that it is the true and pure Hungarian manner in the content and the contour of the melodic ideas and in the harmonic and the rhythmic treatment of them. In like fashion and by as much testimony, distilled water is the purest and the truest of water; but how flavorless it is to the palate that pines for the impure admixture to which it has been enjoyably used. Even so upon the ear falls Joachim's concerto. Liszt's Hungarian pieces may be full of impurities and infidelities, but to this day they are stirring to hear because he has mixed into them imaginative, romantic and transmitting fire. Joachim, on the other hand, makes his music as dry, mechanical, muddling and stupid, as wholly respectable and nearly as wholly dull, as though he was actually born of the Britons who were all that were left in his final years to give him ear. Of course the music tests the violinist's skill—as it also tests forty minutes of his and of the audience's endurance; of course—but in rather less degree than many an ancient piece—it enables him to show his command of many a superfluous and difficult feat of fiddling; and of course Mr. Witek was equal to every exaction that the music laid upon him. Steadily indeed he glorified it by his edgeless, lustrous and undulating tone; by his felicities in transition, emphasis and measured cumulation; by the beauty of his transparent coloring; by the rhythmic deftness and brightness with which he gave a pseudo-life to this moribund musical skeleton. It is a cheering hope that he has preached thus eloquently the funeral sermon at the Symphony Concerts of Joachim in the Hungarian manner.

Fortunately for the audience there were Beethoven and Strauss to save and to heighten the interest of the day, and the piece from Beethoven was almost unknown Beethoven. Now that the publishers of music in Europe have nearly ceased to publish, and scores already engraved make precarious journeys from Paris and Berlin to New York and Boston, the conductors are discovering under the dust of years on the shelves of their orchestral libraries a new sort of "novelties"—the overlooked but deserving pieces of the eminent composers, with whom they are usually too ready to follow the well-worn routine of repertory. The other day, for example, Dr. Muck so resurrected Liszt's tone-poem, "Ce qu'on Entend sur la Montagne," and music and performance thrilled his hearers. Yesterday he similarly disinterred the least-known of all the four overtures that Beethoven wrote to his opera of "Fidelio," and if it did not stir the audience as did Liszt's rediscovered music, it warmly interested it. The books call the overture "Leonora, No. 1," and they say that it was written for a projected but unaccomplished performance of "Fidelio" at Prague in 1807. By long habit the hearer's standard with these overtures is the familiar "Leonora, No. 3," which epitomizes the dramatic content and course of the opera in a fashion that such preluding, even from Wagner's hand, has still to equal in unfolding and concentrating eloquence. Schooled in it, the average audience before a "Leonora" overture expects the tonal characterization and the tonal suspense of the beginning; the hints of the scene in the prison; the thrill of the saving trumpet call; the wild and reiterated rejoicing of the end.

As it happens, Beethoven was otherwise minded when he wrote the new overture for Prague. In it he puts the dramatic side of the opera behind him and elects to muse, as it were, over the music that is the tonal and spiritual embodiment of the devoted and high-hearted love of Leonora and the youthful longings of the imprisoned Florestan. There is no trumpet call: no hint of the cruel Pizzaro; little suspense; and beside the great voice of "Leonora No. 3," relatively little climax and rejoicing. The whole impression is of music that would summon for preluding the beauty of illusion in which Beethoven would clothe the loyalties and the perils of Leonora and the longings and the despair of Florestan. He is lyric rather than dramatic in the overture in which he has enshrined this music; he has written it with an ear to flowing loveliness of idea, treatment and detail rather than to large and sharp effect: he sees in imagination an ideal woman, as he saw it when he invented the so-called feminine theme of the overture to "Coriolan"; he feels the charm of wistful youth—that seldom stirred him or that he seldom expressed—in the music of Florestan; the end is the rejoicing of released spirits rather than of thundering choruses of freed and bodily prisoners. By every token of this overture, there are beauty and eloquence yet to be discovered—or to be made familiar—in the overlooked pages of Beethoven. Why, for example, should we not hear from Dr. Muck the ballet of "Prometheus"?

Similarly "Don Quixote" is not of the Staruss to which the average ear has become long habituated in the concert-room. There is no "great climax" in the fantastic variations," like that which upswells, for example, at the end of "Death and Transfiguration." There are no passages of unrolling and over-luscious orchestral song, like that of the creating and impassioned "man" of the "Sinfonia Domestica." There are fewer pages of intricate and arbitrary and mob always "sunding" polyphony than in "Zardhustra" and "Ein Heldenleben." There is little of the pictorial and narrating sweep that fills "Don Juan," or of the bitter and mocking grotesquerie of "Til Eulenspiegel." In a word, "Don Quixote" is unique among the tone-poems of Strauss, yet in its very differences from the rest it is highly characteristic of him in the early noon of his powers. It is his cast of mind that chooses to blend in it comic, fantastic, serio-comic and pathetic elements in a fashion strange to music. It is his cast of mind that spares not a musical means in the delineative suggestion of the variations of the adventurer, as though a so-called "realism" in tones were his only goal, and then lavishes highly idealistic music upon the episodes in which the knight reasons high of honor and faith, of works and their glory; keeps rapt vigil beside his arms, or makes a good end of this world and this flesh. It is this cast of mind that gives the music its twofold voice, as of a composer objectively fashioning his invention and imagination upon Don Quixote and at the same time writing not a little subjectively out of his own spirit and its susceptibility to the tragi-comedy of men and things. Finally, it is this cast of mind that makes "Don Quixote" often a music of finesse and elated delineation; whereas when he so chooses Strauss can write, as it were, in outflung tonal fresco. Somehow a hearer can come to believe that when Strauss set to "fantastic variations on a knightly theme" he looked oftener in his heart than in his mind as he wrote. They say in Munich that he has "a certain fondness" for the piece.

Because Strauss so looked into his own heart, it may be that in the music of Don Quixote's heart, rather than in that of his merely external adventures the tone-poems gains and sustains a beauty that melts the hearts of those that hear. The "realistic" variations are amusing enough in their graphic fashion. By this time every one takes it for granted that music under the delineative imagination and resource of Strauss can suggest a group of country-folk trooping along the road; the whistling winds of sides in mid-air; the clash of combat; and even those super-celebrated bleatings of the flock of sheep that the Knight of Cervantes saw as "the host of the great Emperor, Alifonfaron." Every-one is also agreed that from such a mind and such a hand as Strauss's, similar music may hint for an instant at the neighboring convent, at Sancho and Don Quixote giving pious thanks, at the motion of the enchanted bark; at the snores even of the esquire—and doing these things and keep its form and continuity as an ordered speech of tones. By this time yet again, Strauss's power of musical design and coördination is well-established enough to leave not a doubt that he makes the motive of Don Quixote in various forms and treatments hold all these episodes and details of episodes in a diversified unity. It is all very ingenuous work; it is all work that asks a certain sort of imagination and fecundity; the outcome can be asas marvellously graphic in tones as Dr. Muck and the orchestra made it yesterday, studious youth cones these variations with technical profit; audiences hear them entertained and a little wondering. A few fancy that in the music of the Strauss has kept a suggestion of fantastical tones which is a feat of subtle and sustained invention. After the fashion of ironic comedy, they address the mind. They are foil to the beauty that dwells elsewhere in the tone-poem. In them the composer is his full self but not above himself.

The Strauss of "Don Quixote," who, like the Malvolio in the play, "speaks nobly of the soul," is the Strauss who writes the variations of the discourse with Sancho and of the nocturnal vigil and of the finale in which the Knight, illumined if still haunted by the kindly phantoms of his delusions, dies "so mildly, so quietly, so Christianly." The Strauss who can still rise to beautiful and moving invention is the Strauss who found the motive that embodies the Knight and the Strauss whose imagination can search out the things of reality is the Strauss of the introduction wherein the hallucinations steal upon Don Quixote and possess him. Alike in introduction, finale and the two specified variations music is doing its unique office in the imparting of spritual sensations more finely, more fully and more movingly than can any other medium. In similar fashion Strauss rises to the opportunity that he is making. Now may he look into his mind and heart and into the mind and heart of Don Quixote and blend in his music their twofold image and promptings.

What a motive is that which symbolizes the don, but symbolizes him very subtly and illusively as the radiant figure of chivalry, the perfect knight, faring forth in high heart to high adventure that he imagined himself to be! And as it quite fanciful to catch also in that motive, so bright and warm of color, so clear and direct of substance a hint of the simple goodness that shone out of Don Quixote's heart or to find in its quick and vivid motion a hint of that unstable and self-deceiving temper that was his bane. Of course, strauss can fertilize and transform this theme into all sorts of suggestion of mood and feeling and circumstance and equal, if not excel, Wganer in such feats. But when he dwells upon one or another of these transmutations and when he uses them as the exalted medium of high emotion and high illusion, he writes music of a beauty and power that is little short of genius.

Beside his arms, the knight keeps his vigil and the beauty of the music with which Strauss mantles him is the beauty of the visioned ideal that no man may know but that all men may pursue. With Sancho, the knight discourses of honor and of arms, of full living and full doing, of the glories of conflict and of loyalty and the music glows with a noble passion and a noble fortitude of the soul—the striving and the devotion that are life against the snug and smug content that is worse than death. The old legends of the saints tell how, when one and another of them made his good end, a radiant light hung over his death bed and before his eyes floated wisps of radiant vision. So does Strauss's music halo the dying knight and so in it do the old iridescent phantoms flutter and flicker before his spirit. They arer idealized now and not as they were when clouding and crowding, whirring and whirling, they descend upon him in the broken measures of the introduction and leave him distraught. But end and beginning are alike of invention and imagination in music, when they run high and deep. They weo heed only the variations of the adventures know little of the real tone-poem in which they are but passing incidents and foil. That is written in the introduction, the theme, the finale and the variations of the discourse and the vigil. These are the dayr, when no longer marvelling at Strauss, ear and mind dwell upon what may pass for the routine of his music. There is that in it, besides—and in these very parts of "Don Quixote"—that our time may not elsewhere match.

H. T. P.

MONITOR, BOSTON, MASS.

FEBRUARY 12,

VARIATIONS OF STRAUSS PLAYED BY ORCHESTRA

SYMPHONY HALL—Fourteenth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Feb. 11. The program: Beethoven, overture to "Leonora," No. 1, op. 138; Joachim, concerto in Hungarian style for violin and orchestra, op. 11 (Anton Witek, soloist); Strauss, "Don Quixote" variations, op. 35 (Heinrich Warnke, solo violoncellist, and Emil Ferir, solo viola player).

The Beethoven and Strauss numbers were performed with as much care as if the reputation and, one might say, the artistic existence of the orchestra depended on the outcome. Needless to remark, the works repaid all the effort put on them. The fragile beauty of the first "Leonora" overture might well have suffered under the large string choir a the augmented wind choir emplo But no. The reading was light and liant to the last degree, notwithstand the full volume of tone. And it aboun with sentiment too. It was strong, deed, in all respects; and it surpassec possible, the reading given the see symphony a week ago. In the inter tation of Beethoven the conductor players are reaching a point of eloqu even beyond that touched 15 years when this composer's works were main consideration in these concert

The general accepted opinion is the three "Leonoras" take artistic rank in inverse order of their numbering. And it is not to be imagined that any performance could change the usual valuation and give No. 1 a look of superiority over Nos. 2 and 3. Rather the tendency was to cause listeners to cease thinking of comparisons. They had to regard No. 1 on its own merits. In what a rare mood of gentleness it represents the composer! It explains the character of a man whose friends liked him and wanted to be near him, in spite of his inflicting every kind of abuse on them. It is one of those works which make the progress of the romantic movement from Beethoven to Schubert easy to understand. There could, of course, be more contrast in the overture; a little outbreak of egotism here and there would be exhilarating. But there could hardly be more delightful orchestral writing in the range of moods covered.

Some years ago a perfunctory reading of a classic overture would have been condoned on the day a Strauss tone poem was played. But that does not have to be done now. "Leonora" of the pure melodic line and "Don Quixote" of the glowing tone color can be together on a program and can each have its qualities properly shown without harm to the other. Perhaps this is because the two works are not so much unlike as problems of expression and execution as they were formerly thought to be. If the leader insists on his men's performing their parts in a straightforward, musicianly spirt, without too much effort at evoking epochs and realizing styles, the result may take care of itself. The Strauss variations were of course quite different in effect from the Beethoven overture. But they were just the same in one thing, that their notes were played with all the conscience, heart and intelligence of the men.

"Don Quixote," like many other works which the Symphony conductor has brought out of late, assumed more interest as a piece of formal composition than as an exploit in orchestral narration and description. The magic horse and the enchanted boat proved useful for some of the early departing subscribers to get out of the hall on, but except when the audience thus took part, the music was not greatly unlike a concerto of the old school for violoncello. The fantastic variations, op. 35, were presented like any other work in the variation form; and the subject treated in them was the abstract conflict of idealism and realism, with pictures of woful knight, sorry nag and ponderous squire, left out. If any listeners protest that they heard sheep bleat and the wind whistle, they must remember that modern composers are what Samuel Johnson found the Greeks to be, a barbarous people. Let them not suppose that the charm of this work is in any literary quality or that the hearing of Strauss will do them instead of reading Cervantes. The pleasure of it is in the purely musical handling of the theme by solo instrument and orchestra, in the contrast of colors, in the shading and in the recurring rhythm of serious and humorous moments, all of which would be there in just about the same proportions and in the same sequence, had Strauss taken any other hero of romance or any other subject whatever for his focus of contemplation.

The "Hungarian" concerto of Joachim was just the kind of composition for a concertmaster to present. It is an interesting historic document, an attractive problem for the violin scholar, an invigorating study for an audience. It is a rather dreary work in the first half and a highly pleasing one in the last half. Keeping up appearances as a composer of first movements was a litle too much for Joachim here; and cutting a figure as a master of orchestration, altogether too much. He was more in his element as a serenader or when singing the songs of the road. The romance and the finale in gypsy style are the vital portions of his work.

Mr. Witek did not let his solo responsibility interfere with his routine duties of the day in the orchestra. He gave a masterful performance of the concerto and justified anew his important position as leader of the Symphony violins. And while the matter of soloists is up, the playing of Mr. Warnke as violoncellist in the Strauss variations deserves the warmest praise. That of Mr. Ferir as solo viola player in that number, less exacting, was of the artist's usual excellence

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From Bulletin

Address Prov

Date FEB 9 - 1916

Establish

BOSTON SYMPHONY PRESENTS FOURTH IN CONCERT SERIES

Kathleen Howard, Former Leading Contralto of Century Opera Company, Makes First Appearance Here as Soloist.—Dr. Muck Conducts.

In its fourth concert of the present season last evening in Infantry Hall the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Karl Muck, introduced a soloist new to these Plantations, and presented a programme pleasing to the audience. The soloist was Miss Kathleen Howard, lately leading contralto of the erstwhile Century Opera Company, and the programme, which had a fine flavor of an earlier generation, was given in the following order:

Mozart........Symphony, E-flat major (K. 543)
I. Adagio; Allegro
II. Andante
III. Minuetto; Trio
IV. Finale; Allegro
Wagner......................Scene, "Just God"
And aria, "My Life Fades in Its Blossom," from "Rienzi," Act. III., No. 9.
Handel..................Concerto in F-major
For Strings and Two Wind Orchestras. (Edition of Gustav F. Kogel).
I. Pomposo
II Allegro
III. A tempo ordinario
IV. Largo
V. Allegro
Saint-Saens...."My Heart at Thy Dear Voice"
From "Samson and Delilah."
Dvorak..Dramatic overture, "Husitska," op. 6

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Preceding and following the concerto came two solos by Miss Howard, who created an agreeable impression with her scene and aria, from "Rienzi," which deepened with her second appearance in the solo, "My Heart at Thy Dear Voice" from "Samson and Delilah," by Saint-Saens.

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A. W. C.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

From

Address

Date FEB 13 1916

Es 1884

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From STANDARD UNION

Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date FEB 14 1916

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variations are amusing enough in their graphic fashion. By this time every one takes it for granted that music under the delineative imagination and resource of Strauss can suggest a group of countryfolk trooping along the road; the whistling winds of sides in mid-air; the clash of combat; and even those super-celebrated bleatings of the flock of sheep that the Knight of Cervantes saw as "the host of the great Emperor, Alifonfaron." Everyone is also agreed that from such a mind and such a hand as Strauss's, similar music may hint for an instant at the neighboring convent, at Sancho and Don Quixote giving pious thanks, at the motion of the enchanted bark; at the snores even of the esquire—and doing these things and keep its form and continuity as an ordered speech of tones. By this time yet again, Strauss's power of musical design and coördination is well-established enough to leave not a doubt that he makes the motive of Don Quixote in various forms and treatments hold all these episodes and details of episodes in a diversified unity. It is all very ingenuous work; it is all work that asks a certain sort of imagination and fecundity; the outcome can be asas marvellously graphic in tones as Dr. Muck and the orchestra made it yesterday, studious youth cones these variations with technical profit; audiences hear them entertained and a little wondering. A few fancy that in the music of the Strauss has kept a suggestion of fantastical tones which is a feat of subtle and sustained invention. After the fashion of ironic comedy, they address the mind. They are foil to the beauty that dwells elsewhere in the tone-poem. In them the composer is his full self but not above himself.

The Strauss of "Don Quixote," who, like the Malvolio in the play, "speaks nobly of the soul," is the Strauss who writes the variations of the discourse with Sancho and of the nocturnal vigil and of the finale in which the Knight, illumined if still haunted by the kindly phantoms of his delusions, dies "so mildly, so quietly, so Christianly." The Strauss who can still rise to beautiful and moving invention is the Strauss who found the motive that embodies the Knight and the Strauss whose imagination can search out the things of reality is the Strauss of the introduction wherein the hallucinations steal upon Don Quixote and possess him. Alike in introduction, finale and the two specified variations music is doing its unique office in the imparting of spritual sensations more finely, more fully and more movingly than can any other medium. In similar fashion Strauss rises to the opportunity that he is making. Now may he look into his mind and heart and into the mind and heart of Don Quixote and blend in his music their twofold image and promptings.

What a motive is that which symbolizes the don, but symbolizes him very subtly and illusively as the radiant figure of chivalry, the perfect knight, faring forth in high heart to high adventure that he imagined himself to be! And as it quite fanciful to catch also in that motive, so bright and warm of color, so clear and direct of substance a hint of the simple goodness that shone out of Don Quixote's heart or to find in its quick and vivid motion a hint of that unstable and self-deceiving temper that was his bane. Of course, strauss can fertilize and transform this theme into all sorts of suggestion of mood and feeling and circumstance and equal, if not excel, Wganer in such feats. But when he dwells upon one or another of these transmutations and when he uses them as the exalted medium of high emotion and high illusion, he writes music of a beauty and power that is little short of genius.

Beside his arms, the knight keeps his vigil and the beauty of the music with which Strauss mantles him is the beauty of the visioned ideal that no man may know but that all men may pursue. With Sancho, the knight discourses of honor and of arms, of full living and full doing, of the glories of conflict and of loyalty and the music glows with a noble passion and a noble fortitude of the soul—the striving and the devotion that are life against the snug and smug content that is worse than death. The old legends of the saints tell how, when one and another of them made his good end, a radiant light hung over his death bed and before his eyes floated wisps of radiant vision. So does Strauss's music halo the dying knight and so in it do the old iridescent phantoms flutter and flicker before his spirit. They arer idealized now and not as they were when clouding and crowding, whirring and whirling, they descend upon him in the broken measures of the introduction and leave him distraught. But end and beginning are alike of invention and imagination in music, when they run high and deep. They weo heed only the variations of the adventures know little of the real tone-poem in which they are but passing incidents and foil. That is written in the introduction, the theme, the finale and the variations of the discourse and the vigil. These are the dayr, when no longer marvelling at Strauss, ear and mind dwell upon what may pass for the routine of his music. There is that in it, besides—and in these very parts of "Don Quixote"—that our time may not elsewhere match.

H. T. P.

MONITOR, BOSTON, MASS.

FEBRUARY 12,

VARIATIONS OF STRAUSS PLAYED BY ORCHESTRA

SYMPHONY HALL—Fourteenth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Feb. 11. The program: Beethoven, overture to "Leonora," No. 1, op. 138; Joachim, concerto in Hungarian style for violin and orchestra, op. 11 (Anton Witek, soloist); Strauss, "Don Quixote" variations, op. 35 (Heinrich Warnke, solo violoncellist, and Emil Ferir, solo viola player).

The Beethoven and Strauss numbers were performed with as much care as if the reputation and, one might say, the artistic existence of the orchestra depended on the outcome. Needless to remark, the works repaid all the effort put on them. The fragile beauty of the first "Leonora" overture might well have suffered under the large string choir and the augmented wind choir employed. But no. The reading was light and brilliant to the last degree, notwithstanding the full volume of tone. And it abounded with sentiment too. It was strong, indeed, in all respects; and it surpassed, if possible, the reading given the second symphony a week ago. In the interpretation of Beethoven the conductor and players are reaching a point of eloquence even beyond that touched 15 years ago, when this composer's works were the main consideration in these concerts.

The general accepted opinion is that the three "Leonoras" take artistic rank in inverse order of their numbering. And it is not to be imagined that any performance could change the usual valuation and give No. 1 a look of superiority over Nos. 2 and 3. Rather the tendency was to cause listeners to cease thinking of comparisons. They had to regard No. 1 on its own merits. In what a rare mood of gentleness it represents the composer! It explains the character of a man whose friends liked him and wanted to be near him, in spite of his inflicting every kind of abuse on them. It is one of those works which make the progress of the romantic movement from Beethoven to Schubert easy to understand. There could, of course, be more contrast in the overture; a little outbreak of egotism here and there would be exhilarating. But there could hardly be more delightful orchestral writing in the range of moods covered.

Some years ago a perfunctory reading of a classic overture would have been condoned on the day a Strauss tone poem was played. But that does not have to be done now. "Leonora" of the pure melodic line and "Don Quixote" of the glowing tone color can be together on a program and can each have its qualities properly shown without harm to the other. Perhaps this is because the two works are not so much unlike as problems of expression and execution as they were formerly thought to be. If the leader insists on his men's performing their parts in a straightforward, musicianly spirt, without too much effort at evoking epochs and realizing styles, the result may take care of itself. The Strauss variations were of course quite different in effect from the Beethoven overture. But they were just the same in one thing, that their notes were played with all the conscience, heart and intelligence of the men.

"Don Quixote," like many other works which the Symphony conductor has brought out of late, assumed more interest as a piece of formal composition than as an exploit in orchestral narration and description. The magic horse and the enchanted boat proved useful for some of the early departing subscribers to get out of the hall on, but except when the audience thus took part, the music was not greatly unlike a concerto of the old school for violoncello. The fantastic variations, op. 35, were presented like any other work in the variation form; and the subject treated in them was the abstract conflict of idealism and realism, with pictures of woful knight, sorry nag and ponderous squire, left out. If any listeners protest that they heard sheep bleat and the wind whistle, they must remember that modern composers are what Samuel Johnson found the Greeks to be, a barbarous people. Let them not suppose that the charm of this work is in any literary quality or that the hearing of Strauss will do them instead of reading Cervantes. The pleasure of it is in the purely musical handling of the theme by solo instrument and orchestra, in the contrast of colors, in the shading and in the recurring rhythm of serious and humorous moments, all of which would be there in just about the same proportions and in the same sequence, had Strauss taken any other hero of romance or any other subject whatever for his focus of contemplation.

The "Hungarian" concerto of Joachim was just the kind of composition for a concertmaster to present. It is an interesting historic document, an attractive [illegible] problem for the violin scholar, an invigorating study for an audience. It is a rather dreary work in the first half and a highly pleasing one in the last half. Keeping up appearances as a composer of first movements was a litle too much for Joachim here; and cutting a figure as a master of orchestration, altogether too much. He was more in his element as a serenader or when singing the songs of the road. The romance and the finale in gypsy style are the vital portions of his work.

Mr. Witek did not let his solo responsibility interfere with his routine duties of the day in the orchestra. He gave a masterful performance of the concerto and justified anew his important position as leader of the Symphony violins. And while the matter of soloists is up, the playing of Mr. Warnke as violoncellist in the Strauss variations deserves the warmest praise. That of Mr. Ferir as solo viola player in that number, less exacting, was of the artist's usual excellence

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Bulletin

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FEB 9 - 1916

BOSTON SYMPHONY PRESENTS FOURTH IN CONCERT SERIES

Kathleen Howard, Former Leading Contralto of Century Opera Company, Makes First Appearance Here as Soloist. — Dr. Muck Conducts.

In its fourth concert of the present season last evening in Infantry Hall the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Karl Muck, introduced a soloist new to these Plantations, and presented a programme pleasing to the audience. The soloist was Miss Kathleen Howard, lately leading contralto of the erstwhile Century Opera Company, and the programme, which had a fine flavor of an earlier generation, was given in the following order:

Mozart........Symphony, E-flat major (K. 543)
  I. Adagio; Allegro
  II. Andante
  III. Minuetto; Trio
  IV. Finale; Allegro
Wagner....................Scene, "Just God"
And aria, "My Life Fades in Its Blossom," from "Rienzi," Act. III., No. 9.
Handel...................Concerto in F-major
For Strings and Two Wind Orchestras.
(Edition of Gustav F. Kogel).
  I. Pomposo
  II Allegro
  III. A tempo ordinario
  IV. Largo
  V. Allegro
Saint-Saens...."My Heart at Thy Dear Voice" From "Samson and Delilah."
Dvorak..Dramatic overture, "Husitska," op. 67

Last evening was not by any means an idle one for the orchestra; the three numbers devoted exclusively to that body employing its attention and skill to a marked degree, the soloist also requiring its assistance in her two alternating numbers.

The programme opened cheerfully with Mozart's Symphony in E-flat, and to the imagination that wandered into the past there was food for thought. Such a performance of a symphony, a century and a quarter after its composition for a smaller body of players, must compel admiration, both for the vitality of the music, and the skill able to direct an orchestra of such proportion in the production of its various movements that nothing be lost of the delicate beauty of its structure.

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The graceful adagio, the measured andante, the melodious minuetto familiar to "household pianists" and the fanciful finale with its carnival spirit were all given with the charm that is expected of the Boston orchestra; especial bits, like the trio dominated by the clarinets in the minuetto, still clinging to the memory.

Of still more ancient lineage is the concerto by Handel, which in its present arrangement by Kogel for strings and two wind choirs, was first performed in Boston less than a decade ago. It is a composition characteristic of the Prussian composer, interesting, varied, and as given last evening, singularly beautiful in tone, and at times exceedingly suggestive of organ harmonies. After all, there is still much to be enjoyed even by ears attuned to the bewildering compositions of the present, in the solid, substantial fundamental music of the past.

Preceding and following the concerto came two solos by Miss Howard, who created an agreeable impression with her scene and aria, from "Rienzi," which deepened with her second appearance in the solo, "My Heart at Thy Dear Voice" from "Samson and Delilah," by Saint-Saens.

EDUCATED HERE.

Miss Howard, a Canadian by birth, who has received most of her education in this country, and won wide experience in Germany and London, has a pleasing personality without affectation. Her voice, a rich contralto, with a surprising command of altitude, seemed a bit uneven in quality, but of much beauty in many respects, and her performance was exceedingly artistic, although the force of the orchestra came near to overshadowing it once or twice. She won the recognition dear to every artist, the applause recalling her to the stage several times.

The climax was reached in the final number, Dvorak's dramatic overture, "Husitska," which was a brilliant performance of the martial amplification of the Hussite hymn, taxing to the utmost the energies of conductor and orchestra alike, and stimulating the aroused imagination to suggestions of the future instead of the past. It did not require the programme to interpret its melancholy or its fanticism, while viewed from the musical standpoint only it was a masterly performance.

The enjoyment of the concert was enhanced by the installation of the new lights, a change which has been in process following a criticism in the Journal and executed since the previous Symphony concert. Further plans for the use of lower-powered lights will, when carried out, increase the appreciation expressed by several in the audience last evening.

The fifth concert in the series will be given on Tuesday evening, March 7, when the soloist will be Ernest Schelling, pianist.

A. W. C.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

E 1884

From

Address

Date [illegible] 1916

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STANDARD UNION

Brooklyn, N. Y.

FEB 14 1916

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From TRIBUNE
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From SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date FEB 1 3 1916

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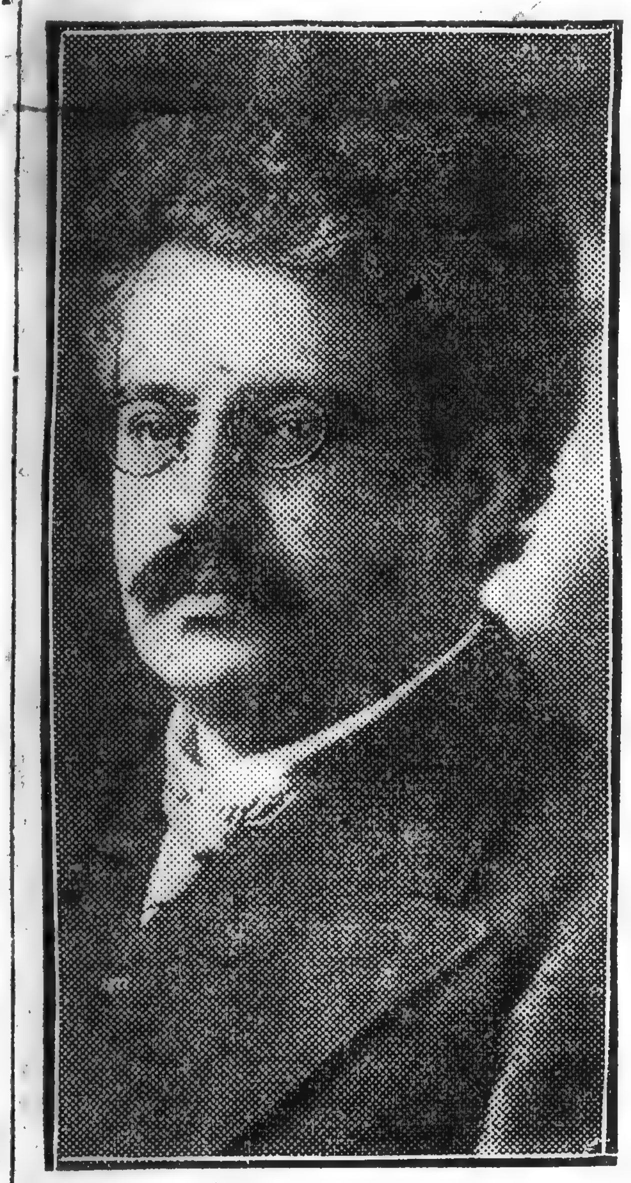
WITEK AS SOLOIST IN BOSTON SYMPHONY

THE fourth and last but one of the concerts given each season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Lyric next Wednesday



ANTON VITEK,
Soloist, Boston Symphony.

evening, February 16, at 8.15 o'clock. The program which Dr. Muck has arranged presents two points of particular interest. These are Joachim's Concerto in D Major for violin and orchestra, entitled "In the Hungarian Style," and Liszt's first symphonic poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne."

Joachim's great concerto seldom appears on modern programs, for as skilled as the violin virtuoso is today—which is saying much—there are few artists who will undertake and are able to overcome the stupendous difficulties which Joachim has placed in this work. One of the few virtuosi able to do this is Antom Witek, the concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and he has just played it in Boston with remarkable success. In writing this concerto Joachim seems deliberately to have piled difficulty upon difficulty, and although when played by Witek it sounds comparatively simply; only a master of his instrument dare undertake it.

To Dr. Muck falls the credit of reviving in this country what in many respects is the most remarkable of the series of symphonic poems by which Liszt practically revolutionized the music of his day and of the days t followed him. Until Dr. Muck pla it in Boston three weeks ago the o performance in America on record in New York by the Philharmonic city under Bergmann in 1869. It astonishing and speaks well for Lis genius that, although this poem conceived in 1833 and actually playe 1847, it is more modern in thou and feeling than much of the m that is made today. Moreover, liste to it the auditor familiar with mod literature of music is not unlike youth who said he liked to go to Sha peare's plays because they were so of familiar quotations. Liszt's so law, Wagner, dipped most deeply this work as he did into many of Lis other works for material for his m dramas. Richard Strauss was fami with it and had it decidedly in his mind when he wrote the finale of his "Zarathustra." It is interesting to see how closely Strauss followed Liszt in ending his great tone poem. "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" contains much of Liszt's best and most characteristic writing, and undoubtedly Dr. Muck's very successfuul revival of it means new life to the poem. The program in its proper order is as follows:

Overture—"Leonora" No. 1, Opus 138, Beethoven
Concerto in D Major, Opus 11 (in the Hungarian style)............Joachim
"Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" ("What one hears upon the mountain"), Symphonic Poem No. 1 (after Victor Hugo)............Liszt

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From AMERICAN
Address: Baltimore, Md.

Date FEB 1 3 1916

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BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The fourth and last but one of the concerts given each season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Lyric Theater next Wednesday evening, February 16, at 8:15. The program which Dr. Muck has arranged presents at least two points of surpassing interest. These are Joachim's Concerto in D major for violin and orchestra, entitled In the Hungarian Style, and Liszt's first symphonic poem, Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne.

Joachim's great concerto seldom appears on modern programs, for as skilled as the violin virtuoso is today—which is saying much—there are few artists who will undertake and are able to overcome the stupendous difficulties which Joachim has placed in this work.

Beethoven—Overture, Leonora No. Opus 138. Joachim—Concerto in [illegible] Opus 11 (In the Hungarian

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From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

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The way in which, with the best disposition in the world to be fair, people will sometimes jump to an erroneous conclusion, was illustrated at the concert of the Boston Symphony under Doctor Muck, when Melba was the soloist. Many persons took it for granted that Doctor Muck intended a deliberate affront to the soloist when the applause was longdrawn and the conductor signaled to a 'cellist and sat down in the promptly vacated chair. As a matter of fact, Doctor Muck was barely able to appear at all on the evening in question. He was coming down with an attack of the grip, and his temperature was 100. Subsequently he had to surrender the baton to other hands at a Brooklyn concert, and for five days had to remain in bed. Doctor Muck and the soloist, to whom he was supposed to have been rude, are the best of friends, and on the occasion of the Boston concerts, when she was soloist, they were to have been the dinner guests together of Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, but Doctor Muck's illness prevented his attendance.

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The fourth and last but one of the Boston Symphony series takes place in the Academy of Music tomorrow evening, at 8:15. Doctor Muck has divided the program between the ultra-moderns and the best of the eighteenth century; in other words, the first half of the program is devoted to works by Debussy and Schelling, while the last half of the program is given to Mozart's symphony in E flat major, K. 543.

Debussy will be represented by his symphonic sketches entitled "The Sea." These sketches, which are three in number, entitled, respectively, "From Dawn Till Noon on the Ocean," "Frolics of the Waves" "and "Dialogues of the Wind and the Sea," are just 10 years old, having had their first performance at a Lamoureaux concert in Paris, October 15, 1905. Doctor Muck gave the first performance of these sketches in America at a Boston Symphony Concert, in Boston, March 2 and 3, 1907.

The novelty of the concert will be Ernest Schelling's variations for orchestra and piano which had its first performances in Boston December 31 and January 1 last. The title is "Impressions from an Artist's Life," in the form or variations on an original theme, for orchestra and pianoforts. Mr. Schelling, whose ties in Philadelphia are very close and whose talent has long been recognized here, in this work shows himself as a composer of extraordinary skill and fancy. He uses a theme which may be regarded as exotic in character and on this he has built 21 variations of widely different forms. Most of these variations are dedicated to various persons. The first two are dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the second to Doctor Muck. The fourth is in commemoration of Pfitzner, Schelling's teacher in composition. the seventh, an oboe solo, is dedicated to Georges Longy, first oboe of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. the eighth to Pavlowa, the ninth to Paderewski, the remaining ones to Gustav Mahler, Fritz Kreisler and others. One of the most impressive of the variations is entitled "August, 1914," and depicts the Mr. Schelling will play the piano

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From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.

Date

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MUSIC OF THE WEEK

Sunday Afternoon.
Philadelphia Orchestra Concert—Metropolitan Opera House.

Sunday Evening.
Complimentary Concert "The Jewish World"—Metropolitan Opera House.

Monday Evening.
Boston Symphony Orchestra—Academy of Music.

Tuesday Afternoon.
Musical Talk for Young People—Little Theatre.

Tuesday Evening.
Lyric Quartet Recital—Little Theatre.
Hyperion Music School Concert—Musical Fund Hall.

Wednesday Evening.
Schmidt Quartet Concert—Witherspoon Hall.

Thursday Evening.
Edwin Evans Recital—Witherspoon Hall.
Catholic Choral Club Concert—Academy of Music.
Fabri Opera Co. Presents "The Bat"—Little Theatre.

Friday Afternoon.
Philadelphia Orchestra Concert—Academy of Music.

Saturday Evening.
Philadelphia Orchestra Concert—Academy of Music.

The fourth and last but one of the series of concerts given here each season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Academy of Music to-morrow evening, February 14. Dr. Muck has divided the program between the ultra-moderns and the best of the eighteenth century. In other words, the first half of the program is devoted to works by Debussy and Schelling, while the last half of the program is given to Mozart's Symphony in E flat Major.

Debussy will be represented by his symphonic sketches entitled "The Sea." Dr. Muck gave the first performances of these sketches in America at a Boston symphony concert in Boston, March 2 and 3, 1907.

The novelty of the concert will be Ernest Schelling's variations for orchestra and piano, which had its first performances in Boston December 31 and January 1 last. The title is "Impressions from an artists's life, in the form of variations on an original theme for or-

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chestra and pianoforte." Mr. Schelling, whose ties in Philadelphia are very close and whose talent has long been recognised here, in this work shows himself as a composer of extraordinary skill and fancy. He uses a theme which may be regarded as exotic in character, and on this he has built twenty-one variations of widely different forms. Most of these variations are dedicated to various persons. The first two are dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the second to Dr. Muck. The fourth is in commemoration of Pfitner, Schelling's teacher in composition; the seventh, an oboe solo, is dedicated to Georges Longy, first oboe of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; the eighth to Pavlowa, the ninth to Paderewski and others to Gustav Mahler, Fritz Kreisler, etc. Mr. Schelling will play his own compositions.

The program in its proper order is as follows:—

Debussy.."La Mer." Three Symphonic Sketches
Schelling,
Impressions (from an "Artist's Life") in Form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte. First time here.
Mozart....Symphony in E-flat Major (K. 543)

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ERNEST SCHELLING © HILL

Ernest Schelling will be the pianist, with the Boston Symphony to-morrow evening

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BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN FOURTH CONCERT

Dr. Muck Offers Programme That Displays Fine Resources of His Players.

The fourth evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Carnegie Hall last night. The music offered by Dr. Muck was entirely orchestral, and while it included no novelty in scope it might be said to have comprised the extremes in programmatic selection. The works played were Debussy's three symphonic sketches, "La Mer," Strauss's tone poem "Don Quixote" and Haydn's E flat major symphony.

In the performance of Debussy's sea pieces unusual opportunity was afforded the orchestra to display both as a united body and as individual solo players its splendid resources in producing almost every imaginable tint in the realm of tone color. Tone pictures, as the poems no doubt are of the sea in its ever changing phases, from the darkness and calm of the fading night through the light of dawn and into the glory of a shining day over which there in time comes and passes the tumult of possible storm and the wind, they were one by one presented to the listener last night with an orchestral skill which was for the most part amazing. Possibly it could be said that the delivery lacked something of that illusiveness in subtle atmosphere characterizing Debussy's music, but even so there remained plenty with which delight was afforded in the superb showing of tonal art and the sentiment with which the composition was played.

The "Don Quixote" of Strauss, which consists of an introduction and theme "of knightly character" and ten "fantastic variations," with a finale is a long composition, through the mazes and intricacies of which Dr. Muck is wont to lead his orchestra with master hand. Artistic discretion in the employment of the splendors of tonal colors, fine balance and remarkable shading, all of which means he has so opulently at command, are features united in full measure in his handling of the great difficulties presented by the score. Last night, the cello solo in the number

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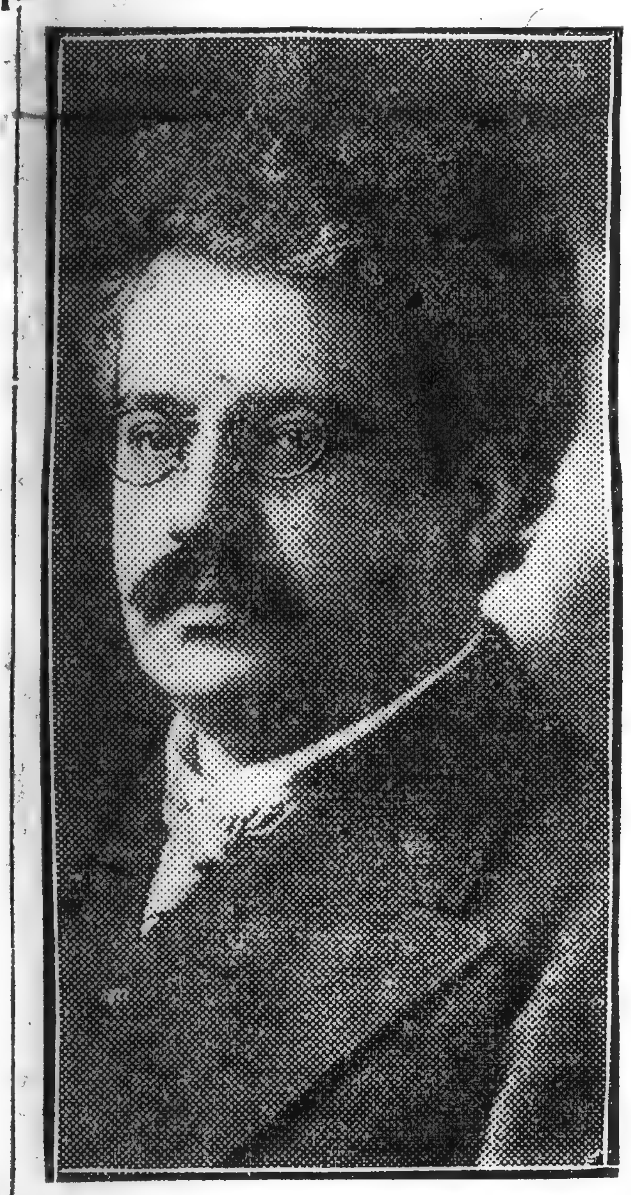
WITEK AS SOLOIST IN BOSTON SYMPHONY

THE fourth and last but one of the concerts given each season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Lyric next Wednesday evening, February 16, at 8.15 o'clock. The program which Dr. Muck has arranged presents two points of particular interest. These are Joachim's Concerto in D Major for violin and orchestra, entitled "In the Hungarian Style," and Liszt's first symphonic poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne."



ANTON VITEK,
Soloist, Boston Symphony.

Joachim's great concerto seldom appears on modern programs, for as skilled as the violin virtuoso is today—which is saying much—there are few artists who will undertake and are able to overcome the stupendous difficulties which Joachim has placed in this work. One of the few virtuosi able to do this is Antom Witek, the concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and he has just played it in Boston with remarkable success. In writing this concerto Joachim seems deliberately to have piled difficulty upon difficulty, and although when played by Witek it sounds comparatively simply; only a master of his instrument dare undertake it.

To Dr. Muck falls the credit of reviving in this country what in many respects is the most remarkable of the series of symphonic poems by which Liszt practically revolutionized the music of his day and of the days that followed him. Until Dr. Muck played it in Boston three weeks ago the only performance in America on record was in New York by the Philharmonic Socity under Bergmann in 1869. It is astonishing and speaks well for Liszt's genius that, although this poem was conceived in 1833 and actually played in 1847, it is more modern in thought and feeling than much of the music that is made today. Moreover, listening to it the auditor familiar with modern literature of music is not unlike the youth who said he liked to go to Shakespeare's plays because they were so full of familiar quotations. Liszt's son-in-law, Wagner, dipped most deeply into this work as he did into many of Liszt's other works for material for his music dramas. Richard Strauss was familiar with it and had it decidedly in his mind when he wrote the finale of his "Zarathustra." It is interesting to see how closely Strauss followed Liszt in ending his great tone poem. "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" contains much of Liszt's best and most characteristic writing, and undoubtedly Dr. Muck's very successfuul revival of it means new life to the poem. The program in its proper order is as follows:

Overture—"Leonora" No. 1, Opus 138, Beethoven
Concerto in D Major, Opus 11 (in the Hungarian style)............Joachim
"Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" ("What one hears upon the mountain"), Symphonic Poem No. 1 (after Victor Hugo)............Liszt

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BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The fourth and last but one of the concerts given each season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Lyric Theater next Wednesday evening, February 16, at 8:15. The program which Dr. Muck has arranged presents at least two points of surpassing interest. These are Joachim's Concerto in D major for violin and orchestra, entitled In the Hungarian Style, and Liszt's first symphonic poem, Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne.

Joachim's great concerto seldom appears on modern programs, for as skilled as the violin virtuoso is today—which is saying much—there are few artists who will undertake and are able to overcome the stupendous difficulties which Joachim has placed in this work.

Beethoven—Overture, Leonora No. Opus 138. Joachim—Concerto in [illegible] Opus 11 (In the Hungarian

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The way in which, with the best disposition in the world to be fair, people will sometimes jump to an erroneous conclusion, was illustrated at the concert of the Boston Symphony under Doctor Muck, when Melba was the soloist. Many persons took it for granted that Doctor Muck intended a deliberate affront to the soloist when the applause was long-drawn and the conductor signaled to a 'cellist and sat down in the promptly vacated chair. As a matter of fact, Doctor Muck was barely able to appear at all on the evening in question. He was coming down with an attack of the grip, and his temperature was 100. Subsequently he had to surrender the baton to other hands at a Brooklyn concert, and for five days had to remain in bed. Doctor Muck and the soloist, to whom he was supposed to have been rude, are the best of friends, and on the occasion of the Boston concerts, when she was soloist, they were to have been the dinner guests together of Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, but Doctor Muck's illness prevented his attendance.

* * *

The fourth and last but one of the Boston Symphony series takes place in the Academy of Music tomorrow evening, at 8:15. Doctor Muck has divided the program between the ultra-moderns and the best of the eighteenth century; in other words, the first half of the program is devoted to works by Debussy and Schelling, while the last half of the program is given to Mozart's symphony in E flat major, K. 543.

Debussy will be represented by his symphonic sketches entitled "The Sea." These sketches, which are three in number, entitled, respectively, "From Dawn Till Noon on the Ocean," "Frolics of the Waves" "and "Dialogues of the Wind and the Sea," are just 10 years old, having had their first performance at a Lamoureaux concert in Paris, October 15, 1905. Doctor Muck gave the first performance of these sketches in America at a Boston Symphony Concert, in Boston, March 2 and 3, 1907.

The novelty of the concert will be Ernest Schelling's variations for orchestra and piano which had its first performances in Boston December 31 and January 1 last. The title is "Impressions from an Artist's Life," in the form of variations on an original theme, for orchestra and pianoforts. Mr. Schelling, whose ties in Philadelphia are very close and whose talent has long been recognized here, in this work shows himself as a composer of extraordinary skill and fancy. He uses a theme which may be regarded as exotic in character and on this he has built 21 variations of widely different forms. Most of these variations are dedicated to various persons. The first two are dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the second to Doctor Muck. The fourth is in commemoration of Pfitzner, Schelling's teacher in composition. the seventh, an oboe solo, is dedicated to Georges Longy, first oboe of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. the eighth to Pavlowa, the ninth to Paderewski, the remaining ones to Gustav Mahler, Fritz Kreisler and others. One of the most impressive of the variations is entitled "August, 1914," and depicts the war. Mr. Schelling will play the piano score.

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MUSIC OF THE WEEK

Sunday Afternoon.
Philadelphia Orchestra Concert—Metropolitan Opera House.

Sunday Evening.
Complimentary Concert "The Jewish World"—Metropolitan Opera House.

Monday Evening.
Boston Symphony Orchestra—Academy of Music.

Tuesday Afternoon.
Musical Talk for Young People—Little Theatre.

Tuesday Evening.
Lyric Quartet Recital—Little Theatre.
Hyperion Music School Concert—Musical Fund Hall.

Wednesday Evening.
Schmidt Quartet Concert—Witherspoon Hall.

Thursday Evening.
Edwin Evans Recital—Witherspoon Hall.
Catholic Choral Club Concert—Academy of Music.
Fabri Opera Co. Presents "The Bat"—Little Theatre.

Friday Afternoon.
Philadelphia Orchestra Concert—Academy of Music.

Saturday Evening.
Philadelphia Orchestra Concert—Academy of Music.

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Mozart....Symphony in E-flat Major (K. 543)

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ERNEST SCHELLING © HILL

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In the performance of Debussy's sea pieces unusual opportunity was afforded the orchestra to display both as a united body and as individual solo players its splendid resources in producing almost every imaginable tint in the realm of tone color. Tone pictures, as the poems no doubt are of the sea in its ever changing phases, from the darkness and calm of the fading night through the light of dawn and into the glory of a shining day over which there in time comes and passes the tumult of possible storm and the wind, they were one by one presented to the listener last night with an orchestral skill which was for the most part amazing. Possibly it could be said that the delivery lacked something of that illusiveness in subtle atmosphere characterizing Debussy's music, but even so there remained plenty with which delight was afforded in the superb showing of tonal art and the sentiment with which the composition was played.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY AND SCHELLING HERE

Fourth Concert Brings Paderewski to Hear Pupil Play Own Composition

PROGRAM.

"La Mer," three symphonic sketches..Debussy
Impressions from an Artist's Life....Schelling
Symphony, E flat major..............Mozart

The least satisfactory portion of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Doctor Muck, at the Academy last evening, was the series of three symphonic sketches by Debussy, tone-poems grouped under the title of "The Sea," which opened the program. Assuredly, there was "the sea's chime made audible" in the music; one was conscious of sun-kissed and moon-blanched spaces of water, heaving or tranquil, the Homeric, "innumerable laughter" of the waves, or their fiercer argument when tempest-roiled.

But one was too conscious of the virtuosity of the players and the preciosity of the composer. One longed to find an idea carried a distance, whether anything great was done with it or not. The work was played here by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Mr. Pohlig, in January, 1911, for the first time in Philadelphia, and its merits were made salient in the interpretation at that time.

But last night it seemed of rather a thin, pale substance as compared with the close-woven texture of the highly interesting Impressions by Mr. Schelling, and the great symphony of Mozart that balanced the modernity of the fore part of the program.

Paderewski was present to hear the performance of his gifted pupil, who played the piano part in his own work. The full title of Mr. Schelling's composition is "Impressions (from an artist's life) in Form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte."

It was played for the first time here. The composer explains that while writing it he thought in terms of the timbre of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Therefore it is not surpising to find him labeling the first of the 19 variations with the initials "B. S. O." The second, "K. M.," is obviously for Karl Muck; and so on.

The soul of Mr. Paderewski must have swelled within him at the ninth, wearing the caption "I. J. P.," a dirge of mournful sweep for the strings alone which speaks for the woe of Poland. Notable were the oboe solo of the seventh; the Habanera Aragonese with all the swingeing rhythm of the dagger-dance that (save the mark!) was the best thing in Herbert's "Natoma"; the lit of the sod of Old Erin in the tenth variation; the beautiful viola-voice of Emil Ferir in the sixteenth; the gathering storm-cloud till the air is surcharged with the turmoil of "August, 1914," in the seventeenth; and the magnificent blare at last of the Lutheran Choral, as true to type as the playing of those full-blown amateur trombones in the belfry at the Bach festivals in Bethlehem.

Mr. Schelling set forth at the keyboard moods and tenses of the mind of a poet at the piano. The instrument stood at the left, as the audience faced the orchestra, so that the "soloists," to use the term which should be carefully qualified in this instance, was brought nearly abreast of the rear row of the first violins, instead of close to the dais and Doctor Muck's directing arm, as would have been the case if the piano had been set down in its usual place on the right of the audience.

This meant that the pianist in a peculiar degree became one among many instead of one out of many. He built his participation into the ensemble; he played and he listened to his colleagues. When he was not actually performing, he sat evidently thinking of his associates and partly facing them.

The audience meant to him simply a unified receptivity, not potential admiration and acclaim. The element of personal displayed vanished utterly.

That is part of the reason why the strong, vital, melodious music, calling upon the full technical resources and the mentality of the interpreters, pleased the hearers so thoroughly. They applauded the artist to the echo; they recalled him often, while the orchestra stood.

Mr. Schelling shook hands a second time with Doctor Muck and dragged him forward; then the composer shook hands with Concertmeister Anton Witek, and still there were plaudits. It was a tribute to merit and modesty commingled—a signal recognition of a memorable achievement.

The Mozart symphony was played superbly, the first notes seeming to say that the audience might sit back and drink in the full enjoyment of the music without fear of mishap, and all that followed redeeming that promise of delight.

The finale read at a surft pace reaped more than sound and fury from the whirlwind, and rounded the conclusion of a program of incisive contrasts.

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SCHELLING PLAYS HIS "VARIATIONS"

Boston Symphony Gives Fourth Concert and Soloist Presents His Own Composition.

PROGRAM.

"La Mer"—Three symphonic sketches, Debussy
Impressions (from an artist's life) in form of variations on an original theme for orchestra and piano (first time here) ....Schelling
Ernest Schelling.
Symphony in E flat major........Mozart
Conductor ...... **Dr. Karl Muck**
Soloist ....Ernest Schilling

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave their fourth concert of the season, at the Academy of Music, last evening. It was the most important of the four in having as soloist Ernest Schelling, the pianist, and in the double capacity, also the composer. Mr. Schelling is looked upon almost as a Philadelphian, having been born in the adjoining State of New Jersey. His artistic qualities have always been recognized here, but last night more than ever before, the double side of his art making his visit of unusual importance.

The Academy was crowded with a most appreciative audience, including many notable musicians, among others the eminent Polish pianist Paderewski, who occupied a parquet box, during most of the concert, with Mme. Paderewski, and Mrs. Schelling. Paderewski was a one-time teacher of Schelling on the piano, and naturally was very much interested in his former pupil's appearance in the dual role of soloist and composer.

Schelling's Many "Impressions."

Mr. Schelling gave, for the first time in this city, his "Impressions in Form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Piano." These impressions are arranged in an unusual form, representing a variety of personality and incidents. There are twenty-one in all, the first being an impression, for wood-wind alone, of the orchestra that last evening presented his work. It would not be possible even to mention the entire list, but a few of the many subjects upon which Schelling gives musical expression, are Dr. Karl Muck, the Flonzaley Quartet, Paderewski, Gustave Mahler, Fritz Kreisler, and from personalities he wanders away into martial music of the present European conflict, ending with a hymnus dated Wartburg, 1915.

The composition does not give the pianist any striking opportunity for the display of his great breadth as a pianist, and in only a few of the impressions does the soloist make his instrument stand out above the orchestration. It is, as a whole, really a greater effort on the part of Schelling, the composer, than Schelling the pianist. He has, in each instance, however, fully met the character of his musical portrayal, and in this he is deserving of the very best of praise. It came to him, and in full measure, when he had finished. He was recalled time and again. Three times he shook the hand of the conductor in token of his own appreciation, to which the audience fully agreed, and finally he requested the orchestra to stand and share with him the triumph of which they were so important a part.

The opening number was Claude Debussy's "La Mer," a symphonic composition, arranged in three sections, descriptive of a morning at sea, the frolic of the waves, and the combined dialogue of wind and sea. It is modern in its construction, and was admirably presented by Dr. Muck and his men.

The Mozart Symphony.

The best work of the orchestra, however, was in the final number, Mozart's Symphony in E flat major. The E flat is the most popular of Moztra's big works, next to his "Jupiter." Its presentation last evening was with that same finish and elegance of style, that is characteristic of Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony. In fact, in its great breadth of harmony, musical finesse, and everything that tends to perfect orchestra playing, nothing more satisfying has ever been heard here. Last evening's concert had the stamp of greatness in every part of it, and it will long remain in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to be present.

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ORCHESTRA'S FINAL

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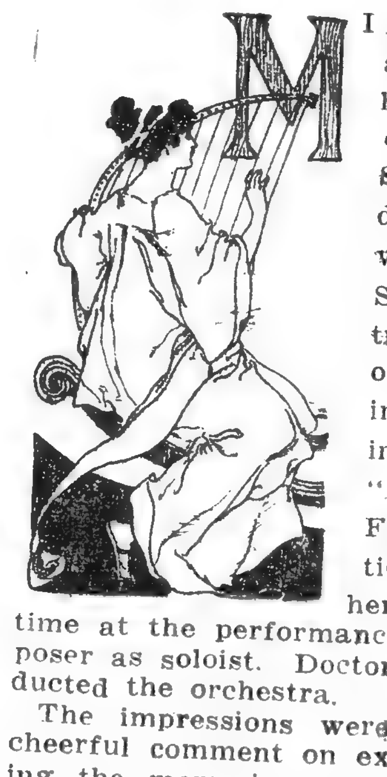
SCHELLING IS SOLOIST WITH BOSTON PLAYERS

Pianist Scores a Triumph in His 'Impressions in Form of Variations'

MANY EVENTS ECHOED



MINGLING melody and technique in his interpretation of life, Ernest Schelling scored a distinct triumph with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last evening. Mr. Schelling's composition, "Impressions in Form of Variations," was heard here for the first time at the performance, with the composer as soloist. Doctor Carl Muck conducted the orchestra.

The impressions were Mr. Schelling's cheerful comment on existence, embodying the memories of a lifetime of experience. In them were spun the echoes of other musicians, events and places. Beginning with the original theme, in G sharp minor, reminiscent of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the variations number nineteen, and close with a Lutheran Choral, dated Wartburg, 1915. The ending is conventional, with the full deluge of orchestral sound.

But between are movements so fragile as to elude description, and those contrastingly bold. The seventh variation for oboe solo and pianoforte, was an exquisite bit of melody and themes for full orchestra were equally good. One variation, dated August, 1914, is reminiscent of the opening of the war; but it is a philosopher's picture of war, and Schelling does not permit it to obscure the sunshine which runs through his composition.

The variations were a pleasing reaction from "La Mer," by Debussy, the preceding number. The third passage of the symphony, "Dialogue of Wind and Waves," as interpreted by Doctor Muck and his orchestra, was painful in its intensity and tragic import. Chords of the harp beat gently against the measures of the second part, "The Frolic of the Waves." The closing number was Mozart's Symphony in E flat.

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SCHELLING VARIATIONS

Paderewski an Interested Auditor When His Pupil Plays.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given in the Academy of Music last night, was distinguished by a first performance in this city of a set of variations on an original theme called "Impressions," by the American pianist and composer, Ernest Schelling. The variations consist of 19 separate sketches, supposed to represent persons, places and impressions. The composer has given each variation an annotation in the form of initials and sometimes a word, that suggests the idea prominent in his mind when developing his theme. As, for instance, the variation for string quartet and horn solo, inscribed to the Flonzaleys; the one for full orchestra to Gustave Mahler; the ninth for strings alone, a Polska, followed by the initials I. J. P., which even the novice in matters musical would connect with the famous Polish pianist, Ignace Jan Paderewski, who, by the way, occupied a box and was an interested observer of Schelling's reception. It will be remembered that Schelling was for some time a pupil of the great Pole, and reflects in his beautiful playing many of the traits of his master.

The entire set of variations is full of originality, color and cohesion, and displays an astonishing acquaintance with the various orchestral instruments and their possibilities, as well as their limitations. A few were omitted, but the most distinctive were done. The piano part played by Schelling is not as conspicuous as might have been expected coming from a pianist. The piano is utilized more as an instrument of the orchestra, becoming slightly ornamental at times, but for the most part playing the role of a leading instrument. The audience was demonstrative, compelling Schelling to appear repeatedly and applauding until all the men in the orchestra had risen and the first violinist, violaist, etc., who did solo parts, were singled out for individual attention. Schelling's work is so delightfully original, both in conception and treatment, so striking in its rhythmic fidelity, and so altogether worthwhile, that it deserves the highest praise and was entitled to every bit of applause and more than was bestowed.

The Debussy sea pictures, "La Mer," were wonderfully done by the orchestra, while the Mozart E Flat Major Symphony brought the keenest delig

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MUSIC AT THE AC

Composition by Schelling F
Boston Orchestra's Programme

The feature of the programme presented last evening at the Academy of Music by the Boston Symphony Orchestra before the large audience which its appearance never fails to attract was a set of variations by Ernest Schelling, who might almost be called a son of Philadelphia, of such long standing and so intimate have his relations with this city been. To these variations, which are for the orchestra and piano, the composer has given the name of "Impressions From an Artist's Life" from which it will be correctly inferred that they are of a personal character and that they are predominantly devoted to the interpretation of subjective sentiment.

Variations are apt to become tiresome, but these are not open to that criticism. Thanks to the skillfulness of their construction and to the ingratiating quality of the material which they employ they easily hold the interested and unwavering attention of the intelligently appreciative listener and there is no doubt that the audience was greatly pleased. The part for the obligato instrument was admirably played, with a superb brilliancy of execution and the utmost eloquence of expression, by Mr. Schelling, who has developed into one of the great pianists of the day, and Mr. Muck supplied an elastic and illuminative accompaniment.

Other things on the list were Debussy's atmospheric and evanescent tone pictures of the sea, which are supposed to portray "From Dawn Till Noon Upon the Ocean," "Frolics of the Waves" and "Dialogue of the Wind and Sea," which sounded less exotic and extraordinary than they did when they were first heard here a few years ago, and which were played with a wonderful delicacy and finesse. The symphony which came last was the one by Mozart in E-flat, whose recent performance under Mr. Stokowski's direction concert-goers will recall. It was, of course, beautifully done, but under the circumstances probably most of those who heard it would have preferred something else.

How these frequent coincidences of choice occur remains an unsolved mystery, but it seems safe to suppose that most music lovers wish they didn't. Conductors who assume the existence of any great desire for an opportunity to compare their interpretation of familiar masterpieces with that of others, or who imagine that the public entertains any irrepressible curiosity in this connection, misconceive the fact. The next and last for the season of these concerts will take place on Monday evening, March 13.

DISCUSS "DEAD BEATS"

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The Problem of Sympathy Programs

The feeling of dread which sensitive subscribers to the Boston Symphony Concerts experience before its distinguished conductor makes up his next "surprise" for New York has, after four years of torture, gradually given way to a calm resignation to their fate.

We are no longer in terror of what the amiable "Doctor" from Boston (and Berlin) will next prescribe for us. We will take our medicine and remember that medicine should properly be bitter. We will permit ourselves to be educated rather than entertained, even if the agonies sometimes seem beyond human endurance.

Is it a diabolical sense of humor or a complete absence of it, which induces Dr. Muck to inflict THREE symphonies of the same period on ONE helpless afternoon audience? If we are to be punished, why not keep within the (narrow) limits of international law and serve one "American" composer as the last number of the final program of the season?

We are somewhat better served by the local orchestras, but in going over the programs of three months, it seems to me that much of what "we were privileged to hear" could have been spared to us, and more important works which have not been played for a decade substituted.

We would surely not lose much if, instead of **Fibich's** "Evening" and **Dvořak** "Scherzo Capriccioso" some such neglected composer like "Vincent D'Indy" would be given a hearing. There are more important works of Sibelius than his "Die Okeaniden," for instance, his four symphonies none of which have appeared on the programs of the season.

There is also Rimsky-Korsakoff, who wrote "Schéhérazade," but who wrote other music, too, for example, "Antar" which has not been heard here in an age.

It may furthermore not be amiss to point out that Richard Strauss has written other symphonic poems besides "Don Juan," "Death and Transfiguration" and "A Hero's Life." I may point out "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "Don Quiquote," "Synphonie Domestica," everyone of which seems too fermidable a task for our conductors to tackle.

I will admit that an honest effort to accomplish more than the ordinary routine work has been attempted by Mr. Stransky, by his recent Strauss festival (if one can call it so), and by the introduction of two novelties by important contemporaneous composers.

I refer to Reger's "Variations On a Theme of Mozart" and Schoenberg's "Pelleas et Melisande." However grateful we ought to be for the effort, as the sum and substance of a season of a hundred concerts the result seems meagre.

There may be a dearth of good novelties, but there is a wealth of good old music of which we are unnecessarily deprived. How long is it since we have heard Brahm's lovely "Variations On a Theme of Haydn?" To be sure it requires a good deal of elegance of style to play this work as effectively as the Boston Orchestra did some seasons ago under Dr. Muck, but it is hardly beyond the powers of our local orchestras.

In conclusion, I may say that it would, perhaps, not be a bad thing to give a little room to Italian composers in the making up of the programs.

There is a Symphony by Martucci which was to have figured on a program of Italian music some years ago, but was replaced by Mendelsohn's "Italian" Symphony.

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE.

world

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date FEB 1 6 1916

Establi

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From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
1916
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From TRIBUNE
Address
Newspaper Cutting Bureau in
Date

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, P
Date

MUSIC AT THE AC

Composition by Schelling F
Boston Orchestra's Programme

The feature of the programme presented last evening at the Academy of Music by the Boston Symphony Orchestra before the large audience which its appearance never fails to attract was a set of variations by Ernest Schelling, who might almost be called a son of Philadelphia, of such long standing and so intimate have his relations with this city been. To these variations, which are for the orchestra and piano, the composer has given the name of "Impressions From an Artist's Life" from which it will be correctly inferred that they are of a personal character and that they are predominantly devoted to the interpretation of subjective sentiment.

Variations are apt to become tiresome, but these are not open to that criticism. Thanks to the skillfulness of their construction and to the ingratiating quality of the material which they employ they easily hold the interested and unwavering attention of the intelligently appreciative listener and there is no doubt that the audience was greatly pleased. The part for the obligato instrument was admirably played, with a superb brilliancy of execution and the utmost eloquence of expression, by Mr. Schelling, who has developed into one of the great pianists of the day, and Mr. Muck supplied an elastic and illuminative accompaniment.

Other things on the list were Debussy's atmospheric and evanescent tone pictures of the sea, which are supposed to portray "From Dawn Till Noon Upon the Ocean," "Frolics of the Waves" and "Dialogue of the Wind and Sea," which sounded less exotic and extraordinary than they did when they were first heard here a few years ago, and which were played with a wonderful delicacy and finesse. The symphony which came last was the one by Mozart in E-flat, whose recent performance under Mr. Stokowski's direction concert-goers will recall. It was, of course, beautifully done, but under the circumstances probably most of those who heard it would have preferred something else.

How these frequent coincidences of choice occur remains an unsolved mystery, but it seems safe to suppose that most music lovers wish they didn't. Conductors who assume the existence of any great desire for an opportunity to compare their interpretation of familiar masterpieces with that of others, or who imagine that the public entertains any irrepressible curiosity in this connection, misconceive the fact. The next and last for the season of these concerts will take place on Monday evening, March 13.

DISCUSS "DEAD BEATS"

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From Musical America
Address: New York City
FEB 5 - 1916
Date
Established: Lon

The Problem of Sympathy Programs

The feeling of dread which sensitive subscribers to the Boston Symphony Concerts experience before its distinguished conductor makes up his next "surprise" for New York has, after four years of torture, gradually given way to a calm resignation to their fate.

We are no longer in terror of what the amiable "Doctor" from Boston (and Berlin) will next prescribe for us. We will take our medicine and remember that medicine should properly be bitter. We will permit ourselves to be educated rather than entertained, even if the agonies sometimes seem beyond human endurance.

Is it a diabolical sense of humor or a complete absence of it, which induces Dr. Muck to inflict THREE symphonies of the same period on ONE helpless afternoon audience? If we are to be punished, why not keep within the (narrow) limits of international law and serve one "American" composer as the last number of the final program of the season?

We are somewhat better served by the local orchestras, but in going over the programs of three months, it seems to me that much of what "we were privileged to hear" could have been spared to us, and more important works which have not been played for a decade substituted.

We would surely not lose much if, instead of **Fibich's** "Evening" and **Dvořak** "Scherzo Capriccioso" some such neglected composer like "Vincent D'Indy" would be given a hearing. There are more important works of Sibelius than his "Die Okeaniden," for instance, his four symphonies none of which have appeared on the programs of the season.

There is also Rimsky-Korsakoff, who wrote "Schéhérazade," but who wrote other music, too, for example, "Antar" which has not been heard here in an age.

It may furthermore not be amiss to point out that Richard Strauss has written other symphonic poems besides "Don Juan," "Death and Transfiguration" and "A Hero's Life." I may point out "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "Don Quiquote," "Synphonie Domestica," everyone of which seems too fermidable a task for our conductors to tackle.

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MUSIC AT THE ACADEMY

Composition by Schelling Feature of Boston Orchestra's Programme

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DISCUSS "DEAD BEATS"

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date 1916

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From Music & Drama
Address: New York City
FEB 5 - 1916
Date

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Is it a diabolical sense of humor or a complete absence of it, which induces Dr. Muck to inflict THREE symphonies of the same period on ONE helpless afternoon audience? If we are to be punished, why not keep within the (narrow) limits of international law and serve one "American" composer as the last number of the final program of the season?

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There is also Rimsky-Korsakoff, who wrote "Schéhérazade," but who wrote other music, too, for example, "Antar" which has not been heard here in an age.

It may furthermore not be amiss to point out that Richard Strauss has written other symphonic poems besides "Don Juan," "Death and Transfiguration" and "A Hero's Life." I may point out "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "Don Quiquote," "Synphonie Domestica," everyone of which seems too fermidable a task for our conductors to tackle.

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There may be a dearth of good novelties, but there is a wealth of good old music of which we are unnecessarily deprived. How long is it since we have heard Brahm's lovely "Variations On a Theme of Haydn?" To be sure it requires a good deal of elegance of style to play this work as effectively as the Boston Orchestra did some seasons ago under Dr. Muck, but it is hardly beyond the powers of our local orchestras.

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CHRISTOPHE.

From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date FEB 1 6 191

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In the audience were Miss Margaret Wilson, who occupied the stage box and had as her guests Mrs. Lansing and Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, Gen. and Mrs. Crozier, Mrs. Calderon Carlisle, Mrs. A. Lisner and Mrs. Isaac T. Mann, all of whom entertained box parties; the Italian Ambassador and Countess di Cellere, Lady Spring-Rice, Chief Justice and Mrs. White, Mrs. Wesley Merritt, Mrs. Norman Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hague, Rear Admiral Clover and Miss Clover, Rear Admiral O'Neale, Miss Patten, Mrs. Ernest Howe, Miss Wilson, Mrs. William A. Hill, the Misses Sedgeley, Miss Stanton, Miss Seibert, Mrs. Peter Goelet Gerry, Mr. and Mrs. George Eustis, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, Mrs. William Manning Irwin, Mrs. Francis Newlands, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Larcomb, Miss Noyes, Mrs John W. Weeks, Mrs. John W. Davidge, Miss Todd, Miss Davis, Mrs. A. P. Gardner, Dr. and Mrs. Chatard, Mr and Mrs. Walter Tuckerman and Miss Sargent.

M. J. S.

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ldress: Washington, D. C.
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From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date FEB 1 0

Boſtoner Symphonie-Orcheſter.

Für das geſtrige Abendkonzert hatte Herr Dr. Muck ein ſo vielſeitiges und reichhaltiges Programm zuſammengeſtellt, aß nur ſeine erſtaunliche Elaſtizität und endfriſche ſo erfolgreich durchführen e.

Der erſte Teil war Debuſſys dreiteilige, ſymphoniſche Dichtung „Das Meer". Jean d'Udine ſagt im Hinblick auf ſie: „Debuſſy beſitzt durch ein Wunder das gefährliche Privilegium, imſtande zu ſein, die phantaſtiſcheſten Spiele von Licht und flüſſigen Wirbelwinden zu erfaſſen. Er iſt ein Verwandter des Zauberers und Taſchenſpielers, und ſeine Kunſt beruht faſt ganz auf der Aſſoziation muſikaliſcher Gedanken, deren Beziehungen nur in einem Zuſtand von halbem Bewußtſein aufgefaßt werden können und unter der Bedingung, daß man nicht darüber nachdenkt. Es iſt eine ausſchließlich ſenſuelle Kunſt, faſt außerhalb aller Zeit liegend, die im Raume dahinflutet mit einer verwirrenden Abweſenheit von Rhythmus, eine erſtaunlich franzöſiſche Kunſt."

Kann es für einen in allen Teilen ſo vollkommenen und verfeinerten Tonkörper wie das Boſtoner Orcheſter eine verführeriſchere Aufgabe geben als die Wiedergabe dieſer impreſſioniſtiſchen Kunſt? Tatſächlich ſcheint Dr. Muck ſich bewußt zu ſein, daß kein amerikaniſches Orcheſter ſo wie das ſeine berufen iſt, die verborgenen Schätze dieſer Sybaritenkunſt aufzuſpüren. Er hat das „Meer" zum erſten Mal hier und ſeit 1907 noch zwei weitere Male in Boſton vorgeführt. Auch die geſtrige Aufführung war ein Triumph für den Dirigenten und ſeine Schaar.

Nach dieſem Ausdruck einer abgeklärten, müden, wenn man will etwas dekadenten Kultur wirkt Richard Strauß mit ſeinem „Don Quichote" kräftig, tumultuariſch, hoffnungsvoll, aber auch oft etwas trivial. Von dieſem Werk heißt es, es reflektiere das damalige Bewußtſein des Komponiſten von der Tragi-Komödie ſeines maßloſen Ueber-Idealismus und ſeine Selbſtironie. Von dem Ueber-Idealismus ſeiner früheſten Künſtlerepoche iſt der Tonſetzer ſeitdem ſo gründlich geheilt worden, daß, wenn man ſeinem „Don Quichote" einen Anteil an der Heilung zuſchreiben wollte, man dieſe Symphonie als die erfolgreichſte Arbeit des Autors anſehen müßte.

Ueber die Aufführung ſei nur ſoviel geſagt, daß ſie eine muſikaliſche Glanzleiſtung des Boſtoner Orcheſters war, daß insbeſondere die unterhaltenden Klang- und Orcheſtrationsſpielereien, mit denen das Werk zur Zeit ſeiner Entſtehung Furore machte, mit einer verwegenen Bravour herauskamen und daß die beiden Soliſten, der Celliſt Warnke und der Bratſchiſt Férir meiſterhaft ſpielten.

Nach dieſen beiden Werken wäre Haydn's Es dur-Symphonie auch in einer weniger vollendeten Wiedergabe ſchon durch die Kontraſtwirkung ein Labſal geweſen. Sie gehört aber ebenfalls zu den ſchon früher gewürdigten Paradenummern der Boſtoner. In dem mit echt Wieneriſchen derben Humor vorgetragenen Andante trat das Geigen-Solo von Anton Witch vorteilhaft hervor. Das Ganze wurde mit fein abgewogener dynamiſcher Grade und doch großzügig, ohne alle kleinliche Schattierung geſpielt. Wir wünſchten, Herr Saint-Saens hätte zuhören können, der den Boſtonern zu ſtarke Kontraſte und zu feine Nuancen vorwarf, unter denen ſeine Dirigentenkunſt freilich nie gelitten hat.

From TRIBUNE
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Newspaper Cutting Bureau in

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From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, P

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Für das geſtrige Abendkonzert hatte Herr Dr. Muck ein ſo vielſeitiges und reichhaltiges Programm zuſammengeſtellt, as nur ſeine erſtaunliche Elaſtizität und endfriſche ſo erfolgreich durchführen e.

er erſte Teil war Debuſſys dreiteilige, ymphoniſche Dichtung „Das Meer". Jean d'Udine ſagt im Hinblick auf ſie: „Debuſſy beſitzt durch ein Wunder das gefährliche Privilegium, imſtande zu ſein, die phantaſtiſcheſten Spiele von Licht und flüſſigen Wirbelwinden zu erfaſſen. Er iſt ein Verwandter des Zauberers und Taſchenſpielers, und ſeine Kunſt beruht faſt ganz auf der Aſſoziation muſikaliſcher Gedanken, deren Beziehungen nur in einem Zuſtand von halbem Bewußtſein aufgefaßt werden können und unter der Bedingung, daß man nicht darüber nachdenkt. Es iſt eine ausſchließlich ſenſuelle Kunſt, faſt außerhalb aller Zeit liegend, die im Raume dahinflutet mit einer verwirrenden Abweſenheit von Rhythmus, eine erſtaunlich franzöſiſche Kunſt."

Kann es für einen in allen Teilen ſo vollkommenen und verfeinerten Tonkörper wie das Boſtoner Orcheſter eine verführeriſchere Aufgabe geben als die Wiedergabe dieſer impreſſioniſtiſchen Kunſt? Tatſächlich ſcheint Dr. Muck ſich bewußt zu ſein, daß kein amerikaniſches Orcheſter ſo wie das ſeine berufen iſt, die verborgenen Schätze dieſer Sybaritenkunſt aufzuſpüren. Er hat das „Meer" zum erſten Mal hier und ſeit 1907 noch zwei weitere Male in Boſton vorgeführt. Auch die geſtrige Aufführung war ein Triumph für den Dirigenten und ſeine Schaar.

Nach dieſem Ausdruck einer abgeklärten, müden, wenn man will etwas dekadenten Kultur wirkt Richard Strauß mit ſeinem „Don Quichote" kräftig, tumultuariſch, hoffnungsvoll, aber auch oft etwas trivial. Von dieſem Werk heißt es, es reflektiere das damalige Bewußtſein des Komponiſten von der Tragi-Komödie ſeines maßloſen Ueber-Idealismus und ſeine Selbſtironie. Von dem Ueber-Idealismus ſeiner früheſten Künſtlerepoche iſt der Tonſetzer ſeitdem ſo gründlich geheilt worden, daß, wenn man ſeinem „Don Quichote" einen Anteil an der Heilung zuſchreiben wollte, man dieſe Symphonie als die erfolgreichſte Arbeit des Autors anſehen müßte.

Ueber die Aufführung ſei nur ſoviel geſagt, daß ſie eine muſikaliſche Glanzleiſtung des Boſtoner Orcheſters war, daß insbeſondere die unterhaltenden Klang- und Orcheſtrationsſpielereien, mit denen das Werk zur Zeit ſeiner Entſtehung Furore machte, mit einer verwegenen Bravour herauskamen und daß die beiden Soliſten, der Celliſt Warnke und der Bratſchiſt Férir meiſterhaft ſpielten.

Nach dieſen beiden Werken wäre Haydn's Es dur-Symphonie auch in einer weniger vollendeten Wiedergabe ſchon durch die Kontraſtwirkung ein Labſal geweſen. Sie gehört aber ebenfalls zu den ſchon früher gewürdigten Paradenummern der Boſtoner. In dem mit echt Wieneriſchen derben Humor vorgetragenen Andante trat das Geigen-Solo von Anton Witek vorteilhaft hervor. Das Ganze wurde mit fein abgewogener dynamiſcher Grade und doch großzügig, ohne alle kleinliche Schattierung geſpielt. Wir wünſchten, Herr Saint-Saens hätte zuhören können, der den Boſtonern zu ſtarke Kontraſte und zu feine Nuancen vorwarf, unter denen ſeine Dirigentenkunſt freilich nie gelitten hat.

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date FEB 1 6 1916

Establis

Boston Symphony at Carnegie.

Dr. Carl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, presented an interesting program, consisting of Debussy's "La Mer," Strauss's "Don Quixote" and Haydn's symphony in E flat major at Carnegie Hall last night. Mr. Warnke, a member of the orchestra, was heard in the violoncello solo in "Don Quixote." He player with feeling and spirit.

It is said that "Don Quixote" was written at a time when Strauss was "inclined to be conscious of the tragi-comedy of his own overzealous hyper-idealism and ironical at its expense." Dr. Muck played the work with his customary poetry, and imbued the finale, representing the death scene of the famous romantic figure, with a deep sense of its peace and solemnity.

The humorous touch in the pastoral scene brought forth peals of laughter from the appreciative audience, the chorus of sheep causing the amusement.

The last number, the symphony, was well received.

From BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
1916
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Boston Symphony

Fourth Concert of Season, With Ernest Schelling as Piano Soloist

THE fourth concert of the present series of five by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at the Academy of Music, last evening, was of more than usual moment, and of memorable interest to the capacity audience present, the program having as a special feature the playing by Ernest Schelling, the pianist-composer, of his own "Impressions," a set of variations for piano and orchestra, while in a parquet-circle box, listening with close attention and evident appreciation to his former pupil, sat Ignace J. Paderewski, accompanied by Mrs. Paderewski. Mr. Schelling, in fact, is said to be the only pupil of the great Polish pianist, and it may be said in all truth that last evening the distinguished pupil reflected much credit upon his celebrated teacher. The attention of a large portion of the audience was about evenly divided between the two.

The program, which Dr. Muck conducted with characteristic attitude of self-effacement, but very apparent erudition and comprehensive musicianship, had as its opening number Debussy's set of orchestral sketches, "The Sea," in which the French composer presents three remarkable tonal pictures. To be sure, the average listener is likely to find these music-pastels vague and unintelligible. They will impress many an ear as a cubist picture does most eyes, but to him who listens with the gift of imagination and the spirit of receptivity, there is much of lucidness and beauty in this typical Debussy music.

"From Dawn Till Noon on the Ocean" is the title of the first sketch, "Frolic of the Waves" is the second, and "Dialogue of Wind and Sea" the third. Wonderfully indeed does the composer convey the impression of liquidity, of depth, and of expanse, using mostly the wood-winds, with shimmer of strings, a mingling of those instruments of the orchestra which furnish the most of color and poetic idealization. Dissonances prevail, modulations that follow no accepted rule of harmonization flow one into the other, and often there seems to be little but discord and confusion. But this is Debussy, who has his followers, his admirers, many of whom apparently were in last night's audience. The composition, remarkably played, met with an appreciation that gave no sign of being feigned.

The appearance of Mr. Schelling caused a welcoming round of applause, for the pianist is well known here, and probably in no city is he more admired or appreciated. In his double capacity of composer and performer, last evening, he won perhaps his greatest success in Philadelphia. "Impressions," he calls his new composition, and "impressionistic" it is, in every sense. It is in the form of variations, nineteen in number, each one being associated in the composer's mind with some person, place or sensation. The first, for wood-wind alone, is labelled "B. S. O.," for "Boston Symphony Orchestra," while the second, a canon, for strings and piano-forte, "K. M.," apparently is a thought of Dr. Muck. Further down the list—No. IX.—is a polka, with the initials, I. J. P., a tribute to Mr. Paderewski. There are other personal sketches, with initials the significance of which might be guessed, and still others that seem to be a secret with the composer.

There is in the music much that may be accepted as vivid character drawing. As a whole, the work might appropriately serve, with educational enlightment, as an illustration for a talk on "The Orchestra and Its Instruments," such as Mr. Stokowski gave recently, in the series of Musical Lectures for Young People," at the Little Theatre, for Mr. Schelling has made use of practically all the different choirs and individual instruments of the modern orchestra, passing from one to another and treating them all with skill and clearness. For instance, there is a movement for violoncello and three flutes, another for solo oboe and piano, others for English horn, for viola, for clarinet, etc., in all of which the piano figures more or less prominently, with the full orchestra often coming out impressively, as in "Erin" (with the initials, L. S.) a stirring bit of free orchestration, "In Memory of Gustav Mahler," and a movement, thrilling in its martial fervor and tragic significance, entitled "August, 1914," very evidently felling of the outbreaking of the European nations into the havoc of war.

[illegible] "Habanera [illegible] orchestra, is one of [illegible] the sketches, full of life and color, and the end comes with an exalted "Lutheran Choral—Wartburg, 1915," which furnishes an impressive climax to the work. In his writing, Mr. Schelling gave even more attention to the various instruments of the orchestra, and to the orchestra as a whole, than to the piano, which is supposed to have the solo voice of the composition. To be sure, his instrument is given a conspicuous and important part in the variations, and he played throughout with the facility and brilliance for which he is noted, but it was quite as much as composer that he won his success last evening, as in the display of his pianistic ability. At the conclusion of the interpretation, he was recalled at least half a dozen times, the applause being in the nature of a real ovation.

The program was concluded with a splendid interpretation of Mozart's E-flat major symphony, the somewhat placid and classic beauty of which was all the more enjoyable because of the grateful contrast it presented to the distinctly modern works by which it was preceded.

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THE GOD OF BATTLE

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date FEB 1 6 1916
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BOSTON PLAYERS HEARD.

Two Modern Works Presented by Visiting Organization.

At its fourth evening concert of the season, last night in Carnegie Hall, the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented two important modern works of two distinctly different musical schools, which had not been heard here in recent years: Debussy's three musical sketches, "La Mer," and Strauss's fantastic variations on a theme of knightly character, "Don Quixote." As it happened both had received their first production in New York by the visiting organization, the French composition under the direction of Dr. Muck, who conducted yesterday the German composition under the direction of Gericke. That the Massachusetts musicians gave a remarkable exhibition of their virtuoso powers not only in Debussy's fanciful and fascinating sea-pictures, but also in Strauss's masterful musical exposition of Cervantes's immortal story (Heinrich Warnke playing the exacting solo 'cello part and E. Ferir the viola), goes without saying. Each performance was nothing less than a tour de force and presented with startling clarity, transparency and sharpness of outline, treasures from which Stravinsky, author of "Petouchka," has borrowed so freely.

The evening closed with Hadyn's symphony in E flat major (B. & H. No. 1).

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date
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BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN FOURTH MATINEE,

Unfamiliar Tone of Liszt Heard in Programme at Carnegie Hall.

Two compositions and a piece of music comprised the programme of the fourth matinee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall yesterday. The compositions were Rimsky-Korsakov's "Antar" symphony and Liszt's "What One Hears on the Mountain." The piece of music was the overture to Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." Philip Hale provided generous stores of information about the two compositions. In both instances Mr. Hale was much more interesting than the composers.

The "Antar" symphony is not altogether unfamilar; but few of yesterday's audience could have heard the Liszt work before. Possibly some of them may desire to hear it again, but at least one will not. It was all the fault of Victor Hugo, who wrote a poem about what he heard on a mountain. Liszt was unable to resist the temptation to translate it into music. It need hardly be added in the stereotyped language of the book reviewer that the spirit and style of the original were quite lost in the translation.

This tone poem is all Liszt's own. Some one wrote of it in 1869 that it "possesses all Liszt's defects and none, or nearly none, of his few excellences." This comment was published in *Dwight's Journal of Music,* not in the *Evening Post.* After listening to the composition with close attention, the reviewer for THE SUN heartily agrees with the comment. It is certain that on a mountain one sometimes hears a great deal of nonsense.

It is a pity that the good Dr. Muck is so hard put to it for material that he has to waste the great Boston Symphony Orchestra on such compositions as the two on yesterday's programme. When the real music began it certainly did sound good. What one hears in a single storm at sea, when one is Wagner, is more than one could hear in the whole range of the Himalayas, if one were Liszt.

From Evening PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
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SCHELLING SOLOIST WITH BOSTON BANI

Pianist Plays His Own Variations With Dr. Muck's Orchestra

A symphony heard here but two weeks ago, three symphonic sketches by Debussy not heard for some time, and a series of variations never heard here before, made up the program which the magnificent band from Beacon Hill (or more accurately, from Symphony Hall) played here last night. For the third and newest of these three numbers the composer, Ernest Schelling, was present as assisting artist.

The symphony was Mozart's in E flat, which Mr. Stokowski conducted at the concerts of February 4-5. There was something tempestuous in the first allegro, as Doctor Muck conducted it, and he raced with rare zest through the two final movements—with good authority, for Mozart himself was not averse to going through certain of his works "on high." The whole was admirably, deftly, intelligently played. It made one think, for all the now not only accepted but revered and bulwarked simplicity of it, that Mozart would have liked the three "sea" sketches of Debussy which stood on the same program. For in his time Mozart outraged quiet minds by his daring, and, no doubt, by his delicacy of humor. That is a quality which inheres in Debussy's sketches, as much as it does in those Iberian thumb-nail bits which are not often enough played by orchestras.

Humor and delicacy are not the only attitudes in the strange attempt to breathe the mystery of the sea into music. To define further is, according to not the least of Debussy's critics, tempting the fates. Yet one may point out the harmony which exists in the soul of the composer and in the soul of the sea, if we remember the sea in all the variety that sweeps across the monotony of its depths. Debussy has caught tempers of the water, has suggested even the nerves of the sea, and one may only quarrel with him if the sea he has so tremulously captured be not the sea of one's own experience or imagination. Even then something will be left in praise of the beauty of the themes and the marvels of orchestration. None of which were scanted in the playing last night.

Mr. Schelling's work was a series of "Impressions (from an artist's life) in form of variations on an original theme for orchestra and pianoforte!" The whole is dedicated to the composer's wife, the theme to the orchestra, which played it last night, the first variation to the same; the second, a canon, rather martial, to the conductor, Dr. Karl Muck. Memorial dedications are those to Hans Pfitzner and to Gustave Mahler. The oboe solo is to G. Longy, a variation for strings alone, "Polska" to Paderewski, one for viola and piano has the initials of Fritz Kreisler, another for full orchestra recalls the composer's association with the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The variation, "August, 1914," with the suggestion of troops going to war without the glamor of battle had an immediate and special appeal.

So likeable, so varied and so interesting were all of these, and the other variation to the total number of 19, that one was prone to overlook the truly remarkable playing of Mr. Schelling himself. His virtuosity has long been unquestioned; his sympathetic interpretation of his own work might have been taken for granted. Yet, assuming everything, there was an added grandness of execution in Mr. Schelling, a thrilling and wonderful communication from the piano to the auditors.

Of the separate variations that with the initials of Doctor Muck was certainly the least subtle, though it was full of a charm and humor which certainly are characteristic of the great conductor. The dedicated offerings to both Paderewski and Kreisler are to the private man less than to the public, to the artist in each rather than to the player. Mr. Paderewski was, in the quaint and rustic phrase, an interested applauder at the performance. The turbulent spirit of Mahler was admirably suggested and the marvelous playing of Mr. Longy not only suggested but put to its severest test.

Apart from these personal interests, the whole work is largely conceived and orchestrated with a tremendous freedom. Mr. Schelling has the soul of a musician and adds to that the verve of the amateur (in more senses than one) when he begins to compose for the orchestra. So there is something generous and cheering and free in his work. It is too early to prophesy that no other pianist will care to learn these variations. It would be a pity if the intense personal nature of some of them would keep the series out of the repertoire of other orchestras than this. For the work is big enough and fine enough to go of its own. G. V. S.

From TRIBUNE

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date FEB 18 1916

Both Bodanzky in a box and Melanie Kurt in an orchestra chair took a brief respite from daily opera at the Boston Symphony concert that filled Carnegie Hall to the limit last evening. They laughed as loud as anybody among the 2,500 seasoned veteran subscribers to hear the bleating sheep and the whistling ride through air of the "Don Quixote" of Strauss. That crazy, noble hero recalled to some the "Von Quixote" of a famous war cartoon of world-wide sympathy. Dr. Muck guided his band into the grand amen of the death scene, where Strauss, as in all the works of a despot of din, seems trying to tell his hearers he's not so crazy after all.

There was Boston Symphony quality, a purity altogether crystalline, in the opening number last night, Debussy's "La Mer." For this, the polished leader let his hundred men stand up to bow. Those auditors who balked at double doses of bitter medicine from the ultra-moderns of Germany and France had their reward in a quaint old Austrian symphony. That lively, gentle finale was indeed like a return to "mother, home and Haydn."

To-night the Bostonians play in Brooklyn, with Witek as solo violin—he reenforced 'Cellist Warnke and "Viola" Ferir in Strauss last evening—while to-morrow afternoon Carnegie Hall will have Muck's revival of "What One Hears on the Mountain," a long forgotten tone poem of Liszt. For the first time this season, C. A. Ellis was with W. J. Brennan in charge of the band. One more return in the middle of March will end the season.

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City
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Again the great symphony orchestra from Boston under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck played in Carnegie Hall last night. Their work was, as always, distinguished by superb balance and quality of tone. Dr. Muck's programme this time included two representative works of the ultra-modern school, Debussy's three symphonic sketches, "The Sea," with weird harmonics and atmospheric effects and Strauss' brilliant "Don Quixote."

From these exotic and unusual numbers it was a joy to listen to the pure melodies and harmonies of Haydn's beautiful symphony in B flat.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date FEB 18 1916

DEBUSSY'S MUSIC CHARMS

Debussy's "La Mer," Strauss's "Don Quixote" and Haydn's Symphony in E flat major were the offerings of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its fourth concert last night at Carnegie Hall.

On the uncharted sea of Debussy's score the orchestra sailed safely and certainly. With delicate, subtle understanding it interpreted the Debussy of the sunlit waves and the limitless laughter of the ocean and the wilder, sterner Debussy of the last of the three sketches that make up "La Mer"—the "Dialogue of Wind and Sea."

From EVENING TELEGRAM
Address: New York City
Date FEB 20 1916

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Dr. Karl Muck conducting, gave an unusual programme in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Playing with their accustomed unanimity and perfection, they gave superb readings of Rimsky-Korsakoff's colorful symphony "Avtar," a work aiming to depict the Oriental poet and fighter of that name.

Liszt's symphonic poem "What One Hears on the Mountain" and Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman" completed the programme.

From TIMES
Address: New York City
Date FEB 18 1916

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Music by Debussy, Strauss, and Haydn Superbly Given.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is again in New York, on its fourth visit, and gave its first concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. Dr. Muck made it an occasion for putting two of the moderns before his listeners at considerable length; the first numbers of the program were Debussy's three "symphonic sketches," called "La Mer," and Strauss's fantastic variations, "Don Quixote." Then came at the end Haydn's symphony in E flat, that begins with the kettle drum roll.

Debussy's pieces had been heard here before, and were first played in this country by the Boston Orchestra. The three sea pictures are entitled, respectively, "From Dawn till Noon on the Ocean," "Frolics of Waves," "Dialogue of Wind and Sea." The titles are of the general sort that serve to direct the listener's imagination in a certain direction, not requiring him to find the music exactly descriptive of a definite and detailed succession of things or thoughts. This particular music is accounted highly impressionistic. The composer has attempted little that suggests musical form or the development of musical ideas as such. He is almost exclusively concerned with color. There are passages of real beauty in all three pieces, passages of a singularly successful ingenuity in instrumental combination. But much of it seems now as it did when this music was first heard here, inept in picturing the sea, and its atmospheric effects. There is too much for some listeners of the crackling oboes and stopped trumpets—stopped trumpets have become apparently an obsession in some of Debussy's later works for orchestra. There are too many angular little phrases sharply outlined, leading, of course, nowhere, that shoot across the surface of things. There seems to be in these sketches less specifically musical ideas than in some of Debussy's other compositions, less that is really valuable musically, more that is merely the surface of music without its substance.

There was an extraordinarily fine performance of the composition, which presents great difficulties in many ways. The first division seemed to bewilder the audience and got little applause. There was much more after the others. Some of it must have been for the remarkable achievement of Dr. Muck and the orchestra in playing it as they did.

Even greater, more complex, and certainly more extensive are the difficulties of Strauss's fantastic picture of Don Quixote's adventures with Sancho Panza. Here was program music of a diametrically opposite sort, music aiming at the most exact definition. This was first played here by the Boston Orchestra under Mr. Gericke. The composer conducted a performance of it when he was in New York in 1903, a performance that broke down for a moment in the middle because the difficulties of the music had not been mastered.

The piece is thoroughly characteristic of the later Strauss of the orchestral pieces. It has the extravagances into which his quest for the most minute and detailed orchestral realism led him. The bleating of the brass instruments, to denote the bleating of real sheep, (which do it better,) is only a crass reductio ad absurdum of a sort of thing that pervades this and other such compositions. The wind machine keeps it close company. There are many pages that have little value as music; their function is to delineate, to describe definitely, which they cannot do, and they fall between two stools. But there are also pages of much beauty as music of imaginative and noble quality. Much of the introductory part and the long finale is of this sort. Some passages that might verge on the commonplace if heard otherwise gain an apparent increase in value by juxtaposition with what is harsh and violent. The general effect of the composition is thus uncertain and unequal.

The performance of its almost incredible difficulties and complications was of apparently easy mastery. Mr. Warnke, first 'cellist of the orchestra, and Mr. Férir, first viola, played the obbligatos for their instruments in a masterly manner. The applause after the performance was very generous, and Dr. Muck made his men rise to share it, of course singling out Messrs. Warnke and Férir.

From STAATS-ZEITUNG Abendblatt
Address: New York City
Date FEB 19 1916

Aus dem Konzertſaal.

Harfen-Rezital von Frl. Marie S. Warfel im Biltmore. — Andere Kunſtgenüſſe.

Das als Amerika's größte Harfenvirtuoſin anerkannte Frl. Marie S. Warfel, welche kürzlich in Konzerten von Mme Marie Rappold, Leopold Godowsky, Anna Fitzui, Ada Saſſoli uſw. mit ihrer Kunſt brillierte, wird am 25. Februar im Morgenkonzert im Baltimore mitwirken. Im März iſt die Künſtlerin auch für ein Sontags-Konzert im Metropolitan Opernhaus gebucht.

Frl. Warfel's Großvater war ein berühmter Wiener Baritoniſt und auch ihre Eltern hatten einen hervoragenden Namen in der Konzertwelt. Die junge Dame ſtudierte Muſik unter Conſtantin von Sternberg, in Philadelphia und lernte das Harfenſpiel u. A. unter Anleitung von Heinrich Schuecker, vom Boſton Symphonie Orcheſter. Frl. Warfel iſt Mitglied des Salzedo Harfen-Enſembles. Sie führt augenblicklich eine Harfenſchule in Lancaſter, Pa., will aber im Frühjahr ihren Wirkungskreis nach New York verlegen.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date FEB 18 1916

From Debussy to Haydn.

What would ultra-modern composers do without mutes (especially on the brass), odd percussion effects, the celesta and the toneless whole-toned scale? Take these away from the Debussy "symphonic sketches"—"The Sea"—played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night, and there would be no more left than when an iridescent bubble bursts. There are interesting bits of tone-color, it is true, but there is nothing whatever suggestive of the sea. Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture, to be played by the same organization Saturday, contains more of the salt foam in the first ten bars than all three of these Debussy pieces.

The second number on yesterday's programme was Richard Strauss's humorous (more or less) variations on a theme of "knightly character," known as "Don Quixote." This was better played than it was under the composer himself here some years ago, and some of the variations are very interesting, particularly the one with the bleating sheep, which caused much amusement in the audience. There was much applause after both numbers, which were indeed superbly played.

As to sea pieces, why are Jean L. Nicodé's two orchestral pieces from "Das Meer," which Anton Seidl played frequently, not heard nowadays? In "Phosphoresence," particularly, are anticipated many effects, the invention of which is now often attributed to others. Edward MacDowell was so fond of this work that he purchased a full score of the first two orchestral movements, and later the complete work, at a time when full scores were not cheap nor his pocket-book particularly fat. The whole work is worth doing by a choral society, but the orchestral part is of especial importance.

The programme closed with an infrequently played symphony of Haydn—No. 1 in E flat. For this infrequency the two uninteresting middle movements are doubtless responsible; the first and last are well worthy or "Papa Haydn."

From STANDARD UNION
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date

WITEK SOLOIST WITH ORCHESTRA

Boston Symphony's Concert-master Plays Joachim's Hungarian Concerto.

SCHUMANN WORK HEARD.

Fourth Programme of Series Well Balanced.

The fourth of the season's Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts, played last night at the Academy of Music, brought a programme that was genuinely enjoyed by the subscribers. It was a far better balanced programme than the Bostonians are accustomed to offer to their Brooklyn audiences. Furthermore, it emphasized the happier and more impulsive moods of orchestral expression. For this evening at least the sombre and the obscure had not been invited to mar the revelry of tone and rhythm which only Dr. Muck and his wonderful orchestra can furnish.

Anton Witek, the Boston Symphony's concert- master, was the assisting soloist, playing Joachim's Hungarian concerto (op. 11) for violin and orchestra. This is a work of characteristically national inspiration, and it was played with rare effect by the veteran Witek. As on his previous solo appearances here he showed himself an artist of highly sensitized inspiration—one of those infrequently met performers who shun exaggerations and dodge all temptation to be sensational. The concerto had fire and spontaneity—always there was the lilt and the rhythm of its Hungarian father—but never did it grow noisy, and certain of its quieter passages became as whispers. The technical difficulties of the piece, heralded in advance of its hearing, seemed negligible, for displays of technique as such are scarcely to be expected of a Boston Symphony concert-master.

Mr. Witek was vigorously applauded, and a second ovation was accorded to the orchestra at the close of the symphony. Dr. Muck had chosen the familiar Schumann, No. 1, redolent of springtime and joyful memories. The richly scored work of the master melodist brought out the manifold beauties of the separate instrumental

From TRIBUNE

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From Music & Drama

From **EVENING SUN**
Address: New York City
Date FEB 18 1916

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Both Bodanzky in a box and Melanie Kurt in an orchestra chair took a brief respite from daily opera at the Boston Symphony concert that filled Carnegie Hall to the limit last evening. They laughed as loud as anybody among the 2,500 seasoned veteran subscribers to hear the bleating sheep and the whistling ride through air of the "Don Quixote" of Strauss. That crazy noble hero recalled to some the "Von Quixote" of a famous war cartoon of world-wide sympathy. Dr. Muck guided his band into the grand amen of the death scene, where Strauss, as in all the works of a despot of din, seems trying to tell his hearers he's not so crazy after all.

There was Boston Symphony quality, a purity altogether crystalline, in the opening number last night, Debussy's "La Mer." For this, the polished leader let his hundred men stand up to bow. Those auditors who balked at double doses of bitter medicine from the ultra-moderns of Germany and France had their reward in a quaint old Austrian symphony. That lively, gentle finale was indeed like a return to "mother, home and Haydn."

To-night the Bostonians play in Brooklyn, with Witek as solo violin—he reenforced 'Cellist Warnke and "Viola" Ferir in Strauss last evening—while to-morrow afternoon Carnegie Hall will have Muck's revival of "What One Hears on the Mountain," a long forgotten tone poem of Liszt. For the first time this season, C. A. Ellis was with W. J. Brennan in charge of the band. One more return in the middle of March will end the season.

From **EVENING TELEGRAM**
Address: New York City
Date

Esta 884

Again the great symphony orchestra from Boston under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck played in Carnegie Hall last night. Their work was, as always, distinguished by superb balance and quality of tone. Dr. Muck's programme this time included two representative works of the ultra-modern school, Debussy's three symphonic sketches, "The Sea," with weird harmonics and atmospheric effects and Strauss' brilliant "Don Quixote."

From these exotic and unusual numbers it was a joy to listen to the pure melodies and harmonies of Haydn's beautiful symphony in B flat.

From **TRIBUNE**
Address: New York City
Date FEB 18 1916

Esta 1884

DEBUSSY'S MUSIC CHARMS

Debussy's "La Mer," Strauss's "Don Quixote" and Haydn's Symphony in E flat major were the offerings of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its fourth concert last night at Carnegie Hall.

On the uncharted sea of Debussy's score the orchestra sailed safely and certainly. With delicate, subtle understanding it interpreted the Debussy of the sunlit waves and the limitless laughter of the ocean and the wilder, sterner Debussy of the last of the three sketches that make up "La Mer"—the "Dialogue of Wind and Sea."

From **EVENING TELEGRAM**
Address: New York City
Date

Es 1884

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Dr. Karl Muck conducting, gave an unusual programme in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Playing with their accustomed unanimity and perfection, they gave superb readings of Rimsky-Korsakoff's colorful symphony "Avtar," a work aiming to depict the Oriental poet and fighter of that name.

Liszt's symphonic poem "What One Hears on the Mountain" and Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman" completed the programme.

From **TIMES**
Address: New York City
Date FEB 18 1916

Est 1884

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Music by Debussy, Strauss, and Haydn Superbly Given.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is again in New York, on its fourth visit, and gave its first concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. Dr. Muck made it an occasion for putting two of the moderns before his listeners at considerable length; the first numbers of the program were Debussy's three "symphonic sketches," called "La Mer," and Strauss's fantastic variations, "Don Quixote." Then came at the end Haydn's symphony in E flat, that begins with the kettle drum roll.

Debussy's pieces had been heard here before, and were first played in this country by the Boston Orchestra. The three sea pictures are entitled, respectively, "From Dawn till Noon on the Ocean," "Frolics of Waves," "Dialogue of Wind and Sea." The titles are of the general sort that serve to direct the listener's imagination in a certain direction, not requiring him to find the music exactly descriptive of a definite and detailed succession of things or thoughts. This particular music is accounted highly impressionistic. The composer has attempted little that suggests musical form or the development of musical ideas as such. He is almost exclusively concerned with color. There are passages of real beauty in all three pieces, passages of a singularly successful ingenuity in instrumental combination. But much of it seems now as it did when this music was first heard here, inept in picturing the sea, and its atmospheric effects. There is too much for some listeners of the crackling oboes and stopped trumpets—stopped trumpets have become apparently an obsession in some of Debussy's later works for orchestra. There are too many angular little phrases sharply outlined, leading, of course, nowhere, that shoot across the surface of things. There seems to be in these sketches less specifically musical ideas than in some of Debussy's other compositions, less that is really valuable musically, more that is merely the surface of music without its substance.

There was an extraordinarily fine performance of the composition, which presents great difficulties in many ways. The first division seemed to bewilder the audience and got little applause. There was much more after the others. Some of it must have been for the remarkable achievement of Dr. Muck and the orchestra in playing it as they did.

Even greater, more complex, and certainly more extensive are the difficulties of Strauss's fantastic picture of Don Quixote's adventures with Sancho Panza. Here was program music of a diametrically opposite sort, music aiming at the most exact definition. This was first played here by the Boston Orchestra under Mr. Gericke. The composer conducted a performance of it when he was in New York in 1903, a performance that broke down for a moment in the middle because the difficulties of the music had not been mastered.

The piece is thoroughly characteristic of the later Strauss of the orchestral pieces. It has the extravagances into which his quest for the most minute and detailed orchestral realism led him. The bleating of the brass instruments, to denote the bleating of real sheep, (which do it better,) is only a crass reductio ad absurdum of a sort of thing that pervades this and other such compositions. The wind machine keeps it close company. There are many pages that have little value as music; their function is to delineate, to describe definitely, which they cannot do, and they fall between two stools. But there are also pages of much beauty as music of imaginative and noble quality. Much of the introductory part and the long finale is of this sort. Some passages that might verge on the commonplace if heard otherwise gain an apparent increase in value by juxtaposition with what is harsh and violent. The general effect of the composition is thus uncertain and unequal.

The performance of its almost incredible difficulties and complications was of apparently easy mastery. Mr. Warnke, first 'cellist of the orchestra, and Mr. Férir, first viola, played the obbligatos for their instruments in a masterly manner. The applause after the performance was very generous, and Dr. Muck made his men rise to share it, of course singling out Messrs. Warnke and Férir.

From **STAATS=ZEITUNG** Abendblatt
Address: New York City
Date FEB 1 8 1916

Est 884

Aus dem Konzertſaal.

Harfen=Rezital von Frl. Marie S. Warfel im Biltmore. — Andere Kunſtgenüſſe.

Das als Amerika's größte Harfenvirtuoſin anerkannte Frl. Marie S. Warfel, welche kürzlich in Konzerten von Mme Marie Rappold, Leopold Godowsky, Anna Fitzui, Ada Saſſoli uſw. mit ihrer Kunſt brillierte, wird am 25. Februar im Morgenkonzert im Baltimore mitwirken. Im März iſt die Künſtlerin auch für ein Sontags=Konzert im Metropolitan Opernhaus gebucht.

Frl. Warfel's Großvater war ein berühmter Wiener Baritoniſt und auch ihre Eltern hatten einen hervoragenden Namen in der Konzertwelt. Die junge Dame ſtudierte Muſik unter Conſtantin von Sternberg, in Philadelphia und lernte das Harfenſpiel u. A. unter Anleitung von Heinrich Schuecker, vom Boſton Symphonie Orcheſter. Frl. Warfel iſt Mitglied des Salzedo Harfen=Enſembles. Sie führt augenblicklich eine Harfenſchule in Lancaſter, Pa., will aber im Frühjahr ihren Wirkungskreis nach New York verlegen.

From **EVENING POST**
Address: New York City
Date

Est 34

From Debussy to Haydn.

What would ultra-modern composers do without mutes (especially on the brass), odd percussion effects, the celesta and the tonicless whole-toned scale? Take these away from the Debussy "symphonic sketches"—"The Sea"—played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night, and there would be no more left than when an iridescent bubble bursts. There are interesting bits of tone-color, it is true, but there is nothing whatever suggestive of the sea. Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture, to be played by the same organization Saturday, contains more of the salt foam in the first ten bars than all three of these Debussy pieces.

The second number on yesterday's programme was Richard Strauss's humorous (more or less) variations on a theme of "knightly character," known as "Don Quixote." This was better played than it was under the composer himself here some years ago, and some of the variations are very interesting, particularly the one with the bleating sheep, which caused much amusement in the audience. There was much applause after both numbers, which were indeed superbly played.

As to sea pieces, why are Jean L. Nicodé's two orchestral pieces from "Das Meer," which Anton Seidl played frequently, not heard nowadays? In "Phosphoresence," particularly, are anticipated many effects, the invention of which is now often attributed to others. Edward MacDowell was so fond of this work that he purchased a full score of the first two orchestral movements, and later the complete work, at a time when full scores were not cheap nor his pocket-book particularly fat. The whole work is worth doing by a choral society, but the orchestral part is of especial importance.

The programme closed with an infrequently played symphony of Haydn—No. 1 in E flat. For this infrequency the two uninteresting middle movements are doubtless responsible; the first and last are well worthy or "Papa Haydn."

From **STANDARD UNION**
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date

188

WITEK SOLOIST WITH ORCHESTRA

Boston Symphony's Concertmaster Plays Joachim's Hungarian Concerto.

SCHUMANN WORK HEARD.

Fourth Programme of Series Well Balanced.

The fourth of the season's Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts, played last night at the Academy of Music, brought a programme that was genuinely enjoyed by the subscribers. It was a far better balanced programme than the Bostonians are accustomed to offer to their Brooklyn audiences. Furthermore, it emphasized the happier and more impulsive moods of orchestral expression. For this evening at least the sombre and the obscure had not been invited to mar the revelry of tone and rhythm which only Dr. Muck and his wonderful orchestra can furnish.

Anton Witek, the Boston Symphony's concert- master, was the assisting soloist, playing Joachim's Hungarian concerto (op. 11) for violin and orchestra. This is a work of characteristically national inspiration, and it was played with rare effect by the veteran Witek. As on his previous solo appearances here he showed himself an artist of highly sensitized inspiration—one of those infrequently met performers who shun exaggerations and dodge all temptation to be sensational. The concerto had fire and spontaneity—always there was the lilt and the rhythm of its Hungarian father—but never did it grow noisy, and certain of its quieter passages became as whispers. The technical difficulties of the piece, heralded in advance of its hearing, seemed negligible, for displays of technique as such are scarcely to be expected of a Boston Symphony concert-master.

Mr. Witek was vigorously applauded, and a second ovation was accorded to the orchestra at the close of the symphony. Dr. Muck had chosen the familiar Schumann, No. 1, redolent of springtime and joyful memories. The richly scored work of the master melodist brought out the manifold beauties of the separate instrumental groups. It came last on the pro

[103]

From EVENING NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date

E 1884

SYMPHONY OMITTED

Boston Orchestra Gives Concert At Lyric.

Program Curious And Only The Excellent Work Of Musicians Prevents Tiresome Evening.

So far as its program was concerned, the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Lyric last night certainly did not hold out much allure in advance. It was, in fact, largely due to the manner in which it was presented that the evening was not extremely tiresome.

The program was curious. It contained only three numbers, and there was no symphony, the closest thing to that sort of composition having been Liszt's symphonic poem, "Ce Qu'on Entend Sur La Montagne." This is a verbose composition of great length, and the Joachim Violin Concerto that preceded it by no means has the virtue ascribed to brevity. Naturally, the selection of these two works precluded the inclusion of a symphony.

The opening number, Beethoven's Lenore Overture No. 1, of course, would go a long way toward redeeming any program when played as superbly as it was under Dr. Muck's direction. It is one of the master's mature compositions, which means that it is characterized by profundity of thought and vision, and that it is fused with inspirational fire.

Seldom Played.

Neither the Joachim concerto nor the Liszt tone poem is very frequently played nowadays, a fact, which considering everything, is not calculated to create surprise. The concerto is in the Hungarian manner, and while it contains passages of passionate fervor and melodic loveliness, it is above everything else a long-drawn-out virtuosic thunderbolt. The middle movement, the romance, is an exquisite calm in the storm of notes, a thing of rare quieting charm. It must be one of the most tremendously difficult compositions in violin literature, and the way in which it was played by **Anton Witek**, the brilliant concertmeister of the orchestra, was admirable throughout. His technic was quite flawless, and his performance was marked with dignity and good taste.

Orchestration Rich.

"Ce Qu'on Entend Sur La Montagne" was composed by Liszt in 1849 after a poem by Victor Hugo. Needless to say that its orchestration is rich, and that it rises at times to stirring heights. But the whole effect is nullified by the prevailing incoherency, and by the lack of anything like sustained beauty. It is the sort of musical transcendentalism that bores one because of the constant conflict of ideas that in themselves have but little weight. Compared with the same composer's "Les Preludes" or any of the tone poems of Strauss it seems absolutely futile.

The Boston Symphony is one of the few orchestras that steadfastly maintains the highest standards of excellence, and the work of both the musicians and their impeccable director last night was above reproach. In the hands of a less capable organization the program would have been unbearable.

W. W. B.

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date FEB 19 1916

Es 1884

WITEK REPEATS BOSTON SUCCESS

Plays Joachim's Difficult Concerto at the Academy.

AUDIENCE ENTHUSIASTIC AT FOURTH CONCERT OF SERIES

Storms of Applause for Dr. Karl Muck and His Orchestra—Overture to Beethoven's "Leonora" Charmingly Rendered.

The opera house of the Academy of Music was filled to capacity last night at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The audience was a critical one, but the renditions were up to the usual standard set by Dr. Carl Muck, the able conductor, and brought forth storms of applause.

The assisting artist of the evening was Anton Witek, the violinist, who played Joachim's concerto in D major, opus 11, in the Hungarian style. Joachim's great concerto seldom appears on modern programmes, for as skilled as the violin virtuoso is to-day, there are few artists who are able to overcome the stupendous difficulties which Joachim has placed in this work. One of the few virtuosi able to do this is Witek, who is the concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In writing this concerto Joachim seems deliberately to have piled difficulty upon difficulty, but when played by Witek it sounded comparatively simple. He repeated here the great success he had in Boston when playing the same music.

Mr. Witek showed complete mastery of technique in all the three movements; in the first, the allegro un poco maestro, his work was masterful; the second movement, the romanza, brought forth the artist's wonderful pianissimo conception, and the finale, written in allegro con spirito, nearly all staccato, was clearly defined against the preceding movements, marked by their smoothness and softness of bowing.

Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, No. 1. opus 138, opened the evening's programme. This very difficult composition was well interpreted by the orchestra, and there seemed to be friendly rivalry between the various sets of strings and the wood wind in their efforts at pleasing execution.

The closing number of the evening's entertainment was Schumann's Symphony in B flat major, No. 1, Op. 38, the Spring Symphony. As already noted in the "Citizen," in the B flat major symphony, Schumann has written a clear, lucid score, and the music simply bubbles with the joy and happiness of the composer. It is in four movements, and in this the orchestra showed at its best; or, while the individual work was all that could be desired, the orchestra as a whole appeared as a well accomplished unit, whose complicated parts in their perfect unison only accentuated the skill and patience so necessary for the accomplishment of such a result.

Last night's concert was the fourth of a series of five given under the Brooklyn Institute auspices and music-loving Brooklynites feel that if the concert still to be given by Dr. Muck is of the excellence of the preceding ones, Brooklyn's symphony music will be par excellence.

The programme, in full, was as follows:

Concert in D major, for violins, Opus 11, in the Hungarian style, I., Allegro un poco maestoso, II., Romanza, Andante, jiu moto, poco allegretto, allegretto, III., Finale alla zingara: Allegro con spirito, Presto (Joachim). Symphony in B flat major, No. 1, Opus 38, I., Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace. II., Larghetto, III., Scherzo: Molto vivace; Trio I. Molto piu vivace; Trio II. IV., Allegro animato e grazioso (Schumann).

From AGLE
Address Brooklyn, N. Y
Date FEB 19

Estab

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Violinist Witek Plays Joachim Concerto at Academy.

Dr. Muck, with his genius for making monotonous programmes, came out better than usual in the fourth concert of his Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy, last night. There was little contrast in the general style of the music, but all three compositions on the programme were of great beauty. None of them is often heard in our concert rooms, so that monotony was atoned for by the novelty.

The programme opened with Beethoven's Overture to Leonore, No. 1, which was really number four in the order of composition for the opera which we know as "Fidelio." It is less dramatic than the familiar "Leonore No. 3," but it is very beautiful and it is always welcome.

Then came the battle horse of the concert, Joachim's seldom heard Hungarian Concerto, played by the concert master of the orchestra, Anton Witek. The Concerto is a composition of amazing difficulty, for the solo instrument, but that can hardly be the reason for its being seldom heard in a period when half a dozen violinists have mastered Tschaikowsky's work, which waited years for a man who dared to play it, and when Maude Powell, and a few other artists, have given the Sibelius Concerto. The reason for the neglect of Joachim's work by artists having the technical equipment for it is to be found rather in its great length and in the fact that the music seems definitely "dated" from the period of its composition, the fifties. It is vitally Hungarian, but our concert rooms have been flooded with Hungarian music for the last half century so that its national color no longer has the attraction of freshness, while even the dash and tremendous difficulties of its brilliant last movement have had the edge taken from their effect by our familiarity with the Gypsy pieces of Wieniawsky and Sarasate. There remains the melody of the slow movement, "Romance," which is pure gold and would be welcome anywhere, and the facility and authority of Mr. Witek's performance to arouse enthusiasm. The variety and power of Witek's playing were only equaled by the man's extreme modesty. He sat at his usual desk, as first violin, and played in the Beethoven overture, arose and played the Concerto without the formality of an "entrance," with its invitation for applause, and then, after a performance which only two or three artists now before the public could equal, he returned to his place and led the violins through the Schumann Symphony. The audience was not misled, however, and the violinist received something approaching an ovation at the conclusion of the last movement, with its dazzling complication of notes and its dashing embodiment of the Gypsy spirit.

The concert closed with Schumann's first, or "Spring," symphony, which bubbles over with spring and youth. The Schumann of the piano is characteristically an intellectual poet with charming, if sometimes recondite, fancies and unfailing taste. The Schumann of this "First Symphony" is a poet with good, red blood bubbling in his veins, like the sap in trees in spring time. It is wholly delightful and Dr. Muck should be thanked for returning it to his programme, from which it has been banished too long.

From HERALD
Address: New York City
1916
Date

Establish

Boston Symphony at Carnegie Hall

Dr. Karl Muck and His Orchestra Make the Most of an Uninteresting Programme.

There was little enthusiasm shown by the audience at yesterday afternoon's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall. The programme, which was uninteresting, began with Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" symphony, of which the first movement is interesting, while the remaining three are somnolent. This was followed by Liszt's symphonic poem, called "What One Hears on the Mountain." What one heard was beautifully played, but the music was of such calibre as to dissuade one from hearing it a second time. Finally came Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman," which, although far from being one of Wagner's masterpieces, loomed so high above the rest of the programme that it sounded brilliant.

Dr. Karl Muck conducted with his customary virtuosity and Anton Witek, concert master, played his solos in the Liszt piece with rare beauty of tone.

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City
Date 1916

Establis

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was at its best last night at Carnegie Hall. Without the aid of other soloists than the artists of the organization Dr. Muck presented a programme of varied interest and the prolonged applause which brought the orchestra to its feet after the last two numbers was a deserved tribute to the playing of the famous band of musicians. Debussy's symphonic sketches "La Mer," the colorful, sunlit tone poem, was magnificently rendered, as was Strauss's "Don Quixote." Mr. Warnke poured out the soul of the famous knight on the 'cello with fine effect and Mr. Ferir played the viola part beautifully. Good old papa Haydn's E flat major symphony brought the interesting concert to a close. A finely arranged programme, Dr. Muck, and played as only the Bostons can play!

From TRIBUNE
Address

From

From EVENING JOURNAL
Address: New York City
Date FEB 18 1916
Established:

SYMPHONY BAND FROM BOSTON IN CONCERT

Debussy, Richard Strauss and Haydn— and enough of each to make an evening of music more than two hours long—were the composers who filled the programme of Dr. Karl Muck at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall last night. There was thus the impressionistic programme music of the modern French school, the old-fashioned narrative programme music of the middle nineteenth century of Liszt, new-moded by the mannerist cleverness of Strauss, and finally, the still fresh melodic vivacity of a quite other day.

One followed the plan and purpose of this programme with the proper intellectual pleasure—only its length was somewhat trying to continuously unmixed concentration. One found oneself waiting with a certain impatient urge for the dying glissando violoncello sigh of the poor Knight of la Mancha and following it with a decrescendo breathing sibilance of glissando satisfaction. And Haydn, afterward, perforce stirred only a Quixotically jaded pulse.

Dr. Muck chose to play all three of the symphonic sketches making up Debussy's "La Mer." Generally orchestral conductors play only one or another of them. These pieces are so largely in the same genre, their apparatus of impressionistic expression is so much the same in all and, esthetically, the turn of fancy in their conception is spun so much from the same always-glistening skein that one grows a bit weary before all three have been heard.

The first of the sketches, "De l'Aube a Midi sur la Mer," is an aubade at sea, and as a marine picture of a modernist "calm sea and prosperous voyage" is indubitably effective. Debussy's originality of instrumentation and orchestration serves him aptly for creating a subjective feeling for the wide expanses of sunlit ocean.

The other two sketches are called "Jeux de Vagues" and "Dialogue du Vent et de la Mer." As in the first, there is here a special genius for devising fitting orchestral effects. The sketches are always fanciful in intent and in result. Indeed, all three pieces are the product of an exquisite, poetic fancy and they are programme music only in its broadest sense.

It was illuminating to listen to the type of orchestral cleverness that is Strauss following that of the Frenchman. In the "Don Quixote" theme and variations, Strauss thus stood revealed as the manipulator of the mechanics of the orchestra, muting everything from the strings to the tuba or making the trombone squeal and the trumpet bleat.

Both Strauss and Debussy, in these pieces, are far from simple matters for an orchestra to play. They necessitate an almost continuous virtuosoship on the part of most of the members of the band. A large part of the particular pleasure in the Debussy sea sketches was the niceties of effect accomplished by the Boston players, while their admirable compassing of all the bristling difficulties made much of the interest in "Don Quixote."

Mr. Warnke, the first violoncellist of the orchestra, who played the chief solo part in "Don Quixote," proved himself to be an artist of intelligence, great technical ability and capable of producing a powerful, deeply beautiful tone from his instrument.

From EVENING MAIL
Address: New York City.
Date
Establ 34

Debussy, Strauss and Haydn.

Karl Muck likes to give his New York audiences violent contrasts of old and new music. Last evening the programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began with Debussy and progressed through the sophistication of Strauss to the simplicity of Haydn.

All three compositions were comparatively unfamiliar. Debussy's "La Mer" suggests little of the sea but much that concerns modern orchestral methods. The third section contains practically all the tricks used by Stravinsky in his Russian ballet music.

The Strauss "Don Quixote" has much dullness to offset its flashes of real humor, and the Haydn "Paukenwirbel" symphony, aside from its first movement, is not a particularly interesting work.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
Date FEB 20 1916
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Rare Liszt Work Given by Boston Symphony

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was heard in a most interesting programme in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Only three selections were given, but they were of unusual diversity.

The first number was a symphony by Rimshy-Karsakoff, entitled "Aantar," a work essentially oriental in character, melody and treatment. It resembled the same composer's "Scherherazade" suite, which proved one of the great musical attractions of the Diaghileff ballet.

The orchestra's interpretation of the veiled, vogue elemental strains and their charming harmonic environment was totally inglorious and perfect in its symmetry and balance.

The second selection was Liszt's setting to Victor Hugo's poem, "What One Hears on the Mountain." The Frenchman's verse is filled with just the sort of description and word pictures that would inspire Liszt to his greatest eloquence. And it did.

In the music given yesterday (for the first time at a concert of the Bostonians) the large and rapt audience heard Liszt in his most melodious, magnificent and ennobled mood. The hymn-like finale, sonorous, solemn and ineffably beautiful, was only one of many superb episodes in the too rarely heard composition.

The overture to Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" was the closing selection. The audience, as is customary at these events, filled every seat and most of the standing room.

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date
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The performance of Debussy's "La Mer" by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Thursday evening induced Philip Hale, the writer of the programme notes, to quote W. E. Henley on the discovery of the ocean by Byron, who took it into his confidence and opened his soul to it. There is much description too in Byron, but one may doubt whether all of it rose much higher than Bryant's one line, "Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

Mr. Hale quotes from the excellent programme notes of the Chicago Orchestra, written by the distinguished critic Felix Borowski, a list of works composed with the ocean as the subject or suggestion. Mr. Hale finds the list incomplete and adds some works. Neither he nor Mr. Borowski recalled Nicode's remarkable tone poem "Das Meer."

The lists were confined to purely orchestral works; but even this could have properly included the greatest ocean composition of all, the overture to "The Flying Dutchman." For while the music discourses of more than the sea, its foundation is the great deep and the might of its tumult. No music has ever painted this with more splendid eloquence than the wild rush of Wagner's description.

The composer of "Tristan und Isolde" found other moods of the sea to voice, for he presents us not only with an idealized chantey in the first act, but in the introduction to the third he sings the loneliness of an empty ocean in heart wringing accents. Wagner had made a stormy voyage on a sailing vessel, and that is an experience which brings a man to a closer communion with the sea than even a winter crossing of the North Atlantic when made in a steel leviathan of 20,000 tons.

Those who go down to the sea in ships go much further when the rail is not over fifteen or eighteen feet from the water than when it is thirty or forty. Shouldering the billows aside with the driving power of triple screws gives one a confidence of victory which is quite absent when the ship is reeling and staggering through them under a "three reefed mitten with the thumb brailed up." Wagner might never have conceived the tempestuous parts of the "Flying Dutchman" overture if instead of sailing for London from Pillau in a windjammer he had gone from Petrograd in the Czarevitch Alexei (electric lights, stewardesses, &c.).

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City
Date FEB 20 1916
Esta 1884

DR. MUCK PLAYS OLD SYMPHONIES

Orchestra's Revival of Music Seldom Given Gets Light Applause.

Dr. Muck's programmatic ideas still remain a mystery unfathomable. On Thursday evening, indeed, there appeared an evidence of regard for his audience, and a programme of varied interest was performed.

There was Debussy's "La Mer," Strauss's "Don Quixote," and Haydn's Symphony in E flat major (B. and H. No. 1), and if the Haydn symphony had been better first in the evening, it was yet a programme compounded of many moods.

But yesterday afternoon saw a partial return to the usual course—it is true that moods were several, but then the two major numbers possessed as their reason for performance the sole fact that they are rarely performed. At least this was what the huge audience in Carnegie Hall appeared to gather, with the result that its applause, if polite, was exceedingly light. These two numbers were the Rimsky-Korsakoff "Antar" Symphony, and the Liszt symphonic Poem No. 1, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne."

The "Antar" Symphony is programmatic in content, and in the score the composer printed a synopsis of the ideas he wished to express. Antar is a hero of Arabic legend, and the symphony depicts his journey into the desert, where he saves the life of the fairy Ghul-Mazor, who as a reward promises him the three fruitions of his life—the delights of revenge, power, and love. These three very Oriental wishes are expressed by Rimsky-Korsakoff with, at times, as in the third movement, some amount of Oriental fancy, but the major portion of the work appeared given over to the muse of Dulness.

The Liszt symphonic poem is rarely given nowadays. With the exception of "Les Préludes," the Liszt orchestral compositions are fast becoming, to all but the Perfect Lisztian, a weariness to the spirit. It is doubtful if even the Perfect Lisztian will be able to go "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne."

It was written on the poem by Victor Hugo, and this, with the fact that it was the earliest of the symphonic poems, is its chief interest. It shows of course a certain mastery of orchestral effect, but its ideas are so impoverished and there is such a pompous ponderosity of brass that long before its end it became quite unbearable.

That Dr. Muck and his great orchestra did their best to bring out what beauties were in these two works does not need to be stated. The precision of the great band, its balance of tone, its general euphony of expression, were beyond all praise. And in the closing number, "The Flying Dutchman," these virtues brought splendid results.

From WORLD
Address: New York Cit
Date FEB 20 191
Established:

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES LISZT'S HEAVIEST WORK.

"Ce Qu'on Entend sur la Montagne" Is Well Rendered, but Lacks Excellence of Composer.

Liszt's symphonic poem, No. 1, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne," had its first performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Why it is not performed oftener becomes apparent at a hearing, for it is heavy and lacking in the excellence the composer put into most of his orchestral works of similar character.

It was presented for the first time in this city by the Philharmonic Orchestra in 1869, under the direction of Carl Bergmann, and did not attract sufficient notice to warrant frequent repetition.

Its performance yesterday was brilliant, for the Boston musicians appeared to be in the best playing form. The strings in particular were resonant and noticeably pure in tone, and all the choirs played with a precision that was inspiriting. But this did not save the work.

Rimsky-Korsakov's second symphony "Antar," opened the concert, and its Oriental beauties were admirably revealed in the colorful interpretation under Dr. Muck's conducting. Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture concluded the concert.

From **TRIBUNE**
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Date FEB 21 191

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Beethoven - Wagner - Liszt Numbers Draw Crowd.

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The Schumann Spring Symphony and the Leonora Overture No. 1 were the other numbers. The symphony in B flat major seems to be the most popular of the four composed by Schumann, and Dr. Muck's men played it with rare zest. The overture, too, was delightful. The next and last concert of the series will take place March 17, for which no soloist has been selected.

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[106]

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Estab 84

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From TRIBUNE
Address

Date

From Music & Drama

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date FFB 1 8 1916

ork, 1884

SYMPHONY PROGRAMME TALK.

Lecture on To-Night's Entertainment by Professor Clarke.

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He discussed the structure of the Beethoven Leonore overture, No. 1, playing the various motives on the piano. Then he considered the three movements of Joachim's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, opus 11, and concluded with the charming B flat major Symphony of Schumann, with its sweet simple themes and pianistic qualities.

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date FEB 2 0 1916

Estab 1884

LISZT POEM OFFERED.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Presents One of His Early Works.

An especially interesting feature of the programme offered yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck's direction, was Liszt's first symphonic poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" ("What one hears on the Mountain"), inspired by Victor Hugo's poem of that name.

It can hardly be said that the matinee gathering received Liszt's oldest and newest symphonic poem with joy. Perhaps it was too long to satisfy their tastes, coming as it did after the "Antar" symphony of Rimsky-Korsakoff, whose music shows the brand of Liszt, though more distinctly in "Sadko," which Hunecker tells us comes directly from the "Mountain" symphony, than in the work heard on this occasion. Connoisseurs, however, marveled at the originality and the vitality of this creation of genius and tried in vain to find a reasonable explanation for the neglect it had suffered in the course of almost forty years, while other far less inspired and far less beautiful works were receiving constant attention.

The programme, which opened so impressively with Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" symphony, closed no less effectively with the overture to Wagner's "Der Fliegende Hollaender."

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City FEB 2 0 1916
Date

Esta 384

Boſtoner Symphonie-Orcheſter.

Die Symphonie „Antar" von Rimsky-Korſakoff gehört meinem Gefühl nach zu den weniger erfreulichen Werken des ſehr geſchätzten ruſſiſchen Komponiſten. Sie iſt umfangreich, ſehr umfangreich, während für mich Rimsky-Korſakoff in Werken von geringerer Ausdehnung am wirkſamſten iſt. Dazu verführt der Vorwurf den Tonſetzer zu Sentimentalitäten und ſtarker Pathetik, zu grübelndem Peſſimismus, während ich den Hauptreiz des Komponiſten in ſeinem üblichen, ſo ſympatiſch wirkenden Optimismus erblicke. Schöne Partien enthält ja auch dieſes Werk, und nicht wenige, wie z. B. der emotionelle, arabiſche Liebesgeſang und das duftig inſtrumentierte „Allegretto vivace", und daß die Boſtoner unter Dr. Mucks ebenſo genau abwägendem als gelegentlich verklärendem Stab ihre ſchönſten Klangfarben ins Treffen führten, das wird jeder gern glauben. Dieſer Antar hat die Fee Gül-Nazar, die Königin von Palmyra, die in der Geſtalt einer Gazelle ſich erging, vor dem Tod in den Fängen eines wilden Vogels gerettet, daher er drei Wünſche erbitten darf. Er verlangt die Freuden der Rache, der Macht und der Liebe. Als er alles ausgekoſtet hat, und die Liebkoſungen der Fee ihn nicht mehr locken können, da gibt ſie ihm, ihrem Uebereinkommen gemäß, den Tod.

Leider war dieſes in die Länge gezerrte Stück von einem anderen ungebührlich ausgezogenen Werk gefolgt, Franz Liszt's „Ce qu'on entend ſur la montagne", („Bergſinfonie"). Ich fühle mich zu ſehr als herzlicher Bewunderer und Verfechter Liszt's, um nicht den Mut zu finden, eines ſeiner ſchwächeren Werke auch ruhig als ſolches zu bezeichnen. Es handelt ſich im Weſentlichen um den Kontraſt des ſeligen Naturlebens und dem ſich ſelbſt um alle Freunde bringenden, ſtets nach Unerreichbarem ringenden Menſchengeſchlecht. Alſo Optimismus gegen Peſſimismus oder, um mit Schillers Worten zu ſprechen: „Die Welt iſt vollkommen überall — Wo der Menſch nicht hinkommt mit ſeiner Qual!" Ein „Andante Religioſe" ſoll ſchließlich andeuten, daß die Tröſtungen der Religion dem Menſchen als Zufluchtsort aus ſeinen Wirren und ſelbſt geſchaffenen Prüfungen [illegible] welche die längſte aller Liszt'ſchen ſymphoniſchen Poeme iſt, nicht nur an übermäßiger Ausdehnung, ſondern auch an völliger Formloſigkeit. Als ob die ordnende Hand in dieſem beſtändigen Wechſel und Jagen der Motive, in dem fortwährenden Wechſel der Tonqualität und des Tempos fehlen würde! Der Geſammteindruck bleibt daher ungeachtet des virtuoſen Spieles der Boſtoner (nur dem Dirigenten muß ich eine gelegentlich ſchwere Hand vorwerfen) ein wenig günſtiger.

Als den Glanzpunkt der Veranſtaltung möchte ich die einfach hinreißende Ausgeſtaltung der „Fliegenden Holländer"-Ouverture bezeichnen, die Muck und ſeine ſieggewohnten Scharen dieſem Stück Meerespoeſie angedeihen ließen. Wie gerne hätte man dieſes emotionelle Stück Muſikdarbietung noch einmal gehört. H.

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date 1916

Establi 84

THE FLOW OF MELODY IN SCHELLING WORK

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From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date FEB 1916

Established:

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From TRIBUNE
Address:

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
FEB 18 1916

SYMPHONY PROGRAMME TALK.

Lecture on To-Night's Entertainment by Professor Clarke.

Professor Hugh A. Clarke, who has been for forty-one years head of the music department of the University of Pennsylvania, lectured yesterday afternoon on the programme that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play at the Academy of Music to-night.

He discussed the structure of the Beethoven Leonore overture, No. 1, playing the various motives on the piano. Then he considered the three movements of Joachim's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, opus 11, and concluded with the charming B flat major Symphony of Schumann, with its sweet simple themes and pianistic qualities.

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date FEB 20 1916

LISZT POEM OFFERED.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Presents One of His Early Works.

An especially interesting feature of the programme offered yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck's direction, was Liszt's first symphonic poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" ("What one hears on the Mountain"), inspired by Victor Hugo's poem of that name.

It can hardly be said that the matinee gathering received Liszt's oldest and newest symphonic poem with joy. Perhaps it was too long to satisfy their tastes, coming as it did after the "Antar" symphony of Rimsky-Korsakoff, whose music shows the brand of Liszt, though more distinctly in "Sadko," which Hunecker tells us comes directly from the "Mountain" symphony, than in the work heard on this occasion. Connoisseurs, however, marveled at the originality and the vitality of this creation of genius and tried in vain to find a reasonable explanation for the neglect it had suffered in the course of almost forty years, while other far less inspired and far less beautiful works were receiving constant attention.

The programme, which opened so impressively with Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" symphony, closed no less effectively with the overture to Wagner's "Der Fliegende Hollaender."

From STAATS=ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date

Boſtoner Symphonie-Orcheſter.

Die Symphonie „Antar" von Rimsky-Korſakoff gehört meinem Gefühl nach zu den weniger erfreulichen Werken des ſehr geſchätzten ruſſiſchen Komponiſten. Sie iſt umfangreich, ſehr umfangreich, während für mich Rimsky-Korſakoff in Werken von geringerer Ausdehnung am wirkſamſten iſt. Dazu verführt der Vorwurf den Tonſetzer zu Sentimentalitäten und ſtarker Pathetik, zu grübelndem Peſſimismus, während ich den Hauptreiz des Komponiſten in ſeinem üblichen, ſo ſympatiſch wirkenden Optimismus erblicke. Schöne Partien enthält ja auch dieſes Werk, und nicht wenige, wie z. B. der emotionelle, arabiſche Liebesgeſang und das duftig inſtrumentierte „Allegretto vivace", und daß die Boſtoner unter Dr. Mucks ebenſo genau abwägendem als gelegentlich verklärendem Stab ihre ſchönſten Klangfarben ins Treffen führten, das wird jeder gern glauben. Dieſer Antar hat die Fee Gül-Nazar, die Königin von Palmyra, die in der Geſtalt einer Gazelle ſich erging, vor dem Tod in den Fängen eines wilden Vogels gerettet, daher er drei Wünſche erbitten darf. Er verlangt die Freuden der Rache, der Macht und der Liebe. Als er alles ausgekoſtet hat, und die Liebkoſungen der Fee ihn nicht mehr locken können, da gibt ſie ihm, ihrem Uebereinkommen gemäß, den Tod.

Leider war dieſes in die Länge gezerrte Stück von einem anderen ungebührlich ausgezogenen Werk gefolgt, Franz Liszt's „Ce qu'on entend ſur la montagne", („Bergſinfonie"). Ich fühle mich zu ſehr als herzlicher Bewunderer und Verfechter Liszt's, um nicht den Mut zu finden, eines ſeiner ſchwächeren Werke auch ruhig als ſolches zu bezeichnen. Es handelt ſich im Weſentlichen um den Kontraſt des ſeligen Naturlebens und dem ſich ſelbſt um alle Freunde bringenden, ſtets nach Unerreichbarem ringenden Menſchengeſchlecht. Alſo Optimismus gegen Peſſimismus oder, um mit Schillers Worten zu ſprechen: „Die Welt iſt vollkommen überall — Wo der Menſch nicht hinkommt mit ſeiner Qual!" Ein „Andante Religioſe" ſoll ſchließlich andeuten, daß die Tröſtungen der Religion dem Menſchen als Zufluchtsort aus ſeinen Wirren und ſelbſt geſchaffenen Prüfungen bedeuten. Leider krankt die Kompoſition, welche die längſte aller Liszt'ſchen ſymphoniſchen Poeme iſt, nicht nur an übermäßiger Ausdehnung, ſondern auch an völliger Formloſigkeit. Als ob die ordnende Hand in dieſem beſtändigen Wechſel und Jagen der Motive, in dem fortwährenden Wechſel der Tonqualität und des Tempos fehlen würde! Der Geſammteindruck bleibt daher ungeachtet des virtuoſen Spieles der Boſtoner (nur dem Dirigenten muß ich eine gelegentlich ſchwere Hand vorwerfen) ein wenig günſtiger.

Als den Glanzpunkt der Veranſtaltung möchte ich die einfach hinreißende Ausgeſtaltung der „Fliegenden Holländer"-Ouverture bezeichnen, die Muck und ſeine ſieggewohnten Scharen dieſem Stück Meerespoeſie angedeihen ließen. Wie gerne hätte man dieſes emotionelle Stück Muſikdarbietung noch einmal gehört. H.

From RECORD
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[107]

From **EVENING GLOBE**
Address: **New York City.**
Date FEB 21 1916
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Music.

The Frightfulness Programme and Dr. Muck.

A pianist from New York recently gave a recital in Boston. He put on his programme the F minor sonata of Brahms. He not only put it on his programme, he played it. The redoubtable Philip Hale, attending the recital, reacted as follows:

"Then there was the sonata by Brahms. It had already been played here this season by Messrs. Shattuck, Powell, and Bauer. There is an old saying, 'Three times and out!' but this saw is ignored by the disciples of Johannes. Mr. Cooper put the sonata on his programme without apology or trepidation. Mme Legenska announces its terrible approach. No doubt others will have no mercy before the season is over. Yet the years are passing quickly; we are all nearing the grave, and there is much beautiful music that could be played."

As the pianists do not confine their ministrations (when they can help it) to any one city or modify greatly en route the programmes they have worked up, New York this season has come in also for its course in the F minor sonata of Brahms. Notably Mr. Gabrilowitsch, whom Mr. Hale does not name in his list, has played it here. His performance I did not hear, but I am assured it was especially masterly, and quite sufficient unto the work for one season. But still the pianists are playing it, though much beautiful music, as Mr. Hale suggests, none of them are playing. Indeed, Mr. Hale is stirred up enough about the thing to point out the interesting discovery that in West Roxbury (of his town) there is a Brahms street, "running from 4589 Washington street about 160 feet southwest of Haydn street, northwest to about 107 feet beyond Nikisch avenue." Then slyly inquires Mr. Hale, "Why do not the pianists play the sonata out there?"

The case of the Brahms F minor sonata is not by any means unique. The sonata merely happens to be the worthy and unoffending piece the pianists have elected (of course they have not conspired!) to turn into the pianistic nuisance of the current season. The "song reciters" are doing the same thing for Hugo Wolf's "Elfenlied." Every warbler of our concert skies seems convinced that not to carol that merry ditty would be to wrench from an audience some deep-rooted, inalienable right. The orchestras have perhaps shown more mercy this year. At times in the past they have elected (not conspired!) to play the C minor or the D major symphony of Brahms, the Fifth or the Sixth of Tschaikowsky, or Beethoven's Third "Leonora" overture until the steady concert-goer was ready to shriek at the thought of the dread name.

Of course neither Mr. Damrosch, nor Mr. Stransky, nor Dr. Muck had the slightest idea that either of the other gentlemen, or any other orchestral conductor in America, was putting this or that work on an impending programme. How could those gentlemen, towering through the mists of fancy into that upper ether where the starry soul sits poised in lonely communication with an uncompanioned infinite. It is the grubbing professional reviewer who knows pestilent things like that. Meantime, to repeat the eloquent words of Mr. Hale, "The years are passing quickly; we are all nearing the grave, and there is much beautiful music that could be played." One reviewer was once even so imbedded in his earth-earthiness as to suggest a clearing house for concert pieces. Well, no interpreter stooped from his starry height to sanction that mundane proposition.

Dr. Muck, for this yarn has another strand, I do not blame too harshly for bringing over this or that symphonic work for performance in New York. He is a guest within our gates, a welcome guest, and he is perhaps entitled to fetch from his Boston repertory the pieces he regards as best for himself, his men, and his audiences, without too much attention to what the New York conductors are putting forward at the time. The frightfulness of repetition is not so much his frightfulness. His particular brand has been the frightfulness of collocation. The "unified" programmes of Dr. Muck would, one feels sure, have sorely depleted the ranks of the faithful attendants on concerts of the Boston band in this town were the band not so utterly extraordinary an organization and Dr. Muck so admirable a conductor. It is the supreme proof of those qualities that the subscription for the New York concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have continued at the top notch of possibility.

It is a particular pleasure now, after the various outcries that have been made in this place against the "unified" programmes of Dr. Muck, to emphasize approbation of the programme he offered New York last week. In the past, it has been maintained here, Dr. Muck has taken the surest means to render the classics obnoxious by stringing along in a single programme the deadly sequence of, for example, a Haydn symphony, a Mozart symphony, a Beethoven symphony. He has turned the moderns into a scourge by devoting a whole concert to the unrelieved publication of their most dissonances. A judicious mingling, a grateful contrast of periods and styles, has

Now, it is probably not for nothing that Dr. Muck looks as much like Satan as our own city's cherished Mephisto looks like President Eliot, and it takes no flight of fancy to conjure the smile of diabolic joy that played upon the visage of the learned Doctor when he abruptly turned upon his past and made two programmes to rejoice the hearts of those who have been detesting Muck the programme-maker as cordially as they have been doting on Muck the conductor. So why mince matters? Whatever Dr. Muck has done in the past and whatever he may do in the future, last week in New York he devoted the activities of his incomparable orchestra to two programmes of most gratifying selection and arrangement.

Take the programme Thursday night. There were two ultra modern pieces, Debussy's "La Mer," and Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote," for though neither was written yesterday, neither has yet ceased to be ultramodern. They are both works that require effort in the listening, that tax the attention; the hearts will probably allow themselves to be persuaded by parts and find themselves repelled by others. Now, to round off this sufficiency of the ultramodern, what more delightful than a symphony by Haydn—a mountain brook dancing in sunshine, no harder nut to chack than that!

The programme Saturday afternoon is less apt for illustration, because less vivid in contrasts. But neither Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" symphony nor Liszt's "What One Hears on the Mountain" is familiar here, and both put, therefore, some special strain on the attention of the listener. To cap these came "The Flying Dutchman" overture, admirably calculated to send an audience home satisfied with the concert and itself. I do not know whether the change in the doctorial policy is more than fleeting, other than a sly bit of jocular diablerie. Be that as it may, for this relief I thank you, Dr. Muck!

PITTS SANBORN.

BOSTON JOURNAL—

FEBRUARY 26.

UNUSUAL PROGRAM SUPERBLY PLAYED

Harold Bauer Shares Honors With Symphony Orchestra.

By E. F. Harkins

An unusual program, superbly performed from first to last, marked yesterday's Symphony concert, the glory being shared between the orchestra and Harold Bauer, the fourth piano soloist of the season.

On the program are Goldmark's "Sappho" overture, which has not been played at Symphony concerts since 1904; the Brahms concerto in B flat, for piano and orchestra, and the MacDowell suite in A minor, both of which have remained on the Symphony shelf for nearly a decade. To the younger devotees, the program possesses the double interest of being both classic and unfamiliar.

The Goldmark overture is typical of the composer, who, although a Hungarian by birth, was transported by his imagination to distant climes and still more distant eras. The introduction for two harps, imitating the ancient lyre, and the first melody, played by oboe to the accompaniment of harps, serve to establish the atmosphere of ancient Lesbos, where the nightingale sang his sweetest tune and the "little dark woman with black hair" and "beautiful smile" held court in spicy gardens overlooking the Egean. There are many solo passages for oboe, flute, harp and violin, and the romantic character of the composition itself is enriched in this instance by the brilliant character of the performance.

If visiting orchestras were to hear the performance of "Sappho" and the Brahms concerto—in which the orchestra is called upon to show virtuosity similar to that of the piano soloist—they might be induced to stay at home for a little while longer.

After the Goldmark number the orchestra was applauded until every man stood up. Another big outburst of applause rewarded the performance of the Brahms number. Mr. Bauer acknowledged it. He deserved a good share of it for his own brilliant performance, but the orchestra also merited a wealth of plaudits for its work.

The revival of the MacDowell suite is opportune. Foreign novelties are said to be scarcer than ever. But why be downhearted over this when such charming little tone pictures as MacDowell wrought in Wiesbaden and Peterboro can be ordered of the librarian?

The program of next week's concerts is as follows: Tschaikowsky, symphony No. 4; Volkmann, serenade for strings in F major; Ravel, "Spanish Rhapsody."

BOSTON GLOBE—

FEBRUARY 26.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Bauer's Playing Redeems Brahms Concerto.

Dr Muck Gives Poetic Reading of MacDowell Suite.

The symphony program yesterday consisted of Goldmarks overture, "Sappho," Brahm's second concerto in B flat major for piano and orchestra, Harold Bauer soloist, and McDowell's suite in A minor. Dr Muck conducted.

Sappho, the classic bardess, the passion and fire of whose songs made men forget that she had not beauty, would have been a likely subject for the modern Frenchman. One may ponder upon what Debussy of 10 years ago would have made of her, an impression by Ravel or Florent Schmitt would be well worth hearing. Had Richard Strauss preferred her above a day's doings in his own household as a theme, the result might have had greater anthropological value. Goldmark can claim little subtlety of expression, but his is honest, melodious music, straighforward and written with a sense of what will "sound." The hearer observed that the poetess had both lyric and imperious moments. The bardic introduction for the two harps in the set rhythmic sentences gives little warning of the storm about to break, a shrewd commentary upon femininity, whether Teutonic or Hellenic.

Fuller-Maitland, who is thrice eligible to the inner circle of the elect of Brahms, admits that apart from the thematic beauty of the first movement of the second piano concerto, "its unusual structure is apt to puzzle even educated hearers at first." Did Brahms write the fourth and last movement in a vein frankly reminiscent of the Hungarian dances, to cheer the drooping spirits from the other three? Until then, the piano is treated principally as an orchestral instrument. It has a graceful function in embroidering delicately the sustained song in cello and clarinet in the slow movement, but the soloist emerges but little from the ensemble until the final one. Much preceding has been cryptic, dry and pedantic as dust, a work for the student to hear and consider as a text. Mr Bauer made the most of his opportunities and finished in a brilliant manner, with superb dash and triumph.

When will the visiting virtuosos bring to these concerts the inspired beauty, for example, of a work like MacDowell's second concerto, pages teeming with imagination, music richly rewarding the player, and a stimulation to the audience? The suite was welcomed yesterday. The clear sensitivity, the intimate poetic gift that would never have permitted this man to set down music that in some degree did not give back light and beauty, is instinct in these five numbers. Each needs no other guide to understanding than the captions they bear. The "voices" he heard were those of nature, of a fervid, rich and nimble imagination, and not those of a turgid contrapuntal problem.

Dr Muck revealed his fine sense of mood and of proportion in all that he did—in overture, concerto, in which the orchestra outstrips soloist, and in the suite. The virtuosity of the men was characteristic and the golden euphony of tone that which the ear never forgets.

BOSTON HERALD.

FEBRUARY 26, 1916.

15TH SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SEASON GIVEN

Mr. Bauer, Pianist, Plays Brahms's Concerto No. 2—Its First Movement Weary Work — MacDowell's Beautiful and Fanciful Suite in A Minor, op. 42, Heard.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Bauer was the pianist. The program was as follows: Goldmark, overture to "Sappho"; Brahms, Concerto in B flat major, No. 2, for piano and orchestra; MacDowell, Suite in A minor, op. 42.

Goldmark's overture to "Sappho" had not been played here for a dozen years. The neglect is not easily explained. Another overture of Goldmark, "Prometheus," might well have a hearing. The two are perhaps not so characteristic of the composer's peculiar style as the "Sakuntala," but they are better musically and more effective than later overtures made in Germany which we have been obliged to hear.

It would be interesting to know what Goldmark had in mind when he wrote his "Sappho." The opening, with its solemn phrases for harps and then the oboe with its enchanting phrase, may well invoke the appearance of the Tenth Muse; but why the exulting trumpets with the fiery measures following? Is there the thought of Sappho's glory for all time? Or is there a portrayal of raging and despair? Goldmark might have replied: "I was chiefly concerned with writing an overture. Find in it what you please."

There are, indeed, beautiful and noble thoughts artfully and powerfully expressed. The hearer, however, may miss one great theme for Sappho, "a marvel, made of perfect sound and exceeding passion." The sustained measures that may express her love-longing are eloquent, but there is no supreme expression of sensuousness, except possibly in certain explosions in wailing dissonances, that caused Hanslick in 1893 to dub Goldmark "the king of dissonances," sighs and moans that even now seem strangely modern.

Mr. Joseffy after a brilliant performance of Brahms's concerto at a Symphony concert many years ago was enthusiastically applauded, for Mr. Joseffy, a Hungarian, played the last movement in an inimitable and intoxicating manner. Later in the evening, he marvelled at the applause, and kept saying: "And after this concerto of Brahms! After this concerto of Brahms!" Mr. Bauer gave a fine performance yesterday and he, too, was heartily applauded. The hearer might have said: "And after this concerto of Brahms!"

Some day a pianist may have the courage to play only the third and fourth movements of the concerto. The first movement is weary work, as the English malt-worm said after he had drunk twenty or thirty glasses of cider without their producing the expected and desired effect. Mr. Kalbeck, Brahms's adoring biographer, and some other deep-thinking Germans say that this concerto was inspired by Brahms's visits to Italy. But what of Italy is there in this concerto? Is there any blue sky, gorgeous sun, smiling landscape, vineclad hillslope in the first two movements? Is there anything of Italy in the third, charming as it is in its meditative spirit? In the fourth we are surely in Hungary. Even Mr. Bauer could not make the first movement endurable. Here Brahms was not in Venice, Orvieto, Sicily. He was far underground in the bowels of the earth; the only light came through a mine-shaft. The second movement enlarges the first offence, destroys the balance of the concerto, and is altogether superfluous.

It was a pleasure to hear MacDowell's Suite again. Not so important as the "Indian" Suite, it contains delightful and fanciful music. While it shows in the manner of instrumentation the influence of Raff, the poetic contents are wholly MacDowell's, as are the mysterious and capricious moments in the first movement, the tricksy twists in the last. How clearly the thoughts are expressed! How deftly is that which might easily have been conventional glorified by some harmonic change or unexpected turn in the melodic figure! And MacDowell knew here the value of concise expression. He knew when he had said his effective say.

There is a curious instance of similarity of harmonic and melodic thought between a passage, several times repeated, in Goldmark's overture and a section of Santuzza's aria. The resemblance is striking. "Sappho" was produced in 1893; "Cavalleria Rusticana" 1890.

The concert will be repeated this evening. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 4 in F minor; Volkmann, Serenade for Strings No. 2, F major; Ravel, Spanish Rhapsody.

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By report of biographers, Brahms invented his musical ideas in travail of mind and spirit. Perhaps, then, he brought a measure of mental passion to the quest and the formulation of the themes of the opening Allegro in the concerto. In themselves, they do interest the ear, even if they neither sway nor charm it. Certainly, that passion, in its kind, is not lacking in his long, abstruse and insatiable development and transformation of them through the length, breadth and thickness of that almost interminable first movement (A wit of London—Lord Ribblesdale, if memory serves—used to say that it had not only these three dimensions, but also a fourth, tedium. No one but a composer, mentally impassioned with the possibilities of thematic elaboration and transmutation, as a mathematician might be impassioned with the possibilities of the calculus, could so have channeled and drained his musical thoughts. Brahms indeed almost forgets the piano of his own choice in his tireless absorption in this development. Enough that he fling it "passage-work," imitation and ornament, while the orchestra does the rest—"the things that matter" as the slang of this war-time might put it. Somehow, the listener can see the big heavy body bent over his writing table, the big bearded head dropped lower and lower on the music paper, while the mind within goes endlessly on with this often dry and seldom imaginative elaboration. The solution of problems with the calculus are not read out in public except at congresses of mathematicians. Why might not the first movement of this concerto of Brahms be reserved for similar congresses of, say, conductors and composers, with a circumambient audience of incorrigible "Brahmsites."

The ensuing Scherzo leaves the listener in no better, perhaps in even worse, case. It is as dry and labored as the preceding movement and it has no distinction of musical invention. Whatever else that interminable Allegro may be, there is no commonness in it; whereas in the Scherzo there is little else. If Brahms had set the label "Allegro Appassionato" over the first movement, the hearer might agree to the characterization on the intellectual side. Over the dulness, the dryness, the sheer mediocrity of that Scherzo, the much-enduring hearer almost resents it. As any one may guess that reads those letters of Brahms dear to the learned and quoting programmists, there was a lower-middle-class streak in him, especially when he believed he was writing with fancy and maybe humor. Once and again, it crosses his music as in this very Scherzo—not the commonness that is cheap, tricky and showy, but the less endurable commonness that is merely mediocrity, deadly dull. Again, why should not [illegible] the things Brahms had better thrust [illegible] dustiest pigeon-hole. No wonder [illegible] banished it from the concerto for violin.

At last, at the end of a full thirty minutes, relief comes in the andante, and the quasi-Hungarian finale. In both Brahms is "impassioned," after his manner and not wholly with the passion of ardent intellectual process; in both he is even "sensuous," again after his manner. There is grave and cool beauty in the melody of the slow movement, of which Dr. Muck and Mr. Bauer—perhaps somewhat relieved themselves—made the most yesterday. The advancing and returning song has the clearness to the ear of autumn light to the eye without its sharpness; the melancholy mood of vague and brooding longing is one of the quieter moods of romance; the coloring seeks the subdued autumnal tint to which Brahms's imagination and hand were temperamentally and often beautifully sensitive; the suffusion of the timbres of orchestra and pianoforte woos the ear; the workmanship is serene chiselling. In fine the music is a "sensuous" and "impassioned" poetry of tones as Keats's poem of the Grecian urn is a "sensuous" and "impassioned" poetry of words. After all, melancholy and longing, as those know that cultivate such experiences of the spirit, have their sensuous satisfactions. . . . A lighter beauty and a happy fancy permeate the finale. It is scholarly of course, since Brahms could not help such quality when he had three motives in rondo form upon which to exercise it. Of course, again, he keeps himself well in hand—better bridle the zest of the songful and keenly rhythmed Hungarian motive than have it run away with you, Lisztian or modern wise. But somehow again one can see the stout body and the grizzled head, straightening up from the work-table and letting the fancy that was in Brahms with all his austerity and "mentality" have its play. "Dulce est desipere in loco," even if one is a thoughtful composer for the mind; but in this particular concerto, the "loco" is a well-nigh intolerable time a-coming.

Seldom relatively as this concerto of Brahms is played—for nine years it had not been heard at the Symphony Concerts—many a pianist still courts it as he courts no less the other and more interesting concerto in D minor. The presumption is that Mr. Bauer's cup is full; for he alone, seemingly, of the eminent virtuosi of our time, has played both concertos with the Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck. As probably, he plays the concerto of yesterday as well as a pianist may. His exposition of the first movement was as lucid as the nature of the music itself permitted. Like that same music, it was all in black and white, since of color in that opening Allegro there is little. Whenever any rhythmic emphasis, telling modulation or firm-set period could animate the music and make it graphic of Brahms's mental processes, neither Mr. Bauer—nor for that matter Dr. Muck—missed it. Occasionally they planted little oases in the desert of the Scherzo, before the hot wind of Brahms's mediocrity in it could quite dry them.

Seldom has the pianist better proved his analytical mind that searches out his music and rears anew in tones and before other minds the composer's design. As he missed not an implication of the music, so he made no futile effort to lessen the forbidding quality of the Allegro or mask the barrenness of the Scherzo. Always Mr. Bauer sees clear; his mind and his temperament are now the trustiest and readiest of understanding and imparting mechanisms. They were much more when he came to the songful beauty of the slow movement or the playful and ingratiating fancy of the finale. In the one, the quality of Mr. Bauer's tone summoned flawlessly the clear, cool and pensive beauty of the music. Composer and pianist seemed coequal in their serene chiselling of the contours and the phrases of the song. The ear heard it as in relief upon a clear white surface and again there was the analogy of Keats's urn. And the tempered zest of the finale under Mr. Bauer's hand was the tempered zest of Brahms himself. At every turn he and Dr. Muck were as one with the music, even when it is really a symphonic piece with an accessory pianoforte for embroidery and imitation. Dr. Muck and Mr. Bauer know how to differentiate the music of the mind from the music of the senses and to temper the one with the other. There is no better poised conductor and no better poised pianist. Even when the listener resents the matter upon which they are exercising their faculties, he has his rare satisfactions of the artists themselves. By so much, even the concerto in B-flat major, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Orchestra by Johannes Brahms (Opur 83) has its right to, say decennial perfomance.

For preface to this "work" of Brahms—for one the word deserves a place outside the half-articulate dialect of music—and the forty-five minutes that it consumed, stood Goldmark's overture, "Sappho"; while for finis to the concert came MacDowell's nameless suite that from the sub-titles of the movements, he might plausibly have called "Forest Scenes." Goldmark's tone-poem—for it is really such though he chooses the overture form—may or may not be readily moulded to the legends of Sappho; but in itself, it is music that glows upon the ear in the richness of its melody, harmonies and instrumental coloring, in the passion of tones that fills it. Here was music as opulently sensuous as Brahms's was gravely austere—music that would exhaust not its intellectual, but, so to say, its fleshly, content; music that summoned beside its own enkindled beauty and ardent power, the image of a woman enkindled and impassioned, too, and set it, besides, in the wolden light of old legend in the Grecian seas. In some of his oriental music, it is as though Goldmark would drug the senses of his hearers or then prick them—quite as sensually—with some stroke of disromance. In this tone-poem of Sappho he is content to suffuse them in radiant clouds of tone and then past them upon his poetess in impassioned and faded song. For here his dissonance may be the voice of fate as well as [illegible]

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IF music, as some say, is a poetry of tones, then presumably it is amenable to Matthew Arnold's characterization of true verse as "simple, sensuous or impassioned." Brahms's concerto in B-flat for pianoforte and orchestra, played yesterday afternoon at the Symphony Concerts, is admittedly music; and none but some rabid "anti-Brahmsite," like the departed Hugo Wolf or the still militant Henry Finck would write that it merely "passes for" music. Whether it is poetry in tones is a much more debatable matter. Grant for the moment it is such and then put it to the test of Arnold's transferred saying. Certainly, the concerto is not "simple." A hundred, mayhap a thousand, who have attempted to follow the devious course and the abstruse mutations of the themes of the first movement, with ear or eye or both, will bear unanimous witness to the deliberate intricacy of music that even the lucid Mr. Bauer could not clarify on Friday afternoon. As certainly, the concerto is not "sensuous." Rather it is an austere music, that may have beauty in the slow movement and the finale; but even there a beauty that does not caress the ear and stimulate the senses. If, then, the concerto is at all poetry of tones, according to Arnold's definition, it must be "impassioned." Perhaps it is; but the passion is almost wholly a passion of the intellect—the most difficult of all, even with a Muck and a Bauer aiding, to communicate to a miscellaneous company of variously tempered hearers.

By report of biographers, Brahms invented his musical ideas in travail of mind and spirit. Perhaps, then, he brought a measure of mental passion to the quest and the formulation of the themes of the opening Allegro in the concerto. In themselves, they do interest the ear, even if they neither sway nor charm it. Certainly, that passion, in its kind, is not lacking in his long, abstruse and insatiable development and transformation of them through the length, breadth and thickness of that almost interminable first movement (A wit of London—Lord Ribblesdale, if memory serves—used to say that it had not only these three dimensions, but also a fourth, tedium. No one but a composer, mentally impassioned with the possibilities of thematic elaboration and transmutation, as a mathematician might be impassioned with the possibilities of the calculus, could so have channeled and drained his musical thoughts. Brahms indeed almost forgets the piano of his own choice in his tireless absorption in this development. Enough that he fling it "passage-work," imitation and ornament, while the orchestra does the rest—"the things that matter" as the slang of this war-time might put it. Somehow, the listener can see the big heavy body bent over his writing table, the big bearded head dropped lower and lower on the music paper, while the mind within goes endlessly on with this often dry and seldom imaginative elaboration. The solution of problems with the calculus are not read out in public except at congresses of mathematicians. Why might not the first movement of this concerto of Brahms be reserved for similar congresses of, say, conductors and composers, with a circumambient audience of incorrigible "Brahmsites."

The ensuing Scherzo leaves the listener in no better, perhaps in even worse, case. It is as dry and labored as the preceding movement and it has no distinction of musical invention. Whatever else that interminable Allegro may be, there is no commonness in it; whereas in the Scherzo there is little else. If Brahms had set the label "Allegro Appassionato" over the first movement, the hearer might agree to the characterization on the intellectual side. Over the dulness, the dryness, the sheer mediocrity of that Scherzo, the much-enduring hearer almost resents it. As any one may guess that reads those letters of Brahms dear to the learned and quoting programmists, there was a lower-middle-class streak in him, especially when he believed he was writing with fancy and maybe humor. Once and again, it crosses his music as in this very Scherzo—not the commonness that is cheap, tricky and showy, but the less endurable commonness that is merely mediocrity, deadly dull. Again,

why should not the scherzo be left among the things Brahms had better thrust into his dustiest pigeon-hole. No wonder Joachim banished it from the concerto for violin.

At last, at the end of a full thirty minutes, relief comes in the Andante, and the quasi-Hungarian finale. In both Brahms is "impassioned," after his manner and not wholly with the passion of ardent intellectual process; in both he is even "sensuous," again after his manner. There is grave and cool beauty in the melody of the slow movement, of which Dr. Muck and Mr. Bauer—perhaps somewhat relieved themselves—made the most yesterday. The advancing and returning song has the clearness to the ear of autumn light to the eye without its sharpness; the melancholy mood of vague and brooding longing is one of the quieter moods of romance; the coloring seeks the subdued autumnal tint to which Brahms's imagination and hand were temperamentally and often beautifully sensitive; the suffusion of the timbres of orchestra and pianoforte woos the ear; the workmanship is serene chiselling. In fine the music is a "sensuous" and "impassioned" poetry of tones as Keats's poem of the Grecian urn is a "sensuous" and "impassioned" poetry of words. After all, melancholy and longing, as those know that cultivate such experiences of the spirit, have their sensuous satisfactions. . . . A lighter beauty and a happy fancy permeate the finale. It is scholarly of course, since Brahms could not help such quality when he had three motives in rondo form upon which to exercise it. Of course, again, he keeps himself well in hand—better bridle the zest of the songful and keenly rhythmed Hungarian motive than have it run away with you, Lisztian or modern wise. But somehow again one can see the stout body and the grizzled head, straightening up from the work-table and letting the fancy that was in Brahms with all his austerity and "mentality" have its play. "Dulce est desipere in loco," even if one is a thoughtful composer for the mind; but in this particular concerto, the "loco" is a well-nigh intolerable time a-coming.

Seldom relatively as this concerto of Brahms is played—for nine years it had not been heard at the Symphony Concerts—many a pianist still courts it as he courts no less the other and more interesting concerto in D minor. The presumption is that Mr. Bauer's cup is full; for he alone, seemingly, of the eminent virtuosi of our time, has played both concertos with the Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck. As probably, he plays the concerto of yesterday as well as a pianist may. His exposition of the first movement was as lucid as the nature of the music itself permitted. Like that same music, it was all in black and white, since of color in that opening Allegro there is little. Whenever any rhythmic emphasis, telling modulation or firm-set period could animate the music and make it graphic of Brahms's mental processes, neither Mr. Bauer—nor for that matter Dr. Muck—missed it. Occasionally they planted little oases in the desert of the Scherzo, before the hot wind of Brahms's mediocrity in it could quite dry them.

Seldom has the pianist better proved his analytical mind that searches out his music and rears anew in tones and before other minds the composer's design. As he missed not an implication of the music, so he made no futile effort to lessen the forbidding quality of the Allegro or mask the barrenness of the Scherzo. Always Mr. Bauer sees clear; his mind and his temperament are now the trustiest and readiest of understanding and imparting mechanisms. They were much more when he came to the songful beauty of the slow movement or the playful and ingratiating fancy of the finale. In the one, the quality of Mr. Bauer's tone summoned flawlessly the clear, cool and pensive beauty of the music. Composer and pianist seemed coequal in their serene chiselling of the contours and the phrases of the song. The ear heard it as in relief upon a clear white surface and again there was the analogy of Keats's urn. And the tempered zest of the finale under Mr. Bauer's hand was the tempered zest of Brahms himself. At every turn, he and Dr. Muck were as one with the music, even when it is really a symphonic piece with an accessory pianoforte for embroidery and imitation. Dr. Muck and Mr. Bauer know how to differentiate the music of the mind from the music of the senses and to temper the one with the other. There is no better poised conductor and no better poised pianist. Even when the listener resents the matter upon which they are exercising their faculties, he has his rare satisfactions of the artists themselves. By so much, even the concerto in B-flat major, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Orchestra by Johannes Brahms (Opur 83) has its right to, say decennial perfomance.

For preface to this "work" of Brahms—for one the word deserves a place outside the half-articulate dialect of music—and the forty-five minutes that it consumed, stood Goldmark's overture, "Sappho"; while for finis to the concert came MacDowell's nameless suite that from the sub-titles of the movements, he might plausibly have called "Forest Scenes." Goldmark's tone-poem—for it is really such though he chooses the overture form—may or may not be readily moulded to the legends of Sappho; but in itself, it is music that glows upon the ear in the richness of its melody, harmonies and instrumental coloring, in the passion of tones that fills it. Here was music as opulently sensuous as Brahms's was gravely austere—music that would exhaust not its intellectual, but, so to say, its fleshly, content; music that summoned beside its own enkindled beauty and ardent power, the image of a woman enkindled and impassioned, too, and set it, besides, in the wolden light of old legend in the Grecian seas. In some of his oriental music, it is as though Goldmark would drug the senses of his hearers or then prick them—quite as sensually—with some stroke of disromance. In this tone-poem of Sappho he is content to suffuse them in radiant clouds of tone and then past them upon his poetess in impassioned and faded song. For here his dissonance may be the voice of [illegible] well as [illegible]

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H. T. P.

From EVENING NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date FEB 12 1916

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To Dr. Muck falls the credit of reviving in this country what in many respects is the most remarkable of the series of symphonic poems by which Liszt practically revolutionized the music of his day and of the days that followed him. Until Dr. Muck played it in Boston three weeks ago the only performance in America on record was in New York by the Philharmonic Society under Bergmann in 1869. It is astonishing and speaks well for Liszt's genius that, although this poem was conceived in 1833 and actually played in 1847, is is more modern in thought and feeling than much of the music of today. "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" contains much of Liszt's best and most characteristic writing, and undoubtedly Dr. Muck's very successful revival of it means new life to the poem.

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Overture, "Leonora" No. 1, Opus 138 .... Beethoven
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Symphonic Poem No. 1, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" ("What one hears upon the mountain"). (After Victor Hugo) .... Liszt

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ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE MUSICAL SEASON

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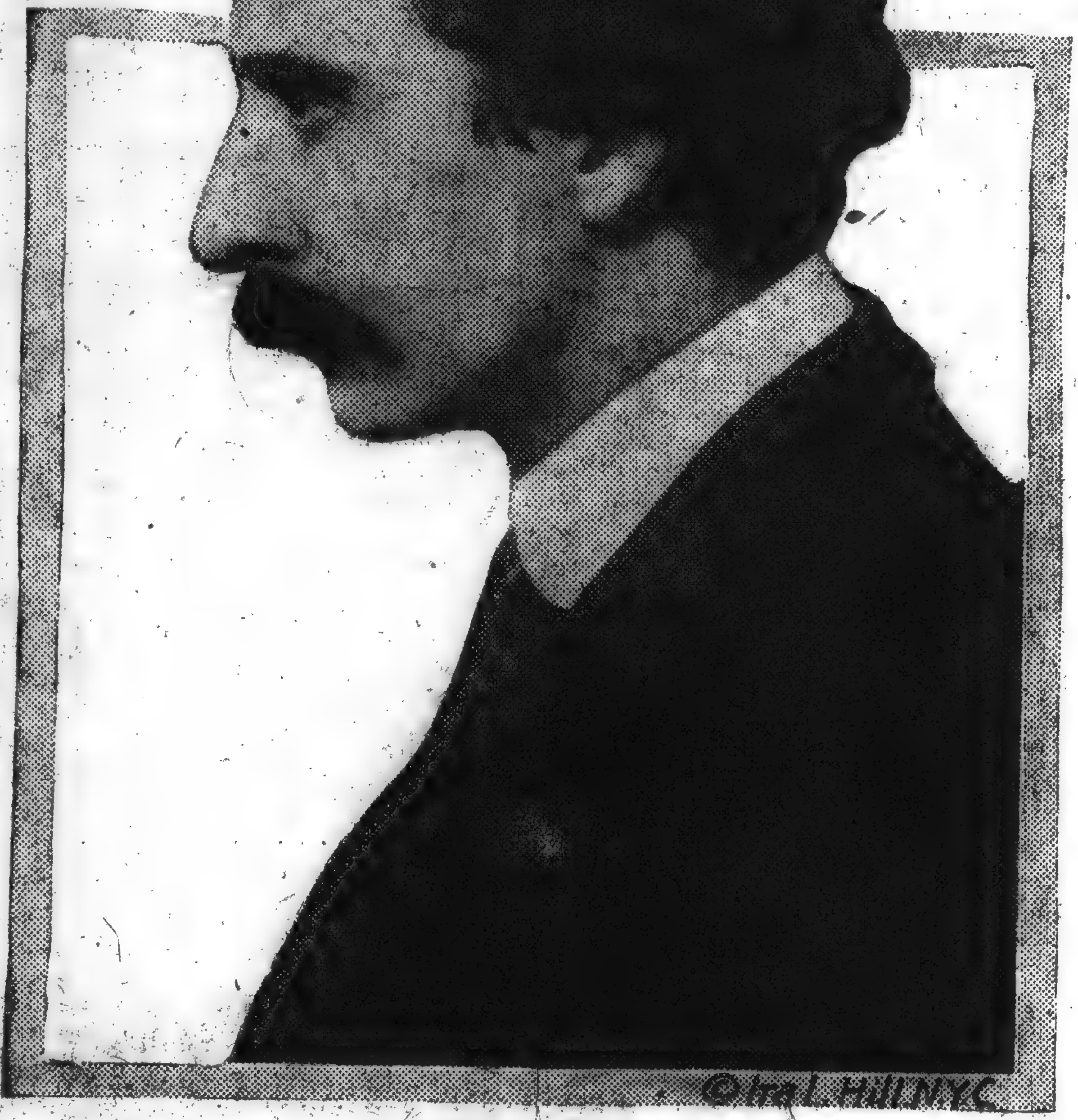

ERNEST SCHELLING

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The novelty of the concert will be Ernest Schelling's variations for orchestra and piano which had its first performances in Boston, December 31 and January 1 last. The title is "Impressions From an Artist's Life," in the form of variations on an original theme for orchestra and pianoforte. Mr. Schelling, whose ties in Philadelphia are very close and whose talent has long been recognized here, in this work shows himself as a composer of extraordinary skill and fancy. He uses a theme which may be regarded as exotic in character and on this he has built twenty-one variations of widely different forms.

Most of these variations are dedicated to various persons. The first two are dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the second to Dr. Muck. The fourth is in commemoration of Pfitzner, Schelling's teacher in composition; the seventh and oboe solo, is dedicated to Georges Longy, first oboe of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; the eighth to Pavlowa, the ninth to Paderewski and others to Gustav Mahler, Fritz Kraisler, etc. One of the most impressive of the variations is entitled "August, 1914," in which Mr. Schelling pictures the war. Mr. Schelling will play the pianoforte.

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> The Liszt nondescript was humanely put at the end of the programme, and was of course heard by comparatively few people. The "poem" possesses all of Liszt's defects and none, or nearly none, of his few excellences; it is the very essence of turgidity, and is thoroughly chaotic in form, or in the *lack* of form. . . . The audience was an immense one, and was downstairs a decorous one; in the third gallery, however, the talking, laughing, flirting, and boorish rudeness were simply disgraceful. I regret to say that upon the fair sex rests the responsibility of three-fourths of this absolutely "hoggish" behavior.

Philharmonic audiences have changed since those days, even in the "third gallery"; they behave better and have learned to listen to Liszt's inspired works and to applaud them more enthusiastically, perhaps, than any others, except Wagner's, thanks largely to their admirable interpretation under Josef Stransky. Like him, Dr. Muck is a Liszt enthusiast. Last year he conducted four performances of Liszt's "Faust" symphony which were acknowledged to be the climax of the season in Boston. This year he poured oil on the flames by his revival of "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne," and its cordial reception led him to bring it to New York, where it was sure to meet with the same favor; for, thanks to Seidl and Stransky, New York has been ahead of Boston in learning to appreciate the genius of Liszt, whom Wagner (who learned and borrowed much from him) called "the greatest musician of all time."

Liszt's "Mountain Symphony," as they call it in Germany, is based on a poem by Victor Hugo in which the glories of nature are contrasted with the discords and sorrows of humanity. To these two poetic motives, so well adapted for musical treatment, Liszt adds a third—Faith, or the consolations of religion. These three are interwoven with wonderful art, which reaches its climax in a choral-like passage for the brass choir. On the whole, while one may not agree with Saint-Saëns that this is the greatest of Liszt's symphonic poems (it is certainly inferior to "Tasso"), one can understand how Wagner could derive "ecstatic delight" from hearing it.

HENRY T. FINCK.

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date FEB 12 1916

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1884

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The fourth and last but one of the concerts given each season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Lyric Theater next Wednesday evening, February 16, at 8.15. The program which Dr. Muck has arranged presents at least two points of surpassing interest. These are Joachim's Concerto in D major for violin and orchestra, entitled In the Hungarian Style, and Liszt's first symphonic poem, Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne.

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Beethoven—Overture, Leonora No. 1, Opus 138. Joachim—Concerto in D Major, Opus 11 (In the Hungarian Style). Liszt—Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne (What one hears upon the mountain), Symphonic Poem No. 1 (after Victor Hugo).

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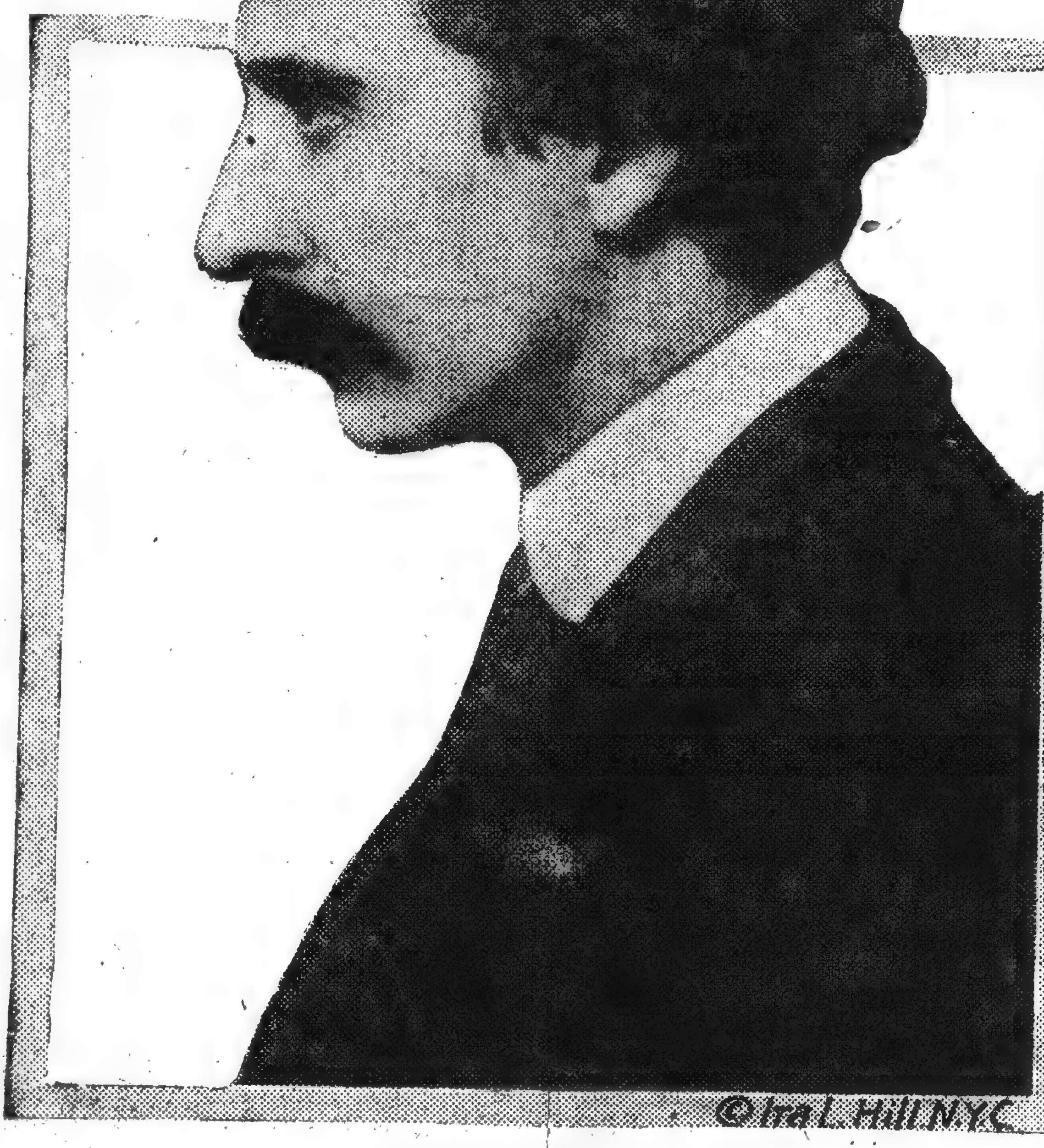
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Liszt's "Mountain Symphony," as they call it in Germany, is based on a poem by Victor Hugo in which the glories of nature are contrasted with the discords and sorrows of humanity. To these two poetic motives, so well adapted for musical treatment, Liszt adds a third—Faith, or the consolations of religion. These three are interwoven with wonderful art, which reaches its climax in a choral-like passage for the brass choir. On the whole, while one may not agree with Saint-Saëns that this is the greatest of Liszt's symphonic poems (it is certainly inferior to "Tasso"), one can understand how Wagner could derive "ecstatic delight" from hearing it.

HENRY T. FINCK.

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date FEB 1 2 1916

Estab 1884

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The fourth and last but one of the concerts given each season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Lyric Theater next Wednesday evening, February 16, at 8:15. The program which Dr. Muck has arranged presents at least two points of surpassing interest. These are Joachim's Concerto in D major for violin and orchestra, entitled In the Hungarian Style, and Liszt's first symphonic poem, Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne.

Joachim's great concerto seldom appears on modern programs, for as skilled as the violin virtuoso is today—which is saying much—there are few artists who will undertake and are able to overcome the stupendous difficulties which Joachim has placed in this work.

Beethoven—Overture, Leonora No. 1, Opus 138. Joachim—Concerto in D Major, Opus 11 (In the Hungarian Style). Liszt—Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne (What one hears upon the mountain), Symphonic Poem No. 1 (after Victor Hugo).

[illegible] is indeed an opu[illegible] richness of tone that [illegible] music [illegible] upon it throbbed upo[illegible] orchestra [illegible] all the senses. Not for long has a piece by Goldmark been so warmly applauded. It deserved resurrection from the tomb in which routine—grave-digger of interest—had buried it.

Perhaps the interposing forty-five minutes of Brahms, plus a round ten of intermission, did their service to MacDowell's music. Heard too soon, after the sensuous splendor and the golden luminority of "Sappho," it might have rounded them and cool of invention and pale of color. For the music of American composers—and even of a MacDowell in these earlier years before he had gained the imaginative light and heat of the "Indian Suite" and the final sonatas—is not usually (to return to Arnold's saying) either "Sensuous" or "impassioned." Either they have not the passion that releases itself in the self-expression of the arts or, being of a young race, not quite articulate, even when it is most garrulous, know not how to set it free in tones or words. Similarly they lack the sensuousness of voice and mood that in Goldmark almost to excess liberates itself in richness, ardor and glow, alike of emotion and expression, that basks, almost in its own intensities. We are pure souls as yet—as a hundred pulpits may be saying tomorrow but it may be doubted whether the pure in heart best serve the expressive arts. All of which as to MacDowll's suite of the purest is neither here nor there since he set himself to writing no more than little lrics in tones of the woodland that he knew and felt with quick and affectionate imagination. He wrote them, moreover, with as many a lyric stroke, in tonal coloring, modulation, contrast and rhythm of happy and artful imagery. This woodland suite deserves a place in the minor poetry of tones, and are not the Symphony Concerts our anthology of music.

H. T. P.

From EVENING NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date

ork, 1884

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The fourth and last but one of the concerts given each season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Lyric Theater Wednesday evening. The program which Dr. Muck has arranged presents at least two points of surpassing interest. These are Joachim's concerto in D major for violin and orchestra entitled "In the Hungarian Style" and Liszt's first symphonic poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne."

Joachim's great concerto seldom appears on modern programs, for, as skilled as the violin virtuoso is today, there are few artists who will undertake and are able to overcome the stupendous difficulties which Joachim has placed in this work. One of the few virtuosi able to do this is Anton Witek, the concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and he has just played it in Boston with remarkable success.

To Dr. Muck falls the credit of reviving in this country what in many respects is the most remarkable of the series of symphonic poems by which Liszt practically revolutionized the music of his day and of the days that followed him. Until Dr. Muck played it in Boston three weeks ago the only performance in America on record was in New York by the Philharmonic Society under Bergmann in 1869. It is astonishing and speaks well for Liszt's genius that, although this poem was conceived in 1833 and actually played in 1847, is is more modern in thought and feeling than much of the music of today. "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" contains much of Liszt's best and most characteristic writing, and undoubtedly Dr. Muck's very successful revival of it means new life to the poem.

The program follows:

Overture, "Leonora" No. 1, Opus 138 .... Beethoven
Concerto in D Major, Opus 11 ("In the Hungarian Style").... Joachim
Symphonic Poem No. 1, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" ("What one hears upon the mountain"). (After Victor Hugo) .... Liszt

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From BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date

Estab 84

THE fourth of the series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Academy of Music Monday evening. The first half of the program is devoted to works by Debussy and Schelling, while the last half of the program is given to Mozart's Symphony in E-flat Major.

Debussy will be represented by his symphonic sketches entitled "The Sea." These sketches, which are three in number, entitled respectively "From Dawn Till Noon on the Ocean," "Frolics of the Waves" and "Dialogue of the Wind and the Sea," are just ten years old, having their first performance at a Lamoureax concert in Paris, October 15, 1905.

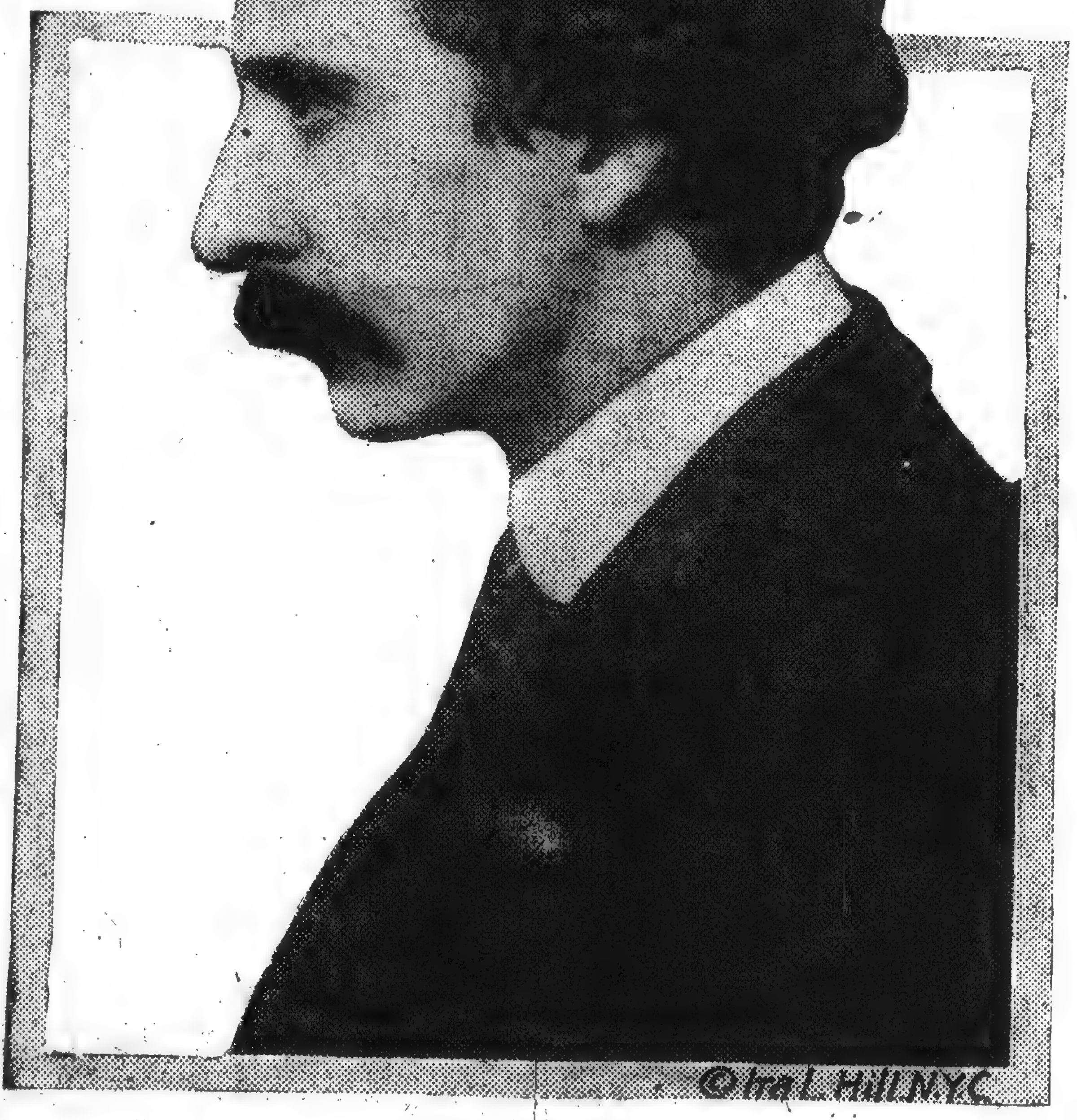
The novelty of the concert will be Ernest Schelling's variations for orchestra and piano, which had its first performance in Boston six weeks ago. The title is "Impressions from an Artist's Life, in the form of variations on an original theme for orchestra and pianoforte." [illegible] there are twenty-[illegible] Most of [illegible] persons.

INQUIRER
Philadelphia, Pa.
FEB 13 1916

ished: I

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE MUSICAL SEASON

Philadelphia Orchestra to Play Symphony by American Composer—Julia Culp to to Be Heard in Recital


©Ira L. Hill N.Y.C.

ERNEST SCHELLING
Who will play here tomorrow with the Boston Symphony Orchestra

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The fourth and last, but one of the series of concerts given here each season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Academy of Music tomorrow evening, February 14, at 8.15. Dr. Muck has divided the programme between the ultra-moderns and the best of the eighteenth century; in other words the first half of the programme is devoted to works by Debussy and Schelling, while the last half of the programme is given to Mozart's Symphony in E flat Major, K. 543.

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The novelty of the concert will be Ernest Schelling's variations for orchestra and piano which had its first performances in Boston, December 31 and January 1 last. The title is "Impressions From an Artist's Life," in the form of variations on an original theme for orchestra and pianoforte. Mr. Schelling, whose ties in Philadelphia are very close and whose talent has long been recognized here, in this work shows himself as a composer of extraordinary skill and fancy. He uses a theme which may be regarded as exotic in character and on this he has built twenty-one variations of widely different forms.

Most of these variations are dedicated to various persons. The first two are dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the second to Dr. Muck. The fourth is in commemoration of Pfitzner, Schelling's teacher in composition; the seventh and oboe solo, is dedicated to Georges Longy, first oboe of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; the eighth to Pavlowa, the ninth to Paderewski and others to Gustav Mahler, Fritz Kraisler, etc. One of the most impressive of the variations is entitled "August, 1914," in which Mr. Schelling pictures the war. Mr. Schelling will play the pianoforte.

From Nation
Address: New York City
Date FEB 24 1916

When Miss Farrar, while still in her teens, first sang at the Royal Opera in Berlin, she was allowed by the Kaiser (who was—or pretended to be—at that time very partial to everything American) to do things in her own way to a degree which displeased the conductors, including Dr. Muck. Since then, Farrar and Muck have become good friends, and only a week or two ago she sang in Boston at a concert of that city's famous orchestra. Yet Dr. Muck, like most orchestral conductors, prefers concerts without soloists. In Carnegie Hall, last week, he had none either on Thursday or Saturday, yet his audiences were happy. His Saturday programme included "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne." Saint-Saëns considers this the best of Liszt symphonic poems, and wonders why it is not often seen on programmes. To most of those who heard it in Carnegie Hall it was a novelty. Its first performance in New York was in 1869. Philharmonic audiences must have been queer in those days to judge by what the correspondent of Dwight's *Journal of Music* wrote concerning this occasion:

> The Liszt nondescript was humanely put at the end of the programme, and was of course heard by comparatively few people. The "poem" possesses all of Liszt's defects and none, or nearly none, of his few excellences; it is the very essence of turgidity, and is thoroughly chaotic in form, or in the *lack* of form. . . . The audience was an immense one, and was downstairs a decorous one; in the third gallery, however, the talking, laughing, flirting, and boorish rudeness were simply disgraceful. I regret to say that upon the fair sex rests the responsibility of three-fourths of this absolutely "hoggish" behavior.

Philharmonic audiences have changed since those days, even in the "third gallery"; they behave better and have learned to listen to Liszt's inspired works and to applaud them more enthusiastically, perhaps, than any others, except Wagner's, thanks largely to their admirable interpretation under Josef Stransky. Like him, Dr. Muck is a Liszt enthusiast. Last year he conducted four performances of Liszt's "Faust" symphony which were acknowledged to be the climax of the season in Boston. This year he poured oil on the flames by his revival of "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne," and its cordial reception led him to bring it to New York, where it was sure to meet with the same favor; for, thanks to Seidl and Stransky, New York has been ahead of Boston in learning to appreciate the genius of Liszt, whom Wagner (who learned and borrowed much from him) called "the greatest musician of all time."

Liszt's "Mountain Symphony," as they call it in Germany, is based on a poem by Victor Hugo in which the glories of nature are contrasted with the discords and sorrows of humanity. To these two poetic motives, so well adapted for musical treatment, Liszt adds a third—Faith, or the consolations of religion. These three are interwoven with wonderful art, which reaches its climax in a choral-like passage for the brass choir. On the whole, while one may not agree with Saint-Saëns that this is the greatest of Liszt's symphonic poems (it is certainly inferior to "Tasso"), one can understand how Wagner could derive "ecstatic delight" from hearing it.

HENRY T. FINCK.

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date FEB 12 1916

Estal 1884

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The fourth and last but one of the concerts given each season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Lyric Theater next Wednesday evening, February 16, at 8:15. The program which Dr. Muck has arranged presents at least two points of surpassing interest. These are Joachim's Concerto in D major for violin and orchestra, entitled In the Hungarian Style, and Liszt's first symphonic poem, Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne.

Joachim's great concerto seldom appears on modern programs, for as skilled as the violin virtuoso is today—which is saying much—there are few artists who will undertake and are able to overcome the stupendous difficulties which Joachim has placed in this work.

Beethoven—Overture, Leonora No. 1, Opus 138. Joachim—Concerto in D Major, Opus 11 (In the Hungarian Style). Liszt—Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne (What one hears upon the mountain), Symphonic Poem No. 1 (after Victor Hugo).

From EVENING SUN
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date FEB 12 1916

Esta 1884

BOSTON SYMPHONY APPEARS WEDNESDAY

Joachim's Difficult D Major Violin Concerto On Program—Anton Witek Soloist.

LISZT POEM TO BE PLAYED

Dr. Muck Revived Piece Which Until Three Weeks Ago Had Been Given Only Once In America.

The fourth concert to be given this season in Baltimore by the Boston Symphony will take place at the Lyric next Wednesday evening, under the direction of Dr. Karl Muck, when the program will contain two very interesting novelties, Joachim's rarely heard D major violin concerto, the one written "in the Hungarian manner," and Liszt's first symphonic poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne."

The supreme difficulty of the Joachim concerto has militated somewhat against its popularity, for very few players are willing to attempt it. For this reason it is scarcely ever found on a concert program. Anton Witek, the concertmeister of the Boston Orchestra, who will be the soloist on this occasion, has recently presented this work in Boston with signal success, so that his performance of this difficult composition on Wednesday next will have a special significance.

Revived Liszt Symphonic Poem.

To Dr. Muck falls the credit of reviving in this country what in many respects is the most remarkable of the series of symphonic poems by which Liszt practically revolutionized the music of his day and of the days that followed him. Until Dr. Muck played it in Boston, three weeks ago, the only performance in America on record was that given in New York by the Philharmonic Society, under Gergmann, in 1869. It is astounding and speaks well for Liszt's genius, although this poem was conceived in 1833 and actually played in 1847, it is more modern in thought and feeling than much of the music that is written today.

Listening to it the auditor familiar with modern literature of music is not unlike the youth who said he liked to go to Shakespeare's plays because they were so full of familiar quotations.

Wagner Drew From Him.

Liszt's son-in-law, Wagner, dipped most deeply into this work, as he did into many of Liszt's other works, for material for his music dramas. Richard Strauss was familiar with it and had it decidedly in his mind when he wrote the finale of his "Zarathustra." "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" contains much of Liszt's best and most characteristic writing, and undoubtedly Dr. Muck's very successful revival of it means new life to the poem.

The concert next Wednesday will open with the playing of Beethoven's first "Leonora" overture.

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date

Estal 4

Boston Symphony Tuesday.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's picturesque symphony, "Antar," is the principal number on the program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its fourth concert at the New National Theater Tuesday afternoon. Like many of the Russian symphonies, this is a symphony only in name. It is in three movements and is much more in the order of a suite than a symphony. It has much in common with the same composer's famous suite, "Scheherazade," in that the music is strongly tinged with the color of the orient.

The soloist will be Joseph Malkin, the celebrated cellist of the orchestra.

[illegible]

From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date 16

Establi

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The soloist, as already announced, will be Joseph Malkin, the celebrated cellist of the orchestra.

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date FEB

Established

The fourth of the series of concerts given here each season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in the Academy of Music tomorrow evening. Dr. Muck has divided the program between the ultra-moderns and the best of the eighteenth century; in other words, the first half of the program is devoted to works by Debussy and Schelling, while the last half of the program is given to Mozart's Symphony in E-flat Major, 543.

—Ira L. Hill's Studio.

ERNEST SCHELLING.

Debussy will be represented by his Symphonic Sketches entitled "The Sea." These sketches, entitled, respectively, "From Dawn Till Noon on the Ocean," "Frolics of the Waves" and "Dialogue of the Wind and the Sea," are 10 years old, having had their first performance at a Lamoureaux concert in Paris, Oct. 15, 1905. Dr. Muck gave the first performances of the sketches in America at a Boston Symphony concert in Boston, in March, 1907. Then, as two years before in Paris, they were regarded practically as incomprehensible from a musical point of view. But so rapidly does the ear become accustomed to new tonalities that today they are comparatively simple and their full beauty is realized.

The novelty of the concert will be Ernest Schelling's Variations for Orchestra and Piano, which had its first performances in Boston December 31 and January 1 last. The title is "Impressions From an Artist's Life," in the form of variations on an original theme for orchestra and pianoforte." Schelling uses a theme which may be regarded as exotic in character and on this he has built 21 variations of widely-different forms. Most of these variations are dedicated to various persons. The first two are dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the second to Dr. Muck. The fourth is in commemoration of Pfitzner, Schelling's teacher in composition; the seventh and oboe solo, is dedicated to Georges Longy, first oboe of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; the eighth to Pavlowa, the ninth to Paderewski and others to Gustav Mahler, Fritz Kreisler, etc. One of the most impressive of the Variations is entitled "August, 1914," in which Schelling pictures the war. Schelling will play the pianoforte.

* * *

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date FEB 9 - 1916

Establis

CONCERT GAVE GREAT DELIGHT

Boston Symphony Orchestra Aided by Miss Kathleen Howard

Infantry Hall was well-filled last night for the fourth of the series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the large audience heard a programme that was of great merit and that furnished unvarying enjoyment. The orchestra was assisted by Miss Kathleen Howard, one of the foremost contraltos of this country, and she added much to the measure of pleasure that was found in the music of the evening. As usual, Dr. Muck, the director of the orchestra, had arranged a collection of numbers of variety and yet of high order, and that the audience was fully satisfied was shown beyond possibility of doubt by the enthusiasm displayed at the close of each selection. It was gratifying to see Dr. Muck wielding the baton again, and he was greeted warmly when he made his first entrance.

The concert opened with the symphony, which was Mozart's in E-flat major, one of the three masterpieces that he wrote within the space of a few months, which have never ceased to delight and inspire music lovers. This work is marked by much feeling and possesses, also, a richness of coloring that makes it ever appeal to those who revel in music of that character. Contrasted with it in a manner to reveal the beauties of both was the second number for the orchestra, Handel's concerto for strings and two wind choirs, which is a fascinating composition, with all the tunefulness that accentuates the music by this composer when his work is of his best. In this was heard to fine advantage the celebrated wind choir of this orchestra, and the skill evinced by this portion of the orchestra won prolonged expressions of appreciation from the audience. The final instrumental number was Dvorak's overture, "Husitska," which was admirably suited for a closing selection to leave an impression of completeness and satisfaction with those in attendance.

The vocal numbers were well chosen to show the quality and power of Miss Howard's voice. A Canadian by birth, who has spent most of her career in Germany and London, she received the greater part of her musical education in this country. She stands high in her profession and she merits the distinction and praise she has received. Her voice is a rich, deep contralto of extensive range, under full control, beautifully modulated, carefully trained and managed with a fine command of technique. She sings with spirit and yet with marked sympathy and tenderness when the text demands that emotion. That she pleased all who heard her last night was unmistakable from the reception she was accorded after each number. The aria, "Gerechter Gott," from Wagner's opera, "Rienzi," was rendered in a manner that won instant attention and held it until the last note. The second selection, the familiar aria from Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah," "Mon Coeur S'ouvre a ta Voix," was sung with brilliant effect and drew from the audience still further expressions of delight.

The programme as arranged in proper order was as follows:

Mozart ..Symphony, E-flat major (K. 543)
I. Adagio; Allegro.
II. Andante
III. Minuetto; Trio
IV. Finale; Allegro
Wagner....................Scene, "Just God"
And aria, "My Life Fades in Its Blossom," from "Rienzi," Act. III., No. 9.
Handel ....Concerto in F-major
For Strings and Two Wind Orchestras.
(Edition of Gustav F. Kogel.)
I. Pomposo
II. Allegro
III. A tempo ordinario
IV. Largo
V. Allegro
Saint-Saens...."My Heart at Thy Dear Voice," from "Samson and Delilah."
Dvorak ....
..Dramatic overture, "Hositska," op. 67

SUNDAY POST, MARCH 5,

Composers and Conductors

Scrupulous Fidelity of Dr. Muck Toward Composer's Wishes—Vexed Question of "Cuts" in Symphonic Compositions—Mr. Ellis' Opera Tour Next Fall—Concerts to Come

Sibelius' second symphony will be conducted for the first time by Dr. Muck in this city at the Boston Symphony concerts of Friday and Saturday, and the symphony will then be restored to its original version, dispensing with the editing of Mr. Fiedler, who was very fond of this composition, but who feared, perhaps, to present Sibelius in an absolutely unadulterated form to his audiences, here were some slight cuts, as we remember Mr. Fiedler's performance, in the slow movement and in the finale. Mr. Fielder also made a few changes in the instrumentation, with a view to brightening and clarifying certain passages.

In the case of Sibelius there is a certain monotony of coloring which is not displeasing, but rather suggestive of sullen Northern nature, of vast spaces and skirling winds. We personally missed in Mr. Fiedler's performance a repetition of a very characteristic passage which comes just before the end of the final movement of the Second Symphony.

It is a place where continuous scale figure in the lower strings accompanies a monotonous chant of the wind instruments. When this passage appears for the last time it is repeated and extended, and the burden of the chant is taken by violins and a few wind instruments, with the whirling scale figure given the upper wind as well as the lower strings, and various rhythmical elaborations. The mood of the music is thus intensified. The tonality being minor the peroration of the movement, which is in the major, becomes the more brilliant and emphatic.

Dr. Muck is a firm believer in presenting a composer's message in its exact original form. Not in the many years of his conductorship of opera in Berlin did he undertake cuts in his Wagner performances, and on one occasion he performed Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" in its entirety. What the experience must have been we cheerfully leave to the imagination. "Les Huguenots," long enough in all conscience, has never, so far as the records show, been heard in its entirety in this country. In Berlin, under Dr. Muck, the performance took 11 hours and lasted through two evenings.

MONITOR, BOSTON, MASS.,

SATURDAY, MARCH 4,

"MON AMI TEDDY" AT THE COPLEY BY FRENCH PLAYERS

COPLEY THEATER—Le Théâtre Français d'Amérique presents "Mon Ami Teddy," comedy in three acts by Andre Rivoire, evening of March 3. The cast:

Teddy W. Kimberley	Edgar Becman
Didier Morel	Ferdinand Verley
D'Alonne	Georges Renavent
Bertin	Georges Saulieu
Verdier	Paul Cerny
Corbett	Emile Detramont
Dominique	Pierre Mindaist
Willie	Bernhey
Madeleine	Yvonne Garrick
Mme. Roucher	Jenny Diska
Mathilde	Ginnette Guerande
Franine	Mado Ditza
Juliette	Madeleine Rivort
Yvonne	Simone Revyl
Aline	Georgette Ducellier

Present day authors of plays seem quite unable to incorporate in their works the character of a subject or citizen of some country other than that where the action takes place without having recourse to the humorous or comic element. "Mon Ami Teddy," given at the Copley last night by the French players, made no exception. But however pleasant it may have been for an American audience (and this left one no doubt that it was pleased) to see their national character and peculiarities portrayed in a more or less favorable light in the role of Teddy Kimberley, it seemed a great pity from the language point of view that it should have been necessary for M. Becman to adopt that English accent in his French. His diction and enunciation are particularly good, and it must have been a kind of disappointment to many of those present who went there with the expectation of hearing him speak in the way which served him as such a favorable introduction at the beginning of the week.

As far as the story itself goes, as in the case of the two previous plays reviewed in these columns, its intrinsic value is very small. M. Didier Morel, a member of the Chambre des Députés, cares very little about his charming young wife Madeleine and too much about his parliamentary reports and the counsels and praises of ambitious Mme. Roucher. Teddy Kimberley, a young American with bags of money, is introduced to the family, sizes up the situation, and since Madeleine is not the right kind of woman for M. Didier Morel and M. Didier Morel not the right kind of husband for Madeleine, Teddy makes up his mind to bring about a divorce and then marry Madeleine. He invites the whole family and friends to his villa at the seaside, where things come to a crisis, but Madeleine, not being aware of the designs of "mon ami Teddy," agrees to marry a young secretary to an embassy, Bertin. The engagement is not looked upon too favorably by either side, so Teddy tells Madeleine, who is now free, that Bertin would not be the right kind of man for her either, makes known to her what he had done and in the end they are happily united.

Once one has become reconciled as regards the language question, it cannot be denied that M. Becman made a very good American indeed, and the audience was warmly appreciative; also Mlle. Yvonne Garrick as Madeleine Didier Morel was in well merited favor throughout the piece. Mr. Becman and Mlle. Garrick as chief characters harmonize very happily. Highly commendable performance were those of Messieurs Georges Saulien as Berton, George Renavent as D'Alonne and Paul Cerny as Verdier, while Mme. Jenny Diska also succeeded very well in the role of Mme. Roucher.

BOSTON POST,

MARCH 4,

HONORS TO RAVEL BY SYMPHONY

Spanish Rhapsody Is Brilliantly Played

BY OLIN DOWNES

Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony, Volkmann's Serenade in F major, op. 63, and Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" made the programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Tschaikowsky's work was brilliantly performed, and the humanity of the music, its frankness of appeal, its profound melancholy, its desperate gayety, and all the old Tschaikowsky tricks of instrumentation which it is the habit to make fun of, but which say so much in such an undeniably convincing way, stirred the audience. There was so much applause that the orchestra rose to its feet, and Dr. Muck was called back to the stage after the last movement more than once.

RAVEL'S RHAPSODY

Volkmann's serenade music, written vithout pretension and with only a ittle of the sadness characteristic of o much of Volkmann's music, likeise entertained. But the triumph of he concert, after which the orchestra hould indeed have been called to its eet, was the remarkable performance Ravel's rhapsody.

Ravel is an impressionist, but his pressionism is not confined to the cord of impressions of merely exrior derivation. There is a quality once grim and sensuous, savage and elancholy, in this music which is ind tragic, at moments fate-ridden. The "Prelude a la Nuit," with its ournful dance refrain and its perstent figure of four notes which unts this movement and the succeed- movements, and makes a final aparance in the midst of the madness the Fair—this prelude, and the giering cadenza's of wind instruments hich occur near its close—has a fantical macabre quality that even in ese days of musical articulateness is ard to parallel in any other score.

There is unending variety of color, lor not confined to that furnished by strumental combinations, but color, so, which is inherent in the musical eas, in the clashing of chords and tervals. The skill displayed in composition and instrumentation is monuental. It has often seemed that in e beginning Ravel followed Debussy. oday he is certainly his own master, d one of the marvels and enigmas the modern French school. The usic of this suite is sad and cruel, or ay, or hot with color and sunshine, nd savage in its rythmic power. A arvellous score, interpreted with a astery little short of marvellous by r. Muck and his players. But not usic for sentimentalism or pink tea, ence not music that found such favor as the reveries of Volkmann or the ailing of Tschaikowsky.

MARCH 4, 1916

ADVERTISER, SATURDAY

SYMPHONY CONCERT FINE ORCHESTRAL PROGRAMME

Enough Melodic Beauty to Satisfy Conservatives and Enough Orchestral Glow to Fulfil Demands of Modern Radicals

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PFOGRAMME

Tschaikowsky. Symphony No. 4, F minor.
Volkmann. Serenade for strings, No. 2, F major.
Ravel. Spanish Rhapsody.

A good and strongly-contrasted programme, purely orchestral and with enough melodic beauty to satisfy the conservatives, and enough orchestral glow to fulfil the demands of the modern radicals. It is becoming evident that Tschaikowsky's fourth and fifth symphonies are emerging from the temporary eclipse into which the excessive popularity of the sixth symphony threw them. At each hearing they show themselves stronger than their weeping and wailing successor.

The interest began with the introduction. Dr. Muck threw the Motto theme (which begins the work, and forms its chief germ) at the audience, as if it were a cannonade. The contrast with happiness which soon followed was immediately nullified by this remarkable fate-figure, which had the merit of being easily followed and understood. Tschaikowsky here makes use of a waltz rhythm to typify pleasure, but not even he (nor Berlioz either) can persuade us that the waltz can rise to symphonic standards. But this particular waltz gradually leads to frenzy. It begins as a waltz and ends as a sort of Carmagnole. The spasmodic character of the first movement militates against its full success.

In the second movement we have the true Eastern folk-song flavor. It is a brooding and pensive style which is full of charm. And here the oboe and the bassoon deserve praise for the simple and dreamy manner in which their themes were given. And here also we have the promise of the future glory of Russian music. Its chief composers (unless stung by the modern tarantula, as Stravinsky and Scriabine) build on the folk-song as on a rock, and this may give them a supremacy over the German phrase and motive jugglers very soon.

The third movement, although not very definite, was agreeable, with its constant Coda, and it won the most enthusiastic applause so that the orchestra was obliged to rise in acknowledgement. The finale was the most striking movement of all, and it is typically Russian from first to last. It is like a merry-making of the Moujiks. But here, amid the hearty jollity of the peasantry, there still comes the fate motive of the introduction. The whole symphony seems to be a contest between the "joie de vivre" and a grim, pursuing Destiny. The subordinate theme of this Finale is an actual Russian folk-song—"A Birch-tree stood in the Fields"—although Tschaikowsky has somewhat altered its rhythmic structure. Again there was wild applause and again the orchestra arose in response.

Dr. Muck read the work with all that rough vigor that the subject demanded. Only the second movement was a respite from the excitement and abandon of the entire work. Will there ever come a time when some Russian composer will tone down this fury with something of the calmness of a Brahms?

To go from this wild work to the sedate Serenade of Volkmann was like going from Philip drunk to Philip very, very sober. It was, a taste of the old Leipsic Conservatory type. Not that it was "Kapellmeistermusik," it was too beautiful for that, but it gave not one unnecessary dissonance, not one resolution that could not be justified by Richter. Many of the audience evidently enjoyed the sedative, it gave sweet repose to the nerves.

And it displayed our string orchestra in mazes of suave counterpoint, in which the ensemble was faultless. In this work, as in the Tschaikowsky symphony there was a waltz movement, but of a much more Chesterfieldian type than the very excited one which the Russian employed. Perhaps the Volkmann work suffered a little in coming after that wild Tschaikowsky finale, but after all such gentility and serenity in Music, as Volkmann displays, is a respite which one might crave once in a while in these very excitable musical days.

The four short movements of this Serenade were given continuously, without pause, and Dr. Muck adopted the same course with the Ravel Suite which followed. It is a question whether this course does not puzzle some of the audience.

Dr. Muck gave a finesse to the Spanish Rhapsody that would have delighted its composer. There was mystery, and the hush of a tropical night, as well as the floating, and sometimes aggressive, dance rhythms which resounded through it.

How many composers of different nations seek their inspiration in Spain! Chabrier, Debussy, Rimski-Korsakoff, Dvorak, Moszkowski, and many others might be named, who have flavored their music with Garlic. Spain is the country of effective idealized rag-time attracts them. Nevertheless we do not find Ravel as distinctively Spanish as some of the others above-mentioned. He seems more intent upon giving brilliant experiments in tone-coloring than in preserving "local color." Yet Spanish dance rhythms are there. There is a Habanera which does not abolish Bizet's charming idealization of the strong rhythm. There is a Malaguena which is much more furious, and the Suite ends with a picture of a Fair in which all the modern hurly-burly is let loose; xylophone, tambourine, castagnettes, and muted trumpets, heaping one dance rhythm upon another, Fandago, Cachuca, etc., and almost all through the Suite there is a simple figure of four descending diatonic notes.

The Suite, consisting of four movements, has the merit of brevity, and its effective tone-coloring makes it continuously interesting. Of course it was bizarre, but, for all that, we found it to be one of the welcome additions to the repertoirs of ultra-modern music. But poor Volkmann's genteel suavity, coming between the frenzy of a Moujik festival and the delirium of a Spanish Fair, was crushed between the upper and the nether mill-stone.

TRANSCRIPT,
MARCH 4,

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WITH Tschaikovsky's symphony in F minor to begin Dr. Muck's programme and Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody to end it; with an audience variously and amusingly applausive in the right and the wrong place, contrast, for once, was not lacking in the Symphony Concert of yesterday. Two pieces of music could hardly be further apart than is the Russian's from the Parisian's; while listeners who had applauded the string choir after the pizzicati passages in Tschaikovsky's Scherzo so heartily that the conductor called the musicians to their feet, clapped only scantily and scrappily at the close of Ravel's suite. The Scherzo is a pleasing and well-liked piece; to play stringed instruments with the fingers instead of the bow and to pick them so for some minutes (as Tschaikovsky prescribes) arrests the attention of an audience; and hence, perhaps, the impression abides that these pizzicati measures exact an extraordinary feat of virtuosity. As a matter of fact they do not, either in themselves or in comparison with the demands that Ravel lays upon all the divisions of his orchestra. He takes for granted a technical aptness and imagination in the players which Tschaikovsky hardly suspected; he writes what he will in whatever fashion he may choose for it and bids conductor and band give it vivid voice. They did yesterday with superlative skill and felicity. And a listening audience dismissed them with faint plaudits, whereas it had nearly rent its gloves over as vivid but by no means as exacting a performance of Tschaikovsky's symphony. That piece happens to be familiar and well-liked, while as yet Ravel's Rhapsody is "one of those French things, you know,—modern stuff.

No wonder that the house so rose to the Russian's music. The motives out of which it is to expand may not overpass the dullest ear; on the instant, almost, they become melodies, clear of profile and course, engaging the ear, suggestive to the fancy. There is no mistaking the phrase of relentless fate that begins the symphony to recur through the first movement; as obvious are the contrasting measures of restless or lulled submission. The slow movement is a brooding and changeful music, wistful in itself and melancholy of impression—not passion for all Tschaikovsky's sounding phrases about it, but of a pensive sentiment. His hearers "feel with him." The instrumental whimsies, the play of the light rhythms, the floating phrases of the scherzo give as easy pleasure; and none may withstand the boisterous rushes and the clear folk-tune of the finale. Music with a tang to it, music of immediate and unmistakable suggestion, music that gives something of the pleasure of the theatre when we follow the moods and the voice of a personage clearly set before our eyes, music that is full of pleasing or stimulating diversions along the way. Gladly the listening ears hear the orchestra thrashing about with the motive of fate or lunging and lurching through the finale; as gladly they follow the caprices of the choirs through the scherzo or the appropriate instruments adding their color to the melancholy song. The workmanship is as transparent. To and fro through the orchestra goes a phrase that happens to catch Tschaikovsky's fancy; the arabesques spin themselves; at the due moment back comes the anticipated and easily recognizable melody. It all seems as easy as the pleasure of it and symphonic music does not often wear that guise.

Moreover, the music is full of the self-revelation—the expansive self-revelation—that most of us like to hear and with which Trahaikovsky is as prodigal as though he had a strain of the American temperament mixed with the temperament of the Slav. Reticence he knows not; the music of pure imagination lies not within his powers or even inclination; the music of universal voce speaking the impulses of the universal spirit or farther beyond them; he is little disposed to the music that might record and transfigure his impressions of external things as they reacted upon him. In these last three symphonies there is only one music that he can write—the music of his own individual sensations as he insistently reaches out his own spirit. It is he and not the universe of men that endures relentless fate in a sad restlessness or a drugged submission; it is his spirit that broods in vague longing and wistful memories; that tries to play with capricious fancies, that plunges deep and wild into rough and riotous pleasures. In lengthy letters to his friends he may write of all these things as though they were universal moods and sensations, pleasure and pain; but so doing he is busy once more, as in his recording of them in tones, with self examination and self-confession.

The practice is dangerous even for a nature less sensitive, neurotic and introspective than Tschaikovsky's. It narrows mind and spirit to purely individual, closely self-centred and often rather hysterical expression; it tortures nerves, that need not be so bared, that other nerves may tingle; and it comes gradually to take a sensuous and a morbid pleasunre in its own brooding. It dulls self-criticism and the mental faculties of control and selection. It relaxes standards. There is less hysteria in this fourth symphony, for example, than there is in the Pathetic; but there is more of this sensuous satisfaction in brooding and introspection to give form, body and color to motive and melody. The fourth is not so morbid as the fifth and the sixth symphonies, but there is the same relaxation in the choice of high means to high purpose. This self-revealing Tschaikovsky is as transparent as his music. With pleasure he feels his hearers feasting upon his spirit as well as upon his music. He and they have their sensuous satisfactions. No wonder that those who love pleasing and decidedly remote exhibitions of emotions that they themselves know not, cherish him as a composer. And in his music what a mellifluous and transparent revelation it is.

MARCH 4, 1916.
BOSTON HERALD,

16TH SYMPHONY CONCERT OF THE SEASON GIVEN

Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony Played—Shows Composer at His Best, Writing with Honesty and Frankness, His Musical Speech Being in Russian.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Tschaikowsky's Symphony, F minor, No. 4; Volkmann's Serenade for strings, F major; Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody.

The fourth symphony of Tschaikowsky was for a long time thought to be wild and barbaric. Even Mr. Nikisch, who was by no means lacking in courage, put only the two middle movements on a program of a concert here, and the whole symphony was played in Boston for the first time by the visiting New York Symphony Orchestra. The fifth was considered a much more "artistic" work. Then came the "Pathetic," which soon became as popular as a Turkish Patrol and thousands rejoiced in the luxury of woe and called on conductors for frequent hearings of the pessimistic document of the self-torturer.

Years go by. Fancies, likes and dislikes pass with them. If a man changes his skin every seven years, why should he not change his taste in art? Many now think that the Fourth Symphony is the one of the six that is most characteristic of the composer; the one that is also the most Russian in spirit. Only in the Trio of the Pathetic's Scherzo do they find a trace of the Slav-Orientalism with which the Fourth is charged. And for the Fourth, Tschaikowsky wrote a definite program that his friend Mme. von Meck might dilate with the proper emotion. This program, with the picture of the man checked in his pursuit of happiness by Fate; growing old and remembering bygone days when youth found pleasure in life; dreaming fantastical dreams in which he hears gutter-songs of drunkards, in which his imagination plays queer pranks; and then the moral, with the injunction to seek happiness among the simple folk—this program is entertaining; it is instructive to those who wish to know Tschaikowsky, the human being, better; but it is not indispensable to one while the music is playing. Tschaikowsky himself ended his letter to Mme. von Meck with these words: "It is the characteristic feature of instrumental music that it does not allow analysis."

There are certain vexing matters of detail peculiar to Tschaikowsky even in this symphony; as the tossing of a comparatively unimportant phrase from one instrument to another without thus avoiding monotony; ginger-bread ornamentation of a phrase that is impressive by its inherent melancholy or pathetic sentiment. There is also at times, as in the Finale, a rudeness of expression that dangerously approaches vulgarity; but here enters the skill of the conductor, who, when there is reason for it, should glorify vulgarity and give it dramatic intensity. By the way, did Leoncavallo ever hear the circus-phrase, the preliminary flourish in this Finale? It is singularly like a musical sentence in the opening scene of "Pagliacci."

This may be said of the symphony: it shows Tschaikowsky at his best, writing with the utmost honesty and frankness, not searching out dramatic effects, but pouring out his own gloomy thoughts, his own emotions. At the same time there his musical speech is in Russian. In this symphony the composer is not cosmopolitan; he is a Russian whose music makes a universal appeal; nor is he a Russian simply because in the Finale he uses a folk-song.

Revel's "Spanish Rhapsody" is delightfully impressionistic; a cunning study in rhythm and in orchestral colors. Is this music more faithful to Spain than Chabrier's Gorgeous "Espana," or Debussy's impression of Grenada? The Spaniards will not have "Carmen." What do they say to Granados or to Laparra with his "Habanera"? Perhaps some day when we visit our castles in Spain we may be able to determine positively this question for ourselves. Until then Ravel's "Rhapsody" is a fascinating work—but yesterday, in spite of the extraordinarily brilliant performance, we were wishing that the music was Chabrier's.

Between the two vivid works Volkmann's Serenade was a mild sedative: old-fashioned music by a composer once thought to be a radical, yet today the Waltz with its folk-spirit has a certain charm.

There were many features in the superb orchestral performance of the two chief compositions. It will be a long time before Mr. Longy's phrasing of the oboe song in Tschaikowsky's Andantino will be forgotten; and this was only one of many memorable moments.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 2; Schumann, piano concerto; Beethoven, Overture to "Coriolanus"; Stojowski, piano concerto, No. 2. Mr. Paderewski will be the pianist.

BOSTON JOURNAL
MARCH 4, 1916.

SYMPHONY MEN PLAY IN MOST BRILLIANT FORM

Given Ovation After Third Part of Tschaikowsky Work Yesterday.

Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony, which has become a regular biennial offering at the Symphony concerts, was performed yesterday with the customary success. The third movement—the scherzo—is played pizzicato for the most part. There are themes for wood-wind and for brass and kettle-drums, but the strings play the principal theme pizzicato. Yesterday the performance of the scherzo was given with such fire and skill that the audience insisted upon having the orchestra stand up and take its well-merited ovation without waiting for the symphony to end.

And if this were not glory enough for the strings for one day, they were given the Volkmann serenade in F major to play. This suave, melodious composition, with the charming waltz that is said to have inspired Eugene Field to write a fairy story, is altogether a thing of beauty and therefore a joy forever; and it was performed con amore under Dr. Muck's sympathetic direction.

Equally brilliant, in its way, was the performance of Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody," the third and last number on one of the best programs of the year. The same program will be presented again tonight.

Paderewski will play twice at next week's concerts—an unusual proceeding, akin to the encores that he alone is permitted to play at Symphony concerts, as the occasion may demand. The master pianist has chosen the Schumann concerto in A minor and a new concerto by Stojowski. The orchestra will play the Sibelius symphony in D major and Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture.

TRANSCRIPT, MONDAY,
MARCH 6, 1916

ANNUAL WAGNER

THE USUAL FRAGMENTS UNDER DR. MUCK

The Routine Repertory Once More—Reasons Why It Should Be Widened—The Pleasure of the Audience, the Eloquence of the Conductor and the Response of the Band—The Good-Friday Spell from "Parsifal" for Relative Novelty

IF Wagner's music-dramas were regularly represented in Boston on an operatic stage, as they are in most capitals of music, there would be no occasion for "Wagner Concerts" in which fragments of those same music-dramas are played as quasi-symphonic pieces by an orchestra. As it is, we are dependent upon such performances of Wagner's operas as the Metropolitan Company may bring to us—three or four at most in a fortnight in the spring and seldom of any music-drama of the Ring. Through the rest of the season, if we are to hear Wagner's operatic music at all, we must receive it from the Symphony Orchestra. But Dr. Muck, like most conductors accustomed to Wagner in the theatre, has little inclination toward him in the concert-room. The "Faust Overture" and the "Siegfried Idyl," which are purely symphonic pieces, he puts on his programmes oftener than did most of his predecessors; but he is more sparing than they with the overtures and the preludes, which in the concert-room, may also pass for symphonic music—with a programme. Into the Symphony Concerts, he will obtrude not another measure of Wagner's music; and it was difficult to persuade him to open even the concerts for the Pension Fund to isolated fragments of the music-dramas, like the Apotheosis of Siegfried in

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No wonder that the house so rose to the Russian's music. The motives out of which it is to expand may not overpass the dullest ear; on the instant, almost, they become melodies, clear of profile and course, engaging the ear, suggestive to the fancy. There is no mistaking the phrase of relentless fate that begins the symphony to recur through the first movement; as obvious are the contrasting measures of restless or lulled submission. The slow movement is a brooding and changeful music, wistful in itself and melancholy of impression—not passion for all Tschaikovsky's sounding phrases about it, but of a pensive sentiment. His hearers "feel with him." The instrumental whimsies, the play of the light rhythms, the floating phrases of the scherzo give as easy pleasure; and none may withstand the boisterous rushes and the clear folk-tune of the finale. Music with a tang to it, music of immediate and unmistakable suggestion, music that gives something of the pleasure of the theatre when we follow the moods and the voice of a personage clearly set before our eyes, music that is full of pleasing or stimulating diversions along the way. Gladly the listening ears hear the orchestra thrashing about with the motive of fate or lunging and lurching through the finale; as gladly they follow the caprices of the choirs through the scherzo or the appropriate instruments adding their color to the melancholy song. The workmanship is as transparent. To and fro through the orchestra goes a phrase that happens to catch Tschaikovsky's fancy; the arabesques spin themselves; at the due moment back comes the anticipated and easily recognizable melody. It all seems as easy as the pleasure of it and symphonic music does not often wear that guise.

Moreover, the music is full of the self-revelation—the expansive self-revelation—that most of us like to hear and with which Trahaikovsky is as prodigal as though he had a strain of the American temperament mixed with the temperament of the Slav. Reticence he knows not; the music of pure imagination lies not within his powers or even inclination; the music of universal voce speaking the impulses of the universal spirit or farther beyond them; he is little disposed to the music that might record and transfigure his impressions of external things as they reacted upon him. In these last three symphonies there is only one music that he can write—the music of his own individual sensations as he insistently reaches out his own spirit. It is he and not the puiverse of men that endures relentless fate in a sad restlessness or a drugged submission; it is his spirit that broods in vague longing and wistful memories; that tries to play with capricious fancies, that plunges deep and wild into rough and riotous pleasures. In lengthy letters to his friends he may write of all these things as though they were universal moods and sensations, pleasure and pain; but so doing he is busy once more, as in his recording of them in tones, with self examination and self-confession.

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MARCH 4, 1916.

BOSTON HERALD,

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BOSTON JOURNAL-

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TRANSCRIPT, MONDAY,

MARCH 6, 1916

ANNUAL WAGNER

THE USUAL FRAGMENTS UNDER DR. MUCK

The Routine Repertory Once More—Reasons Why It Should Be Widened—The Pleasure of the Audience, the Eloquence of the Conductor and the Response of the Band—The Good-Friday Spell from "Parsifal" for Relative Novelty

IF Wagner's music-dramas were regularly represented in Boston on an operatic stage, as they are in most capitals of music, there would be no occasion for "Wagner Concerts" in which fragments of those samè music-dramas are played as quasi-symphonic pieces by an orchestra. As it is, we are dependent upon such performances of Wagner's operas as the Metropolitan Company may bring to us—three or four at most in a fortnight in the spring and seldom of any music-drama of the Ring. Through the rest of the season, if we are to hear Wagner's operatic music at all, we must receive it from the Symphony Orchestra. But Dr. Muck, like most conductors accustomed to Wagner in the theatre, has little inclination toward him in the concert-room. The "Faust Overture" and the "Siegfried Idyl," which are purely symphonic pieces, he puts on his programmes oftener than did most of his predecessors; but he is more sparing than they with the overtures and the preludes, which in the concert-room, may also pass for symphonic music—with a programme. Into the Symphony Concerts, he will obtrude not another measure of Wagner's music; and it was difficult to persuade him to open even the concerts for the Pension Fund to isolated fragments of the music-dramas, like the Apotheosis of Siegfried in

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"Götterdämmerung" or the Good Friday Spell in "Parsifal," or to arrangements of more or less interrelated music from them. Now he has so far yielded as not only to admit the self-contained excerpts aforesaid but also such manufactured pieces as the potpourri from the third act of "Die Meistersinger" and Richter's collocation of passages at the end of "Siegfried" and the beginning of "Götterdämmerung," that he included in his programme of yesterday as he has once or twice before in concerts for the Pension Fund.

Now, to yield so far is to yield the principle at stake. If fragments of Wagner's music-dramas are to be played at all in the concert-room—and operatic conditions in Boston imperatively require that they be so played, if we are to hear his music often—why confine the excerpts to a narrow routine? The Good Friday spell and the Glorification of Siegfried are not one whit more self-contained music than are the introductions to the third acts of "Tristan" or "Tannhäuser"; yet we never hear these at our "Wagner Concerts." Nay, the curtain has not risen while either is played, whereas the Good Friday spell is music to a visible picture and even occasional speech on the stage. Exactly similar music of picture and atmosphere is that for the Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla at the end of "Rheingold" or of the Forest Scene in "Siegfried," yet Dr. Muck will have none of them. Of course, it is true that the two introductions bear a definite relation to what has preceded them and to what will follow them in the music-drama before the eyes and the ears of the spectator. But is it any more essential to illusion than all that precedes and all that follows the Apotheosis of Siegfried? Yet Dr. Muck willingly plays the one in Pension Fund concerts, but rejects the others. The closing scene of "Rheingold" and the episodes of the sun-lit and whirring forest in "Siegfried" do not differ in their relation to visible sights and audible speech on the stage from the Good Friday music in "Parsifal," but Dr. Muck rejects the two pieces from the Ring operas and accepts the fragment of the "sacred festival play." Beyond peradventure the conductor has a logical mind, but wherein is the logic of these arbitrary distinctions that keep the music of Wagner that we hear from him in the rut of routine.

Admittedly, the collocations of fragments from this or that act of Wagner's music-dramas or from the whole opera itself, do not well bear æsthetic tests. That from the third act of "Die Meistersinger," played yesterday, is for example, no more than the Introduction, the Apprentices' Dance, the Entrance of the Masters and the Acclamation of Sachs set in a row along which orchestra and audience move as before an array of specimens. Richter's arrangement of the music that leads Siegfried to sight of Brünhilde upon her fire-girt rock, that hymns their great love and that sends him forth along the Rhine does have more symphonic continuity and is more artfully put together; but the whole justification of it is, no less, the measure of Wagner that it preserves to the concert-room. Neither the one nor the other piece is appreciably better or worse by purely æsthetic standards than many another such arrangement, like Colonne's epitome of "Das Rheingold," for example or Thomas's of various scenes in the Ring operas that Mr. Stock occasionally uses to this day in Chicago. Collocations from "Die Walküre" or "Siegfried" or "Tristan" are not a whit more divorced from speech, action and picture on the stage and the conditions of the theatre generally than are the pieces from the third act of "Die Meistersinger." Dr. Muck sacrificed his consistency when he admitted two of these arrangements to the Pension Fund concerts. He would be no more inconsistent, he would pleasure his public and he would do service to Wagner, if he now found room for others. Possibly, however, as there is no arguing about tastes, so there is no reasoning about prejudices.

Unquestionably a numerous, eager and dependable public craves these excerpts from Wagner that in the length, breadth and thickness of our musical year (which are considerable) only these concerts for the Pension Fund afford. A "Wagner Programme" is the one "sure thing" in the semi-annual arrangements for them—surer even than Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony" or cherished pieces of Beethoven. Yesterday, as many times before, the audience filled the concert-room from the highest to the lowest-priced seats, listened intently, applauded warmly and testified to its satisfaction in every way that such a company may do. In it, moreover, was every sort of listener from the connoisseurs of music in this town and the devotees of the Symphony Orchestra down to the hungry seekers after Wagner in any guise and the chance concert-goer for the pleasure he may receive. With all of these, better the overtures and the collocations which they had heard many times than no Wagner at all; they will come to hear them, so long as Dr. Muck elects to play them; but to question them and to note their chance talk in the intermission and between the numbers was to learn quickly that they are hungrier still for music from Wagner that now they never hear. Dr. Muck was scrupulously and persuasively loyal to Wagner, from his point of view, so long as he would admit nothing to the concert-room but the overtures, the preludes and the two symphonic pieces; but having let down the bars to excerpts he is not so loyal when he walks in the present path of routine. In a measure Boston is an operaless city; in still larger measure it is a Wagnerless city ouside what of the music-dramas the Pension Fund concerts let fall on us.

Dr. Muck, moreover, is a celebrated conductor of opera—one of the few of the justest and the highest eminence in our time; the chances are that he will never lead in the theatre in Boston or anywhere else in the United States, unless an unbelievable good fortune should some time crown the desire of the Metropolitan to make him its chief conductor; and Bostonian ears may only "sample" him, as it were, in such capacity when he plays these fragments of Wagner at the Pension Fund concerts. Memory is thick with recollections of his eloquence in them that the concert of yesterday renewed and amplified. We may seldom hear in the opera house such heightening modulation of pace and rhythm as he brought to the folk-dance from "Die Meistersinger," such mellow pomps of striding tone as ushered the masters upon the scene; such suspense and culmination, such illusion of all the assembled throng in song as that with which the orchestra acclaimed Sachs. Through the introduction to the third act, a single voice might have been speaking in soliloquy, such was the beauty of tone, the perfection of melting or pointed phrase, the sensuous suggestion of gentle or animated musing with which Dr. Muck suffused the music. The heroic clangors of Siegfried's ascent stilled themselves into the music of his awed wonder at the sight of the sleeping Valkyr and of the deep-voiced song that broods over them in the dawning. Then, of a sudden—as is the way of these arrangements—he was riding the Rhine in the flow of the Rhine-Daughters' melody. Again the sensuous beauty, the dramatic import and the pictorial quality of the music moved unitedly and thrillingly. It was epical and it was sung in the ears of the audience. The superb rush of the sea music, as in tonal gale, at the beginning of the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," is an old story "at these concerts" under Dr. Muck's hand. The upswelling breadth and depth of the closing measures of the overture to "Tannhäuser," as though all the choirs of all the earth were singing it, is as old. So, too, is the sensual bite and the lustful tang of the Venusberg and the tonal apotheosis—radiance above and darkness beneath—of Senta and her mariner. Yet in Wagner's music and under Dr. Muck's hand, they sound ever new.

As is the conductor, so is the orchestra in these "Wagner Concerts." The frequenter of them waits in eager anticipation for the violins and then the violoncellos to sing as one man—and with what beauty of tone and what long-drawn loveliness of phrase! —the song of Siegfried and Brünnhilde; for the horns to intone the golden melody of the Rhine; for the rush of the excited strings before the Masters come; for Mr. Sand with the voice of Senta or of Tannhäuser in praise of Venus; for the richness of the brass in the quiring of the Pilgrims. The newcomer hears for the first time and the psychologists may decide whether the thrill of surprised or anticipated sensation is the keener. New to all ears, yesterday, was the Good-Friday Spell from "Parsifal," under Dr. Muck's hands. In San Francisco, last spring he added it to the Wagnerian repertory of the orchestra that the vernal freshness and stir, the soft limpidity and the gentle serenity of the music might exhale from its tones. So much of the music of "Parsifal" seems the super-refinement in tones of Wagner's visioning. Here his lyric vision of the springtide in the solitary and shining meadows of the grail springs into instant but not less perfect being. It is his lyric of lyrics, even though the "Siegfried Idyl" stood beside it yesterday, with all the familiar wonders of a performance in which the orchestra sings and trills with a voice of shimmering and gossamer tones of which no human throat knows the secret and the conductor opens not only the immediate loveliness of the music but all that it implies of affection so deep and stirred that it must whisper even its joy. And operaless, Wagnerless Boston has barely one such concert in a whole musical year.

H. T. P.

BOSTON POST,

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Master Playing at Pension Fund Concert

A large and representative audience gathered in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon when the Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, was given, with a Wagner programme. This programme was as follows: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," "Siegfried Idyll," selections from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung," arranged by Hans Richter; "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," introduction to 3d act of "Die Meistersinger," and overture to "Tannhauser."

The performances were brilliant, authoritative; the performances of a virtuoso orchestra led by a conductor deeply imbued with Wagnerian tradition. A conductor, moreover, who understands well the fact that tonal beauty was not the last consideration with Wagner.

In Dr. Muck's hands any work sounds euphonious, but in reading Wagner his peculiar sensitiveness to tonal values, his esthetic appreciation, goes hand in hand with his dramatic sense. Interpreted with such authority and appreciation these Wagnerian scores, by the side of later compositions, scores that once seemed mad to men, have now a flavor of classic repose and grandeur. The lines are so big and noble; the orchestra is so deep, so fundamental in its tone qualities. Where is the secret? Beside Wagner's orchestra the orchestra of Richard Strauss, for instance, is coarse and vulgar. In some way [illegible] these simple and powerful sonorities seemed to have died. No greater master of the orchestra has appeared.

The programme offered a historic resume of Wagner's development as an artist, and further offered testimony to the versatility as well as the greatness of Wagner's expression. The orchestra excelled itself; the conductor, apparently as contained, as alert and master of himself as ever, bowed his thanks in acknowledgment of the most enthusiastic applause.

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BIG AUDIENCE AT PENSION CONCERT

Symphony Orchestra Heard in an All-Wagner Program.

Only at pension concert funds, like the one given yesterday, can the musical public hear the Symphony Orchestra in a Wagner program, and even on these occasions the well-beaten path is followed pretty closely.

However, Bostonians are glad to grasp even at these crumbs from the Wagner table, and yesterday Symphony Hall was filled with an enthusiastic audience. The public is always generous toward these pension concerts, for it is proud of the Symphony Orchestra; and it has a warm regard for Dr. Muck, who ranks abroad among the few approved Wagner conductors. But he does not cull much from the Bayreuth programs during the regular Symphony season. He believes that the opera House is the best place for most of the works of the Leipsic genius. Unfortunately, in the opera house, even when the Metropolitan company comes to town, only certain more or less fashionable features of the Wagnerian repertoire are ever presented.

Yesterday the program embraced the "Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhaeuser" overtures, the "Siegfried Idyll," selections from "Siegfried" and "Goetterdaemmerung," the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal" and selections from the third act of "Die Meistersinger."

At the end of the first part of the program, and again at the conclusion, the whole orchestra had to stand up and join Dr. Muck in acknowledgment of the applause.

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Although a long programme, the unusually large audience remained seated to the very end, with particularly enthusiastic applause after "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhauser" Overtures. These two well-known compositions never lose their charm and the orchestra played them as if inspired. The remainder of the numbers were not quite as well known as the opening and closing overtures, yet under Dr. Muck's able leadership they also revealed much of their wonderful meaning. It is only with such an organization as this orchestra that many of the beauties of Wagner can be brought forth, especially in the slow tempos.

Criticism is hardly in keeping with the spirit of the concert, so suffice it to say that the afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed by a large number of people in aid of a most worthy cause.

A. E. W.

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"Götterdämmerung" or the Good Friday Spell in "Parsifal," or to arrangements of more or less interrelated music from them. Now he has so far yielded as not only to admit the self-contained excerpts aforesaid but also such manufactured pieces as the potpourri from the third act of "Die Meistersinger" and Richter's collocation of passages at the end of "Siegfried" and the beginning of "Götterdämmerung," that he included in his programme of yesterday as he has once or twice before in concerts for the Pension Fund.

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SYMPHONY GIVES PENSION FUND CONCERT

A large audience attended the Pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday. Dr. Muck conducted. A Wagner program was played, including the following: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; Siegfried Idyll; selections from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung," arranged by Hans Richter; Good Friday music from "Parsifal"; selection from "Die Meistersinger," and the overture to "Tannhauser."

The audience was generous of its applause and the orchestra itself showed that it had caught the spirit of the occasion. Wagner's themes, rich in unconventional contrivance, yet most exacting in demands on the wind and reed instruments, suffice to tax the resources of any well-equipped body of players; for the Symphony Orchestra they have slight terrors, since the instruments, some of them ever so infrequently employed, are at hand, and the men behind them are beyond the criticism which might befall less well trained and tried musicians.

The Good Friday music from "Parsifal" was given with all reverence due to the dignity and melodic richness with which Wagner invested it. Even more effective was the selection from "Die Meistersinger," which included the introduction to Act III., the dance of apprentices, and the procession of the Meistersingers. The concluding number, the always popular overture to "Tannhauser," and as familiar to the frequenters of the "Pops" in summer as to the possibly more serious patrons of the mid-winter concerts, was given with admirable spirit.

BOSTON GLOBE

MARCH 6.

PENSION CONCERT.

Dr Muck Gives Another All Wagner Program.

Audience, Filling All Symphony Hall Seats, Applauds Orchestra.

Dr Muck offered another all Wagner program at the concert for the Pension Fund yesterday afternoon. The numbers were as follows: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," "A Siegfried Idyll," Hans Richter's arrangement from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdamerung," including Siegfried's passage to Bruennhilde's rock from the third act of the first and "Morning Dawn" and Siegfried's "Rhine Journey" from the first act of the second; "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," selection from "The Mastersingers," including introduction to the scene of Sachs' soliloquy, "Dance of the Apprentices, Procession of the Mastersingers and Homage to Hans Sachs"; overture to "Tannhauser."

The incongruity Dr Muck believes to exist in introducing excerpts from the Wagnerian music dramas into the concert room is known to all who follow the ways of the Symphony Orchestra. The absence of Wagner from the usual Friday and Saturday concerts, except as some soloist sings from him, as Miss Farrar recently sang Elsa's first aria from "Lohengrin," whets the public appetite the keener for the once a year concert for the Pension Fund; when, as yesterday, the audience fills all seats.

These occasions are more significant than the element of the unusual or the aid to the beneficiary account of the orchestra would indicate. At them Dr Muck appears for the only times in this country as a conductor of opera, insofar as such performance of excerpts from Wagner without the singers, the equipment and setting of the opera house can be so named. In Europe his fame has been chiefly that of a conductor of opera. In this country he is known solely in symphonic music.

The concert yesterday, in which Wagner's scores were played with a virtuosity in detail, a sense of balance, a flood of euphony, is peculiar to these occasions, which well may have prompted in many the desire to see Dr Muck enabled to show his powers as a conductor of opera; made general director here of a season of opera as of Symphony concerts, the latter to be less frequent than now, and to alternate in some manner with performances in the opera house. Taste for neither would become surfeited, for a gorging operatic season of three filled weeks at any time invites surfeit, and some equality for both institutions in basis of artistic direction, equipment and social constituency then could be obtained.

MONITOR, BOSTON

MARCH 6, 1916

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PLAYS FOR PENSION FUND

SYMPHONY HALL—Boston Symphony orchestra in concert in aid of its Pension Fund, afternoon of March 5. The program from works by Richard Wagner was as follows:

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BOSTON GLOBE—

MARCH 11.

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Brings New Concerto of Unequal Value.

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Mr Paderewski may have his own reasons for choosing the work of his fellow-countryman and former pupil for this occasion. Mr Stojowski lives in New York, where he gives lessons upon the piano. He has appeared in Boston on several occasions as a pianist, in ensemble and in recital. A pianist himself, he has written a singularly unpianistic concerto. The solo instrument for the greater part is embroiled with its fellows, struggling to avert being engulfed by them. At other times it is one of them in the general treatment of ideas that have no particular relation to the piano as a means of expression.

There was the fine passage of impassioned song in the orchestra to the sweeping embroideries in the piano and the solo instruments share in the theme to the final variations which are to be remembered with the few lyric moments, but these are rare. For the greater part the pianist sets in the orchestra; he is required to reinforce its dramatic [illegible] cal fabric which often is purely orchestral, if it is anything, far more often than it is calculated to offer a medium to a solo instrument with an orchestral frame.

There are some fine thoughts in Mr Stojowski's music, but they are jumbled with much that is irrelevant. The score is cluttered. There is too little definiteness of purpose. There are too many fragmentary ideas. The theme in the finale, together with parts of the first movement, should be excellent material for a work reflecting the composer's ardent spirit and animation, but with greater unity and clearness.

Mr Paderewski of course made the most of the music; displayed the magnetism, authority and fire which long have distinguished him. As the one alone for whom such dispensation exists, he played at the close of the program, and was compelled by the usual demonstration following to add to it.

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BOSTON HERALD,

MARCH 11, 1916.

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Paderewski, Soloist, Plays Piano Concerto No. 2 by Stojowski, First Time in Boston—Composer Present and Is Led Upon Stage by Pianist to Acknowledge Plaudits.

By PHILIP HALE.

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When Mr. Gericke produced this symphony of Sibelius 12 years ago, the music was unintelligible to many in the audience, who could say only this: it was depressing. The composer was classed with Dismal Jemmy. The symphony was not heard again for nearly six years. Dr. Muck had not put it on a program before yesterday. It probably appealed to him as it did to Mr. Fiedler before him.

The music was undoubtedly effective yesterday, but the applause was incited chiefly by the sonorous close. The constant repetition of a short theme with ever increasing force excited the nerves of the hearers. Nearly every "apotheosis," provided it be broad and vigorous—not to say screaming—will put the hearers in a state when they too are eager to make a joyful noise.

The symphony as a whole is a strange work, which in purely musical quality and in dramatic expression, falls below the first symphony of this composer. The themes of the first two movements are vague; they are short wails, or snorts of defiance. The treatment of them is episodic. The Scherzo has more sustained interest and the Finale to which it is joined without a pause is, as we have said, effective, mainly by reason of repetition and the long crescendo.

Here and there are passages of wild beauty and imposing strength, but they are separated by others that are not interesting. The instrumentation is too often thick and muddy. Where the musical thought is clothed in becoming and picturesque orchestral dress Sibelius has a trick of introducing instruments, especially the brass, which are incongruous, damaging to the established mood, and without a really striking contrast. It is as if a garment of garish or vulgar color where suddenly added to those in quiet taste.

Mr. Stojowski's concerto was played for the first time in Boston. Performed for the first time in London in 1913, when the composer was the pianist, it was played by Mr. Stojowski in New York a year ago, and by Mr. Paderewski in New York last week.

It had been announced that Mr. Paderewski at the concert yesterday would play this concerto, also Schumann's, which he has never played, at a subscription concert of the orchestra in Boston. The disappointment was keen. The two concertos, however, would have made the program unreasonably long. Mr. Paderewski preferred, then, to do honor to his fellow-countryman.

Stojowski's concerto has many pages that at once win favor. It is tuneful; the themes are easily grasped; the Scherzo is vivacious and a free use of pulsatile instruments keeps the attention alert. The Prologue is really a first movement. It is, on the whole, the best constructed and the most expressive. The Scherzo contains much that is only agreeable tinkling, but the swiftness, a certain grace, and a sparkling instrumental dress insure immediate popularity. The Finale is a theme with variations. Like nearly all composers who employ the variation form, Mr. Stojowski has no mercy on the endurance of his hearers. If the number in this concerto were reduced to one-half, the whole effect would be greater. There are pleasing pages; there are some that have genuine beauty; others show merely toil and trouble.

BOSTON HERALD.

MARCH 6, 1916

SYMPHONY GIVES PENSION FUND CONCERT

A large audience attended the Pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday. Dr. Muck conducted. A. Wagner program was played, including the following: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; Siegfried Idyll; selections from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung," arranged by Hans Richter; Good Friday music from "Parsifal"; selection from "Die Meistersinger," and the overture to "Tannhauser."

The audience was generous of its applause and the orchestra itself showed that it had caught the spirit of the occasion. Wagner's themes, rich in unconventional contrivance, yet most exacting in demands on the wind and reed instruments, suffice to tax the resources of any well-equipped body of players; for the Symphony Orchestra they have slight terrors, since the instruments, some of them ever so infrequently employed, are at hand, and the men behind them are beyond the criticism which might befall less well trained and tried musicians.

The Good Friday music from "Parsifal" was given with all reverence due to the dignity and melodic richness with which Wagner invested it. Even more effective was the selection from "Die Meistersinger," which included the introduction to Act III., the dance of apprentices, and the procession of the Meistersingers. The concluding number, the always popular overture to "Tannhauser," and as familiar to the frequenters of the "Pops" in summer as to the possibly more serious patrons of the mid-winter concerts, was given with admirable spirit.

BOSTON GLOBE

MARCH 6.

PENSION CONCERT.

Dr Muck Gives Another All Wagner Program.

Audience, Filling All Symphony Hall Seats, Applauds Orchestra.

Dr Muck offered another all Wagner program at the concert for the Pension Fund yesterday afternoon. The numbers were as follows: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," "A Siegfried Idyll," Hans Richter's arrangement from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdamerung," including Siegfried's passage to Bruennhilde's rock from the third act of the first and "Morning Dawn" and Siegfried's "Rhine Journey" from the first act of the second; "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," selection from "The Mastersingers," including introduction to the scene of Sachs' soliloquy, "Dance of the Apprentices, Procession of the Mastersingers and Homage to Hans Sachs"; overture to "Tannhauser."

The incongruity Dr Muck believes to exist in introducing excerpts from the Wagnerian music dramas into the concert room is known to all who follow the ways of the Symphony Orchestra. The absence of Wagner from the usual Friday and Saturday concerts, except as some soloist sings from him, as Miss Farrar recently sang Elsa's first aria from "Lohengrin," whets the public appetite the keener for the once a year concert for the Pension Fund; when, as yesterday, the audience fills all seats.

These occasions are more significant than the element of the unusual or the aid to the beneficiary account of the orchestra would indicate. At them Dr Muck appears for the only times in this country as a conductor of opera, insofar as such performance of excerpts from Wagner without the singers, the equipment and setting of the opera house can be so named. In Europe his fame has been chiefly that of a conductor of opera. In this country he is known solely in symphonic music.

The concert yesterday, in which Wagner's scores were played with a virtuosity in detail, a sense of balance, a flood of euphony, is peculiar to these occasions, which well may have prompted in many the desire to see Dr Muck enabled to show his powers as a conductor of opera; made general director here of a season of opera as of Symphony concerts, the latter to be less frequent than now, and to alternate in some manner with performances in the opera house. Taste for neither would become surfeited, for a gorging operatic season of three filled weeks at any time invites surfeit, and some equality for both institutions in basis of artistic direction, equipment and social constituency then could be obtained.

MONITOR, BOSTON

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It is needless to say that Mr. Paderewski, who was warmly greeted, played the concerto con amore, bestowing on the work of his fellow-countryman the care and attention that he would give to that of any "classic" composer. He brought out all that was inherently fine, and pages that were less interesting had for the moment an excuse for their existence. Fortunate composer, to have such a pianist, such a conductor and such an orchestra to introduce an unfamiliar work before an audience not personally acquainted with him! Stojowski was led upon the stage by Mr. Paderewski, and they, with Dr. Muck, bowed repeatedly. The audience insisted on Mr. Paderewski playing for it after the concert was at an end.

This concert will be repeated tonight. There will be none next week. The program for March 24 and 25 will be as follows: Goetz, overture "Spring"; Volkmann, Concerto in A-minor for 'cello (Mr. Warnke, 'cellist); Hill, symphonic poem, "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere" (first time here); Mendelssohn, "Italian" Symphony.

ADVERTISER, SATURDAY

MARCH 11, 1916

PADEREWSKI AND SYMPHONY CONCERT

PIANIST TRIUMPHANT AND CROWD ADORING

Sibelius and Beethoven Sufficient Sop to Those With Orchestral Tastes

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Sibelius. Second Symphony. D major.
Beethoven. "Coriolanus" Overture.
Stojowski. Prelude, Scherzo and Variations. Piano and Orchestra.
Soloist, Ignaz Paderewski.

When Paderewski appears at the Symphony Concerts the orchestra hitches its wagon to a star and consequently becomes a trailer. It was not to hear the Sibelius symphony or the "Coriolanus" overture that a crowd of patient waiters began to gather at the hall door early yesterday morning in the midst of a snow storm. We are afraid that Sibelius and Beethoven, on this occasion, were merely tolerated by many of the audience. Stojowski's work was intrinsically not the least important upon the programme. But if Paderewski chose to play Czerny's "Velocity Studies" he would still draw an adoring crowd. Nevertheless we may voice our regret that the noble Schumann concerto, which was first announced, was withdrawn. That would have given us the king of pianists in a fittingly royal work, even though the Stojowski concerto was astonishingly effective.

Nevertheless Sibelius and Beethoven were a sufficient sop to the Cerberus with orchestral tastes. Sibelius' second symphony is by no means as crabbed as his fourth, yet, possibly on account of its sombre content, it has not often been given here. Gericke introduced it and Fiedler played it, and it was interesting to study Mr. Muck's interpretation yesterday. He made much of its solemnity and gave its sadness as if he were illustrating Longfellow's lines:—

> "A feeling of Sadness comes o'er me
> That is not akin to Pain,
> And resembles Sorrow only
> As the Mist resembles Rain."

Hon. Andrew D. White, long our Ambassador to Russia, has told the present writer that the Finns seemed to him the noblest people that he had come in contact with in Europe. It may be that Sibelius is to do for Finland what Chopin did for Poland. May he have a happier history to transmute into tones.

Originality is in every part of the work. Not that St. Vitus kind of originality which is in much modern music, but an originality that is combined with sincerity. The very first movement has a chief theme that is strikingly new without being bizarre. The tone-coloring, too, is effective and Sibelius seems as thorough a master of the wind instruments in deep register as Tschaikowsky himself.

There is an attractive weirdness to the second movement which is emphasized by the basso ostinato of the contra-basses, with pizzicato mystery against a strange theme on the bassoons, excellently played. If the second movement had been shorter it would have been more effective, but when a Scandinavian gets to brooding it is impossible to confine him within reasonable limits.

In the last two movements one found the folk-song flavor of the North. Sibelius has the knack of catching this folk-song spirit so thoroughly that many commentators have imagined that he used the actual songs of the people. All his themes are his own, however. In much of the northern music there is a picturesque monotony of reiteration which has a peculiar charm, but we think that Sibelius drives this too far, so that much becomes mere and meaningless repetition. The ground bass seems a favorite device of Sibelius, for after the long one of the second movement (pizzicato), we found another in the finale. But the climax was very noble and Dr. Muck read it with great breadth. This symphony has moments of genius, even if it is not entirely a masterpiece. It is too fragmentary, however. Dr. Muck read the last portion in King Cambyses' vein and the brasses were often very heavy. The trumpeters fairly blew their lips off. Nevertheless the symphony won two recalls and a stand-up!

What a pity that Beethoven never read Shakespeare! He would have given the most wonderful orchestral pictures of an Othello or a Lear that could be imagined. This "Coriolanus" is Collins not Shakespeare, but none the less the imperious character of the hero is drawn as if the composer had read the lines:—

> "His nature is too noble for the world:
> He would not flatter Neptune for his Trident,
> Or Jove for's power to thunder."

To us Beethoven's greatest overtures are those where he depicts such a hero, as in this or in the "Egmont" overture. The massive, broad strokes with which he does this are worth more than the frenzies of the "Leonore No. 2" or "No. 3." Right nobly did Dr. Muck read the three figures which begin the work and reappear in the centre and at the end, and the subordinate theme was given in tender contrast. The graphic picture of death, in the Coda, was also very effectively drawn. But here there was not so much applause, for all were now waiting for the great event.

Then came the magnetic Pole, with his Stojowski offering. If we ventured to regret the Schumann concerto it would still be unjust to imagine Mr. Sigismond Stojowski as an unknown or inferior composer. He won the first prize for composition, as well as piano-playing, at the Paris Conservatoire, and he has been a favorite pupil of Paderewski. We recall hearing him in Boston some 10 years ago, when he gave the impression of being a Jupiter Tonans of the piano, and his compositions left a good impression. This concerto is a composition of real value.

It is the first time that we have heard one of Mr. Stojowski's works in the large forms. We are thankful that he keeps to symmetrical form and is not a disciple of tonal ugliness. It is needless to say that his work was played with all possible effect. Paderewski abundantly proved that he is still the greatest living pianist.

The concerto is a free one, as the title in the above programme may show. It stands to the classical concerto about as the symphonic poem does to the Symphony. It begins and ends in free Fantasia style. The orchestration is good and the piano well interwoven with it. There are noble climaxes, well worked up, and the great pianist made the most of these.

The Prologue is long for such a prelude, but the work as a whole is of modest dimensions. The contrasts between pastoral and military effects in the Scherzo are finely arranged.

The theme of the finale is a splendid one, both intrinsically and for variation purposes. But we scarcely like the variation form for a concerto finale; it generally puts ingenuity in the fore, and poetry in the background. Nevertheless, these variations were in excellent contrast of power, rhythm, and general treatment, and the final pianissimo ending came as a surprise.

Altogether then there was a "raison d'estre" for the Stojowski concerto, and when Paderewski brought forth the composer from the green-room there was intense enthusiasm.

The programme was ended, and yet nobody left the hall; in fact, almost everybody remained seated. This was because they knew the Symphony Concert rule: "No artist is allowed to accept an encore—EXCEPT PADEREWSKI!" Therefore, when we left the building the great pianist was giving a supplementary programme, to the frenzied delight of a vast crowd of rapt adorers.

BOSTON JOURNAL

MARCH 11.

PADEREWSKI IS THE SYMPHONY CONCERT STAR

Ovation Follows Performance of Concerto by Stojowski.

Paderewski's presence made yesterday's Symphony concert one of the most remarkable events of the season —in more than one way.

In the first place, the fact that the great Polish pianist was the soloist led directly to the introduction of the second concerto by Sigismond Stojowski, which, although it is now nearly three years old, is a novelty in Boston. It is a rambling composition noteworthy on account of its frequent lyrical passages and its many fine technical points.

It is not profoundly emotional or intellectual, but it bids fair to be popular, after the style of the Tschaikowsky concerto, which it recalls from time to time; and yesterday there was a big outburst of enthusiasm when the performance was over.

The scene at this point was fit for the historical painter. Paderewski courteously and justly insisted that the orchestra should receive due acknowledgment for matching him in a brilliant performance, and he walked over and took a two-handed grip on Dr. Muck and heroically dragged the leader out of his retirement behind the grand piano. Then, as the applause went on, the pianist brought forth the composer, and then both Paderewski and Stojowski pulled Dr. Muck out of his hiding place again. After that the composer went around shaking hands and the pianist continued his jacknife bows.

Finally, Paderewski exercised the privilege which seems to belong to him alone, and he sat down at the piano again and played the Aria or slow movement from Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor. The audience applauded for more, but down went the lid of the piano, and the extraordinary concert was over.

No doubt somewhat similar scenes will be acted tonight, for the delectation of those who weekly sit at the Symphony second-table.

The concert began with an eloquent performance of the Sibelius symphony in D major, which seems to tell of the gloom and tragedy in Finland's history. For the first time, Symphony patrons heard the symphony exactly as Sibelius wrote it, for Dr. Muck did not follow his predecessors into tinkering with it. It is a symphony with a noble gloom and rage. Then followed another beautiful performance of Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture.

There will be no concerts next week. On March 24 and 25 the program will present a novelty in the shape of a symphonic poem by E. B. Hill, called "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere;" Gotz' "Spring" overture, Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony and Volkmann's concerto for 'cello and orchestra, with Heinrich Warnke as soloist.

BOSTON POST,

MARCH 11, 1916

PADEREWSKI PLAYS WITH SYMPHONY

Pianist and Sibelius' Work Share the Honors

BY OLIN DOWNES

Ignace Paderewski was the soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Paderewski played Sigismund Stojowski's second concerto for piano and orchestra, which was heard for the first time here.

Sibelius' second symphony, a mighty work, made scarcely less of an impression on the audience than the remarkable performance of Mr. Paderewski.

PLAYED AS WRITTEN

Performing the second symphony yesterday for the first time since he has been in Boston, Dr. [illegible] occasion to restore passages which Mr. Fiedler cut. Mr. Fiedler, as his performances showed, did not lack enthusiasm and understanding of this work, but he feared its length, and he made some substantial shortenings, if memory serves, in the slow movement and in the finale. He also made some minor changes in the instrumentation, although these were few. Dr. Muck restored the passages eliminated by Mr. Fiedler, with advantage. He restored the original instrumentation in some places, but unless our ears were very much at fault yesterday, he doubled the wood-wind instruments in more than one place, with an occasional result of undue heaviness and coarseness of tone.

Aside from this, and certain details of tempo concerning which so distinguished a musician as Dr. Muck has certainly a right to his own conclusions, the performance was stirring in the extreme. The commentator on music is overwhelmed with his own helplessness when he endeavors, if he is so foolish, to try to record in words his impressions of such a work and such a performance as that of yesterday afternoon. The only adequate criticism of music is music. The second symphony of Sibelius, for us, is even finer and more powerful than the first, long a favorite here. As regards distinction and individuality of material, far more pregnant ideas, a greater mastery of instrumental effects, and a much more profound spirit, this symphony leaves its predecessor far behind.

A Lament and Defiance

The slow movement alone would be enough to place the second symphony in a niche by itself. That movement is itself a saga, a noble lament, a Berserker defiance. Music of the days when there were giants in the land, of pagan heroes who saw the gleaming gates swinging asunder as they fell in battle. So passing, they surely heard music, while the winds skirled about them, similar to that of the apotheosis of the last movement of the symphony heard yesterday.

Each performance of this work, and of other representative compositions of Sibelius, strengthens the impression of a talent more powerful in some respects than any other to be met with today. Take the themes of this symphony—the strange theme played by the bassoons and the contrasting lyrical theme of the second movement, or the theme, 42 measures in length, which introduces the finale—where is the composer who can equal this breadth and arch in his building material? True, the themes of the first movement are short, but how significant! Especially the second theme, a sort of a wild call, which is developed with unending resources and dramatic power.

Every Instrument Tells

The music has, indeed, a seven-league stride of the music, a primeval force felt in every measure, yet the means employed by the composer are very simple. and his orchestra is small. How much each instrument says! What an arresting physiognomy, as one might say, has this orchestra, come out of the north, and resounding with the harmonies of northern nature! No wonder that the audience was excited, that the symphony swept the listeners from their feet. Would that there were more such works in the repertoire. Would that other composers might arise, with one half the ideas and the spiritual greatness of this man from the Northland.

After the performance of the symphony Dr. Muck was recalled several times and the orchestra rose in response to the applause. The Beethoven overture, which also says so much in a compass much smaller than that of the vast composition of Sibelius, was the bridge to the concerto of Mr. Stojowski.

Paderewski in Best Mood

Mr. Paderewski had originally intended to play Schumann's concerto as well as that of Stojowski, but on account of the length of the programme the masterpiece was omitted, while the novelty remained. No one will refuse to do Mr. Paderewski honor for his faithful service to a friend. In the hands of another the reception of the work would not have been the same. The concerto is lacking in musical substance, though effectively put together. The themes, curiously enough, have not a Polish character, but savor considerably in two instances, of what is Celtic.

But the composition is far better than the "Phantasy," played by Mr. Stojowski at a concert in the Boston Opera House in 1913. Curiously enough, there is a theme in the former work which reminds one of a theme of the "Phantasy." The concerto is far more concise and effective, and of course has a very brilliantly written piano part.

But the work does not require such careful regard as the performance. In this performance, indeed, Mr. Paderewski again played as only he of living pianists can play if he so chooses, with incomparable fire and elan, with creative mastery, with a tone of unutterable beauty of singing passages, with unlimited power and technical resource.

Virtuosity in Double

With Paderewski and with Dr. Muck in collaboration, the performance for sheer fire and virtuosity would be difficult indeed to parallel. It is a memorable thing to play as Mr. Paderewski played. It is not a small thing to have accompanied him as Dr. Muck accompanied, and we doubt if any musician enjoys himself more than Dr. Muck, with his fine nervousness, when he is driving with two race horses, the one a virtuoso of overwhelming temperament, and the other an orchestra that he has only to think as quickly as very few men save Dr. Karl Muck can think in order to have it do his bidding.

After this performance the ordinary rule of no encores at the Symphony concerts was again relaxed, as it usually is when Mr. Paderewski is the soloist, and the pianist responded to the joy of those who applauded, and also those who languished and made for the edge of the

BOSTON TRAVELER.

MARCH 11, 1916.

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Dr. Muck came off with flying colors in his first reading in this city of the Sibelius Second Symphony. One, however, may well prefer the more joyous side of Finnish life, if there be one. Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture fitted in well between the symphony and the concerto, making one of the most interesting concerts of the season.

TRANSCRIPT,
MARCH 11, 1916

THE SYMPONY CONCERT

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Mr. Paderewski Plays Mr. Stojowski's Concerto, Transfigures It and Almost Persuades the Audience It Has Heard a Remarkable Piece—Beethoven's Overture to "Coriolanus" in Contrast—A Long-Overlooked Symphony of Sibelius

If there is a twentieth-century Pepys in Boston, it is earnestly to be hoped that he was present and observant in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon or that being mistakenly absent then he will not fail to be in his place this evening. Already, doubtless he has recorded in his diary the amusing incidents and atmosphere of a Symphony Concert when Mr. Paderewski, appearing as "assisting artist," takes full possession of it, while an excited audience all agog to see and hear, listens and applauds. Yesterday, however, one of these interesting entertainments was raised to a new and higher power. For Mr. Paderewski, as the managers say, was "presenting a protégé"—Mr. Sigismond Stojowski, a fellow Pole, now resident in New York where he is an estimable teacher of the piano, an occasional virtuoso of the concert-room and in his leisure a composer too. In fact it was as a composer that Mr. Paderewski "presented" his friend. The elder Pole was quite willing to play both Schumann's concerto and Mr. Stojowski's but, since the two on one programme would have prolonged the concert into a third hour, he chose between them. Naturally he selected that of his countryman and pupil. The audience would probably have preferred Schumann's, but such a predilection is a detail quite beneath Mr. Paderewski's consideration.

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Yet if Beethoven's overture instead of Mr. Stojowski's concerto had been labelled "first time in Boston" what would not the more sensitive hearers have experienced of it and what might they not have answered to it. Those mighty chords, those grandiose unisons seem still to set the Roman and the tragic scene. Out of music of pride and passion bearing all before them rises the figure of the Roman himself. Out of music that melts the ear and the heart, his spirit softens. The overture speaks in the tones of his implacable pride, his stern rages, his indomitable temper and surges with the strife that they provoke, while within and around that soft- otive is persuading him to compassion even yielding. The strife mutters itself y; the music darkens and is still with stillness of a spirit that quenches it- rather than submit. Here, we should , had a composer of our time written the overture, is tonal tragedy in epitome and here music that calls into vivid, impassioned being the heroic personage whose spirit it would open. Here we should say Beethoven writes as the Greek tragic poets wrote of their heroes whose pride and will is their downfall. We should exhaust our praise over music of such tonal might and such tragic eloquence. But the overture to "Coriolanus" is only a classic—say to bridge the way from Sibelius to Stojowski.

H. T. P.

MONITOR. BOSTON.

MARCH 11, 1916

STOJOWSKI WORK SOLO NUMBER OF MR. PADEREWSKI

SYMPHONY HALL—Seventeenth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of March 10. The program: Sibelius, second symphony in D major, op. 43; Beethoven, "Coriolanus" overture, op. 62; Stojowski, piano concerto No. 2, op. 32 (first time in Boston, Ignace J. Paderewski, soloist).

It was the part of friendliness for the Polish pianist to bring with him on his visit a piece written by a fellow-expatriate. Moreover, it was the part of graciousness for him to present the work of a man who has earned leisure to compose through toil as a teacher in an American music school. A Symphony concert soloist could hardly come before the public with better motives. The audience that would not warmly applaud him when he walked on the platform would indeed be lost to all ideas of hospitality.

Concerning the share of the audience in the occasion, anybody might think of more things than applause. One might almost say of the subscribers and others who filled the hall that if they had not stayed in their places, even to the last person, until the program ended, they would have been a churlish gathering. But this would be out of the way of stock comment. For the code of musical æsthetics is one-sided. It expects a pianist to play well. It says nothing as to how he shall be heard. Reviewers note much about what should be and should not be on the further side of the footlights and little about the ought and the ought not on the hither side. They are careful to weigh individual responsibility, careless to mark collective responsibility.

Reason enough why they should be, since it is commonly reckoned more or less of a condescension for one human being to sit up straight and give heed while another shows off his powers at such a pastime as touching the keys of a piano. No more natural impulse can be conceived than for the hands of the first human being to reach for a door handle when those of the second reach for the keyboard. The æsthetic code, a social expedient doubtless anyway, demands that the artist shall keep that impulse from becoming effective.

Mr. Paderewski can hold the impulse down in 2700 people at once. He is very likely the only performer before the public who can do it with the particular 2700 that assembles Friday afternoons in Symphony hall. With the Stojowski concerto, which is written to be played without pauses, he had an advantage that he would not have had with an old-school work; but, all allowances made, his exploit in keeping the attention of a volatile audience at the end of the day was remarkable.

Necessarily he could not have won this sort of success unless he had something to say to his listeners. He could not have achieved it on the reputation for former playing or on mere brilliance of execution. He must have held his house with a substantial and consecutive message. Nevertheless few listeners will in any likelihood come forward with extended accounts of his communication to them. The day is scarcely to be regarded as one in which the pianist made profound revelations. It could not be so from the nature of his selection. The prelude, scherzo and variations which he played are less than a decade from the composer's pen. And the Polish pianist does not express himself with music of such fresh issue. He speaks at his best only through the old masterworks. And this less because of their style than because of their associations. He is one of those interpreters who gather up in their work the thought of all the players of the past. He is little of the contributor, much of the summarizer. That is why he is the most popular pianist of the times. He is the poet of the accepted and the verifiable. Some of his less applauded contemporaries are the poets of the unproved and the problematical. His playing is of unspeakable value because of its conserving qualities. It holds the comment of all the men of the nineteenth century who pondered over the pages of Beethoven, Liszt, Schumann and Chopin. It is encyclopedic, and it is of indisputable authority but it does not look forward.

The concerto which the artist brought to hearing was no bar to his expression because of any modern feeling it contains but only because traditions have had short time to gather about it. It is a gratifying composition to listen to, having much of the pleasing sonority of Mahler's music and a small amount of the passion of Wagner's. The scherzo has an individual kind of humor and the whole piece moves. The score is compact, clear and vigorous and has no waste pages.

The most interesting number of the program as far as the orchestra was concerned was the Sibelius symphony, which was executed with great brilliancy, the brass instruments being played with especial distinction. So well was the work of the Finnish composer given that a rather improvised reading of the "Coriolanus" overture could be condoned.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date MAR 1 1 1916

Boston Symphony Orchestra

HOME talent will be utilized at the final pair of concerts to be given in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. On Thursday the concert-master of the orchestra, Anton Witek, will play the Joachim concerto for violin, which will be preceded by Beethoven's first "Leonore" overture, and followed by Schumann's first symphony. On Saturday Mr. Witek and Mr. Ferir will be heard in Mozart's "Concertante Symphonie" for violin and viola. It will be preceded by Beethoven's second symphony and Brahms's "Academic Overture," and followed by Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude.

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date 1916

Boston Symphony.

The last appearances of the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be in Carnegie Hall next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. Thursday evening **Anton Witek**, the concert master of the orchestra, will appear as soloist, playing the rarely heard concerto in **Hungarian style for violin and orchestra by Josef Joachim.**

The programme will be as follows:

Overture to "Leonore" No. 1, op. 138..Beethoven
Concerto (after the Hungarian for violin and orchestra), op. 11....................Joachim
Symphony No. 1, in B flat major.......Schumann

The programme for **Saturday** afternoon includes the seldom heard and very delightful "Concertante Symphonie" of Mozart for violin and viola, the solo instruments being played by Messrs. **Anton Witek** and Emile Ferir.

Symphony No. 2, in D major..........Beethoven
"Academic Festival" Overture..........Brahms
Concertante Symphonie for violin and viola.
Mozart
Messrs. Witek and Ferir.
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger".........Wagner

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date MAR 1 2 1916

Letztes Konzert der „Boſtoner“.

Das letzte in der Serie der dieswinterlichen Konzerte gibt das rühmlichſt bekannte Boſtoner Symphonie-Orcheſter am Freitag, den 17. März, abends 8 Uhr, unter den Auſpicien des Brooklyn Inſtituts für Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften im Opernſaale der Academy of Music. Der Dirigent hat ein äußerſt gediegenes Programm zuſammengeſtellt, das Piecen von Tſchaikowſky, Brahms, Volkmann und Wagner aufweiſt.

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date MAR 1 2 1916

Boston Symphony Tuesday.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will make its final appearance this season in the New National Theater Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. The soloist will be Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the eminent Russian pianist.

Contrary to the general usage of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck has requested Mr. Gabrilowitsch to play two concertos, Mozart's "Concerto in D Minor" and Weber's "Concertpiece for Piano and Orchestra in F Minor." Mr. Gabrilowitsch played them at his appearance with the orchestra in Boston last spring, and it is said created the sensation of that season.

For the concert in February, Dr. Muck announced Handel's "Concerto for Strings and Two Wind Orchestras," but was compelled to omit it at the last minute owing to illness of members of the orchestra necessary to its performance. He has placed this on the program of the coming concert. The symphony will be Schumann's, in B flat, No. 1, which usually carries the title "Spring." The final number will be the "[illegible]hauser" overture.

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Certainly such music needs all the transfiguring that a pianist like Mr. Paderewski may bestow out of himself. He played it as though he believed in the concerto to the last measure, and in such faith and hope was lavishing all his powers upon it. More than once they seemed to give unity to a fragmentary piece; to clothe measures in a beauty that was of his touch, tone, feeling and imagination; to suggest amplitude and ardor where there was really little; to enrich and transform the music into illusion of sound, mood and fancy through his own puissant temper. These powers and many another that the concerto called into play are thrice familiar; but almost always Mr. Paderewski exercises them upon music that in itself makes almost equal return. Yesterday they were in new and rare function—the transfiguring of music that in itself was commonplace.

On the orchestral side, Dr. Muck, whose impressions of the day must have been many and various, did like service to Mr. Stojowski's concerto, steadily animating, warming and, so far as it was possible, characterizing the music. He held the orchestra tense upon it; he kept the balance true and elastic between the band and the pianist; and he made details tell that perhaps had been no more than filling or ornament as the composer put them to paper. Moreover, unlike Mr. Paderewski, the conductor through the first half of the concert had music worthy of his own and his orchestra's mettle—Beethoven's overture to the forgotten "Coriolanus" of a dull and dry Viennese poet and Sibelius's second symphony that he has hitherto somewhat strangely overlooked for the less mannered and more roundly speaking first and the singular and baffling fourth. Perhaps the overture is almost too familiar a repertory piece. As many a conductor and orchestra play it by routine, so probably most of us listen in as inert a fashion. We hear familiarly the mighty measures of the beginning—how much Beethoven can make of his chords and his orchestra in fullest voice. We hear familiarly the proud and chafing motive called of the masterful Coriolanus—with what vigor Beethoven has invented and fashioned it. We hear familiarly the succeeding motive, called of the gentler moods of the Roman—how readily and fully Beethoven can command this softer and almost pleading beauty in a few measures before even they begin to be melody. And so onward to the end with the usual impressions in our ears and the usual response on our lips.

Yet if Beethoven's overture instead of Mr. Stojowski's concerto had been labelled "first time in Boston" what would not the more sensitive hearers have experienced of it and what might they not have answered to it. Those mighty chords, those grandiose unisons seem still to set the Roman and the tragic scene. Out of music of pride and passion bearing all before them rises the figure of the Roman himself. Out of music that melts the ear and the heart, his spirit softens. The overture speaks in the tones of his implacable pride, his stern rages, his indomitable temper and surges with the strife that they provoke, while within and around that soft- otive is persuading him to compassion even yielding. The strife mutters itself y; the music darkens and is still with stillness of a spirit that quenches it- rather than submit. Here, we should , had a composer of our time written the overture, is tonal tragedy in epitome and here music that calls into vivid, impassioned being the heroic personage whose spirit it would open. Here we should say Beethoven writes as the Greek tragic poets wrote of their heroes whose pride and will is their downfall. We should exhaust our praise over music of such tonal might and such tragic eloquence. But the overture to "Coriolanus" is only a classic—say to bridge the way from Sibelius to Stojowski.

H. T. P.

MONITOR, BOSTON

MARCH 11, 1916

STOJOWSKI WORK SOLO NUMBER OF MR. PADEREWSKI

SYMPHONY HALL—Seventeenth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of March 10. The program: Sibelius, second symphony in D major, op. 43; Beethoven, "Coriolanus" overture, op. 62; Stojowski, piano concerto No. 2, op. 32 (first time in Boston, Ignace J. Paderewski, soloist).

It was the part of friendliness for the Polish pianist to bring with him on his visit a piece written by a fellow-expatriate. Moreover, it was the part of graciousness for him to present the work of a man who has earned leisure to compose through toil as a teacher in an American music school. A Symphony concert soloist could hardly come before the public with better motives. The audience that would not warmly applaud him when he walked on the platform would indeed be lost to all ideas of hospitality.

Concerning the share of the audience in the occasion, anybody might think of more things than applause. One might almost say of the subscribers and others who filled the hall that if they had not stayed in their places, even to the last person, until the program ended, they would have been a churlish gathering. But this would be out of the way of stock comment. For the code of musical æsthetics is one-sided. It expects a pianist to play well. It says nothing as to how he shall be heard. Reviewers note much about what should be and should not be on the further side of the footlights and little about the ought and the ought not on the hither side. They are careful to weigh individual responsibility, careless to mark collective responsibility.

Reason enough why they should be, since it is commonly reckoned more or less of a condescension for one human being to sit up straight and give heed while another shows off his powers at such a pastime as touching the keys of a piano. No more natural impulse can be conceived than for the hands of the first human being to reach for a door handle when those of the second reach for the keyboard. The æsthetic code, a social expedient doubtless anyway, demands that the artist shall keep that impulse from becoming effective.

Mr. Paderewski can hold the impulse down in 2700 people at once. He is very likely the only performer before the public who can do it with the particular 2700 that assembles Friday afternoons in Symphony hall. With the Stojowski concerto, which is written to be played without pauses, he had an advantage that he would not have had with an old-school work; but, all allowances made, his exploit in keeping the attention of a volatile audience at the end of the day was remarkable.

Necessarily he could not have won this sort of success unless he had something to say to his listeners. He could not have achieved it on the reputation for former playing or on mere brilliance of execution. He must have held his house with a substantial and consecutive message. Nevertheless few listeners will in any likelihood come forward with extended accounts of his communication to them. The day is scarcely to be regarded as one in which the pianist made profound revelations. It could not be so from the nature of his selection. The prelude, scherzo and variations which he played are less than a decade from the composer's pen. And the Polish pianist does not express himself with music of such fresh issue. He speaks at his best only through the old masterworks. And this less because of their style than because of their associations. He is one of those interpreters who gather up in their work the thought of all the players of the past. He is little of the contributor, much of the summarizer. That is why he is the most popular pianist of the times. He is the poet of the accepted and the verifiable. Some of his less applauded contemporaries are the poets of the unproved and the problematical. His playing is of unspeakable value because of its conserving qualities. It holds the comment of all the men of the nineteenth century who pondered over the pages of Beethoven, Liszt, Schumann and Chopin. It is encyclopedic, and it is of indisputable authority but it does not look forward.

The concerto which the artist brought to hearing was no bar to his expression because of any modern feeling it contains but only because traditions have had short time to gather about it. It is a gratifying composition to listen to, having much of the pleasing sonority of Mahler's music and a small amount of the passion of Wagner's. The scherzo has an individual kind of humor and the whole piece moves. The score is compact, clear and vigorous and has no waste pages.

The most interesting number of the program as far as the orchestra was concerned was the Sibelius symphony, which was executed with great brilliancy, the brass instruments being played with especial distinction. So well was the work of the Finnish composer given that a rather improvised reading of the "Coriolanus" overture could be condoned.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date MAR 11 1916

Boston Symphony Orchestra

HOME talent will be utilized at the final pair of concerts to be given in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. On Thursday the concert-master of the orchestra, Anton Witek, will play the Joachim concerto for violin, which will be preceded by Beethoven's first "Leonore" overture, and followed by Schumann's first symphony. On Saturday Mr. Witek and Mr. Férir will be heard in Mozart's "Concertante Symphonie" for violin and viola. It will be preceded by Beethoven's second symphony and Brahms's "Academic Overture," and followed by Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude.

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date 1916

Boston Symphony.

The last appearances of the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be in Carnegie Hall next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. Thursday evening **Anton Witek**, the concert master of the orchestra, will appear as soloist, playing the rarely heard concerto in **Hungarian style for violin and orchestra by Josef Joachim.**

The programme will be as follows:

Overture to "Leonore" No. 1, op. 138..Beethoven
Concerto (after the Hungarian for violin and orchestra), op. 11.....................Joachim
Symphony No. 1, in B flat major.......Schumann

The programme for Saturday afternoon includes the seldom heard and very delightful "Concertante Symphonie" of Mozart for violin and viola, the solo instruments being played by Messrs. Anton Witek and Emile Ferir.

Symphony No. 2, in D major..........Beethoven
"Academic Festival" Overture...........Brahms
Concertante Symphonie for violin and viola, Mozart
Messrs. Witek and Ferir.
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger".........Wagner

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date MAR 12 1916

Letztes Konzert der „Boſtoner“.

Das letzte in der Serie der dieswinterlichen Konzerte gibt das rühmlichſt bekannte Boſtoner Symphonie Orcheſter am Freitag, den 17. März, abends 8 Uhr, unter den Auſpicien des Brooklyn Inſtituts für Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften im Opernſaale der Academy of Muſic. Der Dirigent hat ein äußerſt gediegenes Programm zuſammengeſtellt, das Piècen von Tſchaikowſky, Brahms, Volkmann und Wagner aufweiſt.

From EVENING STAR
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date MAR 12 1916

Boston Symphony Tuesday.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will make its final appearance this season in the New National Theater Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. The soloist will be Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the eminent Russian pianist.

Contrary to the general usage of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck has requested Mr. Gabrilowitsch to play two concertos, Mozart's "Concerto in D Minor" and Weber's "Concertpiece for Piano and Orchestra in F Minor." Mr. Gabrilowitsch played them at his appearance with the orchestra in Boston last spring, and it is said created the sensation of that season.

For the concert in February, Dr. Muck announced Handel's "Concerto for Strings and Two Wind Orchestras," but was compelled to omit it at the last minute owing to illness of members of the orchestra necessary to its performance. He has placed this on the program of the coming concert.

The symphony will be Schumann's, in B flat, No. 1, which usually carries the title "Spring."

The final number will be the "Tannhauser" overture.

[117]

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Address ASHING
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The orchestral part of the program is equally interesting. It will be remembered that for the concert in February, Dr. Muck announced Handel's "Concerto for Strings and Two Wind Orchestras." This number he was compelled to change at the last minute owing to illness of members of the orchestra necessary to its performance. He has placed this on the program of the coming concert.

The symphony will be Schumann's, in B flat, No. 1. This symphony usually carries the title of "Spring." It might as easily be called the "Bridal" symphony, for Schumann wrote it in the great outburst of joy that filled him when he finally had won Clara Wieck as his bride. The symphony is Schumann in his most ingratiating mood. The clouds that darkened his life at the end had not yet appeared and he was full of the joy of living.

The final number will be the "Tannhauser Overture" of Wagner.

From SUN,
Address Baltimore, Md.
Date 1916

MME. FARRAR TO SING

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra will make its final appearance of the season in the Lyric Theatre next Wednesday evening at 8.15. The concert promises to end a brilliant season in a most brilliant manner. The soloist will be Mme. Geraldine Farrar.

The outstanding orchestral number on the program will be Richard Strauss' tone poem "Don Quixote." "Don Quixote-Fastastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character" is the least-known of Strauss' later orchestral works, this notwithstanding the fact that it contains some of the most beautiful music that ever sprang from his fertile fancy and in orchestral construction rises to a point of almost uncanny ingenuity.

In the tone poem Strauss carries the "Melancholy Don" through various of his adventures. Parts of it are program music raised to the *n*th degree, as, for example, when the ardent knight throws himself into battle with a flock of sheep and, again, when he struggles manfully against the windmills. From the purely technical point of view it presents greater difficulties than any of the other poems, not even excluding the "Domestica" and "Ein Heldenleben." The beauty of the music in the parts which describe the Don's conversation with Sancho Panzo, the vigil which the good knight keeps, and his death rises to exquisite heights.

Mme. Farrar will sing two numbers. The first will be "Elsa's Dream," from the first act of "Lohengrin." The second will be the lovely air of "Marguerite," from the third part of Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," the first words of which are "D'amour l'ardente flamme."

The program in its entirety is as follows:

Symphony No. 2 in D-major	Bethoven
Elsa's Dream, from Lohengrin	Wagner
Don Quixote	Strauss
La Damnation de Faust	Berlioz
Overture to Tannhauser	Wagner

Soloist, Mme. Geraldine Farrar.

From STAR
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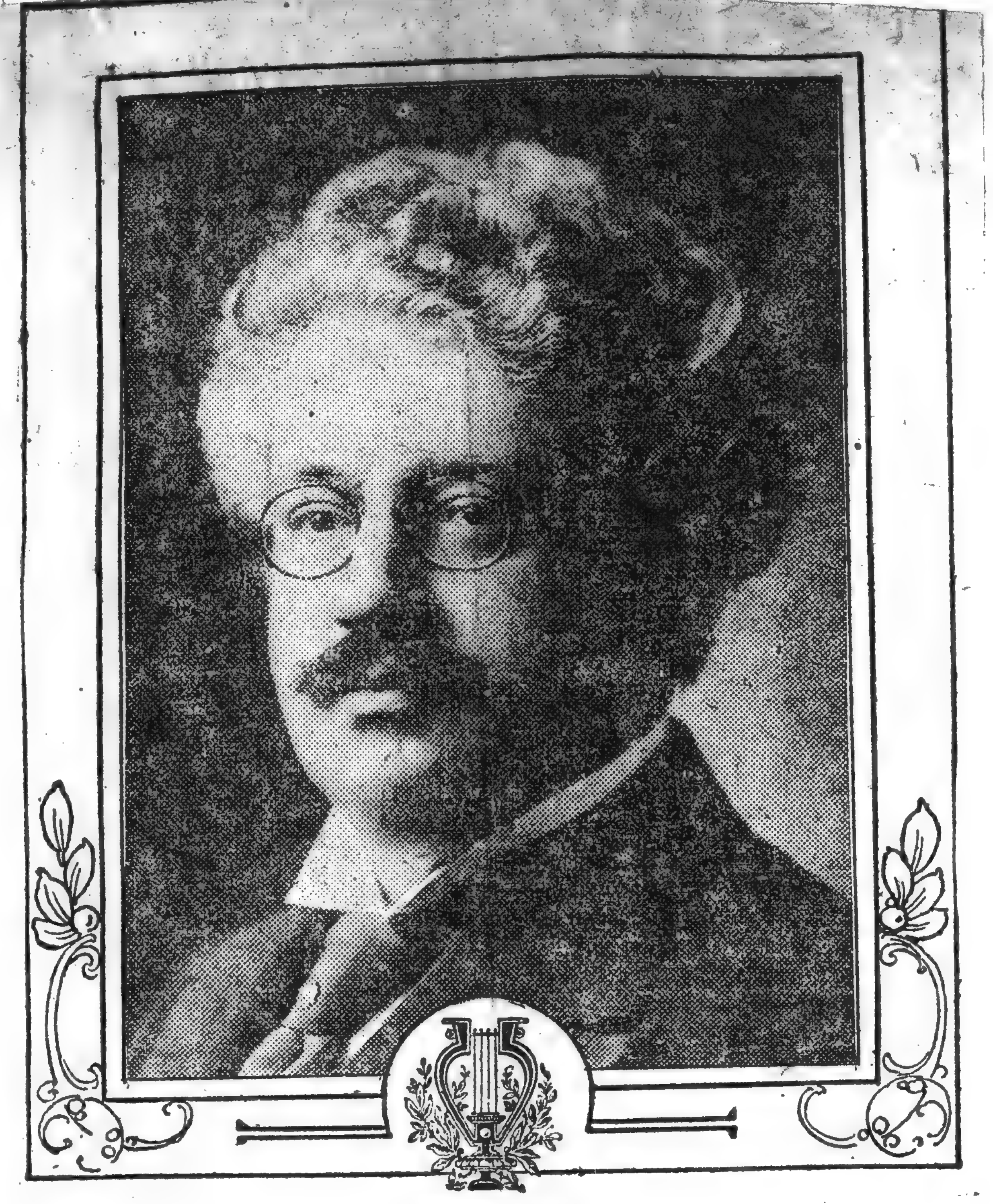
From STAATS ZEITUNG
Address New York City.
Date

Established



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Dr. Muck hat für die letzten beiden hieſigen Konzerte der Boſtoner in Carnegie Hall, welche am Abend des 16., reſp. am Nachmittag des 18. d. Mts. ſtattfinden, die folgenden Programme aufgeſtellt. Er dirigiert am kommenden Donnerstag abend Beethoven's „Leonoren"-Ouverture, No. 1, op. 138, und Schumann's Erſte Symphonie in B-Dur. Als Soliſt wird Herr Anton Witek, der hochgeſchätzte Konzertmeiſter des Orcheſters, bekanntlich ein allgemein anerkannter Virtuoſe, das ſelten gehörte „Konzert in ungariſchem Stil" von Joſef Joachim mit Orcheſterbegleitung ſpielen. Das Programm für den Samstag nachmittag lautet wie folgt: Beethoven's Zweite Symphonie, Brahms' Akademiſche Feſt-Ouvertüre, Wagner's „Meiſterſinger"-Vorſpiel und Mozart's „Konzertante Symphonie" für Violine und Viola mitden Herren Witek und Férir als Soliſten.

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The principal orchestral number on the program will be Richard Strauss' tone poem. "Don Quixote." "Don Quixote-Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character" is the latest known of Strauss' later orchestral works, this notwithstanding the fact that it contains some of the most beautiful music that ever sprang from his fertile fancy and in orchestral construction rises to a point of almost uncanny ingenuity.

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The symphony will be Beethoven's Second. The concert will close with the "Tannhauser" overture.

From EVG. SUN
Address: Baltimore Md.
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was among the guests.

The concert this evening at the Lyric by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be one of the most brilliant musical events of the winter. More than 700 people have been turned away at the box office. A number of hostesses will have box parties.

Geraldine Farrar, the Metropolitan Grand Opera favorite, will be the soloist.

From
Address Baltimore, Md.
Date MAR 9 -1916

DURING the Lenten season a number of musical events will interest society, several box parties having been given last evening at the Lyric for the New York Philharmonic concert.

On Saturday evening of this week the Alliance Francaise will have an evening of music, when the members will meet at Arundell Hall at 8.30 o'clock. The artists will be Frank C. Bornschein, violinist, and Howard R. Thatcher, pianist.

Next Wednesday evening Geraldine Farrar, one of the most popular of the Metropolitan Opera Stars, who was heard here recently in a concert, will be the soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. and on March 22 Mme. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, the well-known pianist, will play with the Philadelphia Orchestra. This will be the first appearance here this season of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler is a sister of Dr. Maurice Bloomfield, a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University, whose guest she has been here on a number of occasions.

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date MAR 12 1916

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra will make its final appearance of the season in the New National Theater Tuesday afternoon, March 14, at 4:20. For this occasion Dr. Muck has made a program of exceptional charm. The soloist will be Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the eminent Russian pianist.

Contrary to the general usage of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck has requested Mr. Gabrilowitsch to play two concertos. Both of them are short. The first is Mozart's "Concerto in D minor," and the second is Weber's "Concertpiece for piano and orchestra in minor."

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Schumann, Symphony No. 1 in B flat; Mozart, concerto for piano in D minor; Weber, concertstuck for piano in minor; Handel, concerto for strings and two wind orchestras; and Wagner, overture to "Tannhauser." Soloist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch.

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Geraldine Farrar is the bright particular attraction. She was announced as soloist of the concert early in the season, and the event has been anticipated with unusual interest. The Boston Orchestra's season sale was large enough practically to crowd the house, so that the big extra demand for the Farrar engagement quickly disposed of what seats still were to be had. Every chair in the house has been sold, and a very large number of standees is expected.

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TAKES HEAVY POISON DOSE

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From SUN,
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TAKES HEAVY POISON DOSE

From NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date 12 [illegible]

HERE THIS WEEK WITH THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

GERALDINE FARRAR

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It has never been performed in Baltimore, and the fact that Dr. Muck has included it in his program has stirred the interest of local music-lovers to an unusual degree. Schoenberg's "Kammersymphonie" could hardly be anticipated with greater anxiety.

The concert will be further notable for the appearance of Geraldine Farrar, who has never been heard here as an orchestral soloist. Several times she was announced to sing at such affairs, but illness compelled her to cancel the engagements.

Dr. Muck will open the Wednesday night program with Beethoven's early Symphony No. 2 in D major. Mme. Farrar sings "Elsa's Dream" Mme. Farrar singe "Elsa's Dream" from "Lohengrin," and the concert will be closed with the overture from "Tannhauser," which will be preceded by a soprano aria from Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust."

From NEWS
Address PROV[illegible]
Date MAR 4 - 1916

Established:

Boston Symphony Orchestra

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For the coming concert Dr. Muck has confined his program to familiar works although the symphony, Beethoven's Second in D-Major has not been played in Providence many times. This symphony is not only interesting from its musical content, but from its historical position. It marks, so to say, the end of the path followed by the young Beethoven. This path had been marked out in rigid lines by Mozart and Haydn and Beethoven was the first to turn aside from it and follow the bent of his own genius.

This Second Symphony in D-Major is cast in rigid mold established principally by Haydn for symphonic form, but one finds in the music itself many indications of the master mind which was to break down the precedents and bring quite new elements into the art of music in the "Eroica" Symphony which follows the Second. The composer in the D-Major Symphony follows the letter of the law, but the spirit is his own. It is a work full of melody and shows the composer full of the joyousness of youth.

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From Bulletin
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At the final concert a Wagner programme will be given "by request." No announcement is made of a soloist at the concert which will be given on Tuesday evening, April 11.

A. W. C.

From BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date [illegible]AR 1 4 1916

Boston Symphony

Final Concert of Season With Geraldine Farrar as Soloist

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the fifth and last concert of its thirty-fifth season in Philadelphia, before the usual large audience at the Academy of Music last evening, when Geraldine Farrar appeared as the soloist of a program which included Beethoven's second symphony, in D major, and the "Don Quixote" of Richard Strauss, as the principal orchestral numbers, the "Tannhauser" overture of Wagner coming as a fitting climax at the close.

The symphony came at the opening and constituted the first part of the program, and its classic beauty, direct, sincere and inspiring in all its effects, created an atmosphere of melodious joy that was not wholly dispelled by the modern eccentricities of Strauss, in the second part, after Miss (or "Mme." as she is now programmed, since she has become the wife of Lou Tellegen) Farrar had sung her first number. Dr. Muck was characteristically sedate and self-effacing in his reading of the work, but as ever held the skilled musicians so firmly in hand that the absorbed listener forgot conductor and men in the pure joy of listening to the music.

The Strauss composition was played here by the Boston Symphony several years ago, and perhaps there were persons in last night's audience, who, having heard it then, were glad to hear it again. The music shows the skill, the imagination and the daring of its composer, who at least has the courage of his convictions and does not hesitate to do what he pleases with all the instruments of the complete orchestra—and then some. In tonally illustrating the adventures of the romance-crazed hero of the tale by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, Strauss takes advantage of several of the most striking episodes as an opportunity to produce some of the most bizarre effects known to modern instrumentation. The scene with the windmills, the ride through the air on the wooden horse, the upsetting of the boat, the battle with the bleating sheep, these bring forth queer sounds and ear-splitting discords which at times last evening caused the audience to smile, even to laugh. But just when the conglomeration of unusual sounds seems to be almost too much, relief comes in some of the passages of simple melodious beauty which Strauss so well knows how to write. Thus, in depicting the fair Dulcinea, in the entrance of the penitent pilgrims, the barcarolle, and, at the end, the death of Don Quixote, who, bereft of his romantic fancies, and realizing that they were but as smoke and vanity, is content to die, there is some rich harmonization and charming melodization. The interpretation was deft and skilful throughout, the orchestra as a whole fulfilling expertly every intricate demand of the score, while the two solo instruments, the 'cello, representing Don Quixote, and the viola, as his faithful Sancho, were played respectively in an admirable manner by H. Warnke and E. Ferir.

Miss (or "Mme.") Farrar looked her prettiest in an elaborate gown of silver and white, with a cloud of white tulle thrown about her otherwise uncovered shoulders, and her singing evidently gave great pleasure to the majority of persons in the audience. She was cordially received and repeatedly recalled after both of her numbers. Shes ang first "Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin," giving this well-known Wagner aria with a manner of vision-seeing ecstacy that was appropriate and effective, and later the aria "D'amour l'ardente flamme," from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." It was in her use of the mezzo voce, in those passages where the mellow sweetness of her pure soprano was advantageously displayed, that she was at her best. There were sympathy and dramatic feeling in all that she did, but in some of the points of climax, in the use of the full tone, particularly on the high notes, there was so much of the "reed," and such a near approach to the forced and the strident, that the result was neither altogether artistic nor wholly agreeable. Farrar's voice, in fact, while it never has been sweeter in some respects, in others seems to have lost some of its power to charm.

ELOPE IN SPITE OF VIGILANCE

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Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date MAR 1 2 1916

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* * *

One of the important local musical events of the early spring is the joint recital of Hans Kindler, violoncellist, and Ellis Clark Hammann, pianist, to be given in Witherspoon Hall next Wednesday evening. The affair is given under the management of the Smit Musical Bureau, and will enjoy distinguished patronage. The program follows:

1. Sonate op. 69, in A major (piano and cello) Beethoven
   Allegro, ma non tanto
   Scherzo. Allegro molto
   Adagio Cantabile
   Allegro Vivace
   Mr. Hammann and Mr. Kindler
2. Pastorale..................Scarlatti-Tausig
   Novelette No. 4, in D major.......Schumann
   Nocturne F sharp
   Ballade in A flat
   Mr. Hammann..........................Chopin
3. (a) Largo ....Chopin
   (b) Ritornell ....Sinding
   (c) Scherzo-Caprice ....Zeckwer
   Mr. Kindler
4. Variations Symphoniques (cello and piano). Boellmann
   Mr. Kindler and Mr. Hammann

* * *

The second and last recital of the season by Fritz Kreisler will be given in the Academy of Music Tuesday afternoon, March 21, at 3 o'clock. Mr. Kreisler will be assisted, as in the past, by Carl Lamson, accompanist. His program follows:

1. (a) Suite in E minor.....................Bach
   (b) Sarabande and Allegretto..........Corelli
   (c) Prelude and Allegro..............Pugnani
2. Concerto No. 2, F sharp minor...Vieuxtemps
3. (a) Romance in A major..........Schumann
   (b) Larghetto ....Weber
   (c) Moment Musical.....................Schubert
   (d) Rondo in G major.....................Mozart
4. (a) "Wienerisch" ....Godowsky
   (b) Rondino (on a theme by Beethoven).
   (c) Wiegenlied ....Kreisler
   (d) Slavonic Fantasy........Dvorak-Kreisler

* * *

PHOTO AIME DUPONT

GERALDINE FARRAR, SOPRANO WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

From BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date MAR [illegible] 19[illegible]

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra will make its final appearance of the season in the Academy of Music on Monday evening, with Geraldine Farrar as soloist. The outstanding orchestral number on the program will be Richard Strauss's Tone Poem, "Don Quixote," probably the least known of Strauss's later orchestral works, this notwithstanding the fact that it contains some of his most beautiful music.

Mme. Farrar will sing two numbers—"Elsa's Dream," from the first act of "Lohengrin," and the lovely air of Marguerite, from the third part of Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," the first words of which are "D'amour l'ardente flamme."

Beethoven's second symphony will open the program, and the familiar "Tannhauser" overture will bring it to a close.

[119]

From NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date 12 1916

Esta 1884

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The three works on the second part of the program are very familiar. The Overture to "The Flying Dutchman" remains today as the day it was written, one of the finest works in its form in the literature of music. Wagner always reached the highest point of his imagination and skill when he was depicting Nature in her varied moods. Many composers have been impelled to paint the sea in tone, but none brings it so vividly to the mind as this "Flying Dutchman" Overture of Richard Wagner.

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A. W. C.

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n BULLETIN
ess: Philadelphia, Pa.
AR 1 4 1916

84

Boston Symphony

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   Allegro, ma non tanto
   Scherzo. Allegro molto
   Adagio Cantabile
   Allegro Vivace
   Mr. Hammann and Mr. Kindler
2. Pastorale.................... Scarlatti-Tausig
   Novelette No. 4, in D major........Schumann
   Nocturne F sharp
   Ballade in A flat ....Chopin
   Mr. Hammann
3. (a) Largo ....Chopin
   (b) Ritornell ....Sinding
   (c) Scherzo-Caprice ....Zeckwer
   Mr. Kindler
4. Variations Symphoniques (cello and piano), Boellmann
   Mr. Kindler and Mr. Hammann

* * *

The second and last recital of the season by Fritz Kreisler will be given in the Academy of Music Tuesday afternoon, March 21, at 3 o'clock. Mr. Kreisler will be assisted, as in the past, by Carl Lamson, accompanist. His program follows:

1. (a) Suite in E minor.........................Bach
   (b) Sarabande and Allegretto.........Corelli
   (c) Prelude and Allegro...............Pugnani
2. Concerto No. 2, F sharp minor...Vieuxtemps
3. (a) Romance in A major...........Schumann
   (b) Larghetto ....Weber
   (c) Moment Musical...................Schubert
   (d) Rondo in G major..................Mozart
4. (a) "Wienerisch" ....Godowsky
   (b) Rondino (on a theme by Beethoven).
   (c) Wiegenlied ....Kreisler
   (d) Slavonic Fantasy.........Dvorak-Kreisler

* * *

Gabrilowitsch, the eminent pianist

PHOTO AIME DUPONT

GERALDINE FARRAR, SOPRANO WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

From BULLETIN
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date MAR 19

Estab 84

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra will make its final appearance of the season in the Academy of Music on Monday evening, with Geraldine Farrar as soloist. The outstanding orchestral number on the program will be Richard Strauss's Tone Poem, "Don Quixote," probably the least known of Strauss's later orchestral works, this notwithstanding the fact that it contains some of his most beautiful music.

Mme. Farrar will sing two numbers—"Elsa's Dream," from the first act of "Lohengrin," and the lovely air of Marguerite, from the third part of Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," the first words of which are "D'amour l'ardente flamme."

Beethoven's second symphony will open the program, and the familiar "Tannhauser" overture will bring it to a close.

[119]

From **PUBLIC LEDGER**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date MAR 1 2 1916

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Photograph by Aime Dupont

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"D'amour l'ardente Flamme," from
"La Damnation de Faust"......Berlioz
Overture to "Tannheuser"...........Wagner
Soloist, Mme Geraldine Farrar.

From **NEWS**
Address: **Baltimore, Md.**
Date
Established:

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With Boston Symphony Next Wednesday; In Lohengrin Number.

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Farrar, for the first time in her life, is now designated by her press representatives as "Mme." Heretofore she was Miss Farrar or simply Farrar.

Nobody before the public manages to keep more securely in that position than this American girl, who has had such a remarkable career. Everything she does and says is worth reams of space and her recent temperamental gyrations at the Metropolitan Opera, when she returned to sing "Carmen," proved to be worth almost as much to the papers as a rapid-fire, death-dealing Billy Sunday sermon.

Miss Farrar's first repetition of "Carmen" almost resulted in a "ruction." It was said, indeed, that she and Caruso had engaged in a verbal passage at arms as a result of a terrific super-Carmenesque whack delivered on the fair cheek of the majestic tenor.

This was denied and things were reported to be—as everyone knows they always are at the Metropolitan—as sweet and harmonious as possible.

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From **PRESS**
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Wagner...........Overture to "Tannhauser"
Soloist, Mme. Geraldine Farrar.

* * *

From **NORTH AMERICAN**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date MAR 1 4 1916
Establish

CONTRASTS PRESENTED BY BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Ludicrous Adventures of Don Quixote, Then Marguerite's Love Song

MME. FARRAR SOLOIST

BOSTON Symphony players last night gave their audience at the Academy of Music a varied and interesting program extending from the sublimity of Geraldine Farrar's rendi-

[120]

From H
Address: New York City

"D'amour l'ardente flamme" of Berlioz, to the ludicrous orchestral translation of Don Quixote's adventures by Richard Strauss.

There was something almost too extreme in the contrast. While the audience appreciated to the fullest extent the masterful interpretation of the Strauss music, while it followed with keen interest the windmill music and traipsed with the eccentric knight through the mazes of weird sounds, that in spite of their conglomerateness produce an unpleasant sort of harmony, it drew a sigh of relief at Don Quixote's peaceful deathbed, and turned with joy to the rapture of Marguerite's love song.

Geraldine Farrar's appearance provoked tremendous applause, and after her first solo—Elsa's Dream from Lohengrin, she was recalled for half a dozen encores, which she took with smiling grace.

The orchestra, under the leadership of Dr. Karl Muck, gave with notable effect Beethoven's symphony in D major, and Wagner's overture to Tannhauser. The symphony was played with the seasoned skill and the wonderful accord which has gained the Boston orchestra its far-reaching fame. The Tannhauser number came as a familiar musical friend after the strange experience of the Strauss number, and left the audience breathless with admiration and steeped in the wonder of its forceful beauty.

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Soloist, Mme. Geraldine Farrar.

From **INQUIRER**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date MAR [illegible] 1916
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THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Its Last Concert for the Season at the Academy of Music

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its last concert for the season at the Academy of Music last evening when the presence of Geraldine Farrar as assisting artist added eclat to the occasion and when the programme comprised Strauss' "Don Quixote," the "Tannhauser" overture and Beethoven's early symphony in D Major No. 2. The latter work, which is in Beethoven's first manner, having been composed while he was still under the predominant influence of Mozart, was played by the Philadelphia Orchestra a few weeks ago and as the Boston organization makes only a few local visits one could have wished that Dr. Muck had made some other selection.

34

However, the D Major is not so often heard as to render its repetition satiating and it contains so much that is interesting and beautiful—its slow movement is one of Beethoven's best—that its performance by the Boston men last night with such an admirable quality of tone, with such a pellucid transparency of analysis, with so much finish and refinement and expression, was greatly enjoyed. Dr. Muck certainly did not permit any of its significance or a jot of its value to escape him. The other things in their different way were equally interesting. Richard Strauss' tone poem, with its extraordinary instrumentation, furnished the orchestra with a fine opportunity for the display of its virtuosity and it is impossible to imagine how the familiar "Tannhauser" overture could be better done.

Mme. Farrar's numbers were "Elsa's Dream" and the song "D'amour l'ardente flamme" from Berlioz' "Damnation de Faust." While at the first her voice showed some traces of her recent sickness it soon regained its normal strength and volume and the applause which her singing elicited was hearty and sincere. It was also well deserved. Music lovers will regret the close of the season which last night's concert completed.

From **EVENING TELEGRAM**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date MAR 1 4 1916
Establis

FARRAR, STRAUSS AND MUCK

Singer, Composer and Conductor of Last Boston Concert.

If smiles were coins, Mme. Geraldine Farrar-Tellegen would be bankrupt. The American prima donna, dental but mental, distributed curtsies and bows to her admirers in the Academy of Music last night, the occasion being the last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the current season. The singer, whose two airs were "Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin," and the entertainingly florid "D'Amour l'ardente flamme," from Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," shared honors with Dr. Muck and Richard Strauss. The conductor had never been more true to his individuality, and was correspondingly interesting; the latter received representation through a clever performance of his amusing and photographic suite, "Don Quixote."

For the absolutists there was Beethoven, the Second Symphony. Was it a mere coincidence that the same symphony had been played by Mr. Damrosch earlier in the year? some must have asked themselves. If Dr. Muck were not a superlative artist one might suspect that a disingenuousness so sustained grazed perversity. However, this work, so curiously mingling Haydn with the later Beethoven, so like a placid, dulcet nursery, with a giant's shadow on the wall, was played with a fine clarity, a cleanness of outline, quite admirable.

Mme. Farrar-Tellegen, in silver and white, sang with the brook-cold, boylike shrillnesses that are her custom. She deftly blended the operatic with the recital mood. For finale, Dr. Muck conducted his great band in the overture to "Tannhaeuser." Dr. Muck is not a romantic, so the overture was not glamorous. But he does nothing painfully ill.

Evening
From **PUBLIC LEDGER**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date MAR 1 4 1916
Establish

SDAY, MARCH 1

DR. MUCK CONDUCTS IN FINAL CONCERT

Miss Geraldine Farrar Coolly Received by Academy Audience

The 31st season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Philadelphia was brought to a close last night, when Doctor Muck conducted at the Academy a concert devoted to Beethoven, Wagner, Berlioz and Strauss. There was only the normal demonstration.

It is unnecessary, in the case of the Boston Symphony, to undertake an analysis of the year's achievement, because from year to year, and especially in these seasons of Doctor Muck's directorate, the organization and its accomplishments vary unappreciably. This year, if one is to speak of the five concerts at all, one may question the wisdom of all the programs. Debussy, Schnelling and Strauss were the composers called upon to atone for a year of familiar and not always great works. Doctor Muck has some reason to believe that his orchestra throws strange new lights upon familiar things and that perfection of tonal production makes any music great. He is by way of being right, and yet——

Last night for variety there was little brilliance in the performance of the Beethoven symphony. Notably in the first movement one missed the beautiful soft precision of tone in the separate choirs which one had every reason to expect. Later there was exquisite grace, beautiful exercises in sudden yet shaded crescendos and the singing of the string choir in all its wonted mellowness and beauty. In Strauss and in the "Tannhaeuser" overture there was no room for caviling in the work of the orchestra. Doctor Muck's mathematical interpretation of the latter may be a work of sarcasm; but it is hard to see why, if he doesn't care for it more, Doctor Muck chooses to play it.

The "Don Quixote," with two masterly solo instruments played by Messrs Warnke and Ferir, was in many ways the most satisfying part of the program. Doctor Muck could interpret and release the spavined idealism of the mad knight as surely as his orchestra could represent the swirling dust-clouds that rose over the baaing sheep in a great rout. Fantasy has not been too often credited to Doctor Muck; last night fantasy was blended with cardonic humor, with a pathos which almost persuaded us that it was not shameful to die in futile defense of an unknown beauty. To distinguish between Strauss and his interpreter would be a fine exercise of the wit, but it is not necessary. Because Doctor Muck, in his versatility of mind and his extraordinary, secretive and profound impulses of the spirit, is a great genius.

Miss Geraldine Farrar was the assisting artist at the concert. She sang Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin," and from her ancient repertoire, an aria of Marguerite from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." For the former she received moderate approval; for the latter, very little, indeed. Her voice lacked the quality which once it had, that of a bird poised on wing, incorporeal and motionless. In 1886 Mme. Lilli Lehmann, a teacher of Miss Farrar, sang the second of the two arias mentioned in a concert of the Boston Symphony. But the teacher never enjoyed the complete benefits of Americanization as the pupil has enjoyed them. The singing of operatic selections with a symphony orchestra is always a questionable procedure. Miss Farrar's attempt to justify the intrusion by dramatic expressions of a very high order was more interesting than satisfying.

rom **PUBLIC LEDGER**
ddress: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
ate MAR 12 1916

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Photograph by Aime Dupont

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Soloist, Mme Geraldine Farrar.

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* * *

From **NORTH AMERICAN**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date MAR 14 1916
Establish

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MME. FARRAR SOLOIST

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[120]

From H[illegible]
Address: New York City

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Soloist, Mme. Geraldine Farrar.

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Its Last Concert for the Season at the Academy of Music

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its last concert for the season at the Academy of Music last evening when the presence of Geraldine Farrar as assisting artist added eclat to the occasion and when the programme comprised Strauss' "Don Quixote," the "Tannhauser" overture and Beethoven's early symphony in D Major No. 2. The latter work, which is in Beethoven's first manner, having been composed while he was still under the predominant influence of Mozart, was played by the Philadelphia Orchestra a few weeks ago and as the Boston organization makes only a few local visits one could have wished that Dr. Muck had made some other selection. 84

However, the D Major is not so often heard as to render its repetition satiating and it contains so much that is interesting and beautiful—its slow movement is one of Beethoven's best—that its performance by the Boston men last night with such an admirable quality of tone, with such a pellucid transparency of analysis, with so much finish and refinement and expression, was greatly enjoyed. Dr. Muck certainly did not permit any of its significance or a jot of its value to escape him. The other things in their different way were equally interesting. Richard Strauss' tone poem, with its extraordinary instrumentation, furnished the orchestra with a fine opportunity for the display of its virtuosity and it is impossible to imagine how the familiar "Tannhauser" overture could be better done.

Mme. Farrar's numbers were "Elsa's Dream" and the song "D'amour l'ardente flamme" from Berlioz' "Damnation de Faust." While at the first her voice showed some traces of her recent sickness it soon regained its normal strength and volume and the applause which her singing elicited was hearty and sincere. It was also well deserved. Music lovers will regret the close of the season which last night's concert completed.

From **EVENING TELEGRAM**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date MAR 14 1916
Establis

FARRAR, STRAUSS AND MUCK

Singer, Composer and Conductor of Last Boston Concert.

If smiles were coins, Mme. Geraldine Farrar-Tellegen would be bankrupt. The American prima donna, dental but mental, distributed curtsies and bows to her admirers in the Academy of Music last night, the occasion being the last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the current season. The singer, whose two airs were "Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin," and the entertainingly florid "D'Amour l'ardente flamme," from Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," shared honors with Dr. Muck and Richard Strauss. The conductor had never been more true to his individuality, and was correspondingly interesting; the latter received representation through a clever performance of his amusing and photographic suite, "Don Quixote."

For the absolutists there was Beethoven, the Second Symphony. Was it a mere coincidence that the same symphony had been played by Mr. Damrosch earlier in the year? some must have asked themselves. If Dr. Muck were not a superlative artist one might suspect that a disingenuousness so sustained grazed perversity. However, this work, so curiously mingling Haydn with the later Beethoven, so like a placid, dulcet nursery, with a giant's shadow on the wall, was played with a fine clarity, a cleanness of outline, quite admirable.

Mme. Farrar-Tellegen, in silver and white, sang with the brook-cold, boylike shrillnesses that are her custom. She deftly blended the operatic with the recital mood. For finale, Dr. Muck conducted his great band in the overture to "Tannhaeuser." Dr. Muck is not a romantic, so the overture was not glamorous. But he does nothing painfully ill.

Nor do Messrs. Warnke, 'cellist, and Ferir, violist, who sustained the burden of "Don Quixote." Their playing was lovely in the extreme, containing poise and character.

MUCK CONDUCTS IN FINAL CONCERT

Miss Geraldine Farrar Coolly Received by Academy Audience

The 31st season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Philadelphia was brought to a close last night, when Doctor Muck conducted at the Academy a concert devoted to Beethoven, Wagner, Berlioz and Strauss. There was only the normal demonstration.

It is unnecessary, in the case of the Boston Symphony, to undertake an analysis of the year's achievement, because from year to year, and especially in these seasons of Doctor Muck's directorate, the organization and its accomplishments vary unappreciably. This year, if one is to speak of the five concerts at all, one may question the wisdom of all the programs. Debussy, Schnelling and Strauss were the composers called upon to atone for a year of familiar and not always great works. Doctor Muck has some reason to believe that his orchestra throws strange new lights upon familiar things and that perfection of tonal production makes any music great. He is by way of being right, and yet——

Last night for variety there was little brilliance in the performance of the Beethoven symphony. Notably in the first movement one missed the beautiful soft precision of tone in the separate choirs which one had every reason to expect. Later there was exquisite grace, beautiful exercises in sudden yet shaded crescendos and the singing of the string choir in all its wonted mellowness and beauty. In Strauss and in the "Tannhaeuser" overture there was no room for caviling in the work of the orchestra. Doctor Muck's mathematical interpretation of the latter may be a work of sarcasm; but it is hard to see why, if he doesn't care for it more, Doctor Muck chooses to play it.

The "Don Quixote," with two masterly solo instruments played by Messrs Warnke and Ferir, was in many ways the most satisfying part of the program. Doctor Muck could interpret and release the spavined idealism of the mad knight as surely as his orchestra could represent the swirling dust-clouds that rose over the baaing sheep in a great rout. Fantasy has not been too often credited to Doctor Muck; last night fantasy was blended with cardonic humor, with a pathos which almost persuaded us that it was not shameful to die in futile defense of an unknown beauty. To distinguish between Strauss and his interpreter would be a fine exercise of the wit, but it is not necessary. Because Doctor Muck, in his versatility of mind and his extraordinary, secretive and profound impulses of the spirit, is a great genius.

Miss Geraldine Farrar was the assisting artist at the concert. She sang Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin," and from her ancient repertoire, an aria of Marguerite from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." For the former she received moderate approval; for the latter, very little, indeed. Her voice lacked the quality which once it had, that of a bird poised on wing, incorporeal and motionless. In 1886 Mme. Lilli Lehmann, a teacher of Miss Farrar, sang the second of the two arias mentioned in a concert of the Boston Symphony. But the teacher never enjoyed the complete benefits of Americanization as the pupil has enjoyed them. The singing of operatic selections with a symphony orchestra is always a questionable procedure. Miss Farrar's attempt to justify the intrusion by dramatic expressions of a very high order was more interesting than satisfying [illegible]

From PRESS
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date MAR 14 1916

LAST BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

Miss Farrar the Soloist—Strauss' "Don Quixote" the Novelty of the Program.

Beethoven	Symphony in D major, No. 2, Op. 36.
Wagner	"Elsa's Dream" from "Lohengrin."
Strauss	"Don Quixote" (Introduction, Theme with Variations and Finale); Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character, Op. 35. (Violoncello solo, Mr. Warnke; Viola, Mr. Ferir.)
Berlioz	"D'amour l'ardente flamme" from "La Damnation de Faust."
Wagner	Overture to "Tannhauser"
Conductor	**Dr. Carl Muck**
Soloist	Geraldine Farrar

Dr. Muck gave Philadelphia a wonderful program for the closing concert of the season, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The music lovers appreciated that such would be the case and turned out in such numbers that the Academy of Music was filled to its uttermost. There was the usual Boston Symphony enthusiasm, not alone the substantial tribute to the orchestra, but to the charming soloist.

Geraldine Farrar was a lovely picture to look upon. Hers is a personality that attracts, and wins. It is her art, accompanied by her remarkable grace and poise, that stirred the audience more than they were stirred by any soloist at a concert this season. Her voice in its lower register is of that sweet and mellow character that penetrates and appeals, but in the upper register it is at times harsh and strained. Her selections last evening were not chosen with the best judgment, but her audience was delighted at the fine finish she gave to them, and in the end artistry triumphs over nature, if unaccompanied by it. Farrar's was a triumph, which must have been most gratifying to her.

The Symphony Well Played.

The opening number on the program was the Beethoven Symphony No. 2. It is a long work of flowing melody. In that is its charm. It never rises to any thrilling height, but if the audience is never strongly stirred, it is delighted just the same. Dr. Muck gave his usual careful reading of the work, and the musicians responded with that unison which is alone characteristic of the Boston Symphony.

The orchestral number that attracted the most attention was the Strauss "Don Quixote" variations on a theme. This is a fantastical composition which to understand thoroughly it is necessary to have a close insight into the semi-heroic character of the Cervantes hero. Only Strauss would be able to take up such a subject and handle it in a way to make every passage interesting and of a proper meaning.

Fantastical Strauss Number.

In order to carry out his musical fantastics, like in many other of his compositions, Strauss has contrived various combinations and odd attachments to get the desired effect, and to bring out completely all the ideas he has conceived it is necessary to screen off a small section of the stage to bring in the wind effect, the method of which is kept from the knowledge of the audience.

Every here and there Strauss introduces melody of the most charming character, which is given principally to the first 'cello and the first viola, these soli being played by Mr. Warnke and Mr. Ferir. Both soloists rose in their seats in response to the enthusiasm which followed the playing of is number. The only defect in the composition is its length, for the audience, before its conclusion, shows evidence of weariness at the severe strain on the ears at the long and harsh passages.

The concluding number was Wagner's Overture to "Tannhauser," which was admirably presented.

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date MAR 14 1916

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Geraldine Farrar as Soloist Attracts Large Audience.

The fifth and final concert of the series given this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra occurred last night in the Academy of Music. The house was crowded, the entire orchestra pit being filled. The program was one of unusual length and variety. Half the selections given would have made a more appropriate and enjoyable concert.

With Beethoven's D major symphony, the "Don Quixote" of Strauss, two operatic arias, sung by Geraldine Farrar, and the "Tannhaeuser" overture, it can readily be seen that even the most ardent admirer of the Boston Orchestra might experience some degree of fatigue. Nothing could be a greater foil to the dignity and beauty of the D major symphony than the absurdity of the tone picture "Don Quixote," nor could anything serve to increase one's love of Beethoven more firmly. The manipulation of the instruments in the Strauss work is a matter for al

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From PUBLIC LEDGER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date MAR 14 1916

BOSTON SYMPHONY HEARD WITH FARRAR

Last Concert Brings Forward Warnke's 'Cello in "Don Quixote"

PROGRAM.

Beethoven	Second Symphony
Wagner	"Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin"
Strauss	"Don Quixote," Variations
Berlioz	Aria from "La Damnation"
Wagner	"Tannhaeuser" Overture

The Boston Symphony gave the fifth and last of its season's concerts at the Academy of Music, last evening, under Dr. Karl Muck's leadership, for an audience to whom it evidently meant much to be present. To those in the topmost gallery, at least, the two and a half crowded hours of glorious musical life meant in most cases a chilly sidewalk vigil all afternoon long. They evidently felt well rewarded by a sumptuous repast of harmonies staid and serene in the classical opening of the program, profane and bizarre at times in the fantastic idiom of Strauss and his dear fool of a hero.

Geraldine Farrar was the soloist. Attired in a shimmering delicate filminess of white satin and chiffon, half the fun of hearing her sing was to watch her undulant exits and entrances. She bowed times without number to all points of the compass in answer to repeated recalls, and at the close of the aria of Elsa remained in a Cecilia-like attitude of entranced adoration—or she was like Boutet de Monvel's Jean D'Arc communing with a vision of the angels. In the text of Wagner, or in the air of Marguerite from "La Damnation de Faust," she was demurely spiritual—between whiles there was a fascinating suggestion of the tempestuous siren of the "movies."

Deprived of the operatic opportunities for action, the voice against the strong, sure background of the orchestra, had to stand on its own merits, and it can hardly be said that the singing, per se, was of the highest order. The charm of Miss Farrar's art scarcely lies in an equalized control of her several registers, as in Mary Garden's case, with its ensemble that appeals, the sta presence of a personality defiant o analysis. The English horn for the Berlioz air was beautifully played.

Every bow or instrumental voi was alive for the stirring Allegro for t first movement of the Beethoven sympho he Lorghetto, with its theme borrowe or a hymn-tune, was an inspired simp ; the Scherzo was interpreted in the of fairy mischief evident in its frolic design. Finally the tuba and atte brasses walked with a majestic st through the measures of the "Ta hauser" overture with a temperance a a balance in their exalted mood that co manded admiration.

But midway of the program was most picturesquely arresting instrument feature, in the extraordinary series of v riations written by Strauss round th teeming experience of Don Quixote. Th Boston Orchestra has played the wor here before, and last night the same solo ists were brought forward, with Heinrich Warnke's 'cello impersonating the Don and Emil Ferir's viola in the role of the smug materialist, Sancho Panza, the squire. Much music of melting eloquence is put down for the 'cello, with its peated little high-hearted ditty of cou plucked afresh from the dust of de and the intervals of grave rumination the meaning of life and ideals of ho and glory.

The audience laughed outright in delight over the verisimilitude of the creaking windmill-wings, that was heard in the sputter of the muted brasses, and the seventh variation of the Ride through the Air brought into play a wondrous apparatus (built behind a white screen in one corner) for the productic a mighty ululation of the wind, aro the wooden horse that never leaves the ground. The finale of the death of the knight was invested with its full pathetic value, and nothing in his life became him like the leaving it, in the beautiful final declension of the 'cello as it gave up the ghost with a gentle expiring sigh. Mr. Warnke's performance, technically excellent, read between the lines into the secondary meanings of the score; and Mr. Ferir's viola, though it did not have so much to say, was masterfully handled. The men of the orchestra were called to their feet, and Doctor Muck was brought back by the applause, in a reluctant leavetaking.

F. L.

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date

Established: London, 1881; New York, 1884

Spring is in the air on the heels of the blizzard, and Schumann's "Spring" symphony ended the Boston Symphony nights in Carnegie Hall last evening like a benediction. The scherzo won h e applause and the final allegro "gracious and animated" brought the band upstanding. You wondered what those dancing measures would do to a Pavlowa's tiptoes. Karl Muck p yed a Roman Cornelia role by exh g one of his own men as soloist, e will a pair of them to-morrow.

A solid vio t rather than a technical athlete ned to the hour, Anton Witek, di well with the little romance midw in Joachim's Hungarian concer But the forty minute labyrinthine k was far too long and Witek on lost its slender thread of melody nea he end, quickly recovering it fror he conductor's score. An opening ov ture, Beethoven's discarded "Leonore" No. 1, could well have been spared. The carriage crush was a record uptown.

To-night in Brooklyn the Hub players have a farewell with Tschaikowsky's Fourth symphony, Brahms's "Academic Festival," Volkmann's string serenade and Wagner's prelude to "Meistersinger." To-morrow Carnegie Hall hears the last of the orchestra's thirty-fifth season in Beethoven's Second symphony, Mozart's "Concertante Symphonie" for Witek and Ferir and the Brahms and Wagner bits repeated.

From WORLD
Address: New York City
Date

LONG VIOLIN CONCERTO BY BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Closing Concert of Musicians Here This Season Somewhat Marred by This Feature.

One-third of last night's Boston Symphony Orchestra programme in Carnegie Hall consisted of a violin concerto that must be classed as one of the dryest, dreariest and most uninteresting musical compositions the imagination can conceive.

Joseph Joachim, the great violinist, wrote it; Anton Witek, concertmeister of the Boston Symphony played it. And while the result was an amazing exhibition of Dr. Joachim's ability to write prodigiously for the technique at amazing length and to place the utmost mechanical demands upon the interpreter, the listener derived from the music no satisfaction.

The first "Leonore" overture by Beethoven constituted an auspicious beginning, and Schumann's B flat major symphony, his No. 1, served admirably to bring the programme to a close. But the Joachim number imposed a load too weighty for the others to successfully carry.

The audience was a large one. The concert was the last to be given here this season by the Boston men.

From PRESS
Address: New York City
Date MAR 17 1916

BOSTON SYMPHONY CLOSES

Anton Witek Soloist at Last Appearance of Season.

To Anton Witek, concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, fell the honor last night in Carnegie Hall of being the soloist of the last evening concert given by the visiting organization in New York this season, and more than honorably did he bear his responsibilities in Joachim's rarely heard Concerto (in the Hungarian manner), opus 11.

There are pages of real beauty in the work, particularly in the rhythmically vigorous and stirring "Finale alla Zingara"—and it must be conceded that the violinist would have searched in vain for a composition calculated to set off his virtuoso skill more convincingly. How many violinists are there, one wonders, even among those who appear frequently as soloists, who could accomplish what Witek did on this ocasion in solving with finger and bow the gruelling puzzles accumulated by the famous violinist composer in his concerto?

An evening that had opened impressively with Beethoven's overture to "Leonore," No. 1, opus 138, closed delightfully with a superlative performance of Schumann's Symphony in B flat major, No. 1, opus 138.

From HERALD
Address: New York City

Date M 7 1916

Es 1884

This "Spring" Symphony Is Frost Nipped

Boston Orchestra Not at Its Best as It Gives Last Thursday Night Concert and Plays Schumann.

Schumann's "Spring" symphony seemed a little premature last night when played at the last Thursday night concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall. Perhaps when Dr. Karl Muck selected that work for his musicians to play he did not expect that snow and icy winds would greet those who heard it when they left the hall. Somehow a little of the outside coldness seemed to get into the playing of the men from Boston.

The performance was finished, the tone of the strings, wood winds and brasses was excellent and there was plenty of spirit evident, but the "vernal passion that sways men until they are very old"—to quote the composer—seemed to be lacking. However, there was much to commend in other respects. No orchestra known in New York plays Beethoven so well as the Boston Symphony, and appropriately it presented the overture "Leonore" No. 1, one of the overtures to the opera "Fidelio."

The soloist was Anton Witek, concertmeister of the orchestra. His selection was unfortunate, as Joseph Joachim's concerto in the Hungarian manner is not greatly admired here. As a technical feat his playing of the first movement was remarkable. Again in the second section he played in a most praiseworthy manner, though the music itself failed to satisfy.

The last movement, which is the best, was not so well done. In one place the soloist seemed to get mixed up in Joachim's rambling repetitions and while the orchestra continued at full speed he glanced toward Dr. Muck, who, with his finger on the score, directed him where to begin again. Mr. Witek was recalled to the stage several times after he had finished.

From SUN
Address: New York City

Date MAR 17 1916

Estab 84

BOSTON ORCHESTRA MAKES LAST VISIT

Anton Witek Plays Joachim's Concerto in Hungarian Style.

SCHUMANN SPRING SONG

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the fifth and last of its evening concerts at Carnegie Hall last night. The programme consisted of the first of Beethoven's "Leonore" overtures, Josef Joachim's violin concerto "in the Hungarian manner" and Schumann's B flat symphony. The solo performer was Anton Witek, the concert master of the orchestra.

A gentleman named Andreas Moser wrote a biography of Joachim and liberally unburdened his soul as to the concerto heard last evening. He said it was the result of Joachim's intimate knowledge of the music of his own country and also that it put a heavy tax on the physical endurance of the player. It may now be added that it also strains the patience of the listener.

Without doubt the melodic materials of the composition have all the earmarks of Hungarian music. Also it can be urged in extenuation of the long rhodomontades of violin passage work that the traditional gypsy fiddler is fond of careering over the finger board. But after all the cembalon speaks the truer accents of the Magyar tunes and Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies lie closer to the heart of this folk music than the lavishly embroidered work of Joachim.

Mr. Witek is a man of sturdy physique and he attacked the concerto confidently. He lasted admirably even to the end of the third movement. Once only he wavered, but it was his memory, not his arm, that weakened, and a glance at the score set him right. He played the whole work with immense vigor and with a brilliant display of technic. But there was little to give him opportunity for any exhibition of the [illegible] speech of his instrument.

After this concerto the Schumann symphony was indeed a delight. Schumann himself spoke of it in a letter as a "spring symphony," but in another epistle he said that when he composed it he had a longing for spring. What a glorious spring it was in his mind, so opulent, so throbbing with all the warm life of out doors, so passionate in its expression of the joy of living. It was good to hear last night, when many were longing for spring, and the orchestra played it beautifully.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City

Date MAR 17 1916

E 1884

Last Evening Concert of Symphony Orchestra

At its final evening concert, which took place last night in Carnegie Hall, the Boston Symphony Orchestra brought forward Anton Witek, concertmaster, as soloist. He played Joachim's Concerto written in the Hungarian fashion. The work seldom appears on concert programme, and for that reason was considered the novelty of the evening.

Beethoven's overture "Leonore" No. 1 and Schumann's First Symphony were the orchestral selections. The orchestra played with inspiration, magnificent tone quality and faultless balance.

The large audience was liberal in its appreciation of Dr. Muck and his men.

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.

Date MAR 15 1916

Est 1884

Attend Symphony Concert.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson accupied a box at the National yesterday afternoon for the last concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Her guests included Mrs. Albert Sidney Burleson, Miss Agnes Hart Wilson, Miss Bertha Bolling, Mrs. William Hitz and Miss Edith Benham.

The German ambassador entertained in the adjoining box, his guests including Princess Hatzfeldt, Baron Schoen, and Miss Harriet Southerland. Lady Spring-Rice, Countess Cellere and Thomas Spring-Rice were guests of Mrs. William Crozier, in her box. Mrs. Marshall Field had a party in one of the stage boxes, including Mrs. George Howard, Miss Perin, Lawrence Townsend and Lawrence Townsend, jr. Mrs. David F. Houston, Mrs. Clarence Wilson and Mrs. J. Mandeville Carlisle were among the guests in Mrs. Calderon Carlisle's box. Mrs. I. T. Mann had guests with her, among them Mrs S. C. Neale. Mrs. Preston Gibson entertained a party in Mrs. McMillan's box, Miss Sheridan and Miss Todd being among them. Mr. and Mrs. Lisner entertained a box party.

Among others in the audience were Mrs. John Blair, Mme. Yanes, Gordon Crawford, Mrs. Beverly Williams, Mrs. David Jayne Hill, Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell, Mrs. Frederick Chapin, Miss Valerie Padelford, Mrs. Presley M. Rixey, Mrs. James Harlan, the Turkish Charge d'Affaires and Mme. Hussein Bey, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Clover, the Rev. and Mrs F. Ward Denys, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Douglas, Mrs. Henry Brown, Congressman Towner, Mrs. Charles C. Walcutt, Mrs John Biddle, Miss Eloise Sergeant, Mr and Mrs. George P. Eustis, Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, Mrs. Percy Quin, Mr. and Mrs Frank Reeside, Mrs. Victor Kauffmann, Miss Frances Noyes, and Mrs. Walter Tuckerman.

From TRIBUNE
Address: New York City

Date R 17 1916

Est 1884

BOSTON ORCHESTRA PLAYS

Beethoven, Joachim and Schumann in Dr. Muck's Programme.

The orchestra from Boston was with us again last night, and this time Dr. Muck chose Beethoven, Joachim and Schumann as the composers to be represented. The programme was more interesting than has been the average of Dr. Muck's.

The "Leonore" Overture No. 1 is always of interest when played as superbly as the band played it last night, and the Schumann Symphony No. 1 will always be welcome.

The Joachim number was of far less attractiveness; that is, to all except solo violinists. It was his "Concerto in the Hungarian manner" for violin and orchestra, a work remarkable chiefly for its extraordinary technical difficulties, and hence grateful to the virtuoso. Anton Witek, the orchestra's concert master, played it with remarkable fluency. Otherwise the concerto is dull and utterly uninspired in spirit.

The Schumann First, perhaps the most beautiful and freshest of all the composer's symphonies, was given an exquisite performance by Dr. Muck, refined, perfectly articulated, crystal clear, suave in outline, yet firm and masculine in presentation. For his reading of this symphony Dr. Muck can well be forgiven his past sins in choice of programmes! Of course, the audience was of capacity size.

From
Address: New York City

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City

Date MAR 17

Establis

Famous Boston Symphony Orchestra Heard by Big Audience at Carnegie Hall.

ARE CLOSING THEIR SEASON

Dr. Muck and his men arrived in New York yesterday to offer their two farewell concerts of the season, one of which was given at Carnegie Hall last evening. They received a hearty and enthusiastic welcome, and, at a signal given by Dr. Muck, the men arose simultaneously to acknowledge the tremendous applause.

The symphony of the evening was Schumann's No. 1 in B minor, written in one of the happiest periods in the composer's life. How delightful must have been the picture that floated before the imagination of the composer, and how bright and cheerful must the dreams have been that inspired him with this sparkling music, full of gayety, life and happiness!

Dr. Muck imbued this "Spring Poem," or this "Spring Symphony," to use Schumann's own words, with a true sense of its vivacity, freshness and cheerfulness, and his delicate touches in the more somber passages, and in those of more serious moods and reflections, revealed anew the depth of musical understanding which is always associated with Dr. Muck.

A. Witek, concertmaster of the orchestra, played the solo part of the Joachim concerto (in the Hungarian manner) for violin and orchestra, with skill and taste.

Beethoven's overture to "Leonore," No. 1, the remaining number on the program, was spiritedly rendered.

From HERALD
Address: Washington, D. C.

Date MAR 15 1916

Est 884

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN CONCERT AT NATIONAL

Dr. Karl Muck, Conducting Orchestra, Offers Program of Classical and Romantic Music.

Dr. Karl Muck, conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was in a felicitous mood at the National Theater yesterday afternoon.

The five composers represented on the program were all German and, excepting Wagner, all were of the classical and romantic old school. They were interpreted by the conductor with a spirit of enthusiasm and a depth of insight that made a delightfully harmonious element in the afternoon's enjoyment.

The soloist, Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, played two consecutive numbers. The fist, Mozart's Concerto in D minor, abounding in lovely melodies, with a background of splendid orchestration, semed like a rare old jewel in a setting of purest gold. It was most delicately interpreted by both pianist and orchestra with great effect. Mr. Gabrilowitsch plays with excellent singing tone and his pianissimo effects are clear but round and velvety in quality.

The concert piece in F minor by Weber was brilliantly given with the romantic spirit of the story about which it is woven. In the bravura passages Mr. Gabrilowitsch showed splendid force and ringing tone, while the wonderful "march," heralding the return of the warrior, was played with a rhymthic beat that was irresistable. The audience was extremely enthusiastic and Mr. Gabrilowitsch was recalled several times.

The orchestra gave an excellent rendition of Handel's Concerto in F Major. It is full of familiar themes from the oratorios of the same composer, and the effect is given stately and dignified harmony with very little tonal contrast and variety.

The Wagner overture from "Tannhauser" was the closing number and quite different in construction and treatment from the other compositions on the program. Dr. Muck gave this piece a wonderful interpretation, and although his orchestra needs little guidance and he generally can afford to give these artists free rein, several little points were brought out vividly and added greatly to the musical value of the overture.

The opening number of the program, Schumann's Symphony in B-flat Major, written in romantic style, was full of melodious themes and pleasing harmonies—the "Larghetto" movement is full of religious sentiment and devotional spirit. The whole symphony is of a joyous and vigorous character—and was written by Schumann to celebrate his marriage.

This was the fifth and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season. A distinguished audience, which included Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, filled the theater.

M. J. S.

From TIMES
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date MAR 15 1916

Esta 1884

Boston Symphony Orchestra Heard

Ossip Gabrilowitsch Is Soloist at Final Concert of the Season of Organization.

With Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, as soloist, the final concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, was given at the National Theater yesterday afternoon before a capacity audience with many people standing. Music in the severely classic mode predominated on the program, with two orchestral works with piano, the D minor concerto by Mozart, and the Weber "Concert Piece" in F minor, and also an orchestral concerto by Handel.

Art that is finely finished and essentially pianistic is that of Mr. Gabrilowitsch. His tone is subtle and ever rich, and his delicate work combines unusual clarity with ever graceful and varied shading. With a fluent technique that he employes with broad dynamic effect, every tone in the Mozart allegro seemed given with its perfect value. In the weaving of a theme he presents it with utter simplicity, making it a finely painted gem of tone. Thus, through the lively themes of Mozart and Weber he gave tone work of great beauty, embellishments of broadest pianistic art, but they contained little of sentiment or emotion.

Dr. Muck put into the orchestral score of the Mozart all of its fairest loveliness.

The symphony was the Schumann in B flat major. Beautifully interpreted, with a wealth of finest detail were the "Larghetto" and the "Scherzo," played as one movement. The strings were richly effective in the former and the main theme was given with truly exquisite tone and a delightful legato. Charmingly diverse and melodious was the "Scherzo," with its sprightly dance spirit accented vitally, part in syncopation and part a true fantasy. Fantasy prevailed as well in the finale. It was spirited and lovely and executed with infinite and ever graceful detail

Much in the spirit of his choral works is the Handel concerto in F major, the orchestral instruments maintaining separately figures such as these in his big concerted vocal works. It was not very warmly received, despite the very lovely work of the wind choirs.

Concluding with the richly orchestrated overture to Wagner's "Tannhauser," Dr. Muck gave it with seriousness, even restraint, in the Pilgrim's music giving the Venusberg music with much beauty, but with delicacy rather than a broad and sweeping impassioned spirit.

J. MacB.

From POST
Address: Washington, D. C.
Date MAR 15 1916

1884

Smart Set at Concert.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson occupied a box at the National Theater yesterday afternoon for the last concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Her guests included Mrs. Albert Sidney Burleson, Miss Agnes Hart Wilson, Miss Bertha Bolling, Mrs. William Hitz and Miss Edith Benham. The German Ambassador entertained in the adjoining box, his guests including Princess Hatzfeldt, Baron Schoen and Miss Harriet Southerland. Lady Spring Rice, Countess Cellere and Mr. Thomas Spring Rice were guests of Mrs. William Crozier, in her box. Mrs. Marshall Field had a party in one of the stage boxes, including Mrs. George Howard, Miss Perin, Mr. Lawrence Townsend and Mr. Lawrence Townsend, jr. Mrs. David F. Houston, Mrs. Clarence Wilson and Mrs. J. Mandeville Carlisle were among the guests in Mrs. Calderon Carlisle's. Mrs. I. T. Mann had guests with her, including Mrs. S. C. Neale. Mrs. Preston Gibson entertained a party in Mrs. McMillan's box, Miss Sheridan and Miss Todd being among them. Mr. and Mrs. Lisner entertained a box party. Among others in the audience were Mrs. John Blair, Mme. Yanes, Mr. Gordon, Crawford, Mrs. Beverly Williamson, Mrs. David Jayne Hill, Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell, Mrs. Frederick Chapin, Miss Valerie Padelford, Mrs. Presley M. Rixey, Mrs. James Harlan, the Turkish charge d'affaires and Mme. Hussein Bey, Admiral and Mrs. Clover, the Rev. and Mrs. F. Ward Denys, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Douglas, Mrs. Henry Brown, Representative Horace M. Towner, Mrs. Charles C. Walcutt, Mrs. John Biddle, Miss Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Eustis, Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, Mrs. Percy Quin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reeside, Mrs. Victor Kauffmann, Miss Frances Noyes, and Mrs. Walter Tuckerman.

From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date 1

84

Boſtoner Symphonie-Konzert.

Dr. Muck hat uns geſtern wieder einmal mit den reichſten Gaben ſeiner und ſeines Orcheſters Kunſt erfreut, ein Vollgenuß, wie er beredt für die Herrlichkeit des Boſtoner Orcheſters ſpricht. Die „Leonoren"-Ouverture No. 1 fand eine einfach tadelloſe Aufführung, und die Erſte Schumann's hat man nicht häufig mit dieſer durchgeiſtigen Virtuoſität und dieſer quellenden Klangfreudigkeit ſpielen gehört. Als Soliſt ſpielte Konzertmeiſter Herr Witek Joachim's „Konzert im ungariſchen Stil", und zwar, mit Ausnahme eines Gedächtnisfehlers, mit gediegener Pracht und hinreißendem Schmiß. Der Künſtler wurde ganz enorm gefeiert, und daß Dr. Muck und ſeine Mannen wieder begeiſterten Beifall einſtrichen, wird man gern glauben.

From EVENING WORLD
Address: New York City
Date 1916

Establishe

Boston Players Closing Season In New York

By Sylvester Rawling.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its farewell evening concert of the season at Carnegie Hall last night. With to-morrow's matinee performance the famous organization from the Hub, unexcelled anywhere, ably directed for some years by Dr. Karl Muck, will take its leave of us until next autumn. It might go without saying that the house was crowded because, before the season began, the subscription was exhausted. The soloist was Anton Witek, the concert master of the orchestra, who acquitted himself well in the Joachim concerto, opus 11, for violin, in the Hungarian style, not too familiar nowadays. Mr. Witek is a thorough musician. At the beginning there was the Beethoven "Leonora" overture No. 1, and for the end there was Schumann's lovely Spring symphony, his first in B flat major, that served to make all the more poignant and significant our grumblings over the ice and the snow and the cold, into which we were bundled out after its splendid pronouncement by Dr. Muck and his players.

Offhand, it is odd that the big orchestras are closing the season so early. The Symphony Society, under Mr. Damrosch, already is finished. The Philharmonic Society, under Mr. Stransky, has only three more concerts to give. This week sees the last of the Boston men. The explanation is that the organizations, with the glamour of metropolitan appreciation hovering over them like aureoles, will seek to spread the light of their capacity and their achievements over the poor benighted people who were unfortunate enough to be born outside the artistic precincts of New York and Boston. Nevertheless the crowning glory of the season is reserved for the Philadelphia Orchestra, under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, at the Metropolitan Opera House on April 9, under the auspices of the Society of the Friends of Music, when Gustave Mahler's eighth symphony, which has set musical Philadelphia wild with enthusiasm, will be presented here, with a chorus of 1,000, and singers of national and international repute. All honor to Mr. Stokowski, and to his orchestra and to the music lovers of Philadelphia, who made the first presentation of the work in America possible, and also made New York and Boston sit up and take notice that Philadelphia is still on the map.

From EVENING SUN
Address: New York City
Date 1916

Est, 1884

The Woman Who Saw

Musical Snobbery.

When the Woman Who Saw attended the last evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra she caught a goodly number of the most musical of music-lovers napping. During the violin concerto, distinguished for nothing but its length, three enthusiasts in front of her were sound asleep; an elderly gentleman who is an authority on chamber music, was tapping the floor with his cane impatiently waiting for the end, and a well known critic muttered between his teeth: "A wasted evening." And yet, when it was all over, the sleepers awoke with a start, all applauded perfunctorily, and a buzz of gentle approval filled the house.

The Woman Who Saw longs to see a musical audience such as Jean Christophe describes—frank and sincere, capable of making up its mind quickly and, when bored, courageous to say so in no uncertain terms.

But no audience could be more polite than the one that gathers once a month to worship at the shrine of the Bostonians. It is a veritable cult. They glory in being there because there are so many outside clamoring to get in. No one who has ever subscribed would think of giving up the precious privilege of doing so again. Once established, it becomes a tradition, like the family pew in your adopted church, and the high priest presents aged and dusty compositions or ultra modern outbursts which the congregation accept unquestioningly, for does he not hail from the hub of American Kultur?

From EVENING WORLD
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The Boston Symphony Orchestra took leave of us for the season at Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon. Beethoven's second symphony and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" were the most interesting numbers on the programme, because they were played with all the perfection that this world famous band has attained. Dr. Muck's programmes this season have not always been satisfactory to the subscribers, who have filled the seats. Other faults have been found, but it is too late now to discuss the matter. If the war in Europe shall be over before next season everything may be different. In the same hall, on Saturday night, Modest Altschuler and the Russian Symphony Orchestra also closed its season. The programme included novelties that would better have been presented earlier. So next season again we must look forward to a repetition of them. At Aeolian Hall on Saturday afternoon Harold Bauer and Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave a two piono recital. The names of these master players drew a large audience. The measure of enjoyment they got out of the entertainment is problematical. At the Washington Irving High School on Saturday night the People's Symphony gave a concert of chamber music, with Alfred Meyerlin, a young Belgian violinist; Pauline Mallet-Provost, pianist, and William Durieux, cellist, as the Vioelpian Trio.

From EVENING SUN
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"Who that has ever seen the Grand Canyon at sunset or in the moonlight, or those great limitless plains veiled in rose and violet and the mellowing gray of twilight, can fail to be profoundly impressed, richly influenced? Such beauty and vastness must liberate the spirit, and the free spirit must eventually express something of the force that has opened the windows of the soul.

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Mr. Witek and Mr. Ferir were the soloists in Mozart's "Concertante Symphonic for Violin and Viola," and their performance of Mozart's exacting music was admirable.

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The concert was one of pleasing if not unusual character. Its most stimulating items were the symphony and the Wagner prelude. The two other numbers were also good music, but the double concerto, as it might not improperly be called, was performed creditably, while the two orchestral numbers named brought out the most brilliant qualities of the famous orchestra.

From
Address: New York City
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Established:

300,000 PERSONS HEAR 132 ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

Review of Symphonic Programmes of the Season Shows Lack of Novelties, Although American Composers Had Numerous Hearings—Season Practically Ended.

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IDEALIZED MUSIC ON THE DULCIMER

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[124]

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Est

Following this afternoon's Bo Symphony farewell in Carneg the wise men of the Hub go h end a more leisurely season la their own northern latitude and continuing in this count "pop" concerts through June Karl Muck, the conductor, ha ways been happy in his choice grammes. He has recently, however, had some thoughts on the "Music of Democracy," based on his trip with the band across America last summer. In the *Craftsman* he wrote:

"Who that has ever seen the Grand Canyon at sunset or in the moonlight, or those great limitless plains veiled in rose and violet and the mellowing gray of twilight, can fail to be profoundly impressed, richly influenced? Such beauty and vastness must liberate the spirit, and the free spirit must eventually express something of the force that has opened the windows of the soul.

"Already your painters have found the West and brought back some of its beauty on canvas, but as yet I have heard no poetry that repeats to me the story of sunrise in the West, no music that gives me of the yellow lights and the purple shadows that stream down that deep canyon, varied from day to day, and forever lovely."

From MORNING TELEGRAPH
Address: New York City
Date MAR 9

884

DR. MUCK GIVES FINAL CONCERT

Boston Symphony Society Closes Its Season Before Large Audience at Carnegie Hall.

SELECTIONS MOST FELICITOUS

Bauer and Gabrilowitsch Render a Delightful Program—Other Musical Events.

The Boston Symphony Society gave its last concert of the season at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, and it was with keen regret and genuine sorrow that the vast audience bade farewell to Dr. Muck and his men.

It must be admitted, though, that during the past Winter, Dr. Muck has presented a few programs, to say the least. that must have been almost deliberately planned to try the patience and endurance of his New York friends. New York is of a forgiving disposition, however, and only hopes that the eminent conductor will be a trifle more lenient and a little more forbearing when he visits this metropolis in the future, even though we may fail to come up to the high standards that are maintained by the distinguished music connoisseurs of Boston.

Dr. Muck chose for the symphony yesterday Beethoven's No. 2 in D and, as one commentator writes: "It shows us the composer in the normal condition of a man at peace with himself and the world, happy in his art, and not yet stirred to his very soul by the sorrows of life." Dr. Muck treated its beautiful effects with grace and understanding.

Mr. Witek and Mr. Ferir were the soloists in Mozart's "Concertante Symphonic for Violin and Viola," and their performance of Mozart's exacting music was admirable.

The remaining numbers on the program were Brahms's "Academic Festival Overture," and Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersinger," both of which were heard to advantage under the artistic direction of Dr. Muck.

From
Address
Date MAR 17

Esta

84

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Herbert Fryer Lectures on Progra for Tonight's Concert.

Herbert Fryer, a London pianist, lectured yesterday afternoon at the Brooklyn Institute concerning the programme that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play this evening, under Dr. Muck's leadership. Mr. Fryer, who is a performer of fine technical equipment and musical understanding, dissected first the symphony, Tschaikowsky's No. 4 in F minor, explaining the motives of each of the four movements, and playing enough of these melodies to give a most agreeable impression of this lovely work, which was dedicated to the composer's "best friend," Nadejda Filaretovna von Meck.

After recounting several stories to show the mood of Brahms when he wrote the Academic Festival Overture, Mr. Fryer explained the work in detail, outlining the four principal themes, or "tunes" as he called them, the march, the choral, the Freshman's Song and the "Gaudeamus," which is familiar. The work abounds with students songs, many of the melodies repeated with slight disguises.

Volkmann's not so well-known Serenade for String Orchestra in F Major, was next considered, the lecturer saying that Volkmann was neither a classicist, like Mendelssohn, nor a romanticist, like Schumann, but revealing a little of both. The four movements of the composition, he said, will doubtless be played tonight, without a break. Especially charming was his playing of the dainty waltz, third movement. The march, he said, contains a prophetic idea of rag-time. A discussion of Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude and its different motives concluded the programme.

From AMERICAN
Address: New York City
Date MAR 1 9 1916

k, 1884

Boston Symphony Concert Series Ends

THE last concert in the Boston Symphony series was given in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Selections by Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart and Wagner comprised a programme of exceptional charm.

In his search for the unusual Dr. Muck unearthed the almost forgotten concertante symphonie of Mozart, which calls for two solo instruments, the violin and viola. These parts were sustained by Anton Witek and E. Ferir, both members of the string choirs of the orchestra.

Beethoven's Second Symphony was the large feature of the afternoon, and the audience gave hearty approval for Dr. Muck's admirable reading of this, as well as to Brahms' Academic Festival overture and prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date MAR 1 9 1916

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84

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Good Programme Is Given at the Final Concert.

The final concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra series in this city took place yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The programme comprised Beethoven's second symphony, Brahms's "Academic Festival" overture, Mozart's symphonie concertante for violin and viola with orchestra and the prelude to "Die Meistersinge." The solo players were Anton Witek, violin, and Emil Ferir, viola, both members of the orchestra.

The concert was one of pleasing if not unusual character. Its most stimulating items were the symphony and the Wagner prelude. The two other numbers were also good music, but the double concerto, as it might not improperly be called, was performed creditably, while the two orchestral numbers named brought out the most brilliant qualities of the famous orchestra.

From
Address: New York City
Date AR 1 9 1916

Established:

300,000 PERSONS HEAR 132 ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

Review of Symphonic Programmes of the Season Shows Lack of Novelties, Although American Composers Had Numerous Hearings—Season Practically Ended.

LAST week the Boston Symphony Orchestra closed its local series of concerts in New York, and the Symphony Society is already half way across the continent on a post-season tour. There remain only three concerts of the Philharmonic Society and a few miscellaneous orchestral programmes to be played this season.

Approximately three hundred thousand persons have listened to symphonic entertainments this winter. Every year there has been a larger demand for orchestral music in New York, and the number of concerts is on the increase. This season, as usual, for the ten concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Carnegie Hall was sold out by subscription At all but two of the twenty-four regula concerts of the Symphony Society a Aeolian Hall every seat was taken. Concerts of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall were more numerous, and while only a few of them drew "capacity houses," the total number of their hearers was far in excess of the combine number who attended the entertainment of the other two orchestras. By nex Sunday the Philharmonic will have play forty-four concerts and the Sympho Society thirty-one.

To date the HERALD has reviewed one hundred and sixteen orchestral concerts in addition to sixteen Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House, in which the orchestra was prominent, making one hundred and thirty-two. This number includes also series by the People's Symphony Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall; by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, in the same place; by Victor Herbert's Orchestra, at the Cort Theatre, and by the Orchestral Society, at the Harris Theatre. Single concerts have been given by the Symphony Club, an orchestra composed of young women of society; the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Volpe Orchestra and the Scandinavian Symphony Orchestra.

While the total number of orchestra concerts was larger than in previous seasons, there was a noticeable lack of novelty in the programmes. This no doubt is a result of the European war, since the number of new American works heard was large. No extremely important orchestral composition had its first hearing here this season. Probably the best of the novelties was an American suite by John Alden Carpenter, of Chicago, called, "Adventures in a Perambulator," presented by the Symphony Society. As the title indicates, it is not a large or pretentious work, but in its way it is admirable.

In general the programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra were less interesting than those of the local orchestras. It presented only one new work, a suite for piano and orchestra by Ernest Schelling, which is something to elicit thankfulness, judging from the calibre of last season's novelties.

The Philharmonic presented a late work of Max Reger, variations on a theme of Mozart, and the "Pelleas and Melisande" of Schöenberg, the most important of the futuristic composers. This last, if not so futuristic as Schöenberg's Kammersinfonie, played by the Symphony Society and the Philadelphia Orchestra, was more agreeable to the ear.

It was a good year for Richard Strauss. The Philharmonic Society devoted three whole programmes to his works and other orchestras featured his symphonic poems. American composers also had more than the usual number of hearings. Among the resident composers represented on local programmes in addition to Mr. Carpenter were Victor Kolar, Fritz Stahlberg, Edmund Severn, David Stanley Smith, Seth Bingham, Daniel Gregory Mason, A. Walter Kramer, Walter Damrosch, Josef Stransky and Ernest Schelling.

A notable event was a Bach-Beethoven festival of the Philharmonic and Oratorio societies, at which Bach's "Magnificat" and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony were presented.

Perhaps the most important orchestral offering is yet to come. On April 9 the Philadelphia Orchestra, with a chorus of a thousand voices and eight distinguished soloists, will present the last Gustav Mahler's Eighth (choral) Symphony at the Metropolitan Opera House under the auspices of the Society of the Friends of Music.

In general the season was notable in orchestral circles. If there was a lack of novelties, this was more than counterbalanced by the care with which the conductors selected and prepared the best of classic compositions.

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ork City

LIZED MUSIC HE DULCIMER

A Fairy Tale Grafted on a Russian Symphony Concert.

LAST APPEARANCE OF BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Two Saturday Concerts Which Demanded Comment—Weary Bostonians.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

Of the two orchestral concerts given in Carnegie Hall yesterday the most interesting, because of its offerings, was that of the Russian Symphony Society in the evening. About all of the brilliancy in the last of its concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in the afternoon, was confined to the last number of the programme—the prelude to the "Meistersinger." In the Beethoven symphony, No. 2 in D, the band played perfunctorily, as if Dr. Muck and his men were a-weary of the world and more thoughtful of the bean pots of Boston than the music they were making. Dr. Muck's tempo in the slow movement dragged it out one-third longer than the composer intended it should be and the rigidity of the beat robbed it of all expressive charm. The "Academic Overture" of Brahms went better, but there was not the precision to which the men from Boston have accustomed us. Interest was quickened a trifle by the unfamiliar music on the programme, a Concertante Symphony in E-flat for violin and viola by Mozart, which was played in a very agreeable manner by Anton Witek and Emile Férir. Between this work and Beethoven's symphony there was a pretty kinship in spirit, especially in the last movement, much the most charming and spontaneous of the three. Why did one of its themes call back to mind the second subject of the symphony?

From HERALD
Address: New York City
Date MAR 1 9 1916

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Only German Music on Last Programme of Season—Audience Applauds Musicians.

With an all-German programme, the ton Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, played its farewell of the season at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon to an audience that was measured only by the capacity of the auditorium.

Although the applause of the audience was not of the most enthusiastic sort yet it was hearty, and it seemed to indicate full appreciation of those parts of the programme that were especially well played, such as the Scherzo and the finale of Beethoven's Second Symphony, with which the afternoon began. This number was followed by "Brahms' Academic Festival Overture," and then came a soloist's number with Anton Witek, violinist, and Emile Ferir, viola player, giving a scholarly and dignified interpretation of Mozart's Concertante Symphonie.

But the best number came last, the programme ending with Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg. This was brilliantly played and enthusiastically applauded and sent everybody home in the best of musical spirits.

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Close of Its New York Season at Its Fifth Afternoon Concert.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra finished its doings in New York for the present season at its fifth concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was made up mostly of matter well known to musical amateurs, though Mozart's "Concertante Symphonie" for violin and viola is not so often played that it can be called well known. It was presented yesterday by Mr. Witek, the concertmaster, and Mr. Férir, the first viola: an admirable performance, thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit of this beautiful music, by two players who viewed it eye to eye and were in thorough understanding with each other.

The symphony was Beethoven's second, which Dr. Muck played with much spirit and with an especial beauty in the larghetto. There was humor in Brahms's "Academic Festival Overture.' The final number was the prelude to Wagner's comedy, "Die Meistersinger." Dr. Muck took the tempo rather fast, as it seemed, with not much of the moderation and yielding of the beat that some find called for in the transitions between the various sections. There was splendor of tone and an unusual clarity in passages where clarity is indispensable to let the listeners feel the force of the combinations of themes.

There was much applause for Dr. Muck and his men, and a prolonged round at the end of the concert, doubtless intended as a farewell.

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Dr. Muck's Orchestra Gives Most Pleasure in Schumann's Work.

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With the exception of Schumann's symphony this was unfamiliar matter to a certain extent. Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 1 is not often heard, for when a conductor wishes to represent Beethoven's opera, "Fidelio," on the concert stage he more often chooses out of the overtures written for it the "Leonore" No. 3, and Joachim's concerto has fallen into disuse. It has not been played in so long a time that the remembrance of when it was actually last heard does not come to light readily.

The concerto is very difficult to play. It abounds in involved passages at break-neck speed and there is frequent use of double-stopping and chord playing. Nowadays, when mere virtuosity is not at such high premium as it formerly enjoyed, the florid style of the work has not as much power as it once had. Mr. Witek's mastering of its difficulties was not entirely successful. Though there were many beautiful bits of work, especially in the second movement, toward the end there were some roughness and some unfortunate results in the double-stopping. Once his memory apparently failed for the moment—a happening one could understand in this work—and he resorted to the conductor's score.

Probably the most pleasure of the evening was given by Schumann's symphony, whose frankness, energy, and joyousness found fitting expression at the hands of the players. At the end of the concert, when there was prolonged applause which had in it something of the element of leave-taking, Dr. Muck had the orchestra rise in acknowledgment.

From STAR
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date MAR 1 6

BOSTON ORCHESTRA PLAYS DON QUIXOTE

Baltimore heard something really modern in effect in music last night, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, played Richard Strauss' Don Quixote, Opus 35, at the Lyric, at the fifth and last of the orchestra's local concerts of the season. Once, the audience all but laughed outright at a series of unusual instrumental effects. Beethoven's second symphony and Wagner's Tannhauser overture were the other instrumental pieces played. Geraldine Farrar, soprano, was the special soloist.

Dormant and even perfunctory, upon occassions for sometime in its concerts here, the orchestra came to life last night, and gave a more definite account of itself. There was some unevenness, occasionally many intonations in the accompaniment to Elsa's Dream from Lohengrin, sung by Miss Farrar, were out of tune, and the trumpets and kettledrums exceeded the bounds of reason in the Beethoven symphony. These were outweighed, however, by countless excellencies. The reading of the symphony and overture by Dr. Muck were unusually fine, and both he and his men worked magnificently in the Strauss piece.

Miss Farrar was received cordially and sang well the Wagner aria and Berlioz's D'amour l'ardente flamme, from La Damnation de Faust. It is probable that she gave more enjoyment to the greatest number, however, when she appeared in recital numbers earlier in the season. She was recalled many times.

Another series of five concerts is announced for next season by the orchestra, to be given on Wednesday nights.

J. N. H.

From NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date MAR 1 6

TREAT BY FARR

Diva Gets Warm Rece At Boston Symphony.

Voice Has Acquired Tendency To Coarseness; Lower Registers Have Richer Quality.

Geraldine Farrar's appearance as soloist was sufficient in itself to make the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Lyric last night notable. Consequently when it is considered that, in addition to two operatic arias by this brilliant artist, the program included the first local production of one of the greatest of the Strauss tone poems, "Don Quixote," it is not surprising that the event proved one of the most thoroughly delightful of the musical season.

The concert was the last of the Boston Orchestra's local series, and was attended by an enormous audience, drawn probably more by the allure of Farrar than anything the program might have to offer. The diva was looking just as lovely, just as young, just as much the complete mistress of herself, as always. She was warmly received when she stepped from the wings, and after her arias—"Elsa's Dream" from "Lohengrin" and "D'Amour de l'Ardente Flamme" from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust"—she was called back time and again.

Her Voice Somewhat Coarse.

Her presentation of both arias was marked with the utmost dignity and a noble simplicity of expression that was most effective. Her voice, it must be said, is not what it was a few years ago. The upper tones have acquired a tendency toward coarseness and have not their former clarity and sweetness.

But what she has lost here she has gained in a much richer quality of the lower and middle registers. Her voice has apparently become lower, having at present more of the semblance of a mezzo than a dramatic soprano. Her work in the Berlioz aria, which suited her better than Elsa's heroic song, was particularly good.

The Strauss tone poem was a sheer joy. In it the composer managed in some uncanny way to embody the very spirit of Cervantes' immortal romance. It is not only rife with beauty of a sublime order, but episodes of poignant pathos are woven into it, and there are constantly recurring flashes of broad, grotesque humor.

As an example of orchestration this score is nothing short of astounding. It is one of the few pieces of program music whose descriptive passages literally describe. The "Battle Against the Hosts of the Great Emperor A fonfaron," when it sounded for all the world as if a flock of bleating sheep was stampeding across the stage, was so obvious that it treated the audience to a hearty laugh.

Wind Machine Was Realistic.

Another vividly realistic episode was the "Ride Through the Air," in which chromatic flute runs of lightning rapidity, drum rolls and, what has never before been heard at a symphony concert here, a wind machine, created the illusion of a shrieking gale.

The music throughout is most suggestive. To philistine, academic ears much of it is undoubtedly utter nonsense, a mere jumble of sounds, produced by a crowd of musicians trying out various instruments in an entirely haphazard way.

But to the serious, receptive, broadminded musician Strauss' "Don Quixote" stands forth as a masterpiece reflecting titanic genius, a work dominated by a big, vital, unfaltering purpose.

Dr. Muck is to be congratulated for giving Baltimoreans a chance to hear it, and both he and his musicians are deserving of unqualified praise for the superb manner in which it was played. The cello and violin solos of Messrs. Warnke and Ferir, respectively, contributed much to the success of the performance.

The opening number was Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 in D major, a work of many beauties characterized by that elevation of spirit inseparable from the master's productions, although it is by no means one of his most inspired compositions and lacks the profundity, the definite aim of the later symphonies. The concert was closed with the "Tannhauser" overture.

W. W. B.

From EVENING GLOBE
Address: New York City.
Date

Music.

The Boston Symphony Concert—Other Music.

Each time I sit down before a piece of paper to review a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, I vow to myself nothing shall betray me this time into writing one word of comment on Dr. Muck's selection of a programme. And always I am false to my vow; it is not in flesh and blood to be true. Last evening the great band from Boston played once more to a capacity house in Carnegie Hall, giving its last conce here, but one, for the season. To ope the programme Dr. Muck chose t Beethoven overture that goes by t name of "Leonore" No. 1. As we a know, No. 1, as a matter of exa chronology, is really No. 3, and N 3 really No. 2, and No. 2 really No. But let us stick to the tradition nomenclature.

The "Leonore" No. 1 overture worth playing occasionally, even b the Boston Symphony Orchestra o tour, partly for historical reason partly for its own sake, though cannot compare in worth with th No. 2 or the No. 3. The No. 2, by th way, I do not recall ever hearing ex cept in the course of some Beethove festival when most of the master's important orchestral works are gone through in a manner necessarily more or less perfunctory. Why do not the conductors give it a chance some season and the overworked No. 3 a rest? But if the first "Leonore" overture is to serve as the introductory number of a general symphony concert programme, the remainder of the programme ought to be of a sort to keep the weight of the concert up to the standard.

The overture last night introduced nothing other than Joachim's "Hungarian" concerto for violin and orchestra, which, to put the matter gently, is a deadweight rather than a makeweight. Rarely has such abysmal dulness drivelled its way from an inkwell over inoffensive music paper as in this concerto. I cannot imagine why Mr. Witek picked it out for performance, unless it be the concert-master's concerto par excellence. When Willy Hess was concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra he played it here. Now his latest successor does likewise. The concerto is superlatively difficult, as difficult as it is dull. Mr. Witek is a fine artist and deserves praise for his usually successful grappling with the difficulties.

After the ordeal of the concerto one found one's self beset with a frantic thirst for hell broth or Arnold Schönberg. As a substitute one had Schumann's "Spring" symphony, a pleasant work whatever the temperature in the street, but nothing one gets much excited over in these days, though I recall a performance the Boston band gave it under Mr. Gericke's direction which was something to treasure in memory. However one may regard it, it had to carry the concert last night.

PITTS SANBORN.

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date

LAST VISIT OF THE BOSTON ARTISTS

Symphony Orchestra Heard at the Academy.

The fifth and last of a series of concerts which has been given at the Academy of Music this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was held last evening and, as usual, the artists were greeted by a crowded house of enthusiastic music lovers.

The programme was in four parts: Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 4, F minor, Op. 36; Brahm's Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80; Volkmann's Serenade for String Orchestra, F major, Op. 63, and Wagner's Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurenberg." Tschaikowsky's symphony is in four movements, and, as he says himself, "the introduction is the kernel, the quintessence, the chief thought of the whole symphony." The whole of the first part is given over to a dream of unhappiness and the idea of the composer is very clearly brought out. The second movement shows another phase of sadness, but here the melancholy feeling is one which enwraps one when alone and exhausted by work. There is no determined feeling expressed in the third movement—the mood is gay; then mournful. The pictures are disconnected and the impressions it leaves on one's brain come and go. In the fourth movement there is neither sadness nor real happiness, but more of an absorption in one's work and imagination. The music was most appealing and was rendered last night in a manner that called for long and pronounced applause.

Brahm's Academic Festival is a combination of German university students songs done in a symphony. There are certain airs running through the symphony that are familiar to all music lovers of folk songs. It has often been described as "a long and elaborate fantasia in which one's music thoughts run wild."

Volkmann's Serenade is in four movements, as follows: Allegro moderato, molto vivace, waltz, march. The movements are simple and most appealing. It is said that the waltz of this inspired Eugene Field to write a fairy story and after hearing it as played last night one can readily believe that this is true.

The prelude to the Meistersinger, which closed the programme, is so familiar to all music lovers that criticism is unnecessary except to say that the orchestra played it last night with all the beautiful shades which have come to be under one of the most alluring things of this wonderful opera of Wagner's.

From EVENING POST
Address: New York City
Date AR 17 1916

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. Muck chose Beethoven's first "Leonore" overture as the first number of his final evening concert of the season at Carnegie Hall last night. It is interesting historically, but does not compare with the famous number three. The concert master, Mr. Witek, played the long and dreary concerto "in the Hungarian manner" of Joseph Joachim, famous as violinist, but not as composer. Subtle sarcasm probably lurked in Philip Hale's quoting, in the programme notes, an authority who wrote concerning this concerto that "it is very long." Mr. Hale also inserted an essay by Edwin Evans to beguile the "longwhilishness" of the forty-minute concerto. It was played in a dry manner, with not altogether faultless intonation, by Mr. Witek, whose memory played him false in the last movement. To his credit be it said that he did not try to bluff it out, but looked on Dr. Muck's score till he had found his place.

Schumann's "Spring Symphony" was like a breath of fresh air after coming out of a close room. It may not have coincided with the weather outside, but it was a delight to listen to from beginning to end. At its close Dr. Muck and the whole orchestra had to acknowledge the abundant applause. Schumann is still a name to conjure with.

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Baltimore, Md.
MAR 1 6

ON ORCHESTRA PLAYS DON QUIXOTE

Baltimore heard something really modern in effect in music last night, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, played Richard Strauss' Don Quixote, Opus 35, at the Lyric, at the fifth and last of the orchestra's local concerts of the season. Once, the audience all but laughed outright at a series of unusual instrumental effects. Beethoven's second symphony and Wagner's Tannhauser overture were the other instrumental pieces played. Geraldine Farrar, soprano, was the special soloist.

Dormant and even perfunctory, upon occassions for sometime in its concerts here, the orchestra came to life last night, and gave a more definite account of itself. There was some unevenness, occasionally many intonations in the accompaniment to Elsa's Dream from Lohengrin, sung by Miss Farrar, were out of tune, and the trumpets and kettledrums exceeded the bounds of reason in the Beethoven symphony. These were outweighed, however, by countless excellencies. The reading of the symphony and overture by Dr. Muck were unusually fine, and both he and his men worked magnificently in the Strauss piece.

Miss Farrar was received cordially and sang well the Wagner aria and Berlioz's D'amour l'ardente flamme, from La Damnation de Faust. It is probable that she gave more enjoyment to the greatest number, however, when she appeared in recital numbers earlier in the season. She was recalled many times.

Another series of five concerts is announced for next season by the orchestra, to be given on Wednesday nights.

J. N. H.

From NEWS
Address: Baltimore, Md.
Date MAR 1 6

TREAT BY FARRAR

Diva Gets Warm Reception At Boston Symphony.

Voice Has Acquired Tendency To Coarseness; Lower Registers Have Richer Quality.

Geraldine Farrar's appearance as soloist was sufficient in itself to make the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Lyric last night notable. Consequently when it is considered that, in addition to two operatic arias by this brilliant artist, the program included the first local production of one of the greatest of the Strauss tone poems, "Don Quixote," it is not surprising that the event proved one of the most thoroughly delightful of the musical season.

The concert was the last of the Boston Orchestra's local series, and was attended by an enormous audience, drawn probably more by the allure of Farrar than anything the program might have to offer. The diva was looking just as lovely, just as young, just as much the complete mistress of herself, as always. She was warmly received when she stepped from the wings, and after her arias—"Elsa's Dream" from "Lohengrin" and "D'Amour de l'Ardente Flamme" from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust"—she was called back time and again.

Her Voice Somewhat Coarse.

Her presentation of both arias was marked with the utmost dignity and a noble simplicity of expression that was most effective. Her voice, it must be said, is not what it was a few years ago. The upper tones have acquired a tendency toward coarseness and have not their former clarity and sweetness.

But what she has lost here she has gained in a much richer quality of the lower and middle registers. Her voice has apparently become lower, having at present more of the semblance of a mezzo than a dramatic soprano. Her work in the Berlioz aria, which suited her better than Elsa's heroic song, was particularly good.

The Strauss tone poem was a sheer joy. In it the composer managed in some uncanny way to embody the very spirit of Cervantes' immortal romance. It is not only rife with beauty of a sublime order, but episodes of poignant pathos are woven into it, and there are constantly recurring flashes of broad, grotesque humor.

As an example of orchestration this score is nothing short of astounding. It is one of the few pieces of program music whose descriptive passages literally describe. The "Battle Against the Hosts of the Great Emperor Alifonfaron," when it sounded for all the world as if a flock of bleating sheep was stampeding across the stage, was so obvious that it treated the audience to a hearty laugh.

Wind Machine Was Realistic.

Another vividly realistic episode was the "Ride Through the Air," in which chromatic flute runs of lightning rapidity, drum rolls and, what has never before been heard at a symphony concert here, a wind machine, created the illusion of a shrieking gale.

The music throughout is most suggestive. To philistine, academic ears much of it is undoubtedly utter nonsense, a mere jumble of sounds, produced by a crowd of musicians trying out various instruments in an entirely haphazard way.

But to the serious, receptive, broad-minded musician Strauss' "Don Quixote" stands forth as a masterpiece reflecting titanic genius, a work dominated by a big, vital, unfaltering purpose.

Dr. Muck is to be congratulated for giving Baltimoreans a chance to hear it, and both he and his musicians are deserving of unqualified praise for the superb manner in which it was played. The cello and violin solos of Messrs. Warnke and Ferir, respectively, contributed much to the success of the performance.

The opening number was Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 in D major, a work of many beauties characterized by that elevation of spirit inseparable from the master's productions, although it is by no means one of his most inspired compositions and lacks the profundity, the definite aim of the later symphonies. The concert was closed with the "Tannhauser" overture.

W. W. B.

EVENING GLOBE
ss: New York City.

Music.

The Boston Symphony Concert—Other Music.

Each time I sit down before a piece of paper to review a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, I vow to myself nothing shall betray me this time into writing one word of comment on Dr. Muck's selection of a programme. And always I am false to my vow; it is not in flesh and blood to be true. Last evening the great band from Boston played once more to a capacity house in Carnegie Hall, giving its last concert here, but one, for the season. To open the programme Dr. Muck chose the Beethoven overture that goes by the name of "Leonore" No. 1. As we all know, No. 1, as a matter of exact chronology, is really No. 3, and No. 3 really No. 2, and No. 2 really No. 1. But let us stick to the traditional nomenclature.

The "Leonore" No. 1 overture is worth playing occasionally, even by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on tour, partly for historical reasons, partly for its own sake, though it cannot compare in worth with the No. 2 or the No. 3. The No. 2, by the way, I do not recall ever hearing except in the course of some Beethoven festival when most of the master's important orchestral works are gone through in a manner necessarily more or less perfunctory. Why do not the conductors give it a chance some season and the overworked No. 3 a rest? But if the first "Leonore" overture is to serve as the introductory number of a general symphony concert programme, the remainder of the programme ought to be of a sort to keep the weight of the concert up to the standard.

The overture last night introduced nothing other than Joachim's "Hungarian" concerto for violin and orchestra, which, to put the matter gently, is a deadweight rather than a makeweight. Rarely has such abysmal dulness drivelled its way from an inkwell over inoffensive music paper as in this concerto. I cannot imagine why Mr. Witek picked it out for performance, unless it be the concert-master's concerto par excellence. When Willy Hess was concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra he played it here. Now his latest successor does likewise. The concerto is superlatively difficult, as difficult as it is dull. Mr. Witek is a fine artist and deserves praise for his usually successful grappling with the difficulties.

After the ordeal of the concerto one found one's self beset with a frantic thirst for hell broth or Arnold Schönberg. As a substitute one had Schumann's "Spring" symphony, a pleasant work whatever the temperature in the street, but nothing one gets much excited over in these days, though I recall a performance the Boston band gave it under Mr. Gericke's direction which was something to treasure in memory. However one may regard it, it had to carry the concert last night.

PITTS SANBORN.

From CITIZEN
Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Date

LAST VISIT OF THE BOSTON ARTISTS

Symphony Orchestra Heard at the Academy.

The fifth and last of a series of concerts which has been given at the Academy of Music this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was held last evening and, as usual, the artists were greeted by a crowded house of enthusiastic music lovers.

The programme was in four parts: Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 4, F minor, Op. 36; Brahm's Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80; Volkmann's Serenade for String Orchestra, F major, Op. 63, and Wagner's Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurenberg." Tschaikowsky's symphony is in four movements, and, as he says himself, "the introduction is the kernel, the quintessence, the chief thought of the whole symphony." The whole of the first part is given over to a dream of unhappiness and the idea of the composer is very clearly brought out. The second movement shows another phase of sadness, but here the melancholy feeling is one which enwraps one when alone and exhausted by work. There is no determined feeling expressed in the third movement—the mood is gay; then mournful. The pictures are disconnected and the impressions it leaves on one's brain come and go. In the fourth movement there is neither sadness nor real happiness, but more of an absorption in one's work and imagination. The music was most appealing and was rendered last night in a manner that called for long and pronounced applause.

Brahm's Academic Festival is a com-bination of German university studen songs done in a symphony. There a certain airs running through the sym-phony that are familiar to all music lovers of folk songs. It has often been described as "a long and elaborate fantasia in which one's music thoughts run wild."

Volkmann's Serenade is in four movements, as follows: Allegro moderato, molto vivace, waltz, march. The movements are simple and most appealing. It is said that the waltz of this inspired Eugene Field to write a fairy story and after hearing it as played last night one can readily believe that this is true.

The prelude to the Meistersinger, which closed the programme, is so familiar to all music lovers that criticism is unnecessary except to say that the orchestra played it last night with all the beautiful shades which have come to b under one of the most alluring things this wonderful opera of Wagner's.

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m EVENING POST
lress: New York City
te 17 1916

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. Muck chose Beethoven's first "Leonore" overture as the first number of his final evening concert of the season at Carnegie Hall last night. It is interesting historically, but does not compare with the famous number three. The concert master, Mr. Witek, played the long and dreary concerto "in the Hungarian manner" of Joseph Joachim, famous as violinist, but not as composer. Subtle sarcasm probably lurked in Philip Hale's quoting, in the programme notes, an authority who wrote concerning this concerto that "it is very long." Mr. Hale also inserted an essay by Edwin Evans to beguile the "longwhilishness" of the forty-minute concerto. It was played in a dry manner, with not altogether faultless intonation, by Mr. Witek, whose memory played him false in the last movement. To his credit be it said that he did not try to bluff it out, but looked on Dr. Muck's score till he had found his place.

Schumann's "Spring Symphony" was like a breath of fresh air after coming out of a close room. It may not have coincided with the weather outside, but it was a delight to listen to from beginning to end. At its close Dr. Muck and the whole orchestra had to acknowledge the abundant applause. Schumann is still a name to conjure with.

WORLD

New York City

MAR 19 1916

By PIERRE V. R. KEY.

NOW that the New York and the Boston Symphony Orchestras have closed their regular seasons in this city, and with the schedule of the Philharmonic to be completed during the week, a good many people are undergoing a reflective process. Some feel that the community has had all that it should wish for, others that deficiencies have prevailed which might have been remedied. So far as quantity goes, New York has been abundantly supplied. Many of the best orchestra compositions ever written have been played, but too many were performed which are not what the majority of the public desires to be fed upon. In the main, the interpretative accomplishment has given satisfaction, with the Boston organization leading and the two local orchestras fighting valiantly for a position close up. Adherents of each of these musical bodies have stood stanchly for the one particularly admired, and those strongly in favor either of the Philharmonic or the New York musicians declare that substantial artistic progress has ensued.

With respect to the Philharmonic this is true. This orchestra has undergone a gradual change in personnel in the last three years, and the marked improvement noticeable this season came after several new members took their places. The New York Symphony Society disclosed no conspicuous growth in the season just concluded, nor did the Boston Symphony. What the latter organization did disclose, however, was a weakness in the making of programmes that tried the souls of even the most enthusiastic devotees of the so-called "greatest orchestra in the world," a title which is causing some people to wonder a bit.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has been coming to this city for thirty years, and during a large part of this time ten programmes a season have been divided among the five evening and five afternoon concerts. For a decade it has been difficult for persons other than subscribers to secure tickets of admission because the patronage has reached the high-water mark. But during last season and this the programmes Dr. Muck has arranged have begun to pall. Many old-time patrons would not wish to openly admit that they have been bored, but quite a number do admit it. Some go so far even as to state that an interesting Boston Symphony programme in this city is an exception—which is entirely correct.

Whether Dr. Muck will not or cannot prepare programmes that impress most of the people as desirable we do not know. What bothers those who have long admired this splendid aggregation of musicians is that he does not. Occasional deviations from the ideal choice and arrangement of compositions must be expected in any series of orchestral concerts. It is only when these deviations become seemingly permanent that the public frets and complains.

While neither Josef Stransky nor Walter Damrosch are great conductors, in the superlative sense, eacsh provides his patrons with works that are generally welcome to hear. Mr. Damrosch is one of the ablest programme-makers living, a fine musician, with the gift of selecting appropriate compositions and putting them in their right places. And while the Philharmonic's musical leader has not this unerring sense of his colleague he is at least successful in a moderate degree.

What New York needs for its fullest orchestral development, and what it deserves to have, is the greatest of symphony orchestras directed by a supreme conductor with ability and prestige that match perfectly. Messrs. Damrosch and Stransky are able up to a certain point, they have done considerable for music in this community and they are striving conscientiously to broaden the undoubted usefulness of their respective institutions. Dr. Muck has done far less for New Yorkers, despite his scholarly qualities.

Consistently superlative playing of approximately perfectly-made orchestral programmes is possible only with a body of instrumentalists of the finest quality, drilled and led by a truly great conductor. The Philharmonic is playing this year better than ever before, yet attacks are often ragged and its execution of an entire number is seldom up to its occasional best efforts. The New York Symphony, though often admirable in tone and precision, likewise shines only in spots. The Boston Orchestra attains a slightly higher degree of perfection in technique and unanimity and its tone is pure, but there is lacking that enthusiasm which a conductor might infuse with more temperament than Dr. Muck displays.

For what we have there should be, and is, a feeling of gratitude. Yet that should not restrain those who recognize New York as the music centre of the world from a desire to see it improve where improvement should come. The city is entitled to an orchestral conductor who can command the unswerving support of all, regardless of factional tendencies. Such a man, for instance, as Arthur Nikisch, were he at the head of the finest orchestra possible to assemble, could earn the high salary he asks. And some day, perhaps, New York will have such a pre-eminent conductor and such an orchestra, an organization giving concerts in its own auditorium and on a scale of artistic breadth still to be attained.

* * *

From

Address

Date

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BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

Last of the Season, in a Capital Programme.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra closed this season's series of concerts in Brooklyn last evening at the Academy of Music with a programme devoted entirely to orchestral music, no soloist appearing. This is a form of entertainment preferred, one is assured, by thoroughly scholarly musicians; there are a few people in Brooklyn who are so "high-browed" that they patronize the Manhattan concerts of the Boston Symphony, in order to avoid this catering to the popular preference in the matter of soloists. The programme offered by Dr. Muck, while it presented nothing striking in the way of novelty, was thoroughly interesting and far from hackneyed. The first half was given over to Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, which has been heard less frequently than any of his other symphonies, except, perhaps, the two early ones. This work, written in the happiest of the composer's somber moods, contains some wonderfully beautiful passages, although they are less compelling than the eloquence of the "Pathetique." The themes given to the wood-winds in the first movement were especially beautiful, while the entire second and third movements met with enthusiastic applause by the audience. Of the two, the "Scherzo" movement is much more unusual, since all of the strings are played "pizzicati," giving an effect not only of whimsical loveliness, but, at the same time, suggesting the peasant music of Southeastern Russia. The fourth movement introduces the folk-song theme, without which no composition of Tschaikowsky's is complete.

Brahms' "Academic Overture" introduced the second half of the programme. That orchestral tour de force was written on the occasion of his receiving a Ph. D. degree from Breslau University. Employing student songs as themes, Brahms regarded it as a sort of musical joke, and for delicate, scholarly, musical satire, the work is, perhaps, unexcelled. As a joke, it is hardly a very rollicking one; it is humor for the intellectuals, and not for the comic supplement. Much of the amusing quality is, doubtless, lost on American audiences, who do not know the German student songs, phrases from which are used as thematic material.

The greatest novelty of the evening was the "Serenade for String Orchestra," by Friederick Robert Volkmann, a Saxon composer, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth was celebrated last April in Budapest, where for years he taught composition at the Royal Musical Academy. The dainty and rather formal selection, for strings only, suffered in being played between Brahms and Wagner, as a finely finished verse of Stedman's would, if read between selections from Milton and Browning. In contrast with those two giants, the pleasing character of Volkmann's waltzes had a suspiciously sugar-and-water flavor. The serenade has not been given by the Boston Symphony since 1909.

The Meistersinger Overture, good old favorite that it is, rounded out a typical Boston Symphony programme, and, when all is said, there is nothing quite like the Boston Symphony. Needless to state, practically every the Academy was filled.

From STANDARD UNION

Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date MAR 18 1916

1884

BOSTONIANS CLOSE SYMPHONIC SEASON

Following by five days the farewell of the Philharmonic Orchestra, the Boston Symphony players last night gave their last concert of the season at the Academy of Music. The concert ended the symphonic season in Brooklyn. Dr. Karl Muck had selected a programme for his "good-bye" that strongly resembled the one given on Sunday by Conductor Stransky, opening with a Tschaikowsky symphony and closing with the prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." It was a programme more on the "popular" order than Dr. Muck has given in a long time and drew one of the biggest audiences. Between the symphony and the prelude, the Brahms' "Academic Festival Overture" and Volkmann's serenade for string orchestra were played.

The Bostonians have been coming to Brooklyn for the past twenty-eight years, and in recent years their playing has been of such perfection that it has called for nothing but admiration, except for occasional coldness and too much restraint. But last night, playing the Fourth Symphony of Tschaikowsky, most emotional of composers, they swept through it with a warm-blooded passion that stirred the usually sedate audience to tumults of applause. The whole band was called to rise and bow after the pizzacato scherzo, which was plucked on the strings superbly. The brasses rang out the "Fate Theme" with unapproachable beauty of tone and Dr. Muck kept the instruments so well balanced that not a note was lost. This balance of instruments was best exemplified, however, in the counterpoint of the "Meistersinger" prelude, where the five motives were always audible, not clouded in the usual thickness of tone. The Brahms overture, with its basic student songs showed the composer far from the "high-priest" mood that has caused the dictum of "exit in case of Brahms." It was Brahms on a holiday and a most delightful one. The Volkmann serenade was unimportant, but restful. A bit of syncopation in the second movement lent a little rag-time gaiety to an otherwise perfectly decorous work.

The concert ended a series of five, in which Dr. Muck gave a wide variety of compositions. The only composers whose names appear twice in the list are Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart. The only new composition was Schelling's exciting "Impressions from an Artist's Life."

From TIMES

Address: Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date MAR 18 1916

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THE BOSTON CONCERT.

No Soloist, But Orchestra Delights the Audience.

The fifth and last of a series of concerts given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was heard by a large and fashionable audience at the Academy of Music last night. TShe program consisted of four parts: Tschaikowsky's symphony, No. 4, in four movements; Volkmann's "Serenade for Strings in F Major, No. 2;" Brahm's "Academic Festival" overture and Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersinger." The first selection seemed to make the greatest appeal to the audience, and there were several encores. There was no soloist last night, but the work of the orchestra was so appealing that nothing of the delight of the most unusual musical organization was missing.

From PRESS

Address: New York City

Date MAR 19 1916

Est 1884

MUCK GIVES FINAL CONCERT

Unusual Gayety Marks Programme of Boston Symphony.

In a mood of unusual gayety, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony, yesterday afternoon gave the audience which filled Carnegie Hall for his last concert of the season a fine programme, marred only by its arrangement.

Beethoven's Second symphony, that naive, joyful symphony, was the first piece, played with consummate artistry. There followed Brahms's "Academic Festival" overture, with its rollicking song-themes, and after that came Mozart's "Concertante Symphonie," for violin and viola, in E flat major. The prelude to "Die Meistersinger" concluded.

After the Beethoven, Brahms sounded more trivial than it is, and after Brahms, Mozart seemed unnaturally thin; and yet all might have stood in their proper light by simply playing them in a different order. Of course, the numbers were given with the utmost finish and animation.

In the Mozart "symphony" Anton Witek, violin, and Emile Ferir, viola, showed again the truth of the saying that "every player in the Boston orchestra is a virtuoso."

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date MAR 19 1916

The season of orchestral concerts is practically at an end. Some few special entertainments are still to come, but the Symphony Society and the Boston organization have finished and the Philharmonic has three more dates to fill. The Russian Symphony performers closed their subscription series last night. The Philadelphians are to descend upon us once more, bringing the eighth symphony of Gustave Mahler. This work has already been produced in the city of brotherly scrapple, and it is announced for repetitions on the evenings of April 3, 4 and 5. A symphony put on for a run! What can Mr. Brady think of that?

However that is not the matter of this moment. What should be in the mind just now is a humble supplication to Dr. Muck that he will use his most vigorous resolution in the course of the summer to persuade himself to abandon his campaign against us. As he and all other Prussians know we are an excessively long suffering people, easy going, helpless to defend ourselves, and in general the "easiest mark" in the civilized world.

But we do not have to go to concerts for which programmes appear to have been prepared chiefly for the purpose of boring us. We respectfully submit that a triumphant German propaganda would be more certainly founded on a process of skilful delusion. The distinguished Count Johann von Bernstorff could give Dr. Muck many valuable lessons in the art of fooling the American people to the top of their bent without driving them to hostile activities.

It is whispered that Dr. Muck's public attitude of discontent is the outcome of his inner fuming over the publicly expressed anti-Germanism of so many Americans. His programmes have sometimes been badly made, and he has compelled us sometimes to listen to dull and uninteresting music.

Now music lovers of this town are addicted to the Boston Symphony habit, and they get great joy from hearing the polished and exquisite performances of the players from the East; but it is possible to make them tired, and many of them complain to this writer that Dr. Muck has done so this season.

Perhaps the war will end before the next season of music begins. Many expert military judges fear it will last another year or two. But whatever may be the outcome, will not the good Dr. Muck let us off from the Bruckner and the "Antar" and the things one hears on a mountain and all those variations? Or if we must swallow such food let us have it better sandwiched.

Herald
- Sun. Mar. 26 -

Mr. Josef Hofmann, talking with Miss Harriette Brower about pianists and piano playing, was reported in Musical America of March 18.

"I am playing a number of times with orchestras here (New York). You have good ones in America."

"The Boston Symphony, for instance?"

"A very fine orchestra, but I do not enjoy playing with it, as the conductor, Dr. Muck, has little regard for the soloist. Indeed he does not greatly care to have a soloist, as he considers his orchestra sufficient without. The soloist receives little or no consideration. That is the reason I shall not again play with the organization. An orchestra should take the part of an accompaniment, and although the conductor directs it, he should not make himself prominent enough to detract from the soloist, but should, for the time being, efface himself. This the conductor of the New York Symphony is able to do. After we have played together five or six times, we come to be in perfect accord."

These remarks will amuse those that remember Mr. Hofmann's extraordinary behavior in Boston when he last played at the Symphony concerts.

On Dec. 12, 1913, he gave a fine performance of Schumann's Concerto, a performance that is still remembered with pleasure, although Mr. Hofmann for some reason or other saw fit to absent himself from rehearsal, and did not even meet Dr. Muck beforehand to explain his interpretation, when Dr. Muck had gone out of his way to make an engagement.

At the following concert Dec. 13 Mr. Hofmann took incredible liberties with the music, making grotesque changes in tempi and in the manner of phrasing. But Dr. Muck is not easily confused, and the performance ended without a serious accident. When Mr. Hofmann left the stage he was hissed by certain members of the orchestra, who were justly indignant.

Mr. Hofmann afterwards justified his conduct by saying that he had heard of Dr. Muck's dislike of soloists. He not only justified his behavior, but rather boasted of the "joke" he had played on the conductor.

Strange as it may seem, Dr. Muck and Mr. Hofmann had not met until the latter appeared at these concerts.

"The soloist receives little or no consideration," says Mr. Hofmann. We should like to hear from Messrs. Kreisler, Paderewski, Bauer, Gabrilowitsch, Mmes. Melba, Culp, not to mention others who have been accompanied by this orchestra under Dr. Muck's direction.

And there are less famous soloists, young singers and pianists, who could tell of the pains taken by Dr. Muck in rehearsal, of his kindness toward them. We know of one instance where he spent over an hour with a pianist after the orchestra had been dismissed, and gave her practically a piano lesson that was of great advantage to her in the performance.

Mr. Hofmann says: "I shall not again play with the organization." This is in all probability true.

MONITOR, BOSTON,
FRIDAY, MARCH 24,

SOLOIST REVIVES PIANO CONCERTO OF MACDOWELL

SANDERS THEATER, Cambridge—Seventh concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor, with Miss Alice Eldridge as soloist; evening of March 23. The program: Tschaikowsky, symphony No. 4 in F minor, op. 36; MacDowell, concerto for piano and orchestra in D minor, No. 2, op. 23; Dvorak, "Husitska" overture, op. 67.

MacDowell wrote his concerto in the eighties, a time when his countrymen were breaking away from post-bellum, reconstruction ideals and were taking hold of the ideals of industrial organization and trade exploitation. The composer was a youth and a student exile at this period when the people of the United States were undergoing a change of national sentiment. Yet he knew something of what was stirring in the hearts of those at home and he expressed it in his music. Had he not been so far away he might have got the thing a good deal better. For as it was, his expression was incomplete and one-sided.

From the middle to the end of the eighties was one of the most self-confident times the country ever knew. It was also one of the most self-distrustful; for while the people welcomed new opportunities for expressing themselves, they parted regretfully with old ones. So there was a certain undercurrent of melancholy, ranging from wistful doubt up to complete skepticism, observable in the popular thought. And this gloomy side of the situation is what MacDowell felt and recorded in his second piano concerto.

As one of the very few documents in the larger forms of music that contain American sentiment, this work is well worth being kept in the repertory of the Symphony orchestra. Even from general considerations of artistic plan and workmanship, its pages are as well worth while as those of the opening and closing movements of the fourth Tschaikowsky symphony and far more worth while than those of the Dvorak "Hutsiska" overture. So the concerto did not suffer by comparison with the standard works between which it stood, barring mention, of course, of the incomparable scherzo of the Tschaikowsky fourth symphony.

BOSTON HERALD,
MARCH 25.

SYMPHONY PLAYERS GIVE 18TH CONCERT

Performance Is of Highest Order—Dr. Muck Especially Succesful in Bringing Out Best Efforts of Hill's Symphonic Poem — Heinrich Warnke Is Soloist.

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Heinrich Warnke, first violoncellist of the orchestra, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Overture, "The Barber of Bagdad" .... Cornelius
Concerto in A minor, for 'cello and orchestra .... Volkmann
"The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere, "Symphonic Poem after Stephen Phillips, First time in Boston .... Hill
Symphony in A major, "Italian." ...... Mendelssohn

Mr. Hill's symphonic poem, composed in 1914-15, was performed for the first time in St. Louis by the St. Louis Symphonic Orchestra on the 31st of last December.

Few composers have been fortunate in the treatment of any subject taken from the Arthurian legends. With the exception of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde"—what is there? "Merlin," "Elaine," "Le Roi Arthus," Jonciere's "Lancelot," other operas by Germans or Englishmen have at once failed, or have had no long life in the theatre. The purely orchestral pieces inspired by the legends have scarcely had a better fate. Chausson's "Viviane" is at the best a pretty pastel. MacDowell's "Lancelot and Elaine" is not among his more important works, and the composer said to us more than once, that not satisfied with it, he proposed to re-write it. "All I remember about it is that it was too full of horns." Who now knows Averkamp's symphonic poem or the cantatas by Englishmen? Guinevere, Elaine, Vivien, have been as unfortunate as Joan of Arc in music, whether they appeared in flesh and blood on the stage or were typified by themes in the concert hall.

A poem of Stephen Phillips moved Mr. Hill to write his music. Mr. Hill is known here and in other cities as a musician of pure taste and high ideals. His music for "Pan and the Star" contained pages of true fancy, music that was delicately and dexterously scored. In the symphonic poem played yesterday there are some fine moments, harmonic and orchestral. This was to be expected of a composer who has studied intelligently the compositions of the ultra-modern French. It would have been better if in writing this poem he had resolutely put out of his head any thought of modern French schemes and methods; if he had written boldly and in his own way what was within him and must out. There might then have been crudities in expression, but there might also have been a broader plan, a more virile expression, bold tonal painting instead of tints and demi-tints. The poem as it stands is lacking in line and substance. The music is too vague, too preparatory of something that does not come. There is one charming episode. The one that presumably tells of the past love scene. On the other hand there are vexing repetitions of unimportant phrases, melodic sequences that do not come to an effective climax, and an abuse of figures for horns and trumpets.

The overture of Cornelius is an agreeable pot-porri with pleasing patter, with warm and tender themes. Why did Mr. Warnke exhume the concerto of Volkmann? He had already played it at a Symphony concert, so we all knew it was in his repertoire. This concerto is amiable and weak, now sugary, now groping and dull, dismally sentimental. Mr. Warnke played with a devotion worthy of a better cause.

Nor is the symphony of Mendelssohn an inspiring one. It is known as the "Italian," probably because there is so little of Italy in it. The music is smug, always genteel in Mendelssohn's polished manner. At the Carnival at Rome he was embarrassed because some young women, whom he hardly knew, threw confetti at him. He summoned up courage to take off his hat to them, and at last, when a "delicate young English woman" pelted him, he "became quite desperate" and, clutching the confetti, he "flung them back bravely." In the same spirit he wrote this symphony. It had not been played here for nearly ten years. Let us hope that it will not be played again until 1936. Then many of us who were at the concert yesterday can say with Barzillai, the Gileadite, to the King inviting him:

"I am this day fourscore years old; and can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat, or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?"

The orchestral performance throughout was of a high order. Dr. Muck took great pains with Mr. Hill's Symphonic poem, to bring out all possible effects. American composers owe Dr. Muck a heavy debt of gratitude. No conductor labored more

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BOSTON POST,
MARCH 25, 1916

TONE POEM BY BOSTON COMPOSER

Symphony Performs Hill's Work for First Time

BY OLIN DOWNES

Edward Burlingame Hill's symphonic poem, "The Parting of Launcelot and Guinevere," after the poem of Stephen Phillips, was played for the first time anywhere, at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall. There was more than ordinary curiosity about this work, because of Mr. Hill's already unusual accomplishments as a composer. Few American musicians have become so finely masters of their craft. Mr. Hill, solidly grounded as a musician, has been a curious and earnest student of all modern music. He has investigated with the broadest appreciation. He has acquainted himself with the most significant discoveries of contemporaneous composers of all schools. He has an exceptional mastery of the orchestra, and a native refinement of style. He had chosen a subject which invited musical expression.

ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY

In the poem of Phillips, Launcelot and Guinevere meet once more, after Guinevere has immured herself in a convent. Launcelot rides out of the night—there is momentary suggestion in the music of hoof beats, a suggestion rather fanciful than literal—and in the shadow of the convent walls implores a kiss. It is denied him.

There is the memory of a May night and of the kisses that brought ruin. Guinevere hopes yet to see God. As two trees sway in the night wind, these lovers bend longingly toward each other. But Launcelot departs, weeping, through the forest, and Guinevere, like one dead, is born away.

The music suggests the quivering night, when every flower is a menace to the peace of the soul, and the appearance of Launcelot, whose theme is a fanfare given to trumpets and horns. The music rises and falls in climaxes of emotion. There is the suggestion of the leave taking, the parting of fate that rules with a merciless hand.

Mosaic of Small Motifs

The longing theme of Guinevere, the knightly music of Launcelot, are combined and developed, in modern fashion, with the aid of the myriad colors of the modern orchestra. In this tone-poem there are passages of value, moments when the music takes flight and carries the hearer on its wings. The introduction and the preparation of the Launcelot theme, certain climatic passages which immediately follow, the scene of the farewell—all this is conceived with sincerity and at times with real expressive power. But the work as a whole does not correspond to the best of its component parts. The composer's flight is not sustained. The music, which at times develops a broad line, remains, in the writer's opinion, a mosaic of small motifs, combined in sections [illegible]

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Herald – Sun. M. 26

From SUN
Address: New York City
Date MAR 19 1916

The season of orchestral concerts is practically at an end. Some few special entertainments are still to come, but the Symphony Society and the Boston organization have finished and the Philharmonic has three more dates to fill. The Russian Symphony performers closed their subscription series last night. The Philadelphians are to descend upon us once more, bringing the eighth symphony of Gustave Mahler. This work has already been produced in the city of brotherly scrapple, and it is announced for repetitions on the evenings of April 3, 4 and 5. A symphony put on for a run! What can Mr. Brady think of that?

However that is not the matter of this moment. What should be in the mind just now is a humble supplication to Dr. Muck that he will use his most vigorous resolution in the course of the summer to persuade himself to abandon his campaign against us. As he and all other Prussians know we are an excessively long suffering people, easy going, helpless to defend ourselves, and in general the "easiest mark" in the civilized world.

But we do not have to go to concerts for which programmes appear to have been prepared chiefly for the purpose of boring us. We respectfully submit that a triumphant German propaganda would be more certainly founded on a process of skilful delusion. The distinguished Count Johann von Bernstorff could give Dr. Muck many valuable lessons in the art of fooling the American people to the top of their bent without driving them to hostile activities.

It is whispered that Dr. Muck's public attitude of discontent is the outcome of his inner fuming over the publicly expressed anti-Germanism of so many Americans. His programmes have sometimes been badly made, and he has compelled us sometimes to listen to dull and uninteresting music.

Now music lovers of this town are addicted to the Boston Symphony habit, and they get great joy from hearing the polished and exquisite performances of the players from the East; but it is possible to make them tired, and many of them complain to this writer that Dr. Muck has done so this season.

Perhaps the war will end before the next season of music begins. Many expert military judges fear it will last another year or two. But whatever may be the outcome, will not the good Dr. Muck let us off from the Bruckner and the "Antar" and the things one hears on a mountain and all those variations? Or if we must swallow such food let us have it better sandwiched.

Mr. Josef Hofmann, talking with Miss Harriette Brower about pianists and piano playing, was reported in Musical America of March 18.

"I am playing a number of times with orchestras here (New York). You have good ones in America."

"The Boston Symphony, for instance?"

"A very fine orchestra, but I do not enjoy playing with it, as the conductor, Dr. Muck, has little regard for the soloist. Indeed he does not greatly care to have a soloist, as he considers his orchestra sufficient without. The soloist receives little or no consideration. That is the reason I shall not again play with the organization. An orchestra should take the part of an accompaniment, and although the conductor directs it, he should not make himself prominent enough to detract from the soloist, but should, for the time being, efface himself. This the conductor of the New York Symphony is able to do. After we have played together five or six times, we come to be in perfect accord."

These remarks will amuse those that remember Mr. Hofmann's extraordinary behavior in Boston when he last played at the Symphony concerts.

On Dec. 12, 1913, he gave a fine performance of Schumann's Concerto, a performance that is still remembered with pleasure, although Mr. Hofmann for some reason or other saw fit to absent himself from rehearsal, and did not even meet Dr. Muck beforehand to explain his interpretation, when Dr. Muck had gone out of his way to make an engagement.

At the following concert Dec. 13 Mr. Hofmann took incredible liberties with the music, making grotesque changes in tempi and in the manner of phrasing. But Dr. Muck is not easily confused, and the performance ended without a serious accident. When Mr. Hofmann left the stage he was hissed by certain members of the orchestra, who were justly indignant.

Mr. Hofmann afterwards justified his conduct by saying that he had heard of Dr. Muck's dislike of soloists. He not only justified his behavior, but rather boasted of the "joke" he had played on the conductor.

Strange as it may seem, Dr. Muck and Mr. Hofmann had not met until the latter appeared at these concerts.

"The soloist receives little or no consideration," says Mr. Hofmann. We should like to hear from Messrs. Kreisler, Paderewski, Bauer, Gabrilowitsch, Mmes. Melba, Culp, not to mention others who have been accompanied by this orchestra under Dr. Muck's direction.

And there are less famous soloists, young singers and pianists, who could tell of the pains taken by Dr. Muck in rehearsal, of his kindness toward them. We know of one instance where he spent over an hour with a pianist after the orchestra had been dismissed, and gave her practically a piano lesson that was of great advantage to her in the performance.

Mr. Hofmann says: "I shall not again play with the organization." This is in all probability true.

MONITOR, BOSTON
FRIDAY, MARCH 24,

SOLOIST REVIVES PIANO CONCERTO OF MACDOWELL

SANDERS THEATER, Cambridge—Seventh concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor, with Miss Alice Eldridge as soloist; evening of March 23. The program: Tschaikowsky, symphony No. 4 in F minor, op. 36; MacDowell, concerto for piano and orchestra in D minor, No. 2, op. 23; Dvorak, "Husitska" overture, op. 67.

MacDowell wrote his concerto in the eighties, a time when his countrymen were breaking away from post-bellum, reconstruction ideals and were taking hold of the ideals of industrial organization and trade exploitation. The composer was a youth and a student exile at this period when the people of the United States were undergoing a change of national sentiment. Yet he knew something of what was stirring in the hearts of those at home and he expressed it in his music. Had he not been so far away he might have got the thing a good deal better. For as it was, his expression was incomplete and one-sided.

From the middle to the end of the eighties was one of the most self-confident times the country ever knew. It was also one of the most self-distrustful; for while the people welcomed new opportunities for expressing themselves, they parted regretfully with old ones. So there was a certain undercurrent of melancholy, ranging from wistful doubt up to complete skepticism, observable in the popular thought. And this gloomy side of the situation is what MacDowell felt and recorded in his second piano concerto.

As one of the very few documents in the larger forms of music that contain American sentiment, this work is well worth being kept in the repertory of the Symphony orchestra. Even from general considerations of artistic plan and workmanship, its pages are as well worth while as those of the opening and closing movements of the fourth Tschaikowsky symphony and far more worth while than those of the Dvorak "Hutsiska" overture. So the concerto did not suffer by comparison with the standard works between which it stood, barring mention, of course, of the incomparable scherzo of the Tschaikowsky fourth symphony.

BOSTON HERALD,
MARCH 25.

SYMPHONY PLAYERS GIVE 18TH CONCERT

Performance Is of Highest Order—Dr. Muck Especially Succesful in Bringing Out Best Efforts of Hill's Symphonic Poem — Heinrich Warnke Is Soloist.

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Heinrich Warnke, first violoncellist of the orchestra, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Overture, "The Barber of Bagdad"....Cornelius
Concerto in A minor, for 'cello and orchestra ....Volkmann
"The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere," Symphonic Poem after Stephen Phillips. First time in Boston.......Hill
Symphony in A major, "Italian."......Mendelssohn

Mr. Hill's symphonic poem, composed in 1914-15, was performed for the first time in St. Louis by the St. Louis Symphonic Orchestra on the 31st of last December.

Few composers have been fortunate in the treatment of any subject taken from the Arthurian legends. With the exception of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde"—what is there? "Merlin," "Elaine," "Le Roi Arthus," Jonciere's "Lancelot," other operas by Germans or Englishmen have at once failed, or have had no long life in the theatre. The purely orchestral pieces inspired by the legends have scarcely had a better fate. Chausson's "Viviane" is at the best a pretty pastel. MacDowell's "Lancelot and Elaine" is not among his more important works, and the composer said to us more than once, that, not satisfied with it, he proposed to re-write it. "All I remember about it is that it was too full of horns." Who now knows Averkamp's symphonic poem or the cantatas by Englishmen? Guinevere, Elaine, Vivien, have been as unfortunate as Joan of Arc in music, whether they appeared in flesh and blood on the stage or were typified by themes in the concert hall.

A poem of Stephen Phillips moved Mr. Hill to write his music. Mr. Hill is known here and in other cities as a musician of pure taste and high ideals. His music for "Pan and the Star" contained pages of true fancy, music that was delicately and dexterously scored. In the symphonic poem played yesterday there are some fine moments, harmonic and orchestral. This was to be expected of a composer who has studied intelligently the compositions of the ultra-modern French. It would have been better if in writing this poem he had resolutely put out of his head any thought of modern French schemes and methods; if he had written boldly and in his own way what was within him and must out. There might then have been crudities in expression, but there might also have been a broader plan, a more virile expression, bold tonal painting instead of tints and demi-tints. The poem as it stands is lacking in line and substance. The music is too vague, too preparatory of something that does not come. There is one charming episode. The ne that presumably tells of the past ve scene. On the other hand there re vexing repetitions of unimportant hrases, melodic sequences that do not ome to an effective climax, and an buse of figures for horns and trum- ts.

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The remainder of the programme consisted of Cornelius' overture to "The Barber of Bagdad"; Volkmann's 'cello concerto in A minor, and Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony. One suspects Liszt of more than a little editing of Cornelius music, which, in its best estate, is excellent music for a comedy. It has piquant rhythms and harmonies, and the instrumentation, in which Liszt had a hand, is truly modern, full of brilliancy and color. Dr. Muck conducted an excellent performance.

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Highest Or-
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TRANSCRIPT.

MARCH 25.

HE SYMPHONY CONCERT

OUTINE RELIEVED BY BAND AND CONDUCTOR

greeable Music from Cornelius, Mendelssohn and Volkmann Much Glamored by the Performance—Mr. Warnke as the Poised 'Cellist—For Novelty Mr. Hill's Cerebral Tone-Poem

BETWEEN them, yesterday, Dr. Muck, Mr. Warnke and the orchestra clothed with mild interest a Symphony Concert that might otherwise have been routine. The tradition of occasional "homage" to Mendelssohn by the performance of one of his symphonies still lingers, and it is possible to recall with amusement the excited discovery of Mr. Fiedler that none had been played for many a season and the clapping of "The Scotch" forthwith into almost the final programme of the year. For this intermittent "homage" that same "Scotch" has gradually become the serviceable symphony; no one nowadays thinks twice about "The Reformation"; while, for ten years until yesterday Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler had equally overlooked "The Italian." Like much other music, so labelled and written in a day when the pursuit of local color and the impression of place is much keener than it was in Mendelssohn's time, the symphony belies its name. Though he conceived it and worked upon it in Italy, he might seemingly have written it as plausibly in his own Berlin or his cherished London. The Victorian commentators liked to say that the first movement expressed the joy of living; but even in Boston it is possible to feel and—in a measure—release that mood. The second—they affirmed—was akin in sentiment to the recounting in tones of old romantic tales; but they may be retold in any time and place when the impulse possesses the teller. The minuet—they suggested—is a lyric of warm and musing content, a temper that does not necessarily imply local color. The truth is that the only Italian suggestion in Mendelssohn's symphony springs from the saltarello out of which he builds his Finale. He heard the dance that he transmutes into "art-music" in the highways of Naples or Rome; but he might as readily have read it off an engraved page in Berlin and decked and developed it in his father's garden.

In this twentieth century, most of us listen to the "Italian" symphony as so much "absolute" music and find it pretty, pleasing and dexterously made. The melodic ideas are lucid, limpid, flowing, ingratiatingly mellifluous, agreeably touched with sentiment, developed with smiling orthodoxy, ready resource and amiable detail. About it, as about so much of Mendelssohn's music even to this day, hangs the suggestion of high-spirited, sensitive and sentimental youth, very well-bred, very much at ease with itself, with an engaging aptitude for the invention and the manipulation of tones. In spite of "Elijah" and other pieces of his final years, Mendelssohn seems sometimes the composer "who never grew up," and not a little of his music that the twentieth-century likes best to hear—the "Sea-Calm" overture, for example, or the prelude and intermezzi for "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—is fullest of this youthful freshness of impression and eagerness of voice Yet with all its spirit, the speech is always suave and elegant. Because Mendelssohn's music is so smoothly and skilfully made, and because the symphonie at least are played in these days only as "fitting homage," the temptation is stron upon conductor and orchestra merely t reel them off and have done. Dr. Muc is too intelligent and conscientious, t resolved to give any and all music vitalizing and characteristic speech, to let eve the Mendelssohn of the symphonies merely "slide." The euphonies of the orchestra yesterday might have melted the composer's ear; the zest of the rhythms might have warmed his spirit; the pure and plastic flow of his instrumental song, with little heightening strokes sparkling like ripples upon it, might have seemed the music of his imagination as well as of his pen. The performance did more than reanimate and glamor the symphony. It gave it character and not altogether faded glory.

Conductor and orchestra did like service to Cornelius's overture to his operatic comedy, "The Barber of Bagdad," which somehow gained and has somehow kept—perhaps through illustrious eulogists—a reputation hard to discover in intrinsic deserts. It is all very well to write, as Mr. Weingartner does, of "the poet-musician, Peter Cornelius"; now and then audiences hear one or another of his songs that mildly justifies the designation; but this overture to "The Barber of Bagdad" is no more than happily imagined and skilfully conducted preluding to an amusing light opera that happens to be of Oriental scene and episode—exuberant patter at the beginning; pompous parody at the end; light energy and chortling vivacity throughout, diversified here and there with sentimental, fanciful and tender song. A pleasurable piece but hardly more in the routine of opera house or concert-room, but yesterday sounding like a brilliant little masterpiece of spirited and sparkling improvisation, when the strings raced and twittered through the patter in the lightest of rhythmic stroke; when the brasses paid mellow homage to the barber; when the horns and the wood-winds lent their gentle and colorful song; when the whole orchestra glinted with the gaiety of the music and the gaiety of its own virtuosity. Once more as in not a few Symphony Concerts of the year, the performanc was more stimulating than the piece.

It was so again with the concerto that Mr. Warnke played, according to the annual lot of the first 'cellist of the band; becomingly rising from his place when his turn came and as becomingly resuming it as soon as the hearty and friendly applause of the audience gave him leave. He chose Volkmann's concerto, again mellifluous, sentimental, dexterous music, easy to scorn yet not displeasing pastime to hear. The piece is not so long as to make the limited speech of the 'cello tedious; it does not waste instrument and virtuoso on dry and tricky passage-work for the expert ear and none other; it keeps songful measures and bravura episodes within the normal voice of the bass of the string choir; unlike most such concertos—and played as it was yesterday—it has a distinct, if faded charm. Over-emphasis would make it saccharine; routine would make it dull; but Mr. Warnke, as his way is when he turns "soloist," played it in perfect poise—with edgeless and lustrous tone, flowing always yet plastic to every impulse of the music; with light ease and sureness in running ornament, displayful interval or artful transition; with agreeable sentiment for the music and much finer feeling for the gentle and grave voice of the violoncello itself. Mr. Warnke is no forthputting and showy virtuoso; those who must have a big thing in a big way would call him ineffective; yet few 'cellists of our day have his sensibility and skill with the subtleties and the suavities of the 'cello. They are quite as interesting as its large and orotund voice and a deal more unusual.

The contrasting piece to these three was Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill's tone-poem, "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere," originally heard at St. Louis three months ago, then described in these columns and now deservedly played at the Symphony Concerts. Not that it is remarkable music in itself; probably Mr. Hill himself would not so contend; but it is as interesting and individual in its kind and degree as many a composition from German, French, Russian and English pens that easily gained room in orchestral concerts in the United States when scores and parts came readily over-sea. Confronted by notable music, Dr. Muck, Mr. Stock, Mr. Damrosch, Mr. Stokowski and the other conductors have been quick to play it whatever the hand that fashioned it. Before new music that, so to say, was all in the day's work, they have sometimes seemed—perhaps by unconscious impulse—to prefer the foreign to the native composer. Agreed that not a measure of music should be played because an American has written it, unless it also deserves performance for its own intrinsic sake. But the error of conductors in the past—an error, however, into which Dr. Muck has seldom fallen—was to prefer the average foreign product to the average American product, half by natural inclination and half because it was usually better made. Not a few pieces by European hands have been played in Boston and in many another American city that were not one whit more interesting and impressive than Mr. Hill's tone-poem. As many have been played that fell far below the accomplishment of Mr. Carpenter in his recent suite of the tone-baby or of Mr. Schelling in his remembered variations. We might not have heard either had not the publishing and the exportation of music nearly ceased in Europe; while, but for that corrective condition, Mr. Hill's piece would hardly have been produced at all. This equalized opportunity for American composers of interest and individuality, even though they be of second and the third rank, is one of the consequences of war-time that deserves to outlast it.

Verses by Stephen Phillips, of like title with the tone-poem, suggested Mr. Hill's music. They record graphically and movingly the final parting of the lovers, in the pale moonlight that makes them and the convent-court shine ghostly against the surrounding darkness. Memories of meetings that were not partings haunt them; they cling together and speak their longing and their ruin, their soft ecstasies and their bitter woe. The queer swoons into the arms of her women. All the May night, distraught, the knight rides the forest. . . . Source and cause for music, surely, and for music best cast into the free body and march of a tone-poem. Mr. Hill has written it in modern and even ultra-modern wise. Short and impinging motives characterize Lancelot, Guinevere and, as it seems in the epilogue, their fate. These motives are not developed and interwoven in intricate polyphony, saturated with harmonic elaboration or drenched in instrumental color in the fashion of which may now be fairly called the Straussian generation. In the newer and current mode, which flows out of Paris rather than Munich, they are wrought, bit by bit, into a fabric of tones that is more sensitive and incisive; that seeks harmonic subtlety rather than opulence; that prefers sharp or shaded instrumental tints to ornate vesture; that relies more upon adroit modulation and sharp-set juxtaposition than upon large and emphatic manipulation of the musical mass; that addresses itself to the comprehending mind and the sympathetic imagination of the hearer rather than to his nervous excitement.

Mr. Hill is learned and apt in the new manner; he practises it out of warm and sincere conviction. He may even, with all his skill and intelligence, occasionally overdo it. His misfortune in his tone-poem is of another sort. Neither his motives nor the tonal fabric that he thus weaves out of them awakens more than answering comprehension in the hearer. Here and there, it is true, the music for an instant summons the suggestion that poet and composer would gain; for a moment there is illusion of scene, mood, passion. Then, for long, long intervals, Mr. Hill seems to be mentally working out the emotions of Lancelot and Guinevere, his own sensations from them and the music in which he would embody them. The inevitable result is as cerebral a response from his audience.

H. T. P.

MONITOR BOSTON

MARCH 25, 1916

RCHESTRA GIVES HILL'S "LANCELOT" SYMPHONIC POEM

SYMPHONY HALL—Eighteenth progra of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Ka Muck conductor, with Heinrich Warnke soloist; afternoon of March 24. The pr gram: Cornelius, "Barber of Bagdad overture; Volkmann, concerto for violo cello and orchestra in A minor, op. 33; E ward Burlingame Hill, "The Parting Lancelot and Guinevere," symphonic poe after Stephen Phillips, op. 22 (first time Boston); Mendelssohn, symphony in A m jor, "Italian," op. 90.

The writer of the new symphonic poe proves himself, as another representati of the Boston school, P. G. Clapp, on a little while ago proved himself, master of the art of modern instrume tation. He goes farther. He prov himself capable of using his techniq in setting forth idea; not of telling story and painting a picture merely, b besides that of putting on record t sentiment of his time and voicing h own convictions about it. In revivi the Lancelot and Guinevere legend does more than get up a splendid to pageant and make a parade of fine c chestral clothes and millinery. I describes the humanity amidst which lives and he states in the musicia phraseology the hopes of that humanit

Broadly speaking, Mr. Hill is the s cessor of MacDowell. He is doing mo than make the string, wood and bra choirs of the orchestra, like classes, cite lessons. He makes them, like ordinating groups of society, tell th aspirations and regulate their wills one another. He is not to be count then, among those musical arithmeticia those tone cipherers, who have tried evolve an American symphony from n combinations of Brahms, Franck, Strau and Debussy formulas. He began write his "Lancelot" poem because had something to say; and he organiz themes, rhythms, colors, moods a climaxes into a communication whi says it.

This is a symphony of contradiction a symphony of complaints and assu ances set off against each other. It at one and the same time a drama haughty egotism and of humble altr ism. Its hero is full of disdain for th world and of pity for it too. He goe on an adventure of service to the peopl and he rides rough-shod over the multitude that comes out to greet him. Suc indeed, is not the story of the music i parallel with the passage from th poetry of Phillips which the compose gives as his program. But the meanin of the poet himself is not in his actua narrative. For Phillips did not gathe up the scattered pictures of Tennyson's parting of the Knight of the Lake an Arthur's queen and unify them into hi scene just for the sake of telling wha must have actually happened. No mor did the writer of the orchestral piec turn Lancelot into a theme for trumpets and Guinevere into a theme fo English horn for the sake of getting an advantage of verity over Phillips. The message of a symphony written within the last two years by a man of alert sensibilities and of mastered technical resources would necessarily be one of a very few things. It would only be a question of the composer yielding to the impulse to record his feelings. He might pick a figure from the Round Table or from a present-day governmental cabinet and call it his subject, the course of the music would be about the same.

The new piece had the advantage of position in the middle of the program and therefore it had all possible chance of attentive hearing. It was received with favor and the composer was there to hear the applause. The music of "Lancelot," it must be admitted, was rather consistently serious. Accordingly it had to be relieved by something lively, like the Cornelius overture, by something sentimental, like the Volkmann concerto, and by something generally good humored, like the "Italian" symphony of Mendelssohn. The concerto as presented by Mr. Warnke, the 'cellist, and the orchestra was an unusually successful example of a solo piece. The 'cellist's playing was perfectly in agreement with the style of the composition and the whole performance had extraordinary symphonic quality.

BOSTON GLOBE

MARCH 25.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Edward Burlingame Hill Offers New Poem

Mrs Warnke Is Soloist in Volkmann Concerto—"Italian" Symphony

"The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere," a symphonic poem by Edward Burlingame Hill of Harvard University, played yesterday by Dr Muck at the Symphony Orchestra concert for the first time in Boston, is based upon the lines by Stephen Phillips, the later poems have not kept the promise made by his "Herod." These empurpled, at times flamboyant lines do not add nobility to the Arthurian legend as related by Tennyson.

Lancelot, whom the older poet saw "rushing out lionlike" on Modred—"leapt on him and hurl'd him headlong"—when he trapped the lovers, is heard by Stephen Phillips to say:

> Suffer me, lady, but to kiss thy lips
> Once, and to go away for evermore.

Gentle and decorous words, suitable for a parlor drama and musical comedy. Mr Phillips evidently believed the knight a well mannered and exemplary person. Mr Hill has not taken his conception too literally from the text. His theme is the trumpets for Laicelot, the notes daring, animation, considerable boldness, if not sweeping passion, and it must not be forgotten that the hero of Arthur's tournaments failed only in this, that he went back to his own land and permited the Queen to go on to a cloister at Almesbury.

The score is laid out on a large scale. The dramatic conflict is kept uppermost in the hearer's mind. It may be said that the periods of stress would be the more intense, if they were balanced in greater degree by those of repose. The plaintive melody of Guinivere in the English horn is feminine in its distress, yet preserves the calmness expected of noble birth. There is romantic if not impassioned ardor in the parting and the gentle accents of grief. Mr Hill has treated the subject as legend, without apparent desire to emphasize the depths of tragedy.

There are ideas of pleasing, impressive character, but the orchestral treatment, combining harmonic and contrapuntal richness with clarity of scoring, the poetic quality released through the admirable instrumental coloring go farther to establish a romantic atmosphere. The performance was brilliant.

The Volkmann concerto in A minor for cello, a work with songful passages far outnumbered by pages of artificial embellishment, tedious with flourish and decoration, was played by Mr Warnke. Less given to lapses in intonation than ordinarily he played with breadth of tone and style and won warm applause.

The overture to Peter Cornelius' "The Barber of Bagdad," the opera for which Liszt fought valiantly at Weimar, and Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony were the remaining numbers of the program.

BOSTON JOURNAL—

MARCH 25, 1916.

SYMPHONY PLAYS HILL'S TONE POEM

Included in the Symphony program this week is a new tone poem composed by a Boston musician, Edward Burlingame Hill, Harvard, '94, and now on the teaching staff of his alma mater. The composition bears the title, "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere," and it is based upon the poem of the same title that Stephen Phillips, the English poet, wrote a decade ago. It was played in St. Louis last December by Max Zach's orchestra.

The verses are brief and to the point, and so is the music, which at times is like unto a literal translation into tones of the dramatic scene described so concisely yet vividly in Phillips' blank verse. The composition is strongest in the vision it presents of the moment of the dolorous parting, but it hardly does justice to the scene where Lancelot enters the nunnery and, as he catches sight of Guinevere, recalls that "night in May, with pulsing stars," and "perfumed darkness," and loving intercourse. The ardor and the ecstacy were painted academically by the composer. The music did not suggest any great and glowing passion.

Mr. Hill's success, in this instance, is rather a matter of technic than of temperament. The poem is expertly scored and in the latest style. It evoked but faint applause yesterday.

Volkmann's exceptionally interesting concerto for 'cello and orchestra was performed yesterday for the first time since 1907 and with the same soloist who appeared then—Heinrich Warnke, leader of the 'cello section of the orchestra. Mr. Warnke's smooth and musicianly performance was heartily applauded.

Dr. Muck read the other two numbers on the program, "The Barber of Bagdad" overture, by Cornelius, and Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, in masterly fashion.

One of the most important novelties of the season, a symphony by Frederick A. Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, will be played at next week's concerts. It is a long and difficult composition. There will be only one more number on this 19th program, Bizet's first "L'Arlesienne" suite.

DAILY ADVERTISER,

MARCH 25, 1916

SYMPHONY CONCERT WITH NEW WORK

BOSTON COMPOSER, E. B. HILL, WINS SUCCESS

Fine 'Cello Soloist Another Feature of Unexciting Program

BY LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM

Cornelius—"Barber of Bagdad" Overture.
Volkmann Concerto, Violoncello and Orchestra.
Soloist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke.
E. B. Hill—"Lancelot and Guinevere." Symphonic Poem.
Mendelssohn—Italian Symphony.

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The theme which begins the overture and is used freely thereafter as thematic material, is the bombastic song of the barber in which he vaunts all his wonderful accomplishments. That witty Viennese bonehead, Dr. Eduard Hanslick, found this quite unfitting and said: "Such a grandiloquent barber probably shaves with guillotines instead of with ordinary razors." He had probably never read "The Tale of the Tailor" in the Arabian Nights, or he would have found the theme eminently fitting. There were contrasts against this "patter-song" and the wood-wind had some charming work to do and did it well.

Had the "Barber of Bagdad" had more stage action it would have been a great success, for the libretto is witty and the music charming, but the modern opera demands more than this. Nevertheless we do not find sufficient basis for hailing Cornelius as "the German Cherubini," as some of the Lisztians and Wagnerians did.

Volkmann's Violoncello Concerto had more to say for itself than the rather tepid Suite of three weeks ago, and its suave measures suited well to that conservative and sterling artist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke. Mr. Warnke's tone is always pure and sympathetic. His technique is without flaw: his playing never sensational. One feels a sense of security in listening to such an artist, which, in itself, is a delight. Mr. Warnke is evidently in sympathy with Volkmann, for it is not so very long ago since we heard him in the 'cello part of the Serenade by that composer, and he has played this concerto at the concerts once before.

There was much to admire in the work and in the serene manner in which it was played. It transported us to a world where diminished chords of the thirteenth, dissonances resolving into worse dissonances, and 15-8 rhythms were unknown, where the laws laid down by Albrechtsberger or Richter were still observed. Yet we must not give the impression that Volkmann was a case-hardened harmonic martinet; he was too much a disciple of Schumann for that; but his Muse seems very gentle in these modern days. The last section of the concerto (the movements are joined together) had a few touches of the composer of the "Richard III." overture, but the work as a whole was very self-restrained. Mr. Warnke was twice recalled with very spontaneous enthusiasm and his excellent playing deserves this tribute.

About all that is left of Mendelssohn orchestrally is his overtures, and perhaps his Scotch symphony. His Reformation symphony slumbers upon the shelf, and his Italian symphony is seldom dusted and taken down as it was yesterday afternoon. Yet, there are mighty few men alive who can write such fluent and melodic counterpoint as is found in the slow movement of this work. Its gently saddened measures suit admirably to the violas and these instruments played most exquisitely in this movement, which remains the best part of the symphony. Usually Mendelssohn was the best of Scherzo composers. He caught up the dainty humor of this movement much better than the massive power of other portions of symphonic work, yet, in this symphony the Scherzo is not equal to those of the Reformation or the Scotch symphonies. Perhaps he concentrated his merry-making upon the finale, but this Saltarello is not half as good a picture of a Roman Carnival as that created by Berlioz. Even though the work was applauded, we see no good reason for resuscitating the Italian symphony any more than there would be for reviving Maria Edgeworth's novels. The Saltarello was whipped up to a high speed, which made it seem more spicy than it really is.

Dr. Muck is certainly not neglecting the native composer and we had a pleasant surprise yesterday in hearing a new Symphonic poem by a resident Boston composer, Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill. A student who has been with Chadwick and with the incipient American Bizet, Frederic F. Bullard, could scarcely avoid obtaining some strength of expression and emotional power. But we confess that we did not know that Mr. Hill had such a grasp upon the modern orchestra as he exhibits in this score. The story of "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere" is founded upon a poem by Stephen Phillips, the English poet who has scarcely yet won the fame that he deserves.

The work was short, as modern compositions go, and was heavily scored. It dealt with an intense subject, too intense for any but the greatest composer. It has a disadvantage in the fact that the emotions of the hero and heroine are similar and the composer can only contrast despair against despair, but a contrast is gained by portraying memories of their past happiness:—

> "Deep as first love,
> And wild with all regret,"

(to quote Tennyson instead of Phillips) and Mr. Hill managed to attain good coherency in his work in spite of much tortuous harmony. There were guiding themes which were afterwards skilfully interwoven and developed. There was dissonance enough to picture all the shrieks, cries and swoonings of the unhappy pair who often shed very chromatic tears. At times the brasses seemed muted permanently.

There is more in this composition than a first hearing can possibly reveal to the average auditor, and we were glad to see Dr. Muck twice recalled at the end of its performance.

From TIMES
Address: New York City
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The Season's Orchestral Concerts---A Total of More Than 125 Given in New York---New Compositions That Were Heard.

THE orchestras of New York have all brought their series of concerts to a close. The season of music is thereby known to be near its end; though the givers of recitals seem to be no more aware of the coming of Spring, nor to feel the need of discontinuing their activities, than the snow-laden storm clouds have been aware of the vernal equinox. Orchestral music has been intensively cultivated in New York this season, as it has been in recent years. Within the compass of less than twenty-two weeks there have been well over a hundred orchestral concerts given in the city. The provision might be supposed to be ample, and perhaps too ample. Yet the fact seems to be that the audiences for orchestral music are steadily increasing in size and in the eagerness with which they listen; presumably, also, in their willingness to pay for tickets.

The established orchestras have had large audiences. The New York Symphony Orchestra, playing in Aeolian Hall, felt obliged to print an announcement on its Bulletin to the effect that "not only was the hall completely sold out for all the Symphony Society's concerts, but hundreds of people have been turned away on the days of the concerts." The Philharmonic Society, giving many more concerts in the much larger Carnegie Hall, has had large audiences—especially at concerts when the soloist exerted an unusual attraction. The hall was often practically full. As has been the case for a good many years, at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall every seat has been subscribed for the whole of the two series, and there is a large and impatient waiting list of would-be subscribers. There have been very large audiences frequently at the concerts given on Sunday nights in the Metropolitan Opera House; but any who should deduce a strong love for orchestral music from this fact would be overlooking the drawing powers of the operatic and other soloists.

The Philharmonic Society has given 46 concerts in Manhattan, including 4 Saturday evening concerts and 2 intended for "young people." The New York Symphony Society's two regul subscription series numbered 24, besides which it gave 3 so-called gala concerts, 2 of which were preceded by so-called public rehearsals, making the total of its performances 29. There were 6 Young People's Concerts. The Russian Symphony Orchestra gave a subscription series of 4 and appeared in others. The People's Symphony Society gave 3. The series on Sunday nights at the Metropolitan Opera House will have numbered 19. These make a total of 117. Besides these there were others. Several were given by such organizations as the Young Men's Symphony Society and the Orchestral Society. The Minneapolis Orchestra came a long way to add one to New York's abundance. The Philadelphia Orchestra is coming next month to play Mahler's gigantic symphony. No doubt there have been more than 125 orchestral concerts of high class in New York in the present season.

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It is perhaps needless to say that if these orchestral concerts are regarded in the light of "business," most of the business has been conducted at a loss, and generally a very large loss. How large a loss is not always set forth in the reports of the several organizations. It is well known that the two principal orchestras of New York, the Philharmonic and the New York Symphony, are obliged to meet an annual deficit. They do this, as everybody knows, on the ground that the giving of orchestral concerts is not a business like another, but the provision of artistic nutriment for which the public will not and cannot be expected to pay at a rate to cover the cost; an educational enterprise, such as are the great universities, that are carried on at a cost far beyond any sum that their tuition fees bring them in, and that must be heavily endowed; or it could be compared to the great museums and public libraries, which are for the public benefit, and in this country acquire most of their resources from private endowment or are aided by large grants of public money.

It will therefore be said by the supporters of the orchestras that their deficits do not indicate a bad adjustment of supply to demand. If the concerts are largely attended and properly enjoyed, the whole object has been attained, and the cost is cheerfully met by public-spirited people of wealth as their contribution to the general good. The Philharmonic Society has the great bequest of the late Joseph Pulitzer and the added income of the "membership," who contribute, as members of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Natural History Museum contribute, to carry on an edifying work. The New York Symphony Society has H. H. Flagler, who has undertaken to supply the difference between the public's contribution in the purchase of tickets and the cost of running the orchestra. Henry L. Higginson does the same in the case of the Boston Orchestra. The vast audiences which attend the concerts in New York bring in a balance which may very likely not pay the cost of bringing the concerts to New York, and which, even if it does, must be some-ow adjusted on his books as a part f the profit and loss account of the vhole enterprise. The People's Symphony Concerts are more ostensibly a philanthropic undertaking than any others of the kind in New York; and he Russian Symphony concerts have been a method of propaganda in which somebody has had enough interest to pay for.

The fact that the principal orchestral series in New York have been largely attended and have gradually acquired a large body of faithful followers will go far toward allaying the suspicion that the city has been supplied with music beyond its needs. There might, indeed, be discussion as to how much music a city like New York "needs"; how much it can assimilate; whether it is oversupplied, whether less would be more fully appreciated, more highly valued. Indeed, an announcement made last week shows a belief on the part of some that the less prosperous citizens of New York are under present conditions not sufficiently provided with orchestral music. Certain wealthy philanthropists are arranging for a fund with which to give a series of twenty concerts of high quality at prices of admission ranging from 10 to 50 cents. The idea is, of course, not new, though it has never been carried out here on so extensive a scale. Its value will be tested by its results, and its permanence will depend on the lasting quality of the philanthropic promptings behind it. For such an undertaking is, of course, purely philanthropic, and has even less to do with business than the orchestral concerts at present given in New York.

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An unusually large number of new compositions have been presented by the orchestras this season. The American composer has been benefited by this activity; and in a natural and wholesome way, as the peers of other modern composers, needing no special devices for nursing, coddling, or exploiting.

The Philharmonic Society gave a belated first performance, so far as relates to New York, of Edward MacDowell's symphonic poem "Lancelot and Elaine." Seth Bingham's Fantasy for orchestra, A. Walter Kramer's two symphonic sketches, "Chant Nêgre" and "Valse Triste"; Fritz Stahlberg's suite for orchestra, and Edmund Severn's concerto for violin (heard for the first time with orchestra) are more contemporaneous, and were all done in the presence and no doubt to the encouragement of their composers. Besides these, Mr. Stransky produced for the first time Max Reger's Variations on a theme of Mozart, Op. 132, one of the most recent productions of the too fecund Bavarian; Arnold Schoenberg's "Pelléas et Mélisande," an important contribution to the discussion of the question whether its composer is one of the great men of the future, though it is not in his latest "manner." Less important were Jean Sibelius's "Die Okeaniden," Zdenko Fibich's idyll, "At Evening"; Dargomijsky's "Casatchoque." Mr. Grainger played Frederick Delius's remarkable pianoforte concerto for the first time in New York.

Mr. Damrosch made some interesting expositions of current American production. John A. Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," showed most ingratiatingly the talent and skill and originality of the young Chicago musician. The first symphony of Victor Kolar, one of the first violin players of the orchestra, whose music has been played by it before, showed at once his nationality as a Bohemian and his study with Dvorak, through its finely effective qualities. The excerpts from Mr. Damrosch's own music to "Iphigenia in Aulis" and the prelude to Daniel Gregory Mason's music for "The Pageant of Cape Cod" were both incidental music and music for an occasion; yet both showed qualities of distinction and permanent value. Mr. Damrosch likewise made his contribution to the great Schoenberg discussion by performing his "Kammersinfonie." The excerpts from Maurice Ravel's pantomime ballet, "Daphnis et Chloe," were a sequel to excerpts from the same work performed last season. Also of the French school were Alfred Bruneau's suite from "L'Attaque du Moulin," Florent Schmitt's "Pupazzi." Delius had his representation on these programs, too, with his two "mood pictures," "Summer Night on the River" and "On Hearing the First Cuckoo." Almost as significant as a first performance was the repetition of David Stanley Smith's overture, "Prince Hal," which was played for the first time publicly, though it had been heard last season at a concert given for the meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Miss Marcia Van Dresser's singing of Gustav Mahler's set of songs with orchestra, "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," showed them to be one of the most original of the composer's works.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's sole contribution of new compositions was Ernest Schelling's "Impressions from an Artist's Life, in form of Variations on an Original Theme," a brilliant and imaginative composition. The Russian Symphony Orchestra may be counted to add to the list of new works by Russian composers. This season it has played Igor Stravinsky's First Symphony, Moussorgsky's extravagant and striking six tableaux, "Exhibition Pictures"; Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Serbian Fantasy," Glazunoff's "Overture on Three Grecian Themes," and an orchestral arrangement of Rachmaninoff's fantasia for two pianos.

Mr. Stransky has gone ahead with due caution in the performance of Liszt's works, for which the Pulitzer bequest is in part a direct subsidy. He has found it prudent to confine himself to four of the symphonic poems, "Tasso," the "Battle of the Huns," "Orpheus," besides the popular "Préludes," the noisy orchestration of the Second Hungarian Rhapsody, and the Hungarian "Sturmmarsch"—matter for Sunday popular concerts. A few of the songs have appeared on the programs, the concerto in A, and the Hungarian Fantasy. So long as Mr. Stransky avoided the portentous symphonies, the rest of the symphonic poems, and other orchestral works that are seldom aroused from their slumbers, the letter of the law will be fulfilled and the audiences much relieved.

One more important orchestral concert is impending that will add a new work to the list of orchestral music heard for the first time in New York. The Philadelphia Orchestra comes, under the auspices of the Society of the

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Had the "Barber of Bagdad" had more stage action it would have been a great success, for the libretto is witty and the music charming, but the modern opera demands more than this. Nevertheless we do not find sufficient basis for hailing Cornelius as "the German Cherubini," as some of the Lisztians and Wagnerians did.

Volkmann's Violoncello Concerto had more to say for itself than the rather tepid Suite of three weeks ago, and its suave measures suited well to that conservative and sterling artist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke. Mr. Warnke's tone is always pure and sympathetic. His technique is without flaw: his playing never sensational. One feels a sense of security in listening to such an artist, which, in itself, is a delight. Mr. Warnke is evidently in sympathy with Volkmann, for it is not so very long ago since we heard him in the 'cello part of the Serenade by that composer, and he has played this concerto at the concerts once before.

There was much to admire in the work and in the serene manner in which it was played. It transported us to a world where diminished chords of the thirteenth, dissonances resolving into worse dissonances, and 15-8 rhythms were unknown, where the laws laid down by Albrechtsberger or Richter were still observed. Yet we must not give the impression that Volkmann was a case-hardened harmonic martinet; he was too much a disciple of Schumann for that; but his Muse seems very gentle in these modern days. The last section of the concerto (the movements are joined together) had a few touches of the composer of the "Richard III." overture, but the work as a whole was very self-restrained. Mr. Warnke was twice recalled with very spontaneous enthusiasm and his excellent playing deserves this tribute.

About all that is left of Mendelssohn orchestrally is his overtures, and perhaps his Scotch symphony. His Reformation symphony slumbers upon the shelf, and his Italian symphony is seldom dusted and taken down as it was yesterday afternoon. Yet, there are mighty few men alive who can write such fluent and melodic counterpoint as is found in the slow movement of this work. Its gently saddened measures suit admirably to the violas and these instruments played most exquisitely in this movement, which remains the best part of the symphony. Usually Mendelssohn was the best of Scherzo composers. He caught up the dainty humor of this movement much better than the massive power of other portions of symphonic work, yet, in this symphony the Scherzo is not equal to those of the Reformation or the Scotch symphonies. Perhaps he concentrated his merry-making upon the finale, but this Saltarello is not half as good a picture of a Roman Carnival as that created by Berlioz. Even though the work was applauded, we see no good reason for resuscitating the Italian symphony any more than there would [illegible] reviving Maria Edgeworth's novels. The Saltarello was whipped up to a high speed, which made it seem more spicy than it really is.

Dr. Muck is certainly not neglecting the native composer and we had a pleasant surprise yesterday in hearing a new Symphonic poem by a resident Boston composer, Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill. A student who has been with Chadwick and with the incipient American Bizet, Frederic F. Bullard, could scarcely avoid obtaining some strength of expression and emotional power. But we confess that we did not know that Mr. Hill had such a grasp upon the modern orchestra as he exhibits in this score. The story of "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere" is founded upon a poem by Stephen Phillips, the English poet who has scarcely yet won the fame that he deserves.

The work was short, as modern compositions go, and was heavily scored. It dealt with an intense subject, too intense for any but the greatest composer. It has a disadvantage in the fact that the emotions of the hero and heroine are similar and the composer can only contrast despair against despair, but a contrast is gained by portraying memories of their past happiness:—

> "Deep as first love,
> And wild with all regret,"

(to quote Tennyson instead of Phillips) and Mr. Hill managed to attain good coherency in his work in spite of much tortuous harmony. There were guiding themes which were afterwards skilfully interwoven and developed. There was dissonance enough to picture all the shrieks, cries and swoonings of the unhappy pair who often shed very chromatic tears. At times the brasses seemed muted permanently.

There is more in this composition than a first hearing can possibly reveal to the average auditor, and we were glad to see Dr. Muck twice recalled at the end of its performance.

IMES

New York City

he Season's Orchestral Concerts---A Total of More Than 125 Given in New York---New Compositions That Were Heard.

THE orchestras of New York have all brought their series of concerts to a close. The season of music is thereby known to be near its end; though the givers of recitals seem to be no more aware of the coming of Spring, nor to feel the need of discontinuing their activities, than the snow-laden storm clouds have been aware of the vernal equinox. Orchestral music has been intensively cultivated in New York this season, as it has been in recent years. Within the compass of less than twenty-two weeks there have been well over a hundred orchestral concerts given in the city. The provision might be supposed to be ample, and perhaps too ample. Yet the fact seems to be that the audiences for orchestral music are steadily increasing in size and in the eagerness with which they listen; presumably, also, in their willingness to pay for tickets.

The established orchestras have had large audiences. The New York Symphony Orchestra, playing in Aeolian Hall, felt obliged to print an announcement on its Bulletin to the effect that "not only was the hall completely sold out for all the Symphony Society's concerts, but hundreds of people have been turned away on the days of the concerts." The Philharmonic Society, giving many more concerts in the much larger Carnegie Hall, has had large audiences—especially at concerts when the soloist exerted an unusual attraction. The hall was often practically full. As has been the case for a good many years, at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall every seat has been subscribed for the whole of the two series, and there is a large and impatient waiting list of would-be subscribers. There have been very large audiences frequently at the concerts given on Sunday nights in the Metropolitan Opera House; but any who should deduce a strong love for orchestral music from this fact would be overlooking the drawing powers of the operatic and other soloists.

The Philharmonic Society has given 46 concerts in Manhattan, including 4 Saturday evening concerts and 2 intended for "young people." The New York Symphony Society's two [illegible] subscription series numbered 24, besides which it gave 3 so-called gala concerts, 2 of which were preceded by so-called public rehearsals, making the total of its performances 29. There were 6 Young People's Concerts. The Russian Symphony Orchestra gave a subscription series of 4 and appeared in others. The People's Symphony Society gave 3. The series on Sunday nights at the Metropolitan Opera House will have numbered 19. These make a total of 117. Besides these there were others. Several were given by such organizations as the Young Men's Symphony Society and the Orchestral Society. The Minneapolis Orchestra came a long way to add one to New York's abundance. The Philadelphia Orchestra is coming next month to play Mahler's gigantic symphony. No doubt there have been more than 125 orchestral concerts of high class in New York in the present season.

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It is perhaps needless to say that if these orchestral concerts are regarded in the light of "business," most of the business has been conducted at a loss, and generally a very large loss. How large a loss is not always set forth in the reports of the several organizations. It is well known that the two principal orchestras of New York, the Philharmonic and the New York Symphony, are obliged to meet an annual deficit. They do this, as everybody knows, on the ground that the giving of orchestral concerts is not a business like another, but the provision of artistic nutriment for which the public will not and cannot be expected to pay at a rate to cover the cost; an educational enterprise, such as are the great universities, that are carried on at a cost far beyond any sum that their tuition fees bring them in, and that must be heavily endowed; or it could be compared to the great museums and public libraries, which are for the public benefit, and in this country acquire most of their resources from private endowment or are aided by large grants of public money.

It will therefore be said by the supporters of the orchestras that their deficits do not indicate a bad adjustment of supply to demand. If the concerts are largely attended and properly enjoyed, the whole object has been attained, and the cost is cheerfully met by public-spirited people of wealth as their contribution to the general good. The Philharmonic Society has the great bequest of the late Joseph Pulitzer and the added income of the "membership," who contribute, as members of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Natural History Museum contribute, to carry on an edifying work. The New York Symphony Society has H. H. Flagler, who has undertaken to supply the difference between the public's contribution in the purchase of tickets and the cost of running the orchestra. Henry L. Higginson does the same in the case of the Boston Orchestra. The vast audiences which attend the concerts in New York bring in a balance which may very likely not pay the cost of bringing the concerts to New York, and which, even if it does, must be somehow adjusted on his books as a part of the profit and loss account of the whole enterprise. The People's Symphony Concerts are more ostensibly a philanthropic undertaking than any others of the kind in New York; and the Russian Symphony concerts have been a method of propaganda in which somebody has had enough interest to pay for.

The fact that the principal orchestral series in New York have been largely attended and have gradually acquired a large body of faithful followers will go far toward allaying the suspicion that the city has been supplied with music beyond its needs. There might, indeed, be discussion as to how much music a city like New York "needs"; how much it can assimilate; whether it is oversupplied, whether less would be more fully appreciated, more highly valued. Indeed, an announcement made last week shows a belief on the part of some that the less prosperous citizens of New York are under present conditions not sufficiently provided with orchestral music. Certain wealthy philanthropists are arranging for a fund with which to give a series of twenty concerts of high quality at prices of admission ranging from 10 to 50 cents. The idea is, of course, not new, though it has never been carried out here on so extensive a scale. Its value will be tested by its results, and its permanence will depend on the lasting quality of the philanthropic promptings behind it. For such an undertaking is, of course, purely philanthropic, and has even less to do with business than the orchestral concerts at present given in New York.

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An unusually large number of new compositions have been presented by the orchestras this season. The American composer has been benefited by this activity, and in a natural and wholesome way, as the peers of other modern composers, needing no special devices for nursing, coddling, or exploiting.

The Philharmonic Society gave a belated first performance, so far as relates to New York, of Edward MacDowell's symphonic poem "Lancelot and Elaine." Seth Bingham's Fantasy for orchestra, A. Walter Kramer's two symphonic sketches, "Chant Nêgre" and "Valse Triste"; Fritz Stahlberg's suite for orchestra, and Edmund Severn's concerto for violin (heard for the first time with orchestra) are more contemporaneous, and were all done in the presence and no doubt to the encouragement of their composers. Besides these, Mr. Stransky produced for the first time Max Reger's Variations on a theme of Mozart, Op. 132, one of the most recent productions of the too fecund Bavarian; Arnold Schoenberg's "Pelléas et Mélisande," an important contribution to the discussion of the question whether its composer is one of the great men of the future, though it is not in his latest "manner." Less important were Jean Sibelius's "Die Okeaniden," Zdenko Fibich's idyll, "At Evening"; Dargomijsky's "Casatchoque." Mr. Grainger played Frederick Delius's remarkable pianoforte concerto for the first time in New York.

Mr. Damrosch made some interesting expositions of current American production. John A. Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," showed most ingratiatingly the talent and skill and originality of the young Chicago musician. The first symphony of Victor Kolar, one of the first violin players of the orchestra, whose music has been played by it before, showed at once his nationality as a Bohemian and his study with Dvorak, through its finely effective qualities. The excerpts from Mr. Damrosch's own music to "Iphigenia in Aulis" and the prelude to Daniel Gregory Mason's music for "The Pageant of Cape Cod" were both incidental music and music for an occasion; yet both showed qualities of distinction and permanent value. Mr. Damrosch likewise made his contribution to the great Schoenberg discussion by performing his "Kammersinfonie." The excerpts from Maurice Ravel's pantomime ballet, "Daphnis et Chloe," were a sequel to excerpts from the same work performed last season. Also of the French school were Alfred Bruneau's suite from "L'Attaque du Moulin," Florent Schmitt's "Pupazzi." Delius had his representation on these programs, too, with his two "mood pictures," "Summer Night on the River" and "On Hearing the First Cuckoo." Almost as significant as a first performance was the repetition of David Stanley Smith's overture, "Prince Hal," which was played for the first time publicly, though it had been heard last season at a concert given for the meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Miss Marcia Van Dresser's singing of Gustav Mahler's set of songs with orchestra, "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," showed them to be one of the most original of the composer's works.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's sole contribution of new compositions was Ernest Schelling's "Impressions from an Artist's Life, in form of Variations on an Original Theme," a brilliant and imaginative composition. The Russian Symphony Orchestra may be counted to add to the list of new works by Russian composers. This season it has played Igor Stravinsky's First Symphony, Moussorgsky's extravagant and striking six tableaux, "Exhibition Pictures"; Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Serbian Fantasy," Glazunoff's "Overture on Three Grecian Themes," and an orchestral arrangement of Rachmaninoff's fantasia for two pianos.

Mr. Stransky has gone ahead with due caution in the performance of Liszt's works, for which the Pulitzer bequest is in part a direct subsidy. He has found it prudent to confine himself to four of the symphonic poems, "Tasso," the "Battle of the Huns," "Orpheus," besides the popular "Préludes," the noisy orchestration of the Second Hungarian Rhapsody, and the Hungarian "Sturmmarsch"—matter for Sunday popular concerts. A few of the songs have appeared on the programs, the concerto in A, and the Hungarian Fantasy. So long as Mr. Stransky avoided the portentous symphonies, the rest of the symphonic poems, and other orchestral works that are seldom aroused from their slumbers, the letter of the law will be fulfilled and the audiences much relieved.

One more important orchestral concert is impending that will add a new work to the list of orchestral music heard for the first time in New York. The Philadelphia Orchestra comes, under the auspices of the [illegible]

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date MAR 19 1916
Establishe

VISITING ORCHESTRA HAD POOR PROGRAM

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As a class the conductors have endeavored to present, regardless of personal taste or conviction, such music as would meet the needs of the community, without sacrificing the highest standards. Under Dr. Karl Muck, Philadelphia audiences have been given some delightful programs. This season, however, with the exception of one or two concerts, the things offered have not been of compelling interest to a public accustomed to the best music from the Philadelphia Orchestra and other sources. The programs have not been attractively arranged, that of last Monday night, for instance, was a frightful assembling of incongruous and unrelated stuff. Much too extended, the Beethoven Symphony alone, with the arias done by Geraldine Farrar, would have been sufficient to satisfy the average concert goer. The Strauss "Don Quixote," if it must be played, should be put last on a program, giving those who do not care for nerve-racking noises an opportunity of escape. One aria from Miss Farrar would have met all the demands beautifully, although to be sure, her costume or rather lack of costume, is always a matter of absorbing interest sufficient to entertain those who are not engrossed by the crudities of her vocal style. Perhaps Dr. Muck wished to close his Philadelphia season with a concert that would be remembered. If so, he succeeded admirably. Monday night's performance was unforgetable. It lingers in the memory like a nightmare. Like the concert given earlier in the season, at which the Bruckner symphony was brought forward, there is little chance for the mind to shake the impression made. Considering the splendid orchestra and the wonderful conductor, the Boston Orchestra should leave at the close of a season, a feeling of gratitude, and of an artistic height reached, instead of a tendency to criticise the arrangement of program and the lack of judgment displayed in presenting them.

* * *

From INQUIRER
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date MAR 19 1916
Establish

JOSEF HOFMANN WON'T PLAY AGAIN WITH MUCK

Distinguished Pianist Thinks Boston Symphony Leader Puts Soloist in the Background

Special to The Inquirer.

BOSTON, March 18.—Josef Hofmann, the pianist, will not appear again as a soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Possibly the orchestra will not ask him again to be its guest artist, but even if he is invited he will not appear with the most distinguished band in America. Tonight Mr. Hofmann said:

"The Boston Symphony is a very fine orchestra, indeed, but I do not enjoy playing with it, as the conductor, Dr. Muck, has little regard for the soloist.

"Indeed, he does not greatly care to have a soloist, as he considers the orchestra sufficient without one. The soloist receives little or no consideration."

From COURANT
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date MAR 18 1916

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At the urgent requests of the patrons of the Boston Symphony concerts in Hartford, Dr. Karl Muck has consented to make for the last concert in the season in Hartford a Wagner program. This concert will be given in Parsons Theater, Monday evening, March 27.

Est 884

Dr. Muck is admittedly one of the greatest, if not the greatest authority on Wagner's music now living. From 1901 until 1914 he conducted all of the performances of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth. During his long tenure as general music director of the Royal Opera in Berlin, most of the important Wagner work fell to him. Before that, as a young man, he was largely responsible for the introduction of Wagner in Russia, for he was conductor of the company which the late Angelo Neumann of Prague took to Petrograd, Moscow and other Russian cities in the mid 80's. This will be the first time that Dr. Muck has given a Wagner program in a regular symphony course. He has often made such programs for the pension fund concerts of the orchestra in Boston, and he made two such performances for the series of concerts which the orchestra gave at the Panama Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco last May. In every respect, therefore, this concert will be one of unusual importance.

The pieces he will play will be the overture to "The Flying Dutchman;" , Siegfried idyll; the introduction to Act 3, "Dance of the Apprentices;" entrance of the Mastersingers, and Homage from Hans Sachs (all from the third act) from "Die Meistersingers of Nuremberg;" the prelude to "Lohengrin;" the Good Friday Magic from "Parsifal" and the overture to "Tannhauser." Reserved seats

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From TIMES
Address Hartford, Conn. MAR 17 1916
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

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From COURANT
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date MAR 21 191

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Es 84

Fifty years ago it seemed highly improbable that the time would arrive when Richard Wagner would be the most popular among composers. This, however, has become a fact, proven by the attendance at performances of Wagner programs. At the Panama Exposition, where the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave thirteen concerts last May the German composer and Dr. Muck's Orchestra drew the largest audience ever seen in San Francisco. The "Call" critic wrote of the entertainment, as follows: "Filling Festival Hall to overflowing, Wagnerian enthusiasts left no doubt last night that there is full appreciation here of the masterly performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The house was sold out for the first time since the series began. Favorable weather may have had something to do with this, but Wagner had more. It is asserted today that the audience and receipts were the largest known for a symphony Orchestra concert in America. It was the public's night to do homage to its popular composer and the program was to its liking." Selections from Wagners most popular operas will be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra of about ninety players, under Dr. Muck's direction at the Parsons Theater next Monday night, making the first Wegnerian concert by the Boston orchestra in our city and undoubtedly a memorable

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From STAATS-ZEITUNG
Address: New York City
Date MAR 19 1916
Est

Konzerte.

Geſtern Nachmittag nahm Dr. Muck an der Spitze der Boſtoner Meiſterſpieler Abſchied für dieſe Saiſon von ſeinem treuen, begeiſtert anerkennenden Publikum New Yorks in Carnegie Hall. Das berühmte Orcheſter unter dem nicht minder berühmten Dirigenten bot wieder ganz Ausgezeichnetes. Kaum je konnte man eine ſo wundervoll abſchattierte, in großen Stößen dahinfliegende Ausarbeitung von Beethovens nicht eben bedeutender Zweiter Symphonie bewundern. Da hat der Dirigent mächtig nachgeholfen und auf ſeinem perfekten Inſtrument wundervoll geſpielt. Emotionell war die Wiedergabe von Brahms' hinreißender „Akademiſcher Feſtouverture"; das Vorſpiel zu den „Meiſterſingern" weckte durch die meiſterſchafte Darlegung ſtürmiſchen Beifall. Nach vielen Jahren hörte man wieder Mozart's „Konzertante Symphonie", ein lange nicht genug gewürdigtes Meiſterſtück, das den Herren Witek und Ferir Gelegenheit zu wahren Muſterleiſtungen bot, vom Orcheſter prächtig umſpielt und umſchmeichelt. Diejenigen, die an dieſem Programm manches auszuſetzen hatten, wurden durch den Glanz und die ſolide Farbenpracht der Ausführung entwaffnet. Der Beifall klang warm und überzeugungstreu und mündete in das ſichere Gefühl des „Wiederſehens" aus.

Newspaper [illegible] Bureau in the World
From TRADE UNION NEWS
Address Philadelphia, Pa.
Date MAR 16 1916
E 1884

BEETHOVEN CROWDS HOUSE

The fifth and final concert of the series given this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra occurred last night in the Academy of Music.

The house was crowded, the entire orchestra pit being filled.

The program was one of unusual length and variety.

Half the selections given would have made a more appropriate and enjoyable concert.

With Beethoven's D major symphony, the "Don Quixote" of Strauss, two operatic arias, sung by Geraldine Farrar, and the "Tannhaeuser" overture, it can readily be seen that even the most ardent admirer of the Boston Orchestra might experience some degree of fatigue.

Nothing could be a greater foil to the dignity and beauty of the D major symphony than the aburdity of the tone picture "Don Quixote," nor could anything serve to increase one's love of Beethoven more firmly.

The manipulation of the instruments in the Strauss work is a matter for almost ceaseless interest, but the amount of labor necessitated by such a production is not justified by the merits of the composition.

Miss Farrar in "Elsa's Dream," and Berlioz's "D'amour L'ardente flamme," from "The Damnation of Faust," was given a royal reception.

[130]

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date MAR 19 1916
k, 1884

Dr. Muck's Contract.

To the Editor of the Sunday Journal:

Will you please state whether the widely circulated report is true, that the contract of Dr. Muck with the Boston Symphony Orchestra calls for only four appearances with the orchestra in Providence each season, or whether he has an agreement to that effect with the management? SUBSCRIBER.

Providence.

(An authoritative reply to this question was sought from the management of the orchestra in Boston, which replies as follows: "Dr. Muck's contract calls for his appearance as conductor at every concert given during the season by the orchestra, in whatever city it may appear, unless illness prevents. It has happened this year and last that Dr. Muck has been compelled to give up two of the Providence concerts. Each time he has missed a concert it has been due to the direct orders of his physician. Incidentally, he has conducted concerts against such orders. It is hardly necessary to tell you that the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck regard the series of concerts in Providence as among the most important that they give. In quality of soloists and programmes Providence is second to none of the cities where the orchestra gives such a series. It is unfortunate that Dr. Muck has been compelled to miss some of the concerts, but it has been

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Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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Dr. Muck is admittedly one of the greatest, if not the greatest authority on Wagner's music now living. From 1901 until 1914 he conducted all of the performances of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth. During his long tenure as general music director of the Royal Opera in Berlin, most of the important Wagner work fell to him. Before that, as a young man, he was largely responsible for the introduction of Wagner in Russia, for he was conductor of the company which the late Angelo Neumann of Prague took to Petrograd, Moscow and other Russian cities in the mid 80's. This will be the first time that Dr. Muck has given a Wagner program in a regular symphony course. He has often made such programs for the pension fund concerts of the orchestra in Boston, and he made two such performances for the series of concerts which the orchestra gave at the Panama Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco last May. In every respect, therefore, this concert will be one of unusual importance.

The pieces he will play will be the overture to "The Flying Dutchman;" , Siegfried idyll; the introduction to Act 3, "Dance of the Apprentices;" entrance of the Mastersingers, and Homage from Hans Sachs (all from the third act) from "Die Meistersingers of Nuremberg;" the prelude to "Lohengrin;" the Good Friday Magic from "Parsifal" and the overture to "Tannhauser." Reserved seats [illegible]

Newspaper C[illegible] Bureau in the World

From TRADE Union NEWS
Address Philadelphia, Pa.
Date MAR 16 1916

E 1884

BEETHOVEN CROWDS HOUSE

The fifth and final concert of the series given this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra occurred last night in the Academy of Music.

The house was crowded, the entire orchestra pit being filled.

The program was one of unusual length and variety.

Half the selections given would have made a more appropriate and enjoyable concert.

With Beethoven's D major symphony, the "Don Quixote" of Strauss, two operatic arias, sung by Geraldine Farrar, and the "Tannhaeuser" overture, it can readily be seen that even the most ardent admirer of the Boston Orchestra might experience some degree of fatigue.

Nothing could be a greater foil to the dignity and beauty of the D major symphony than the aburdity of the tone picture "Don Quixote," nor could anything serve to increase one's love of Beethoven more firmly.

The manipulation of the instruments in the Strauss work is a matter for almost ceaseless interest, but the amount of labor necessitated by such a production is not justified by the merits of the composition.

Miss Farrar in "Elsa's Dream," and Berlioz's "D'amour L'ardente flamme," from "The Damnation of Faust," was [illegible] royal reception.

From TIMES
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date MAR 17 1916

Esta 884

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

March 27, Dr. Muck's Organization Will Be Here.

At the urgent and repeated requests of the patrons of the Boston Symphony concerts in Hartford, Dr. Muck has consented to make for the last concert in the season in Hartford a Wagner program. This concert will be given in Parsons's theater, Monday evening, March 27.

Dr. Muck is admittedly one of the greatest, if not the greatest, authority on Wagner now living. From 1901 until 1914 he conducted all the performances of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth. During his long tenure as general music director of the Royal opera in Berlin, most of the important Wagner work fell to him. Before that, as a young man, he was largely responsible for the introduction of Wagner in Russia, for he was conductor of the company which the late Angelo Neumann of Prague took to Petrograd, Moscow and other Russian cities in the mid '80s. This will be the first time that Dr. Muck has given a Wagner program in a regular symphony course. He has often made such programs for the pension fund concerts of the orchestra in Boston, and he made two such performances for the series of concerts which the orchestra gave at the Panama-Pacific exposition in San Francisco last May.

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From COURANT
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date

Est 84

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Fifty years ago it seemed highly improbable that the time would arrive when Richard Wagner would be the most popular among composers. This, however, has become a fact, proven by the attendance at performances of Wagner programs. At the Panama Exposition, where the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave thirteen concerts last May the German composer and Dr. Muck's Orchestra drew the largest audience ever seen in San Francisco. The "Call" critic wrote of the entertainment, as follows: "Filling Festival Hall to overflowing, Wagnerian enthusiasts left no doubt last night that there is full appreciation here of the masterly performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The house was sold out for the first time since the series began. Favorable weather may have had something to do with this, but Wagner had more. It is asserted today that the audience and receipts were the largest known for a symphony Orchestra concert in America. It was the public's night to do homage to its popular composer and the program was to its liking." Selections from Wagners most popular operas will be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra of about ninety players, under Dr. Muck's direction at the Parsons Theater next Monday night, making the first Wegnerian concert by the Boston orchestra in our city and undoubtedly a memorable event in the [illegible]

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date MAR 19 1916

k, 1884

Dr. Muck's Contract.

To the Editor of the Sunday Journal:

Will you please state whether the widely circulated report is true, that the contract of Dr. Muck with the Boston Symphony Orchestra calls for only four appearances with the orchestra in Providence each season, or whether he has an agreement to that effect with the management?

SUBSCRIBER.

Providence.

(An authoritative reply to this question was sought from the management of the orchestra in Boston, which replies as follows: "Dr. Muck's contract calls for his appearance as conductor at every concert given during the season by the orchestra, in whatever city it may appear, unless illness prevents. It has happened this year and last that Dr. Muck has been compelled to give up two of the Providence concerts. Each time he has missed a concert it has been due to the direct orders of his physician. Incidentally, he has conducted concerts against such orders. It is hardly necessary to tell you that the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck regard the series of concerts in Providence as among the most important that they give. In quality of soloist and programmes Providence is second to none of the cities where the orchestr gives such a series. It is unfortunat that Dr. Muck has been compelled t miss some of the concerts, but it has bee [illegible]—Ed.)

From **SUN**
Address **Baltimore, Md.**
Date

Establ 84

"FANTASTICAL VARIATIONS ON A THEME OF A KNIGHTLY CHARACTER"

THE children had retired with a riddle book and a plate of cookies to the sunny alcove of the bay window. Silence had fallen upon the adult group about the fireside.

"When is a door not a door?" The question came in stern tones from the infantile catechetical leader in the alcove.

"When it's ajar!" was the immediate and eager reply.

"When is a noise not a noise?" asked one of the fireside group, to be rewarded with the prompt and emphatic answer: "When it's a Boston Symphony Orchestra."

Everybody laughed, everybody had attended the last Boston symphony concert, everybody knew, without being told, that the speaker referred to the Don Quixote fantasia by Richard Strauss, which had conspicuous place in an otherwise brilliant musical program.

"Wasn't it deliciously humorous?" cried the man who fraternizes with musical critics.

"Shriekingly humorous, like the gargoyles on the roof of Notre Dame Cathedral—the grotesque in sound instead of the grotesque in outline," said the man who sat opposite him.

"No, no," protested the advocate. "The 'Don Quixote' is real comedy, like 'Die Meistersingers von Nurnberg,' the opera by Richard Wagner."

"Not musical comedy," objected the one who had proposed the riddle; "the Don Quivote fantasia is 'sound and fury, signifying nothing' save madness, and madness is not pleasurable nor artistic."

"I have known a Christmas Eve crowd on Lexington street threatened with arrest for making less noise," whimsically interposed a barytone singer who has followed the ways of Melpomene from his wouth up.

"Perhaps you all did not fully grasp the significance of the sound-painting, the method in the composer's seeming madness," suggested the Don Quixote advocate mildly. But they flaunted his rebuke with scorn.

"We are as well acquainted with the misadventure of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance as you are, we realized he was tilting at wind mills and charging at sheep quite as well as you," they chorused, "but we decline to accept premeditated and shrilly invented noise as music. We object to a finished orchestra of 100 instruments perverting its ability in order to produce 'confusion worse confounded' instead of the music of the spheres."

"I hold it was brilliantly descriptive musical art," persisted the counsel for the defense.

"Futurist music, after the fashion of futurist art, cubist art," taunted his opponents.

"Well, why then did it receive enthusiastic applause?"

"Because folk were so glad it was ended, because people like noise, because they understood neither its purpose nor rendering and wished to hide their bewilderment under the guise of enthusiasm."

"There were many who did not applaud," said the singer. "I sat with folded arms. At the conclusion I heard a lady, literally steeped in musical environment, remark that the Don Quixote number deserved to be received in silence."

"The trouble with a good deal of modern music," observed a listener who had heard the songs of Venice from the lips of gondoliers, "is that contemporary composers appeal to the intellect rather than to the heart. They try to paint pictures in sound, whereas the spell of music is its power to excite emotions. What did you think of it, my dear?" he asked suddenly of the only debutante present. "You are young and impressionable."

"I was reading the interesting sketch of the Don Quixote theme in the program," she replied with a vivid blush. "I did not listen to the orchestra."

The hostess rang for a fresh brewing of tea. "It may have ben music, it may have been clamor," she remarked as she sliced a California lemon, "I only know I have never even in my maddest moments been able to slam a door because of my sensitiveness to noise, and

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From **EVENING GLOBE**
Address: **New York City.**
Date

Established: L

Music.

A Shame for the Orchestras—Paderewski.

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The reviewer of that season will be obliged to record that in the essential matter of playing new music the orchestras, in spite of the hosts of concerts they give, have made a rather lamentable showing. The credit of introducing new music that is novel, and interesting, and, for the moment at least, important must go not to the orchestras or to the Metropolitan Opera Company, but to the Diaghileff ballet, the chamber music organizations, and the formidable Mr. Ornstein. It is true the Philharmonic introduced Arnold Schönberg's "'Pelléas et Mélisande" and the Symphony his "Kammersymphonie" (after a private performance at a concert of the Society of the Friends of Music).

The latter, to which Mr. Damrosch had the strange idea of administering a preliminary knock in a few words of warning to his audience, turned out "old stuff" and intrinsically dull. did not hear the former, but it is n recent Schönberg. The orchestr work of Schönberg's we ought by a that is holy or unholy in moder music to be given the chance to hea the notorious "Five Pieces," no co ductor has put on a local programm Dr. Muck did the "Five Pieces" Boston last season. In New York D Muck does not hesitate to make h men play us music that is as desi able as a hair shirt, but never a o of the "Five Pieces." Noticing th Mr. Stock in Chicago was moved put Richard Strauss's "Macbeth" o programme of his orchestra mak me ask for the thousandth time w no conductor has ever put it o programme for New York. The fa that Mr. Stransky says it is bad, th fact that Mr. Stransky says Richard Strauss says it is bad, the fact that Philip Hale omits it from his enthusiasm for Strauss have nothing to do with the case.

No music that has not been heard can be bad. New York has not heard Richard Strauss's "Macbeth."

New music, however, is only part of the matter. So much old music is played until it is a nuisance, and so much old music that thoroughly deserves playing is not played at all. When the Philharmonic is not playing Beethoven, Wagner, or Liszt, the three composers it is in part paid to play, it is pretty sure to be playing Tschaikowsky or Richard Strauss. If for five years Tschaikowsky could be relegated to concerts of a popular nature it would be a great thing for symphony concert audiences and for Tschaikowsky. A score of years ago the name of Richard Strauss was a terror by night. To-day it is rapidly becoming a household word. And some of his works are as overplayed as Tschaikowsky's "Pathétique." His "Death and Transfiguration" has passed from the caviar class to the chocolate ice cream soda. But the Philharmonic Society, which has brought forward at its concerts this season ten compositions of Richard Strauss, has not ventured on the more difficult of his works, the "Don Quixote," the "Thus Spake Zarathustra," the "Sinfonia Domestica." The first of them we have had here in the period under discussion, because the Boston Symphony Orchestra did it.

No one can accuse the Philharmonic of the Brahms habit. Others have that, showing no kind of mercy to Brahms, and then there are the Weber overtures, the three Weber overtures a Bostonian they tell of was born hating—without their unfailing succor no conductor seemingly could exist through a season. Mr. Stransky did them all. Meanwhile so much music is not played.

I began going to symphony concerts in childhood, and for a number of years I have reported them professionally, and yet I cannot recall ever hearing a performance of the second of Beethoven's "Leonore" overtures. Mendelssohn's "Reformation" symphony is likewise a name to me. Meyerbeer wrote an overture to a play called "Struensee." It is probably of less intrinsic merit than any of the Weber overtures, but the symphony orchestras used to play it, even the Boston Symphony. I have never heard it, though as to how many times I have heard the Weber overtures I would not like to hazard a guess. Noticing that Dr. Muck recently put Goldmark's "Sappho" overture on the programme of one of his Boston concerts, I reflected that twenty years ago that work was regarded as absolutely the last word in dissonance and in orchestral weight. Obviously it would be interesting to hear it to-day, but I do not t that in my time it has been playe New York. Then there are the "I thesilea" and the "Prometheus" o tures of Goldmark, though I w half the concert-goers in this t know him only by the "Sakunt overture and the "Rustic Wedd symphony.

Some of the little Mozart s phonies would surely be worth p ing. Mr. Damrosch in Aeolian might give them with the old in mental balance, the old cha music spirit, restored. In silence one is sometimes fo to wonder if the Boston S phony is the only band to that would venture to try one Dr. Muck the only conductor who believes he could lead one to success. At the other antipode is Vincent d'Indy. Where is his B flat symphony to-day (which Philip Hale puts with the greatest of Beethoven), where is his "Symphony on a Mountain Air," and his superb "Istar" variations, why are they silent? Bruckner we are still largely ignorant of in this town. In view of the rough treatment given Dr. Muck for bringing forward one of his symphonies this season in Carnegie Hall I cannot take Messrs. Damrosch and Stransky too severely to task for shying at his awful name, but the fact remains we of New York have not been permitted by our amiable orchestral censors to know Bruckner—just as if we of New York were all busy with the rattle and the teething-ring.

It is a case of shame that in this town of a thousand concerts our orchestras—some of which would play better if they played less—are hampered to the extent they evidently are by the tyranny of that most doubtful quantity "what the public wants"

For my sins, or another's, I did not reach Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon till Mr. Paderewski was striking the final chord of the final piece on his programme. But I was in time for the post-recital, and that was a miniature concert of Chopin, with a Liszt rhapsodie for measure. Why talk about color and singing tone, about legato, staccato, rubato, and all the rigmarole that means everything and nothing? In the minutes it lasted I knew again that as there is one violinist and he spells his name Ysaye, there is one pianist, the superpianist, Ignace Jan Paderewski. PITTS SANBORN.

From Bulletin
Address Prov R. I.
Date MA 191

Estab 84

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Subject of Lecture by Prof. John P. Marshall of Boston University.

Prof. John P. Marshall of Boston University in his course on "How to Listen to Orchestral Music," in Manning Hall, Brown University, last evening, continued the subject of Beethoven; renewing the Fifth Symphony, which he classified as the greatest example of the classical period of music, explaining again its construction, themes, motives and transitions, illustrating with brief excerpts from the symphony, after which he called upon two members of the Chaminade Club to play the last movement, which was given with much spirit.

When this was finished, Prof. Marshall briefly reviewed the three stages of Beethoven's development; the first, when his works show the influence of Haydn and Mozart; the middle period between his 30th and 40th years, during which the Fifth Symphony was written, and the third period, when his work overbalanced by self-expression, became more polyphonic, more complex in rhythm, and more difficult to understand and perform. By this time his deafness had so increased that he was unable to hear, and he had done with classical construction and become a romanticist. His last sonata, the string quartets and the Ninth Symphony were placed in this period.

The Sixth Symphony was briefly outlined and the others were touched upon, with a short analysis and description of the Ninth Symphony, which is widely hailed as his greatest work.

Schubert, the successor of Beethoven, was then taken up by the lecturer, who said: "Melody is the feature of music which causes it to live longest, and Schubert's melodies belong to the rarest class, the spontaneous type, which wears well. The chief interest in his music is his themes, which he lacked the knowledge to develop, but which for pure spontaneous rhythm, approach as near to the true source of melody as any music yet written, showing great depth of meaning.

"His Ninth, the 'unfinished' symphony, shares with Beethoven's Fifth and Tschaikowski's Pathetique, the favor of concert audiences. To melody Schubert added a fine sense of harmonic coloring, of which the second movement of this symphony is one of the most beautiful examples in musical literature." To illustrate its extensive modulation, Prof. Marshall played several bars, mentioning each key through which the subtle changes carried the development of the theme.

For the next lecture, next Wednesday evening, Schumann's life and other of his works will be taken up, and the unfinished spmphony analyzed. This will be the last symphony to be analyzed in this course.

At the last concert in the present series of six by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall on April 11, the programme is to be devoted exclusively to music by Richard Wagner, upon which Dr. Muck is acknowledged to be the chief authority now living. His Wagner programmes for the pension fund concerts of the orchestra in Boston always fill Symphony Hall, but this is the first time since he became conductor of the orchestra, that it has given an extra concert of Wagnerian music in this city.

From
Address TIMES Hartford, Conn.
Date MAR 24 191

Establ 84

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The last appearance this season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, will take place next Monday night at Parsons's theater. The concert will be one of the most brilliant the orchestra has ever given here, for Dr. Muck has made his program entirely from the works of Richard Wagner. With the Boston orchestra to bring out the gorgeous tone color for which Wagner's music is famous, and with Dr. Muck, the greatest Wagnerian conductor in the world, the concert at once attains proportions of most unusual interest.

The program includes the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," "A Seigfried Idyl," selections from "The Mastersingers," prelude to "Lohengrin," "Good Friday Magic" from "Parsifal" and the overture to "Tannhauser."

There will be no soloist. The program will be performed by an enlarged orchestra. The demand for tickets is unusual and in order to serve the public better no reservations will be held after Saturday evening, March 25. Tickets are at Gallup & Alfred's music store.

The great trouble with glittering generalities is that they so soon tarnish.

[131]

From **RECORD**
Address: **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Date MAR 26 1916

Establishe

It was more than amusing to learn, from a New York music journal, that Mr. Stokowski had serious designs on the leadership of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and might even have the temerity to aspire to the dizzy height of conducting the Boston aggregation. Surely our hell-fire-and-brimstone confrere of Musical America cannot seriously believe that Mr. Stokowski would regard a conductorship of the Philharmonic as being an advance over his present position! The Philadelphia Orchestra is attaining a reputation throughout the country second to none. We all admit the superiority of the Boston Orchestra over any other, but it is largely due to the fine instruments known to be in the possession of the players, it being the custom of the supporter of the orchestra to see that each musician is supplied with the best possible instrument. Then, too, the rarefied atmosphere of Boston imparts some subtle power to the players, an aid not available in the inferior air of our great manufacturing centre. But who can seriously affirm the superiority of the New York Philharmonic organization? We are all willing to believe it is a fine orchestra, with an interesting and picturesque history. Those familiar with Mr. Stokowski's work might credit him with ambition to conduct the Boston Orchestra, and might even believe him capable of conducting it well, certainly of improving the programs inflicted on Philadelphia audiences; but no one will believe him guilty of Macchiavelan designs on New York's pride and glory.

AGNES GORDON HOGAN.

From **TRIBUNE**
Address: **Providence, R. I.**
Date

1884

be open to the public.

For the first time since Dr. Muck became conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Providence is to have from that orchestra a programme devoted exclusively to music by Richard Wagner. This will be given at the last concert of the series Tuesday evening, April 11, in Infantry Hall. It will be an occasion of wide interest. Dr. Muck is admittedly the chief Wagnerian authority now living and his Wagner programmes for the pension fund concerts of the orchestra in Boston always fill Symphony Hall to overflowing.

From
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date

Esta 84

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The concert at the Parsons Theater next Monday marks the ending of the season's series by the celebrated Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is the first appearance here of this orchestra without a soloist, although a custom in Boston, and the demand for tickets indicates the desire to hear this wonderful body of instrumentalists under Dr. Karl Muck, its celebrated conductor. Doubtless the announcement of an all-Wagner program and an enlarged orchestra have made the event doubly attractive. All tickets reserved and uncalled for before 9 o'clock this evening will be put on sale Monday morning at 8:30 o'clock at the theater box office, where tickets of admission to the gallery may be obtained during the day.

From **TRIBUNE**
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Date

18

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From SUN
Address Baltimore, Md.
Date

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"Shriekingly humorous, like the gargoyles on the roof of Notre Dame Cathedral—the grotesque in sound instead of the grotesque in outline," said the man who sat opposite him.

"No, no," protested the advocate. "The 'Don Quixote' is real comedy, like 'Die Meistersingers von Nurnberg,' the opera by Richard Wagner."

"Not musical comedy," objected the one who had proposed the riddle; "the Don Quivote fantasia is 'sound and fury, signifying nothing' save madness, and madness is not pleasurable nor artistic."

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"Perhaps you all did not fully grasp the significance of the sound-painting, the method in the composer's seeming madness," suggested the Don Quixote advocate mildly. But they flaunted his rebuke with scorn.

"We are as well acquainted with the misadventure of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance as you are, we realized he was tilting at wind mills and charging at sheep quite as well as you," they chorused, "but we decline to accept premeditated and shrilly invented noise as music. We object to a finished orchestra of 100 instruments perverting its ability in order to produce 'confusion worse confounded' instead of the music of the spheres."

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"Futurist music, after the fashion of futurist art, cubist art," taunted his opponents.

"Well, why then did it receive enthusiastic applause?"

"Because folk were so glad it was ended, because people like noise, because they understood neither its purpose nor rendering and wished to hide their bewilderment under the guise of enthusiasm."

"There were many who did not applaud," said the singer. "I sat with folded arms. At the conclusion I heard a lady, literally steeped in musical environment, remark that the Don Quixote number deserved to be received in silence."

"The trouble with a good deal of modern music," observed a listener who had heard the songs of Venice from the lips of gondoliers, "is that contemporary composers appeal to the intellect rather than to the heart. They try to paint pictures in sound, whereas the spell of music is its power to excite emotions. What did you think of it, my dear?" he asked suddenly of the only debutante present. "You are young and impressionable."

"I was reading the interesting sketch of the Don Quixote theme in the program," she replied with a vivid blush. "I did not listen to the orchestra."

The hostess rang for a fresh brewing of tea. "It may have ben music, it may have been clamor," she remarked as she sliced a California lemon, "I only know I have never even in my maddest moments been able to slam a door because of my sensitiveness to noise, and that fantasia of Don Quixote gave me a distinctly mauvais quart d'heure."

Date

Established:

Music.

A Shame for the Orchestras—Paderewski.

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New music, however, is only part of the matter. So much old music is played until it is a nuisance, and so much old music that thoroughly deserves playing is not played at all. When the Philharmonic is not playing Beethoven, Wagner, or Liszt, the three composers it is in part paid to play, it is pretty sure to be playing Tschaikowsky or Richard Strauss. If for five years Tschaikowsky could be relegated to concerts of a popular nature it would be a great thing for symphony concert audiences and for Tschaikowsky. A score of years ago the name of Richard Strauss was a terror by night. To-day it is rapidly becoming a household word. And some of his works are as overplayed as Tschaikowsky's "Pathétique." His "Death and Transfiguration" has passed from the caviar class to the chocolate ice cream soda. But the Philharmonic Society, which has brought forward at its concerts this season ten compositions of Richard Strauss, has not ventured on the more difficult of his works, the "Don Quixote," the "Thus Spake Zarathustra," the "Sinfonia Domestica." The first of them we have had here in the period under discussion, because the Boston Symphony Orchestra did it.

No one can accuse the Philharmonic of the Brahms habit. Others have that, showing no kind of mercy to Brahms, and then there are the Weber overtures, the three Weber overtures a Bostonian they tell of was born hating—without their unfailing succor no conductor seemingly could exist through a season. Mr. Stransky did them all. Meanwhile so much music is not played.

I began going to symphony concerts in childhood, and for a number of years I have reported them professionally, and yet I cannot recall ever hearing a performance of the second of Beethoven's "Leonore" overtures. Mendelssohn's "Reformation" symphony is likewise a name to me. Meyerbeer wrote an overture to a play called "Struensee." It is probably of less intrinsic merit than any of the Weber overtures, but the symphony orchestras used to play it, even the Boston Symphony. I have never heard it, though as to how many times I have heard the Weber overtures I would not like to hazard a guess. Noticing that Dr. Muck recently put Goldmark's "Sappho" overture on the programme of one of his Boston concerts, I reflected that twenty years ago that work was regarded as absolutely the last word in dissonance and in orchestral weight. Obviously it would be interesting to hear it to-day, but I do not think that in my time it has been played in New York. Then there are the "Penthesilea" and the "Prometheus" overtures of Goldmark, though I wager half the concert-goers in this town know him only by the "Sakuntala" overture and the "Rustic Wedding" symphony.

Some of the little Mozart symphonies would surely be worth playing. Mr. Damrosch in Aeolian Hall might give them with the old instrumental balance, the old chamber music spirit, restored. In the silence one is sometimes forced to wonder if the Boston Symphony is the only band to-day that would venture to try one and Dr. Muck the only conductor who believes he could lead one to success. At the other antipode is Vincent d'Indy. Where is his B flat symphony to-day (which Philip Hale puts with the greatest of Beethoven), where is his "Symphony on a Mountain Air," and his superb "Istar" variations, why are they silent? Bruckner we are still largely ignorant of in this town. In view of the rough treatment given Dr. Muck for bringing forward one of his symphonies this season in Carnegie Hall I cannot take Messrs. Damrosch and Stransky too severely to task for shying at his awful name, but the fact remains we of New York have not been permitted by our amiable orchestral censors to know Bruckner—just as if we of New York were all busy with the rattle and the teething-ring.

It is a case of shame that in this town of a thousand concerts our orchestras—some of which would play better if they played less—are hampered to the extent they evidently are by the tyranny of that most doubtful quantity "what the public wants"

For my sins, or another's, I did not reach Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon till Mr. Paderewski was striking the final chord of the final piece on his programme. But I was in time for the post-recital, and that was a miniature concert of Chopin, with a Liszt rhapsodie for measure. Why talk about color and singing tone, about legato, staccato, rubato, and all the rigmarole that means everything and nothing? In the minutes it lasted I knew again that as there is one violinist and he spells his name Ysaye, there is one pianist, the superpianist, Ignace Jan Paderewski. PITTS SANBORN.

Bulletin
Providence, R. I.
MA[illegible] 191

RCHESTRAL MUSIC

of Lecture by Prof. John P. rshall of Boston University.

ohn P. Marshall of Boston Uni- n his course on "How to Listen stral Music," in Manning Hall, University, last evening, continued the subject of Beethoven; renewing the Fifth Symphony, which he classified as the greatest example of the classical period of music, explaining again its construction, themes, motives and transitions, illustrating with brief excerpts from the symphony, after which he called upon two members of the Chaminade Club to play the last movement, which was given with much spirit.

When this was finished, Prof. Marshall briefly reviewed the three stages of Beethoven's development; the first, when his works show the influence of Haydn and Mozart; the middle period between his 30th and 40th years, during which the Fifth Symphony was written, and the third period, when his work overbalanced by self-expression, became more polyphonic, more complex in rhythm, and more difficult to understand and perform. By this time his deafness had so increased that he was unable to hear, and he had done with classical construction and become a romanticist. His last sonata, the string quartets and the Ninth Symphony were placed in this period.

The Sixth Symphony was briefly outlined and the others were touched upon, with a short analysis and description of the Ninth Symphony, which is widely hailed as his greatest work.

Schubert, the successor of Beethoven, was then taken up by the lecturer, who said: "Melody is the feature of music which causes it to live longest, and Schubert's melodies belong to the rarest class, the spontaneous type, which wears well. The chief interest in his music is his themes, which he lacked the knowledge to develop, but which for pure spontaneous rhythm, approach as near to the true source of melody as any music yet written, showing great depth of meaning.

"His Ninth, the 'unfinished' symphony, shares with Beethoven's Fifth and Tschaikowski's Pathetique, the favor of concert audiences. To melody Schubert added a fine sense of harmonic coloring, of which the second movement of this symphony is one of the most beautiful examples in musical literature." To illustrate its extensive modulation, Prof. Marshall played several bars, mentioning each key through which the subtle changes carried the development of the theme.

For the next lecture, next Wednesday evening, Schumann's life and other of his works will be taken up, and the unfinished spmphony analyzed. This will be the last symphony to be analyzed in this course.

At the last concert in the present series of six by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Infantry Hall on April 11, the programme is to be devoted exclusively to music by Richard Wagner, upon which Dr. Muck is acknowledged to be the chief authority now living. His Wagner programmes for the pension fund concerts of the orchestra in Boston always fill Symphony Hall, but this is the first time since he became conductor of the orchestra, that it has given an extra concert of Wagnerian music in this city.

TIMES
Hartford, Conn.
191

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

last appearance this season Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, will take place onday night at Parsons's the- The concert will be one of the brilliant the orchestra has ven here, for Dr. Muck has his program entirely from the works of Richard Wagner. With the Boston orchestra to bring out the gorgeous tone color for which Wagner's music is famous, and with Dr. Muck, the greatest Wagnerian conductor in the world, the concert at once attains proportions of most unusual interest.

The program includes the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," "A Seigfried Idyl," selections from "The Mastersingers," prelude to "Lohengrin," "Good Friday Magic" from "Parsifal" and the overture to "Tannhauser."

There will be no soloist. The program will be performed by an enlarged orchestra. The demand for tickets is unusual and in order to serve the public better no reservations will be held after Saturday evening, March 25. Tickets are at Gallup & Alfred's music store.

The great trouble with glittering generalities is that they so soon tarnish.

From RECORD
Address: Philadelphia, Pa.
Date MAR 26 1916

* * *

It was more than amusing to learn, from a New York music journal, that Mr. Stokowski had serious designs on the leadership of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and might even have the temerity to aspire to the dizzy height of conducting the Boston aggregation. Surely our hell-fire-and-brimstone confrere of Musical America cannot seriously believe that Mr. Stokowski would regard a conductorship of the Philharmonic as being an advance over his present position! The Philadelphia Orchestra is attaining a reputation throughout the country second to none. We all admit the superiority of the Boston Orchestra over any other, but it is largely due to the fine instruments known to be in the possession of the players, it being the custom of the supporter of the orchestra to see that each musician is supplied with the best possible instrument. Then, too, the rarefied atmosphere of Boston imparts some subtle power to the players, an aid not available in the inferior air of our great manufacturing centre. But who can seriously affirm the superiority of the New York Philharmonic organization? We are all willing to believe it is a fine orchestra, with an interesting and picturesque history. Those familiar with Mr. Stokowski's work might credit him with ambition to conduct the Boston Orchestra, and might even believe him capable of conducting it well, certainly of improving the programs inflicted on Philadelphia audiences; but no one will believe him guilty of Macchiavelan designs on New York's pride and glory.

AGNES GORDON HOGAN.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

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For the first time since Dr. Muck became conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Providence is to have from that orchestra a programme devoted exclusively to music by Richard Wagner. This will be given at the last concert of the series Tuesday evening, April 11, in Infantry Hall. It will be an occasion of wide interest. Dr. Muck is admittedly the chief Wagnerian authority now living and his Wagner programmes for the pension fund concerts of the orchestra in Boston always fill Symphony Hall to overflowing.

From [illegible]
Address Hartford, Conn.
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Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The concert at the Parsons Theater next Monday marks the ending of the season's series by the celebrated Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is the first appearance here of this orchestra without a soloist, although a custom in Boston, and the demand for tickets indicates the desire to hear this wonderful body of instrumentalists under Dr. Karl Muck, its celebrated conductor. Doubtless the announcement of an all-Wagner program and an enlarged orchestra have made the event doubly attractive. All tickets reserved and uncalled for before 9 o'clock this evening will be put on sale Monday morning at 8:30 o'clock at the theater box office, where tickets of admission to the gallery may be obtained during the day.

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Struggle With Destiny

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He has also admitted that the work, like almost every sincere composition, has a "programme." The symphony treats of the theme which has engaged the attention of poets and artists for many centuries, as it will engage the attention of thousands of artists [illegible]

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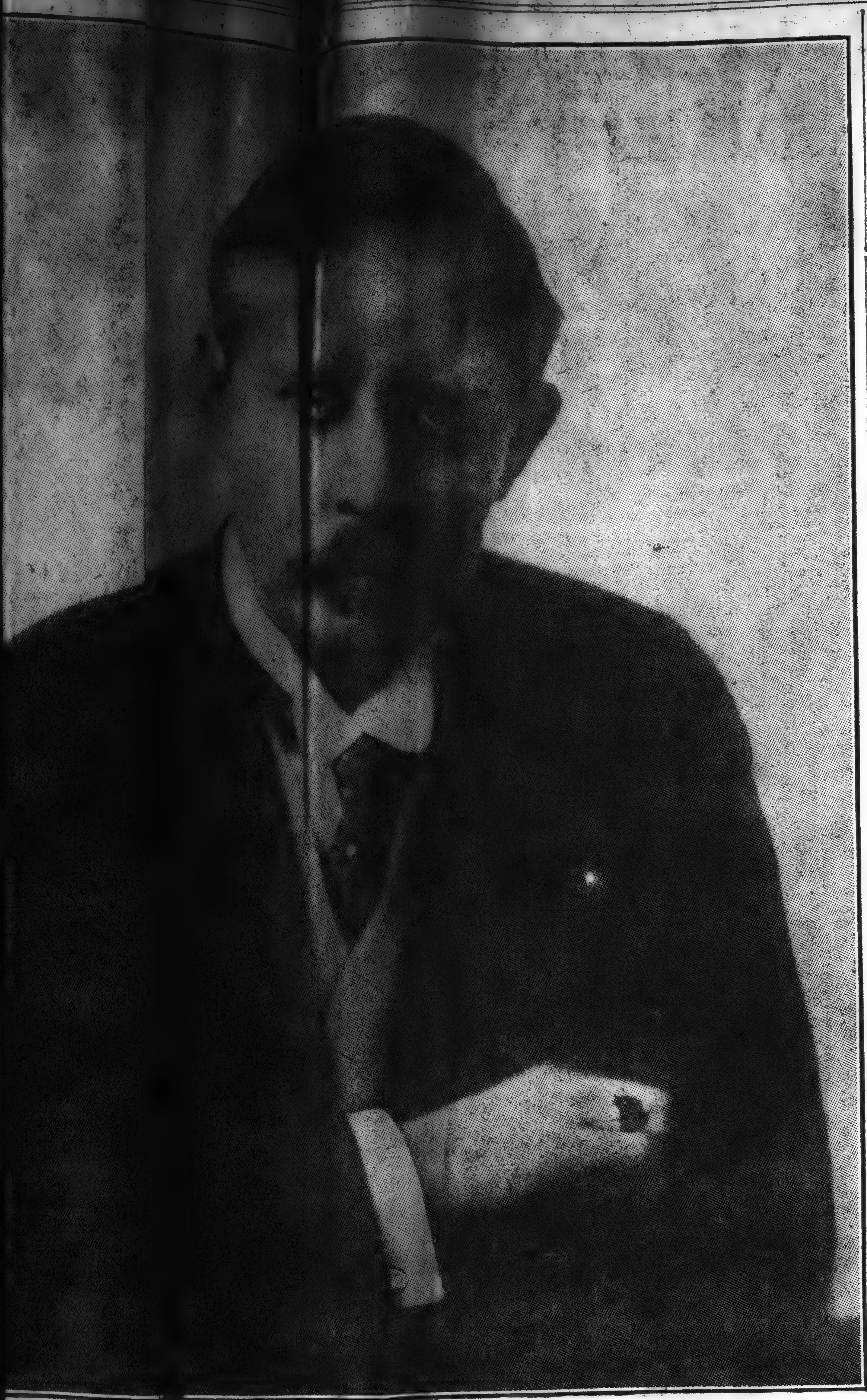
TRANSCRIPT, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1916

and Composers --- The Theatres



Frederick A. Stock

(Photograph by Moffett of Chicago)

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ADVERTISER,

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Bizet	Suite Arlesienne, No. 1

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The true ideal of classical music is to combine intellectuality with emotion, and this is done in the Stock symphony, although it leans more toward the former than the latter quality. There is thematic transference also, which gives homogeneity; that is, the chief thoughts of the first movement reappear and are finely developed in the finale.

The symphony is "absolute music"; it does not tell a story, nor give definite pictures; it is subjective, not objective. Yet there are certain definite thoughts worked out, which can be readily recognized and have the composer's sanction. Thus the first movement (which is rather too long) pictures storm and stress, somewhat after the ideal of Tschaikowsky in the first movement of his fourth symphony. Life's lighter phases are daintily portrayed in the second movement, which is the Scherzo, although it is not in the conventional "Scherzo and Trio" shape, and has more development of themes than is often found in this movement. The third is the slow movement and deals with memories and reminiscences, while the finale is triumph, accented by the words "Vorwaerts" and "Aufwaerts"—"Forward" and "Upward."

The worth of the work has been recognized and it has already been performed not only by Mr. Stock's own Chicago orchestra, but by the New York (Damrosch) orchestra and the Philadelphia one. It is scored with all the resources of the largest modern orchestra; indeed it goes a little beyond most of the modern scores in demanding two English horns, a tenor tuba in addition to the bass one, a xylophone, four kettle-drums, a side drum, etc.

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After this intellectual work came melodic simplicity and beauty in the shape of Bizet's "Suite Arlesienne" No. 1. That work never loses its charm, in spite of all the ambitious music that has been achieved since it was written. It was a good contrast to turn from Stock's presentation of "Life's endless toil and endeavor" to the hearty country life depicted by Bizet. The variations of the first movement, the pathos of the Innocent as portrayed upon the saxophone, the clangor of the bells at the village festival, appealed to every auditor, musician and non-musician alike, and showed that sometimes Music can really become an "Art Universal," a position from which it is rapidly departing in its most modern, complicated phases.

BOSTON GLOBE-

APRIL 1, 1916

NEW SYMPHONY BY FREDERICK STOCK

First Two Movements Outclass the Last

Virtuoso Performance by Dr Muck, Orchestra and Tympanist

Frederick Stock, the admirable conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, may become known to history for developing celerity in the mechanism of the kettle drum. For the present his tympanist must be an acrobat in full training. Mr Stock relieves the tedium of the final movement of his symphony in C minor, op 18, played by Dr Muck yesterday for the first time in Boston, with an amazing fanfare upon the kettle drums. The tympanist is obliged to brandish his drum sticks menacingly in the air as a savage of the Australian bush might have displayed his weapons. The effect is electrical as Mr Neumann accomplished yesterday what was a startling feat of virtuosity, rather than any emotional or rhetorical aid to musical expression.

It is unfortunate that the composer has not considered the adagio and the finale more carefully before allowing public performance of the work. The symphony as a whole is too long, something over an hour is required, and the final memories of it are sadly prejudicial to those which preceded.

The decline of the latter half of the work in inspiration is the more to be remarked because of the vitality and brilliance of what goes before. The adagio is swollen and labored. Until a calm spreads grateful wings over the close, there is little that moves, or appeals by any inherent power. The finale attempts to provide an apotheosis pitched in too high an emotional key. The flight falters and what was a vein of true inspirational character earlier in the work gives way to the commonplace and prolix.

There are passages, such as the twice repeated sequence in the brasses and an over worked trumpet, that are filled with noise rather than epic expression of the motto: "Forward! Upward." The trumpeter should be supremely conscious of the latter injunction. The opening proclamation for full orchestra is not without majesty and its aspiration. Some may cite the hymn for strings as a reminiscence of Brahm's similar device in his symphony in C minor. The fugal subject is somewhat broken in line to be most effective.

It is to be regretted that the first two movements could not have prompted a more fitting conclusion. They are laid out upon a large scale. Is it possible that they exhausted the composer's invention? There are in these, as throughout all, certain mannerisms, as the fondness for quickly developed dramatic outbursts, followed by periods of reflection or reorganization of forces. There is, however, a well balanced division between periods of stress and of repose. There are passages of sustained song, emotional, at times impassioned, rich in harmonic color and contrapuntal texture. There are instances of effective and striking bits of instrumentation.

There is lively characterization as in the lightness and play in the opening idea of the scherzo, a lightness which makes ensuing and contrasting episodes appear boisterous, but which returns winged as before. There are deft touches of humor and true charm in the treatment of fanciful and beguiling ideas. The latter part of the movement here as in the first, delays the end, yet is not in need of variety or resource to add another telling idea. Anticipation is developed to a sweeping and intensive degree in the conclusion of the first, in a striking and dramatic manner. The fair beginning shows the large calibre of Mr Stock's gifts. At some future time it is to be hoped he will add a slow and final movement, less long and less laborious.

The perforamnce was one of supreme and noteworthy virtuosity for Dr Muck and his players. Bizet's first "L'Arlesionne" suite completed the program.

BOSTON JOURNAL-

APRIL 1,

STOCK SYMPHONY SCORES SUCCESS

Dr. Muck Leads a Brilliant Performance of the New Work.

On this week's Symphony program is a new symphony in C minor, by Frederick A. Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and at yesterday's concert the novelty was most enthusiastically applauded. The first two movements proved especially impressive—rich in thematic material, graphic in their expression of the composer's ideas, brilliant in development. These lower stories of the symphonic edifice, as they may be called, were substantial and, in a broad sense, beautiful. They aroused the profound interest of the public and led to a favorable reception of the two succeeding movements; but the symphony does not develop very much after the second movement.

The third movement, the andante, is a lyric long drawn out and rather reminiscent, while the final is grandiose, sentimental and, at last, sensational. There is a mighty flourish for the tympanist at the close, and Mr. Neumann enjoyed a personal ovation after the orchestra had received one. His drumming was electrical.

At any rate, the Stock symphony enjoyed a success beyond that won by any novelty of the kind introduced in many a season. It achieved the rare distinction of pleasing both the public in general and the musicians who appreciate fine technical points. Its best parts are somewhat in the style of Richard Strauss—the Strauss of "Death and Transfiguration," not of "Elektra;" but there are fine individual points, not only in the character of the themes, but in the superb use that Mr. Stock makes of all the divisions of the orchestra.

The work was performed with the utmost sympathy and brilliance by Dr. Muck and his hundred men. Mr. Stock, unfortunately, was not present. He would have been warmly received, and he would have been the first to appreciate the quite fraternal as well as artistic quality of the performance.

A performance of Bizet's own "L'Arlesienne" suite closed the concert.

There will be another novelty on the program next week, "Lucifer," a symphony poem composed by Henry K. Hadley. Beethoven's first symphony and Sibelius' "King Christian II." suite will also be played.

ADVERTISER, SATURDAY

APRIL 8, 1916

NEW WORK BY HADLEY PRESENTED

POINTS OF GREAT BEAUTY AND MUCH MAJESTY

Symphony Concert Provides Contrast to Opera Being Presented

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM

Beethoven	First Symphony
Hadley	"Lucifer," Symphonic Poem
Sibelius	Suite, "King Christian II."

Dr. Muck is certainly taking the American Muse under his protection, for at each recent concert he has given us some work by a native composer. It was well to have a purely orchestral concert, for we are getting all the vocal music necessary, a block further up the avenue, and we have had violinists and pianists enough in the recent programs. Many of the Symphony concert auditors attend the opera, and they must have felt how refreshing it was to come back to a more purely intellectual musical feast.

Beethoven's first symphony is more like the Haydn works than any of the later eight. When he wrote it he was directly under the influence and tutelege of Haydn and followed in his master's footsteps, although he displays more virility and power than the latter. The points of resemblances are, first, the clear shape of every movement (three Sonata-allegros and a Minuet), and second, the Haydn-like character of the finale. Haydn always made the finale of a cycle form genial and jolly, like the finale of this symphony.

But one can find the true Beethoven peeping out of this clear-cut symphony none-the-less. Hayden insisted that the third movement of the symphonic form should be a Minuet—dance themes in contrast with each other and with little or no development. Beethoven complied with this but listen to the Minuet that he wrote! It is as free as a Scherzo. It is a fact to be noted that the very first chord of the introduction of this very first of the nine symphonies should show the pioneer. The dominant chord of F to begin a symphony in C major! That set all the critics shaking their heads. Today we think it a very simple matter.

The symphony was read in a good straightforward manner, without any attempt to swell it up into something bigger than it really was. The Minuet was made sufficiently broad and the Finale sufficiently dainty. The charming archness of the slow movement was very attractive, and the audience proved by enthusiastic applause that they had not been educated out of the appreciation of melody by all the modern music they have gone through. But what will the latter-day composers say? Here is a symphony with a small score and lasting about half an hour. They will probably call it a Sinfoniettina!

Many a modern composer, if he had created a symphonic poem on "Lucifer," would have made his music sound like—Lucifer. But Mr. Hadley holds to Beethoven's apothegm—"Music, even in picturing something ugly, must in itself remain beautiful"—and does not assail the auditor with needless cacophony. There are points of great beauty and much majesty in the score; fine guiding themes—Gabriel's trumpet call, Lucifer, The Angels, Peace and Triumph—which are most skilfully interwoven. There is much development. Possibly the contrasts are too sharp and too constant, and brasses, piccolo and kettledrum effects too often repeated (especially the pedal point on the kettledrum), but the tone-coloring of the large score is effective and shows that Mr. Hadley can thoroughly handle the great modern orchestra.

The fanfares of brass and the rolls of the side drum suggested the trenches of Verdun rather than celestial warfare, but were exciting, nevertheless. The march effects were a good point (excepting the pedal point aforesaid) and the work was stronger in its combative than in its celestial effects, but it led up to a final climax that was overwhelmingly grand, and which caused great enthusiasm. The composer was recalled over and over again, and this powerful work by an American composer certainly deserved the tribute. Mr. Hadley conducted his own work, and his decisive beat and elastic reading proved that the West lost a very good conductor when they allowed him to leave San Francisco.

The end of the program was its Finnish. Sibelius' Suite was heard here complete for the first time. It is not the composer's greatest work but it is nevertheless interesting and tuneful. It does not make such a universal appeal as that other Northern Suite—the "Peer Gynt" (No. 1) by Grieg. It is founded on music written for Paul's tragedy. The opening, as well as the closing, movement, deals largely in dance rhythms; in fact, parts of this Noctunre might be an Oriental dance. Its second part is less terpsichorean, but the music is not very distinguished. Perhaps if we knew the text we might appreciate it more highly.

The Elegie, for strings, was a direct and simple affair, in whic hthe violoncellos were prominent, and did good work. The Musette was more striking. The Musette, being a rustic work, one expected the oboes to be prominent, but Sibelius gives the leading part here to the clarinettes. The rustic character is, however, thoroughly maintained, and the pastoral pipings won hearty appreciation. Both clarinettes and bassoons did commendable work in this movement.

The Valse Triste is a weird application of this dance rhythm, which pictures a dying mother hearing spirit strains and rising from her bed to dance to them. Other dancers join in, but when the dance is in full swing Death knocks at the door and ends the terpsichorean proceedings. The waltz suits better to such mournful development than to the symphonic treatment of Tschaikowsky or Berlioz, as witness also Moszkowski's lugubrious Op. 8, No. 2.

The Serenade was melodic, as was almost the entire composition, while in the finale there were again catchy dance tunes interrupted by sinister effects as if a festival were broken up by a tragedy. One must not judge a suite as one would a symphony, but one longed for some clue to the contrasts which Sibelius has used in this work and why the dances led to disaster.

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From COURANT
Address Hartford, Conn.
Date MAY 28 1916
Est 884

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Even where all the playing is of splendid quality it is no more than natural that some parts of the work done should exceed others in perfection of beauty, and last evening some of the measures in the "Idyl" seemed to have reached the absolute limit of tonal loveliness; yet they were followed by playing in the "Meistersinger" that seemed even more beautiful. The "Lohengrin" prelude brought out the compelling power of the strings with splendid effect and the climax of the brass tone was simply tremendous. And in the "Parsifal" music again and again the wonders of the weaving melodies shone out, proving Wagner's right to a place not only among the masters of great orchestral effects, but as a master melodist as well. "Tannhauser"—old, old friend—simply served to bring the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm at the end of the concert. The overture, played by a great orchestra, is one of the most brilliant final numbers possible to find.

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DEPT

GLOBE—SATU

[136]

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Like the symphony in C minor by Frederick Stock, which was performed last week, the "Lucifer" tone poem represents the United States in the practice period of its orchestral expression. Like the work by the Chicago conductor, too, the one by the former San Francisco conductor is a transcript of recent German, Austrian and British symphonic formulas. It is written after the manner of Strauss, Mahler, Reznicek, Elgar, Delius and Bantock and it restates the impressions the composer got while studying the scores of these men. Stock rather likes to convey his ideas through melodic line, whereas Hadley prefers to set his forth in terms of color. But both have a fondness for full instrumentation and for big climax.

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The composition is based on Vondel's "Lucifer," a tragedy in five acts, which was performed in Amsterdam in 1654. Some argue that Milton was much indebted to Vondel. Mr. Hadley's work has the following argument:

"The tone poem 'Lucifer' contains five principal subjects: First, the stately

[illegible] proclaiming love and goodness to all his subjects); second, the Lucifer theme, sinister, foreboding; third, the choral-like theme suggesting angelic voices; fourth, the calm theme personifying peace and happiness; fifth, the theme of joy and victory during the battle. These contrast freely until the war trumpets announce Lucifer, who has gathered his legions 'round him to fight God's angels in the heavens. War ensues until Lucifer, defeated, is cast down into utter darkness. Then follows the peaceful theme, the work proceeding with the choral, and Gabriel's trumpet theme enlarged and harmonized for the entire orchestra, which brings the work to a brilliant close with a fanfare of four trumpets."

The finale stirred up much applause and the composer was called back to the stage several times.

Previous to this, Dr. Muck and the orchestra were treated to an ovation after their performance of the Beethoven symphony in C. There was also considerable enthusiasm during the performance of the final number on the program, the "King Christian II." suite of Sibelius. The second movement comprising the elegy and musette, was played six years ago under Mr. Fiedler. This time all four movements are offered—the first, a nocturne; the third, a serenade, and the fourth, a ballade. The suite is one of Sibelius' most agreeable writings.

Next week the program will include "The Forced Marriage" overture of Humperdinck, Haydn's second symphony, and Dvorak's violin concerto, with Mr. Noack as soloist.

The following week the program will fit the Shakespeare celebration. The works chosen are Smetana's "Richard III." overture, three movements from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," Tschaikowsky's tone poem, "Hamlet"; part of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and Dvorak's "Othello" overture.

BOSTON GLOBE-
. APRIL 8, 1916

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Gracious Suite of Sibelius Gives Pleasure

Henry Hadley Conducts New Tone Poem, "Lucifer"

Sibelius' suite from his incidental music to Adolf Paul's tragedy "King Christian II,' played yesterday, Dr Muck and the orchestra, to the great pleasure of the audience, provokes interest in the other works of the Finn of this period. The suite was published in 1899 when the composer was 34. Its period is that of the first symphony, "The Maid in the Tower" (the first Finnish opera produced in 1896 at Helsingfors), a piece for solo, voice and orchestra. "The Ferryman's Bride," three cantatas and two other orchestral suites.

The style is more pastoral, more that of folk character, less epic and austere than is to be found in the Sibelius of the later symphonies and tone poems. Mr Fiedler had played the second movement, "Elegie et Musette." The others had not been performed in Boston. There is poetic expression of simplicity and directness. There is no laborious or pretentious dramatic scheme; the melodic invention is obvious, colloquial, but not commonplace, the simplicity which refreshes. The harmonic color is spontaneous, rich, but not contrived or incongruous. The musette reawakens the spirt of the pastoral dance of Louis XIV and XV, the ladies of whose courts played upon musettes of costly manufacture, airs which Weckerlin since compiled with drone bass figures in the accompaniments for piano.

The Elegie is a plaint of shepherds rather than of National grief. In all the suite the sterner face of the later Sibelius is not yet seen. The nocturne is gracious, and the serenade suggests the dance of Old World charm. There is piquancy of rhythm, suarity of line and delicacy of sentiment, with through all a fiber of the northland. The music was played with the art expected of the orchestra and of its virtuosi of woodwind instruments.

Hadley's "Lucifer"

Henry Hadley, whose rising career has been followed with interest in this city of his early home, conducted for its first performance in Boston his "Lucifer," a tone poem for grand orchestra after a poem by Vondel, op. 66. Vondel was a Dutch poet and dramatist of the 16th and 17th centuries, whom some suppose was an inspiration through his drama "Lucifer" of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

The downfall of Satan and the infernal haste from the gates of Heaven has tempted many an intrepid composer. A less cyclopean subject, such as a shepherd piping gentle airs to his mistress, would, generally speaking, be more grateful, and perhaps no less edifying.

Enrico Bossi made a setting of the "Paradise Lost" for chorus which was sung here by the Handel and Haydn Society. Being a cathedral organist he composed heavenly music of a very fair and inviting quality, but showed very little acquaintance with the nether regions. Mr Converse, a man of kind heart and good works, albeit of learning, nevertheless wrote more persuasively of the powers of light in his "Ormazd." So also Cesar Franck.

Much Work for the Brass

What then is a composer to do? Mr Hadley chose a formula on which most books upon how to write symphonic poems probably would agree—trumpet calls ringing through the heavens, other depiction of heaven in high strings in modal harmonies, suggestion of the devil in short, disgruntled and ejaculatory phrases plied with [illegible] simulating with turbu-

Mr Hadley has called loudly upon the modern orchestra today in a rhetorical matter material which cannot be called impressive in thought. At times color of sounds conceals paucity of invention. There is some facility in a conventional ecclesiastical suggestion. As to any presentation of the great world struggle which may in any epoch or time destroy a Nation or a soul, Mr Hadley himself would have to listen with highly imaginative ears to hear it.

The brass section of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has labored valiantly for two weeks. If next Friday Humperdinck kindly spares these gentlemen in his "Forced Marriage" overtures, which is not particularly reassuring in title, there is hope for relief in Dvorak's violin concerto and Haydn's symphony. Beethoven's symphony began the program yesterday.

HERALD
APRIL 8, 1916

COMPOSER OF 'LUCIFER' LEADS AT SYMPHONY

Orchestra Gives Boston Its Initial Performance of Hadley's Tone-Poem—Absence of Continuity Noted—Has Some Pretty Orchestral Effects, However.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1; Hadley, "Lucifer," Tone-Poem; Sibelius, Suite from the music to Paul's tragedy, "King Christian II." The concert will be repeated tonight.

Mr. Hadley's "Lucifer" was played here for the first time. He conducted the performance. He was inspired to write his music by the drama of Joost van den Vondel, whose tragedy "Lucifer" is now remembered, because some think that Milton was greatly indebted to it for his "Paradise Lost." Mr. Hadley's tone-poem was first performed at a festival of the Litchfield County Choral Union, Norfolk, Ct., in June, 1914. In November of the same year it was performed by the Philharmonic Society of New York.

There are five principal themes: Gabriel blows his trumpet, "announcing God's message proclaiming love and goodness to all his subjects"; the Lucifer theme, described as sinister in the composer's preface; a choral-like theme "suggesting angelic voices"; a "calm theme personifying peace and happiness"; the theme of joy and victory during the battle.

Two of Mr. Hadley's symphonies have been played at these concerts, and his tone poem, "Salome," and his rhapsody, "The Culprit Fay," have also been performed. "Lucifer" is inferior to them. As in the works already named, there is the same facility, the same knowing routine, but the musical contents are of slight importance.

The subject—the revolt of Lucifer and his host, the battle with the celestial army, the portraiture of heavenly peace —this would tax the invention and the imagination of a great genius. Cesar Franck failed dismally in his "Beatitudes" when he wrote music in Meyerbeerian vein for Satan. Liszt's music for Mephistopheles is successful only in parodying the themes that picture Faust. Boito presents Mephistopheles as a startling figure in the prologue to his opera, but in the Walpurgis Night he is a devilish bore. The few chords typical of Samiel in "Der Freischuetz" are more demoniacal than all the music invented by Gounod and even Berlioz, for the latter's wonderful "Ride to Hell" does not depend for its effect on the ejaculations of the fiend.

Mr. Hadley's themes are not significant. Gabriel's trumpet call is as any earthly fanfare. The Lucifer theme is only mildly melodramatic; the themes expressive of heavenly voices and peace and happiness have a gentle, soothing character suggestive of psalmody for female voices. The five themes are exposed in due order as though ticketed for a museum, but there is little true development. The tone-poem suffers from an absence of continuity, a lack of close relationship. There are some pretty orchestral effects in the suaver episodes; there is a brave attempt at grandeur with a pedal point as the foundation; but when it comes to the dramatic pages, the painting of Lucifer in tones, the battle in the sky, the rejoicing of the angelic hosts, this music is conventional and ineffective. The subject would daunt a Richard Strauss. Few composers among the greatest have been Miltonic.

The Suite of Sibelius is derived from incidental music to a tragedy by Adolf Paul. Mr. Fiedler brought out the Elegy and Musette six years ago, and this movement of the suite is more interesting than the other movements played here yesterday for the first time, the Nocturne, Serenade, Ballade. The Suite is not among the important works of Sibelius. The music, no doubt, has more significance when it is heard in connection with the tragedy. Those who object to incidental music say that if it is good it calls attention from the play and players. If it is poor, it is the more impertinent. In this suite there is constant evidence of the practised composer, but with the exception of the Elegy and

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Somerville's most distinguished musical son, Henry Hadley, conducted his tone poem, "Lucifer," at the Symphony concert yesterday. This was the first performance of the composition in Boston. It made a pleasing impression upon the audience, although, from an imaginative point of view, it is not an extraordinary work.

The composition is based on Vondel's "Lucifer," a tragedy in five acts, which was performed in Amsterdam in 1654. Some argue that Milton was much indebted to Vondel. Mr. Hadley's work has the following argument:

"The tone poem 'Lucifer' contains five principal subjects: First, the stately [illegible] announcing God's [illegible] proclaiming love and goodness to all his subjects); second, the Lucifer theme, sinister, foreboding; third, the choral-like theme suggesting angelic voices; fourth, the calm theme personifying peace and happiness; fifth, the theme of joy and victory during the battle. These contrast freely until the war trumpets announce Lucifer, who has gathered his legions 'round him to fight God's angels in the heavens. War ensues until Lucifer, defeated, is cast down into utter darkness. Then follows the peaceful theme, the work proceeding with the choral, and Gabriel's trumpet theme enlarged and harmonized for the entire orchestra, which brings the work to a brilliant close with a fanfare of four trumpets."

The finale stirred up much applause and the composer was called back to the stage several times.

Previous to this, Dr. Muck and the orchestra were treated to an ovation after their performance of the Beethoven symphony in C. There was also considerable enthusiasm during the performance of the final number on the program, the "King Christian II." suite of Sibelius. The second movement comprising the elegy and musette, was played six years ago under Mr. Fiedler. This time all four movements are offered—the first, a nocturne; the third, a serenade, and the fourth, a ballade. The suite is one of Sibelius' most agreeable writings.

Next week the program will include "The Forced Marriage" overture of Humperdinck, Haydn's second symphony, and Dvorak's violin concerto, with Mr. Noack as soloist.

The following week the program will fit the Shakespeare celebration. The works chosen are Smetana's "Richard III." overture, three movements from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," Tschaikowsky's tone poem, "Hamlet"; part of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and Dvorak's "Othello" overture.

BOSTON GLOBE—

. APRIL 8, 1916

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Gracious Suite of Sibelius Gives Pleasure

Henry Hadley Conducts New Tone Poem, "Lucifer"

Sibelius' suite from his incidental music to Adolf Paul's tragedy "King Christian II,' 'played yesterday, Dr Muck and the orchestra, to the great pleasure of the audience, provokes interest in the other works of the Finn of this period. The suite was published in 1899 when the composer was 34. Its period is that of the first symphony, "The Maid in the Tower" (the first Finnish opera produced in 1896 at Helsingfors), a piece for solo, voice and orchestra. "The Ferryman's Bride," three cantatas and two other orchestral suites.

The style is more pastoral, more that of folk character, less epic and austere than is to be found in the Sibelius of the later symphonies and tone poems. Mr Fiedler had played the second movement, "Elegie et Musette." The others had not been performed in Boston. There is poetic expression of simplicity and directness. There is no laborious or pretentious dramatic scheme; the melodic invention is obvious, colloquial, but not commonplace, the simplicity which refreshes. The harmonic color is spontaneous, rich, but not contrived or incongruous. The musette reawakens the spirt of the pastoral dance of Louis XIV and XV, the ladies of whose courts played upon musettes of costly manufacture, airs which Weckerlin since compiled with drone bass figures in the accompaniments for piano.

The Elegie is a plaint of shepherds rather than of National grief. In all the suite the sterner face of the later Sibelius is not yet seen. The nocturne is gracious, and the serenade suggests the dance of Old World charm. There is piquancy of rhythm, suarity of line and delicacy of sentiment, with through all a fiber of the northland. The music was played with the art expected of the orchestra and of its virtuosi of woodwind instruments.

Hadley's "Lucifer"

Henry Hadley, whose rising career has been followed with interest in this city of his early home, conducted for its first performance in Boston his "Lucifer," a tone poem for grand orchestra after a poem by Vondel, op. 66. Vondel was a Dutch poet and dramatist of the 16th and 17th centuries, whom some suppose was an inspiration through his drama "Lucifer" of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

The downfall of Satan and the infernal haste from the gates of Heaven has tempted many an intrepid composer. A less cyclopean subject, such as a shepherd piping gentle airs to his mistress, would, generally speaking, be more grateful, and perhaps no less edifying.

Enrico Bossi made a setting of the "Paradise Lost" for chorus which was sung here by the Handel and Haydn Society. Being a cathedral organist he composed heavenly music of a very fair and inviting quality, but showed very little acquaintance with the nether regions. Mr Converse, a man of kind heart and good works, albeit of learning, nevertheless wrote more persuasively of the powers of light in his "Ormazd." So also Cesar Franck.

Much Work for the Brass

What then is a composer to do? Mr Hadley chose a formula on which most books upon how to write symphonic poems probably would agree—trumpet calls ringing through the heavens, other depiction of heaven in high strings in modal harmonies, suggestion of the devil in short, disgruntled and ejaculatory phrases plied with much energy, cumulating with turbu-

Mr Hadley has called loudly upon the modern orchestra today in a rhetorical matter material which cannot be called impressive in thought. At times color of sounds conceals paucity of invention. There is some facility in a conventional ecclesiastical suggestion. As to any presentation of the great world struggle which may in any epoch or time destroy a Nation or a soul, Mr Hadley himself would have to listen with highly imaginative ears to hear it.

The brass section of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has labored valiantly for two weeks. If next Friday Humperdinck kindly spares these gentlemen in his "Forced Marriage" overtures, which is not particularly reassuring in title, there is hope for relief in Dvorak's violin concerto and Haydn's symphony. Beethoven's symphony began the program yesterday.

HERALD
APRIL 8, 1916

COMPOSER OF 'LUCIFER' LEADS AT SYMPHONY

Orchestra Gives Boston Its Initial Performance of Hadley's Tone-Poem—Absence of Continuity Noted—Has Some Pretty Orchestral Effects, However.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1; Hadley, "Lucifer," Tone-Poem; Sibelius, Suite from the music to Paul's tragedy, "King Christian II." The concert will be repeated tonight.

Mr. Hadley's "Lucifer" was played here for the first time. He conducted the performance. He was inspired to write his music by the drama of Joost van den Vondel, whose tragedy "Lucifer" is now remembered, because some think that Milton was greatly indebted to it for his "Paradise Lost." Mr. Hadley's tone-poem was first performed at a festival of the Litchfield County Choral Union, Norfolk, Ct., in June, 1914. In November of the same year it was performed by the Philharmonic Society of New York.

There are five principal themes: Gabriel blows his trumpet, "announcing God's message proclaiming love and goodness to all his subjects"; the Lucifer theme, described as sinister in the composer's preface; a choral-like theme "suggesting angelic voices"; a "calm theme personifying peace and happiness"; the theme of joy and victory during the battle.

Two of Mr. Hadley's symphonies have been played at these concerts, and his tone poem, "Salome," and his rhapsody, "The Culprit Fay," have also been performed. "Lucifer" is inferior to them. As in the works already named, there is the same facility, the same knowing routine, but the musical contents are of slight importance.

The subject—the revolt of Lucifer and his host, the battle with the celestial army, the portraiture of heavenly peace—this would tax the invention and the imagination of a great genius. Cesar Franck failed dismally in his "Beatitudes" when he wrote music in Meyerbeerian vein for Satan. Liszt's music for Mephistopheles is successful only in parodying the themes that picture Faust. Boito presents Mephistopheles as a startling figure in the prologue to his opera, but in the Walpurgis Night he is a devilish bore. The few chords typical of Samiel in "Der Freischuetz" are more demoniacal than all the music invented by Gounod and even Berlioz, for the latter's wonderful "Ride to Hell" does not depend for its effect on the ejaculations of the fiend.

Mr. Hadley's themes are not significant. Gabriel's trumpet call is as any earthly fanfare. The Lucifer theme is only mildly melodramatic; the themes expressive of heavenly voices and peace and happiness have a gentle, soothing character suggestive of psalmody for female voices. The five themes are exposed in due order as though ticketed for a museum, but there is little true development. The tone-poem suffers from an absence of continuity, a lack of close relationship. There are some pretty orchestral effects in the suaver episodes; there is a brave attempt at grandeur with a pedal point as the foundation; but when it comes to the dramatic pages, the painting of Lucifer in tones, the battle in the sky, the rejoicing of the angelic hosts, this music is conventional and ineffective. The subject would daunt a Richard Strauss. Few composers among the greatest have been Miltonic.

The Suite of Sibelius is derived from incidental music to a tragedy by Adolf Paul. Mr. Fiedler brought out the Elegy and Musette six years ago, and this movement of the suite is more interesting than the other movements played here yesterday for the first time, the Nocturne, Serenade, Ballade. The Suite is not among the important works of Sibelius. The music, no doubt, has more significance when it is heard in connection with the tragedy. Those who object to incidental music say that if it is good it calls attention from the play and players. If it is poor, it is the more impertinent. In this suite there is constant evidence of the practised composer, but with the exception of the Elegy and

It is interesting to note that when Beethoven's symphony in C-major was first performed at Leipsic, it was described by a local critic—no doubt a man who had his admiring readers—as "the confused explosions of the outrageous effrontery of a young man." There were stand-patters in the Leipsic of 1801; lineal descendants are found there today.

The program of the concerts next week are as follows: Humperdinck, overture to "The Forced Marriage"; Dvorak, Concerto for violin (Mr. Noack, violinist); Haydn, Symphony, D-major (B. & H. No. 2).

From

Address Hartford, Conn.

Date [illegible] 1916

MUSICAL REVIEW

Boston Symphony Orchestra Plays Remarkable Wagner Program Before Capacity Audience at Parsons

The third and last concert of the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in Parsons Theatre last evening before the largest audience of the season. Dr. Muck presided, and a Wagner program was the order of the occasion. The following selections were played:

Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."
"A Siegfried Idyl."
Selections from Act III, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."
Prelude to "Lohengrin."
The Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal."
Overture to "Tannhauser."

What better musical treat could possibly be arranged than a Wagner program under the magical baton of Dr. Muck, himself, like Wagner, a German, and since his earliest youth trained in the Wagnerian school? The orchestra was larger in numbers than ever before heard here, and the results attained were, like everything else that Dr. Muck and the Boston Orchestra attempt, eminently satisfactory. The absence of the customary soloist was not felt. The undivided interest of the audience was centered in the orchestra, and anything else would have been an intrusion.

As one member of the orchestra expressed himself during the intermission: "We could play all this music with our eyes shut. We know every note, and every bit of expression without referring to the score." That statement was borne out in the many etherial and lovely effects which Dr. Muck attained. Of course, the Boston Symphony players are letter perfect in everything they play, but in Wagnerian music they attain results in expression and interpretation which seem almost beyond human belief.

As never before Hartford music lovers realized what a privilege it is to be able to hear three concerts every year by what is undoubtedly the greatest orchestra in the world. No mere human being could criticize the work of the Boston Orchestra. Critics, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, are human, and anyone, no matter how soured on this world of ours, who heard last evening's concert could bestow anything but praise. The wonderful wood wind and soft reed instruments of the orchestra were given much more opportunity to display their ability than in an ordinary concert, and the players surely availed themselves of the opportunity to display their rare talents.

Those who listened carefully had ample opportunity to note the admirable quality of the clarinet, the beautiful notes of the flute, and the remarkable playing of the solo cornetist. But the individual work was soon swallowed up in the symmetry of the whole, and nothing was left to notice and admire but the ensemble work of the entire organization.

To single out any one number of the exquisite program for special praise would be treason. Some might have preferred the "Tannhauser" overture, while those of a more religious turn of mind might have been attracted to the "Parsifal" selections. The poetical and dreamy individual would have been drawn to the "Lohengrin" prelude, which was taken at a tempo even slower than the extreme largo adopted by other conductors. There was poetry in the "Siegfried Idyl," poetry of the kind which endures, and leaves its impression for generations of those yet unborn, and poetry which will enlighten the human race for hundreds of years after we are all passed and gone. The "Idyl" is a rare gem of musical art. Dr. Muck, instead of a stolid German, became an emotional leader of a band of supernaturally endowed musicians, and the almost celestial harmonies which he drew from the willing souls of his co-workers, seemed to lift every one into a world where imagination and romance reign supreme.

Rythm, melody, and pomp are all written in the prelude to Act III of "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." This prelude shows the dance of the apprentices, procession of the master singers, and song of greeting to Hans Sach. It was in this that Dr. Muck attained probably his greatest artistic and musical triumph of the evening. Mere words cannot describe the interpretation. Dr. Muck went far beyond the mere effects usually heard in grand opera. He conducted with the years of experience gained in the Wagnerian surroundings of the Fatherland.

At the conclusion of the program the conductor was tendered an ovation, which he generously shared with members of his orchestra.

R. M. L.

BOSTON POST
APRIL 5, 1916

HADLEY POEM AT SYMPHONY

"Lucifer" Played for First Time in Boston

BY OLIN DOWNES

Henry Hadley's symphonic poem, "Lucifer," after the work of the Dutch poet, Vondel, was performed for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. This poem treats of the conflict between Satan and Gabriel, the preparation for the battle, the battle itself, the ultimate joy of the righteous conquerors.

We do not like this music. We think it the epitome of all that is theatrical and commonplace. We know of little music by Mr. Hadley which stands by its side when worthlessness is concerned. There are conventional German tricks of composition and instrumentation. There is a flourish of the brass suggestive of France. There is nothing which appears as the inevitable, spontaneous idea of the composer. An immense orchestra which includes the organ and many pulsatile instruments is used. But the best description of this tone poem is contained in one sentence by the distinguished editor of the Symphony programmes: "A heaven with complicated apparatus was elected at a large expense."

The Beethoven symphony gave pleasure to the audience. Five small pieces of Sibelius, from his "King Christian" music—music written for a drama representing, presumably "King Christian," were played, three for the first time here. These pieces are frankly theatre music. Each piece has a melodic idea, charmingly worked out, and eloquent in a manner not so sophisticated that no one can discover the meaning of the speaker. The mastery of form shown in these little pieces for the stage is a thing which also testifies to the talent of Sibelius, one of the greatest figures in modern music.

A ERI N
[illegible] 2, 1916

STOCK'S FIRST SYMPHONY IS 'HUMAN LIFE'

Composer Sees Joys and Sorrows of Race in His Work; Is Well Received.

By FRED J. M'ISAAC.

Most of the concert at Symphony Hall Friday afternoon was devoted to Frederick A. Stock's First Symphony, which was played for the first time in Boston. The performance lasted an hour and ten minutes. Mr. Stock is conductor of the Chicago orchestra. He was born in Germany, studied at Cologne, and came to this country to play the viola in Theodore Thomas' Orchestra in 1895.

Mr. Stock himself describes this symphony as "human life, its sorrows as well as its joys, the struggle of mortal man against fate, the spiritual trials, despair at the apparent futility of worldly existence mingled with the hope that victory will be his in the end."

Stock, of course, is a fine musician, intimately acquainted with the uses of all musical instruments, and fully informed by the simple process of studying and performing the world's music what curious sounds

tions of instruments and tones.

NOVEL TONAL EFFECTS.

Imagine Stock sitting down, with his head full of all the works of Strauss, Debussy, Reger, Sibelius, Liszt and Wagner, to compose a symphony. See him rejecting one theme after another because he isn't sure whether it is original or a vagrant tune from one of the world's masters. Is it any wonder that he has avoided out and out melody in this symphony, and has resorted to a combination of the orchestral trickery of all the modernists put together?

The first movement, adagio, an allegro ma non troppo, is one of the noisiest, most strident, most bombastic, least agreeable and least sensible affairs I ever listened to. Certainly there are novel and curious tonal effects, colorings and theme treatments, but from the point of an auditor it was formless and purposeless uproar, nothing more.

It might have represented the futility of human ambition, or the simultaneous slaughter of ten thousand animals in the Chicago stock yards. The second movement, or scherzo, Mr. Stock fatly observes, might be considered humorous. It was ponderous orchestral trickery upon stupid or commonplace themes.

LYRIC PASSAGES.

The third movement, reminiscences of life's happiest movements, reveals some lyric passages of interest, and less offensive mannerisms, while the finale rises to considerable heights of richness, sonority and majesty, despite furious orchestration. The last few bars are a test of agility for the kettle drummer, who did nobly.

Doctor Muck conducted this monstrous affair with the utmost enthusiasm, and the orchestra never played better. Stock had provided traps and pitfalls for every instrument in the band, and as far as could be judged they all emerged safely, if a little winded, upon the other side.

The charming airy melodies of Bizet's L'Arlessienne Suite brought the concert to a pleasant close.

MONITOR, BOSTON,
SATURDAY, APRIL 1,

FIRST SYMPHONY OF STOCK GIVEN BY KARL MUCK

SYMPHONY HALL—Nineteenth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of March 31: Frederick A. Stock, symphony in C minor, op. 18 (first time in Boston); Bizet, "L'Arlesienne," suite No. 1.

Once there were architects. They designed government offices, art museums, academic halls and other buildings for the decoration and dignifying of public life. There are still architects of a minor sort, who confine themselves chiefly to drawing plans and elevations of dwelling houses; or, if they ever get a chance at anything big, it is only to sketch the façade which masks and disguises the real work. They put in the Corinthian columns and the Gothic windows which give a building its apparent style and lend it a show of historical classification. They have nothing to do, however, with the inner organization of the structure. No; the men who build today are engineers.

Now the striking difference between the two types is that the worker in stone and mortar was engaged with a problem of adapting his material to his form, while the worker in steel and cement thinks in terms of pure form and bothers himself not at all about the medium in which he builds. The first weighed and balanced everything and erected a self-sustaining, economically proportioned edifice. The second, forsooth, conceives his outlines as large as he happens to want to and proceeds to fill them, confident that whatever he puts up will stand as long as the foundations of the earth remain steady.

Once there were architects in tone. But they, too, have been for the most part supplanted. The orchestral composer of today keeps his old character of architect only in the small forms, like the overture and the variation. In the symphonic form he is, with an exception here and there, an exalted mechanician. In the architectural days, the composer of a symphony, after plotting his four movements and parceling out his themes, was conscious at once of definite limits for his ground space and his height. In these engineering days, on the contrary, the symphony composer takes all the area he wishes and goes into the air as far as he likes.

Now the modern engineer may be just as much of an artist as the former-time architect. He is, without dispute, far the franker person. And to be frank, even egotistic, is undoubtedly to be expressive. The future must decide the question, though the present must ponder it. Gustav Mahler, the most ingenious, no doubt, in workmanship and the most magnificent in idea of all tone engineers, seems likely to be accepted within a short time as one who composed from as great a necessity to say something to the world as Beethoven or Brahms. So, likewise, Mr. Stock, the very leader of the tone engineers of the United States, according to the evidence of his symphony in C minor, may win ready recognition.

In approving the Mahler-Stock kind of composition, the twentieth century listener will be obliged to shift musical emphasis to a far different place from where the nineteenth century listener had it. He will have to be persuaded into putting symphonic expression on a wholly intellectual basis. For the tone engineers are relentlessly serious in all they say. They proclaim the complete supremacy of thought over feeling. They will have nothing to do with humor, except in the most calculating and ironical way. And they will not tolerate any manifestation of that which the world used to know as sentiment. They let the head rule and they give notice that the heart must keep out.

To a conservative listener, the saving quality of a work like the Mahler symphony in C sharp minor, which was on the Boston programs two years ago, and the Stock symphony in C minor is a kind of good-nature which pervades them. Plainly the writers rejoiced in their ability to turn out works of larger sonority and of greater amplitude of form than their predecessors could execute. And men enjoying their work are always a refreshment. But many will find it hard to understand how anybody could take pleasure in such heavy scoring as that which the conductor of the Chicago orchestra put into the pages of his composition. Perhaps the French critic was right who said that a man who conducts all the time does not write with genuine inspiration, but only gives out what he has heard. In this work the composer seems determined to give out all he has ever heard. For the amount of sound which he develops is simply unprecedented. No symphonist before, not even Bruckner, has piled up so much tone and kept it harmonically plausible.

The piece might be described as all climax, so little cessation is there to the full orchestral volume. But this would be somewhat of an exaggeration since the scherzo and the slow move-

INFORMATION OBSCURED

Boston Heral
April 2, 1916

SYMPHONY PLAYERS GIVE 19TH CONCERT

Audience Warmly Receives Performance of Stock's Symphony in C Minor, Which Occupied Nearly an Hour—Program Is to Be Repeated This Evening.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Stock, Symphony in C-Minor; Bizet, Suite No. 1 from the music for Daudet's "L'Arlesienne."

Mr. Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony orchestra, visited this city with his band in December, 1911, and with the Mendelssohn choir of Toronto in February of the next year. At the second concert his Symphonic Waltz was played by the orchestra. His string quartet was heard in 1911 at a Kneisel concert. The Kneisels had played a movement of this quartet late in 1905. The composer of the Symphony in C-Minor, played here yesterday for the first time, was therefore not a stranger in Boston.

This symphony is long. It lasted yesterday, with the pauses between the movements, about an hour. The length is prejudicial to the value of the work, for there is much said that is not worth saying. More than once a fine effect is frittered away or at once destroyed by Mr. Stock's inability to stop, by his insatiate desire to add something from fear lest he has not already made his point. There is overdevelopment. Anxiety lest little figures, fragments of phrases, should pass unnoticed leads him to give them undue importance by endless repetition. This anxiety is also observed at the end of the scherzo. The natural ending is here and in another instance effective. But there must needs be a postscript, and this postscript, unlike the traditional one of a woman's letter, does not contain the vital statement.

Mr. Stock has said that his symphony is meant to describe "human life, its sorrows as well as joys," the struggle of mortal man against fate, the spiritual trials to which he is subjected. The first movement represents various phases of this struggle; the Scherzo speaks of life's joys in a more or less humorous fashion; the third depicts reminiscences of happy moments; while the finale "explains itself when it is made known that it bears the motto which has become the 'motive of life' of the German nation: Forward! Upward!" This was written in 1910. Reprinted, it is ironical today. Yet some, finding the finale brutally noisy, might admit that the choice of these mottoes is appropriate.

We have said that the symphony is too long; that there is over-elaboration, too much detail. It may also be said that the music is too often deafening. A common theme—for Mr. Stock's thematic material is at times common—is swollen preposterously that it may seem heroic. Let it not be said that the din was in any way the fault of the conductor. Dr. Muck, who had taken great pains in preparation and held many rehearsals gave a brilliant reading of the work. The noise—for sound often became noise—is in the music itself, as any one can see by examining the score. The composer employs a very large orchestra, and he goads it to fury. His instrumentation, as a rule, is thick and heavy. When it is in lighter mood it is experimentally fanciful.

There is the influence of Strauss throughout the work, and it is seldom that of the better Strauss. There is very little that has individual flavor. The scheme of his work as he has stated it, the program side of it, has been adopted by many before him. This is a matter of trifling importance; but in the music we find little originality. There is a following of old devices Straussized. There is indisputable technical skill; there is infinite labor.

The symphony was warmly received. This is not surprising. Any work, new or old, that has a sonorous, heaven de- [illegible] parts of the composition are [illegible] together. Long as it is, there [illegible] irrelevant passages. The first movement is the most interesting, because its mood is appropriate to an opening allegro, and because its thematic unity is absolutely unbroken. A motive of three notes runs through it all and never exhausts its expressiveness and appeal. The scherzo has some admirable touches of color at the beginning and the end, but its humor is not well sustained. The andante, as has been indicated, wants sentiment. The finale is overcharged, almost absurdly, with loud-voiced moments.

The reading of the score by Dr. Muck was in every respect masterly and the playing by the men was enthusiastic and brilliant.

[illegible] to vie in noise. Furthermore the agility of the kettledrum player at the end of the Finale no doubt had something to do with the degree of applause. The orchestral performance, however, deserved tribute.

It is to be regretted that the saxophone was not used in Bizet's Prelude and Minuetto. In the former it is peculiarly characteristic of the "Innocent." The cold, unearthly tones do not belong to the replacing instrument. It is said that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has no saxophone. Yet we remember Mr. Strasser playing one in Bizet's suite, and on one occasion Mrs. Hall with the instrument was added to the players.

This concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1; Hadley, Lucifer," a symphonic poem (first time here); Sibelius, suite, "King Christian II."

TIMES

From

Address Hartford, Conn.

Date

PROGRAM GIVEN OVER TO WAGNER

And the Result Is an Evening of True Musical Ravishment.

The third and last Boston Symphony concert for the season was given in Parsons's theater last evening, Dr. Karl Muck conducting. The program was entirely made up of excerpts from the works of Wagner And this program was enthusiastically received by a very large and notably representative audience From which it would appear tha Hartford town finds little of substance or interest in the speculativ theory that Wagner's influence o the development of the presen German national point of view ha been more potent if more subtl than the influence of Frederick th Great, Nietzsche, Treitschke, Bernhardi, et al.

Dr. Muck's pre-eminence as Wagnerian conductor is everywher acknowledged. The Boston orchestra as a symphonic instrument ha no superior. The music heard las evening was noble music—music familiar and much beloved. Th great company of listeners receptiv and responsive. All the element involved in a great and memorabl performance were present. An such a performance this concer was.

Transcript
April 1st

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

REMARKABLE MUSIC ELOQUENTLY PLAYED

The Notable Qualities of Mr. Stock's Symphony—Technical Distinction, Mental Force and Spiritual Passion—The Masculine Note in the Whole—A Performance That Taxed Orchestra and Conductor to the Utmost

No novel symphony by a composer of our immediate time has been more eloquently played or more warmly applauded than was Mr. Stock's at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. It is easy to say that this applause was quickened by the nervous excitements of mounting pace, uppiled sonorities and all the intensifying devices that fill the Finale. The superlative feats of virtuosity that Mr. Neumann did then and there in a fanfare upon four kettledrums may also have contributed to the clapping that was not content till it had recalled the conductor, set the orchestra on its feet, singled out the drummer and waited expectantly for a Stock who happened to be busy at the very hour with his own concert in Chicago. All this may pass, if the bystander chooses, as the shallow impulse of a self-stimulating company; but the fact remains that the applause was proportionally as hearty, general and spontaneous at the close of the first and the second movements of the symphony, while it was only a little less after the slow song. Moreover, even the usual entertainment of the programme-book did not lure the audience from rapt attention to the music.

Much as the public of the Symphony Concerts takes conductor and orchestra for granted, the performance may well have stirred it hardly less than did the piece. Since the distant days of Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica," Dr. Muck and his forces have not undertaken a more taxing music. Mr. Stock not only exacts frequent feats of virtuosity, like that already specified with the tympani, from the principal instruments and from whole groups and choirs, but he has so written his music that it requires unrelaxing concentration of mind, unwearying quickness of spirit and unsparing technical skill from nearly all the players through a symphony nearly sixty minutes long. The strain told even upon the Symphony Orchestra, after ten days of rehearsal and unusual private study of parts that even the "old hands" of the band did not disdain. Not once from the first measures [illegible] the orchestra audibly flag; but the perceptible difference from the usual was the clear reliance of the men upon Dr. Muck to carry them through. Usually they do but work his fore-ordained will, as for the hour he may enforce and shade it, upon music in which he and they are equally secure. Yesterday, they not merely hung upon his beat and all his promptings, but they seemed to draw from him the impulse that kept them at their utmost, the confidence that sustained their eloquence.

The conductor gave himself equally to music and men. Since he began, last autumn, his study of the symphony, he has made no secret of his waxing admiration for it. He lavished upon it his usual powers of exposition and characterization; marshalled it with all his faculty for musical design, progress and cumulation; heated and exalted it with the passion of mind and spirit that the music in its turn curiously blends; and added his own propulsive force to that with which Mr. Stock had winged it. The voice was the voice of Stock, but the transmitting power that held the audience fast from the first measures onward, was the power of Muck. He leads in all his music with high and controlled intensity of feeling; he led in Mr. Stock's symphony with a personal passion of communication that he rarely shows—as though the music meant much to him and took much from him.

The music in itself deserved and rewarded such performance. It is not for a moment to be waved aside as one of the exercises in virtuosity and rhetoric, with which conductors sometimes amuse—and deceive—themselves out of daily experience with the inventions and the procedures, harmonic, instrumental and melodic, of other men. In such experience Mr. Stock has studied the capabilities of each component voice in his band; he does not lack imagination and resources of his own with them; but almost always he uses both in the service of his musical thought and his spiritual passion. No more than many a composer who has never in all his life led an orchestra—less indeed than several such—does he devise little instrumental and harmonic strokes, rarefied and esoteric, existing chiefly for their own momentary sake, like those readily recognizable at the end of the Scherzo. Nearly as seldom is the music all sounding pomp without and mental and spiritual emptiness within. Of course Mr. Stock knows the sonorous might and the pulsing magnificence of the modern orchestra in impassioned declamation or deeply glowing song. He knows also its power to intensify and cumulate a musical thought, a mood, a progress, until the hearer is bathed in the flood of tone, feeling and also rhetoric. No doubt the Satan of sonority tempts him, as he does many a composer of our day, to over-use of all this puissance. Oftener than most Mr. Stock withstands him, and keeps his might for the moments when the magnitude of his design and the force of his passion inevitably summon it.

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As Mr. Stock adds mental to technical fecundity and command in his music, so he vitalizes both—the more because they exist so clearly in the music—with spiritual passion. For the symphony is a human symphony that misses neither beauty nor power; no work of the study for scholars but of large and kindling voice and of wide and answering appeal. All the pattern-weaving, all the procedure and vesture of the first movement are but the means to the puissant expression of the spiritual conflict that it bears and intensifies. Large emotion and large power fill it, incarnate and inseparable in the tones that give them voice and so achieving the spiritual and the musical unity which is the crown of a symphony, if it is to be more than a fresco in sound with no passion outside that of creation in the cnosen medium.

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Boston Traveler
April 1st

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Boston Symphony orchestra patrons heard for the first time yesterday afternoon the symphony in C minor, op. 18, of Frederick A. Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony orchestra. It was the feature number of the Symphony concert. Seldom has the first hearing of a work of this magnitude been received with such enthusiasm. Each movement was applauded and at its close Dr. Muck was four times recalled, the third time calling upon the players to rise and share in the tribute. Not satisfied with that, the audience insisted upon the kettledrum player coming forth and receiving a personal tribute.

The work is interesting throughout, shows, as was to have been expected of an orchestral leader, keen knowledge of the possibilities of the modern orchestra, employs every instrument in the orchestra and a few not usually heard. It's an interesting study in which the interest grows with each movement until it culminates in an exceptionally fine final movement. The first movement portrays the struggles of life, the second its brighter spots, the third reminiscences and the final hope that will not die. It's to be hoped Boston gets another hearing of the work the coming season. It will bear repetition.

There was but one other number on the program, Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suite, a particularly happy selection to follow the Stock number.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

[illegible] have moments of comparative [illegible]. All parts of the composition are [illegible] firmly together. Long as it is, there are no irrelevant passages. The first movement is the most interesting, because its mood is appropriate to an opening allegro, and because its thematic unity is absolutely unbroken. A motive of three notes runs through it all and never exhausts its expressiveness and appeal. The scherzo has some admirable touches of color at the beginning and the end, but its humor is not well sustained. The andante, as has been indicated, wants sentiment. The finale is overcharged, almost absurdly, with loud-voiced moments.

The reading of the score by Dr. Muck was in every respect masterly and the playing by the men was enthusiastic and brilliant.

[illegible] on Her[illegible]
[illegible]il 2, 1916

SYMPHONY PLAYERS GIVE 19TH CONCERT

Audience Warmly Receives Performance of Stock's Symphony in C Minor, Which Occupied Nearly an Hour—Program Is to Be Repeated This Evening.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Stock, Symphony in C-Minor; Bizet, Suite No. 1 from the music for Daudet's "L'Arlesienne."

Mr. Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony orchestra, visited this city with his band in December, 1911, and with the Mendelssohn choir of Toronto in February of the next year. At the second concert his Symphonic Waltz was played by the orchestra. His string quartet was heard in 1911 at a Kneisel concert. The Kneisels had played a movement of this quartet late in 1905. The composer of the Symphony in C-Minor, played here yesterday for the first time, was therefore not a stranger in Boston.

This symphony is long. It lasted yesterday, with the pauses between the movements, about an hour. The length is prejudicial to the value of the work, for there is much said that is not worth saying. More than once a fine effect is frittered away or at once destroyed by Mr. Stock's inability to stop, by his insatiate desire to add something from fear lest he has not already made his point. There is overdevelopment. Anxiety lest little figures, fragments of phrases, should pass unnoticed leads him to give them undue importance by endless repetition. This anxiety is also observed at the end of the scherzo. The natural ending is here and in another instance effective. But there must needs be a postscript, and this postscript, unlike the traditional one of a woman's letter, does not contain the vital statement.

Mr. Stock has said that his symphony is meant to describe "human life, its sorrows as well as joys," the struggle of mortal man against fate, the spiritual trials to which he is subjected. The first movement represents various phases of this struggle; the Scherzo speaks of life's joys in a more or less humorous fashion; the third depicts reminiscences of happy moments; while the finale "explains itself when it is made known that it bears the motto which has become the 'motive of life' of the German nation: Forward! Upward!" This was written in 1910. Reprinted, it is ironical today. Yet some, finding the finale brutally noisy, might admit that the choice of these mottoes is appropriate.

We have said that the symphony is too long; that there is over-elaboration, too much detail. It may also be said that the music is too often deafening. A common theme—for Mr. Stock's thematic material is at times common—is swollen preposterously that it may seem heroic. Let it not be said that the din was in any way the fault of the conductor. Dr. Muck, who had taken great pains in preparation and held many rehearsals gave a brilliant reading of the work. The noise—for sound often became noise—is in the music itself, as any one can see by examining the score. The composer employs a very large orchestra, and he goads it to fury. His instrumentation, as a rule, is thick and heavy. When it is in lighter mood it is experimentally fanciful.

There is the influence of Strauss throughout the work, and it is seldom that of the better Strauss. There is very little that has individual flavor. The scheme of his work as he has stated it, the program side of it, has been adopted by many before him. This is a matter of trifling importance; but in the music we find little originality. There is a following of old devices Straussized. There is indisputable technical skill; there is infinite labor.

The symphony was warmly received. This is not surprising. Any work, new or old, that has a sonorous, heaven-de-

[illegible] apotheosis," [illegible] the audience to vie in noise. Furthermore the agility of the kettledrum player at the end of the Finale no doubt had something to do with the degree of applause. The orchestral performance, however, deserved tribute.

It is to be regretted that the saxophone was not used in Bizet's Prelude and Minuetto. In the former it is peculiarly characteristic of the "Innocent." The cold, unearthly tones do not belong to the replacing instrument. It is said that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has no saxophone. Yet we remember Mr. Strasser playing one in Bizet's suite, and on one occasion Mrs. Hall with the instrument was added to the players.

This concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1; Hadley, Lucifer," a symphonic poem (first time here); Sibelius, suite, "King Christian II."

TIMES

From ....

Address .... Hartford, Conn

Date ....

PROGRAM GIVEN OVER TO WAGNER

And the Result Is an Evening of True Musical Ravishment.

The third and last Boston Symphony concert for the season was given in Parsons's theater last evening, Dr. Karl Muck conducting. The program was entirely made up of excerpts from the works of Wagner. And this program was enthusiastically received by a very large and notably representative audience. From which it would appear that Hartford town finds little of substance or interest in the speculative theory that Wagner's influence on the development of the present German national point of view has been more potent if more subtle than the influence of Frederick the Great, Nietzsche, Treitschke, Bernhardi, et al.

Dr. Muck's pre-eminence as a Wagnerian conductor is everywhere acknowledged. The Boston orchestra as a symphonic instrument has no superior. The music heard last evening was noble music—music familiar and much beloved. The great company of listeners receptive and responsive. All the elements involved in a great and memorable performance were present. And such a performance this concert was.

Transcript
April 2

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

REMARKABLE MUSIC ELOQUENTLY PLAYED

The Notable Qualities of Mr. Stock's Symphony—Technical Distinction, Mental Force and Spiritual Passion—The Masculine Note in the Whole—A Performance That Taxed Orchestra and Conductor to the Utmost

NO novel symphony by a composer of our immediate time has been more eloquently played or more warmly applauded than was Mr. Stock's at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. It is easy to say that this applause was quickened by the nervous excitements of mounting pace, upqiled sonorities and all the intensifying devices that fill the Finale. The superlative feats of virtuosity that Mr. Neumann did then and there in a fanfare upon four kettledrums may also have contributed to the clapping that was not content till it had recalled the conductor, set the orchestra on its feet, singled out the drummer and waited expectantly for a Stock who happened to be busy at the very hour with his own concert in Chicago. All this may pass, if the bystander chooses, as the shallow impulse of a self-stimulating company; but the fact remains that the applause was proportionally as hearty, general and spontaneous at the close of the first and the second movements of the symphony, while it was only a little less after the slow song. Moreover, even the usual entertainment of the programme-book did not lure the audience from rapt attention to the music.

Much as the public of the Symphony Concerts takes conductor and orchestra for granted, the performance may well have stirred it hardly less than did the piece. Since the distant days of Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica," Dr. Muck and his forces have not undertaken a more taxing music. Mr. Stock not only exacts frequent feats of virtuosity, like that already specified with the tympani, from the principal instruments and from whole groups and choirs, but he has so written his music that it requires unrelaxing concentration of mind, unwearying quickness of spirit and unsparing technical skill from nearly all the players through a symphony nearly sixty minutes long. The strain told even upon the Symphony Orchestra, after ten days of rehearsal and unusual private study of parts that even the "old hands" of the band did not disdain. Not once from the first measure to the last did the orchestra audibly flag; but the perceptible difference from the usual was the clear reliance of the men upon Dr. Muck to carry them through. Usually they do but work his fore-ordained will, as for the hour he may enforce and shade it, upon music in which he and they are equally secure. Yesterday, they not merely hung upon his beat and all his promptings, but they seemed to draw from him the impulse that kept them at their utmost, the confidence that sustained their eloquence.

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Boston Traveler
April 2 '16

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There was but one other number on the program, Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suite, a particularly happy selection to follow the Stock number.

From
Address
Date

Boston Post
April 15, 1916

RAINY DAY MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Dull Programme Is Performed Perfunctorily

BY OLIN DOWNES

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Sylvain Noack, second concertmaster, was soloist. He played the Dvorak violin concerto in A minor.

This performance was prefaced by Humperdinck's overture to "The Forced Marriage," and followed by Haydn's symphony in D major, B and H.

DULLEST OF PROGRAMMES

The marriage was not more forced than the overture, which is poor stuff, heavy footed, lumbering, scholastic. A theme at the beginning given to the horns, a theme which is an inferior edition of Hansel and Gretel; a passage for the wood wind accompanied by the strings of a sprightly and rhythmical character, afford flashes of light in the gloom. But it would be harder to imagine a composition, as a whole, much poorer, much more labored than this overture.

The programme, in fact, was one of the dullest that Dr. Muck has given here. For such a programme it is hard to find an excuse, with an orchestra capable of playing any music composed, and a library so rich as the library of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Concerto Admirably Played

Dvorak's concerto may be admitted on the grounds of the small number of available concertos for the violin, and the needs of a soloist. Yet, again, it is a pity that Mr. Noack, an admirable musician, an excellent violinist, should have wasted his powers on this composition. His performance was distinguished by wholly adequate virtuosity, musicianly balance and finish of detail, beauty of tone—by all of the qualities of first-class violin playing, and the audience recalled Mr. Noack with enthusiasm. Let us hope that it will be a long time to come before any soloist recalls this concerto, a work weak in thematic material, flimsily constructed, and among the most uninteresting of Dvorak's compositions.

A Boston Eymphony audience has a right to better music and a better succession of compositions than that offered yesterday afternoon.

The finale of Haydn's symphony, a rollicking finale, was played with that overflowing wit and exuberance that are its properties, which are seldom done complete justice by other conductors than Dr. Muck. For the rest the performance had much of the character of routine. The orchestra played a symphony with which it was thrice familiar with all propriety and despatch. There was a lack of delicate values in the exquisite slow movement. Only in the minuet and the finale did the performance equal the best traditions of these concerts.

At the concerts of next week a programme of music inspired by the works of William Shakspere will be played, including Volkmann's "Richard Third" overture; movements from Berlioz "Romeo and Juliet" symphony; Tschaikowsky "Hamlet" overture; music from Mendelssohn's incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Dvorak's overture, "Otello."

Boston Journal
April 15, 1916

NOACK'S PLAYING WELL APPLAUDED

Sylvain Noack's appearance as Symphony soloist was enthusiastically applauded yesterday. The popularity and the virtuosity of the second concert master of Boston's premier orchestra received due acknowledgment from one of the most sympathetic audiences of the season. It seemed that most of those in attendance braved the storm principally to enjoy his performance of the seldom played Dvorak concerto in A minor. The concerto is intrinsically much more entertaining than the average work written for stellar display. Much good music is given to the orchestra as well as to the solo instrument.

After a rather ragged start Mr. Noack warmed to his task and gave what might fairly be termed a brilliant performance. His playing is spirited, musicianly from beginning to end, and without affectation. His tone has deepened since he appeared as soloist a year ago. The poetic quality of his playing has always been a source of enjoyment to the Boston public.

Few visiting stars have been awarded more applause than this unassuming, accomplished violinist received yesterday.

The conservatives in the audience also enjoyed the performance of the overture to one of the Humperdinck operas, "The Forced Marriage," the main theme of which could fit nicely into "Haensel and Gretel," and of the Haydn symphony in D major.

The Shakespeare anniversary will be celebrated at next week's concerts. Dr. Muck has made up the following program: Overture, "Richard III," Smetana; three movements from "Romeo and Juliet," Berlioz; symphonic poem, "Hamlet," Tschaikowsky; the overture, nocturne and scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; overture, "Othello," Dvorak.

SYMPHONY CONCERT PROGRAM TEPID

HUMPERDINCK, DVORAK AND HAYDN REPRESENTED

Symphony in D Major One of Most Interesting in Haydn Set

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM

Humperdinck—Overture. "The Forced Marriage."
Dvorak—Violin Concerto.
Soloist, Mr. Sylvain Noack.
Haydn—Symphony in D major.

"There was a Conservatory pupil who, on being asked in examination "How many symphonies did Beethoven write?" responded — "Three. The Heroic, the fifth and the ninth." In like manner we would respond to a question as to how many overtures Humperdinck wrote, by answering—One. The Prelude to "Hansel and Gretel." For Humperdinck was something of a 'single-speech Hamilton"; his one great success dwarfs all his other work. The "Spielmann's Lied" in "Koningskinder" is the only memorable thing that he achieved outside of his one famous opera.

This overture has very little to say for itself. It is conventional and artificial. It is "Kapellmeistermusik" such as trained composers reel off by the yard, stopping when they have filled a sufficient number of pages. The subordinate theme of this work has a melody not unlike "Yankee Doodle." But this American tune (which is of English origin) resembles many melodies of other lands, as simple tunes often bear a kinship to each other. There is a Hungarian melody, and a Dutch nursery song, and the chief theme of Beethoven's ninth symphony, which are all first cousins to "Yankee Doodle."

Possibly this theme aroused the audience to the applause which was won by the work. There was nothing in the overture to grow excited over, except the perfect performance. Even Dr. Muck's strong contrasts and breadth of style could not make this overture eloquent.

Dvorak's violin concerto was more powerful, although it is a question whether the tooth of Time is not gnawing at some of his compositions. He was an excellent master of scoring, in his time, but in this field the growth has been enormous in a single generation, and his orchestration seems simple enough nowadays. The musical ideas of the first movement did not seem very remarkable. There was considerable antiphonal work, the orchestra and the violin indulging in quite long stretches of dialogue, but the conversation did not rise much above the sewing-circle standard. Some of the short phrases were vehement enough, but none of them were impressive.

But now matters began to mend, and the slow movement had that Czech melancholy which is always impressive. The slow movement is here attached to the opening Allegro, a rather unusual proceeding. Mr. Sylvain Noack was the soloist, and in this second movement his nobility of tone carried the work to great popular success. He was broad in his bowing, sympathetic in tone quality, sure in intonation. It means a great deal for a symphony orchestra to have such artists as Noack, Witek, Malkin, Warnke, Ferir, Barth, among its string players, and fully as eminent talent among its wood-wind players.

The final Rondo of the concerto was played by Mr. Noack with consummate ease yet with great brilliancy, too. The playing was better than the music itself, which we found rather short-breathed and spasmodic. The tone-coloring of the finale was quite effective, although there was some bassoon work (excellently played) which proved that Dvorak was familiar with Beethoven's eighth symphony. At the close Mr. Noack was recalled with much fervor, again and again, and his artistic playing certainly deserved such homage, yet we cannot rank Dvorak's violin concerto with the masterpieces of this form.

Dr. Muck is quite right to put Haydn and Mozart frequently upon his programs. There are many new auditors each year at these concerts and they should have a chance to hear what to the old attendants is an oft-told tale. Nor was there injustice in the remark once made to the present writer by Dr. Hiller—"We in Germany have grown into the modern school through Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. You in America begin with the most highly spiced modern music. That is dangerous."

The symphony in D major is one of the most interesting of the Haydn set and one ought not to tire of its melodious symmetry. But, for all that, in this concert, we began to long for some of the modern intensity and force. The music of the program had been too continuously tepid, in spite of the charming rusticity of the Haydn Symphony.

Globe
April 15

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Curiously Dull Program—Mr Noack Soloist

Orchestral Performance of Symphony by Haydn the Feature

Humperdinck's overture to his opera, "The Forced Marriage," Dvorak's A minor concerto for violin, Haydn's Symphony in D major (B. and H. No. 2)—not a promising list for the Symphony Concert yesterday. Dr Muck hardly has hit upon so dull and uninteresting a program all Winter. Humperdinck's is an orthodox, conventional German overture in the accepted manner, written at a time when the composer was considerably past his prime, considerably beyond "Haensel and Gretel" in point of years, but not in recurring and reminiscent ideas from it.

The subject matter is clearly enough arranged, well laid out and effectively orchestrated, not forgetful of Wagner, and doubtless when listened to by a respectable German audience, about to view Humperdinck's opera, now 10 years old, it provokes a receptive mood. The orchestra played it spiritedly and there was warm applause.

That any violinist could have the fortitude, even having settled upon such a work as Dvorak's concerto, to rehearse it sufficiently for a performance, is not easily credible. What is there in this stupid doggerel to engage a serious musician of Mr Noack's proficiency and taste? Childish prattle, repeated and reiterated to insufferable boredom. Was any man ever a more supine slave to sequence? Having said a commonplace, Dvorak must drill it into the benumbed brain of a hearer by saying it again with a faith serene and sublime. Some may fancy the music is naive, childlike. It is childish, prattling, full of nameless inconsequentialities and repetitions, for that which is naive is not rapid. In the last movement there is a slight rhythmic awakening and there is a counterpoint in the horn which gives short-lived hope. Mr Noack played as though trying to make something out of it.

The feature of the concert was the orchestral performance of the Symphony. What had preceded would have given a stranger within the gates but little idea of the virtuosity or euphony of the orchestra, nor did this, but the transparent beauty, the warmth and precision of the strings was revealed. The opening adagio was played with due elegance and with the sentiment which was not wholly of the surface.

The program next week promises to be one of unusual interest. Chosen to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the death of William Shakspere, it is as follows: Smetana, overture, "Richard III"; Berlioz, three movements (Queen Mab, Garden Scene and the Ball at Capulets), from "Romeo and Juliet"; Tschaikowsky, symphonic poem, "Hamlet"; Mendelssohn, overture, nocturne and scherzo from the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Dvorak, overture, "Othello."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MORE COMPLAINT OVER DR. MUCK'S PROGRAMMES

The Dull or Routine Pieces That for Two Weeks Have Filled Them, While Many Another of More Interest Lies Neglected on the Library Shelves—For the Most Part, Also, No More Than the Average of Performance

It is no more necessary to dwell upon the Symphony Concert of yesterday than it was upon that of the preceding Friday. Those that keep on their shelves the long rank of the bound programme-books may search in vain through the thrity-odd years of them for two less interesting programmes than Dr. Muck has for a fortnight imposed upon audiences on both occasions preceptibly smaller than the conductor, the orchestra and their music usually attract even when opera from New York takes possession of the town or the weather is forbidding. A week ago the conductor bestowed upon his public the first symphony of Beethoven in the biennial preformance that has become a rite in virtue of the later symphonies and of the exalted place of the composer, but which in itself no more deserves such frequent repetition than a dozen other symphonies written in the Mozartean or the Haydnesque manner, in the Vienna of a century ago. It is a pretty enough little piece in its imitative way, and it was played with due elegance by the conductor and his men. It served in a perfunctory programmme—while twenty, thirty, forty pieces from ancient or modern, classic or experimenting, hands lie neglected in the ample library of the orchestra for no reason that the many who long for them can fathom.

To this symphony succeeded a tone-poem, "Lucifer" by Mr. Henry Hadley—music that set the thematic material in order as though it was a five-fold collection on view in a museum; that proceeded in routine workmanship, little relieved by any sort of imagination in tones; that followed a poetic scheme (as the phrase is) about the fallen Archangel and his warfare upon the Almight that belonged to what one listener aptly called "Hall-Caine Christianity"; and that was controlled by so scanty a critical sense that the angelic hosts actually marched forth to the beat of a snare drum! It is indeed the obligation of a conductor of symphony concerts like ours, to foster American composers, by the performance of their music when it is deserving, exactly as he would encourage the younger writers of music in other lands. The only excuse for the performance of such trite and sterile tonal prose as "Lucifer" is the fact that it was neither better nor worse than other pieces not a whit more deserving that have strangely appeared from time to time on the programmes of the Symphony Orchestra. Meanwhile, the overlooked classics, semi-classics and novelties may gather dust in the library—and there is no explanation. The final piece was a suite that Sibelius put together from his incidental music to a Danish play about "King Christian II." In the vernacular of commerce it was no more than "high-grade" theatre-music written by a composer of individuality, imagination and characteristic idiom, who occasionally deigned to apply all three to the job in hand. But Sibelius's new tone-poem of "The Daughters of Ocean"—a much more interesting piece—has been thrust into the pile of abandoned novelties.

Even less interesting—in fact downright dull—were two of the members on the programme of yesterday. We may not bear Debussy's "Iberia" or d'Indy's second symphony or Ravel's suites from "Daphnis and Chloe"; or a symphony by Mahler, or Schumann's Rhenish symphony; or Reger's Romantic Suite; or Mottl's orchestral version of Chabrier's "Bourrée Fantasque"; or this or that overture of Beethoven unrevived for years; we may not have more Bach or more Händel; Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," Balakirev's "Thamar," Moussorgsky's "Night on the Bald Mountain"; the suites from Stravinsky's ballets—and so on through random citation, which is plentiful enough; but we must listen to Humperdinck's dead and buried overture to his operatic comedy, "Die Heirat wider Willen"—mere ingenious counterpoint, dry and labored melody and a calculated "theatre-stroke" at the end.

More: though here the choice may have been rather of the violinist than of the conductor, the audience must sit under the tedious lengths of Dvoràk's concerto for violin, wherein he is "scholarly," mechanical, "violinistic," what you will—anything but interesting save only in the few passages where in spite of himself he writes with his native zest of rhythm, brightness of color or melancholy mood, as the Czeck that he was who also made music. Contemporary concertos for the violin may be nothing remarkable—we hear too few of them to judge; but they could hardly be more dull than Joachim "in the Hungarian manner" and Dvoràk academic that Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack have respectively imposed upon their audiences this season. Then, for ending, ensued a pleasurable symphony of Haydn. It would be in place or any programme with which it accorded, for the enjoyment it affords the audience and for the light, sure running and polished skill with which orchestra and conductor take it. One or two

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of Haydn's symphonies may reasonably be played at the Symphony Concerts in a musical year, but hardly at the end of so tedious and sterile a programme as that of yesterday.

Better days are indeed dawning in the programmes that Dr. Muck proposes for the remaining pairs of Symphony Concerts before the season ends in May. From the time in which he first came to lead the orchestra his programmes have often been unfavorably criticised, but less for the musical matter that they contained than for the manner in which he assembled and disposed it. Until this present season, very seldom has it been fair to call his programmes uninteresting. Once and again, since last October they have seemed to be needlessly so, in view of the wealth of music at his command in the library of the orchestra, on American publishers' shelves and even still obtainable from Amsterdam, Paris and London. None, however, has descended to the scantily relieved and the generally felt dullness of those of yesterday and the Friday preceding. They were of a conductor, an orchestra, and series of concerts stuck for the moment in the worst of all ruts—the rut of complaisant routine. They were even "institutional." Not a few of the audience, who are usually a well-pleased folk, repined under them. The more eager and exacting, especially among the younger generation, upon whom the future of the concerts depends, clamored openly and scornfully against them.

Of course the ready retort was that the appropriate eloquence of the performance for beauty or charm or power or skill made sufficient compensation. It was indeed a delight to hear in Beethoven's symphony; able with Sibelius's music; but no more than routine, except in little adroit or vivid spots, in Haydn's symphony. Moreover, the best of performances can make Humperdinck's overture, Dvorak's concerto or Hadley's tone-poem only a little less tedious and sterile than as music, each and all of them intrinsically is. As with Mr. Witek before him, the admirable abilities of Mr. Noack as a virtuoso and a musician of the violin were nearly buried in an ill-chosen concerto. The first desk of the violins has shone most this winter in the work of the day.

H. T. P.

Ap'l 22
[illegible]

POP CONCERTS OPEN TO PUBLIC ON MAY 9

While the Pop concerts this year open Monday evening, May 8, this first evening will not be for the general public, since the Women's City Club has taken that evening for their own entertainment. Therefore, the season will really be formally opened Tuesday evening, May 9. It will run for nine weeks.

In many ways the season should be, musically speaking, the best that Boston has ever had. The principal factor in this will be the size of the orchestra. This year the Pops will have an orchestra of real symphonic size, each program employing from 75 to 80 musicians. This orchestra is larger than most of the symphony orchestras of this country, and even of Europe.

Ernst Schmidt, assistant conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, will conduct during the opening week. Andre Maquarre will be the conductor the second week and Mr. Schmidt again the third week. Mr. Maquarre will be conductor the fourth and fifth weeks and Mr. Schmidt the sixth and seventh weeks. Mr. Lenom will have charge of the orchestra the eighth week and Mr. Schmidt will close the season with the ninth week.

MONITOR, BOSTON,

APRIL 15, 1916

SYLVAIN NOACK IS THE SOLOIST WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY

SYMPHONY HALL — Twenty-first program of Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck conductor, afternoon of Friday, April 14, Sylvain Noack, violinist, soloist. The program: Humperdinck, overture to opera, "The Forced Marriage"; Dvorak, concerto in A minor, for violin, op. 53; Haydn, symphony in D major (B. & H. No. 2).

Dr. Muck lifted this symphony in D out of the rank of routine performances and glorified and transformed it into a glittering gem to scintillate in the memory of a whole season. It was a glorified performance in which the conductor achieved that note of joy he so seldom reaches in his work. True, it would be a wooden conductor indeed who could not be touched by the happiness that shines through Haydn's music, but what made this performance notable especially was the fact that Dr. Muck compassed not only the joy and brightness of the score but dug deeper and discovered dramatic possibilities only suspected as lurking there. He clothed the climaxes with a majesty not usually attributed to Haydn. He invested the delicacy of andante and minuet with a lightness and charm to enhance even the composer's dream. He even turned Haydn's love of a prank to account and drove the violins at a furious scamper

Careful, earnest preparation was evident in this symphony. Not an expression mark was overlooked; not a chance to emphasize a point in interpretation was allowed to pass. Even the first violins almost bowed together. Such a reading as Dr. Muck gave postulated an undercurrent thought of Brahms lying close to the surface. Certain qualities we are accustomed to associate with the later giant appeared in this symphony of the earlier. Brahms, we are coming to understand, had also a note of joy running through his work, not the simple gladness of Haydn, but an all-consuming, glorified and complex emotion. This is more what Dr. Muck grasped and read into the Haydn score.

Mr. Noack, leaving his seat at the first desk of the violins to play the Dvorak concerto, acquitted himself well. It has come to be customary that the members of the orchestra when they appear as soloists do not make of it the event that they once did. They come from their places, play their solos and return to the work of the day. Which may be taken as a commentary on the abilities of the orchestra. So Mr. Noack, stepping out from beside the concertmaster, gave an excellent technical performance of a seldom heard work, which puts in order the question why this concerto is not more often played.

It was written long before Dvorak visited America, even before he went to England, and is of the period when he composed much but had comparatively small chance for revision because his works were sometimes long in gaining a hearing. It is quite possible that he would have wished to alter some passages in this concerto, for all his ingenuity in development did not prevent parts of it from being almost banal. However, it is a pleasing composition to hear, and offers sufficient technical difficulties to make it worth any violinist's pains in learning.

Mr. Noack's abilities have become known and admired since his residence in Boston. His tone is not large, but is sweet and flexible, and his intonation sure. He has yet to acquire the faculty of putting himself into the music he is playing, of making it a part of himself as he gives it out.

BOSTON GLOBE—

APRIL 22,

SYMPHONY HONORS SHAKSPERE'S MEMORY

300th Anniversary of Poet's Death Observed

Dr Muck arranged a program for the 22d Friday afternoon Symphony concert to observe the passing commemoration of the third centennial of Shakspere's death. The program, drawn from two Bohemians, a Frenchman, a Russian and a German, was as follows: Smetana, symphonic poem, "Richard III"; Berlior, three movements—Queen Mab, Garden Scene and the Ball at Capulet's—from the "Romeo and Juliet" dramatic symphony; Tschaikowsky, "Hamlet," overture fantasia; Mendelssohn, overture, nocturne and scherzo from the music to "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Dvorak, overture, "Othello."

Shakspere, the supreme expressionist of life through the written and spoken word, has inspired a singularly small amount of music embodying truth as he saw it. In comparison the symphonic literature suffers with that of the opera house — and this chiefly through the two monumental last works of Verdi, "Otello" and "Falstaff," operas which have not been popular, and probably will not be, for the reason that people go chiefly to the opera house to hear some individual singer who captures their fancy. The world wants for an opera upon "As You Like It" such music as the Verdi of "Falstaff" could have written, with his lightness, his wit, his unfading youth.

Out of Italy Verdi seems to stand alone as a recreator of Shakspere. Sgambati and Martucci, respected symphonists of a people who write easier for the stage than the concert hall, have left nothing of large form based upon the great dramatist's plays. Of the two compositions played yesterday from Bohemians, the overture of Dvorak is heard more frequently than Smetana's symphonic poem. From Germany there is Mendelssohn's charming music of yesterday, the youthful symphonic poem of Strauss on "Macbeth," the symphonic poem by Weingartner on "Lear" and others. Litolff, born in London, the son of a French Alsatian soldier, has an overture on the latter subject; so has Berlioz, the three works having comprised a program by Sir Henry Wood at a promenade concert in London at the Shakspere anniversary of four years ago in June.

Berlioz' "Romeo and Juliet," with its quien mab scherzo of exquisite imagination and fine fancy comes heavily to earth in the overdeveloped scene in the garden and the commonplace music at the ball. Tschaikowsky's overture suggested by Balakirew reflects better the youthful passion and tenderness of the tragedy, while his "Hamlet," written for an occasion, is not indicative of his style, as the overture or the orchestral fantasia on "The Tempest" shows it. The program was played by Dr Muck and the orchestra with the evidences of care which made the Berlioz scherzo in particular a thing of amazing lightness and beauty.

The program next week will be as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff overture, "The Bethrothed of the Tsar"; Chadwick, "Tam o' Shanter" ballade for orchestra (first time in Boston); Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

BOSTON POST,

APRIL 22,

SYMPHONY'S TRIBUTE TO SHAKSPERE

Programme of Music Inspired by Great Dramatist

The programme of the 22nd concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was given in observance of the Shaksperean tercentenary, and was devoted entirely to music inspired by the English dramatist. Overture, Richard III., Volkmann; three movements, "Queen Mab," the garden scene and the ball, from Berlioz' dramatic symphony, "Romeo and Juliette"; symphonic poem, "Hamlet," Tschaikowsky; overture, Nocturne, and Scherzo, from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Dvorak's overture, "Otello."

INSTRUCTIVE MUSIC

The programme was instructive, as well as entertaining, for it brought before the audience many musical personalities, and a wide divergency of styles. The two compositions which showed out above the others, of course, were the movements from Berlioz's great symphony, which is practically a series of musical tableaux, illustrative of the most significant moments of the drama, and Mendelssohn's music, which does not age, which is perennially youthful and poetic in the highest degree.

Volkmann's overture makes its mark as an effective concert piece, but is, after all, becoming rapidly outmoded, in spite of the modernity of its form, which is not matched by true modernity of spirit. Dvorak's music is not so poignant or so heroic that it need tain the hearer for any gr of time, but Tschaikowsky's "Hamlet," in spite of its mannerisms and its bombast, its furious brilliancy, or melting melody, its dark and sepulchral effects, in certain places, has much that strikes home. This may be a Russian Hamlet, influenced by vodka, as well as congenital indecision. It is nevertheless an aspect of the Hamlet character, in so much as Tschaikowsky, an irredeemably subjective composer, touched hands at certain points with the temperament of the Prince of Denmark.

The performances were brilliant and characteristic of the composers presented. There was much applause.

BOSTON HERALD.

APRIL 22

SHAKESPEARE PROGRAM BY SYMPHONY

Orchestra's 22d Concert Program Selected in Commemoration of 300th Anniversary of Death of Dramatist—Brilliant Performance Throughout—Dr. Muck Conducts.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program, selected in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the death of Shakespeare, was as follows:

Symphonic Poem "Richard III.".......Smetana
Queen Mab, Garden Scene and Ball at Capulet's from "Romeo and Juliet"...Berlioz
"Hamlet," overture Fantasia....Tschaikowsky
Overture, Nocturne and Scherzo from music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn
Overture "Othello"......................Dvorak

For the commemoration there was a mass of music at hand. Take "Richard III.," for example. There was Volkmann's overture with the anachronistic introduction of "The Campbells Are Coming," performed here nine years ago, not to mention the overtures by Rosenfeld and Titl.

Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet," familiar here, is among his most imaginative compositions, but there are overtures by Freudenberg, Schlottman, Pierson, Raff, Svendsen, not to mention introductions to operas founded on the tragic story.

And "Hamlet." There is Liszt's symphonic poem, which, we believe, has not been performed in Boston. There are overtures by Joachim, Gade, Emanuel Bach (not the son of Johann Sebastian, it is needless to say), Henschel; Mathias; there is the wonderful funeral march for Hamlet by Berlioz, which has been performed here, led by Mr. Longy; there is the symphonic poem of Lekeu; there is MacDowell's "Hamlet and Ophelia."

Fibick wrote a symphonic poem "Othello."; Krug is the composer of a symphonic prologue to the tragedy; there is an overture by Raff.

Other tragedies and comedies of Shakespeare have incited many composers to gird up their loins for the task. The late John K. Paine wrote a symphonic poem "The Tempest"; he also composed an overture to "As You Like It." Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" might well have tempted Dr. Muck. We should have preferred it to Dvorak's "Othello." We were spared Richard Strauss's "Macbeth," also Rheinberger's overture to "The Taming of the Shrew," also Rubinstein's overture to "Antony and Cleopatra."

The list of purely orchestral works inspired by Shakespeare is a formidable one. What has become of Ebermein's overture to "Macbeth," once very popular; or Bruell's overture to the same tragedy—it has been played here. Does any one remember the overtures to "Julius Caesar" by Schumann and Hans von Buelow? The "King Lear" overture of Berlioz still has vitality, but where is Radecke's overture to "King John," once applauded in Berlin and in the Gewandhaus of Leipsic? Louis Ehlert was not contented with being a critic: he wrote an overture to "Cymbeline." Balakireff's overture to "King Lear" might be worth hearing. We doubt if this could be said of Albert Schaefer's overture to "The Winter's Tale."

Building his program on the music of Berlioz, Dr. Muck, passing over Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet," was obliged to choose between his "Hamlet" and "The Tempest" if the Russian was to be represented. Neither of these works shows Tschaikowsky at his best. There are only a few impressive moments in "Hamlet," which had not been heard here since 1900. The appearance of the Ghost at midnight is well conceived; the themes associated with Ophelia have a decided profile, and the march measures—do they refer to Fortinbras?—are out of the common. The introduction is labored; the thematic development is for the most part uninteresting; the instrumentation seldom attracts attention by originality or color.

Smetana's "Richard III" had not been played here for many years. It was composed when he was in Sweden (in 1858), and evidently impressed by Liszt's symphonic poems. In a letter to Liszt, enclosing the beginning of "Richard III," he said that the emphasis of his music fitted the action of the tragedy; the attainment of the goal, the overthrowing of all obstacles, the triumph, and then the monarch's fall. The earnestness and directness of this music, its energetic quality, the abstinence from everything extraneous even in the way of ornamentation that might be legitimate, command respect; more than this, there are strokes of vivid imagination. Some passages might be considered naive, if not awkwardly expressed, but the virility of the musical spirit carries the composer safely to the end, which is peculiarly effective.

It is a pity that we cannot hear the whole of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," or at least all the nobler pages. It would be impertinent at this late day to expatiate on the exquisite Sherzo, the wondrously beautiful love music, or Romeo's pathetic theme so finely played yesterday by Mr. Longy. Only the ball music reminds us of 1839. It suggests the engagement of the Verona brass band by Capulet for the coming-out of his daughter. No composer, to our knowledge, has written music suitable to this festival. That of Berlioz, as that of Gounod, might be compared to the supper of the evening as characterized by Capulet: "We have a trifling foolish banquet towards."

The performance of the orchestra throughout was brilliant.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, overture to "The Betrothed of the Tsar"; Chadwick, "Tam O' Shanter" (first time here); Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

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Advertiser
Apr. 22nd

SYMPHONIC TRIBUTE TO SHAKESPEARE

Best Technical Musician Among Great Poets Honored on Tercentenary

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S "HAMLET" IMPRESSIVE WORK

Berlioz and Mendelssohn Seem Truest Translators of Great Poet Into Music

BY LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM.

Smetana—"Richard III" Overture.
Berlioz—"Romeo and Juliet" Symphony. Three movements.
Tschaikowsky—"Hamlet" Symphonic Poem.
Mendelssohn—"Midsummernight's Dream." Three Pieces.
Dvorak—"Othello" Overture.

It was very proper that our Symphony Orchestra should take cognizance of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death, as they did yesterday afternoon, in a program of somewhat greater length than usual, for that poet has done more for our art than any other writer outside of the musical profession. Every one of his plays has been used as a libretto for opera; his short poems have inspired songs innumerable, and overtures, symphonies, symphonic poems, etc., have grown out of his works. As all the world loves a lover, "Romeo and Juliet" naturally has inspired the most music, but "Hamlet," "Othello," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Macbeth," and all the rest, have music to their credit.

More than this, Shakespeare was the best technical musician among the poets. Shakespeare, Milton and Browning, are the three who stand apart in this from the rank and file of even great poets, who have generally made a mess of it when they dabbled much in musical metaphor. Tennyson, Coleridge, and a number of others might be cited as warning examples. The reader who wishes to study Shakespeare's musical trend at its best should carefully analyze "Twelfth Night," as the play where musical allusions, poetic, playful, laudatory and ironical are thickest.

It was a pity this concert should have taken place on the same afternoon that Wagner's great opera was given a couple of blocks further up the avenue. Many a musical auditor must have wailed:—

> "How happy could I be with either
> Were t'other dear charmer away."

But the reviewer determined to foster home industries, and, after all, a Shakespearian tercentenary does not happen very frequently.

Some of the music was not as inspiring as its topic. We would much rather have heard Nicolai's charming overture (in classical form, too) to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," than the Smetana work, and even Volkmann has done a better overture to "Richard III.," if we can excuse his bringing in a Scotch tune ("The Campbells Are Comin'") at the battle of Bosworth field, a tune which was composed more than a century after that fight.

Smetana causes Richard to march around in a very bombastic and bloodthirsty manner, accompanied by a full brass band, and with a great deal of pomp and circumstances, while at the end there comes a cataclysm that might well have "struck terror to the soul of Richard" and to the auditors as well. We cannot believe that they used Krupp bombs on Bosworth field, but this Coda suggests it.

Of the three movements from the Berlioz "Romeo and Juliet" symphnoy, the Balcony scene was the most beautiful, and here, at least, was a true Shakespeare Picture. Berlioz fell in love with his first wife (Harriet Smithson) when he saw her in this scene, and it is very possible that we get the echoes of that event in this tone-picture. Certain it is that a passionate violoncello makes love to a tender violin (with added flute), but the spasmodic interruptions cause one to exclaim—"Ah, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Berlioz!"

Still, it is much better than Gounod's Romeo in syrup. But the piquant "Queen Mab" is so daintily pictured that Mercutio's little sketch becomes the chief point of the whole symphony, with many auditors. The violins and the English horn deserve much praise for their work in this. We wish that we could have had Berlioz's "King Lear" overture as a tragic contrast to this, since the "Ball at the Capulets" was also spicy music.

Tschaikowsky's "Hamlet" symphonic poem is not as striking a composition as his "Romeo and Juliet" overture, but it is an impressive work nevertheless. The fault to be found with it is that it does not portray the character of the prince to the Shakesperian student any more than Ambroise Thomas does. If we do not seek for Shakespearian characters in the work we can be satisfied with its beautiful music, but it is difficult to discover "the melancholy Dane" in its measures. There is much more of Laertes and the camp. The strong themes and fine orchestration exhibit the wild power of Tschaikowsky, but one might have named the work "Macbeth" and the music would have fitted quite as well, or possibly a little better. The composition was most excellently played.

Mendelssohn's three pieces from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music were exquisitely played. The overture was musically the best piece of the whole program, and it is real Shakespearian translation into tones. The chief theme of this classical form, perfectly played by the violins, represents the fairies; the second theme, more longing and passionate, is the lovers; the closing theme, with its lumbering steps and odd skipping, portrays the Athenian players, and does it exceedingly well. Add to this the bassoon brayings of Bottom, the weaver, when turned into an ass, and the snoring of the same character, when in a drunken sleep among the fairies (oh, for an ophicleide here!) and we have a composition that every Shakespearian can revel in. And the composer was only 18 years old when he created it!

The Nocturne, following, gave some beautiful horn music (not very evenly played), and the Scherzo showed Mendelssohn, as usual, the best composer of his time in this form. But why did we not have the Wedding March? That blaring piece of war music has led more people into battle than any other march that was ever written!

The last number of the program pleased us less. We must remember that the title of the work is not "Othello, the Moor of Bohemia," and yet this overture gave the impression that Othello had taken out his naturalization papers in Prague. But we suppose that if Shakespeare put a sea-coast in Bohemia, Dvorak has the right to put a Moor there also. The overture seemed full of touches of Bohemian folk-music. There was, however, a military chief theme, which seemed to speak of

> "The plumed troop and the big wars,"

and there were cymbal strokes and blasts of muted horns, which came as a premonition of impending evil. Afterwards there came a gentle theme, chiefly harp and wood-wind, in which we had no difficulty in recognizing Desdemona. Then more cymbal clashes, a wild rush of the whole orchestra, and she was smothered, suddenly and brusquely.

In this Shakespearian program Berlioz and Mendelssohn seemed the truest translators of Shakespeare into music. The others simply used the poet as a peg on which to hang their compositions. The first and last numbers could have been replaced by more representative compositions, and we longed for a few other Shakespearian works, but, after all, if Dr. Muck were to attempt to give all the good orchestral music that Shakespeare has inspired he might use up the entire series of symphony concerts in the attempt.

From Bulletin
Address Providence, R. I.
Date APR 12 1916

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA GIVES CLOSING CONCERT

For the sixth and last concert in its 35th season, last evening in Infantry Hall, the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented by request a programme that was something of a novelty from that source. Other organizations have given all-Wagner programmes here occasionally, but although Dr. Muck is considered one of the greatest living authorities on the interpretation of Richard Wagner's music, he has never exploited it unduly on his symphony programmes, and in the four years of his present incumbency has given only about a half-dozen orchestral Wagnerean selections at these concerts here.

In fact, aside from the pension fund concerts of the orchestra in Boston and two in San Francisco at the exposition a year ago, this city is the second to be favored with such a programme. It called out an audience of about the usual size, which accepted philosophically the substitution of the well-known Prelude to "Lohengrin" for the selections from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdamerung" which had been previously announced. The present season has become noted for eleventh-hour changes in programmes, but it did seem a bit amazing, that constant association for several seasons with the stage accommodations, and a knowledge of the requirements of these selections, should not have precluded their choice, instead of requiring a revision of the programme, of which the order given was as follows:

Overture to "Rienzi"........................
"A Siegfried Idyl"........................
Selections from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" (Introduction to Act III.; Dance of the Apprentices; Entrance of the Mastersingers; Homage to Hans Sachs)........
Prelude to "Lohengrin"........................
Good Friday Magic from "Parsifal"........
Overture to "Tannhauser"........................
............................Richard Wagner

Of these the greatest novelties were the overture to "Rienzi" and the "Good Friday Magic" from "Parsifal." Separated by some 40 years in their composition, they were as widely removed in theme and style, but both excellently well played. In the former, the brasses and the tympani, so often relegated to the background, came into their own and held it against the strings, with a forceful rhythmic effect that stirred the pulses. The "Good Friday Magic" was equally full of orchestral color, but in its more delicate passages revealed the subtler art of the composer's old age.

The "Siegfried Idyl," the selections from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" and the prelude to "Lohengrin" were old acquaintances, presented in excellent form. As was to be expected, such a programme to lovers of Wagner's music was a joy from beginning to end, while to the Philistines in the audience it savored of monotony.

With the last number on the programme, however, even these were satisfied, and musician and layman alike listened, absorbed, to the magnificent rendition of the overture to "Tannhauser." Probably the best known of any number on the programme, and played here twice in as many years, it revealed new beauties in the conductor's reading, and may well be considered one of the finest performances ever given here by the orchestra.

The grandeur of the recurring "Pilgrim's Chorus" and the wonderfully subtle treatment of the Bacchanal music compelled the admiration of every listener, which expressed itself in applause sufficiently enthusiastic to recall Dr. Muck to the stage after he had left it.

Six concerts are announced for next season, to be given in Infantry Hall on Tuesday evenings, Oct. 17, Nov. 21, Dec. 26, Feb. 6, March 6 and April 10, when distinguished soloists are promised and programmes as enjoyable as those of past years will doubtless be given.

A. W. C.

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

WAGNER CONCERT CLOSED SERIES

Boston Symphony Orchestra Delighted a Large Audience.

The last of the series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra drew a large audience to Infantry Hall last night. It was a notable occasion by reason of the fact that for the first time here an exclusively Wagnerian programme was rendered. Dr. Muck, the able director of the orchestra, is always rather reluctant to arrange such a programme, although acknowledged to be one of the best conductors of Wagnerian music, but by special request he prepared the programme which was rendered last night. That it was satisfying no one could doubt after hearing the music and noting the enthusiastic reception that was given to the conductor and the musicians.

Dr. Muck once more revealed his special ability in the preparation of pleasing programmes. The one last night was particularly well balanced and at the same time showed the wide range of works by the great composer while displaying the growth and development of the artist in his musical life. From the earliest of his compositions to the fullest and richest results of his training and his ability as a composer, selections were made which brought this increase of power and constantly cumulative attainment in review and showed the greatness of the artist mounting ever higher as the beauty and forcefulness of his art gained in strength and intensity.

The programme opened with the overture to "Rienzi," the first successful opera he produced. Naturally it shows little of the mastery of his art which was revealed later, but smacks of the style of his master, Meyerbeer, and the others of that romantic period who formed the school from which he gained his initial impressions. The hero of the opera is Bulwer Lytton's "The Last of the Tribunes," and it is filled with the spirited youthful hero worship, though expressed in a manner that seems simple and crude in comparison with his later triumphs of more pretentious character.

The second number was the "Siegfried Idyl," written for his wife after the birth of their son, Siegfried. This is an exquisite bit which is familiar to music lovers and seems to be a special favorite with Dr. Muck as he has placed it upon his concert programme here several times.

The first half of the programme closed with a series of selections from the last act of the single comic opera written by Wagner, "The Meistersingers of Nuremberg." These included the introduction to the third act constructed on Hans Sachs's monologue, the dance of the apprentices, the entrance of the Mastersingers and the chorale from the festal scene. These have seldom been heard here and they were enjoyed to the full.

In the second part the prelude to "Lohengrin" was substituted for the announced selections from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung." There was some disappointment at this change but the interpolated numbers was played as usual with appreciation and sympathy. Then came the beautiful passage from the last scene of "Parsifal," commonly known as "Good Friday Magic," telling how the fields and meadows burst into bloom on Good Friday watered by the tears of repentant sinners. Fittingly as the close of the programme was rendered the familiar and ever enjoyable overture to "Tannhauser."

From TRIBUNE
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date APR 11 1916

The last concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in Infantry Hall this evening at 8:15. The programme will be as follows: Overture to "Rienzi;" "A Siegfried Idyl;" selections from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg,", (introduction to act III, dance of the Apprentices; Entrance of the Mastersingers; Homage to Hans Sachs), Richard Wagner; The Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal;" selections from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung," (arranged by Hans Richter), Siegfried's Passage to Brunnhilde's Rock; Morning Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine Journey; overture to "Tannshauser."

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN FINAL CONCERT

Orchestra Gives Novel Programme at Infantry Hall.

WAGNER PIECES FEATURED

Impressive Rendition of Noted Composer's Selections Given Under Leadership of Dr. Muck.—Overture to "Rienzi" One of Most Interesting Numbers on Card.

For the sixth and last concert in its 35th season, last evening in Infantry Hall, the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented by request a programme that was something of a novelty from that source. Other organizations have given all-Wagner programmes here occasionally, but although Dr. Muck is considered one of the greatest living authorities on the interpretation of Richard Wagner's music, he has never exploited it unduly on his symphony programmes, and in the four years of his present incumbency has given only about a half-dozen orchestral Wagnerean selections at these concerts here.

In fact, aside from the pension fund concerts of the orchestra in Boston and two in San Francisco at the exposition a year ago, this city is the second to be favored with such a programme. It called out an audience of about the usual size, which accepted philosophically the substitution of the well-known Prelude to "Lohengrin" for the selections from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdamerung" which had been previously announced. The present season has become noted for eleventh-hour changes in programmes, but it did seem a bit amazing, that constant association for several seasons with the stage accommodations, and a knowledge of the requirements of these selections, should not have precluded their choice, instead of requiring a revision of the programme, of which the order given was as follows:

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A. W. C.

From JOURNAL
Address: Providence, R. I.
Date AP
Establ

The last concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in Infantry Hall this evening at 8:15 o'clock, when the programme will consist of selections from operas by Wagner, as follows: Overture to "Rienzi;" "A Siegfried Idyl;" selections from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" (Introduction to act III.; Dance of the Apprentices; Entrance of the Mastersingers; Homage to Hans Sachs); the Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal;" selections from "Siegfried" and 'Gotterdammerung" (Arranged by Hans Richter); Siegfried's Passage to Brunnhilde's Rock; Morning Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine Journey; Overture to "Tannhauser."

American
April 23

Pop Concerts Season Will Open Soon

WITH the close of the Symphony season Saturday evening, May 6, Symphony Hall will be transformed for the annual season of Pop concerts which play as important a part in the domestic economy of Boston during the Spring as the Symphony concerts do during the Fall and Winter. While the Pop concerts this year open Monday evening, May 8, this first evening will not be for the general public, since the Women's City Club has taken that evening for their own entertainment. Therefore, the season will really be formally opened Tuesday evening, May 9. It will run for nine weeks, closing Saturday evening, July 8. The concerts will be given on every week night of that time running from 8 o'clock until 11.

In many ways the season should be, musically speaking, the best and most interesting that Boston has ever had. The principal factor in this will be the size of the orchestra. Under the general and gradual change of conditions which have been taking place in the administration of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from year to year recently the size of the orchestra employed for the Pop concerts has been increased. This year the Pops will have an orchestra of real symphonic size, each program employing from 75 to 80 musicians. This orchestra is larger than most of the symphony orchestras of this country and even of Europe.

The conductors employed during the season will be three, the same gentlemen as acted in this capacity last year; but, in order to provide greater variety of programs, their terms of service will be somewhat different than it has been in the past. Ernst Schmidt, the assistant conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, will have the opening week. Mr. Andre Maquarre will be the conductor the second week, and Mr. Schmidt again the third week. Mr. Maquarre will be conductor the fourth and fifth weeks, and Mr. Schmidt the sixth and seventh weeks. Mr. Lenom will have charge of the orchestra the eighth week, and Mr. Schmidt will close the season with the ninth week.

* * *

Globe
April 23rd

"Pop" Concerts to Begin in Symphony Hall Monday, May 8

With the close of the Symphony season Saturday evening, May 6, Symphony Hall will be transformed for the annual season of "Pop" concerts, which will open Monday evening, May 8. This first evening will not be for the general public, since the Women's City Club has taken that evening for their own entertainment. Therefore, the season will really be formally opened Tuesday evening, May 9. It will run for nine weeks, closing Saturday evening, July 8.

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The conductors employed during the season will be three, the same gentlemen who acted in that capacity last year, but in order to provide greater variety of programs their terms of service will be somewhat different than it has been in the past.

Ernst Schmidt, the assistant conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, will have the opening week. Andre Maquarre will be the conductor the second week, and Mr Schmidt again the third week. Mr Maquarre will be conductor the fourth and fifth weeks, and Mr Schmidt the sixth and seventh weeks. Mr Lenom will have charge of the orchestra the eighth week, and Mr Schmidt will close the season with the ninth week.

Post
April 23rd

Symphony's Last Programme

Liszt's "Dante" symphony is the leading number on the 24th and last programme of the Symphony Orchestra, which will be played on Friday afternoon, May 5, and Saturday evening, May 6. In the last movement the "Magnificat" will be sung by a woman's chorus from the Musical Art Club, which is being trained by Stephen Townsend. The second part of the programme will be comprised of the prelude to "Tristan und Isolde"; the funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods," and the prelude to "Parsifal."

Last Cambridge Symphony

The series of eight Symphony concerts in Sanders Theatre, Harvard College, will close next Thursday evening, April 27. The outstanding number on the programme will be Mendelssohn's Italian symphony. The other works are Cornelius' overture, "The Barber of Bagdad," Mozart's concertante symphonie of violin and viola and the "Tannhauser" overture of Wagner. Messrs. Witek and Ferir will play the solo parts in the Mozart number.

POP CONCERTS

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In many ways this Pop season should be, musically speaking, the best and most interesting that Boston has ever had. The principal factor in this will be the size of the orchestra. Under the general and gradual change of conditions which have been taking place in the administration of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from year to year recently the size of the orchestra employed for the Pop concerts has been increased. This year, the Pops will have an orchestra of symphonic proportions, each programme employing from 75 to 80 musicians. This orchestra is larger than many of the symphony orchestras of this country and even of Europe.

The conductors employed during the season will be three, the same gentlemen as acted in this capacity last year; but, in order to provide greater variety of programmes, their terms of service will be somewhat different than it has been in the past. Ernst Schmidt, the assistant conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, will have the opening week. Mr. Andre Maquarre will be the conductor the second week, and Mr. Schmidt again the third week. Mr. Maquarre will be conductor the fourth and fifth weeks, and Mr. Schmidt the sixth and seventh weeks. Mr. Lenom will have charge of the orchestra the eighth week, and Mr. Schmidt will close the season with the ninth week. It is believed by the management that this arrangement will be most pleasing to the patrons of the Pops.

Transcript
April 22nd

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MUSIC FOR COMMEMORATION OF SHAKSPEARE

Dr. Muck's Wide and Interesting Choice—Smetana's "Richard III.," Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" and Tschaikovsky's "Hamlet" for the First Times in Years—The Other Pieces—Contrasts and Comparisons—Orchestra and Conductor on Their Mettle Again

FOR the first time, if memory does not falter, the Symphony Concerts have commemorated—as the programme of yesterday ran—an anniversary other than that of the birth or the death of a composer and honored the name and fame of one who wrote no music, except that of words, but suggested much music-making to others. The three hundredth anniversary of the death of Shakspeare befalls on Sunday; the actual day or an approximation of it would have passed uncelebrated in Boston, except by the wrangling municipal mummery at the Opera House, had not Dr. Muck chosen to fill the Symphony Concerts of yesterday and today with music that sundry composers wrote when Shakspeare's fires set sparks to theirs. The playwright used an English speech to English-speaking folk; but the conductor could find no music from English or American hands that harked back to Shakspeare's plays; that was worthy of them and that in itself deserved inclusion in a commemorative programme. Of course, there are English settings of songs from the comedies and the tragedies that might becomingly serve such a purpose: but they were out of the question in a concert that must, perforce, be wholly orchestral. Shakspeare, after all, is universal and Continental Europe has been much more prolific of music born of his drama than has his own England or the kindred America.

To the Continental composers accordingly Dr. Muck turned. From a very wide field of choice Smetana yielded him the tone-poem, "Richard III."; Berlioz the purely orchestral parts of the symphony inspired by "Romeo and Juliet"; Tschaikowsky a fantasia upon "Hamlet"; Mendelssohn, the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and two fragments of music of the scene; Dvoràk, the overture, "Othello." In all, music suggested by a comedy, three diverse tragedies and a chronicle-play of Shakspeare; music written by composers of four distinct nationalities, Czech, French, Russian and Prussian; in itself music that deserved to be heard and that, with the exception of Mendelssohn's pieces, has been seldom heard of late at the Symphony Concerts. The assembled numbers made as long a programme as any conductor has ever set for Symphony Hall; but it had novel and diversified interest; neither conductor nor orchestra flagged with it; while as much of the audience as dares to be independent of "suburban schedules" held intent and applausive to the end. An exacting programme to prepare, since each piece, except again Mendelssohn's, must be restudied and repractised thoroughly; but one that after those strange two weeks of perfunctory routine, restored the orchestra to its wonted mettle and renewed the wonted interest and exhilaration of the concerts.

So various a concert set in wide scope and vivid contrast the powers of orchestra and conductor. At their hands Berlioz's scherzo of "Queen Mab" was a filigree web of swiftly running and highly rhythmed tones, touched in adroit proportion with as light contrasting strokes in the trios of the echoing wind-choir and the fanfares of fantasy—a gossamer and shimmering poetry of music as the composer wrote it, as the band played it and with the mystery of night-vision permeating almost every bar. Then to the gradual efflorescence in more and more ardent tones and larger and larger utterance of the music of the lovers in the garden—music charged with the sensuous thrill of the soft and glowing Italian night that Berlioz had known at Rome quite as much as with the passion of the fired yet fearing pair. Indeed, so far as it is speech of their passion, it becomes toward the end a rather self-conscious speech of the composer who in true romantic fashion has lingered overlong with his imaginings—especially when a conductor takes them at so slow a pace as Dr. Muck used yesterday. Yet it still keeps the strangeness, the beauty, the young rapture which are everlasting romance.

True compliment in itself and as the orchestra played it is the succeeding music of Romeo's troubled, amorous musing with its high, thin intensity, the voice to this day of Parisian composers for such mood and of the expert oboist who usually speaks for them. Next the music of the dance within the Capulets' house—a brilliant music, a music of romantic pomp as the generation of Berlioz and Liszt imagined, wrote and judged it. The changes of time and taste have made it seem nowadays rather empty and common unless we can hear it with the readjusted ear that in similar fashion "Ce qu' on Entend sur la Montagne" this very season demanded. Yet the gradual shadowing and the final smothering of the music of fete and of longing by the music of the feud remains even now a well-imagined and well-accomplished stroke. Given the conductor, the orchestra, the willing ear and imagination, Berlioz's romantic music still holds its own—quite as surely as does Liszt's. Maybe romance in tones, like romance in every other medium, is an enduring thing.

For Berlioz and this music of "Romeo and Juliet," Tschaikovsky's "Hamlet" and Dvoràk's "Othello" made exalting contrast. The romantic glory of Berlioz's symphony reflects the glory of Shakspeare's romantic tragedy. Tschaikovsky's fantasia and Dvoràk's overture take cue from his plays but the voice that speaks out of them is far from his. Tschaikovsky's Hamlet is Tschaikovsky himself in many an idiosyncrasy of his own peculiar and limited idiom. Even the songful motive that is presumed to suggest Ophelia has the lushness, only a little tempered, of the Russian's melody that nowadays seems somehow to vulgarize it. White and dreaming Ophelia, after all, did not stray out of Bellini's transparent southern operas; she was of Shakspeare's more mysterious north. The black and feverish agitation that fills so much of the music developed from the motives of Hamlet himself is only Tschaikovsky neurotic and self-tortured as he had been many times in tones before and was to be many times thereafter. Even when the tragedy and fantasia end, the lament for the dead and fated Hamlet is an intrinsically Russian lament—a wild fury of mourning fitter for Tsarewitch or boyar than for Shakspeare's subtly tempered prince. Almost certainly Tschaikovsky read himself into "Hamlet"; perhaps he felt the tragedy as a dramatic narrative that, depoetized and de-intellectualized, is no more than a melodrama of suspicion and revenge. So reacting to it, may be, he wrote the sharp music of his introduction as though he visioned the suspense and the awe of the scenes on the battlement, the uncanny promptings of nocturnal sound, the sharp cut of inner sensation; midnight, the ghost and the turbid flood of emotion in Hamlet and the other watchers. There and only there, he writes music that becomes its Shakspearean origin.

Nowhere, as it happens, does Dvoràk do as much in his overture to "Othello," which might better, perhaps, be prelude to the final scenes it would epitomize. For the prayerful, remembering and foreboding Desdemona he can find no more than a gently suave and intrinsically commonplace melody. Music-making rather than the tragic voice of tones brings the Moor. The ominous dialogue is merely sharp-cut by a ready hand. The heavy climax of the sacrifice and the suicide, the lyric and elegiac close, half-lament and half-apotheosis are no more than Dvoràk's simple-hearted and rather pedestrian imaginings over that which kindled Verdi in his opera to a music of genius. The mere memory of it yesterday smothered Dvoràk, Desdemona-like, into silence and oblivion.

Smetana was in better case. He, too, has written a relatively simple-minded and simply conducted music as Gloster and the course of "Richard III."' prompted him to imagination and expression in tones. Like all Smetana's symphonic poems, the evolution of the music, the mating of it with what the books call the "poetic content," is transparently clear. The composer's reactions to play and personage are as obvious. None the less, he has written a finely stark and rugged music, now grim and grave, now turbulent and martial, again of suspensive march and once at least of gaunt suggestion of the swarming phantoms of Gloster's tent. There are piercing phrases, heavy tutti, bleak progressions, clashing dissonances, ghostly modulations, broken trumpets and trumpets sounding in long fanfare down the wind and down the world over a stricken field. Not so much a music of Gloster and of "Richard III." as a music of all the line of Shakspeare's historical plays that stretches from "Richard II." through "Henry V.," of the warlike and desolate time that sets them, of the Hotspurs, the Bolingbrokes, the young king of Agincourt, the Welsh rebels, the loyal lords that go to and fro, big of stride and voice, within them. Bohemian though he was, Smetana has written as true and worthy a Shakspearean music as the Berlioz of "Romeo and Juliet," as the Mendelssohn of the overture and the incidental pieces to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Once more out of that thrice-familiar but still unhackneyed prelude from the suffusing loveliness of the chords of the entering and the vanishing fairies, through the lovers' sighs and the stampings of Bottom and his crew, through Nocturne and Scherzo spoke, albeit in another voice and medium, the Shakspeare of youthful fantasy, humors and poetry, not the most illustrious but the most seductive and—to some of us—the most cherished Shakspeare of them all.

H. T. P.

[142]

From
Address
Date
Estab

Monitor
Sat.
April 22nd

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES UP PROGRAM TO SHAKESPEARE

SYMPHONY HALL—Twenty-second program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck conducting, in commemoration of Shakespeare, afternoon of April 21. The program: Smetana, "Richard III.," symphonic poem, op. 11; Berlioz, "Romeo and Juliet," dramatic symphony with chorus, solo voices, and prologue in choral recitative after Shakespeare's tragedy, op. 17, (a) Queen Mab: scherzo; (b) garden scene; (c) ball at Capulet's; Tschaikowsky, "Hamlet," overture fantasia, op. 67 A; Mendelssohn, music to Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," for orchestra, soprano solos and female chorus, op. 61, (a) overture, (b) nocturne, (c) scherzo; Dvorak, overture, "Othello," op. 93.

Musical pageantry this program was, and it all testified to the wedding of the intellectual and the emotional in Shakespeare and the zest he communicated through his characters to their interpreters. These interpreters Friday happened to be using the medium of instrumental tone in combination, but nevertheless though they might characterize merely, or establish a mood and to only a slight degree carry forward action, still the program taken as a whole left the impression that "Hamlet" always leaves of completeness. All the elements of drama are present in "Hamlet." And in the Boston Symphony orchestra's commemoration program the five composers contributed each an element that Shakespeare had, fused and indissoluble, in his work.

Good composers, being honest, take from Shakespeare what they can grasp, and if each one sees a different thing the audience may combine them and have the complete Shakespeare again. It would be guessed that Tschaikowsky's Hamlet would be the Hamlet of the morose mood. And that Mendelssohn would be inspired to the best music perhaps that he wrote by the sparkling fantasy of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Each of these and Smetana in his "Richard III." drew from the dramatist as much as they contributed themselves, and the result was Shakespeare.

In only one of the pieces was a personage characterized—in "Richard III." Smetana has in this done some of his best work. It is bright with brass. Smetana interprets even somber themes and passages with his trumpets, as if to say "this is somber and I shall make it so, but I shall not be robbed of my joy in doing it." His Richard is the hideous figure, the traditional one, and the composer revealed him by the use of apparently formless dissonances. There is some little attempt at narration here, also.

Berlioz goes to "Romeo and Juliet" for his program and his inspiration. Out of this "dramatic" symphony with its twenty-odd sections, Dr. Muck took only three. The "Queen Mab" is a fantasia on Mercutio's speech: "O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you." The second is the garden scene with the lovers. Berlioz is successful here in places and not in others. At all times he is giving the symbols that people expect rather than a true transcript. The third is the scene at the ball. This contains a passage for oboe that, played by Mr. Longy, will be remembered, along with a passage for oboe in the Tschaikowsky that came next. It is playing of the kind that explains why this orchestra sometimes plays up to its reputation, for there are others in it besides Mr. Longy who can from the orchestra depths phrase a passage to make one forget many perhaps weary hours of listening to recognized solo instruments, or even to the wooden performances this same great orchestra sometimes nods long enough to give. The performance Friday owes much to Mr. Longy.

If Mendelssohn caught joy from Shakespeare, Tschaikowsky, from the biographies, would go straight to Hamlet, as being an allied personality in some measure. There is a bond between the composer and the Danish prince. Tschaikowsky wrote perhaps most sincerely of the composers represented. He presented most graphically, at any rate, the drama of emotion. His medium prevented him from touching very closely the drama of intellect, even if he were inclined to do so. Hamlet, without articulation of the intellect is hardly half of Hamlet, but it is as well that composers are barred from comments on this phase of their subjects, if biographies are ever correct, which may be doubted. When Shakespeare touched a subject he had a way of saying very nearly all that could be said on it. By intellectual grace he transmuted the themes of pure melodrama. Shakespeare appeals to the heart, but not direct. It is Hamlet's story that appeals as well as his speeches, but—because of his speeches.

In these detached episodes, and the Dvorak "Othello" Shakespeare again contributes to human happiness through the composers, for it is Shakespeare more than the composers or the orchestra that conjured up the finely played program.

Herald
April 30th

THE POPS

The opening of the annual season of Pop concerts at Symphony Hall will find a warm welcome in the great public which has come to look on these concerts as one of the chief means of entertainment during the spring season. A year ago, when the orchestra was away in San Francisco for three weeks and there were no such concerts during that time, their absence was sorely felt. This year, as in all seasons for many past, except last, the Pop concerts follow directly on the heels of the Symphony concerts. The last Symphony concert is Saturday evening, May 6, and the first Pop concert is Monday evening, May 8. In a sense, however, the season of Pops formally opens Tuesday evening, May 9, for the Women's City Club of Boston has taken the hall for Monday evening, and such tickets as they have to sell are to be had at their clubhouse, 40 Beacon street.

Already several special nights have been arranged for. The alumni of Amherst College will have their annual night at the Pops Wednesday evening, May 17. This has come to be one of the most popular events of the season, for the crowd of Amherst men is always large, and they are famous as singers.

The Roxbury Latin school a year ago took a night at the Pops with such success that Head Master Gleason expects it to become an annual event. This year it is set for Friday evening, May 26. It is expected that the Harvard Club chorus will help in the evening's entertainment.

Boston University has its annual night Wednesday, June 7, and "Tech" will take an evening off from the celebrations with which they open their new buildings long enough to be in Symphony Hall the evening of Wednesday, June 14. Other special nights are being arranged for and will be announced in due course of time.

Particular emphasis should be laid this year upon the size of the orchestra employed at these concerts. At each concert there will be a minimum of 75 musicians; but, on any special occasions when more men are required, as, for example, on Wagner nights, a greater number can be used, for all the members of the orchestra, except the principals, are available for these concerts.

All three conductors have strong followings in Boston. Mr. Schmidt, the assistant conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, who opens the season, made many friends last year and his "Blue-White" march was the hit of the season. Mr. Maquarre is an old hand at the Pops and may be relied upon to provide his usual entertaining programs, while Mr. Lenom comes toward the end of the season. The programs of the first week will be out in a few days.

Globe
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April 30

"Pop" Concert Season Soon to Open in Symphony Hall

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Boston Post
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MONITOR
—APRIL 29—

"TAM O' SHANTER" PIECE CONDUCTED BY THE COMPOSER

SYMPHONY HALL—Twenty-third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of April 28. The program: Rimsky-Korsakoff, overture, "The Betrothed of the Tsar"; George W. Chadwick, "Tam o'Shanter," ballade for orchestra (conducted by the composer, first performance in Boston); Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," tone poem.

The annual music festival of Norfolk, Conn., is doing much for composers. It is giving them practice, helping them to master their technique, enabling them to keep alert in their instrumentation. It is encouraging minor orchestral poets to persevere and write. Under its rule of presenting something original each season, it is opening a clear way for symphonic artists to the public, letting them approach by a door where no ungracious concert manager stands guard.

All this the institution in the southern New England hills is accomplishing. The same thing other organizations in a feeling of civic zeal have done; for example, the Metropolitan opera, by performing new pieces on its stage; and the National Federation of Musical Clubs by holding prize contests. Great seems the pity that in spite of what they do to encourage composers, they do so little to advance the art of composition; that with their high purpose to get music made, they succeed so poorly in achieving any solid community expression.

A work performed a little while ago at a Symphony concert, the "Lucifer" tone poem of Hadley, and one of the works on the twenty-third program, the "Tam o'Shanter" ballade of Chadwick, illustrate the results of Norfolk encouragement and of musical patronage in the United States generally in the last 10 years. The pieces are admirable in their scoring, impressive in their descriptive and dramatic effects, well-proportioned and strongly built. And yet they leave expression just where they found it. They add a good deal to the sum of notes already written but nothing to the sum of thought already clearly uttered.

Listeners must generally [illegible] these two works want originality of content. They can hardly help finding that Hadley's "Lucifer," on the one hand, repeats what European composers said with finality long ago, showing, perhaps, a new arrangement of tone-picture formulas, but causing no essential surprise. They can hardly help finding that Chadwick's "Tam o'Shanter," on the other hand, repeats what the composer himself has long since said conclusively, exploiting fresh literary matter, admittedly, but bringing forward scarcely an idea but can be matched in the "Lochinvar" ballade for baritone and orchestra, the symphonic sketches or the sinfonietta in F major.

Narrowly appraised, the two works may be made to look like real contributions to the musical total of things. They can be shown, undoubtedly, to have enriched the festival programs on which they first appeared. They can be proved, likely enough, to have done more for the glamour of the Norfolk annual scheme of entertainment than any repertory works could. But the issue is now as to their permanent value; it touches their success in expressing the sentiment not of a special group on a single holiday occasion, but of the community at large in its ordinary concert mood.

The players at the matinee gave Mr. Chadwick the best efforts they could command, considering what they had to give their own conductor in the Rimsky-Korsakoff piece before "Tam O'Shanter" and in the Strauss piece after it. They were inclined to expend their tone lavishly on the visitor and were not altogether submissive when he bade them soften down. They may be supposed to have had difficulty in summoning the light touch to stringed instruments and the controlled breath to wind instruments that the new piece in some of its humorous passages required. They were drilled to "Zarathustra" as the principal number of the day and they had to treat everything that came to hand as if the composer of "Zarathustra" wrote it.

In their presentation of the Strauss episodes based on Nietsche's philosophic romance, the men displayed a magnificence of tone and a breadth of phrasing that meant they were having one of their best days. They put a largeness into their phrasing and a vividness into their contrasts of volume of sound that they achieve only when they know their music well and like it.

- POST -
APRIL 29

CHADWICK CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

"Tam O'Shanter" Played—Dr. Muck's Genius in Strauss

BY OLIN DOWNES

The 23d programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, presented yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was one of the most interesting and well balanced that have been presented this season. The compositions were Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture to his opera, "The Betrothed of the Czar"; George W. Chadwick's symphonic poem, "Tam o' Shanter," heard for the first time here, and conducted by the composer, and Richard Strauss' symphonic poem after Nietzsche, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

HUMOR OF CHADWICK

Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture is a delightful piece of music, based on themes of Russian origin or character, orchestrated simply, but with a peculiar and exhilarating brilliancy.

The poem of Burns, the suggestion of the moaning of night wind, of Tam reeling drunk on his mare, of the hellish orgy that he witnessed, and the escape with the loss of nothing worse than the mare's gray tail—these episodes are especially suitable for treatment by Mr. Chadwick. One of his most excellent characteristics as a composer is his humor, and in this symphonic poem there are pages of wholesome, extravagant, fantastical farce. There is the music suggestive of the howling winds, and the drunken Scotch tune given principally to rollicking horns. The confusion of keys, the conflicting of rhythms and of orchestral colors is a shrewd stroke.

The defects of the piece are that it remains too long, that certain instrumental effects are overworked, that the epilogue escapes the reproach

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[illegible] and of rather conventional cadences. But as a whole this is one of the most characteristic and forceful of Mr. Chadwick's later compositions. He seemed to work his will with the orchestra, which played superbly. After the performance the composer was called back repeatedly to the stage.

Impressed by "Zarathustra"

The audience was deeply impressed by Strauss' tone poem, and, indeed, at a time when a new chord a minute is the rule, and Strauss himself has more than once paralleled the technical achievement of his tone-poem after Nietzsche, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," remains one of the seven wonders of orchestral literature. The trumpet that mounts like a gleaming sword with the world motive, the response of the orchestra to its call, and the blinding radiance of the great C major harmony which brings the introduction to a close is surely as near the unspeakable as an artist can attain. Because of its spiritual daring, its unconquerable fantasy, Zarathustra is for many of us a step farther than anything else that Strauss wrote, or for that matter, than any man since Richard Wagner has written.

Two years ago Dr. Muck performed "Zarathustra" for the first time here, and performed it as though he were mentally disputing every assertion of Nietzsche, or Strauss, or both. Yesterday the performance was far more eloquent. It seemed that the conductor, too, had been caught up in the composer's chariot of fire, and the exposition of many details of the score, which ordinarily pass unobserved, was little less than marvelous. Moreover, if anyone wants to see a conductor whose mental and physical self-control are nothing short of miraculous, he has only to watch Dr. Mephistopheles Muck beat two or three different rythms at one time, with only two arms, as he does in conducting the great fugue. Such a dissection of that fugue, and yet such a dramatic interpretation of the passage, had not been witnessed before in this city—first the entrances of the subject and the incredible complications of the free exposition, then the sudden, impatient and joyous entrance of the theme of the ideal, and then the mighty gathering of the fugue to its climax, the trombones marching upward, with the tread of millions, and the shouting trumpet descending—a picture, indeed, which words will never paint.

Was Intended Seriously

On the other hand, there are still places in Dr. Muck's reading which have for us a rather episodic character, and which lack what might be called a characteristic rhetorical flourish.

One feels that it is not always easy for Dr. Muck to take Strauss' colossal extravagance seriously. But Zarathustra was composed in six months, and only because the composer succeeded in taking himself with infinite seriousness, and in a like attitude must the music be interpreted. In this work over-attention to detail is dangerous.

Yet the performance, in its entirety, was engrossing and dramatic and a deeply-stirred audience departed homewards.

GLOBE

APRIL 29

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Chadwick's 'Tamo'Shanter' Played First Time

Dr Muck and Orchestra in Masterly Performance of 'Zarathustra'

The performance of Strauss' stupendous tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," by Dr Muck and the Symphony Orchestra at the concert yesterday afternoon was one appropriately big in conception and brilliant in virtuosity. The new 32-foot reed pipe, especially installed for the deep organ point of the opening measures and their climax, shook the air with its vibration and was as the voice of the great deep.

The attempt to solve Nietzsche's world riddle by carefully programed music of the successive experiences of Zarathustra, the "beyond man," may seem within the bounds of orchestral expression. Spontaneity at times seems stifled, whatever the skill of construction. The recurring world motive of roat, fifth and octave becomes an intrusion in its persistent return. One may wish the composer had been less slavish in his adherence to it, but none will deny the crowing majesty of the introduction, or the beauty now poignant, now sensuous in "of the Great Yearning," "of Joys and Passions," in the "Grave Song." The fugued passage to science is a masterpiece in characterization of academic learning.

The belief that "no diabolical power can pursue God beyond the middle of a running stream" is called the basis of Burns' tale in verse "Tam O' Shanter." And so, Tam O' Shanter riding madly from Alloway Kirk, where he had seen the "hellish legion dancing" headed for the river Doon, and was half way across before "cutty sark" could seize his horse's tail.

Mr Chadwick has been attracted by the character of this care-free roisterer, with little to trouble him other than his Scotch superstitions. In the ballade bearing the hero's name, played yesterday for the first time in Boston and conducted by the composer, he has laid literal stress on the humorous Terrors of Tam's wild ride and upon the pursuit of the shrieking witches.

The carousing passed, there is a closing passage of melodic beauty over characteristic harmony, which is among the best pages from the composer's later works. Mr Chadwick was warmly welcomed when he took the stand, and recalled several times after the performance.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture to his opera "[illegible] Betrothed of the Tsar," in

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[illegible] filled with color and rhythmic vitality, was played brilliantly.

JOURNAL

APRIL 29

CHADWICK PIECE WARMLY GREETED

Boston Composer's Ballade Played at Symphony Concert.

George W. Chadwick's ballade for orchestra, "Tam o' Shanter," which is based on Burns' familiar verses, was performed in Boston for the first time at yesterday's Symphony concert, with the composer conducting. It proved to be one of the most interesting novelties of the season, and Mr. Chadwick was recalled by the applause again and again at the end of it.

In the program book reference is made to Carlyle's view that in the poem, "the strange chasm which yawns in our incredulous imaginations between the Ayr public-house and the gate of Tophet is nowhere bridged over . . . and thus the tragedy of the adventure become a mere drunken phantasmagoria or many-colored spectrum painted on ale-vapors." Mr. Chadwick has succeeded in a measure in bridging the chasm, being a master of the orchestral medium, although the climacteric scene at the bridge passes without any particular impressiveness after the vivid painting of the frenetic ride.

Otherwise, the tone picture is impressively done. The environment is clear and purely Scottish; the rapidly succeeding episodes are depicted with skill and imagination, especially effective being the introduction of snatches of the old Scottish tune of "Martyrs" in the Kirk Alloway scene; and while the composer has dealt with his theme realistically for the most part, he has provided a groundwork of melody that matches the lyric grace of the verses and that would commend the ballade to music lovers who have not lost their taste for good tunes.

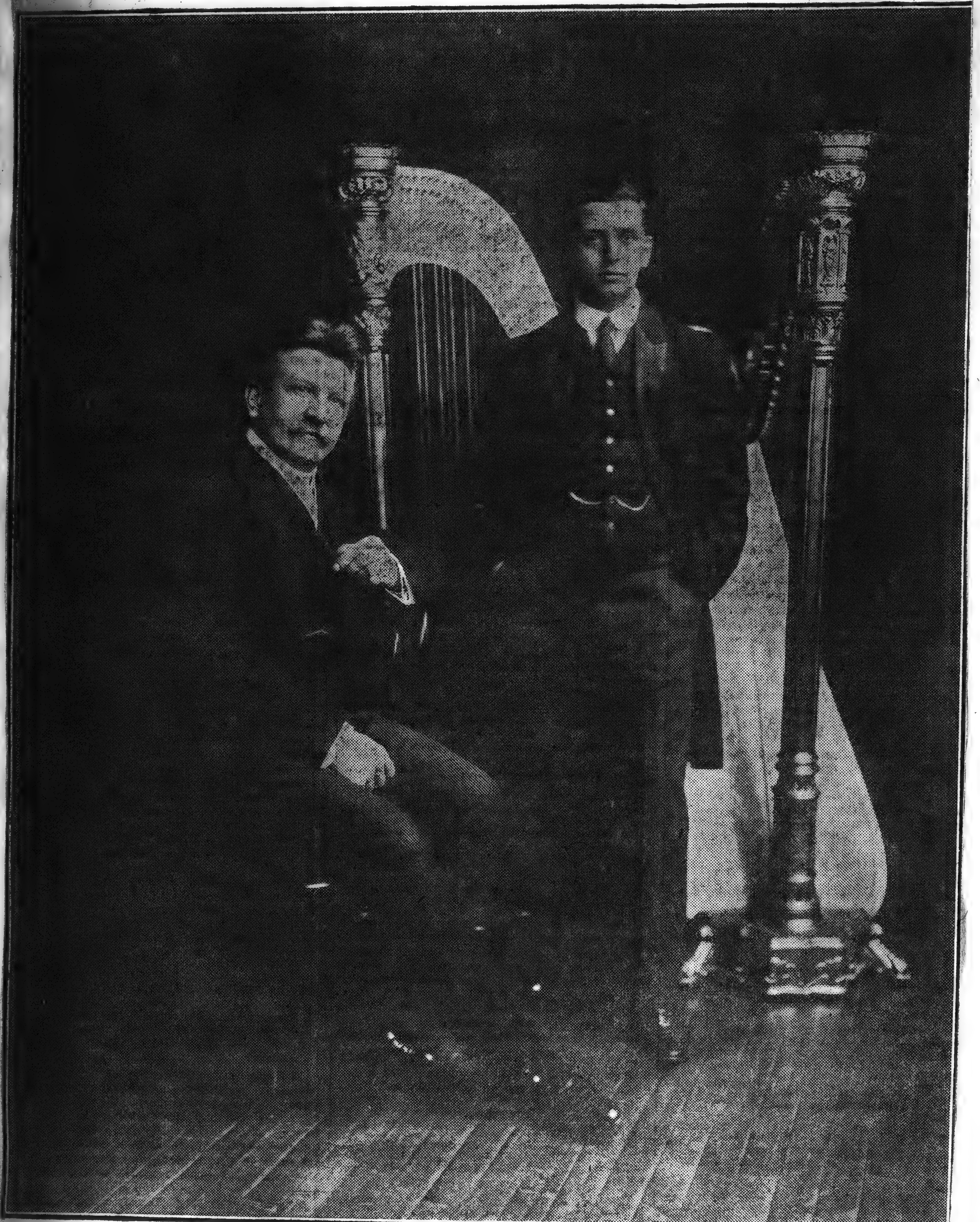
The hand of Boston's most distinguished composer still retains its cunning. "Tam o' Shanter" is generally a brilliant effort—a work that need not be applauded perfunctorily and merely out of local pride.

The orchestra was in fine form all through the concert, which, by the way, is one of the shortest of the season. Dr. Muck conducted the performance of the long absent overture to one of the Romsky-Korsakoff operas, "The Betrothed of the Tsar," and one of the monumental Strauss tone poems, "Thus Spake Zarathustra." This week's concerts are certain to be voted excellent.

The season will close next week with a striking program. Liszt's "Dante" symphony will be the first number, and in the "Purgatory" movement the "Magnificat" will be sung by a woman's chorus from the Musical Art Club, which Stephen Townsend has trained. The other numbers will be excerpts from Wagner music-dramas—the prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," the funeral music from "The Dusk of the Gods" and the prelude to "Parsifal."

TRANSCRIPT
APRIL-27

Familiar Figures of the Symphony Concerts



Alfred Holy, First Harp; Thedore Cella, Second Harp

ADVERTISER
APRIL-29

BRILLIANT NEW WORK BY CHADWICK

Feature of Entirely Orchestral Program at Symphony Concert

MOST IMPORTANT SCORE IN AMERICAN REPERTOIRE

Picturesque and Dramatic Work Can Hold Its Own With Europe's Best

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM

Rimski-Korsakoff. "La Fiancee du Tsar." Overture.
Chadwick. "Tam o'Shanter." Ballade for Orchestra.
Strauss. "Also Sprach Zarathustra." Symphonic Poem.

An entirely orchestral concert, and entirely interesting from beginning to end. We might add, too, that it was entirely modern, but in the best modern school, without eccentricities or senseless experiments. The first work was a good example of Russian melodic beauty. The greatest promise of the new Russian school lies in the fact that it does not disdain melodic beauty, and this overture by Rimski-Korsakoff was altogether charming in its melodic grace its neat development, its brusque contrasts. It was much applauded and both musician and non-musician concurred in the favorable verdict.

In the last number of the program the supreme power of tone-coloring which the modern Germans possess was strongly in evidence, and the complexity of figure treatment which is creeping into the Teutonic music was also shown. This is all well enough when a tonal giant like Richard Strauss does the juggling, but in lesser hands this working of figures to death becomes very tiresome, and Reznicek, Reger, Bischoff, Lendvai, and others, become a heavy task for their auditors. And even Strauss is led into extremes by his skill in figure treatment, as witness his "Rosenkavalier," but generally saves himself by his skill in tone-coloring. "Zarathustra" minus its marvellous tone-coloring might be a rather boresome proposition. Nevertheless, in its brilliant scoring it is by no means dull to the trained auditor, and it was not written for the common herd.

It was a decidedly severe test for Mr. Chadwick's composition to be placed between the piquant melodies of Rimski-Korsakoff and the magnificent tone-coloring of Richard Strauss, but it came through the ordeal triumphantly. "Tam o' Shanter" is one of the most important scores in the whole American repertoire. Dr. Muck has, it seems, taken the American muse under his especial guardianship this year, and has given us native compositions both digestible and indigestible. It was a definite advance from Hill's amorous complexities of Lancelot and Guinevere, and Hadley's angels which marched into battle headed by military drums, to the bacchanalian adventure of Tam o' Shanter as narrated by Chadwick. The ballad (for thus Mr. Chadwick chooses to call it) was thoroughly dramatic, juicily humorous, and finely scored. It was a large score, too, calling for xylophone, rattle, Chinese drum, sand block, gong, and two piccolos, in addition to many other forces, the unusual instruments being employed effectively in the satanic orgie and subsequent chase.

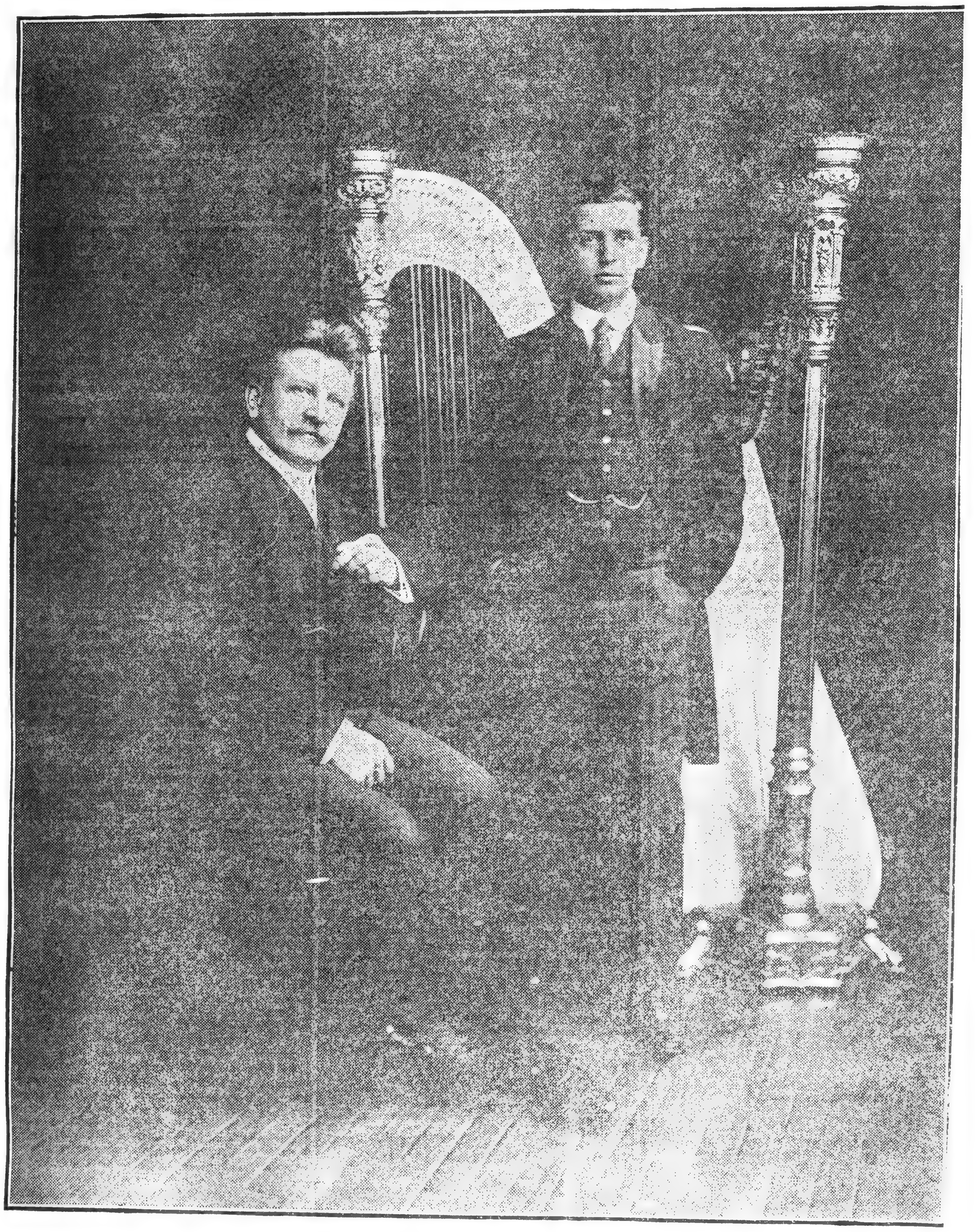
"Tam o' Shanter" is an excellent subject for musical treatment; the storm, the carousing, the witches' revelry, the audacious shout at Nannie, the sudden cessation of the dance, the wild pursuit, the escape, make a shifting panorama that is full of tonal possibilities and the composer has taken the fullest advantage of these. It is remarkable program music, and it is something more, for there are touches, especially at the end, which could be enjoyed without knowing the tale.

There are many legends about Alloway kirk in Scotland, but this summing up by Burns is the only one that is imperishable.

The work begins, like Schubert's

Transcript
April-27

Familiar Figures of the Symphony Concerts



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Advertiser
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"Erlking," with the storm and the wind. Here are triplets and chromatics which give a sufficiently striking picture, while the muted horns give a baleful premonition of coming evil. Then there is an excellent contrast as Tam is pictured most comfortably drinking with the landlord and Souter Johnie. Tam's own motive, which enters here, is delightfully Gaelic, with its Scotch snap and its use of the pentatonic scale.

"The night drove on wi' songs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better."

The auditor can easily trace Tam's condition in the music. It is a very cosy contrast, the picture of Tam snugly ensconced in the ingle, enjoying himself, and the muttering of the storm outside, with the roll of distant thunder. Mr. Chadwick does not make Tam the "Blethering, blustering drunken blellum" that his wife calls him, but a more lovable, Rip-Van-Winkle-like character. The Scottish touches are not driven to excess but they are used very effectively at this part of the work, and, by the way, Tam's figure comes back at the end, quite sobered up, in a tender and quiet finale.

Now follows the unwilling departue and the jog-tot home as upon Maggie, the mare.

"Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind and rain and fire."

The steady tromp of the mare is very graphically and clearly depicted. Trombones give a chorale-like theme at the approach to Alloway Kirk, and now comes the episode where the most spicy part of the music is naturally placed, and where all of the unusual instruments mentioned above are royally employed. This is a most fiery picture. The pizzicato mystery, as a background, upon the strings, the blatant muted horns, the entrance of Xylophone, the rattle and rasp of sand-block and the squeals of piccolos show the witches at

"Hornpipes, jigs, Strathspeys and reels" and the composer sees to it that for the next few minutes the piccolos earn their salary. Then comes Tam's audacious shout—"Weel done, cutty sark!"—(most clearly indicated), a pause and a gong stroke, quite alone, an anxious, inquiring measure, another pause, another louder gong stroke and then the chase begins.

There are many races in music. There is Wagner's racing stud in "Die Walkure," Raff's steeds driven by Frau Holle, Berlioz's black stallions in the Ride to Hades, and many others, not to speak of the pedestrian in Dvorak's "Spectre's Bride," but none call for such quick and changing contrasts as this run. And now the two piccolos scream for all they are worth as the satanic tribe rush after Tam. The gallop of Maggie, the mare, is well depicted, the final spurt is most exciting, when suddenly—a halt! The middle of the bridge is past; Maggie has lost her tail, but she and her rider are safe. Now follows a Lento Dolente passage, possibly showing that Tam's Spirituous courage has evaporated and the more earnest measures may serve to inculcate the moral with which the poem ends.

"Now wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man, and mother's son take heed,
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear
Remember Tam o'Shanter's mare."

The work is the most truly picturesque and dramatic that we can recall in the American repertoire. The large modern orchestra is handled with masterly skill by the composer, and the geniality, which is characteristic of Mr. Chadwick, extends through the entire ballad.

The work led by the composer and played by the orchestra with a full understanding of its meaning. The contrasts were finely brought out and it seemed that every auditor was "en rapport" with it, for at the end there was applause, loud and long-continued, and Mr. Chadwick, the composer-conductor was recalled three times with great enthusiasm. "Tam o' Shanter" is undoubtedly one of the very best of American works and can hold its own with the best European symphonic poems.

HERALD
-APRIL 29-

PLAY CHADWICK BALLADE UNDER AUTHOR'S BATON

Symphony Orchestra Gives Composition First Rendition in Boston—Work Illustrates Burns's "Tam o' Shanter"—Program Will Be Repeated This Evening.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, overture to "The Betrothed of the Tsar,"; Chadwick, Ballade for orchestra, "Tam o' Shanter" (first time in Boston); Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

Mr. Chadwick conducted his Ballade, which, composed in 1914, was first performed at a concert of the Litchfield County Choral Union festival, held at Norfolk, Ct., June 3, 1915. Since then it has been played by the Symphony orchestras of Minneapolis and Chicago.

This Ballade must be ranked with Mr. Chadwick's more original and most characteristic compositions. He has written well for orchestra in classic and academic forms. His "Melpomene" overture has nobility and emotion; an overture that would be creditable to a composer of rank in any country. There are other works of long breath that show the workmanship of the skilled musician; but certain individual qualities, qualities that reveal a strong and peculiar personality, are to be found rather in the Scherzo of his second symphony, his "Symphonic Sketches" and "Tam o' Shanter." In these pieces there is humor that might justly be called American, a freedom of expression that is delightful recklessness, a devil-may-care spirit in the invention, and in the harmonic and orchestral expression, while at the same time these compositions are the recreations of a thoroughly grounded, well-equipped, thoughtful musician.

His latest orchestral work is in illustration of Burns's poem. Although a description of the Ballade, said to be inspired by the composer, has been printed in the program books from the start, there is no needs of a description in words for him that knows the poem. Mr. Chadwick's exposition of the various episodes is clear and unmistakable in his music. First there is the storm without the ale-house, and here as in all sections of the Ballade but one, the moderation of the composer is artistic. This storm, vividly portrayed, is not one of tragic import. There is the suggestion, however, of weather that would keep any man on any night snug by the "ingle," whether he were alone or with his souter Johnny. The Tam o' Shanter theme is a happy inspiration —a chorus in the manner of a Scotch tune that might be sung by malt worms and toss pots, brave two-handed drinkers. The beginning of the ride is deftly indicated and the "trotting figure" is not abused. The church is reached. We hear a choral theme taken from the old Scotch tune, "Martyrs," one of the tunes sung by Burns's cotter. "Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame." A pause leads one to think of Tam astonished at the sight of the church in a blaze of light. He watches the warlochs and witches in their dances—hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels. The tunes have demoniacal life; the instrumentation is appropriately fantastical. With Tam's famous applause for "Cutty-Sark," the ride is resumed with the witches in pursuit.

All this is excellent. According to the program "the music now loses its descriptive and realistic character and becomes more subjective." This epilogue seems to us too long and at times too sentimental. What is the moral as told by Burns?

Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or Cutty-Sarks run in your mind,
Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shauter's mare.

The Tam o' Shanter theme is now heard as a quiet, sustained melody. We doubt if Tam was lyrically inclined the next morning. Ten to one he had a severe katzenjammer. A little music indicating remorse—say the Tam o' Shanter theme transformed into something doleful, penitential—might better round the work. Strauss, in the prelude and epilogue of "Till Eulenspiegel," is heard saying at first "once upon a time," and at the end "Now I have told you the story," etc., but these measures are few in number.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture is of a light nature as a prelude to a grim opera dealing with treachery, love potions, poison, madness and murder. The opening section is the most striking section of the composition; the theme has character; there is a national flavor; the treatment is interesting. But the flowing second theme might have come to any writer of operettas as he was lathering his face before breakfast, and the contrapuntal tricks of the composer do not save him.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave an unusually impressive performance of Strauss's huge "machine," to quote the slang term of Parisian studios. The new 32-ft. reed in the organ enlarged the solidity of the foundation in the more majestic moments. Every member of the orchestra was an accomplished virtuoso in the ensemble. Yet in spite of the performance this tone-poem of Strauss again seemed inferior to "Don Quixote" and even "Heldenleben," far less romantic and moving than "Till," "Death and Transfiguration," and "Don Juan." There are more pages here than elsewhere that are fundamentally common, vulgar. If the fugured section "Of Science" is a joke at the expense of all knowledge, it is a dismal one, intolerably long-winded and dull.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week, the last of the season, is as follows: Liszt, "Dante" Symphony; Wagner, Prelude to "Tristam and Isolde." Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods," Prelude to "Parsifal."

TRANSCRIPT
-APRIL 29-

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

ZARATHUSTRA AND TAM O' SHANTER MATED

A Unique Performance of Strauss's Tone-Poem That Made It Sound as a Masterpiece of Music, with Conductor, Orchestra and Audience at Utmost Pitch — The Contrasts of Mr. Chadwick's Ingenious and Amusing Ballad — His Humor Again

THOSE that sat in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon heard in "Thus Spake Zarathustra" as remarkable a performance of any music as Dr. Muck and the orchestra have ever achieved through the long association that has made the two as one. They heard also such a performance of Strauss's tone-poem as had never—it is nearly safe to say—fallen upon their ears before and may never fall upon them again. For the hour it was truly a deed of inspiration in the conductor, in the orchestra, in the audience even, since it has its share, when it is so swayed and transported, in the reactions it carries to leader and men. Whether this evening will renew the inspiration, none may say; but few that heard the performance will be quite willing to believe that there can be another like it, when the music of Strauss and all that it would impart; the conductor and the orchestra that were the transmitting and the intensifying medium; the audience, possessed for a time by a common understanding and a common emotion, were not only as one but were more also than are their ordinary selves. Once and again, since Dr. Muck has led the Symphony Orchestra and when the music in hand has invited such descent, the divine fire has descended upon a Symphony Concert. It fell again yesterday, and the breath of it melted music, performance and response into a single whole, quintessential, ideal, wordless.

The performance was remarkable, first of all, for the understanding, the imagination, the personal emotion even, with which Dr. Muck opened and imparted Strauss's music. He has known "Zarathustra" since the composer showed to him his early sketches for it; he followed it as it rose under his friend's hand to final magnitude; together the two have pored over the finished score; apart the conductor, as is his custom, has studied it long and deeply; more and more, as he freely acknowledges, it has kindled and moved him. With that penetrating and coördinating mind which in the sum of his many abilities may be Dr. Muck's finest faculty, he could stretch Strauss's great canvas, lay upon it the long lines of the tone-poem never once breaking, never once halting, through all its intricacies; hold them in unity and cumulation; set in individual clearness and mutual proportion each detail; paint the whole in the color and out of the passion that from moment to moment possessed the creating composer. The dryest analyst might have followed "Zarathustra" from the first deep measures of the organ to the unresolved dissonance of the end and found it as close, clearly and flawlessly woven as a web of the Gobelins or Beauvais. The most pedantic searcher after detail could not have missed one from the pointing hand of Dr. Muck and the pointing voices of the orchestra.

Marvellous indeed as a sheer piece of exposition in music was that fugato of the vanities of learning when scholarship would read the riddle of living—the unfolding of the musical thought; the intricate play with it; the withering of it; the upswelling of the climax wherein life lived and maybe dreamed is more puissant than all the science of the schools. Recall again, the ascending transition out of the music of the dance of joyous existence into the deep and mighty meaures of the aspiration of the night; the great climax over the sombrely booming bell as though there were naught in the world but that infinite longing, ever unfulfilled; the slow softening of the music into spiritual ecstasy out of which rises reiterated, as with the intruding dawn, the piercing questioning, more imperative and agonized at each repetition, the dark answer that none may read. A mystic and mysterious music, searching those that hear, as it sounded yesterday, and no mere vivid effect of the concert-room. And if magnificence and multiloquence were the word, remember the stirring depths, the mounting radiance, the flaming trumpets, the final flood of streaming tone that brings Zarathustra—and his music—into the world. Once more from Strauss and from the orchestra, the birth was sublime.

Yet emotion—as it seemed an intense personal emotion, be it never so controlled—bore part no less than understanding and imagination, design and divination, in this unique performance of a unique music. To the splendors of that introduction of the might of men facing the riddle of life succeed solemn measures of the religious impulse which would solve it—the Strauss of grave and meditative beauty in tones; to it followed

surcharged with the poetry of tones so easy to forget in Strauss because he has also power and irony, wit and whim—music that opens the secrets of the inmost and the finest-tempered impulses of the human heart, that Strauss may write in its kind, as we have lately learned, at due moment even in a comedy of tones, no less than in an epic of the strivings and the bafflings of life; the music that beyond any other is the token and the crowning bent of his genius. It was as though Dr. Muck answering were reading out this music in the beauty that Strauss hid on the pages that bear it. Outside Franck none like it has been written in our day.

Then to the nervous passion, the restless joys, the sharp biting phrases, the racking progressions—the music of human futility as Dr. Muck made it sound, declining into the weariness of that plaintive music of the oboe, that almost stills the longing. So past the scorning of learning and the mounting passion of living and longing that floods it down and away into the first tingling measures that are to bring the rapture of the dance of joy. It is the custom to say that in spite of all his seeming exaltation in "Zarathustra," and all his cunning with his means, Strauss has here written a lapsing and even a trivial music. It did not sound so yesterday, in the intensity, especially of rhythming, with which Dr. Muck summoned that eager rapture, in his heightening of it by every device of modulation and cumulation, in the suffusing or the flashing beauty of tone that the orchestra shed upon it. Steadily the flood of exultation rose and beat, until it was still and smooth, into the great calm climax of the music of the night. Now it is divination that so discovers what lies within music that superficially may deserve the usual reproach and it is emotion that in performance so transfigures it.

Played in such inspiration, so touched by the divine fire, "Zarathustra" seemed yesterday the very masterpiece of Strauss among his tone-poems and a very masterpiece of the music of this our day, or of a day that is but a little behind us. It lacks indeed the youthful intensities, the passionate splendors of "Don Juan." There is no room in such grave matter for the wit, the whim, the irony of "Til Eulenspiegel." Only sharpness of delineation, magnificence of voice and the ringing undernote of its "Quit you like men," save "Death and Transfiguration" from the sentimental rhetoric that sets pitfalls for Mahler and Bruckner. "Don Quixote" is characterization in tones and so of explicit limitations. The "Sinfonia Domestica" is the private memoir in music of Richard Strauss, father, husband, composer, poet and genius. "Ein Heldenleben," with all its epical bigness, lacks fineness of fibre and of feeling, though it does stretch the same great canvas upon which to set forth the mysteries and the contradictions of life.

Strauss's imaginary hero conquers or withstands; but he does not read these riddles or penetrate these secrets. There is no hero in "Zarathustra," load it down with Nietzschean notes as the commentators may. There is only the great figure of mankind—a figure dear to the German imagination in all the arts—that rises out of the sublime introduction, to search out these mysteries, to solve these riddles. In him is the great longing that drives him ever and ever forward to that which he can never attain, that consoles him as everlastingly when he knows that it is unobtainable. The stream of life flows forward—faith, joys, passions, weariness, learning, as much of its vicissitude and contradiction as Strauss could well compress into a single tone-poem; floods, as it may, into joyous rapture only to rise again to the finer and deeper ecstasy of the great and sustained longing. Once more at the end the unsoluble riddle shrills and mutters; but behind, still luminous, is the great pillar of that ideal aspiration. Here surely is epic poetry of the deeper things of the universal heart, written in music with a beauty as fine and deep as they, with a power as still and strong.

The rest of the concert, as it seemed after "Zarathustra" was done and a transported audience in those tense instants of silence that more signify than rounds upon rounds of applause, had regained itself and daily reality—the rest of the concert seemed as mere vanished preluding to as marvellous and exalted an hour as the Symphony Concerts have ever known. No doubt Rimsky-Korsakov's overture to his opera, "The Betrothed of the Tsar" is an engaging piece, pleasantly savory of Russian folk-song, the composer's invention with lyric melody and his fancy and skill in light play with harmony, instrumentation and, as they seemed after "Zarathustra" other futilities of learning. No doubt Mr. Chadwick's ballad for orchestra is an ingenious and amusing piece in which the composer transparently, expertly and spiritedly delineates the successive episodes in the midnight and harried ride of Burns's "Tam o' Shanter"; makes equal play with Scottish folk-tune and hymn, his own keen sense of robust humor in music—his individualizing trait among American composers—and the constructive and decorative skill born of long experience with music-making. As truly it is of Mr. Chadwick as American in his sentimental epilogue as he has been in his free-handed tonal humors. Throughout the ballad, Mr. Chadwick is more spontaneous, fecund, inventive and individual than in many a recent and somewhat labored piece. It is good to hear Mr. Chadwick so in his sixties, even if he has written no more than a fantastic trifle that rollicks through much that contemporary dissonance and confusion of keys opens to a humorously minded composer. Had there been no "Zarathustra" in the same programme and no such wondrous performance of it, to think and to write of "Tam o' Shanter" would be easier. Misfortune, not shortcoming, effaced it. H. T. P.

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TRANSCRIPT
-MAY 6-

Ending Another Year of Symphony Concerts

The Final Programme of the Season, with a Glance Backward and Forward Upon Dr. Muck and Other Matters

By H. T. P.

THE usual rites attended yesterday the final afternoon concert for the season of the Symphony Orchestra. That is to say, Symphony Hall was filled to the last seat, and when Dr. Muck came first to his place he was long and warmly applauded. Twice he sought to open the score of Liszt's Dante Symphony and turn to his men, and twice the audience bade him hear its praises for the work of the year and the personal regard as man and master in which not a few of it hold him. The applause was renewed at the close of the symphony, and was not to be stilled until the conductor had thrice returned to the stage. The fragments from Wagner's music-dramas that filled the rest of the concert were clapped beyond the usual, and when the end finally came the listeners lingered beyond ordinary wont to recall Dr. Muck again and again, to applaud him by himself and to applaud him with the orchestra, that is his image, in standing circle about him. In all this farewelling there was a clear and unusual note of personal regard for a conductor and a man who in a twelvemonth of trying circumstance has borne himself so quietly and so impeccably that the mean insinuations of baseless gossip have fallen, not upon him, but upon those that invented and repeated them.

As to German Pieces

One of those insinuations as groundless as the rest, lent a momentary interest to the long pages of statistics of the season that the final programme-book annually assembles. There and there only, is it possible to survey the twenty-four pairs of concerts in retrospect and to measure them by whatever yardstick best pleases the reader. The industrious and meticulous compiler counts his way through many tables that enumerate the pieces played, the "assisting artists," category by category, and all that sort of thing. For once, however, it is a pity that in his divisions and sub-divisions, he did not tabulate by nationality or school the composers of the music heard from week to week since last October. It is true that all this should in no wise matter to a public presumably open-minded to any and all pieces of intrinsic æsthetic interest and quietly resolved that the Symphony Concerts shall keep the catholicity of programme long one of the chief distinctions of them. On the other hand, an appreciable part of that same public has chosen to foster the notion that Dr. Muck—from motives normal to it but strange to him—has included more music from German composers in the Symphony Concerts than ever before in a single season. As a matter of fact, the percentage of "German works"—as the patois of music would call them—has been no higher than for many seasons past and lower than that of one and another year, before it was the fashion to inquire curiously and maliciously into such matters.

Moreover, in the series of concerts now ending, the proportion within these "German works" of acknowledged classics, established and unchallenged the world over—like the music of Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner—has been higher than for many a recent season. Even the purists, who like to fancy themselves at war and imitate European extremists according as their sympathies fall, agree that such pieces are "unexceptionable"—a part of what they, being fond of vague and lofty diction, like to call "the world-heritage." Per contra, outside Strauss's tone-poems, exceptionally few pieces by living German or Austrian hands have been played, partly because almost nothing that was new could be obtained from Berlin or Vienna and partly because Dr. Muck's choice happened to fall relatively seldom on such as he had in hand. "The Hunnish contamination"—to quote the exuberant rhetoricians of the cocktail hour—has been far slighter than it was in many a season before the war spread into Boston. Incredible as it may seem to many a mind over-preoccupied and warped with it, Dr. Muck, whom it closely and deeply touches, takes no thought of it when he sets to the choice of music. His concern, then, is quality and catholicity, interest and contrast and not patriotism—or even prejudice.

A Sore Need in "Soloists"

No: the valid reproaches to Dr. Muck's programmes for the year have been those traversed a few weeks ago in this place—the absence from them of music, equally distributed among French, German and Russian composers, that deserves to be heard at the Symphony Concerts, that a considerable part of the public frequenting them for their own sake is eager to hear and that the conductor strangely overlooks—pieces like d'Indy's second symphony or Debussy's "Iberia"; like Delius's tone poems or another symphony by Mahler, like Rimsky-Korsakov's "Schérazade" or Balakirev's "Thamar," all scores that lie on the shelves of the library or that are readily obtainable on this side of the sea. It is necessary now to renew the regret rather than to recall the list; but the eagerness of the younger generation in the audience and of the elder devotees of symphonic music and of the conductor himself to hear this and much other overlooked music under his hand is keener and wider-spread than perhaps Dr. Muck believes.

To look forward as well as backward discloses another shortcoming in this thirty-fifth year of the Symphony Concerts that is for the management rather than the conductor to remove. There is sore need of new blood and of young blood that has proved its quality among the "assisting artists" summoned to the concerts. Round and round they have gone year after year, with established and middle-aged "soloists" familiar and thrice familiar, diversified only by a few newcomers whose actual performance has more than once suggested that other influences than pure merit set them beside the orchestra. It is no reproach to the high abilities and high rank of Mr. Bauer, for example, to say that he might be spared for a season at the Symphony Concerts, and it is only the truth that by virtue of her past and not her present is Mme. Melba worthy of a place in them. Meanwhile the younger virtuosi, who have proved themselves by their works worthy of the severest standards of Symphony Hall are overlooked or must yield to futile and obvious protégés; while singers of equal deserts receive no call thither. It is time that the public of the Symphony Concerts heard Mr. Spalding and Mr. Zimbalist of the younger violinists and even Mr. Elman again; that it renewed acquaintance with Mme. Zeisler and listened to Mme. Leginska among the pianists; that it saw the quarrel with Mr. Hofmann composed; that it heard the voices of Miss Hempel, Miss Destinn and Mme. Gluck, of Mr. Whitehill and Mr. McCormack—say in the airs of Mozart that he sings incomparably—of this or that ripened and rising singer. True, there are virtuosi so manifold and engrossing that annually the public of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening hears them gladly—Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Kreisler and maybe Mr. Gabrilowitsch for example; but outside these the choice of "soloists" is falling gradually into a rut of the established from which it should be timely lifted. So vital an institution as the Symphony Concerts cannot afford to become routine, elderly, or the playground of occasional "pull."

The Miracle of the Orchestra

Again, if this final day of the Symphony Concerts be a sort of day of atonement, the audiences that sit week after week before them may not go quite unreproached. Not long ago, the company of the Metropolitan Opera House paid a long visit to this town. There are singers in its ranks who as musicians are veritably illiterate; there are also singers and conductors who hear and judge an orchestrra with the ears, the experience and the discrimination of connoisseurs. Since the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra in New York are inaccessible to all but subscribers and since work at the Metropolitan is incessant and exacting, not a few of these expert ears and minds heard Dr. Muck and his forces in Boston for the first time. If they marvelled at the technical skill and resource of the orchestra, at the quality of its tone, at the range of its expressive voice, at its sensibility to every suggestion of music and conductor, at the rare commingling of virtuosity and vitality, of beauty and power in its playing, at the labor of preparation and re-preparation that it bestows regularly upon what would be repertory pieces anywhere else—if these connoisseurs marvelled at such perfections, they marvelled no less at the easy complaisance of a public too prone to take such superlative excellence for granted.

It is an old story that there is no symphony orchestra in Europe or in America to equal the band at Symphony Hall in the estate to which Dr. Muck has gradually raised it. In the judgment of these connoisseurs, in the judgment of many more that have a wide basis of orchestral comparison, in the weekly delight and excitement of those that hear with steadily fresh and steadily stimulated ears the Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Muck has become almost a band of miracle, almost the band of his ideal—his seemingly impossible ideal—fulfilled by his own works and the work of men moulded and answering to him. As the evangelists tell, many that saw the miracles of the Gospels, "departed hardening their hearts." So custom and complaisance have hardened the heart of many an auditor at the Symphony Concerts to the weekly miracle wrought for six months of each year upon ear and sensibilities. The more has it been good through the season now ending to watch the audience of Friday afternoons wax in intent interest and warm applause.

The Concert of Yesterday

This miracle was wrought yesterday upon the Dante Symphony of Liszt, upon Wagner's Preludes to "Tristan" and to "Parsifal" and upon his music in "Gotterdämmerung" that glorifies the slain Siegfried. Perhaps, it was wrought the more clearly and movingly upon these excerpts of music-drama because they kindle it more finely and amply than does the comparatively halting, labored and sometimes sterile symphony to which "The Divine Comedy" stirred the elder composer. With Wagner, the tonal torrent gathering fuller and fuller from sombre tonal shallows; the tonal radiance expanding from the blackness of lament into the brilliance of apotheosis; the upswelling barbaric clangor; the heroic tonal epitome of a hero's life; the high exaltation and the white-hot power of the whole, lifted this "Trauer-Musik" for Siegfried into epic mourning and epic acclamtion. For the instant, it was as though it flooded not the hall but the world. Again in the prelude to "Parsifal," as Dr. Muck seemed to take it yesterday, he less stressed the note of anguish that recurs in the music than the note of pity and beatitude that finally soothes it; that hangs in the air, like the voice that descends upon the Eucharist of the Grail, when the last measure is done. Perhaps in zeal for that note and in spiritual comfort from it, he took the prelude at what seemed an unusually slow pace. Yet even so—and Wagner notoriously did it before him—it has seldom sounded as so remote and spiritualized music of pain, and pity, and final healing. The conductor's version of the Prelude to "Tristan" will never please those who would have it blaze with passion and dart with fate Torcanini-wise. For Dr. Muck, it is rather a music of the finest and sharpest intensities of longing and foreboding, of passion mounting and sinking into a final twlight of human impulse and human desire—a music, perhaps, of Tristan and Isolde wandering in Hades rather than in the white night of the garden or beside the crumbling battlements. Never before with the Prelude have he and the orchestra in the intensities of their tone, in the suggestion of their detail so fully attained this seeming goal.

All that such a conductor, such an orchestra and the choir of the Musical Art Club—limpid and lustrous of voice and flawless of intonation—could do with such music as Liszt's Dante Symphony, they did to the full. It was no reproach to all three, that very rarely does the symphony attain the full measure of its design and voice, whether it descends into Hell and visions Francesca and Paolo there or mounts through Purgatory into the bliss of Paradise. Even when for the instant Liszt does gain his end, the striving is so obvious, the means emphasized rather than concealed. A year ago, his Faust Symphony withstood every test of time and change; was the more eloquent for the susceptible ears fifty years of advance in such music had opened to it. Yesterday, the presumably "great phrase" of "All Hope Abandon" sounded very like the dead-and-gone rhetoric and even fustain of the romantic forties; while the tonal bliss of Purgatory seemed but an attenuated and calculated music beside that, for example, which still sings, near a century and a half old, out of the Elysian Fields of Gluck. In the manner of Gluck, Puvis has painted them for our generation; in the manner of Ary Scheffer and Kaulbach, Liszt would paint them in tones; but it seems now hollow, rhetorical, unsensitive.

Nearly as out-moded of voice are the measures of the tumults and the tortures, the remorse and the impotent memories of Liszt's Inferno. They sound big, high-pitched, frenzied even, like many a passage in Hugo's plays; they are well-declaimed; they bring a kind of picture and atmosphere by sheer exuberance of sound; yet they never bite into imagination and emotion—not even when there is a Muck to intensify them. Yet this same over-straining and over-voluble Liszt has his compensating flashes of imagination and accomplishment that for the instant burn away all else. So he still Hades for Francesca and Paolo to pass and remember in the silence; so he swarms back the tortured phantoms; and so, toward the end, the orchestra makes exalted answer to the ethereal song—if only boys' voice had sung it—of Paradise rejoicing as those that see God.

Sunday HERALD
- MAY 7th -

The 35th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra closed last night. The index published in the 24th program showed at a glance the work accomplished.

First of all, the catholic nature of the programs is seen. In the course of the season some commented carelessly on the "exclusion" of composers not Germans.

We find these French composers represented: Berlioz, 4 times; Bizet, 1; Cherubini (Italian by birth), 1; Debussy, 1; Dukas, 1; Enesco (Roumanian by birth, but long busied in Paris and associated with French music), 2; Ravel, 2; Saint-Saens, 1. Then there was a performance of Loeffler's "Mort de Tintagiles." Perhaps Mr. Loeffler prefers to be ranked with the French composers.

Nor were the Russians ignored. There were three works by Rimsky-Korsakoff and three by Tschaikowsky. (Dvorak, Liszt, Mendelssohn and Strauss received no greater attention.) Rachmaninoff was represented by his best symphonic poem; and two works by Sibelius, the Finn, were performed.

Then comes up the question of the American composer, the neglected and abused American composer, whose genius is crushed under the iron heel of foreign and despotic imported conductors, if we are to believe the wailing of certain contributors to music periodicals. Last season works by these Americans

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lator suite was played twice): Chadwick, Hadley, Hill, Kelley, MacDowell, Schelling. Mr. Stock, whose symphony was performed here for the first time, was born in Germany, and we do not know how he would like to be classified.

Beethoven led with seven performances; then followed Mozart five, Wagner five, Berlioz four, Brahms four; and these composers with three works, Dvorak, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Strauss, Tschaikowsky.

The works performed for the first time at these concerts were as follows. (We give in parenthesis the date of some first performances elsewhere):

Oct. 22—Enesco: symphony in E flat major.
Nov. 12—Braunfels. Carnival overture to Hoffmann's "Princess Brambilla."
Nov. 19.—Mozart: Concertante Symphonie for violin and viola—the second and third movements for the first time.
Dec. 24—Carpenter: Suite "Adventures in a Perambulator." (Chicago, March 19, 1915; Boston by the N. Y. Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 16, 1915.)
Dec. 31—Schelling: Impressions in Form of Variations on an original theme for orchestra and piano. First performance anywhere.
Jan. 14—Kelley: Symphony No. 2, "New England." (Norfolk, Ct., June 3, 1913.)
Jan. 21—Liszt: "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne." Symphonic Poem, No. 1. Weimar, Jan. 7, 1857.)
March 10—Stojowski. Pianoforte concerto No. 2. (London, June 23, 1913.)
March 24—Hill: Symphonic Poem, "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere." [After Stephen Phillips.] (St. Louis, Dec. 31, 1915.)
March 31—Stock: Symphony in C minor.
April 7—Hadley: "Lucifer." Tone poem after Vondel. (Norfolk, Ct., June 2, 1914.)
April 7—Sibelius: Nocturne, Serenade and Ballade from incidental music to Paul's tragedy, "King Christian II."
April 28—Chadwick: Ballade. "Tam o'Shanter." (Norfolk, Ct., June 3, 1915.)

Braunfel's overture was hardly worth while, and it was forgotten the next day. Enesco's symphony contained interesting pages. Carpenter's suite was amusing. There were sections of pleasing fancy and genuine beauty. Probably the most durable impression made by this suite on the audience was owing to the agility of the xylophone players. Schelling's Variations—there were too many of them—showed skilful workmanship and imagination.

Kelley's symphony disappointed admiers of his other compositions. It was the example of music "made in Germany." It was more doleful than the New England it sought to portray. Liszt's symphonic poem made a profound impression. The wonder was that it had not been performed here before. Stojowski's concerto was brilliant, and, as played by Mr. Paderewski, could not fail in exciting applause. Hill's symphonic poem and Hadley's "Lucifer" are not among the more significant works of these composers. The first was a mosaic without marked continuity or salient feature; the second was feeble and at the same time bombastic. Hazlitt said of the Marquis Wellesley's speech on India affairs in 1813 that he was "soaring into mediocrity with adventurous enthusiasm, harrowed up by some plain matter-of-fact, writhing with agony under a truism, and launching a commonplace with all the fury of a thunderbolt." Stock's symphony, conspicuous for its thoughtful and elaborate workmanship, suffered from undue length. The roaring apotheosis, with a remarkable performance by Mr. Neumann of the kettledrums, aroused enthusiasm. The stage music of Sibelius was in his Finnish idiom, yet as concert music of little importance. Chadwick's "Tam o' Shanter," with its graphic pages, is fresh in the minds of all.

The soloists were as follows: Singers—Mmes. Farrar and Melba. Violinists—Messrs. Kreisler, Noack and Witek. Violoncellists—Messrs. Malkin and Warnke. Pianists—Mr. Bauer, Miss Deyo, Mr. Gabrilowitsch, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Schelling. Organist—Mr. Marshall.

Of these soloists, five were members of the orchestra.

The success of the Boston Symphony orchestra in a season of 24 concerts (48 in all) does not depend on the number of unfamiliar compositions produced or the number of the soloists.

It should be remembered that it is not now easy to obtain the orchestral parts of comparatively new works or even the parts of old ones. (Thus it is said that no parts of Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony can be purchased at present in this country).

The soloist, as a rule, disturbs the concert. The chosen concerto or aria seldom fits in the general scheme of the program. If the soloist is a celebrated person, he or she becomes in the eyes of many the feature of the concert. What goes before the solo is heard with indifference; after the soloist leaves the platform the orchestral music, overture, rhapsody, what-not, serves as a hat-and-overcoat piece. But soloists are stil necessary to attract some to the concert hall. The attraction is probably not so potent as in former years, when the first question asked was: "Who is the soloist this afternoon?" More are now interested in the purely orchestral music. It is true that some men, as Messrs. Caruso, Kreisler, McCormack and Paderewski, would draw a crowd to a Symphony concert, no matter what the character of the orchestral music might be. There is always a huge audience for a favorite prima donna.

Dr. Muck's programs have been adversely criticised. We have shown the injustice of one reproach: that they were "exclusively" German. But it has been said that they have been strangely arranged; that inferior music has been played. Some wish that well known symphonies by Haydn should be shelved and they wonder why one should be forced to hear at regular intervals the first and second symphonies of Beethoven. There were a few programs this season that were trying; that of April 14-15 for example: Humperdinck's overture to "The Forced Marriage"; Dvorak's violin concerto; Haydn's symphony in D major; truly a program to strike terror to the stoutest soul. Such instances, however, were few, very few. If there are some that grow restive at the thought of too many orthodox compositions in good and regular standing, to quote the old formula of letters applying for membership in a sister Congregational church, there are others who denounce all "ultra-modern" pieces,

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are hardly reconciled to Richard Strauss, and look on Debussy as Anti-Christ—poor Debussy who even now is becoming a classic, so swift is the march of the years, so shifting the expressive forms of music.

Any fair-minded person of a receptive nature, experienced in hearing orchestral concerts, will now remember familiar works that were made fresh and vital by the beauty of the performance. For it is not extravagant to say that the performance of the orchestra under Dr. Muck week in and week out has never been equalled in this city. Performances of this nature are in all probability not heard in any city, European or American. There may be a brilliant performance of this or that piece in Paris, Vienna, Dresden, London, Chicago, New York; but where are 24 concerts of a similar nature so conspicuous for technical perfection and supreme interpretation to be heard? These concerts in Boston are so remarkable, they have been so remarkable under the leadership of Dr. Muck, that they are now taken by too many as a matter of course.

For the Boston Symphony orchestra is not merely one that contains certain accomplished virtuosos; the orchestra is a virtuoso. It is an instrument that, having been brought to a state of perfect mechanism by Dr. Muck, responds to his imaginative and poetic wishes. He stands there calm, undemonstrative, graceful, elegant, aristocratic; a man of singularly commanding and magnetic personality even in repose. The orchestra is his speech, the expression of the composer's music as it appeals to the conductor's brain, heart and soul.

It is now hardly possible to think of this orchestra without the vision of Dr. Muck at its head as the interpreter of beauty and brilliance. Fortunate, thrice fortunate, is he in having at his command this orchestra, largely his own creation; wholly the superb interpreter of composers as he understands them, as he shares in their own emotions, confessions, declarations, griefs and longings.

HERALD
MAY 7

THE POP CONCERTS

In old Music Hall, in the spring of 1885, began the annual series of promenade concerts given by members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which soon came to be known as the Pops, and, as such, have become famous throughout the country as an institution peculiar to Boston.

The current season of Pops is the 31st and beginning tomorrow (Monday) evening, May 8, they will run through the first week of July, to Saturday evening, July 8. For the general public, the formal opening will come Tuesday evening, May 9, for the Women's City Club of Boston has taken the first night as a semi-private affair.

Messrs. Ernst Schmidt, Andre Maquarre and Clement Lenom will be the conductors; Mr. Schmidt conducting the first, third, sixth, seventh and ninth weeks; Mr. Maquarre the second, fourth and fifth weeks, and Mr. Lenom the eighth week. The orchestra will be the largest ever employed at these concerts. There will be a minimum of 75 musicians used and, on special occasions, if necessary, this number may be augmented to over 80. Practically the entire orchestra, except the leaders of the various choirs, is on call for these concerts. This fact will increase decidedly the musical value of the entertainment.

In the first week, Mr. Schmidt has arranged two special nights. Wednesday, May 10, will be Russian night, when, with the exception of three numbers, the entire program will be by Russian composers, the exceptions being pieces by Sibelius, Paderewski and Ganne. Friday night, Mr. Schmidt will devote the larger part of the program to Wagner. Monday night will be the Women's City Club night.

The program for Monday night is as follows:

Wedding March, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"	Mendelssohn
Overture, "The Sold Bride"	Smetana
Procession from "Lohengrin"	Wagner
Selection, "Madame Butterfly"	Puccini
Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"	Nicolai
Largo	Handel
Violin, Mr. Hoffman; harp, Mr. Holy; organ, Mr. Marshall.	
Intermezzo, from "The Jewels of the Madonna"	Wolf-Ferrari
Ballet music, from "Carmen"	Bizet
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea"	Suppe
Selection, "Sweethearts"	Herbert
Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song"	Strauss
March, "The Belles of Chicago"	Sousa

The program for Tuesday night, the popular opening, is as follows:

Coronation March from "The Prophet"	Meyerbeer
Overture, "Der Freischuetz"	Weber
Indian Dance	MacDowell
Selection, "The Jewels of the Madonna."	Wolf-Ferrari
Overture, "Tannhaeuser"	Wagner
Andante, from Violoncello Concerto	Dvorak
Violoncello, Mr. Keller.	
Selection from Act III. "Die Meistersinger"	Wagner
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 1	Liszt
March, "Red-White-Blue"	Schmidt
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea"	Suppe
Humoreske	Dvorak
American Patrol	Meacham

Moulton
-May 6-

BOSTON MUSICAL NOTES

The annual series of popular spring concerts given by members of the Boston Symphony orchestra begins Monday night and continues until Saturday, July 8. The concerts were started in old Music hall in the spring of 1885 and have been held every year since, save one. The present season, therefore, is the thirty-first. The tickets for the opening night have all been taken by the Women's City Club. Accordingly for the general public the opening will be Tuesday evening, May 9.

Ernst Schmidt, André Maquarre and Clement Lenom will be the conductors, Mr. Schmidt conducting the first, third, sixth, seventh and ninth weeks; Mr. Maquarre the second, fourth and fifth weeks, and Mr. Lenom the eighth week. The orchestra will be the largest ever employed at these concerts. There will be a minimum of 75 musicians, and, on special occasions, if necessary, this number may be augmented to over 80. Practically the entire orchestra, except the leaders of the various choirs, is on call for these concerts. The programs will run along much the same lines as the past. The music will be popular, and there will be during the course of the season nights devoted to special composers or schools.

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The program for Monday, Women's City Club night, is as follows:

Wedding march, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; overture, "A Sold Bride," Smetana; procession of women, from "Lohengrin," Wagner; selection, "Madam Butterfly," Puccini; overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; largo (violin, Mr. Hoffman; harp, Mr. Holy; organ, Mr. Marshall), Handel; intermezzo, from "The Jewels of the Madonna," Wolf-Ferrari; ballet music from "Carmen," Bizet; overture, "The Beautiful Galatea," Suppé; selection, "Sweethearts," Herbert; waltz, Strauss; march, "The Belles of Chicago," Sousa.

The program for Tuesday night, the popular opening, is as follows:

Coronation march from "The Prophet," Meyerbeer; overture, "Der Freischütz," Weber; Indian dance, MacDowell; selection, "The Jewels of the Madonna," Wolf-Ferrari; overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; andante from violoncello concerto (violoncello, Mr. Keller), Dvorak; selection from Act III., "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; Hungarian rhapsody, No. 1, Liszt; march, "Red-White-Blue," Schmidt; overture, "The Beautiful Galatea," suppé; "Humoreske," Dvorak; "American Patrol," Meacham.

LISZT-WAGNER PROGRAM ENDS SYMPHONY YEAR

SYMPHONY HALL—Twenty-fourth and last program of the season by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of May 5: Liszt, symphony after Dante's "Divina Commedia" (chorus of women from Musical Art Club assisting); Wagner, prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," funeral music from "Götterdämmerung" and prelude to "Parsifal."

Wagner has said the farewell word at the Symphony concerts for six years in succession: Once in the triumphant pæan of the "Tannhäuser" overture; twice in the meditative, aspiring psalm of the "Parsifal" prelude; and three times in the proud and joyous song of the prelude to "Meistersinger." He may have been thus chosen to speak the parting message at the desire of the sustainer of the orchestra, or he may have been picked out because he happened to suit the plans of the two men who in turn have served as conductors; but in any case he has answered the purpose fitly. He has met the requirements of a good valedictorian, addressing hearers briefly and directly and giving them a single, easily remembered and exalted sentiment to think about.

[illegible]ll these six closing programs Wag[illegible]nay be said to have filled a part in [illegible] social ceremony. For he has had the duty of sending the Symphony subscribers away for the summer pleased with the concerts they have heard and desirous of hearing more in the autumn; and in the whole time he has never caused any doubt to arise as to his aptitude for the function. But of course he has needed help to do the thing. Help he had five years ago in Tschaikowsky, with the "Pathetic" symphony; the two following years in Brahms, with the symphony No. 1; the next year in Saint-Saëns, with the organ symphony; last year in Beethoven, with the symphony No. 5, and this year in Liszt, with the "Dante" symphony.

[illegible] way of looking at the situation, Wagner has become the official speaker of the May farewell, just as in time gone when season tickets for the Symphony concerts were sold under the hammer, a certain accomplished auctioneer became the official speaker of the October welcome. The composer in this view will be thought of as having acquired institutional standing. He will seem to be handled like a business proposition rather than like an artistic force.

That way, however, is the wrong way of looking at it. There is no mixture of business and artistic economies in the matter. The composer of the pieces that have closed recent Symphony seasons is the man to say the last word because he is the preeminently expressive writer of all those who have scored for orchestra in the century and a quarter that the technique of scoring has been mastered.

Others have had deeper insight than Wagner into form—Beethoven, for example, and Brahms; others have had abstruser notions of thematic development than he—Liszt is an instance, who preceded him on Dr. Muck's final program, and Strauss also. But no composer has ever disclosed a surer power of keeping the music saying something every moment than he, or of keeping it more consistently in the mood in which he wants it. Wagner in a way is the greatest borrower who ever composed for orchestra. Without the thematic method of Liszt, the rhythmic method of Weber, the melodic method of Schubert and the instrumental method of Beethoven to lean on, he could have done nothing. In spite of all his revolutions, he was not essentially an inventor; instead of that, he was a combiner of the best ideas in other men's inventions. And when he combined, it was always for a rich, individual and original expression. He borrowed not to dilute and degrade but to ennoble and perfect.

How Wagner completed the work which his most useful master, Liszt, blocked out, is clearly understood when selections from his music-dramas are placed, as on this program, next to the "Dante" symphony. The "Götterdämmerung" excerpt in any 20 bars has more descriptive content than all Liszt's pages on the "Inferno." In its lowest moment it is nearer to Dante's level of poetic expression than the Liszt symphony is at its highest. As for romance, who would exchange the first line of the "Tristan" prelude for the whole of Liszt's "Paolo and Francesca" episode?

The music of the twenty-fourth program was presented in the best manner of the Symphony orchestra. A well-prepared and masterfully executed reading of the works of the two leaders of mid-nineteenth century musical thinking is to be put to the credit of the conductor. Praise without stint is due the players and the assisting group of singers no less.

AMERICAN
-MAY 7-

Pop Concerts Will Begin Tomorrow

THE current season of Pops is the thirty-first. Beginning tomorrow evening, they will run through to Saturday evening, July 8. For the general public the formal opening will come Tuesday evening, the Women's City Club of Boston having taken the first night as a semi-private affair.

Ernst Schmidt, Andre Maquarre and Clement Lenom will be the conductors; Mr. Schmidt conducting the first, third, sixth, seventh and ninth weeks; Mr. Maquarre the second, fourth and fifth weeks, and Mr. Lenom the eighth week. The orchestra will be the largest ever employed at these concerts. There will be a minimum of seventy-five musicians used and, on special occasions, if necessary, this number may be augmented to over eighty.

In the first week, Mr. Schmidt has arranged two special nights. Wednesday will be Russian night. Friday night, Mr. Schmidt will devote the larger part of the program to Wagner.

The program for Monday night is:

Wedding March from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"	Mendelssohn
Overture "A Sold Bride"	Smetana
Procession of Women to the Cathedral, from "Lohengrin"	Wagner
Selection, "Madame Butterfly"	Puccini
Overture, "The Marry Wives of Windsor"	Nicolai
Largo	Handel
Violin, Mr. Hoffman; Harp, Mr. Holy; Organ, Mr. Marshall.	
Intermezzo, from "The Jewels of the Madonna"	Wolf-Ferrari
Ballet Music, from "Carmen"	Bizet
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea"	Suppe
Selection, "Sweethearts"	Herbert
Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song"	Strauss
March, "The Belles of Chicago"	Sousa

The program for Tuesday night, the popular opening, is:

Coronation March from "The Prophet"	Meyerbeer
[illegible]	Weber
Indian Dance	MacDowell
Selection, "The Jewels of the Madonna"	Wolf-Ferrari
Overture, "Tannhauser"	Wagner
Andante from Violoncello Concerto	Dvorak
Violoncello, Mr. Keller.	
Selection from Act III., "Die Meistersinger"	Wagner
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 1	Liszt
March, "Red-White-Blue"	Schmidt
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea"	Suppe
"Humoreske"	Dvorak
American Patrol	Meacham

POST
-MAY 7-

THE POP CONCERTS

In the old Music Hall, in the spring of 1885, began the annual series of promenade concerts, given by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which soon came to be known as the Pops, and as such have become famous throughout the country as an institution unique in Boston. At the very beginning, they were modelled after the then famous Bilse concerts of Berlin, but soon they were modified in character, so that since that first season they have been what they are today, except today the orchestra is much larger. They have been given every season except one, when there was trouble about the license, and one season, 1900, they were given in Mechanics' Hall.

The present season of Pops is the 31st, and beginning tomorrow (Monday) evening, May 8, they will run through the first week of July to Saturday evening, July 8. For the general public the formal opening will come Tuesday evening, May 9, for the Women's City Club of Boston has taken the first night as a semi-private affair.

As already announced, Messrs. Ernst Schmidt, Andre Maquarre and Clement Lenom will be the conductors; Mr. Schmidt conducting the first, third, sixth, seventh and ninth weeks; Mr. Maquarre the second, fourth and fifth weeks, and Mr. Lenom the eighth week. The orchestra will be the largest ever employed at these concerts. There will be a minimum of 75 musicians used, and on special occasions, if necessary, this number may be augmented to over 80. Practically the entire orchestra, except the leaders of the various choirs, is on call for these concerts. This fact will increase decidedly the musical value of the entertainment.

The programmes will run along much the same lines as the past. The music will be popular, but at the same time good, and there will be during the course of the season special nights devoted to special composers or special schools.

In the first week, Mr. Schmidt has arranged two special nights. Wednesday, May 10, will be Russian night, when, with the exception of three numbers, the entire programme will be by Russian composers, the exceptions being the pieces by Sibelius, Paderewski and Ganne. Mr. Schmidt will devote the larger part of the programme to Wagner. As already announced, Monday night will be the Women's City Club night.

The programme for Monday night is as follows:

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB NIGHT.

Wedding march, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"	Mendelssohn
Overture, "A Sold Bride"	Smetana
Procession of women to the cathedral, from "Lohengrin"	Wagner
Selection, "Madama Butterfly"	Puccini
Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"	Nicolai
"Largo"	Handel
Violin, Mr. Hoffman; harp, Mr. Holy; organ, Mr. Marshall.	
Intermezzo, from "The Jewels of the Madonna"	Wolf-Ferrari
Ballet music, from "Carmen"	Bizet
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea"	Suppe
Selection, "Sweethearts"	Herbert
Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song"	Strauss
March, "The Belles of Chicago"	Sousa

The programme for Tuesday night, the popular opening, is as follows:

Coronation march, from "The Prophet"	Meyerbeer
Overture, "Der Freischutz"	Weber
Indian Dance	MacDowell
Selection, "The Jewels of the Madonna"	Wolf-Ferrari
Overture, "Tannhauser"	Wagner
Andante from violoncello concerto	Dvorak
Violoncello, Mr. Keller.	
Selection from Act 3, "Die Meistersinger"	Wagner
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 1	Liszt
March, "Red-White-Blue"	Schmidt
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea"	Suppe
"Humoreske"	Dvorak
"American Patrol"	Meacham

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are hardly reconciled to Richard Strauss, and look on Debussy as Anti-Christ—poor Debussy who, even now, is becoming a classic, so swift is the march of the years, so shifting the expressive forms of music.

Any fair-minded person of a receptive nature, experienced in hearing orchestral concerts, will now remember familiar works that were made fresh and vital by the beauty of the performance. For it is not extravagant to say that the performance of the orchestra under Dr. Muck week in and week out has never been equalled in this city. Performances of this nature are in all probability not heard in any city, European or American. There may be a brilliant performance of this or that piece in Paris, Vienna, Dresden, London, Chicago, New York; but where are 24 concerts of a similar nature so conspicuous for technical perfection and supreme interpretation to be heard? These concerts in Boston are so remarkable, they have been so remarkable under the leadership of Dr. Muck, that they are now taken by too many as a matter of course.

For the Boston Symphony orchestra is not merely one that contains certain accomplished virtuosos; the orchestra is a virtuoso. It is an instrument that, having been brought to a state of perfect mechanism by Dr. Muck, responds to his imaginative and poetic wishes. He stands there calm, undemonstrative, graceful, elegant, aristocratic; a man of singularly commanding and magnetic personality even in repose. The orchestra is his speech, the expression of the composer's music as it appeals to the conductor's brain, heart and soul.

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HERALD
May 7

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The program for Monday night is as follows:

Wedding March, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" .... Mendelssohn
Overture, "The Sold Bride" .... Smetana
Procession from "Lohengrin" .... Wagner
Selection, "Madame Butterfly" .... Puccini
Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" Nicolai
Largo .... Handel
Violin, Mr. Hoffman; harp, Mr. Holy; organ, Mr. Marshall.
Intermezzo, from "The Jewels of the Madonna" .... Wolf-Ferrari
Ballet music, from "Carmen" .... Bizet
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea" ...... Suppe
Selection, "Sweethearts" .... Herbert
Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song" ..... Strauss
March, "The Belles of Chicago" .... Sousa

The program for Tuesday night, the popular opening, is as follows:

Coronation March from "The Prophet" Meyerbeer
Overture, "Der Freischuetz" .... Weber
Indian Dance .... MacDowell
Selection, "The Jewels of the Madonna." Wolf-Ferrari
Overture, "Tannhaeuser" .... Wagner
Andante, from Violoncello Concerto..... Dvorak
Violoncello, Mr. Keller.
Selection from Act III. "Die Meistersinger" .... Wagner
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 1 .... Liszt
March, "Red-White-Blue" .... Schmidt
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea" ..... Suppe
Humoreske .... Dvorak
American Patrol .... Meacham

Monitor
-May 6-

BOSTON MUSICAL NOTES

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The program for Monday, Women's City Club night, is as follows:

Wedding march, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; overture, "A Sold Bride," Smetana; procession of women, from "Lohengrin," Wagner; selection, "Madam Butterfly," Puccini; overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; largo (violin, Mr. Hoffman; harp, Mr. Holy; organ, Mr. Marshall), Handel; intermezzo, from "The Jewels of the Madonna," Wolf-Ferrari; ballet music from "Carmen," Bizet; overture, "The Beautiful Galatea," Suppé; selection, "Sweethearts," Herbert; waltz, Strauss; march, "The Belles of Chicago," Sousa.

The program for Tuesday night, the popular opening, is as follows:

Coronation march from "The Prophet," Meyerbeer; overture, "Der Freischütz," Weber; Indian dance, MacDowell; selection, "The Jewels of the Madonna," Wolf-Ferrari; overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; andante from violoncello concerto (violoncello, Mr. Keller), Dvorak; selection from Act III., "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; Hungarian rhapsody, No. 1, Liszt; march, "Red-White-Blue," Schmidt; overture, "The Beautiful Galatea," suppé; "Humoreske," Dvorak; "American Patrol," Meacham.

LISZT-WAGNER PROGRAM ENDS SYMPHONY YEAR

SYMPHONY HALL—Twenty-fourth and last program of the season by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of May 5: Liszt, symphony after Dante's "Divina Commedia" (chorus of women from Musical Art Club assisting); Wagner, prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," funeral music from "Götterdämmerung" and prelude to "Parsifal."

Wagner has said the farewell word at the Symphony concerts for six years in succession: Once in the triumphant pæan of the "Tannhäuser" overture; twice in the meditative, aspiring psalm of the "Parsifal" prelude; and three times in the proud and joyous song of the prelude to "Meistersinger." He may have been thus chosen to speak the parting message at the desire of the sustainer of the orchestra, or he may have been picked out because he happened to suit the plans of the two men who in turn have served as conductors; but in any case he has answered the purpose fitly. He has met the requirements of a good valedictorian, addressing hearers briefly and directly and giving them a single, easily remembered and exalted sentiment to think about.

I[redacted]ll these six closing programs Wag- may be said to have filled a part in social ceremony. For he has had the duty of sending the Symphony subscribers away for the summer pleased with the concerts they have heard and desirous of hearing more in the autumn; and in the whole time he has never caused any doubt to arise as to his aptitude for the function. But of course he has needed help to do the thing. Help he had five years ago in Tschaikowsky, with the "Pathetic" symphony; the two following years in Brahms, with the symphony No. 1; the next year in Saint-Saëns, with the organ symphony; last year in Beethoven, with the symphony No. 5, and this year in Liszt, with the "Dante" symphony.

[illegible] way of looking at the situation, Wagner has become the official speaker of the May farewell, just as in time gone, when season tickets for the Symphony concerts were sold under the hammer, a certain accomplished auctioneer became the official speaker of the October welcome. The composer in this view will be thought of as having acquired institutional standing. He will seem to be handled like a business proposition rather than like an artistic force.

That way, however, is the wrong way of looking at it. There is no mixture of business and artistic economies in the matter. The composer of the pieces that have closed recent Symphony seasons is the man to say the last word because he is the preeminently expressive writer of all those who have scored for orchestra in the century and a quarter that the technique of scoring has been mastered.

Others have had deeper insight than Wagner into form—Beethoven, for example, and Brahms; others have had abstruser notions of thematic development than he—Liszt is an instance, who preceded him on Dr. Muck's final program, and Strauss also. But no composer has ever disclosed a surer power of keeping the music saying something every moment than he, or of keeping it more consistently in the mood in which he wants it. Wagner in a way is the greatest borrower who ever composed for orchestra. Without the thematic method of Liszt, the rhythmic method of Weber, the melodic method of Schubert and the instrumental method of Beethoven to lean on, he could have done nothing. In spite of all his revolutions, he was not essentially an inventor; instead of that, he was a combiner of the best ideas in other men's inventions. And when he combined, it was always for a rich, individual and original expression. He borrowed not to dilute and degrade but to ennoble and perfect.

How Wagner completed the work which his most useful master, Liszt, blocked out, is clearly understood when selections from his music-dramas are placed, as on this program, next to the "Dante" symphony. The "Götterdämmerung" excerpt in any 20 bars has more descriptive content than all Liszt's pages on the "Inferno." In its lowest moment it is nearer to Dante's level of poetic expression than the Liszt symphony is at its highest. As for romance, who would exchange the first line of the "Tristan" prelude for the whole of Liszt's "Paolo and Francesca" episode?

The music of the twenty-fourth program was presented in the best manner of the Symphony orchestra. A well-prepared and masterfully executed reading of the works of the two leaders of mid-nineteenth century musical thinking is to be put to the credit of the conductor. Praise without stint is due the players and the assisting group of singers no less.

AMERICAN
-MAY 7-

Pop Concerts Will Begin Tomorrow

THE current season of Pops is the thirty-first. Beginning tomorrow evening, they will run through to Saturday evening, July 8. For the general public the formal opening will come Tuesday evening, the Women's City Club of Boston having taken the first night as a semi-private affair.

Ernst Schmidt, Andre Maquarre and Clement Lenom will be the conductors; Mr. Schmidt conducting the first, third, sixth, seventh and ninth weeks; Mr. Maquarre the second, fourth and fifth weeks, and Mr. Lenom the eighth week. The orchestra will be the largest ever employed at these concerts. There will be a minimum of seventy-five musicians used and, on special occasions, if necessary, this number may be augmented to over eighty.

In the first week, Mr. Schmidt has arranged two special nights. Wednesday will be Russian night. Friday night, Mr. Schmidt will devote the larger part of the program to Wagner.

The program for Monday night is:

Wedding March from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" .... Mendelssohn
Overture "A Sold Bride" .... Smetana
Procession of Women to the Cathedral, from "Lohengrin" .... Wagner
Selection, "Madame Butterfly" ...... Puccini
Overture, "The Marry Wives of Windsor" .... Nicolai
Largo .... Handel
Violin, Mr. Hoffman; Harp, Mr. Holy; Organ, Mr. Marshall.
Intermezzo, from "The Jewels of the Madonna" .... Wolf-Ferrari
Ballet Music, from "Carmen" .... Bizet
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea" ..... Suppe
Selection, "Sweethearts" .... Herbert
Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song" .... Strauss
March, "The Belles of Chicago" .... Sousa

The program for Tuesday night, the popular opening, is:

Coronation March from "The Prophet" Meyerbeer
Weber
Indian Dance .... MacDowell
Selection, "The Jewels of the Madonna" Wolf-Ferrari
Overture, "Tannhauser" .... Wagner
Andante from Violoncello Concerto..Dvorak
Violoncello, Mr. Keller.
Selection from Act III., "Die Meistersinger" .... Wagner
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 1 .... Liszt
March, "Red-White-Blue" .... Schmidt
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea" ..... Suppe
"Humoreske" .... Dvorak
American Patrol .... Meacham

POST
-MAY 7-

THE POP CONCERTS

In the old Music Hall, in the spring of 1885, began the annual series of promenade concerts, given by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which soon came to be known as the Pops, and as such have become famous throughout the country as an institution unique in Boston. At the very beginning, they were modelled after the then famous Bilse concerts of Berlin, but soon they were modified in character, so that since that first season they have been what they are today, except today the orchestra is much larger. They have been given every season except one, when there was trouble about the license, and one season, 1900, they were given in Mechanics' Hall.

The present season of Pops is the 31st, and beginning tomorrow (Monday) evening, May 8, they will run through the first week of July to Saturday evening, July 8. For the general public the formal opening will come Tuesday evening, May 9, for the Women's City Club of Boston has taken the first night as a semi-private affair.

As already announced, Messrs. Ernst Schmidt, Andre Maquarre and Clement Lenom will be the conductors; Mr. Schmidt conducting the first, third, sixth, seventh and ninth weeks; Mr. Maquarre the second, fourth and fifth weeks, and Mr. Lenom the eighth week. The orchestra will be the largest ever employed at these concerts. There will be a minimum of 75 musicians used, and on special occasions, if necessary, this number may be augmented to over 80. Practically the entire orchestra, except the leaders of the various choirs, is on call for these concerts. This fact will increase decidedly the musical value of the entertainment.

The programmes will run along much the same lines as the past. The music will be popular, but at the same time good, and there will be during the course of the season special nights devoted to special composers or special schools.

In the first week, Mr. Schmidt has arranged two special nights. Wednesday, May 10, will be Russian night, when, with the exception of three numbers, the entire programme will be by Russian composers, the exceptions being the pieces by Sibelius, Paderewski and Ganne. Mr. Schmidt will devote the larger part of the programme to Wagner. As already announced, Monday night will be the Women's City Club night.

The programme for Monday night is as follows:

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB NIGHT.

Wedding march, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" .... Mendelssohn
Overture, "A Sold Bride" .... Smetana
Procession of women to the cathedral, from "Lohengrin" .... Wagner
Selection, "Madama Butterfly" .... Puccini
Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" .... Nicolai
"Largo" .... Handel
Violin, Mr. Hoffman; harp, Mr. Holy; organ, Mr. Marshall.
Intermezzo, from "The Jewels of the Madonna" .... Wolf-Ferrari
Ballet music, from "Carmen" .... Bizet
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea" .... Suppe
Selection, "Sweethearts" .... Herbert
Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song" .... Strauss
March, "The Belles of Chicago" .... Sousa

The programme for Tuesday night, the popular opening, is as follows:

Coronation march, from "The Prophet".. Meyerbeer
Overture, "Der Freischutz" .... Weber
Indian Dance .... MacDowell
Selection, "The Jewels of the Madonna" Wolf-Ferrari
Overture, "Tannhauser" .... Wagner
Andante from violoncello concerto..... Dvorak
Violoncello, Mr. Keller.
Selection from Act 3, "Die Meistersinger" Wagner
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 1 .... Liszt
March, "Red-White-Blue" .... Schmidt
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea" .... Suppe
"Humoreske" .... Dvorak
"American Patrol" .... Meacham

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From
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Date
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Post
- May 7 -

Pop Concerts Commence

Boston Symphony Season Has Brilliant Conclusion—Falling Off in Musical Importations Due to War—What American Composers Are Doing—Other Timely Music News

The Boston Symphony season of 1916-17 came to an end yesterday evening, with a notable performance of Liszt's "Faust" symphony and of Wagnerian excerpts. Tomorrow night, or for the public on Tuesday night, the Pop concerts commence. The musical season, now virtually at an end, has been a very rich one in performances and an unusually poor one in new works of interest. We have, for one thing, fallen off in our musical imports during war-time, as we shall doubtless continue to do in the immediate future, and for the other thing, conductors and opera companies have not shown particular enterprise in ransacking the libraries and music stores for interesting new works, all ready in existence and on sale.

Saying this, we can hear the American composer making his plaint, in spite of Dr. Muck's well-intended activities in his behalf; but the sad fact remains, that American composition up to the present time consists in those compositions of the older generation which are after European models, and are becoming rapidly outmoded, though often performed, and in their work the younger men have as yet for a majority shown little ability or conviction or seriousness in preparing themselves to strike out in new paths. The only two of these younger men who seem to us to deserve extended recognition are Henry F. Gilbert and John Alden Carpenter. Mr. Gilbert is the only American composer in the knowledge of the writer who has said things thoroughly beautifully and eloquently, and things that are American in the most fundamental are artistic sense of the word.

For the rest, even Mr. Carpenter, they are still imitating Europe, either in an inefficient or uninspired manner. Therefore the American composer has still to look within instead of without for his success, and he has as yet attained no particular right to complain because he is not given frequent performance.

The reason that such Americans as George W. Chadwick—the only composer of the older group who has struck at all the racial note—Horatio Parker, Arthur Foote, F. S. Converse and a number of others have their works performed constantly is that technically, at least, their works stand examination and make their effect in performance. It is not because of "pull" or "influence" or anything else of the kind that the older group of composers have attained their present position before the public. They now undoubtedly enjoy advantages of reputation, in many cases, of social position and of the most influential musical connections which do facilitate the productions of their works.

But how did they get this far? They were not born with golden spoons in their mouths and the twelve fairies of fortune about their cradles. They gained ground steadily because of solid acquirements as composers. If their productions seem smug or conventional or old-fashioned to younger men—as many of them do—the thing for the young man to do is to shut his mouth and learn his trade. When he can produce something as good in its workmanship—not necesarily similar in its workmanship, for no one wants to see art go on in its beaten track—but as solid in its facture, then let him raise his banner and make trouble for the old guard. But until he can do this he is wasting his time fighting windmills.

Even Mr. Gilbert has not, in our opinion, a technic nearly equal to the technic of the older group of composers. It is our personal impression that more than once, with exceptionally virile and poetic ideas, he finds himself cramped for a word; nevertheless, he has evolved a style unmistakably his own, a style which for character, raciness and in individuality has no parallel among the men of his own generation in this country. And inevitably he is going through the struggle that every new and substantial talent encounters in gaining recognition.

It is only logical and only to be expected that the unconventionality of his works, their disdain of what is smug and parochial, their virility and imaginative quality, should encounter misunderstanding and opposition on many sides. But they are making their way, because, in the first place, Mr. Gilbert has something to say, and in the second place, he is far more concerned with writing a few good pages of music before he dies than with making propoganda for self and country, or rather parish, as so many of his colleagues still persist in doing. The best talk about music, as Mr. Martin Loeffler once remarked to us, is music. That is what Mr. Gilbert is doing most of the time. When he does talk, or write, he does so with fully digested views and conclusions, which may be wrong, but are his and are the expression of his artistic life. Would that others would forsake front pages of periodicals and do as much real work for the cause as he.

But we wander. The past season, we said, has been rich in performances and poor in new productions. The num-

multiplicity of concerts and new virtuosi has been due, of course, to the European war. What the conditions will be in the year to come, where the hunted artist, athirst for engagements and audiences and money, will hide his head, it is hard to tell. But during the season past there has been the unusual condition of an exceptional crop of visiting artists, and a public exceptionally willing to pay for their services. Piano houses acknowledge their busiest season in history in the activities of concertizing exponents. Opera seasons have gone, on the whole, well. Of course the usual ridiculous thing befell in Boston when the Metropolitan opera season was well patronized, while Mme. Pavlowa's season last fall was miserably neglected. But that is as yet the case in every American city, and musicians, critics and composers must continue to pull together, and do what they can to persuade the people that Mr. Caruso may sing in anything but an artistic manner, and that a performance of "Pelleas et Melisande" means more to the soul than this gifted song bird trilling forth his roulades as the Governor of Boston.

Occasionally a pianist has ventured something new. The opera company of Mme. Pavlowa revived Auber's "Masaniello," which was not worth a great deal. Next season they purpose to revive, among other operas, Rubinstein's "Demon," which is not worth any more. The Metropolitan Opera Company gave four new operas, and two of them were eminently worth while—"Boris Godunoff" and Strauss' "Rosenkavalier." Dr. Muck's programmes have obtained a few novelties, many of them by young American composers, but most of these were of negligible importance. Indeed, the only American novelty produced in the last two seasons by this orchestra which was at all worth while was Mr. Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," more attractive, it is true, by reason of its maturity of style and its resource of workmanship than because of deep intrinsic originality, but nevertheless music to be accorded the highest respect for the musicianly accomplishment which it reveals and the modesty, if that may be used, with which the composer expresses himself. If the war will promote fresher musical ideas in Europe, and more fundamental love and understanding and production of good music in this country, something, at least, may rise from its ruins.

Sunday
= May 7 -

"Pop" Concerts Begin This Week in Symphony Hall

In old Music Hall, in the Spring of 1885, began the annual series of Promenade Concerts given by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which soon came to be known as the "Pops," and, as such, have become famous throughout the country. At the beginning they were modeled after the then famous Bilse concerts of Berlin, but soon they were modified in character so that, since the first season, they have been what they are today, except today the orchestra is much larger. They have been given every season, except one, when there was trouble about the license, and one season, 1900, they were given in Mechanic's Hall.

The current season of "Pops" is the 31st, and beginning tomorrow evening, May 8, they will run through the first week of July to Saturday evening, July 8. For the general public, the formal opening will come next Tuesday evening, for the Women's City Club of Boston has taken the first night as a semi-private affair.

Messrs Ernst Schmidt, Andre Maquarre and Clement Lenom will be the conductors, Mr Schmidt conducting the first, third, sixth, seventh and ninth weeks; Mr Maquarre the second, fourth and fifth weeks, and Mr Lenom the eighth week. The orchestra will be the largest ever employed at these concerts.

There will be a minimum of 75 musicians used and, on special occasions, if necessary, this number may be augmented to over 80. Practically the entire orchestra, except the leaders of the various choirs, is on call for these concerts. This fact will increase decidedly the musical value of the entertainment.

The program will run along much the same lines as the past. The music will be popular, but, at the same time good, and there will be during the course of the season special nights devoted to special composers or special schools.

In the first week Mr Schmidt has arranged two special nights. Wednesday, May 10, will be Russian Night, when, with the exception of three numbers, the entire program will be by Russian composers, the exceptions being pieces by Sibelius, Paderewski and Ganne. Friday night Mr Schmidt will devote the larger part of the program to Wagner.

The program for the public opening Tuesday evening is as follows:

Coronation March from The Prophet..Meyerbeer
Overture, Der Freischutz..............Weber
Indian dance......................MacDowell
Selection, The Jewels of the Madonna......
Wolf-Ferrari
Overture, Tannhauser..................Wagner
Andante, from cello concerto..........Dvorak
Cello, Mr Keller

Concert Season Review

As begins and ends the 24 pairs of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, so is measured the concert season. More recitals by singers, pianists, fiddlers have been given than any preceding year. Many of them have been new. Some bear the proofs of true distinction. Any season bringing a Povla Frisch, an Eddy Brown, a Guiomar Novaes for the first time would be one to mark in the record.

Of the new orchestral music heard, there were three symphonies—by Georges Enesco, Stillman-Kelley and Frederick Stock. Mr Kelley's music of New England depicted character with sincerity and feeling if not with the epic force of genius. Mr Stock sailed along impressively for two movements, but on a grandiose scale which ran aground in the two which followed.

Of the symphonic poems, Mr Chadwick's "Tam O' Shanter," in rollicking humor and reverie, made a strong impression at the concerts. Mr Schelling's "Impressions" paid the orchestra the compliment of dedication and displayed its vertuosity. Mr Carpenter's perambulator suite is one of the most imaginative, graceful American scores that have appeared. Liszt's exhumed symphonic poem "Ce Qu'on Entend sur la Montagne," showed again the prophetic vision of the great Hungarian and the debt the modern programists owe him. Reger's variations and fugue in a Mozartian theme, must not be forgotten as the sign of a new perception and artistic restraint.

In the performance of these Dr Muck again made known to this public the force of his genius is disciplinarian in preparation, and as an interpreter of remarkably blended mentality and imagination. The orchestra remains, even increases under his hand, as an instrument of euphony, eloquence, poetic beauty.

Of the choral works, d'Indy's youthful "Song of the Bell" is still fresh in mind, Mr Townsend, with commendable initiative, introduced new works with his Boston Choral Society, of which Carissimi's "Jeptha," and Wolf Ferrari's "Sacred Mystery" would invite further acquaintance. From the chamber music played, Stawinsky's technically brilliant and highly imaginative little pieces for quartet leave stimulating memory. Sibelius' quartet is music of a vividly pictorial and emotional quality, which was not fully revealed in performance.

Music played for the first time in Boston during the year follows under the names of the composer. B S O stands for Boston Symphony Orchestra:

Amani—Orientale, Copeland recital, Jan 22, Jordan Hall.

Balakireff—"Thamara"; ballet, Feb 9.

Braunfels—Carnival overture, B. S. O., Nov 12.

Carpenter—Adventures in a Perambulator, N. Y. Symph Orch, Nov 16.

Casella—Sonata, op. 6, 'cello and piano, Casals and Deyo, March 15.

Chadwick—Tam o' Shanter, B. S. O., April 28.

Colburn, S. C.—Valse, March 1, Hans Ebell, piano recital.

Debussy—Six Antique Epigraphs, Copeland recital, Jan 22; sonata, 'cello and piano, Casals and Deyo, March 15.

Delius—A Dance Rhapsody, Minneapolis Orch, Feb 24.

Enesco—Symphony in E flat major, B. S. O., Oct 22; Variations for two pianos, op. 5, Longy Club, Mlle Longy and Mr de Voto, Jan 20.

Engel—Le bon vieux temps, Ebell, piano recital, March 1.

Grainger—Walking Tune, recital with Melba, Jan 17; The Leprechaun's Dance, recital with Melba, Jan 17.

Granados—Spanish Dance, Copeland recital, Jan 22.

Grovlez—Sicilienne and Menuet, Mrs Hall's concert, March 21, Jordan Hall.

Hadley—Lucifer, op. 66, B. S. O., April 7.

Heilman—The Prism in the Sun, Ebell recital, March 1.

Hill—"The Parting of Launcelot and Guinevere," op. 22, B. S. O., March 24.

Holbrooke—Sextet, No. 3, op. 33, Longy Club, March 9.

D'Indy—"The Song of the Bell," Cecilia Society, Chalmers Clifton conductor, May 4.

Juon—Bizarrerie, Douleur and Obstination from Six Silhouettes, for two violins and piano, Mr and Mrs Ondricek and Mr de Voto, Oct 28; Rhapsodie, op. 37, for piano, violin, viola and 'cello, Hoffman Quartet and Mr Ebell, Feb 23.

Kelley—New England Symphony, No. 2, B flat minor, op. 33, B. S. O.

Liszt—Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne symphonic poem, No. 1, B. S. O., Jan 21.

Moszkowski—Suite for two violins and piano, Mr and Mrs Ondricek, Mr de Voto, Oct 28.

Moussorgsky-Trepak and Chef d'Armee, Martha Atwood-Baker, recital, April 28.

Mozart—Concertante Symphonie for violin and viola, B. S. O., Nov 19.

Ornstein—Song, "Mother o' Mine," song recital, Jos. Ecker, March 2. See Ornstein under pianists.

Piatt—Violin and piano sonata, B minor, Keller-Wille recital, May 1.

Rachmaninoff—Hungarian Dance, for violin, Mr Ondricek, Oct 28; second piano sonata, Ebell recital, March 1.

Reger—Variations and Fugue on theme by Mozart, N. Y. Phil Orch, Nov 7.

Schelling—Impressions in form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Piano, B. S. O., Dec 31 (first performance).

Sibelius—Quartet, D minor, op. 56, Kneisel Quartet, Jan 4.

Sonetana—Bohemian Dance for violin from "The Sold Bride," Mr Ondricek and Mr de Voto, Oct 28.

Smith—Quartet, A major, op. 37, Kneisel Quartet, Nov 30.

Steinert—Prelude for piano, Ebell recital, March 1.

Stock—Symphony in C minor, op. 18, March 31.

Stojowski—Piano concerto, No. 2, op. 32, Mr Paderewski and B. S. O., March 10.

Strawinsky—"Three Pieces for Quartet," Flonzaley Quartet, Dec 2; "The Bird of Fire," ballet, Jan 31; "Pelrouchka," ballet, Feb 4.

Suk—Quasi Ballata Appassionata, from Four Compositions for violin and piano, Mr Ondricek, Oct 28.

Turina—A Los Toros, Copeland recital, Jan 22.

Woolett—Octuor and Dansas Paiennes, Mrs Hall's concert, March 21.

The following singers have appeared during the season on these dates for the first time in Boston. M. O. C. stands for Metropolitan Opera Company; C. P. M. stands for Copley-Plaza musicales; P. O. C. stands for the Pavlowa Opera Company; J. H. stands for Jordan Hall and S. H. for Steinert Hall.

Arkadij, Anne—Recital, J. H., Dec 1.

Alexander, Caroline Hudson—First time here in recital, J. H., Nov 29.

D'Arnalle, Vernon—C. P. M., Nov 15.

Axman, Gladys—Recital, S. H., Nov 18.

Barrientos, Maria — M. O. C., "Lucia," April 6.

Carson, Mary—Gretel, P. O. C., Dec 11.

Clark, Marian—Joint recital, with Miguel Llobet, guitarist, S. H., April 26.

Coudert, Clarisse—With Amato, Symphony Hall, Sunday afternoon, Nov 28.

Dostal, George—Tremont Temple, March 18.

Dresser, Marcia Van—Recital, J. H., March 18.

Dunlap, Marguerite—Tremont Temple, with Miuri and Baklanoff, Jan 14.

Ecker, Joseph—Recital, J. H., March 2.

Frisch, Povla—Recital, J. H., Dec 15.

Glenn, Wilfred—Handel and Haydn, Mozart Requiem, Walpurgis Night, Feb 27.

Graveure, Louis—First time here in recital, J. H., Nov 8.

Green, Marion—Voice of Christ, The Beatitudes, Cecilia Society, Dec 16.

(Harrod, James—Verdi's Requiem, People's Choral Union, April 30).

Hinkle, Florence—First individual recital, J. H., Nov [illegible]

[illegible]—C. P. M., Jan 3.

Kaiser, Marie—"Judas Maccabaeus," Handel and Haydn, April 23.

Kingston, Morgan—First time here in concert, April 23, as above.

Kousnezoff, Marie—C. P. M., Jan 31.

Kurt, Melanie—M. O. C., Isolda, April 6.

Linden, Einar—C. P. M., Dec 27.

De Luca—M. O. C., Marcello, "La Boheme," April 4.

Miura, Tamaki—P. O. C., Mme Butterfly, Nov 17.

Miura, Tamaki—First time here in concert, Tremont Temple, Jan 14.

Ober, Margarete—M. O. C., Ortrud in "Lohengrin," April 8.

Parker, Robert—With Melba, Symphony Hall, Oct 17.

Peterson, May—C. P. M., Dec 27.

Piersol, Marie Ladue—Apollo Club, March 7.

Reimer, Paul—C. P. M., Nov 22.

Roberts, Emma—First individual recital, S. H., Feb 13.

Rogers, Calista—Recital, S. H., Jan 27.

Russian Cathedral Choir—Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Feb 11.

Scheider, May—P. O. C., Micaela, "Carmen," Nov 16.

Sembach, Johannes—C. P. M., Nov 1 (Siegfried, Harvard Stadium, June 4).

Shaun, Jose—Recital, S. H., Nov 18.

Snelling, Lillia—Tremont Temple, Feb 3.

Torpadie, Greta—C. P. M., Dec 27.

Traveler
May 6 -

SYMPHONY CLOSES SEASON BRILLIANTLY

An exceptionally interesting program in which the orchestra fully sustained its great reputation brought the Friday afternoon concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to a brilliant close yesterday afternoon. While the concert will be repeated tonight, that of yesterday was the close of the season for the Friday afternoon patrons. Dr. Muck was given a noticeably cordial reception and not an opportunity was lost during the concert or at its close by the audience to show its appreciation of his efforts in its behalf.

The concert feature was the Liszt Symphony after Dante's "Divina Commedia," in which the women's chorus of the Musical Art Club participated. One could well imagine more being made of the opportunity than Liszt has done, but one could scarcely imagine a better presentation than that afforded yesterday afternoon. It fully merited the exceptional enthusiasm of the audience. The women's voices were decidedly pleasing.

Then followed three Wagner numbers: Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods" and Prelude to "Parsifal." In these, Dr. Muck and his players were, as ever, right in their element.

Transcript
- May 13

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

The New Scales of Fixed Prices Announced and the "Assisting Artists" for Next Season Made Known—A Longer and a Freshened List

A COMMUNIQUE from Symphony Hall to the morning newspapers announces the prices for seats and the "assisting artists" for the Symphony Concerts of next season. Briefly summarized, it enumerates the prices for tickets, under the new method of fixed charges and annual renewal of subscriptions, as $60, $48, $36 and $24 for the concerts of Friday afternoons and $60, $48, $36, $24 and $15 for the concerts of Saturday evenings. As hitherto, the seats in the second balcony for the concerts of Friday will not be included in the subscription but will be sold at the door each afternoon at twenty-five cents per place. By differences in the number of seats to be sold at the various prices, the average cost of tickets for the afternoon concerts will be higher than the average cost of tickets for the evening concerts. Thus for Fridays most of the places in the centre of the hall in front of the broad aisle will be sold at $60, whereas only relatively few of them will be priced so high for Saturdays. The lowest price of tickets for the concerts of Friday is $24; for the concerts of Saturday, $15, at which terms all the seats in the second balcony outside the first row will be sold. Moreover, some 500 seats on the floor of the hall, back of the broad aisle, will be marked at $24 for the concerts of Saturday evenings. Thus, presumably, the management hopes to increase the numbers of the audience and widen the public for the concerts of Saturday evenings, while it makes the most of the established vogue of the concerts of Friday afternoon. Circular letters announcing these prices and indicating the division of places for each series of concerts have been sent to all those who registered their seats last March as a preliminary to the renewal of subscriptions. Up to June 1, the recipients may make their subscriptions for next season, but they may pay for them at any time before Sept. 2. Seats not taken by subscription before June 1 will be available to the general public.

Dr. Muck will, of course, be the conductor of the orchestra and the concerts next season, the final year of his present contract. More "assisting artists" have been engaged than for many winters past and the list bears many new names. The singers announced are Mmes. Destinn, Gadski, Homer and Kurt of the Metropolitan Opera House; Mmes. Culp and Gerhardt of the concert-hall, and Mr. McCormack deservedly included for the voice and artistry with which he sings old airs. Two pianists of the first rank, Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Gabrilowitsch, will be heard, and along with them Messrs. Schelling, Friedberg and Gebhard. The violinists announced are Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Spalding and it is good to see the younger virtuoso gaining his deserts at last. As usual, too, the principal violinists of the orchestra—Messrs. Witek and Noack—and the principal 'cellists—Messrs Warnke and Malkin—will play solo pieces. All in

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— May 7 —

Pop Concerts Commence

Boston Symphony Season Has Brilliant Conclusion—Falling Off in Musical Importations Due to War—What American Composers Are Doing—Other Timely Music News

The Boston Symphony season of 1916-17 came to an end yesterday evening, with a notable performance of Liszt's "Faust" symphony and of Wagnerian excerpts. Tomorrow night, or for the public on Tuesday night, the Pop concerts commence. The musical season, now virtually at an end, has been a very rich one in performances and an unusually poor one in new works of interest. We have, for one thing, fallen off in our musical imports during war-time, as we shall doubtless continue to do in the immediate future, and for the other thing, conductors and opera companies have not shown particular enterprise in ransacking the libraries and music stores for interesting new works, all ready in existence and on sale.

Saying this, we can hear the American composer making his plaint, in spite of Dr Muck's well-intended activities in his behalf; but the sad fact remains, that American composition up to the present time consists in those compositions of the older generation which are after European models, and are becoming rapidly outmoded, though often performed, and in their work the younger men have as yet for a majority shown little ability or conviction or seriousness in preparing themselves to strike out in new paths. The only two of these younger men who seem to us to deserve extended recognition are Henry F. Gilbert and John Alden Carpenter. Mr. Gilbert is the only American composer in the knowledge of the writer who has said things thoroughly beautifully and eloquently, and things that are American in the most fundamental are artistic sense of the word.

For the rest, even Mr. Carpenter, they are still imitating Europe, either in an inefficient or uninspired manner. Therefore the American composer has still to look within instead of without for his success, and he has as yet attained no particular right to complain because he is not given frequent performance.

The reason that such Americans as George W. Chadwick—the only composer of the older group who has struck at all the racial note—Horatio Parker, Arthur Foote, F. S. Converse and a number of others have their works performed constantly is that technically, at least, their works stand examination and make their effect in performance. It is not because of "pull" or "influence" or anything else of the kind that the older group of composers have attained their present position before the public. They now undoubtedly enjoy advantages of reputation, in many cases, of social position and of the most influential musical connections which do facilitate the productions of their works.

But how did they get this far? They were not born with golden spoons in their mouths and the twelve fairies of fortune about their cradles. They gained ground steadily because of solid acquirements as composers. If their productions seem smug or conventional or old-fashioned to younger men—as many of them do—the thing for the young man to do is to shut his mouth and learn his trade. When he can produce something as good in its workmanship—not necesarily similar in its workmanship, for no one wants to see art go on in its beaten track—but as solid in its facture, then let him raise his banner and make trouble for the old guard. But until he can do this he is wasting his time fighting windmills.

Even Mr. Gilbert has not, in our opinion, a technic nearly equal to the technic of the older group of composers. It is our personal impression that more than once, with exceptionally virile and poetic ideas, he finds himself cramped for a word; nevertheless, he has evolved a style unmistakably his own, a style which for character, raciness and in individuality has no parallel among the men of his own generation in this country. And inevitably he is going through the struggle that every new and substantial talent encounters in gaining recognition.

It is only logical and only to be expected that the unconventionality of his works, their disdain of what is smug and parochial, their virility and imaginative quality, should encounter misunderstanding and opposition on many sides. But they are making their way, because, in the first place, Mr. Gilbert has something to say, and in the second place, he is far more concerned with writing a few good pages of music before he dies than with making propoganda for self and country, or rather parish, as so many of his colleagues still persist in doing. The best talk about music, as Mr. Martin Loeffler once remarked to us, is music. That is what Mr. Gilbert is doing most of the time. When he does talk, or write, he does so with fully digested views and conclusions, which may be wrong, but are his and are the expression of his artistic life. Would that others would forsake front pages of periodicals and do as much real work for the cause as he.

But we wander. The past season, we said, has been rich in performances and poor in new productions. The number and quality of performances the multiplicity of concerts and new virtuosi has been due, of course, to the European war. What the conditions will be in the year to come, where the hunted artist, athirst for engagements and audiences and money, will hide his head, it is hard to tell. But during the season past there has been the unusual condition of an exceptional crop of visiting artists, and a public exceptionally willing to pay for their services. Piano houses acknowledge their busiest season in history in the activities of concertizing exponents. Opera seasons have gone, on the whole, well. Of course the usual ridiculous thing befell in Boston when the Metropolitan opera season was well patronized, while Mme. Pavlowa's season last fall was miserably neglected. But that is as yet the case in every American city, and musicians, critics and composers must continue to pull together, and do what they can to persuade the people that Mr. Caruso may sing in anything but an artistic manner, and that a performance of "Pelleas et Melisande" means more to the soul than this gifted song bird trilling forth his roulades as the Governor of Boston.

Occasionally a pianist has ventured something new. The opera company of Mme. Pavlowa revived Auber's "Masaniello," which was not worth a great deal. Next season they purpose to revive, among other operas, Rubinstein's "Demon," which is not worth any more. The Metropolitan Opera Company gave four new operas, and two of them were eminently worth while—"Boris Godunoff" and Strauss' "Rosenkavalier." Dr. Muck's programmes have obtained a few novelties, many of them by young American composers, but most of these were of negligible importance. Indeed, the only American novelty produced in the last two seasons by this orchestra which was at all worth while was Mr. Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," more attractive, it is true, by reason of its maturity of style and its resource of workmanship than because of deep intrinsic originality, but nevertheless music to be accorded the highest respect for the musicianly accomplishment which it reveals and the modesty, if that may be used. with which the composer expresses himself. If the war will promote fresher musical ideas in Europe, and more fundamental love and understanding and production of good music in this country, something, at least, may rise from its ruins.

Sunday
— May —

"Pop" Concerts Begin This Week in Symphony Hall

In old Music Hall, in the Spring of 1885, began the annual series of Promenade Concerts given by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which soon came to be known as the "Pops," and, as such, have become famous throughout the country. At the beginning they were modeled after the then famous Bilse concerts of Berlin, but soon they were modified in character so that, since the first season, they have been what they are today, except today the orchestra is much larger. They have been given every season, except one, when there was trouble about the license, and one season, 1900, they were given in Mechanic's Hall.

The current season of "Pops" is the 31st, and beginning tomorrow evening, May 8, they will run through the first week of July to Saturday evening, July 8. For the general public, the formal opening will come next Tuesday evening, for the Women's City Club of Boston has taken the first night as a semi-private affair.

Messrs Ernst Schmidt, Andre Maquarre and Clement Lenom will be the conductors, Mr Schmidt conducting the first, third, sixth, seventh and ninth weeks; Mr Maquarre the second, fourth and fifth weeks, and Mr Lenom the eighth week. The orchestra will be the largest ever employed at these concerts.

There will be a minimum of 75 musicians used and, on special occasions, if necessary, this number may be augmented to over 80. Practically the entire orchestra, except the leaders of the various choirs, is on call for these concerts. This fact will increase decidedly the musical value of the entertainment.

The program will run along much the same lines as the past. The music will be popular, but, at the same time good, and there will be during the course of the season special nights devoted to special composers or special schools.

In the first week Mr Schmidt has arranged two special nights. Wednesday, May 10, will be Russian Night, when, with the exception of three numbers, the entire program will be by Russian composers, the exceptions being pieces by Sibelius, Paderewski and Ganne. Friday night Mr Schmidt will devote the larger part of the program to Wagner.

The program for the public opening Tuesday evening is as follows:

Coronation March from The Prophet. Meyerbeer
Overture, Der Freischutz .... Weber
Indian dance .... MacDowell
Selection, The Jewels of the Madonna ....
Wolf-Ferrari
Overture, Tannhauser .... Wagner
Andante, from cello concerto .... Dvorak
Cello, Mr Keller.

Concert Season Review

As begins and ends the 24 pairs of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, so is measured the concert season. More recitals by singers, pianists, fiddlers have been given than any preceding year. Many of them have been new. Some bear the proofs of true distinction. Any season bringing a Povla Frisch, an Eddy Brown, a Guiomar Novaes for the first time would be one to mark in the record.

Of the new orchestral music heard, there were three symphonies—by Georges Enesco, Stillman-Kelley and Frederick Stock. Mr Kelley's music of New England depicted character with sincerity and feeling if not with the epic force of genius. Mr Stock sailed along impressively for two movements, but on a grandiose scale which ran aground in the two which followed.

Of the symphonic poems, Mr Chadwick's "Tam O' Shanter," in rollicking humor and reverie, made a strong impression at the concerts. Mr Schelling's "Impressions" paid the orchestra the compliment of dedication and displayed its vertuosity. Mr Carpenter's perambulator suite is one of the most imaginative, graceful American scores that have appeared. Liszt's exhumed symphonic poem "Ce Qu'on Entend sur la Montagne," showed again the prophetic vision of the great Hungarian and the debt the modern programists owe him. Reger's variations and fugue in a Mozartian theme, must not be forgotten as the sign of a new perception and artistic restraint.

In the performance of these Dr Muck again made known to this public the force of his genius is disciplinarian in preparation, and as an interpreter of remarkably blended mentality and imagination. The orchestra remains, even increases under his hand, as an instrument of euphony, eloquence, poetic beauty.

Of the choral works, d'Indy's youthful "Song of the Bell" is still fresh in mind, Mr Townsend, with commendable initiative, introduced new works with his Boston Choral Society, of which Carissimi's "Jeptha," and Wolf Ferrari's "Sacred Mystery" would invite further acquaintance. From the chamber music played, Stawinsky's technically brilliant and highly imaginative little pieces for quartet leave stimulating memory. Sibelius' quartet is music of a vividly pictorial and emotional quality, which was not fully revealed in performance.

Music played for the first time in Boston during the year follows under the names of the composer. B S O stands for Boston Symphony Orchestra:

Amani—Orientale, Copeland recital, Jan 22, Jordan Hall.

Balakireff—"Thamara"; ballet, Feb 9.

Braunfels—Carnival overture, B. S. O., Nov 12.

Carpenter—Adventures in a Perambulator, N. Y. Symph Orch, Nov 16.

Casella—Sonata, op. 6, 'cello and piano, Casals and Deyo, March 15.

Chadwick—Tam o' Shanter, B. S. O., April 28.

Colburn, S. C.—Valse, March 1, Hans Ebell, piano recital.

Debussy—Six Antique Epigraphs, Copeland recital, Jan 22; sonata, 'cello and piano, Casals and Deyo, March 15.

Delius—A Dance Rhapsody, Minneapolis Orch, Feb 24.

Enesco—Symphony in E flat major, B. S. O., Oct 22; Variations for two pianos, op. 5, Longy Club, Mlle Longy and Mr de Voto, Jan 20.

Engel—Le bon vieux temps, Ebell, piano recital, March 1.

Grainger—Walking Tune, recital with Melba, Jan 17; The Leprechaun's Dance, recital with Melba, Jan 17.

Granados—Spanish Dance, Copeland recital, Jan 22.

Grovlez—Sicilienne and Menuet, Mrs Hall's concert, March 21, Jordan Hall.

Hadley—Lucifer, op. 66, B. S. O., April 7.

Heilman—The Prism in the Sun, Ebell recital, March 1.

Hill—"The Parting of Launcelot and Guinevere," op. 22, B. S. O., March 24.

Holbrooke—Sextet, No. 3, op. 33, Longy Club, March 9.

D'Indy—"The Song of the Bell," Cecilia Society, Chalmers Clifton conductor, May 4.

Juon—Bizarrerie, Douleur and Obstination from Six Silhouettes, for two violins and piano, Mr and Mrs Ondricek and Mr de Voto, Oct 28; Rhapsodie, op. 37, for piano, violin, viola and 'cello, Hoffman Quartet and Mr Ebell, Feb 23.

Kelley—New England Symphony, No. 2, B flat minor, op. 33, B. S. O.

Liszt—Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne symphonic poem, No. 1, B. S. O., Jan 21.

Moszkowski—Suite for two violins and piano, Mr and Mrs Ondricek, Mr de Voto, Oct 28.

Moussorgsky-Trepak and Chef d'Armee, Martha Atwood-Baker, recital, April 28.

Mozart—Concertante Symphonie for violin and viola, B. S. O., Nov 19.

Ornstein—Song, "Mother o' Mine," song recital, Jos. Ecker, March 2. See Ornstein under pianists.

Platt—Violin and piano sonata, B minor, Keifer-Wille recital, May 1.

Rachmaninoff—Hungarian Dance, for violin, Mr Ondricek, Oct 28; second piano sonata, Ebell recital, March 1.

Reger—Variations and Fugue on theme by Mozart, N. Y. Phil Orch, Nov 7.

Schelling—Impressions in form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Piano, B. S. O., Dec 31 (first performance).

Sibelius—Quartet, D minor, op. 56, Kneisel Quartet, Jan 4.

Sonetana—Bohemian Dance for violin from "The Sold Bride," Mr Ondricek and Mr de Voto, Oct 28.

Smith—Quartet, A major, op. 37, Kneisel Quartet, Nov 30.

Steinert—Prelude for piano, Ebell recital, March 1.

Stock—Symphony in C minor, op. 18, March 31.

Stojowski—Piano concerto, No. 2, op. 32, Mr Paderewski and B. S. O., March 10.

Strawinsky—"Three Pieces for Quartet," Flonzaley Quartet, Dec 2; "The Bird of Fire," ballet, Jan 31; "Petrouchka," ballet, Feb 4.

Suk—Quasi Ballata Appassionata, from Four Compositions for violin and piano, Mr Ondricek, Oct 28.

Turina—A Los Toros, Copeland recital, Jan 22.

Woolett—Octuor and Dansas Paiennes, Mrs Hall's concert, March 21.

The following singers have appeared during the season on these dates for the first time in Boston. M. O. C. stands for Metropolitan Opera Company; C. P. M. stands for Copley-Plaza musicales; P. O. C. stands for the Pavlowa Opera Company; J. H. stands for Jordan Hall and S. H. for Steinert Hall.

Arkadij, Anne—Recital, J. H., Dec 1.

Alexander, Caroline Hudson—First time here in recital, J. H., Nov 29.

D'Arnalle, Vernon—C. P. M., Nov 15.

Axman, Gladys—Recital, S. H., Nov 18.

Barrientos, Maria — M. O. C., "Lucia," April 6.

Carson, Mary—Gretel, P. O. C., Dec 11.

Clark, Marian—Joint recital, with Miguel Llobet, guitarist, S. H., April 26.

Coudert, Clarisse—With Amato, Symphony Hall, Sunday afternoon, Nov 28.

Dostal, George—Tremont Temple, March 16.

Dresser, Marcia Van—Recital, J. H., March 18.

Dunlap, Marguerite—Tremont Temple, with Miuri and Baklanoff, Jan 14.

Ecker, Joseph—Recital, J. H., March 2.

Frisch, Povla—Recital, J. H., Dec 15.

Glenn, Wilfred—Handel and Haydn, Mozart Requiem, Walpurgis Night, Feb 27.

Graveure, Louis—First time here in recital, J. H., Nov 8.

Green, Marion—Voice of Christ, The Beatitudes, Cecilia Society, Dec 16.

(Harrod, James—Verdi's Requiem, People's Choral Union, April 30).

Hinkle, Florence—First individual recital, J. H., Nov

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[illegible], Albert—C. P. M., Jan 8.

Kaiser, Marie—"Judas Maccabaeus," Handel and Haydn, April 23.

Kingston, Morgan—First time here in concert, April 23, as above.

Kousnezoff, Marie—C. P. M., Jan 31.

Kurt, Melanie—M. O. C., Isolda, April 5.

Linden, Einar—C. P. M., Dec 27.

De Luca—M. O. C., Marcello, "La Boheme," April 4.

Miura, Tamaki—P. O. C., Mme Butterfly, Nov 17.

Miura, Tamaki—First time here in concert, Tremont Temple, Jan 14.

Ober, Margarete—M. O. C., Ortrud in "Lohengrin," April 8.

Parker, Robert—With Melba, Symphony Hall, Oct 17.

Peterson, May—C. P. M., Dec 27.

Piersol, Marie Ladue—Apollo Club, March 7.

Reimer, Paul—C. P. M., Nov 22.

Roberts, Emma—First individual recital, S. H., Feb 13.

Rogers, Calista—Recital, S. H., Jan 27.

Russian Cathedral Choir—Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Feb 11.

Scheider, May—P. O. C., Micaela, "Carmen," Nov 16.

Sembach, Johannes—C. P. M., Nov 1 (Siegfried, Harvard Stadium, June 4).

Shaun, Jose—Recital, S. H., Nov 18.

Snelling, Lillia—Tremont Temple, Feb 3.

Torpadie, Greta—C. P. M., Dec 27.

Transcr
May 6

SYMPHONY CLOSES SEASON BRILLIANTLY

An exceptionally interesting program in which the orchestra fully sustained its great reputation brought the Friday afternoon concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to a brilliant close yesterday afternoon. While the concert will be repeated tonight, that of yesterday was the close of the season for the Friday afternoon patrons. Dr. Muck was given a noticeably cordial reception and not an opportunity was lost during the concert or at its close by the audience to show its appreciation of his efforts in its behalf.

The concert feature was the Liszt Symphony after Dante's "Divina Commedia," in which the women's chorus of the Musical Art Club participated. One could well imagine more being made of the opportunity than Liszt has done, but one could scarcely imagine a better presentation than that afforded yesterday afternoon. It fully merited the exceptional enthusiasm of the audience. The women's voices were decidedly pleasing.

Then followed three Wagner numbers: Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods" and Prelude to "Parsifal." In these, Dr. Muck and his players were, as ever, right in their element.

Transcrip.
May 13

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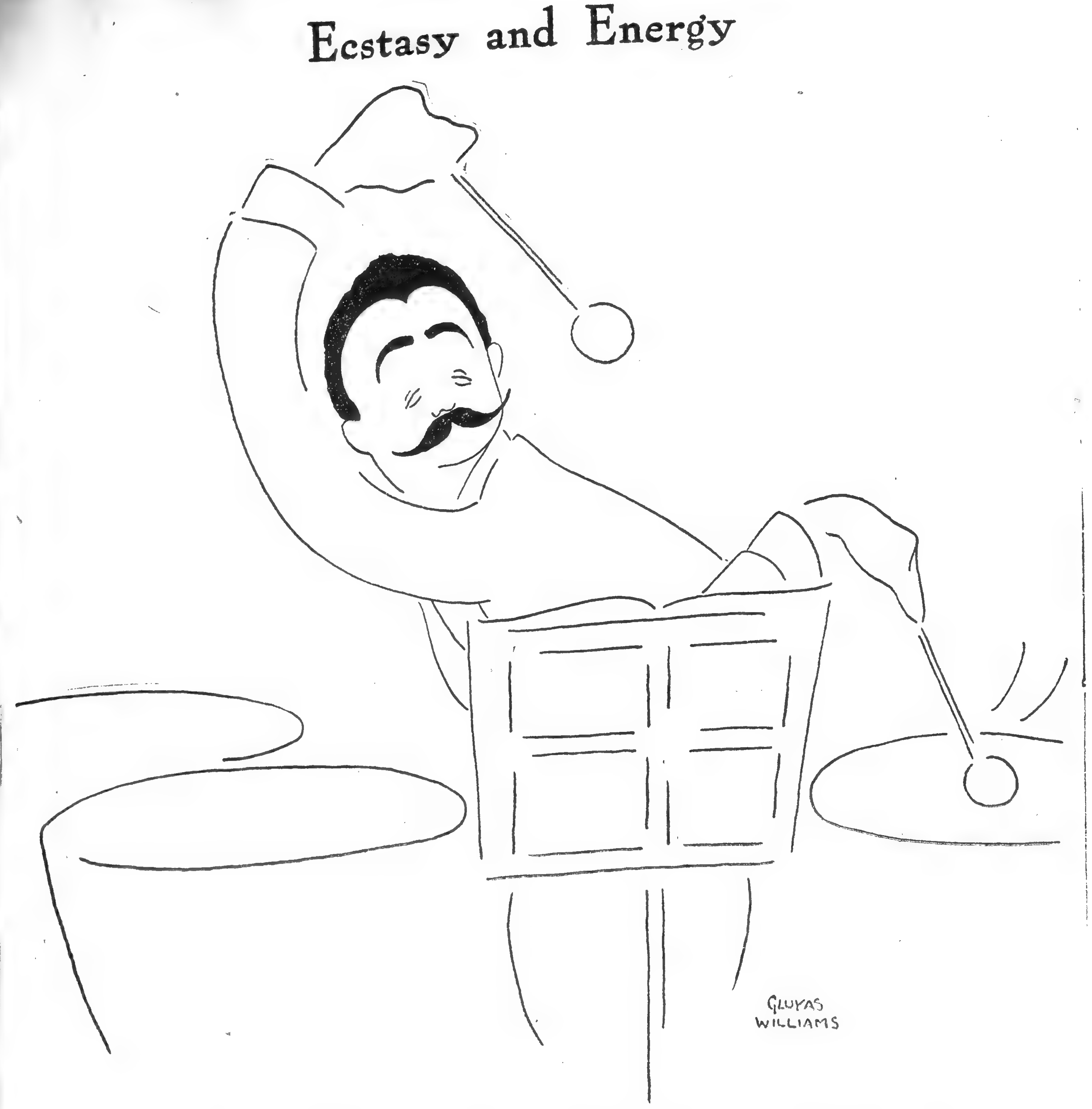
Transcript — May 6th

Ecstasy and Energy



S. Neumann: The Master-Drummer of the Symphony Orchestra

From an Original Drawing by Gluyas Williams

Transcr — May

MUSIC AND PLAYS

THE POPS AGAIN AND THE POPS OF RECENT YEARS

The Gradual Change in the Audiences—The Dominant Balconies and the Submissive Floor—Reactions Upon Orchestra, Programmes and Atmosphere—Mme. Farrar Reappears on the Screen—Sir Herbert Tree's Shylock of Artifice—Items and Announcements

PRESUMABLY The Pops have become what the present frequenters of them wish them to be—orchestral concerts of music, grave or gay, classic or popular, distributed through a leisurely and unexacting two hours and a half, and heard either from seats in the balconies (as on any similar and formal occasion) or from tables on the floor. Within easy memory the music was only incident, stimulation or intermezzo in the light talk of assembled parties quite as interested in themselves and their neighbors as in what they heard from the stage and pleasured as much by the smoking, drinking and other diversions along the way as by the works of composers, conductors and orchestra. In a sense The Pops are still informal concerts; the public may put on its hat and go to them without premeditation or preparation; if it keeps wisely clear of the balconies, it may take its fill of tobacco and light and liquid refreshments; in the pauses between the numbers, it may even chatter; but while the music is proceeding, an etiquette, with which the atmosphere is now somewhat rigid, prescribes that it must listen almost as silently and dutifully as it would at a serious concert of the regular season. So have the austere balconies gradually imposed their ways on what used to be the genially inattentive, pleasantly self-absorbed and measurably free-mannered floor of Symphony Hall; and so have The Pops become the listening ground of those that lack inclination for the orchestral concerts of the winter but would gladly take a course in the spring and summer through an approximation of them.

More and more numerous grows the band until now, sixty, seventy and eighty strong at need, it is like to a symphony orchestra or even the Symphony Orchestra itself, less the principal players in a few choirs. More and more frequent are the pieces that have been played at the Symphony Concerts themselves or are part and [illegible] of the "standard repertory" for such concerts: the overture to "Der Freischütz," the overture to "Tannhauser," the slow movement of Dvoràk's Concerto for violoncello, the dance from MacDowell's Indian Suite—all on the list of last evening; Sibelius's "Finlandia"; a fragment of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Antar"; his "Spanish Caprice"; Weber's overture to "Oberon"; Wagner's to "Rienzi"; the Nocturne from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—scattered through the programmes for the rest of the week. Curiously few are the Viennese waltzes that used to spice The Pops and could be heard nowhere else; not too frequent are the pots-pourris from operettas and musical plays, current or unforgotten. Only on Saturday evenings and on "college nights," when the audience is presumed to be light-minded, do the programmes wear a like lightness. Nowadays the orchestra and the conductor—last evening Mr. Schmidt, excellent in such work—must not spare its pains; while, above all else, the assembled company must listen attentively, seriously, subordinating its other pleasures to the high purpose of concert-going.

By this time there is no mistaking the change, as it has descended from recent year to recent year upon The Pops. The American passion for self-improvement even in the concert-hall; the American inability to take even the lighter music of the spring and summer as merely so much "good fun" with other sorts of "good fun" to supplement it; the whole abomination that goes by the name of "culture," have laid chastening and formalizing hands upon them. The balconies with their long rows of rigid, intent and silent listeners, who smoke not, drink not, chatter not, arrive as the concert begins and go home when it ends, have subdued to themselves the whilom careless and pleasure-seeking floor. The public has willed it since nightly it fills those same dominant balconies and that same obedient and now seemingly sympathetic floor. The laws of The Pops, The Pops' new public gives and doubtless the knowledge and the taste in music of the community advance accordingly. There is no rejoinder; there is only submission—and regret, the eternal regret that somehow or other nature so made the Anglo-Saxon, and especially the American Anglo-Saxon, that at almost no time and in almost no circumstance will he take music for the fun of the thing.

Monitor — May 13 —

SYMPHONY YEAR PUTS AMERICAN MUSIC TO TEST

Dr. Muck Found to Have Given Larger Number of Works Than Usual by Orchestral Composers Living in U. S.

In the season of 1915-16 the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra has given composers who live in the United States an opportunity to be heard that they have never enjoyed before. At his Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts in Symphony hall, he has presented nine native works, all of complete cyclic dimensions. Seven of them, according to the official phrase in Philip Hale's program notes, he has performed for the "first time at these concerts," and six for the "first time in Boston." If a comparison of the programs of the past season is made with those of the previous five seasons, Dr. Muck will be found to have included in his schedule about twice the usual number of American compositions.

If the conductor were asked why he had thus enlarged his welcome to composers of the United States, he would doubtless reply that it was because these composers have of late shown an unwonted zeal in writing orchestral pieces, and have turned out scores that were worthy of a test before his audiences. While perhaps admitting that there were many new European symphonies waiting to be tried and many classics that called for revival, yet here the American documents were and here and now they must be reckoned with. If any further argument were needed to justify his procedure, all the works in question had already been heard and approved outside of Boston, so why

The performance of the nine works, at least of the seven novelties, is hardly to be explained, therefore, as a case of condescension on the part of the conductor toward the country in which he is a visitor. Nor, on the other hand, is it to be regarded as a case of wartime necessity. For a considerable amount of new European music has been available this winter, notwithstanding the difficulties of communication between the conductor and continental publishers. If the Strauss "Alpine" symphony could be sent through the blockades to the United States for production in Cincinnati and Philadelphia, certainly other pieces could have been shipped through for production in Boston. The American music, all who consider it must agree, was performed because it was worthy of a hearing. And now that it has been presented by an orchestra that rehearses all new music with great care and before a public that listens to all new music with a high feeling of accountability the question arises as to its permanent value. How much of it is likely to hold a place in the repertory?

The American composers as they appear in alphabetical order in the tabular review of the twenty-fourth program book, with the titles of their works, are as follows: Carpenter, "Perambulator" suite; Chadwick, "Tam o' Shanter" ballade; Hadley, "Lucifer" tone poem; Hill, "Lancelot and Guinevere" symphonic poem; Kelley, "New England" symphony; Loeffler, "Tintagiles" dramatic poem; MacDowell, suite in A minor; Schelling, "Artist's Life" variations for orchestra and piano; Stock, symphony in C minor.

Two of the pieces, those by Loeffler and MacDowell, may be looked upon as accepted examples of American orchestral art. At all events they may be thought of as established in the Boston Symphony routine of concerts. Having been long ago played, placed on the library shelf and later taken down and played again, they have a certain degree of historic standing. They have had their usefulness affirmed by repeated hearing. The other seven of the nine pieces, on the contrary, being but recently composed and now only fairly introduced to the public, are still unsolved problems. An embodiment of modern feeling, as pictures of present day society and as efforts at national expression, they still await full appraisal.

On being examined, the pieces fall at the outset into two groups, according to locality of origin. Those by Chadwick, Hadley, Hill, Kelley and Schelling, on the one hand, may all be assigned to the East; those by Carpenter and Stock, on the other hand, belong to the West. Again, they take double grouping from the circumstances of their composition. The Chadwick, Hadley and Kelley scores were written to order, having been commissioned by the sustainer of the Norfolk, Conn., music festivals and having been produced one after another in the last three years under the auspices of the Litchfield County Choral Union. In quite different manner, the Carpenter, Hill, Schelling and Stock scores were the outcome of the author's own wish to speak to the world. They came into existence without the encouragement of a patron. Whatever informal welcome may have awaited them, they were written on the initiative of the composers themselves.

These two pairs of situations hold out opportunity for comparisons. The first invites debate as to the relative knack of eastern and western composers at handling the orchestral mechanism; while the second raises inquiry as to the relative strength of music which men write by request and that which they write from impulse.

When East and West are compared, no particular differentiation, at first glance, is found. For in point of technique, and that must always be the first issue, they are evenly matched. In fact, algebraic rule may be brought to bear on the matter and United States composers of the East and the West may be called technical equals of each other, because both are technical equals of European composers. As regards instrumentation, there can no longer be any doubt that American composers, according to the showing of the seven records under discussion, understand how to score. There can be no denying that they have mastered the craft of combining tones of string, wood, brass and the rest of the orchestral scheme. If the much-used analogy of painting and engraving may be permitted, there are on one side of the exhibit the brilliantly colored canvases of Hadley and Hill, and there are on the other the monochromatic prints of Carpenter and Schelling. They ought to be sufficient argument to prove American mastery of pictorial method. Further respecting technique, East and West are evenly matched in command of the large modern cyclic forms of composition. To attest this, let mention of Kelley's finely-proportioned "New England" symphony and of Stock's vast, yet structurally compact, C minor symphony suffice.

In external matters, then, eastern western music are much alike.

qualities do differences come to light. And here the West at once shows at a certain advantage. For the "Perambulator" suite of Carpenter and the C minor symphony of Stock, more than any of the five compositions of the eastern group, are outspoken and frank in their utterances. Mr. Carpenter undertakes to narrate the experiences of a baby in its morning ride to the park, and he goes at it with an enthusiasm and an ingenuousness that wins all hearers. Mr. Stock in like manner begins an exploit in orchestral assertion that he means shall out-Strauss and out-Mahler anything ever before spoken. He plans the largest array of developments on a three-note theme that ever tone marshal paraded. And he achieves his desire. The only trouble is that narrator and asserter do not keep up their purposes to the end. The writer of the "Perambulator" loses his hold as humorist half way in his story. The writer of the symphony uses up all his emphasis by the time he reaches the quarter-way mark.

Comparison of expressive traits further followed out, the East shows at an advantage in its moderation. Not but that Mr. Hill in his "Lancelot" and Mr. Hadley in his "Lucifer" use the biggest sonorities they know how, and not but that Mr. Kelley in the "New England" symphony goes to the extreme in moroseness of mood; nevertheless, all this granted, the eastern group does hold the convictions of hearers to the last note. It does reserve some part of its message for the end.

So much for comparison by locality. Now as to comparison by motive of authorship, it must admitted that those who composed on their own enterprise have a more impressive message than those who composed on invitation. The four men who wrote for whatever audience they might deserve strike deeper than the three who wrote for a special occasion. The frankness of Messrs. Carpenter and Stock will not be easy for audiences to resist. The individuality of style and the humor of character-portrayal shown by Mr. Schelling will surely win hearings for the piano and orchestra variations another season. The sincerity of sentiment shown by Mr. Hill will be likely to bring more performances of "Lancelot."

Of the three contributions to American musical art in the Litchfield batch, those by Messrs. Chadwick and Hadley, notwithstanding their admirable qualities as scores, scarcely have enough appeal of originality to demand being reconsidered soon at the Symphony concerts. The composition of Mr. Kelley, however, though a labored study, ought in fairness, perhaps, to be performed again, because it had to be given by the assistant conductor of the orchestra. The public is inclined to think that a new piece is neglectfully produced, unless the regular conductor interprets it.

13

CHANGED SCALE OF PRICES FOR SYMPHONY OUT

Staple Cost Instead of Auction Sale to Be in Effect This Fall for Boston — Friday Rush Seats to Be Retained

Announcement of a new flat scale of prices for the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra is given out today by Charles A. Ellis, the manager. Tickets hereafter are to be put on sale in the summer at these prices, instead of being offered in the fall at auction. It is understood that the manager tried to scale Symphony hall in such a way as to bring into the treasury of the orchestra as nearly as possible the same amount as was realized from the auction sales, while at the same time removing certain inevitable inequalities to subscribers arising from the premium method. According to an estimate published in The Christian Science Monitor on Jan. 8 of this year, the receipts from the last auction sales were $100,346.50 for the Friday matinees, and $65,380.50 for the Saturday evening concerts. The new flat scale of prices is found to conform, generally speaking, with the difference in the Friday and Saturday demand here indicated. The Friday afternoon rush seats will be retained. Details as to the prices and to the plans for next season's subscriptions appear in the announcement, which is as follows:

"All the subscribers to the Boston Symphony concerts of the past season who have registered their seats with the management are receiving this week subscription cards which will enable

grams which show the fixed prices of subscription and the manner in which the hall has been divided. The problem of fixing the prices of seats for the Friday and Saturday series has presented many difficulties and it is hoped that these have been solved to the satisfaction of all concerned. The management feels that a great step for the better has been taken in abolishing the auction sales. For the patrons of the concerts, the fixed price subscription means a minimum of trouble in securing seats and an exact knowledge of the price they must pay for the seats they want. For the management, it means an exact knowledge of the resources on which to base the annual budget.

"In fixing the prices it has been the task of the management so to scale the house for both series that the total receipts from the sales will meet the minimum requirements of the orchestra from the Boston concerts; and, at the same time, maintain the average of prices for various parts of the house within the limits shown by the auction sales of the past several years. One of the chief objections to the auction sales has been the great inequality of prices from the maximum to the minimum and to regulate this has been the most difficult part of the work.

"The prices of the Friday and Saturday concerts will be the same, but, owing to differences in division, the average cost of the seats for Friday will be higher than for Saturday. This is made necessary by the fact that for the Friday concerts the entire second balcony, or 505 seats, is not included in the subscription sale, these seats being held out as in the past, to be sold at the door on the days of the concerts at 25 cents each.

"For both series the top price of season tickets will be $60. The bottom price for the Friday concerts will be $24; for the Saturday concerts $15, this being the price of all the seats in the second balcony except those in the front row. The intermediate prices for Fridays will be $48 and $36; for Saturdays, $48, $36 and $24.

"The records of the auction sales of the past several years show that patrons will pay for their seats practically the average price they have paid during those years. For Friday afternoons, a number of seats in the middle of the hall, which have brought very high prices, will cost considerably less. The bulk of the seats for the Saturday evening concerts are very moderate in price. For example, on the floor alone, there will be practically 500 seats at $24 each, or $1 per concert. These comprise nearly all the seats back of the broad aisle. Again, while for Friday afternoons the greater part of the center section in front of the broad aisle will be sold at $60 per seat, for the Saturday evening concerts only a few of the most sought-for seats in that section have been placed at that price.

"Holders of registered seats have until June 1 in which to subscribe for them and until Sept. 2 in which to make their payments. All seats which have not been subscribed for y June 1 will be offered for sale to the general public.

"Plans are in the making for next season. Dr. Muck, of course, will be at the head of the orchestra and in the personnel there will be few, if any, changes from that of this year. The list of soloists is more comprehensive than it has been in many seasons and on it will be found the names of several artists who are appearing with the Symphony orchestra for the first time.

"There will be seven singers, six of iem women. The women will be Julia ılp, Emmy Destinn, Johanna Gadski, ena Gerhardt, Louise Homer and lanie Kurt. All of these have apred with the orchestra one or more es, except Mme. Kurt, who was first d in Boston this spring with the opolitan opera company. The seventh r will be John McCormack.

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Post
May 10 —

POPS OPEN WITH BANG

Enlarged Orchestra Adds to Popularity

BY OLIN DOWNES

The 31st season of the Pop concerts opened last night in Symphony Hall. Ernst Schmidt, the present concertmeister of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted. The orchestra was of impressive proportions, larger than any Pop orchestra of recent seasons, completely filling the stage, and representing a number of instruments sufficient to perform practically any modern music, however formidably orchestrated.

ADMIRABLE ORGANIZATION

The virtouosity of the players is well known. The net result is that for the Pop concerts in Symphony Hall there is furnished this season an orchestra which, while not fully equal to the complete complement of players for the subscription season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in the winter time, is yet so complete and so resourceful that Boston's Pop orchestra would be welcomed by many cities of pretension as an admirable symphonic organization which a conductor could count himself happy in being invited to conduct.

Mr. Schmidt arranged a programme for the first night of the Pops open to the general public—the entire hall being now engaged each first Monday night by the Women's City Club—which included music of substance and brilliantly effective workmanship, and also music of a popular and semi-popular cast.

To none of these classes does Mr. Schmidt's march, "Red, White and Blue," belong. This is a more generously colored composition. Greens and screaming yellows are included. All tunes ever associated with American patriotism sound in a jumble together. There are Suppe's overture, "The Beautiful Galatea," and for one of the encores the ever beautiful "Blue Danube" waltz of Strauss.

Music for Everybody

The concert opened with Meyerbeer's pompous coronation march from "The Prophet." There followed the romantic and melodious overture, "Der Freischutz," of Weber. One of the finest pieces of music so far composed by an American, the "Indian Dance" of MacDowell, followed; music of an uncommonly wild and dramatic character, based on typical Indian themes, and this group came to an end with selections of a piquant sort from Wolf-Ferrari's popular "Jewels of the Madonna." After the Indian dance there was played an entr'acte from Thomas, "Mignon," as an encore.

The second group was even more enthusiastically received. It commenced with the "Tannhauser" overture, one of the most eloquent and well made overtures in all operatic music. Then came the slow movement from Dvorak's violoncello concerto, played by Mr. Keller, violoncellist, and encored.

Then there was the performance which the augmented size of the Pop orchestra made especially effective, of selections from the third act of Wagner's "Meistersinger," and this group was completed by Liszt's first Hungarian rhapsody. After the "Meistersinger" selections, Massenet's "Crepuscule" was added in response to long continued applause.

— Journal M[illegible] —

RECORD ORCHESTRA AT POP CONCERT OPENING

Regular Symphony Aggregation Heard in Classic and Popular Numbers, But the Time-Honored Popping Is Gone—Theatre News and Gossip.

By E. F. Harkins

Formerly the Pop concerts had one opening night. Now there are two, the Women's City Club night, which comes first, of course, and then what might be called the Old Timers' night. This came last night attended by a greater orchestral dazzle than ever before and much less popping of corks than used to enliven the early soirees. These new fangled bottle caps have taken a good deal of the pop out of these concerts.

Last night Ernst Schmidt, the conductor, faced the largest Pop orchestra ever assembled. No less than 82 players took part, making up a full-grown symphony orchestra—about twice as big a band as they had to swing through the good old "Grubenlichter" and "Blue Danube" waltzes in the popping days

of yore. Virtually all but the virtuosi members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are under engagement for the Pop season.

As a consequence the concerts are to be taken somewhat more seriously than was the rule when the enthusiasts shouted their requests to the conductor and then their thanks. There was no chorus of "Thank you, Mr. Schmidt!" last night; but there was enough applause to command several encores during the customary three hours or so. The audience was generous to a fault, in fact, for the orchestra was not by any means in flawless form. The artistic level of the performance can be much higher than it was on this second public opening night.

The balconies were well filled by those who prefer to take their music dry. There was also a crowd in the popular "rush seats" around the tables outside the fashionable reservation. There was much to please divers tastes—classical and popular music, fashion, society, promenades and things from the caterer's larder.

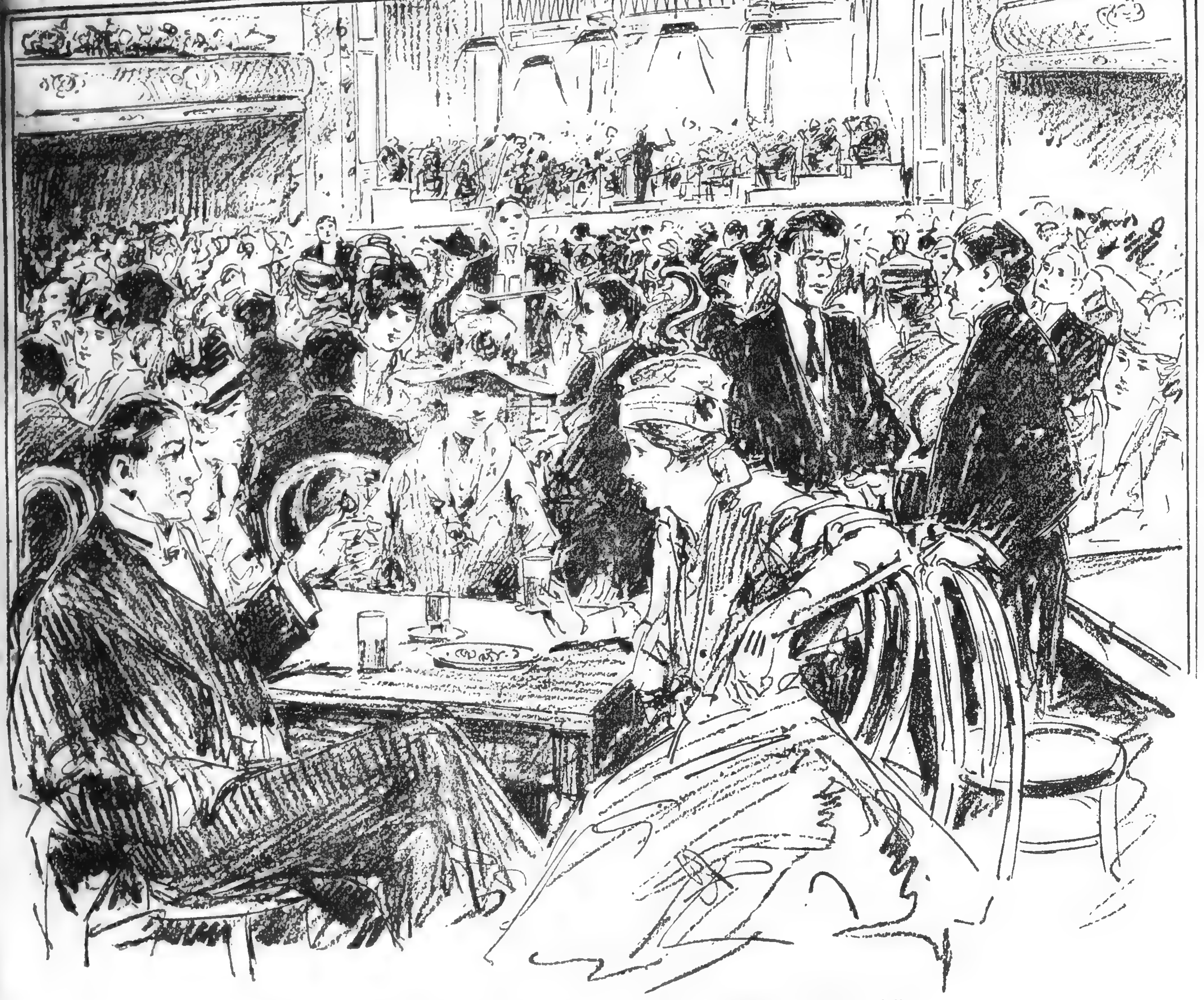
The Pops are a great spring tonic for Bostonians. It's a pity they don't last all summer.

Tonight will be Russian night. The program is made up of the festival march from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar," the andante from Glazounoff's piano sonata, the tone poem "Finlandia," by Sibelius; four Tschaikowsky numbers, the "Nutcracker" suite, the "Song Without Words," the "Pizziccato Serenade" and the "1812 Overture;" the "Cortege de Bacchus," from Rubinstein's "Feramors;" Paderewski's "Menuet a l'Antique;" Glinka's "Life of the Czar" overture and "Karaminskeya" and Ganne's "Czarina" mazurka.

THE BOSTON GLOBE—WEDNESDAY, MAY 10

FIRST PUBLIC NIGHT AT THE "POPS"

Orchestra Increased to 75 For These Concerts, With Ernst Schmidt Conducting This Week



OPENING OF THE POPS AS THE ARTIST SAW IT.

The first admission of the general public to the season's series of "Pop" concerts at Symphony Hall occurred last evening, the house having been taken privately by the Women's City Club for Monday night.

The orchestra this year has been increased to 75 players, the addition being an expansion of the string choirs. The conductor for the first week of the series of concerts, contrary to the usual apportionment of the office, will be Ernst Schmidt, who has been called to Dr Muck's duties at various times during the year. Next Monday Mr Maquarre, the flutist, will succeed him for a time.

With more experience in the ways of "Pop" concerts Mr Schmidt probably will relieve the seriousness of his programs. Much symphonic music has been heard in this town and played well. The acceptable thing in furnishing entertainment to these audiences who sit about tables seasoning their talk and enlivening their wit with a harmless beverage or a beguiling cigar, would be to give them more of the lighter, the sociable music, which for example, Victor Herbert in other times and places has known how to choose and to conduct it with something of the snap and style which he has found suitable, a style which reasonably is not that of a symphony concert, but would be the more grateful and effective with the orchestra Mr Schmidt now has at his disposal.

Why the audience should be asked to listen to the dolorous andante from Dvorak's cello concerto, on what should be a joyous occasion, is hard to say, even though Mr Keller plodded bravely through it.

The excerpt from "The Mastersingers," although it contained the dance of the apprentices, was too much Wagner for the middle group after the "Tannhauser" overture to begin it. The orchestra, after apparently reading through at sight the medley from "The Jewels of the Madonna," ending the first group of pieces, and in a manner that denoted but slight respect for Wolf-Ferrari's opera, caught the spirit of Liszt's First Hungarian Rhapsody which ended the second, and gave it a thoroughly spirited performance.

As extra numbers, the gavotte from "Mignon," one of the best played pieces of the evening, music from "Carmen," Massenet's "Crepuscle" and a tranquil song played by Mr Kellar with organ were rewarded with applause.

The first group of selections included such orthodox music as Meyerbeer's Coronation March and Keber's "Der Freischuetz" overture, which now may be wished a long and dreamless slumber, and MacDowell's Indian Dance.

In the last group were a march by the conductor, "Red, White, Blue," which the audience received gladly; Suppe's "Beautiful Galatea," Dvorak's "Humoriske," and Meacham's "American Patrol."

Prominent in the first chairs of the orchestra beside Mr Kellar, the 'cellist, were Mr Hoffmann, a familiar and excelent concertmaster at these occasions; Mr de Mailly, whose pleasing flute playing in the second intermezzo from "The Jewels of the Madonna" stood out in bold relief, and Mr Mimart, a clarinetist whose tonal quality is always to be enjoyed when heard in solo.

This evening will be Russian Night, with a program which appears of unusual interest. A Wagner program will be given Friday, May 12. Amherst Night will occur Wednesday, May 17.

Tonight's program:

Festival March, from "Antar,"	Rimsky-Korsakoff
Overture, "The Life for the Tsar"	Glinka
Andante, from a piano sonata	Glazounoff
Finlandia	Sibelius
Suite, "Nutcracker" "Song Without Words." **Pizzicato Serenade; overture, "1812,"**	Tschaikowsky
Cortege de Bacchus, from "Feramors,"	Rubinstein
Menuet a' l'Antique	Paderewski
"Karaminskeya"	Glinka
Waltz, "La Czarina"	Ganne

Globe – May 13 –

NEXT SEASON'S SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Details of the New Plan for Selling Seats

Personnel of Orchestra Unchanged —Famous Soloists Engaged

Since last Fall when it was announced that the custom of selling season tickets for the Symphony concerts by auction, which had been in vogue from the early years of the Orchestra, would be abandoned in the season of 1916-17 for a subscription at fixed prices, there has been keenest curiosity as to what the scale of prices would be for coming seasons. The problem has been finally settled and Charles A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, gives the details in a statement made yesterday:

"All the subscribers to the Symphony concerts of the past season who have registered their seats with the management are receiving this week subscription cards which will enable them to retain those seats for the concerts of 1916-17, together with diagrams which show the fixed prices of subscription and the manner in which the hall has been divided.

"In fixing the prices it has been the task of the management so to scale the house for both series that the total receipts from the sales will meet the minimum requirements of the orchestra from the Boston concerts; and, at the same time, maintain the average of prices for various parts of the house within the limits shown by the auction sales of the past several years.

"The prices of the Friday and Saturday concerts will be the same, but, owing to differences in division, the average cost of the seats for Friday will be higher than for Saturday. This is made necessary by the fact that for the Friday concerts the entire second balcony, or 505 seats, is not included in the subscription sale, these seats being held out as in the past, to be sold at the door on the days of the concerts at 25 cents each.

"For both series the top price of season tickets will be $60. The bottom price for the Friday concerts will be $24; for the Saturday concerts $15, this being the price of all the seats in the second balcony except those in the front row. The intermediate prices for Fridays will be $48 and $36; for Saturdays, $48, $36 and $24.

"The records of the auction sales of the past several years show that patrons will pay for their seats practically the average price they have paid during those years. For Friday afternoons, a number of seats in the middle of the hall, which have brought very high prices, will cost considerably less. The bulk of the seats for the Saturday evening concerts are very moderate in price. For example, on the floor alone, there will be practically 500 seats at $24 each, or $1 per concert. These comprise nearly all the seats back of the broad aisle. Again, while for Friday afternoons the greater part of the center section in front of the broad aisle will be sold at $60 per seat, for the Saturday evening concerts only a few of the most-sought-for seats in that section have been placed at that price.

"Holders of registered seats have until June 1 in which to subscribe for them and until Sept 2 in which to make their payments. All seats which have not been subscribed for by June 1 will be offered for sale to the general public.

"Plans are already in the making for a season of unusual brilliancy. Dr Muck, of course, will be at the head of the orchestra, and in the personnel there will be few, if any, changes from that of this year.

"There will be seven singers — Julia Culp, Emmy Destinn, Johanna Gadski, Elena Gerhardt, Louise Homer, Melanie Kurt and John McCormack.

There will be five pianists—I. J. Paderewski, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Ernest Schelling, Carl Friedberg and Heinrich Gebhard.

"The violinists will be four — Fritz Kreisler, Albert Spalding, Anton Witek and Sylvian Noack. The last two named are, of course, drawn from the orchestra. The other two soloists announced are Heinrich Warnke and Josef Malkin, the admirable 'cellists of the orchestra. In all, there will be soloists at 18 out of the 24 pairs of concerts. This is the largest number the orchestra has had since Mr Gericke's days and the quality has never been higher.

Record
May 13

Symphony Plans are Explained

Fixed Prices Now Established

BRILLIANT SEASON PROMISED BY ELLIS

McCormack, Spalding, Kurt and Friedburg Among Next Year's Soloists

Since last fall, when it was announced that the custom of selling season tickets for the Symphony concerts by auction, which had been in vogue from the early years of the orchestra, would be abandoned in the season of 1916-17 for a subscription at fixed prices, there has been curiosity as to the details.

Charles A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, yesterday explained:—

"All the subscribers to the symphony concerts of the past season who have registered their seats with the management are receiving this week subscription cards which will enable them to retain those seats for the concerts of 1916-17.

"The management feels that a great step for the better has been taken in abolishing the auction sales. For the patrons of the concerts the fixed price subscription means a minimum of trouble in securing seats and an exact knowledge of the price they must pay for the seats they want. For the management it means an exact knowledge of the resources on which to base the annual budget.

"In fixing the prices it has been the task of the management so to scale the house for both series that the total receipts from the sales will meet the minimum requirements of the orchestra from the Boston concerts; and at the same time, maintain the average of prices for various parts of the house within the limits shown by the auction sales of the past several years.

"The prices of the Friday and Saturday concerts will be the same, but, owing to differences in division, the average cost of the seats for Friday will be higher than for Saturday. This is made necessary by the fact that for the Friday concerts the entire second balcony, or 505 seats, is not included in the subscription sale, these seats being held out, as in the past, to be sold at the door on the days of the concerts at 25 cents each.

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"Plans are already in the making for a season of unusual brilliancy. In the personnel there will be few, if any changes. The list of soloists includes several who are appearing with the Symphony Orchestras for the first time.

"There will be seven singers, six of them women. The women will be Julia Culp, Emmy Destinn, Johanna Gadski, Elena Gerhardt, Louise Homer and Melanie Kurt. All of these have appeared with the orchestra one or more times, except Mme. Kurt, who was first heard in Boston this spring with the Metropolitan Opera Company. The seventh singer will be John McCormack.

"There will be five pianists: I. J. Paderewski, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Ernest Schelling, Carl Friedberg and Heinrich Gebhard. Of these Mr. Friedberg is making his first appearance with the orchestra. He has been heard here in recital, making a most favorable impression. The violinists will be four: Fritz Kreisler, Albert Spalding, Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack. The last two named are, of course, drawn from the orchestra, and Mr. Spalding will make his first appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The other two soloists now announced are Heinrich Warnke and Josef Malkin, the admirable 'cellists of the orchestra. In all there will be soloists at 18 out of 24 pairs of concerts. This is the largest number the orchestra has had since Mr. Gericke's days and the quality has never been higher."

Saturday
May 13th

$60 TOP PRICE FOR SYMPHONY CONCERT SEATS

Minimum Prices $24 for Fridays and $15 for Saturdays.

"RUSH SEATS" FOR FRIDAYS RETAINED

New System Replaces Sale by Auction—McCormack Among Soloists.

Beginning with next season, the subscription prices of seats for the Friday afternoon Symphony concerts will range from $24 to $60; for the Saturday night concerts, from $15 to $60. So the management announced yesterday. This schedule is the outcome of the decision to do away with the traditional auction sale of seats.

It was also announced that John McCormack, the celebrated Irish tenor, will make his first appearance as a Symphony soloist next season. There will be 18 soloists for the 24 pairs of concerts, which is the largest number in many years. The official statement says:

Equalizing Cost of Seats

"In fixing the prices it has been the task of the management so to scale the house for both series that the total receipts from the sales will meet the minimum requirements of the orchestra from the Boston concerts and, at the same time, maintain the average of prices for various parts of the house within the limits shown by the auction sales of the past several years. One of the chief objections to the auction sales has been the great inequality of prices from the maximum to the minimum, and to regulate this has been the most difficult part of the work.

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New Prices Strike Average

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Advertiser
—May 13—

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Herald
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Problem Difficult.

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The opening of the "Pops" last night proved that they are still as popular as in past years. Enthusiastic applause greeted each number. Ernest Schmidt conducted in his usual pleasing manner and his composition, "Red, White and Blue" was well received. The attendance was large.

Other numbers which pleased included a selection from "The Jewels of the Madonna," by Wolfe-Ferrari, Dvorak's "Humoreske" and "Andante from 'cello concerto."

The program follows:—

Coronation March, "The Prophet" Meyerbeer
Overture, "Der Freischutz"........Weber
Indian Dance ....MacDowell
Selection, "Jewels of the Madonna" Wolf-Ferrari
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Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1..........Liszt
March, "Red-White-Blue"........Schmidt
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea," Suppe
"Humoreske" ....Dvorak
American Patrol ....Meacham

The Pops Tonight

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RUSSIAN NIGHT

Festival March, from "Antar" Rimsky-Korsakoff
Overture, "The Life for the Tsar".....Glinka
Andante, from a Piano Sonata.....Glazounoff
Finlandia ....Sibelius
Suite, "Nutcracker"; "Song Without Words"; Pizzicato Serenade; Overture, "1812".....Tschaikowsky
Cortège de Bacchus, from "Feramors" Rubinstein
Menuet a' l'Antique...............Paderewsky
"Karaminskeya" ....Glinka
Waltz, "La Czarine"......................Ganne

Saturday
May 13th

$60 TOP PRICE FOR SYMPHONY CONCERT SEATS

Minimum Prices $24 for Fridays and $15 for Saturdays.

"RUSH SEATS" FOR FRIDAYS RETAINED

New System Replaces Sale by Auction—McCormack Among Soloists.

Beginning with next season, the subscrption prices of seats for the Friday afternoon Symphony concerts will range from $24 to $60; for the Saturday night concerts, from $15 to $60. So the management announced yesterday. This schedule is the outcome of the decision to do away with the traditional auction sale of seats.

It was also announced that John McCormack, the celebrated Irish tenor, will make his first appearance as a Symphony soloist next season. There will be 18 soloists for the 24 pairs of concerts, which is the largest number in many years. The official statement says:

Equalizing Cost of Seats

"In fixing the prices it has been the task of the management so to scale the house for both series that the total receipts from the sales will meet the minimum requirements of the orchestra from the Boston concerts and, at the same time, maintain the average of prices for various parts of the house within the limits shown by the auction sales of the past several years. One of the chief objections to the auction sales has been the great inequality of prices from the maximum to the minimum, and to regulate this has been the most difficult part of the work.

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New Prices Strike Average

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Herald
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Other numbers which pleased included a selection from "The Jewels of the Madonna," by Wolfe-Ferrari, Dvorak's "Humoreske" and "Andante from 'cello concerto."

The program follows:—

Coronation March, "The Prophet"	Meyerbeer
Overture, "Der Freischutz"	Weber
Indian Dance	MacDowell
Selection, "Jewels of the Madonna"	Wolf-Ferrari
Overture, "Tannhauser"	Wagner
Andante from 'Cello Concerto	Dvorak
Selection, "Die Meistersinger"	Wagner
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1	Liszt
March, "Red-White-Blue"	Schmidt
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea,"	Suppe
"Humoreske"	Dvorak
American Patrol	Meacham

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RUSSIAN NIGHT

Festival March, from "Antar"	Rimsky-Korsakoff
Overture, "The Life for the Tsar"	Glinka
Andante, from a Piano Sonata	Glazounoff
Finlandia	Sibelius
Suite, "Nutcracker"; "Song Without Words"; Pizzicato Serenade; Overture, "1812"	Tschaikowsky
Cortege de Bacchus, from "Feramors"	Rubinstein
Menuet a' l'Antique	Paderewsky
"Karaminskeya"	Glinka
Waltz, "La Czarine"	Ganne

Record
May 10 –

SERIOUS MUSIC PLAYED AT THE POPS OPENING

With a larger orchestra and a smaller audience than usual the Pops opened their season at Symphony Hall last evening. Monday there was a special performance for the Women's City Club, so last evening's performance was the first regular performance. It must have surprised some of the inveterate first nighters to see vacant places. There were tables untaken and plenty of balcony seats. Just why is a question. Possibly Boston has not taken too kindly to having a premiere on a Tuesday after the first performance has been made a private affair.

The program was a pretentious one last evening. There was no Sousa march, no Victor Herbert selection, no catchy encore pieces for the multitude. Enricht Schmidt, the conductor, evidently wanted his band presented in the most pretentious repertoire heard by the Pop patrons, so he played much Wagner, MacDowell's highly colored Indian dance, the slow movement from the Dvorak violoncello concerto, with Mr. Keller as soloist, a Liszt rhapsody—the first, not the omnipresent second, etc. His own "Red, White and Blue," an elaborately orchestrated march with many national and near national airs for thematic material, is interestingly written but not especially effective. If the Pops are to maintain as high a standard as last evening, why not go a step farther and play some of the novelties that the Symphony patrons have heard this year, some of the works in shorter form and of quick appeal to the musically educated—such works as "The Adventures in a Perambulator" and "Tam O'Shanter"?

Still for the many the Pops mean light music and we believe the majority of auditors like lighter music than made up the bulk of last evening's program. In realty last evening there was an interesting concert of serious music well played, but the occasion lacked the lightness, the enthusiasm and the gaiety that have made the Pops famous.

The Pops are here and all Boston is glad. They make a delightful place at which one can wile away an evening hearing good music and partaking of light refreshment. Mr. Schmidt will conduct this week and Mr. Maquarre next week. J. V. C.

Herald
May 10

FIRST POP CONCERT OFFERS AN EXCELLENT PROGRAM

Increase in Price of Seats Seems to Affect Attendance.

A fair sized audience attended the opening of the 31st season of the Pop concerts at Symphony Hall last night. That a larger crowd was not in attendance was due to two reasons—the increased price of seats on the floor and the fact that the opening was not on the first night of the week.

The floor was fairly well filled, and the second balcony, as usual, was crowded, but in the first balcony there were more empty than filled seats. Conductor Ernest Schmidt and his musicians were freely applauded, and it was necessary to give frequent encores.

All the old-timers were there—from the young girl who always orders pink lemonade and has a whale of a time to the gent who is satisfied only with Scotch ale in a stone bottle.

The selections from "The Jewels of the Madonna" and "Die Meistersinger" and Mr. Keller's numbers were especially enjoyed. The encore numbers included excerpts from "Carmen," entr'acte from "Mignon," "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz and "Crepuscule," by Massenet.

The program follows:

Coronation March from "The Phophet"... Meyerbeer
Overture, "Der Freischutz"............Weber
Indian Dance........................MacDowel
Selection, "The Jewels of the Madonna"... Wolf-Ferrari
Overture, "Tannhauser"..............Wagner
Andante from Violoncello Concerto.....Dvorak
(Violoncello, Mr. Keller.)
Selection from Act III. "Die Meistersinger"..............................Wagner
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1................Liszt
March, "Red-White-Blue"..............Schmidt
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea"......Suppe
"Humoreske"..........................Dvorak
American Patrol.......................Meacham

Tonight is Russian night.

Monitor
– June 10 –

BOSTON MUSIC NOTES

An announcement in regard to the Symphony orchestra season ticket sales is given out from the office of the manager at Symphony hall as follows:

The subscription sale of season tickets for next year's symphony concerts, which has been in progress since the middle of last month, far surpasses the highest expectations of the management. Only now are the books open to that part of the musical public which did not own seats for the concerts of 1915-1916, or failed to register their seats, but the subscription has progressed far enough to make it certain that next year, as in the past, the Friday afternoon concerts will be entirely sold out, and that the number of seats sold for the Saturday evening concerts will be larger than it has been for many years past.

There are still available to the public excellent seats for both the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening series, at all prices, but it will be wise for those expecting to subscribe to apply for their seats this spring, as interest in the concerts and the subscription shows itself to be unusually keen. The very gratifying feature about this subscription is that it has already proved that the management has made no mistake in giving up the old method of selling seats by auction and substituting for this a subscription at fixed prices. There have been practically no criticisms of the scale of prices and the patrons of the concerts seem to be thoroughly satisfied with the new method.

The concerts of the Friday afternoon series will begin Oct. 13, and those of the Saturday evening series Oct. 14. There will be 24 of each.

The Pop Concerts

Mr. Maquarre concludes his term of directing the pop concerts in Symphony hall tonight. For the next two weeks Mr. Schmidt will conduct and for the two final weeks of the series Mr. Lenom will conduct. On Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings of the coming week members of organizations of various kinds will occupy a large part of the hall. On Wednesday evening there will be no concert. The program for tonight is as follows:

Festival march, Triebel; music from "Feramors," Rubinstein; waltz, "España," Waldteufel; selection, "Pom Pom," Felix; overture, "William Tell," Rossini; selection, "La Bohème," Puccini; violin solo, rhapsodie Hongroise, Auer Mr. Theodorowicz); "Chanson D'Amour," Maquarre; overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; largo, Handel; Japanese love-song, Thomas; American fantasy, Herbert.

Transcript
– June 10 –

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The subscription sale of season tickets for next year's Symphony Concerts, which has been in progress since the middle of last month, far surpasses the highest expectations of the management. Only now are the books open to that part of the musical public which did not own seats for the concerts of 1915-1916, or failed to register their seats, but the subscription has progressed far enough to make it certain that next year, as in the past, the Friday afternoon concerts will be entirely sold out, and that the number of seats sold for the Saturday evening concerts will be larger than it has been for many years past.

There are still available to the public excellent seats for both the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening series, at all prices, but it will be wise for those expecting to subscribe to apply for their seats this spring, as interest in the concerts and the subscription shows itself to be unusually keen. The gratifying feature about this subscription is that it has already proved that the management has made no mistake in giving up the old method of selling seats by auction and substituting for this a subscription at fixed prices. There have been practically no criticisms of the scale of prices and the patrons of the concerts seem to be thoroughly satisfied with the new method.

As already announced, concerts will begin next October; the Friday afternoon series Oct. 13 and the Saturday evening series Oct. 14. There will be twenty-four of each. The list of soloists engaged for these concerts is most comprehensive, and includes not only all of the great well-known artists in the country, but several artists who will be making their first appearances with the Symphony Orchestra. Applications for seats should be made to C. A. Ellis, manager, at Symphony Hall.

Monitor
– May 20 –

BOSTON MUSICAL NOTES

Symphony hall reports that the response which has been made by the patrons of the Symphony concerts to the announcement made by the management last week concerning the prices which will be charged for the concerts of the coming season has been gratifying. Although there has been some criticism, there has been much approval of the scale of prices and the various divisions of the house for the Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings. The Symphony subscribers are prompt in taking up their seats for next year. A large number of changes in location are asked, but these cannot be reached until well toward the end of next month.

The general plan of the management is, first, to take care of simple renewals for seats held the past season. Those who have registered have until June 1 in which to renew. After these have been disposed of, those who have registered who want additional seats, or ask for changes, will be taken care of. Finally, seats will be allotted to new applicants. These new applicants can hardly be reached before the summer. Mr. Ellis is more convinced than ever that the changing of the method of disposing of the seats was a wise move, and that it meets fully the approval of the patrons of the concerts.

Third Week of the Pops

Ernst Schmidt resumes his place as conductor of the Pops during the coming week. Attendance thus far has been good and the public seems well satisfied with the programs and the manner in which they are played. Mr. Schmidt, for the coming week, has met the many requests that have been sent in to make his programs somewhat lighter and the list of pieces for each night will be found to be popular in all senses of the word.

The one special night of the week will come Friday evening, when the alumni of the Roxbury Latin school hold their annual reunion. The program for this was chosen largely by the committee in charge. Moreover, the orchestra on that evening will have the assistance of the Harvard University Glee Club quartet, which will sing songs in the intermission.

For Tuesday night Mr. Schmidt has arranged a program devoted almost entirely to French composers. On that evening Mr. Brooke, one of the flautists of the orchestra, will be soloist. Mr. Maquarre will make his last appearance for the present at tonight's concert and has arranged the following program:

March, "Merry Soldiers," Sabathil; selection, "The Prima Donna," Herbert; waltz, "Girls of Baden," Komzak; overture, "Poet and Peasant," Suppé; suite, "Peer Gynt," Grieg; organ solos, (a) benediction, Karg-Elert, (b) march in E flat, Faulkes, Mr. Marshall; selection, "Aida," Verdi; march, "Pomp and Circumstance," Elgar, organ, Mr. Marshall; overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; reverie, Rissland, violin, Mr. Hoffman, harp, Mr. Cella; organ, Mr. Marshall. Selection, march, "Frisch d'rauf los," Blon.

Transcript
– May 16 –

MAQUARRE AT THE POPS

The Well-Liked Conductor Returns to the Summer Orchestra in a Characteristic Programme

FOR the first time this spring, Mr. Maquarre conducted at The Pops last evening and brought the orchestra as he might under the suavity and elegance of his touch. But it is a band accustomed to go pretty much its own way without yielding to the sternest conductor except as the serious business of a season's concerts compels the condescension. And what a band, even in these lighter moments! Even in the freer atmosphere of The Pops it keeps to its glories. Going its own gait in these humors of bonhomie, it could still provide any city with a great orchestra. In the serene surety that has come to it in these long years of association, it might easily play—a Pop programme, at least—without a conductor. Little is left to its leader but his choice of programmes and of tempi. Indeed, these lighter concerts disclose, too often without deserved notice, new virtuosities in the band. The lighter music calls out of it an unsuspected and almost frisky mobility and deftness. Mr. Maquarre's best efforts are toward this very deftness and elegance. While he conducted a symphony orchestra, he never forgot that he was conducting, except in the few pièces de résistance, music of a sportive character, and he realized, with elegance and charm, all the humor that comes of applying such ponderous musical resources to waltzes, to the airs of the music comedy, to idyls like his own graceful "Clair de la Lune" and the Intermezzo, likewise his own, which he was good enough to play as an encore. As a matter of course the evening was not allowed to pass without the inevitable "Largo"—beautifully played, by the way, [illegible] testimony to [illegible]nding of old

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Boston Globe
– May 6 –

LAST SYMPHONY

Dr Muck Ends Season With Liszt and Wagner

"Dante" Symphony and "Tristan" Inspire Conductor and Players

Remembering the deep impression Liszt's "Faust" symphony made at the two performances last year, Dr Muck reserved for the closing concerts of the season the symphony after Dante's "Divine Comedy." The division of the program with Wagner was grateful as a parting exception and curiously appropriate. Hearing the preludes to "Tristan and Isolda" and to "Parsifal" after Liszt's "Dante" music, Wagner's debt to his friend and predecessor was the clearer.

Liszt said he could wait for the recognition given him begrudgingly as a composer which flowed lavishly upon him as a virtuoso pianist. What orchestra of his day would have taken sufficient pains even if it had the technic to rehearse the music of the "Inferno" thoroughly? Although the formulas and harmonic devices are comparatively simple, how dramatic are passages in this movement—the last measures portentious with awe and terror, as played yesterday strikingly suggestive of doom, of stupendous shock, of infernal wars; the proclamation of dreadful warning by the brass, "all hope abondon," intensified as it is repeated; the cries of despair and rage of the damned; the graphic uses of orchestral color in which none but Berlioz had pointed the way, as in the revolutionary writing for double basses, who like a crew of snarling demons, gave effects not to be found in any other instrument or choir.

Development in this section may seem too extended, too diffuse for modern ears, as that in the following one of Purgatories and Magnificat, or as the Gretchen music in the "Faust," but this second movement of the Dante completes the broad, all understanding nature. Eloquent in sardonic raillery, Liszt, the able and mystic, the great romanticist to whom all life was a thing of character and beauty, has written of aspiration, at times ennobled, purged of the strife and pomp of the world, music which was as integral a part of his subconsciousness as that of diabolical frenzy which preceded.

The performance was actuated throughout by a spirit of love and reverence. Dr Muck's preparation clearly had been that of minute care in detail as in the broad lines of dramatic feeling. The orchestra played as a body of virtuosi, not merely as brilliant technicians in the infernal conflict, but as interpreters. Never was Mr Longy's art more resplendent. The chorus of women from the Musical Art Club rehearsed by Stephen S. Townsend, their conductor, sang with good tone, intonation and security.

Three Wagnerian excerpts—the prelude to "Tristan and Isolda," funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods" and prelude to "Parsifal"—were read and played with nobility of feeling and a wealth of beauty. The impassioned note in the "Tristan" distinguished and glorified its broadly sustained song. Dr Muck was given the prolonged greeting habitual to the day when he first appeared. After the Liszt and again after the group of Wagner he called the orchestra to its feet. After many novelties of fretful, noisy or obvious effort, how significant the music of this program which, with the exception of the "Parsifal" of advancing years, is more vital today than when it was written.

Record
May 10 –

SERIOUS MUSIC PLAYED AT THE POPS OPENING

With a larger orchestra and a smaller audience than usual the Pops opened their season at Symphony Hall last evening. Monday there was a special performance for the Women's City Club, so last evening's performance was the first regular performance. It must have surprised some of the inveterate first nighters to see vacant places. There were tables untaken and plenty of balcony seats. Just why is a question. Possibly Boston has not taken too kindly to having a premiere on a Tuesday after the first performance has been made a private affair.

The program was a pretentious one last evening. There was no Sousa march, no Victor Herbert selection, no catchy encore pieces for the multitude. Enricht Schmidt, the conductor, evidently wanted his band presented in the most pretentious repertoire heard by the Pop patrons, so he played much Wagner, MacDowell's highly colored Indian dance, the slow movement from the Dvorak violoncello concerto, with Mr. Keller as soloist, a Liszt rhapsody—the first, not the omnipresent second, etc. His own "Red, White and Blue," an elaborately orchestrated march with many national and near national airs for thematic material, is interestingly written but not especially effective. If the Pops are to maintain as high a standard as last evening, why not go a step farther and play some of the novelties that the Symphony patrons have heard this year, some of the works in shorter form and of quick appeal to the musically educated—such works as "The Adventures in a Perambulator" and "Tam O'Shanter"?

Still for the many the Pops mean light music and we believe the majority of auditors like lighter music than made up the bulk of last evening's program. In realty last evening there was an interesting concert of serious music well played, but the occasion lacked the lightness, the enthusiasm and the gaiety that have made the Pops famous.

The Pops are here and all Boston is glad. They make a delightful place at which one can wile away an evening hearing good music and partaking of light refreshment. Mr. Schmidt will conduct this week and Mr. Maquarre next week. J. V. C.

Herald
May 1

FIRST POP CONCERT OFFERS AN EXCELLENT PROGRAM

Increase in Price of Seats Seems to Affect Attendance.

A fair sized audience attended the opening of the 31st season of the Pop concerts at Symphony Hall last night. That a larger crowd was not in attendance was due to two reasons—the increased price of seats on the floor and the fact that the opening was not on the first night of the week.

The floor was fairly well filled, and the second balcony, as usual, was crowded, but in the first balcony there were more empty than filled seats. Conductor Ernest Schmidt and his musicians were freely applauded, and it was necessary to give frequent encores.

All the old-timers were there—from the young girl who always orders pink lemonade and has a whale of a time to the gent who is satisfied only with Scotch ale in a stone bottle.

The selections from "The Jewels of the Madonna" and "Die Meistersinger" and Mr. Keller's numbers were especially enjoyed. The encore numbers included excerpts from "Carmen," entr'acte from "Mignon," "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz and "Crepuscule," by Massenet.

The program follows:

Coronation March from "The Phophet"	Meyerbeer
Overture, "Der Freischutz"	Weber
Indian Dance	MacDowel
Selection, "The Jewels of the Madonna"	Wolf-Ferrari
Overture, "Tannhauser"	Wagner
Andante from Violoncello Concerto (Violoncello, Mr. Keller.)	Dvorak
Selection from Act III, "Die Meistersinger"	Wagner
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1	Liszt
March, "Red-White-Blue"	Schmidt
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea"	Suppe
"Humoreske"	Dvorak
American Patrol	Meacham

Tonight is Russian night.

Monitor
– June 10 –

BOSTON MUSIC NOTES

An announcement in regard to the Symphony orchestra season ticket sales is given out from the office of the manager at Symphony hall as follows:

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There are still available to the public excellent seats for both the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening series, at all prices, but it will be wise for those expecting to subscribe to apply for their seats this spring, as interest in the concerts and the subscription shows itself to be unusually keen. The very gratifying feature about this subscription is that it has already proved that the management has made no mistake in giving up the old method of selling seats by auction and substituting for this a subscription at fixed prices. There have been practically no criticisms of the scale of prices and the patrons of the concerts seem to be thoroughly satisfied with the new method.

The concerts of the Friday afternoon series will begin Oct. 13, and those of the Saturday evening series Oct. 14. There will be 24 of each.

The Pop Concerts

Mr. Maquarre concludes his term of directing the pop concerts in Symphony hall tonight. For the next two weeks Mr. Schmidt will conduct and for the two final weeks of the series Mr. Lenom will conduct. On Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings of the coming week members of organizations of various kinds will occupy a large part of the hall. On Wednesday evening there will be no concert. The program for tonight is as follows:

Festival march, Triebel; music from "Feramors," Rubinstein; waltz, "España," Waldteufel; selection, "Pom Pom," Felix; overture, "William Tell," Rossini; selection, "La Bohème," Puccini; violin solo, rhapsodie Hongroise, Auer Mr. Theodorowicz); "Chanson D'Amour," Maquarre; overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; largo, Handel; Japanese love-song, Thomas; American fantasy, Herbert.

– June 10 –

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Transcript
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Boston Globe
– May 6 –

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[154]

Post —
— Sat. May 6 —

MANIFEST AFFECTION FOR DR. MUCK

Symphony Audience Demonstrative at Last Matinee

BY OLIN DOWNES

The final afternoon concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The occasion had a twofold significance, first on account of the musical interest of the programme; secondly, because of the unmistakable warmth and cordiality of the reception accorded Dr. Muck, Not in the recollection of any recent season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has a conductor been so heartily farewelled at its close. When Dr. Muck entered, after the performance of the Faust symphony, and at the end of the concert, he was called back to the stage times without number. The orchestra also rose to its feet. The audience was loth to let him go.

APPRECIATION OF AN ARTIST

At least the greeting given Dr. Muck spoke equally for the artistic accomplishments of the season, the appreciation of the audience and the spirit of tolerance and good will which has been maintained between an audience of which the majority is unquestionably pro-ally, and a conductor whose opposing attitude regarding the present conflict is known with equal definiteness.

The man and the conductor have come to hold a high place with the Symphony audiences; the man and the audience have maintained toward each other the high esteem and the sense of hearty cooperation made possible by a common object.

Dr. Muck had elected to conclude his season with the "Dante" symphony of Liszt as one of the performances. His performances of Liszt's "Faust" symphony are still green in the memory, performances of this particular work which will probably never be surpassed in this city. The performance of the "Dante" symphony, in which the woman's chorus from the Musical Art Club of Boston, trained for this performance by Stephen Townsend assisted, fully rewarded expectations. But the days when any symphony or symphonic poem by Liszt was certain in advance to be hissed by the opponents of "the master," and applauded with deafening extravagance by his adherents, are passed and gone, and real values commence to emerge from the dust of the conflict. And in the light of these gradually shaping estimates, it is very questionable whether the Dante symphony will stand nearly as high as the Faust symphony for the generations to come. Grant that in this work, as in nearly every big orchestral work of Liszt, there are ideas, any one of which would have made the fortune of a lesser composer, the fact remains that the Dante symphony has far less intrinsic value than the symphony inspired by Goethe's poem.

Effort at Tone Painting

But perhaps the strictest comparisons are out of place, for the two works are widely diverment in technic as well as in purpose. The "Faust" symphony is a wonderful demonstration of Liszt's methods of building a musical structure, wherein are found the most remarkable evolutions of thematic material, shaped in accordance with a definite philosophic and dramatic purpose. The "Dante" symphony, on the other hand, must be taken as a sort of gigantic musical fresco after Dante. It is not characterisation at which the composer aims, but rather tone-painting in the broadest sense of the word. Unfortunately at times the tone painting is not less extravagant and already out of date than the awful plates of Dore, in editions of Dante's poem, which oppressed the imagination of childhood.

There is much that is very poor, especially in the Inferno section of this symphony. The abuse of the diminished seventh chord which—one says it with fear and trembling—is little better than amateurish. There are other sequences and progressions which imply that even Franz Liszt, the thunder-maker, was at a loss exactly what to do. He certainly wrote too much and too quickly in his lifetime, and we personally believe that even many pages of the "Dante" symphony bear damning evidence to this fact. No doubt in Liszt's day the trombones thundering out the turgid motive "All ye who enter here leave hope behind" made the audience shiver. Audiences then shivered readily. The professional poet and philanderer cut a mighty strong figure, and passion and bombast were the accepted custom. We are [illegible] to weary of bugaboo music.

[illegible] come down to the strict reckoning. The symphony, too, is overlong. The movement, "Purgatorio," is made interesting by its middle section, by progressions far in advance of Liszt's time, and eagerly developed by Cesar Franck. The Magnificat is cunningly and beautifully introduced, with all of that pseudo-mysticism which with Liszt was the baser metal of a spirit, often transfused with real light.

Suggests Church Windows

This, too, is essentially a pictorial effect. Indeed, the whole symphony gives one the impression that some fantastical church windows or mural ornamentation in an edifice of the middle ages might communicate. It is as if the hearer turned from some naive fresco of the sinners blazing in the lower regions to another in which an unknown artist offered his conception of purgatory, and, finally, the eyes fell on a stained window, wherein stiff, medieval saints and virgins were singing from old manuscripts to God. Look at the symphony as you look at the street car, and it is a poor, tawdry affair. Look at it with the religious and philosophic and romantic thought currents of the later 19th century, sousing itself in everything from Chateaubriad to Saint-Simonism in mind, and you find it a work that is fascinating and even sincere!

The performance was in all respects admirable. As much was done for the turgid opening—and how thankful Tschaikowsky must have been for these pages—for the music of the demand, for the episode of Paolo and Francesca, in which Tschaikowsky is incomparably superior to Liszt in the former's poem of that name—as could be done. The music was picturesque, indeed, striking fire from the imagination. And there was the long ascent from the darkness and terror of the lower circles to the gradually increasing light and luminosity of the conclusion.

Playing of Wagner

Still more stirring because of the greater intrinsic value of the music, was the Wagner music.

Other conductors find more that is sensuous in the Tristan music, but the music of Siegfried's death from "Die Gotterdamerung" had a mighty eloquence. It surely ranks among the grandest pages of Wagner. It towers by the side of Beethoven's music for the death of a hero in the 3d symphony. It is runic surcharged with the might of northern myth. Nor was the performance of the mystical prelude of "Parsifal" less worthy of the essential spirit of the music.

BRILLIANT END OF SYMPHONY SEASON

Wagner's Genius Dominates Program — Ovations For Orchestra.

The genius of Wagner dominates these final Symphony concerts and brings the season to a glorious conclusion.

At the matinee concert yesterday the audience paid affecting tribute to Dr. Muck and his matchless orchestra in ovations, first after the performance of Liszt's "Dante" symphony and then at the very end of the concert, following the almost celestial strains of Wagner's "Parsifal" prelude. Many in the audience lingered to recall Dr. Muck again and again.

As for the report that the brilliant conductor might not return, it was officially disposed of by the announcement in the program that the orchestra would open its 36th season Oct. 13; and in the middle of the advertisement is the familiar portrait—taken, apparently, some 10 years ago—captioned, "Dr. Karl Muck, Conductor."

Liszt dedicated his "Dante" symphony to Wagner. "As Virgil led Dante," he said, "so hast thou led me through the mysterious regions of tone-worlds drunk with life." But the "Dante" symphony pales before Liszt's "Faust" symphony; and it seems woefully hollow when heard in the same concert with three such Wagner masterpieces as the preludes to "Tristan and Isolde," and "Parsifal" and the music from the second scene of the third act of "Dusk of the Gods," which is generally known as the funeral music. In the symphony is a chorus for women's voices, and this was beautifully sung by members of the Musical Art Society.

But the truly memorable part of the concert, and the most thrilling event of the closing Symphony season, was the performance of the three Wagner numbers—the unrivaled love music from "Tristan and Isolde," the Olympian themes from "Goetterdaemmerung," and the "Parsifal" music, which Dr. Muck regards as the greatest of Wagner's efforts, and which the world at large has come to regard as something sacred, much as the story of the Grail itself. Prodigious music, beyond question; and on this occasion most worthily performed!

Advertiser
May 6 —

SYMPHONY SEASON BROUGHT TO AN END

LISZT AND WAGNER COMPRISE PROGRAM

Boston Assured of Greatest Orchestra and One of Greatest Conductors in Dr. Muck

BY LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM.

Liszt—"Dante" Symphony.
Wagner—"Tristan and Isolde" Prelude.
Siegfried Funeral Music.
"Parsifal" Prelude.

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Of the reading and the performance we can only speak in superlatives. It was a great end of a great season and we rest secure in the conviction that Boston has now the greatest orchestra and one of the greatest conductors of the world. The audience evidently thought so, too, judging by the many recalls of the conductor at the close of the program.

Herald
May 6 —

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Performance of Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods" Moves Audience—Dr. Muck Received with Enthusiasm—Program Will Be Repeated This Evening.

By PHILIP HALE.

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When the "Faust" symphony was heard here last season, it amazed the audience by its freshness, ingenuity, beauty and grandeur. There was little in it that seemed old fashioned or commonplace. This cannot be said of the symphony performed here yesterday.

The average reader of Dante's "Divine Comedy" is deeply impressed by the "Inferno"; he plods through "Purgatory"; then, if he has the courage to continue the appointed task, he yawns his way through "Paradise." But in Liszt's symphony the "Purgatory" section is the more musical and, in spite of repetition and the fugue, the more engrossing. It might be asked what composer could hope to illustrate Dante's "Inferno" in tones? What musical phrase could emphasize the dread proclamation: "All hope abandon, ye who enter in"? The stern conciseness of the poet, the simplicity of his pathos, the terror of his journey—are these to be expressed in music?

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Post —
— Sat. May 6 —

MANIFEST AFFECTION FOR DR. MUCK

Symphony Audience Demonstrative at Last Matinee

BY OLIN DOWNES

The final afternoon concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The occasion had a twofold significance, first on account of the musical interest of the programme; secondly, because of the unmistakable warmth and cordiality of the reception accorded Dr. Muck. Not in the recollection of any recent season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has a conductor been so heartily farewelled at its close. When Dr. Muck entered, after the performance of the Faust symphony, and at the end of the concert, he was called back to the stage times without number. The orchestra also rose to its feet. The audience was loth to let him go.

APPRECIATION OF AN ARTIST

At least the greeting given Dr. Muck spoke equally for the artistic accomplishments of the season, the appreciation of the audience and the spirit of tolerance and good will which has been maintained between an audience of which the majority is unquestionably pro-ally, and a conductor whose opposing attitude regarding the present conflict is known with equal definiteness.

The man and the conductor have come to hold a high place with the Symphony audiences; the man and the audience have maintained toward each other the high esteem and the sense of hearty cooperation made possible by a common object.

Dr. Muck had elected to conclude his season with the "Dante" symphony of Liszt as one of the performances. His performances of Liszt's "Faust" symphony are still green in the memory, performances of this particular work which will probably never be surpassed in this city. The performance of the "Dante" symphony, in which the woman's chorus from the Musical Art Club of Boston, trained for this performance by Stephen Townsend assisted, fully rewarded expectations. But the days when any symphony or symphonic poem by Liszt was certain in advance to be hissed by the opponents of "the master," and applauded with deafening extravagance by his adherents, are passed and gone, and real values commence to emerge from the dust of the conflict. And in the light of these gradually shaping estimates, it is very questionable whether the Dante symphony will stand nearly as high as the Faust symphony for the generations to come. Grant that in this work, as in nearly every big orchestral work of Liszt, there are ideas, any one of which would have made the fortune of a lesser composer, the fact remains that the Dante symphony has far less intrinsic value than the symphony inspired by Goethe's poem.

Effort at Tone Painting

But perhaps the strictest comparisons are out of place, for the two works are widely diverment in technic as well as in purpose. The "Faust" symphony is a wonderful demonstration of Liszt's methods of building a musical structure, wherein are found the most remarkable evolutions of thematic material, shaped in accordance with a definite philosophic and dramatic purpose. The "Dante" symphony, on the other hand, must be taken as a sort of gigantic musical fresco after Dante. It is not characterization at which the composer aims, but rather tone-painting in the broadest sense of the word. Unfortunately at times the tone painting is not less extravagant and already out of date than the awful plates of Dore, in editions of Dante's poem, which oppressed the imagination of childhood.

There is much that is very poor, especially in the Inferno section of this symphony. The abuse of the diminished seventh chord which—one says it with fear and trembling—is little better than amateurish. There are other sequences and progressions which imply that even Franz Liszt, the thunder-maker, was at a loss exactly what to do. He certainly wrote too much and too quickly in his lifetime, and we personally believe that even many pages of the "Dante" symphony bear damning evidence to this fact. No doubt in Liszt's day the trombones thundering out the turgid motive "All ye who enter here leave hope behind" made the audience shiver. Audiences then shivered readily. The professional poet and philanderer cut a mighty strong figure, and passion and bombast were the accepted custom. We are beginning to weary of bugaboo music, and that is what this music is, if you come down to the strict reckoning. The symphony, too, is overlong. The movement, "Purgatorio," is made interesting by its middle section, by progressions far in advance of Liszt's time, and eagerly developed by Cesar Franck. The Magnificat is cunningly and beautifully introduced, with all of that pseudo-mysticism which with Liszt was the baser metal of a spirit, often transfused with real light.

Suggests Church Windows

This, too, is essentially a pictorial effect. Indeed, the whole symphony gives one the impression that some fantastical church windows or mural ornamentation in an edifice of the middle ages might communicate. It is as if the hearer turned from some naive fresco of the sinners blazing in the lower regions to another in which an unknown artist offered his conception of purgatory, and, finally, the eyes fell on a stained window, wherein stiff, medieval saints and virgins were singing from old manuscripts to God. Look at the symphony as you look at the street car, and it is a poor, tawdry affair. Look at it with the religious and philosophic and romantic thought currents of the later 19th century, sousing itself in everything from Chateaubriad to Saint-Simonism in mind, and you find it a work that is fascinating and even sincere!

The performance was in all respects admirable. As much was done for the turgid opening—and how thankful Tschaikowsky must have been for these pages—for the music of the demand, for the episode of Paolo and Francesca, in which Tschaikowsky is incomparably superior to Liszt in the former's poem of that name—as could be done. The music was picturesque, indeed, striking fire from the imagination. And there was the long ascent from the darkness and terror of the lower circles to the gradually increasing light and luminosity of the conclusion.

Playing of Wagner

Still more stirring because of the greater intrinsic value of the music, was the Wagner music.

Other conductors find more that is sensuous in the Tristan music, but the music of Siegfried's death from "Die Gotterdamerung" had a mighty eloquence. It surely ranks among the grandest pages of Wagner. It towers by the side of Beethoven's music for the death of a hero in the 3d symphony. It is runic surcharged with the might of northern myth. Nor was the performance of the mystical prelude of "Parsifal" less worthy of the essential spirit of the music.

BRILLIANT END OF SYMPHONY SEASON

Wagner's Genius Dominates Program — Ovations For Orchestra.

The genius of Wagner dominates these final Symphony concerts and brings the season to a glorious conclusion.

At the matinee concert yesterday the audience paid affecting tribute to Dr. Muck and his matchless orchestra in ovations, first after the performance of Liszt's "Dante" symphony and then at the very end of the concert, following the almost celestial strains of Wagner's "Parsifal" prelude. Many in the audience lingered to recall Dr. Muck again and again.

As for the report that the brilliant conductor might not return, it was officially disposed of by the announcement in the program that the orchestra would open its 36th season Oct. 13; and in the middle of the advertisement is the familiar portrait—taken, apparently, some 10 years ago—captioned, "Dr. Karl Muck, Conductor."

Liszt dedicated his "Dante" symphony to Wagner. "As Virgil led Dante," he said, "so hast thou led me through the mysterious regions of tone-worlds drunk with life." But the "Dante" symphony pales before Liszt's "Faust" symphony; and it seems woefully hollow when heard in the same concert with three such Wagner masterpieces as the preludes to "Tristan and Isolde," and "Parsifal" and the music from the second scene of the third act of "Dusk of the Gods," which is generally known as the funeral music. In the symphony is a chorus for women's voices, and this was beautifully sung by members of the Musical Art Society.

But the truly memorable part of the concert, and the most thrilling event of the closing Symphony season, was the performance of the three Wagner numbers—the unrivaled love music from "Tristan and Isolde," the Olympian themes from "Goetterdaemmerung," and the "Parsifal" music, which Dr. Muck regards as the greatest of Wagner's efforts, and which the world at large has come to regard as something sacred, much as the story of the Grail itself. Prodigious music, beyond question; and on this occasion most worthily performed!

Advertiser
May 6 —

SYMPHONY SEASON BROUGHT TO AN END

LISZT AND WAGNER COMPRISE PROGRAM

Boston Assured of Greatest Orchestra and One of Greatest Conductors in Dr. Muck

BY LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM.

Liszt—"Dante" Symphony.
Wagner—"Tristan and Isolde" Prelude.
Siegfried Funeral Music.
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An entirely orchestral program devoted to Liszt and his son-in-law. Very brief in the statement, but nearly two hours in the performance—two hours of the best and noblest kind of modern music. Dr. Muck has almost discovered Liszt for Boston audiences. No auditor is likely to forget what a revelation his reading of the Liszt "Faust" symphony was in the recent past. The "Dante" symphony (symphony in name only) has not such sublime climaxes as that work, yet it still became more thrilling and exalting than we had ever imagined it to be, because of the magnificent interpretation it received.

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Francesca after the wind storm than the labored section in which Liszt treats the famous episode. In his "Inferno" the composer fails in awakening horror and pity. His fretting and fuming are of one struggling for dramatic expression, but impotent; perhaps conscious of his vain endeavor; hence he is the more boisterous. There is a remark on one page of the score: "This whole passage should be understood as sardonic, blasphemous laughter." One does not hear this laughter, nor is the fault in ears or understanding. More than once is there a passage hopelessly commonplace, ordinary, as the thunderous descending figure, a pompous platitude. There is an old saying for a young composer: "When in doubt as to what should be done next, put in a unison passage."

But there are some beautiful pages in the "Purgatory" section. The opening is especially fortunate in the establishment of a peaceful, contemplative mood, in the creation of "atmosphere," to quote from the jargon of the studio. The simple melody for this and that instrument, as the oboe—played exquisitely by Mr. Longy—over the rocking figuration—the general expression of tranquility, the sense of something mystic, wonderful—all this is finely conceived. There is diabolical ingenuity in the fugue; but who, hearing this fugue, can say with Richard Pohl that it expresses the remorseful and penitent looking back of sinners and their hope in the future? Nor is this "Purgatory" wholly free from an assumed naivete hardly to be distinguished from childishness—a straining after mysticism, as is found in many works of Liszt's later period; for instance, in his "Silent" Mass for the organ. This, however, is quickly forgotten by reason of the "Magnificat" for female voices, with the gorgeous orchestral responses. The peaceful close leaves an enduring impression.

The interpretation of this symphony for its splendor is comparable to that of the "Faust" last season. That the effect was not so overwhelming was due to the inherent inferiority of the music. The chorus, although Liszt preferred a boy choir, sang admirably.

We have heard more passionate readings of the prelude to "Tristan"; seldom, if ever, a more moving performance of the Funeral Music. The Prelude to "Parsifal" loses greatly in effect when it is played in a lighted concert hall and without intimate association with the drama.

Dr. Muck was warmly greeted and enthusiastically applauded after the symphony, after the Funeral Music and at the end. The concert will be repeated tonight.

Remarks on the season of 1915-16 will be found in the Herald of tomorrow.

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Chorus of Fifty Aids Symphony in Divine Comedy

By FREDERICK JOHNS.

The thirty-fifth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was brought triumphantly to a close yesterday, so far as the Friday audiences are concerned, by a superb performance of Liszt's huge "Divine Comedy" Symphony, and three Wagnerian fragments, Prelude to "Tristan," Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods" and Prelude to "Parsifal."

A chorus of fifty female voices from the Musical Art Club of Boston, chanted the Magnificat of the Liszt Symphony.

The Divine Comedy attempts to follow that of Dante, and is in three divisions, Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. The marvelous dexterity of Liszt, his ability to get terrific effects with a full orchestra, and the grandeur of the theme of the Inferno combine to make this the best part of the Symphony.

The love music of Francesca, the suffering and penitence of Purgatory, are painted with a sure hand, but the Paradise is nothing but a lot of female angels singing a conventional chorale with sonorous accompaniment. It is the weakest part of the work.

The choir sang with admirable tone and displayed the excellent training received from Stephen Townsend, who prepared it for this task. The orchestra never got finer tone and expression than in this symphony so enthusiastically conducted by Doctor Muck.

The three operatic pieces which brought the season to an end were no less admirably performed.

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